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HURT BY MY DESTINY by Anita

Chapter 1

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

I don't understand, i don't understand what is happening around me my eyes are still on the door ,my mind is still on what the doctor uttered, he walked out, he didn't even give himself a chance to let me talk, i feel the tears staining my cheeks biting my inner cheek i feel my body trembling ,i listened to him ,i listened to him calling me endless names, names i never thought would be uttered by him, jokes on me, i remember Ayize saying he never had a bone in him to defend me to his family oh receiving advice from a teenager ,i believed our love would conquer all but i was wrong, i thought wrong ,here he was uttering everything without second thinking about it ,my mind stuck on the hatred look he had on his face ,the sob that escapes my throat cannot be stopped startling the little human in my arms as he cries his lungs out, am trying to be

strong for both of us but ofcause i cannot, I've never been in a situation whereby i have to be strong, a situation that broke all my emotional walls.

"MaNdlovu" the cheerful voice that shouts makes me wipe my tears in a minute forcing a smile on my face, i turn to the door ,brushing the little humans back to quite him down.

"Baba"i say looking at my hero, he walks inside the hospital room, he puts the food on the table quitely smiling, he grabs the human in my arms hushing him down till he calms down and he puts him aside coming to sit on the bed, before pushing my head in his lap like he always does when i was young, and everytime he knows am not okay.

"MaNdlovu you know that am your father right, i know you more than you know yourself" he is right, everytime something happens this man would know without even much effort, it's probably because everytime something happens i came to him ,he has always been there for me, he has always held my hand through everything, my father has always been my bestfriend, i don't want to blow my horn but we all know am his favourite he jumps whenever i say something, throughout the pregnancy he was the man who was willing to wake up in the middle of the night and get me what i wanted.

"Khuluma nobaba MaNdlovu"(talk to you father) he uttered brushing my hair ,the tears stream down unintended, i want to open my mouth and utter something but i cannot, i cannot say anything as the lump on my throat blocks me from uttering anything.

"Baba..." it's the only words i can utter when my mouth opens but i cannot say anything, all i do is cry in his lap ,the tears staining the jean he is wearing.

"It's that Dlamini boy isn't it" he questioned ofcause baba hates Uyanda with everything in him, i regret not ever listening to him when he gave me an ultimatum but of ofcause that was me uttering he just was babying me as always, he never liked any of my boyfriends. "Is it him" he questions again but i don't answer not when i have a father who can go to ends world to make me happy, not when i have 3 protective biological father's.

"Cha"(No) i uttered not ready to talk about it, he sigh loudly before pushing my head so i look at him i refuse because he knows me , i can never lie to him looking at him in the eye.

"You lying to me MaNdlovu but I'll let it go and respect your decision" he says his fingers on my chin "you a mother manje MaNdlovu but kimina you my princess and you'll always be my little 12 years old daughter " do i blame my mother for me

missing my fathers love at a young age yes but I've moved and forgave her.

"Uphi uMaka'Isisa" (where is my mother) i questioned shifting from my topic, he sigh rubbing my fingertips.

"You a mother Isisa" he says "you now know how it feels when your child is hurting and you can't do a damn thing" he says still brushing my fingertips

"ungidelelile Isisa, ngakukhuza Isisa , ngathi myeke lomfana zange ungimamele Isisa ,ngathi akalunganga lomfana wakwa Dlamini kodwa cha zange ungimamele , i don't want to say i told you so mntanam"(you disrespected me Isisa, I reprimanded you Isisa, i told you that boy is bad but you never listened)

"Baba ngiyaxolisa..."(am sorry) i utter to him he raised his hand to stop me from saying anything.

"Listening to your parents is important because they are never wrong MaNdlovu, i know what is best for you MaNdlovu, when someone isn't good for you it's because I've been long alive more than you , when i gave you an ultimatum it's not because i wanted you out of my house, it's not because i was babying you MaNdlovu, MaNdlovu i know people will write me as a bad parent for doing what i did kodwa first of all you safety, your

happiness is important to me, i want what is best for you and second of all under my roof i have only one women, my wife no other women, especially someone who disrespects my wife i won't tolerate that, before you the is that women i promised the world too" he utters i look down playing with my nails, am ashamed, am ashamed of my action, Uyanda did play me.

"Ngiyaxolisa" i utter sighing am 25 years old but to this man am still young he makes me feel like an just a child, i remember when how disrespectful Uyanda was towards my father, i remember his parents saying am unworthy to be with their son , i remember my father giving me the ultimatum to break up with Uyanda or leave his house, i did, i left and went to stay with Uyanda , he was angry at me but my father is a big teddy bear he cannot get angry at me for ever , when uyanda cheated on me the first person i called without thinking was my father and he came running to me.

"Am not angry MaNdlovu, i would never be" he utters sighing loudly "kodwa maNdlovu waze wangigugisa ngimncane, engani ungalindanga"(you making me old now ,why couldn't you wait) i laugh at what he uttered.

"Mkhulu bae" i say laughing , God knows this man is able to make me the happiest women on earth "he wanted DNA tests baba because his mother continuously said he wasn't the father " i say when we quite down he let's me continue by staying silent "the results say he is not the father baba, i don't know how, i don't know how the results are negative because I've never cheated on him Baba, he called me a whore" i say remembering his words he clenches his jaw tightly.

"Phumula MaNdlovu, you just brought a human in this world you must be tired" he says i know my father, he will do something.

"Please Don't tell mama" am hopefully because the are some things baba keeps from his beloved wife concerning us, baba is a big teddy bear towards his daughters , i feel sorry for Ayize because she is an egg of the family, Baba is the type to let you do whatever you feel like he really does not care but his only rule is that anyone the age of 18 and above pays rent in his house and isn't even getting any money from him, unless you studying even then you work for that money, oh yes people are viewing me as the daughter of multimillionaire mother and a bad ass Lawyer who is loaded but not Qhawe Ndlovu, i was 18 years old when i took a gap year after my matric oh yes he took

the liberty of employing me in his firm not on any top job but as a cleaner, i was paying for taking a gap year paying a whole rent of R900 per month and i still had to do house chores, from a young age you receive allowance by doing something in the first place, we celebrate every achievement.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Ufunani"(what do you want) he questioned as soon as he answered the call i sigh loudly that he answered my calls, atleast there was still hope.

"Uyanda i swear I've never cheated on you ,i swear this child is yours maybe ,maybe your mother is the one who changed the results because she doesn't like me" i say to him hoping he believes me what am saying.

"Thandolwethu musa ukuqamba amanga mani, uyafeba bese ufuna mina ngizoba ubaba walelo vezandlebe lakho ngoba awumazi uyihlo walo"(Thandolwethu stop lying to me, you go around whoring and want me to love that illegitimate child of yours because you don't know the father) he says i choke on pain at his words ,he has always been like this, always so rude with his words.

"Uyanda..." i don't continue because the phone at hand is snatched from me, Malume Manqoba has the phone on hand, i

know baba told him am hoping he didn't tell Malume Nqobimpi because oh god am praying for Uyanda if he knows but Malume Manqoba cannot keep his mouth shut.

"Lalela mfanami, ngikubone yezwa, ngikubone nangempumulo yezwa sohlangana, ucabanga uwubani wena uzomithisa eyami ingane bese ubaleke, uthandaze iy'ndlela zethu zingahlangani ngoba mfanami ngizokubonisa yingani thina sibizwa oNdlovu" (listen her my boy let me not ever see you even your nose , who do you think you are impregnating my child and run away, pray our roads don't cross because I'll show you why we called the Ndlovu's) he clickes his tongue after that dropping the call he thin his eyes at me.

"Wena dare call that boy ever again" he says grabbing his grandchild and putting him on the car seat, he is annoyed when he walks out with his grandchild and leaves me, am endlessly fliching when i walk behind his huge steps following behind, am praying for mine and child's life as he bangs the door when i enter. "Mina block him"he says handing my phone to me i look at it for few minutes.

"Baba Uyanda is confused now i would have reacted the same way too if the results show i wasn't the mother " i utter am calling him Baba we all do because basically he is biologically my father, he shares the same DNA with my father ,they shared the womb.

"Isisa look at me, i was born way before that boy was, am a father yezwa , i know when you fuck someone raw you get results yezwa , when you fuck a fertile women she'll present exactly the present you want and yena the first chance he got he ran away, manje as am saying block him" he says gritting his teeth.

"I can't his my child's father" i utter he chuckles shaking his head as he speeds away

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oh lord my son, we basically disobeying all the road rules, knowing that the still Malume Nqobimpi i have to face, Malume Lwazi and Malume Mxolisi atleast he is the peace amongst the Ndlovu family, arriving home he does the same not even waiting for me, these one's forgot i only gave birth yesterday yet acting angry at me, Mama has my son on her arms when i enter, i can see she already has love for my son, it warms up my

heart, Mama wanted children after the triplets but baba straight out refused having any more children.

"My baby, am sorry that i didn't come fetch you in the hospital i was busy preparing for this human to arrive in a warm and child friendly place ,this is our first grandchild" she is right we've never had a grandchild in this family, Mama endlessly feed me all these things that she thinks will help me with breastfeeding, because of my hot head i don't even know how to breastfeed.

"Afternoon family" Baba says entering the house he has his gown with him in hand and the other carrying his car keys the triplets follow him with their uniform ,he kisses Ma's cheek. "Look at him, his so cute uthi simbiza bani ke" (what do we call him) baba ask looking at his wife, he is angry at me because am still defending Uyanda, he doesn't understand how much i love that man, he still my child's father afterall, i don't want my child growing like i did without a father when his father is still alive and healthy , I'll fight tooth and nail for Uyanda he is my life.

"His first name is Nkosingiphile second Mpilo" i utter he nods his head without looking at me but his grandchild.

"Hmm Nkosingiphile Mpilo Ndlovu " he says grinning, am not going to tell them the fact my son isn't a Ndlovu but Dlamini, Me and Uyanda had agreed our child would take his surname, i know things weren't done traditionally but he was saving up for it, unlike me Uyanda isn't from a well of family and on top of that he had to support his parents on the little salary he made, on the apartment we stayed in together i used to pay most of the bills but because i was inlove and still am with him am willing to wait for him to work hard and finally achieve something when his parents stop using him.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Morning" Ma says entering the bedroom with a plate full of porridge , am getting tired of this porridge she keeps feeding me but because you cannot tell someone who had '4 children' how to do things, oh yes she uses that on me when i try telling her something but i know she means very well.

"Morning Ma" i utter to her sitting up, it's been a week since I've been home and the tasteless porridge makes me gag now, Ma has been really helpful though towards the child, in my mind i thought babies where cute, angels but i guess mine is a devel when it's night, this one eats like his life depends on it, breastmilk isn't enough for him because he feeds every minute mama even decided to start feeding him newborn because the breastmilk isn't enough.

"How are you feeling today" she questions i want to say like yesterday horrible, the only thing keeping me now is my son as soon as he turns one month am going out to Uyanda, he needs to know that i would never cheat on him, that our son is his biological son ,i myself cannot even explain what the test

results mean saying he isn't the father, this man I've been with for 2 years and I've never been with another man in this 2 years, my mind is telling me his mother is the one who changed the results because she kept insisting on DNA test i don't know how though.

"I'll be fine Ma" i utter to her she sighs and i know there is a lecture coming from her that i don't even need "Ma please not today" i say to her sitting up.

"Lwethu am your mother, i birthed you, you came from inside me and became a part of me, i hate seeing you like this mntanami i wish there was something i could do , Lwethu if Uyanda isn't ready to become a father don't force it down his throat, Nkosingiphile will do just fine without him" she says brushing my fingertips.

"No he won't mama because i know exactly how it feels mama ,i don't want my child going through the pain of questioning himself why his father does not like him, while his father has no knowledge of him, i want to do better than you ma, i want to be a better mother than you, am sorry if you find this offensive, am sorry if this is hurting you ma" i utter she drops her eyes on

the floor ,i feel bad but she has to know, am getting tired of the lecture she keeps giving me.

"Mkami awusidedele kancane"(my wife please leave us for a minute) i didn't even realise my father was standing on the door looking at us

"Gatsheni please" Ma says pushing her hand on my father's chest , my father gives her a reassuring smile pecking her cheek, i know what my mother is begging for baba doesn't play with his wife, Ma walks out while baba comes to settle besides me while my eyes bore holes on the porridge at hand.

"Ngitheni kuwe Isisa"(what did i say to you) my father's stern voice fills my ears "i told you the is only one women in my house and that women who walked out of this door is that women wena you just a girl in my house , mawuzodelela unkosikazi wami udelele mina Isisa"(if you disrespect her that means you disrespecting me too) he says.

"Baba it's just that i hate it when people are busy pushing themselves on something that doesn't concern them " i utter honestly to him.

"Makunjalo ke phuma kwam Isisa"(if that is so then leave my house) i forgot my father doesn't play coming to his wife he kills even his children i tell you "you see this house ,this huge house you call a home i bought it for that women, my wife mozomhlukumeza kwakhe soxabana Isisa, all she is doing is trying to help you but wena you a brat you don't see that, you unintentionally uttering she is a bad mother while she didn't have a plan, if you want someone to blame then look at me and blame me Isisa cause i was the one who wronged your mother, she freaking spent 9 years Isisa 9 whole damn years in jail because all she was trying to do was take care of you and have a better life, what i won't have is you using her past continuously against her yezwa not in my house, masewuzizwa ngathi umfazi wena kwami Phuma Isisa, before you the is that women i stood in front of everyone, i stood in front of god and said through thick and through thin I'll always love and protect her and if it means protecting her from her own children then so damn be it" he says , he is angry i can taste the venom in his voice infact he is beyond pissed.

"Ngiyaxolisa baba"(am sorry) i apologies he chuckles shaking his head at me immediately.

"Why are you apologizing to me when you didn't do anything to me " he says rubbing his hands together, seeing the tears on my eyes i expect him to melt like he always does but his face remains stern. "Ukhalelani Isisa ngoba zange ngikuthinte"(why are you crying when i haven't done anything to you) baba says my tactics seems aren't working on him anymore , he sighs loudly trying to calm himself down.

"Isisa why am i seeing a certificate in my house written Nkosingiphile Mpilo Dlamini instead of Ndlovu" he questions i remain quite "ngikhuluma ngedwa bo Isisa"(am i talking alone)he says sternly only my mother and Ayize call me Lwethu my first name ,a name i grew up using till i was 13 years old, everyone from my father's family calls me Isisa, am not going to answer him, throughout the years I've learned when Qhawe or Nqobimpi Ndlovu are angry you don't answer them you let them cool off, boy the beatings i got from Nqobimpi Ndlovu when i would answer him back with an attitude i was a damn teenager then, am grateful this whole thing is happening with him out of South Africa, the one person am scared more than Manqoba Ndlovu is Nqobimpi Ndlovu, you think Qhawe Ndlovu is strict well wait till you meet Nqobimpi, my tears don't work on him, am the princess of the whole family ,i mean Aunt

Nqobile, Aunt Qhawekazi, Aunt Nolwazi , Uncle Mxolisi, Uncle Lwazi, Uncle Manqoba, Baba Qhawe, my grandparents everyone a single tear rolling down my eye they the first to run around trying to please me but nop not Nqobimpi Ndlovu, am dreading the day he finally comes back, Nqobimpi is the stern one amongst the family while Mxolisi Ndlovu is the soft one, the peacemaker even though his the oldest Nqobimpi acts like the oldest , it's funny how different Qhawe, Manqoba, Nqobimpi, Qhawekazi and Nqobile are so different yet they shared a womb together who knows how long ,Lwazi and Nolwazi well those are big teddy bears, strict when the need arises then the is the loner Uncle Mxolisi who is the softest amongst everyone in this family.

"Yazi nina niyamgugisa umuntu Isisa, naku ngapha u Samkelisiwe naye uyamitha hayi mani "he says clicking his tongue now i know why his this angry, Samkelisiwe is Aunt Qhawekazi's Daughter she is 16 years old doing Grade 11 this year, in the Ndlovu family we don't have cousin's but sisters and brothers according to how we were taught , especially children from the quinterplets we share the same DNA basically everything so basically we siblings.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Hey big sis" Ayize says entering the bedroom as i pack the diaper bag of my child today i have a doctor's appointment to check up his progress.

"Hey baby sis you look great" i utter to her she smiles twirling around this one will be a fashion designer or anything that has to do with fashion the way she likes fashion "where you going " i utter to her she smiles running towards me and squeezes me in a hug. "Whatever you want ,my answer is a no" i say.

"Silly am just going with you, well i want to spend some sister time" she says making me fold my arms ,she is lying i know when Ayize is lying. "Fine so the is this boy at school he asked me on a date and am sort of hoping i can use you to get out of the house you know your father" she says

"Absolutely not, Ayize am in dad's bad book myself if anything happens to his princess trust me am dead besides Ayize you 14 years ,you not even old enough to even date" i utter.

"Come on sis nothing will happen to me" she is says giving me that look that i cannot say no too.

"Okay tell you what, if mama says yes then i don't have a problem, you know her she doesn't have that old school mindset baba has" i say to her atleast my mother is better that how baba would freak out, he freaked out once i uttered am going to stay at res he didn't want me to and he even promised he'll drop me off everyday at school.

"I did she is totally okay with it" i raise my eyebrow at her making her sigh "i really did she said it's okay under one rule she gets to supervise all our dates i cannot have my mother on a date with a guy i like atleast you" she says i sigh.

"You have to take up her offer because unfortunately for you me and Samkelisiwe have a dinner date with baba Nqobi" i say he sent me a message yesterday asking to spend time am scared at how calm he was.

"God i hate being you right now" she says sashaying her behind walking out i continue putting everything in the diaper bag before putting my son in the car seat, we going for our 6 weeks appointment today meaning i had a few weeks before going back to work, it would be hard adapting am used to this man infront of me all day and being separated will be hard.

.....

After the doctor released us that everything was still going okay my next stop needed my emotions in check, the drive seems long am looking forward to seeing him after a whole month and 2 weeks without seeing him am excited it's like the car cannot even go any faster. Finally arriving i knock a couple of times before a women who looks a little bit younger than i am opens the door

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i frown looking at her.

"Sawubona" she utters , i know all his family so i don't know her, she is wearing a dress and has a headwrap on her head.

"Hey ummm is Uyanda here" i question she doesn't answer but retreats before the door is opened again and Uyanda is the one this time to open the door.

"Isisa" he says closing the door behind him, his eyes fall on his son before he bites his lower lip rubbing his nose "ufunani ,came her to boost" he says only when i look closely to him that i see his lower lip has a cut and his cheek has a huge red mark.

"What happened" i question making him scoff immediately shaking his head at me like i uttered something that i shouldn't have.

"Isisa please leave this"he says pointing at his face "is a warning if i don't stay far away from you then it will be worse than this" he says it's written Nqobimpi Ndlovu all over it, if he thinks that I'll go to him he has another thing coming, I'll let him cool off for a minute.

"You forgot that i payed almost all of the lease on this apartment so it's my place also" i utter.

"Right you'll always use that against me all the time you know what I'll leave your apartment I'll see what to do" he says

"No it's fine i mean i can't stay here too because my mother is helping me with our child so we can't pay for nothing" i say "am here because i want to do another test again, i want you to see that you the father and this time am not taking chances we going to my Aunt" i say he folds his arms.

"How do i know that you won't change them just to make me father your child" he says

"I would never do that i promise, look at him Uyanda tell me don't you see yourself in him" it's true my son went on to look exactly like his father it's like he new what the predicament is.

"I'll do it but because i don't want to take chance incase he is my son then I'll have turned my back on him" he says am greatful for that.

"Who is that women Uyanda" i asked wanting to know i mean we haven't broken up we just had a fight.

"One of those girls my mother wants to set me up with, she came noMa" he says i nod knowing his mother and her controlling tendencies.

"Am sorry about my uncle" i say he nods "tomorrow 7 o'clock " i utter before turning to leave am disappointed that he didn't even try to take his son or anything. But atleast the is hope as i turn too right, now i need to figure out where me and my son will sleep today because am not going home not today atleast when Nqobimpi is furious i don't want to pay for Samkelisiwe's sins too am a grown women a whole freaking 25 years old i shouldn't be told what to do.

"If it isn't my favourite Uncle in the whole world" i say as soon as Uncle Mxo answers the phone ,i look at Mpilo at the back he is resting peacefully.

"Isisa ufunani"(What do you want) he asked i roll my eyes why does everyone assume i want something today.

"A place to sleep just for tonight" i say praying he agrees but ofcause the are 50/50 chances with this one.

"Nqobimpi warned me about you" he says i sigh loudly at him so he can hear.

"Malume ,Baba Nqobimpi will kill me you know that too" i utter he sighs. "Please" i say begging him.

"Fine only because i know Nqobimpi's anger " he says i mentally scream excited at that.

"I'll be there in few minutes please don't tell baba or anyone I'll tell them am okay" i say before dropping

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"Malume ,Baba Nqobimpi will kill me you know that too" i utter he sighs. "Please" i say begging him.

"Fine only because i know Nqobimpi's anger " he says i mentally scream excited at that.

"I'll be there in few minutes please don't tell baba or anyone I'll tell them am okay" i say before dropping

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"The results are back" Aunt Nqobile says opening the envelope she sighs frowning and anxiously tapping my fingers on the table ,i slept at Uncle Mxolisi's place , Baba Nqobimpi came and tried his luck but regardless of everything those brother's respect their older brother.

"What's going on , what do the results say" Uyanda finally breaks the silence earning more silence from Nqobile she finally sighs looking up.

"The results do show certain percentage of fatherhood but not enough, they very confusing " she says i feel my heart tightening.

"What does that mean, am i the father or not" Uyanda asked clasping his hands together on the table.

"Am not sure we'll have to perform an invasive test which means will have to get your sperms" she says making Uyanda flinch.

"Invasive test meaning I'll have to masturbate" he says slowly making Nqobile shake her head.

"No i mean putting an injection on your tentacles drawing out your sperms" she says making Uyanda stand up.

"Absolutely not" he says shaking his head immediately.

"That ofcourse is the only way to find out if you are the father or not" Aunt Nqobile says pissed but ofcourse professionalism.

"Isn't there any other way" he questions opening the chair again to sit on, if baba can see him now, Uyanda is a good man just controlled by his mother.

"Am afraid not" Aunt Nqobile exclaims challenging him, he sighs loudly settling back down pushing back his hands on the table.

"So you going to take the huge ass needle and inject it on my balls to retract my sperm, will it hurt" he asked.

"Not at all ,all you will feel is just a pinch i promise will be done before you even realise it" she says.

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You don't know how long a minute is until you desperate for life changing opportunity, 2 hours feels like 5 hours when you pace non stop on the floor, when everyone goes about their day like it nothing matter, Nkosi too is now restless i guess he can feel the tension.

"And" Uyanda is the first to stand up on the chairs , Nqobile goes quite opening her office door and we follow behind her, "what do the results say" Uyanda presses on.

"Well Mr Hlongwane as you can see the results are still sealed from the lab so unfortunately i don't know them ,please sit " she says pushing her chair open and settle opposite us, she takes her grandchild , she is just trying to make my anxiety sky rocket, with Nkosingiphile in her arms she opens the seal of the envelop before taking the white papers out "Isisa you owe me yezwa " she says thinning her eyes at me.

"I'll make sure to pay you for your trouble Aunt Nqobile" i say she nods her head , frowning her eyebrows ,it feels we waited for a whole hour while her eyes scan through the results ,the tapping Uyanda is making is slowly getting to me.

"Well Mr Hlongwane the blood results show that you are not the father but actually the uncle" he frowns his eyebrows because he doesn't have any sibling.

"What does that mean" he asks clasping his hands playing with his fingers, Aunt Nqobile throws her eyes at him before back at the papers.

"You are what we call a rare case , meaning you are the father of the child and their uncle at the same time" she says making us yet confused even more "during the early stages of pregnancy miscarriage is very popular , especially twins, it is most likely while your mother was pregnant she was with twins and miscarried the other one and you most likely absorbed their cells ,Chromosomes meaning you are your own twin ,we call it vanishing twin" she says i feel my heart sigh in relief.

"So it means i am the father" he asked to make sure.

"Yes ,according to the sperm test the are 99

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9 percentage that you are the father " Aunt Nqobile says easing the anxiety in my heart, easing the irregular beating of my heart.

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I've been temporarily living with my uncle and today after many days I've decided that am going back home atleast am assuming things have eased up a little bit and the anger has evaporated or atleast eased up ,after the results unfortunately Uyanda walked away without saying anything i think he is digesting the

news. The boys are playing videogames as usual when i arrive while Ayize is busy on her cellphone smiling non stop.

"Sanibona why isn't anyone at school" i question pushing the car seat on the table and taking out my son.

"Study week" the boys say in unison, i shake my head because they all know their parents will kill them knowing they busy doing something else on study week.

"And why aren't you all studying, am telling dad" i threaten them Ayanda raises his eyes at looking at me for a minute before throwing them back on the screen they know am bluffing. "What are we eating" i question.

"I feel like Pizza you paying " Ayabonga says not even looking at me, i gasp dramatically.

"Why am I paying, am literally broke" i say ,the only time my parents give me money is when i really need it, ofcause my dad is a softy he once in a while throw in an allowance for me.

"We literally 14 you 40 years old and working" Ayize says throwing her phone on the couch before taking Nkosingiphile from me ,i gasp again dramatically.

"Am 25 years old " i say

"Really i thought you were 40" Ayanda says and Ayabonga nods continuously his head chuckling.

"You do realize am older than you and baba gave me permission if you step out of line i slap your ass" i say.

"Bese ngikubulale mina kwezami iyingane Isisa ofcause Ayanda i don't mind"(then I'll kill you on my kids) we all jump when we see baba at the door, he raises his eyebrows at the boys who throw their controllers at each other making us laugh "hayibo is this why you all didn't want to go to school, are you not writing next week" Baba says going to the kitchen he opens the fridge and take out the bottle of water, it's no secret how handsome my father looks , you'll mistake him to his late 30 yet this man is 50 years old, he looks fresh like 14 years ago.

"MaNdlovu omncane osidedele sisi kancane yezwa" (can you give us space) baba says to Ayize who nods her head leaving us in the kitchen. "Letha umzukulwane wami"(bring my grandson) he says.

"Haa baba nami ngiwu Anti wakhe"(am his Aunt too) Ayize says Baba pushes his hands in his suit pockets.

"Hayibo Ayize ngimdala kuwe"(am older than you) baba says making Ayize sulk as she leaves the kitchen without the baby in her arms "futhi sokhuluma ngalo mfana you spending your time with these days"(we have to talk about that boy...) Ayize half runs out of the kitchen.

"Mandlovu" baba says Pushing his grandson on his chest.

"Angikudinelwe Mandlovu inhloso nje yami ukukubonisa mosophuma endleleni"(am not angry at you MaNdlovu but my job is to guide you when you out of line) he says "i haven't been in your life for most of your life Isisa ,i didn't raise you and for that i beat myself for it everyday and am trying to protect you , i didn't protect you when you were young but am trying to do that now, i don't want to see you hurting, am a man and i know

how men think, if a men can't stand up for you before the rest of the world then he isn't the one baby, the still hardships you still going to face and i know i won't be always there to protect you from them but atleast i want to make sure the men i leave you behind with is worthy of a man, because am still here the same way i fight for your mother is the exact same way i'll fight for you, Ayize, Ayabonga and Ayanda ofcause 10% of the time with the boys but i still will fight for them till i take my last breath" the thought of my father dying is a bitter pill to swallow.

"Sometimes the better way is to learn from experience baba, you can't always protect me ,am 25 now please allow me to make my own mistakes" i say he opens his one arm since he is carrying Nkosi on the other arm, he sighs kissing my forehead.

"I love you Isisa, so so damn much am seeing you hurting will always break me into peaces but if you see this boy right for you then fine am not stopping you anymore but until, until he comes to my house Isisa and recognize his mistake then keep him away from me Isisa, okok'qala lomfana ungidelelile Isisa wafika kwami wangena esibayeni sami wamosha nalapho zange avele azoxolisa kodwa wakhetha ukuphika "(first of all that boy

disrespected me, he came into my home and impregnated my daughter and didn't even apologies) he says.

"I'll talk to him " i say pulling off the hug smiling relieved about our encounter.

"I'll tolerate him for my grandson and you but i will never like him and i will never accept him" he says kissing his grandson before giving him back taking the file on the kitchen counter.

"And when i come back i want everyone halfway through that textbook" baba says to the boys who are pretending to read.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

The calm breeze hitting my face is nothing but an amazing peaceful nature, the endless trees we passed by the road hit my face differently, the quietness of the car isn't awkward but peaceful we driving to Kwamhlabuyalingana and yes that's where Uyanda was born and bread , a week ago he decided to pay the damages and now they want to do imbeleko for Nkosingiphile , imbeleko is basically a way of them introducing him to their ancestors am happy actually because against all odds Uyanda is proving baba wrong, he is stepping up to became the man our son needs in his life ,he has stepped up , he has been there emotionally and physically for our son, he supports us emotionally and physically.

"My family arrived in durban ,baba says they'll drive down tomorrow early" my family decided to make this as a family vacation, i fought tooth and nail with my father when he suggested that i travelled with the family.

"I rather your family doesn't exactly attend" he says i rather not too because my mother and Uyanda's mother don't exactly see

eye to eye ,it started when Uyanda's mother questioned my mother's parenting skills.

"Why not" i questioned he was the one driving us while i sat in the passenger seat, Nkosingiphile was sleeping in the back seat.

"Your father is rather controlling babe he'll want everything done his way and forget that we not in the Ndlovu yard" he says not giving me a look yes we back together not that we were ever apart.

"My father isn't controlling but rather protective the is a difference between that"i defend offended about what he is insinuating about my father am the only one allowed to call him that, my father can be controlling from time to time but that doesn't give him right.

"That's the glorified meaning of controlling you know it too, your father is someone who wants to put on his opinion even when not asked ,he literally tells us how to raise our son" am quite offended actually i turn looking back at the window

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i can see few houses as we passed by, the silence last longer until we pull up in a yard, it's not too bad and no am not those spoiled kids who grew up in the suburbs and not knowing about their cultural side ,my grandparents make sure that we know our cultural background very well.

"We here" he announces before getting out of the car to grab our bags, i grab our son before following behind him, his mother is already outside standing on the door waiting for us she is beaming at her son, she opens her arms before Uyanda hugs her.

"Mfanami usaphila kodwa"(my son are you okay) she asks putting him at arms length totally disregarding me but ofcause am used to this behaviour.

"Am fine Ma" Uyanda says only after that does she turn to look at me she greets before taking her grandchild, am glad although she doesn't like me she atleast likes my son, my smile soon drops when i see that women they forcing down his throat walking out of the house, my eyes are stuck on her swallon stomach that looks like she is atleast 4-5 months pregnant i don't know why she still here the last time i saw her

was when she was at my apartment almost 1 and half month ago she wasn't showing then, atleast Uyanda's mother will stop the nonsense of forcing Uyanda to marry him i know she wouldn't allow her son getting married to someone who has a child outside.

"Thandolwethu uyaphila ngane yam"(are you okay) atleast his father acknowledges me, he gives me a smile.

"Ngiyaphila baba,ubaba yena ngabe uyaphila"(am fine , are you okay) i asked he nods his head.

"Hayi siyaphila nathi MaNdlovu, fanele ukuthi nikhathele phela igoli alikho la eduzane" (am fine too you must be tired because Johannesburg is not around the corner) he says leading us to the house we follow behind him, am honestly tired from the trip but i still need to call my father to tell him i arrived safely.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Babe can we talk" i utter to what has been eating me all along since my arrival at the Hlongwane homestead but unable to say anything seeing that everyone was busy and my son was restless to the change of environment.

"Can that happen later on am still a little busy, your parents want to see you before they leave" he says the ceremony was a success fortunately and my family suprised me they kept on their reserved side and didn't offend anyone ofcause Malume Nqobimpi had to be held back continuously by his older brother even his wife sometimes cannot hold him back but Uncle Mxolisi is their older brother they respect him very much, even my grandparents were here ,my family is big on family whichever even the smallest events they always here to support each other and celebrate, when i went for a mere driving test everyone was out there supporting me. I take my son walking to where my family is hugging each and every of them.

"Take care MaNdlovu yezwa, am a call away" baba says not wanting to let me go holding me tightly like am leaving forever.

"I will baba don't worry am joining the family vacation tomorrow" i utter am no longer comfortable in this house anyway but i wont utter that to him because he will demand to know where the matter lies.

"Okay you'll find your mother probably gone she has a business conference to attend in PE on monday" baba says ,when i say i want a man like my father i mean it, this man has and still is cheering for my mother through thick and through thin, a man who will go extra mile for his wife.

"Okay go well MaQwabe" i say smiling at her she opens her arms hugging me before kissing my cheek and her grandson who smiles showing her non existing teeth.

"Wena Ayanda please don't cause any trouble for everyone this vacation is about relaxing from you" i say he gasp dramatically holding his chest making everyone laugh.

"Nasi angifunwa mina la ekhaya, why is everyone thinking am trouble ,just because uAyabonga is good boy in front of you doesn't mean his good behind your back"(am unwanted in this place i swear...) Ayanda says making everyone vouch for Ayabonga.

"Ayabonga is good he has never brought us any trouble uyamsukela umfanami"(you accusing him) Malume Manqoba says pushing his hand in Ayabonga's shoulder.

"If he's so bad name one thing he did" Aunt Qhawekazi says folding her arms on her chest making Ayanda rub his head not saying anything. "Exactly" auntie Qhawekazi says.

"You asking because you obviously know i cant tell ,I'll be breaking the bro code and besides am afraid of him he always beats up my ass he even tried killing me while i was young" he says making all of us laugh he always uses that ever since i told him, killing him he means it was good friday and we watched a movie, well i did watch a movie about jesus Ma never allowed violent movies around them but i was babysitting that day Ayabonga saw everything and he imitated everything and by that i mean nailing Ayanda on the floor luckily baba found them

in time before it happened did i not get a beating that day. After a long time of saying goodbye they left not before Uncle Nqobimpi promised to break every teeth Uyanda has if his theory is right , he didn't tell me what theory though, i walk back inside the house it's already late now and everyone is gone except family members and some friends who are still drinking the alcohol.

"Sisi can you bring me a glass in the kitchen " one of the aunties shouts when i enter the room i obliged walking back to the sitting room ,the women are drinking inside the house while the man outside, these women are laughing loudly gossiping about the whole village.

"Is that uncle of yours married because yeyi" the women who I've gotten to know is Thandazile says she is drinking 4th street, i laugh she is the ball of energy in this family.

"I have 4 uncles aunty which one" i ask am questioning although the only one who is unmarried in my Family is Uncle Lwazi and his gay.

"All of them man they yummy, from the Blue shirt wearing to the black shirt" she says licking her dry lips.

"Blue shirt is my father his married and has kids 4 , happily married " i make sure with a matter of fact she wave her hand around.

"All man have needs ,he can take me as his second wife" she says i laugh shaking my head because my father would never do anything to hurt my mother he loves her with all of his heart.

"Anyway the other's i want one of them to take me to joburg so i can leave this place" she says.

"All of them are happily married unfortunately except Uncle Lwazi you aren't his type besides his in a serious relationship has been for 7 years" i say.

"Child am everyone's type " she says pouring another glass she is beyond drunk this one.

"No you not Uncle Lwazi isn't interested in women unfortunately but only man, his gay" i say earning a clap from everyone dramatically clapping their hands

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no am not disclosing his sexuality without his permission my uncle is not in the closet he actually is proud of it including Manqoba, Nqobile, it's funny when they told me how their parents got to know that they gay, apparently Nqobile was found in the room with her 'study patner' making out naked when they ask she finally admitted when she admitted Uncle Lwazi and Manqoba came out too.

"Waste of good looks, mina i can show him my ladies and he will change that" she says I've accepted judgemental in people when they get to know that, including Uyanda too but his entitled to his opinion, someone even tried changing uncle Lwazi as Thandazile says even trapped him with a child but ofcause it's not a phase as people assume it's something you live up to, you say when they old they change you've never seen a grandfather who is gay well welcome to my family, Uncle lwazi is happily in a relationship with a guy at 52 years, Uncle Manqoba is happily married with a guy at 50 years old.

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It's after 12 o'clock at Night when i feel Uyanda's cold body pressing behind me, he reeks brewery ,i sigh as his hand travel to my boobs and painfully pinch them his kissing my shoulder breathing heavily when i pull off him.

"Uyanda your son is in the same bed remember " i utter to him he doesn't listen instead continuing with work at hand "Uyanda please not now" i say he sighs letting me go standing up from the bed, i turn looking at him dressing up.

"Where are you going " i question him he clickes his toungue shaking his head at me.

"To the other mother of my child because you don't want to give me whats mine she will happily do it" he says buckling his belt i feel my heart sinking to my stomach.

"What do you mean Uyanda, did you impregnate someone else" i ask hoping am hearing him wrong that's not what he means.

"Yes princess that's exactly what am saying yizo zona lezi zenza ngihambe ngifuna yonke indawu ,am expecting a child with a women far better than you, a women who respect me unlike you, in 3 month's I'll have a son I've always wanted, i can raise on my own without anyone telling me what to do"(It's because of these things that am looking for sex everywhere...) he clicks his tounge the tears stream down my face as i calculate back to the months.

"Uyanda how could you cheat on me while i was pregnant with your son" he doesn't care instead walks away, i feel my chest constricting as i push my head on the pillow crying my heart out, it hurts so much to hear him say that so unapologetic, i tried my best to make this man happy and still i wasn't good enough, my heart bleeds profusely at the thought of him sleeping with someone else, why is god punishing me this much.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Embarrassing myself even further wasn't an option, i was sniffing continuously for crying all night as i picked my phone up from under the pillow, my son was lanching my nipple so painfully as he continued to feed.

"Baba" my voice was groggy as i said soon as he answered the call.

"MaNdlovu konke kulungile what's wrong khuluma nobaba" he said fully awake making me wonder if he was sleeping or not.

"Baba please come and fetch me i don't want to be here anymore"i said i could hear my mother's worried voice through the phone as she questioned what was wrong.

"Okay I'll be there now babygirl" he says before dropping the call ,from durban to here wasn't much distance anyway, i breastfed Nkosi till he was satisfied before getting up from the

bed, i packed everything that belonged to us, i wasn't even going to leave my room until baba tells me he is outside, my heart was in shambles why was Uyanda enjoying to continuously break my heart, was it because i loved him or what i sigh.

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My father had just informed me he is outside when i picked everything, i had already changed my son, when i exited the room Uyanda's mother was the only one up since it was still early hours of the morning, the sun was still yet to rise.

"MaNdlovu kuyiwaphi ebsuku" she said before the was a knock at the door, she walked to open the door.

"Sanibonani MaHlongwane" Baba greeted without a smile, Mama soon followed behind my father, she offered a smile.

"Sawubona nawe" Uyanda's mother greeted too "hayibo ekseni kangaka ngabe kukhona esinganisiza ngako"(so early in the morning is there something we can help you with) she questioned baba gave her a smile.

"Yes you keeping our daughter in your yard without informing us, so you disrespected me as the father of this girl" baba said mama pushed a hand on his arm shaking her head.

"Hayi Ndlovu ngeke ufike kwami uzodelela unkosikazi wami, awuboni mina ngidelela lonkosikazi wakho wephepha"
Uyanda's father said coming in the kitchen tying his gown he touched a nerve he doesn't know, baba kills with his wife.

"Gatsheni please don't give them the satisfaction" Mama said she is always the voice of reasoning to Gatsheni.

"Mkami bayadelela labantu"(my wife these people are disrespectful) Baba said Mama gazes on his soul begging him with her eyes baba sighs taking my bag.

"Asambe MaNdlovu "i don't waste time running after him carrying my son, Uyanda's mother is shouting behind us, Finally Uyanda walks out too in just his Underwear.

"Isisa you taking my son nowhere if you want to leave , then do it without my son" he says shouting walking behind us baba stands still pushing me behind him. "Mkhulu please don't interfere in things that doesn't concern you" he says baba smiles broadly pushing an arm on Uyanda's shoulder the smile not leaving his face.

"Ngibheke ke mfana ungibhekisise yezwa, yabona le eyam ingane yezwa ,yaphuma la kimina ngikhipha ubudoda bam, wena umfana nje engizomnyathela njengephela kuphele ngawe , ungaze nangelanga elilodwa ungidelele ngalendlela ongidelele ngayo namhlanje, ngiyathemba siyezwana ngoba ngizokubonisa inkanyamba"(look at me my boy and look at me properly see that women is my child, i made her proving my manhood ,you nothing but a little boy that i can squash like a bug

don't ever in your life disrespect me like you did to me today i hope we understand each other or hell will break loose) baba says before letting him go walking back to the car, am suddenly scared too.

"Thando can we please go back inside and talk" i want that too ,i want to demand answers from him too what i lacked that he went to look at another women but the look the man who

threatened my boyfriend gives me sends all those thoughts out of the window, making sure i don't even consider those thoughts. The drive is too silent i don't even know where we going but i wanted myself away from that house.

"Ma when are you going to the businesses on the business conference in PE" i question breaking the silence Nkosingiphile is asleep yet again.

"I have a flight to catch at 8 oclock" she says looking at her wrist watch ,my phone reports few minutes after 6 now so she still has time.

"Can i join in" i ask she looks at me weirdly like i grew a pair of horns she had been begging me to join the company but i had no interest in that i studied Psychology because that was my love.

"Yeah ofcause "she says "let me see if i can get an available ticket" she says taking out her phone, my mother with simplicity, she does realise that the company jet is available for these specific things.

"Can we travel with the private jet" i asked she raised her eyes at me for a moment don't look at me like that it's been so long since i lived like a trust fund baby rich.

"Sure we can , let me call Mondli to see if it is unoccupied" she says i nod praying it's not i need time away from everything and this is perfect opportunity Ma will be busy with her things.

"I can babysit this little human "baba says pointing at my son am grateful for that, am going back to work in 2 weeks so i need that time relax before the busy days.

"What about work, i can call Sindiswa to come in the house for a moment " she said flip someone kill me now i totally forgot that i even have cousins named Sfundu and Asanda ,it's been so long since i saw them, Sfundu well he works as an English teacher in China he enjoys his job and we hardly see each other much , because of the different time zones it gets hard to call each other often so we grew apart, well Asanda she is married, yes she got married at 18 and moved to Limpopo with her family.

"Sindi is married my love we cannot be taking her away from her husband i personally wouldn't like it " he says "I'll be fine i can take care of a child, remember you once left me with three toddlers and a teenager " he says Ma sighs loudly rubbing her arm am convinced but ma seems not to be at the moment

"I know Gatsheni the problem is tomorrow its Owethu's birthday "she says Baba bites his lower lip thoughtful for a moment he sighs.

"I know Mkami but am surrounded by people if anything happens they here"Baba says Ma brushes her fingers delicately at his arm.

"Am sorry i won't be able to be there for you to support you tomorrow "Ma says ,she once informed me about Owethu, dad's child who died in a accident ,she was 4 years younger than me apparently.

"It's fine Mkami I'll probably go to her grave tomorrow " he says before yet a deafening silence engulf us, Ma finally agrees to

Baba babysitting, am excited when i find out that the jet is unoccupied till today midday will long be in PE at that time i have travelled with the jet maybe about once we normally mostly use the plane the person who looks interested in following Ma's footsteps is Ayabonga. My phone is ringing non stop when i decided to switch the call off, i want to forget about Uyanda for a moment and focus on myself without the child or anything.

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Since am going back to work in 2 weeks i had started giving Nkosi some powdered milk so i didn't have to pump anything for him, i packed few nothing much for myself i intend on spending my mother's money and go on a retail therapy in PE am not really there for the conference but my own selfish reasons honestly ,baba drove us to the airport my excitement was going off the roof, after saying our goodbyes and me having hard time to say goodbye to my son I've never been away from him i finally left to board the jet ,it still looked beautiful like the first time i saw it, with the creame white furniture, the hostess introduced herself before taking our drink

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"I can't believe we staying in such a beautiful place" i say to my mother as the women who i don't know enter the room pushing dresses in.

"Thank my P.A she makes sure about my comfort" she says tying the gown properly, am enjoying this it's been a long time since I've had my one on one with my mother, i know it's a business trip but it's something, am modelling her dresses for tonight she forced me to the conference apparently i can meet a "decent guy" i brushed that off quickly, she was finally satisfied with the dress i choose, it was a black ankle fit dress with a slit in my thigh ,the whole of my back is exposed she loved it and so did I, it is lacy around my arms and shows my cleavage.

"I love you Ma" i said emotionally i don't know why i was emotional, she opened her arms at me and i landed as i hugged her tightly nothing hits different like a mother's hug, i held myself back from breaking apart.

"I love you too my baby, i promise when we back will have more of these without Ayize, without Ayabonga or Ayanda and definitely without Qhawe just you and me like old time" she says making me smile, she cup my face wiping my tears pecking my cheek before hugging me again, one would swear that she is my younger sister, my mother is short, short as in short probably nothing taller than 4,11 inches that's how short she is and has a slim body she doesn't look like she has any children unlike me, yes my parents are gym freaks hence their lack of agging while some of us aren't exactly like them, am a little bit curved than my mother and am 5,7 so you can imagine how tall i am, at just 12 years old i was as tall as my mother, 14 years i was taller than her.

"The is someone i want you to meet his a great guy you'll love him"Ma says she is already setting me up, she walks away going to the other room to change, i look at myself i look beautiful, the make up looks amazing nothing i can do on my own, i suck at makeup i swear see me trying to shape my eyebrows you'll laugh so hard at me. Half an hour later we are walking at where the event is happening, Ma has her arm around mine walking inside am already bored imagine going to an event where people will be talking about business and everything, Ma pulls

me to the group of men standing together one has his hand around a woman looks like his wife.

"Mr D

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Mrs D how have you been, how are the kids"Ma says earning a smile from the man who had a wife at hand.

"Ahh the ever so beautiful Mbalenhle the kids are okay and business has been doing really well remember that business i said well nailed it the..." i zone them out immediately grabbing the glass of champagne from the waitress gulping it down immediately Ma softly pinch me i force a smile on my face holding the empty glass.

"Where are my manners this is my daughter, Thandolwethu Isisa Ndlovu "she said earning stares from the men around us, what do they think kanti am walking with a friend, if they knew this woman is whole 48 years old.

"Nice meeting you, excuse me for a minute " i utter getting away from them, am bored remind me why i came here my mother will be socializing all night, so i settle for going to sit by the bar, folding my legs am looking at the men who is mixing drinks in front of me, we talk together and he ends up making me his genie pig testing his drinks on me, looking everyone is socializing going about their days, the theme was black and white. I've been drowning drinks like a fish for the past hour because am desperate to forget about my troubles, only when i stand up do i realize that I've had a little too much, i grab my purse walking to the bathroom i do my business washing my hands i look at myself in the mirror through the blurry image, am still questioning myself meaning this alcohol isn't doing it's job, am not spending another minute in this place acting like Queen Elizabeth herself , i text my mother that i got bored and left she replies with an okay, i request an uber because where am going doesn't require me driving, am going partying tonight, while i wait for my uber am already at the bar requesting another drink.

"Miss Ndlovu "the strange man i don't recognize says settling opposite me he orders a glass of water with lemon.

"The night is yet to start and already you ready to end it" he says pushing the lemon water in my direction he is delusional if he thinks I'll drink it, my eyes roam around his body, his wearing a suit that fits so tightly holding his body everly so tight, my eyes scan his face ,you know as teenagers saying i want a tall men oh yes he is exactly that, the beautiful tall men.

"Am not your wife you won't tell me what to do" i utter when my eyes land on the wedding ring in his fingers he chuckles ever so lightly looking at it.

"No you not and you'll never be her" he says his face remaining plague with no emotions displayed in his face. "Drink the water Miss Ndlovu it will do you good to atleast sober up" he says looking at the bartender he orders a bottle of water again without lemon.

"Thank you for your concern Mr... but am fine am an adult i can take care of myself" i say he turns his chair looking at the people his eyes scanning around the room.

"You play chess" he questions randomly, i look at him weirdly like he grew extra horn.

"Not exactly, i used to play during my high school years what has that got to do with anything" i say he shakes his head.

"Nothing i was just wondering because you too open for one to read without trying to much, your next move is predictable "he says before my uber reports that it's already here, i stand up leaving him there i want to get drunk tonight.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Before i can even open my eyes my conscious body recognised the massive headache hitting me like a tons of bricks that have been let down on my head, my head is spinning the blinding lights hit me hard i wince closing my eyes immediately yet again, slowly i open my eyes again adjusting to the light, it feels like my head is splitting into two, instead of being met by the spacious hotel room i thought I'll see am met with pale grey walls my hand traces to my face and am met with a soft fabric on my forehead, confusion evaporates me i try racking my brain for answers but the only that i remember is getting in the uber, we started chatting he offered me water i did and after that nothing comes to mind, my father is sleeping on the couch with his hands between his legs.

"Baba" my voice comes out in whispery manner and groggy but i have a light sleeper called my father, he opens his eyes rubbing them before standing up, his wearing grey sweatpants and white shirt.

"Hey princess you awake" he says i nod before he pours the water on the cup and helping me drink it, my throat feels a whole lot better after the water wets my throat.

"What happened" i question baba who looks at me with pity, he presses the button before the women who is wearing a nurse's uniform enters, she greets with a smile checking me and the bandage on my forehead she changes it before promising to call the doctor, few seconds later a man who looks to be in his late 30s enters the room.

"Miss Ndlovu, Mr Ndlovu" he says nodding i greet back and so does my father am begging for someone to tell me what happened, the Dr is lighting the small flashlight on my eyes."Miss Ndlovu can you tell me do you know your name" he asked.

"Yes am Thandolwethu Isisa Ndlovu "i say he nods at me.

"How old are you" he asks again

"25 years old"

"How many fingers am i carrying" he says flashing 4 fingers at me i tell him exactly that after few minutes of the testing he is satisfied "after thoroughly examination Miss Ndlovu is lucky to have not suffered any permanent damage her CT Scan is good her head should heal in 4 to 6 weeks on its own ,and we've taken more test she looks good the drug is flushed down her system"

"So no STI's or HIV" my father questions and the Dr shakes his head immediately at that am thrown deeper and deeper in darkness.

"No although we've given her Prep to prevent any infection and the emergency pill, although she has to come for a check up in 3 month's" the Dr says i interject.

"HIV

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Prep what is going on" i questioned earning the two pitiful stares from the two man in the room.

"MaNdlovu do you remember anything that happened" my father asked i shook my head "how much do you remember" he asked.

"We were in an event with my mother i got bored and called an uber i was drunk but not that much, it informed me i went to the uber we started talking with the uber driver he offered me water i drank that after that everything is blank what is going on" i questioned confused.

"We've found an amount of drug that we call GHB it doesn't have any odor and its colorless which makes it easire to spike water without one noticing, Miss Ndlovu it seems you were drugged and raped someone found you on the side of the road and brought you to the hospital you must have hit hard your head when the driver pushed you out of the car or disposing your body" the Dr says my mind goes numb.

"Raped, i would have felt that wouldn't I" i questioned my mother soon entered carrying two cups of coffee.

"The drug on isn't much dangerous but mixed with Alcohol it's dangerous and does the work three times more than it will, seeing you consumed much alcohol it mixed in your system it's effect is inability to talk properly, sleepiness ,amnesia ,hallucinations and short term coma you one of the lucky ones Miss Ndlovu, the police are already informed we've opened a rape kit, please excuse me" the Dr says before taking his leave, I've heard about these uber drivers but i never thought I'll be a victim one day ,the worst of it all is i don't even remember anything, how is one suppose to feel at this revelation.

"Am sorry Mandlovu i should've protected you, i should've checked up on you that you are okay " Ma says with tears streaming down her eyes and surprisingly my father isn't the first to jump at this and comfort his wife but stands a distance away his hands buried on his pants.

"It's not your fault Ma am fine am alive, you couldn't have predicted this would happen" i say holding her hands i know how this brings back memories she would rather forget.

"It's my fault Lwethu i should've..." she takes an sharp breath wiping her tears "how are you feeling " she questions.

"Am fine i just need the toilet" i say standing up and walk barefoot to the bathroom, i wash my hands walking back now i know there is something that is happening, my parents have never showed any of us their fights but as the oldest i got to put two and two together and get four, my father's love language is skin contact if a minutes goes by without him even as glance my mother a look they had a big fight and i hope and pray am not the cause of it, one doesn't get depressed on something they don't know right.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Baka'Isisa" i say pushing myself on the couch next to him he smiles pushing his laptop aside looking at me, the air is thicker around us and everyone is threading careful around me which i don't like it, on top of that everyone notices the tension between our parents.

"MaNdlovu bengicabanga usaphumula"(MaNdlovu i thought you were resting) he says half closing his laptop ,i push my head in his chest as he hugs me i cannot help myself am daddies girl.

"Bese makuyithi kuzothwa siyasinda" (if it was us you'll say we heavy) Ayanda says making Baba chuckle shaking his head at that.

"Oyekele ingane Ayanda mani"(leave the child alone) Baba says making both the boys to turn and look at us.

"Technically we there babies but ofcause we aren't included in this family " Ayabonga says giving baba the knowing look.

"Where is Ayize" i question since everyone is here watching the tv Baba shrugs his shoulders at me.

"She is in her room sulking "Ayanda says we turn looking at him giving him the confused look ayabonga slaps his wrist.

"Niyenzi ingane yami bafana"(what did you do to my child) Baba says glaring at the boys, Mama enters the room.

"Dinner is ready" she utters before the foodie Ayabonga jumps up followed by Ayanda , i hold tightly to baba because i want to talk to him and he understand as he remains in his seat.

"Baba is the problem between you and Ma ,am i the cause, cause everyone sees the awkwardness between you two" i say he sighs loudly.

"Ungayikhathazi MaNdlovu, Mina Nonyoko will fix our issues(don't worry yourself much me and your mother...) he says smiling down at me.

"But Baba you blaming Ma at my irresponsible behavior am 25 years old Ma cannot baby me while am this old" i say he kisses my forehead.

"Yeka uyikhathaza ngane yam yezwa , am not angry at your mother i acted impulsively and regretted it so you see it's the other way around infact" (don't worry yourself my child...) he utters standing up from the couch.

"Ngiyakuthanda gatsheni wakhe"(i love you) i utter making him smile he cannot contain the smile on his face.

"Uthandwa yimina MaNdlovu"(i love you too) he utters leaving me on the dining room, he reverses back and look at me "am worried about your reaction towards this whole thing Isisa , the is one thing i hate about you" he sighs "your heart" he says before walking away yet again he reversed "speaking of heart Ayize has a doctor's appointment the following month ,it's mine

and my wife's anniversary i was planning on having a week to ourselves away from everything do you think you can take her" he says , it's futile asking because knowing my mother she would never go not when this is something that will determine whether Ayize will get another surgery or not, Ma is scared we all are because now Ayize is back to not being able to breath properly you can hear her a mile away her breathing so we all scared that she'll have to have another open heart surgery.

"Ofcause i will plus the boys will be there too" the boys might not be too close with Ayize because she is different from them and the gender too contributes but they share a bond like no other, they take this more harder than the women who birthed them i mean Ayize is basically a part of them too i know if i had a twin then it would kill me knowing my twin is living with a device on her heart that basically is keeping her alive ,the only time Ayize will live a normal life is when she gets a heart transplant but unfortunately with the long hospital list it's almost been 7 years now waiting because no one has a spare heart to donate around, the doctors did mention she can live with this for the rest of her life she'll need that transplant basically we just buying time.

"Yeah i know they taking this more tougher than everyone, somehow we've been through this twice and we never get used to it" Baba says walking away i sigh before my phone vibrates in my pocket Nkosi is sleeping in the room, tomorrow am going to work officially for the first time after giving birth and it's weird ,i mean I'll be listening to people's problem while my thoughts are at home with him

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mama will be interviewing the babysitters tomorrow i trust her i mean she has 4 children already.

"Can you come out please" the text reads from Uyanda i sigh it's been a full week since i heard from him, this love thing is complicated i tell you, am stil hurt from his words, my legs betray me as i walk out i sport his black toyota on my gate , i sigh getting in the car i mean i have a child with him i cannot avoid him forever or atleast that's my excuse for being here.

"Hey" he says smiling while i fold my arms he sigh burying his head in his arms on the wheel "sthandwa sami ngiyaxolisa"(my love am sorry) he utters raising his head.

"Uxoliselani Uyanda"(why are you apologetic Uyanda) i question looking at him dead in the eye.

"For cheating on you" he turns holding both my hands "i have no excuse why i did what i did , it was a moment of weakness you know how your mood swings were during the pregnancy Lwethu and i went out of our relationship seeking what you refused to give me, am a man Lwethu i have my own needs but i regret it, i uttered that not because i meant them i was angry and wanted to hurt you ,i swear i have never touched her after that night she just mother's my child , i love you only and not her please tell me you believe me" he utters squeezing my hands kissing my fingertips.

"Uyanda you hurt me and had the audacity to flaunt it on my face" i say feeling the tears running down my cheeks.

"I know my love but i didn't mean it i was just angry and wanted to spite you, you know throughout the whole of our relationship I've never layed my eyes on any other women, baby i don't even love her infact am feeling sorry for her because her parents kicked her out after she feel pregnant you know I'll never betray you purposely it was a moment of

weakness, I'll do anything for you to believe me and take me back" he says the tears that he has been holding rolling down his eyes.

"Am scared what if you do it again Uyanda what if you hurt me again i won't be able to take it this time" i say to him retreating my hand.

"Marry me then, marry me my love , let's get married and build a home for our child, if you won't do it for me then do it for our child, think about the happy home you'll deprive him, you don't want him growing up not knowing how it feels like to have your parents being together ,you don't want him being excluded when you find another man and have children with him, you don't want him not being included in sibling things"he utters making me sigh deeply i know exactly how that feels, my heart would break everytime when Sfuno and Asanda were fetched by their father every weekend.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

People will call me naive, will call me stupid but you don't understand, no one understand the pain of loving someone so damn much to the point that you aren't able to think, breath or eat anything without them not in your mind, for the first time in my life i loved someone, someone who loved me for me, someone who appreciates me for me, I've been used tossed aside in the past, Uyanda did me wrong i know that and am angry at him but he has been working hard to prove himself, he has been improved and became the man i have wished for everyday, the man my father is now, his even hands on with his son, it's been a month now since we got back together with him, i still have to deal with the heavily pregnant women who calls him every minute she gets , am back to work now and my mother hired a nanny for my son but she took time off from work she works from home now, Ma is taking this upcoming checkup harder as day's became closer we all are but she is taking it the worst, Baba suggested they celebrate their 15 years anniversary in Harare but Ma refused she wanted to be here to hear all the doctor has to say, it got hard the first days when i had to leave my son behind but now am getting used to

it , he adjusted to the nanny well too and am very happy so far with her she has been good with my son even Ma likes her too.

"Dr Ndlovu " my office door is swung open it's it's the receptionist, i raised my head looking at her.

"Yeah" i say she swung her huge hips side to side her heels making a sound she has a huge bouquet of roses in hand , red roses my favourite.

"This arrived for you" she says pushing the roses in my table her hands find her waist as she awaits, smelling them they smell fresh i cannot help smiling my man is improving.

"There is a card too" she uttered this one and news , she even left the reception unattended and people have been complaining about that.

"Thank you for bringing them mind if you excuse me i have a patient in few minutes " she rolls her eyes at me walking away. I retreat the card from the flowers smiling.

"I saw these beautiful flowers and i thought of you they remind me of a your beautiful face, i hope i can make your day with beautiful roses like yourself.

Love :Lisakhanya" i frown upon reading the name i don't know any Lisakhanya, having a stalker creeps me out not after the recent event's am still afraid of uber's and my father doesn't want anything to do with them. It's already my knock off time i pack my things after throwing away the flowers on the bin, am excited because this weekend me and Nkosi are spending time with Uyanda.

"Kid" am startled by Lwandile he draps his arm around my neck i roll my eyes at him immediately he has his one arm on his coat.

"You realize you 3 years and few months older than me" i say making him laugh at that ,he accompanies me to my car "how have you been Lwandile" i question.

"Arghh am fine man ,it's just that and that nothing much am planning Zama a graduation party ,plus i think we should do something for Ayize just us siblings without the parents to make her feel loved and know we there for her" he says making my heart warm up, in a week we'll know if Ayize needs surgery or not.

"I think it's a good idea, plus it's been so long since i saw Ziyanda speaking of which how is she the last time i saw her she was already complaining so early in stage" i question making him chuckle opening the door for me.

"Arghh my wife is...

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let's just say am already ready for this child to be born already only few more months before, we don't even stay together anymore Ma offered her to come live with her so that she can help with the child but baba refused completely so she is staying with mamncane and baba" he says sighing loudly.

"World war III still happening " i say getting in the car he leans on the window nodding his head at that.

"Those two are grown up now it's been 29 years of cooperating and am freaking an adult who can make their own decision and married at that if they want to remain bitter then so be it ,Mxolisi and Sihle can go to hell" he says before his eyes befall on the ambulance pulling by "let me go will talk later on" he utters walking away, Malume'mxolisi and Lwandile's mother have been bitter well more like Lwandile's mother has been bitter towards Malume'mxolisi after he gotten married it turned worse to the point Lwandile's mother refuse Malume'mxolisi to see Lwandile and they took the matter to court they were granted shared custody, Lwandile is Malume'mxolisi's first child his a Trauma Surgeon before Malume'mxolisi got married he had 4 kids with 4 different women ,Lwandile, Andiswa, Nonkululeko and Zama, Lwandile turning 30 this year, Andiswa turning 28 this year she is a Grade R teacher she really does enjoy her job more than anything she is engaged getting married in December Nonkululeko 23 years old followed my dad's footsteps working in my father's and Manqoba's law firm , and Zama turning 20 who was graduating in flight school as a pilot. Before driving home to take Nkosi up am driving to my mother's workplace because by the time she returns I'll be long gone i want to do this now.

"Mrs Ndlovu " i sashay my hips walking in her office she is buried under mountain of paperwork.

"Miss Ndlovu ,unfortunately baby i don't have time i have a meeting in 15 minutes" she says i clasp my hands as i sit opposite her.

"Okay I'll be quick then" i say she raises her head looking at me "so Ma I've been having so many thoughts lately, Uyanda has been trying to get funding to start off his business i was hoping you can help him" i say.

"Let me guess this was his idea , he convinced you like he always does" she says folding her arms on her chest.

"Not really am just being a supportive girlfriend please ma or atleast give him a loan" i beg she sighs loudly.

"I love you Lwethu i really do but i cannot do this my child, there are so many options ,there are many funding programs that could help him if he is serious then he can apply for them, apply for a business loan in any bank" she says standing up "i have a meeting baby will talk more" she says i was hoping she would because knowing my parent's they will never do that.

"Okay i thought you'll want to make it up to me after failing to be in my life for whole 9 years , not even knowing what am eating " i hate to use this card with her but she is giving me no choice she stands still for a minute before turning.

"I'll fund your boyfriend, but know that when he breaks your heart I'll have my arms wide open for you" she says before the tears roll down her eyes i feel my heart tightening on my chest "i sold my soul because of you, i did my best as a single parent wanting you to get proper health care, i wouldn't have missed 9 years of my life had i been selfish and choose myself, i was 18 years old when i had you , i lost my social life but that doesn't count because am a parent Lwethu, my feelings don't matter and it's okay because I'll always try putting your happiness before mine, i could've aborted you but i didn't, i couldn't mourn my father's death properly because i had to think of my unborn baby's death but i don't regret it, i love you too much to regret you" she says before walking away, my mother isn't a women of many words but she is expressive, i know i was wrong but i was doing what any supportive girlfriend would do, am thinking of mine and my child's life, she will be okay this Ayize issue is also contributing to her mood no parent wants to see their child under the knife.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Ayize man get your ass here now" Baba says shouting loudly before Ayize comes downstairs zipping up her Jersey, Baba opens his arms seeing the mood of the boys, Ayabonga lands on him hugging him Ayanda is just standing far with his hand in his pockets with his one arm draped on Ayize's shoulder.

"Am scared baba" Ayabonga says he is the soft one amongst the three, Baba brushes his back before pulling him away at arms length he may joke about the boys but baba loves his kids and will move the world for them.

"It's going to be okay, let's put everything in gods hands" baba says before his wife emerges from the kitchen, my mother isn't one to wear designer clothes but she does wear decent clothes , clothes that fit her beautiful small body but today she is just wearing Baba's sweatpant and an oversize sweater her hair is all over the place but she covers it with the Bennie.

"Am ready" she says sipping the water bottle she has on hand, the weather isn't looking good it looks like it's going to rain, all our parents were here yesterday to check up on us.

"Okay can we pray first" Ayanda surprises us but nevertheless we nod before closing our eyes, he starts praying before we all chant Amen, my family isn't big on religion hence when everyone was here yesterday uncle Mxolisi light up the incense and talked to our ancestors, i have a traditional family but that doesn't mean we look down on Christians we believe in God but they mostly believe everything will be solved with an incense and ancestors, today is the day of the checkup ,baba and Ma refused the boys to going with them but ofcause Ayanda being his father's son is stubborn like Qhawe Ndlovu, he refused staying behind and they ended up agreeing, am staying at home i couldn't go to work today because worry had me by the tits.

"Will see you when we return MaNdlovu" baba says , i nod hugging Ayize you would swear this is the last time we all see her but it's just a reassuring hug that we there with her , baba grabs the car keys walking out with Aya on his hip , Ma follows and Ayanda who has an arm over Ayize, i admire the bond the triplets have, the fact they can play, tease and fight each other

they always supportive towards each other ,Ayize ,Ayabonga and Ayanda know that they can rely on each other no matter what.

.....

It's after 12 oclock when MaNkosi leaves the house saying she needs few things on the shops, MaNkosi is the helper she comes three times a week , today she wasn't suppose to come but because she is like family she knows about Ayize's checkup so she came to offer her support she ended up cleaning the house now she went to the shops to buy few ingredients to cook for them when they return, the door knock disturbs my bonding session with my son, he is 5 months now and can seat on his own, i stand up walking to the door opening it further , it's my mother's PA i forgot his name i always do, this guy has been hitting on me for as long as i remember he started working for my mother when i started university he was 20 years then.

"Hey" i greet him opening the door further he walks in before walking to crotch down playing with my son's cheek who giggles he has a smile when he turns looking at me.

"Hey is Mrs Ndlovu here" he questions i shook my head at him immediately my mother isn't even in condition to work.

"No she isn't but i can take the message" i say to him he hands me the envelope he had in hand , it's unopened and Mr Ndlovu is written on bold letters.

"Give this too Mrs Ndlovu tell her i have been trying to get hold of Mr Nqobimpi Ndlovu but i cannot get hold of him" he says i frown looking at the papers.

"Ohh I'll give them to her i hope they aren't important because she isn't in condition to work" i say to him.

"It's some document he ask the lawyer to draft, the company is venturing into investing on some business but ofcause will need all four signatures of four shareholders" he says i bite my inner cheek.

"Shareholders" i never knew my mother isn't the sole shareholder of the company, she never mentioned it before.

"Yes Mr Lwandle Ndlovu

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Miss Nolwandle Ndlovu and Mr Nqobimpi Ndlovu they silent shareholders" he says "let me go I'll see you around make sure your mother receive those documents" he walks out i bite my nails, if i thought Uyanda will receive that funding i was definitely lying to myself , now that i think about Ma had mentioned about seeking investors to grow the company and opening up a branch in Rosebank Baba offered to help but she refused she never mentioned who helped before , Uncle Lwandle i can persuade him easily but Uncle Nqobimpi my tears can dry out he won't even care, but ofcause it does make sense that he was the investor it's really what he does mostly , even the hotel Uncle Manqoba owns he is the investor too, he owns shares in couple of businesses it makes sense he would jump at this opportunity, Malume Lwandle and Aunt Nolwandle well those two are a combo whatever they do,they do it together , believe me they 52 years old and still match when they wear anything, for the longest time aunt Nolwazi couldn't find a stable relationship because people find the bond between them weird, it was like dating the both of them but she finally got someone who understand her and got married everyone thought their bond will weaken but it didn't it remained the

same, gogo says it probably because they lost their twin hence this close bond, yes my grandmother was blessed with multiples like that, she had one child first born Mxolisi, then the triplets Lwandle, Nolwandle and Nkanyezi, unfortunately few days after birth aunt Nkanyezi died, then lastly the quinterplets after 3 miscarriages Manqoba, Qhawe, Nqobimpi, Nqobile and Qhawekazi. my phone disturbs my thoughts ,it's Uyanda he says his outside, i grab nkosi putting him on my waist before walking out, i close the door behind me before walking outside he has his car parked outside, he smiles as soon as we get in taking his son in his arms.

"Sawubona" he says kissing my cheek i greet back smiling am glad he took time to checkup on me if am okay or not , i told him about the Ayize checkup issue he said he'll come checkup on me. "How are you" he ask.

"Am fine just a little bit worried and hopeful" i say he holds my hand brushing my inner palm softly.

"Don't worry Ayize will be okay besides i know your parents will hire the best cardiologist if she has to do surgery" he is right if

baba has to fly across the ocean for that then that's exactly what he will do even if it leaves us bankrupt.

"Let's forget that for a minute i don't want to think about the worst " i say "I've talked to my mother about funding your business" i say he drops my hand.

"I told you not to Lwethu your family will look down on me more now because of this" he says

"Come on Uyanda its not a favour it's business deal am thinking about our future here " i say he sighs shaking his head.

"My love leave it am a man i can make a plan something will eventually come out, I'll take care of us don't worry yourself "he says i know how proud Uyanda is to ask for help.

"But..."

"Isisa please " he says more sternly leaving no room of argument i sigh knowing the isn't way to convince him

otherwise. "I talked with my father about the Lobola, he is drafting a letter as we speak, i want by the end of this month calling you my wife" he says making me blush.

"What about your baby mama" it's a bitter pill to swallow knowing am a stepmother to a child who was conceived while i was in the picture but irregardless i love him.

"Uwena uMa wekhaya manje I'll hand the ropes to you so you deal with her "(you the women of the house now so...) he says brushing my lips with his thumbs. "I know i broke your trust before my love but I'll work hard so you can trust me again i don't want you feeling uncomfortable whenever i have to communicate with her" he says before pecking my lips.

"When is she due " i asked he shrugged his shoulders immediately at that "Uyanda you can't abandon her like that not even check up on her while she is pregnant with your child" i say.

"Uma ukhona and is helping her, my wife who needs to be taken care of is right in front of my eyes and has my son" he

says pushing his son in his chest "i love you mommy yezwa and i promise I'll never hurt you again intentionally , i don't see my life without you in it ever am incomplete without you" he says his hand falling on my exposed thigh. "It's been so long manje Sthandwa sami ungilambisa ophe umuntu wakho"(...my love you've not been feeding me, please feed your man) he says making me giggle at that.

"Firstly your son is here ,second we in front of my home my parents will return anytime now" i say making him chuckle.

"Umuntu akaphiwa la ngizothi la ngiyithola khona ngivele nje ngichame ngisayifaka"(it's been so long since you've given me when i get it I'll just cum while still putting it in) he complains it's been 5 months of drought for both of us now.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

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"Am ready" she says sipping the water bottle she has on hand, the weather isn't looking good it looks like it's going to rain, all our parents were here yesterday to check up on us.

"Okay can we pray first" Ayanda surprises us but nevertheless we nod before closing our eyes, he starts praying before we all chant Amen, my family isn't big on religion hence when everyone was here yesterday uncle Mxolisi light up the incense and talked to our ancestors, i have a traditional family but that doesn't mean we look down on Christians we believe in God but they mostly believe everything will be solved with an incense and ancestors, today is the day of the checkup ,baba and Ma refused the boys to going with them but ofcause Ayanda being his father's son is stubborn like Qhawe Ndlovu, he refused staying behind and they ended up agreeing, am staying at home i couldn't go to work today because worry had me by the tits.

"Will see you when we return MaNdlovu" baba says , i nod hugging Ayize you would swear this is the last time we all see her but it's just a reassuring hug that we there with her , baba grabs the car keys walking out with Aya on his hip , Ma follows and Ayanda who has an arm over Ayize, i admire the bond the triplets have, the fact they can play, tease and fight each other

they always supportive towards each other ,Ayize ,Ayabonga and Ayanda know that they can rely on each other no matter what.

.....

It's after 12 o'clock when MaNkosi leaves the house saying she needs few things on the shops, MaNkosi is the helper she comes three times a week , today she wasn't suppose to come but because she is like family she knows about Ayize's checkup so she came to offer her support she ended up cleaning the house now she went to the shops to buy few ingredients to cook for them when they return, the door knock disturbs my bonding session with my son, he is 5 months now and can seat on his own, i stand up walking to the door opening it further , it's my mother's PA i forgot his name i always do, this guy has been hitting on me for as long as i remember he started working for my mother when i started university he was 20 years then.

"Hey" i greet him opening the door further he walks in before walking to crotch down playing with my son's cheek who giggles he has a smile when he turns looking at me.

"Hey is Mrs Ndlovu here" he questions i shook my head at him immediately my mother isn't even in condition to work.

"No she isn't but i can take the message" i say to him he hands me the envelope he had in hand , it's unopened and Mr Ndlovu is written on bold letters.

"Give this too Mrs Ndlovu tell her i have been trying to get hold of Mr Nqobimpi Ndlovu but i cannot get hold of him" he says i frown looking at the papers.

"Ohh I'll give them to her i hope they aren't important because she isn't in condition to work" i say to him.

"It's some document he ask the lawyer to draft, the company is venturing into investing on some business but ofcause will need all four signatures of four shareholders" he says i bite my inner cheek.

"Shareholders" i never knew my mother isn't the sole shareholder of the company, she never mentioned it before.

"Yes Mr Lwandle Ndlovu

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Miss Nolwandle Ndlovu and Mr Nqobimpi Ndlovu they silent shareholders" he says "let me go I'll see you around make sure your mother receive those documents" he walks out i bite my nails, if i thought Uyanda will receive that funding i was definitely lying to myself , now that i think about Ma had mentioned about seeking investors to grow the company and opening up a branch in Rosebank Baba offered to help but she refused she never mentioned who helped before , Uncle Lwandle i can persuade him easily but Uncle Nqobimpi my tears can dry out he won't even care, but ofcause it does make sense that he was the investor it's really what he does mostly , even the hotel Uncle Manqoba owns he is the investor too, he owns shares in couple of businesses it makes sense he would jump at this opportunity, Malume Lwandle and Aunt Nolwandle well those two are a combo whatever they do,they do it together , believe me they 52 years old and still match when they wear anything, for the longest time aunt Nolwazi couldn't find a stable relationship because people find the bond between them weird, it was like dating the both of them but she finally got someone who understand her and got married everyone thought their bond will weaken but it didn't it remained the

same, gogo says it probably because they lost their twin hence this close bond, yes my grandmother was blessed with multiples like that, she had one child first born Mxolisi, then the triplets Lwandle, Nolwandle and Nkanyezi, unfortunately few days after birth aunt Nkanyezi died, then lastly the quinterplets after 3 miscarriages Manqoba, Qhawe, Nqobimpi, Nqobile and Qhawekazi. my phone disturbs my thoughts ,it's Uyanda he says hi outside, i grab nkosi putting him on my waist before walking out, i close the door behind me before walking outside he has his car parked outside, he smiles as soon as we get in taking his son in his arms.

"Sawubona" he says kissing my cheek i greet back smiling am glad he took time to checkup on me if am okay or not , i told him about the Ayize checkup issue he said he'll come checkup on me. "How are you" he ask.

"Am fine just a little bit worried and hopeful" i say he holds my hand brushing my inner palm softly.

"Don't worry Ayize will be okay besides i know your parents will hire the best cardiologist if she has to do surgery" he is right if

baba has to fly across the ocean for that then that's exactly what he will do even if it leaves us bankrupt.

"Let's forget that for a minute i don't want to think about the worst " i say "I've talked to my mother about funding your business" i say he drops my hand.

"I told you not to Lwethu your family will look down on me more now because of this" he says

"Come on Uyanda its not a favour it's business deal am thinking about our future here " i say he sighs shaking his head.

"My love leave it am a man i can make a plan something will eventually come out, I'll take care of us don't worry yourself "he says i know how proud Uyanda is to ask for help.

"But..."

"Isisa please " he says more sternly leaving no room of argument i sigh knowing the isn't way to convince him

otherwise. "I talked with my father about the Lobola, he is drafting a letter as we speak, i want by the end of this month calling you my wife" he says making me blush.

"What about your baby mama" it's a bitter pill to swallow knowing am a stepmother to a child who was conceived while i was in the picture but irregardless i love him.

"Uwena uMa wekhaya manje I'll hand the ropes to you so you deal with her "(you the women of the house now so...) he says brushing my lips with his thumbs. "I know i broke your trust before my love but I'll work hard so you can trust me again i don't want you feeling uncomfortable whenever i have to communicate with her" he says before pecking my lips.

"When is she due " i asked he shrugged his shoulders immediately at that "Uyanda you can't abandon her like that not even check up on her while she is pregnant with your child" i say.

"Uma ukhona and is helping her, my wife who needs to be taken care of is right in front of my eyes and has my son" he

says pushing his son in his chest "i love you mommy yezwa and i promise I'll never hurt you again intentionally , i don't see my life without you in it ever am incomplete without you" he says his hand falling on my exposed thigh. "It's been so long manje Sthandwa sami ungilambisa ophe umuntu wakho"(...my love you've not been feeding me, please feed your man) he says making me giggle at that.

"Firstly your son is here ,second we in front of my home my parents will return anytime now" i say making him chuckle.

"Umuntu akaphiwa la ngizothi la ngiyithola khona ngivele nje ngichame ngisayifaka"(it's been so long since you've given me when i get it I'll just cum while still putting it in) he complains it's been 5 months of drought for both of us now.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

My eyes follow the coffin as it lowers on the ground, my knees are weak as i watch not only the love of my life but the one person who means the world to me, the one person who would go to ends meet to make me happy, i watch both the expensive casket my father made sure to get them being swallowed by the ground and the two women who mean the world to me going to their forever home, how does one move on from this, how does one survive losing the women who understood you and made sure you were happy even if it meant they not happy themselves.

"Babe" my eyes snap out of my thoughts, i frown looking at her.

"Dada" i exclaimed i look at the tiny human standing on the door with her pink blankie on her arm dragging it across the floor i sigh loudly standing up walking towards her, her whole hand wraps around my finger, she has a tendency of calling me babe, ever since she started talking her mother called me babe she hasn't overgrew that.

"I love you" i utter kissing her nose when i put her in her crib, she giggles holding my nose and squeezing it "Don't you love me" i question she shook her head i gasp dramatically holding my chest she giggles hiding her eyes. "Now go to sleep we not repeating this process again okay" she nods , i sigh remember what I've been dreading doing, i pick her up and we walk out of the room, stopping near the dustbin. "throw it away" i utter to her pointing at her pacifier, she takes it off her mouth staring at it.

"Binkie " she utters looking at the Pacifier i nod my head at it crouching down I've been meaning to get rid of the Pacifier for the past 2 weeks now, she finally obliges suprising me by throwing it away, we walk back to the room.

.....

It's only after 11 when i woke up yawning endlessly but being a parent doesn't have a schedule, getting rid of the Pacifier isn't as easy as i anticipated , am sipping on my coffee while i feed Ayathandwa Cereal mixed with milk and banana she is a slow eater so i have to be patient, my door swings open am really not in the mood for visitors not today atleast, the black trousers catches my attention way before i see the face , i sigh loudly

while Aya runs towards him, he picks her up tickling her and she giggles.

"How is my princess this morning " he asks , while Aya utters something she only understand but her grandfather nods his head like he can understand her. "Lisa" he utters.

"Don't call me that" i utter i don't like my name i feel like it's a girls name but ofcause in my culture a Guy named Lisakhanya, Asanda and all that is normal and a girl named Anele, Siyamthanda ,Simlindile is normal. "Ufuna ntoni"(what do you want) i ask.

"Manje angikwazi nokuzobona eyam ingane"(so i cannot even come see my son) he ask making me roll my eyes immediately at that.

"Thetha lento ofuna uyitsho uphume" (say what you want and leave) i say making him sigh loudly.

"When are you coming back to work" he asked ofcause that's the only thing me and MY FATHER discuss, am saying it boldly because i don't even know if i should call him that.

"The nanny quit on me and i cannot leave my child alone so I'll be working from home now" i answer as honest as i can to Mongezi Biyela.

"Ohh okay i wanted to check up on you" he utters i scoff at that not Mongezi, someone else not him "MaCele can take care of Aya" he says i stand up because i know Aya won't eat anymore.

"I rather she lives in an Orphanage than my daughter living with your wife" i utter pushing the food on the counter Aya is safely in her grandfather's lap.

"Lisakhanya your stubbornness won't get you any where, MaCele knows a whole lot about kids than you do, she can take care of Aya , this entrusting strangers over your family" he says.

"We know she is capable of a lot more than taking care of kids but ofcause she is your wife i should trust her right" i say rolling my eyes.

"No because Unyoko Lisakhanya

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MaCele is your mother" he says making me scoff loudly yet again.

"No she is not my mother..." i take a sharp breath remembering the fateful day "my mother was Sandisiwe Madikizela, the one..." i grip on the counter tightly.

"The one you killed isho, qhubeka"(say it, continue) he says , he doesn't need to utter it because i know it and so does everyone around me, i close my eyes preventing tears from falling remembering how the very fateful day, the day i lost my mother and the love of my life. "Anyway am here because of Aya's Mother" he says i look at my knuckles turning white from the gripping.

"Don't mention that women in my house" i say he pushes Aya on the couch and walk to where am standing.

"You might be angry at her but she still is Aya's mother it's not fair you get to separate a child to their mother" he says sternly.

"Asandiso cannot come and go in our lives like we something to play, she has never, never became a mother to Ayathandwa ,Khanyiswa was there, there when she was born ,there every sleepless nights, there every sick day Ayathandwa was sick, and you ,you tata telling me Asandiso after whole damn year she is ready to became a mother, soze ,she cannot do as she wants" i take a huge insharp "I've been there , I've given her a chance ,a platform because Khanyiswa asked me to, but what did she do she dropped the opportunity and she thinks just because Khanyiswa isn't here now we need her, no ,no we don't" i say.

"She threatened us with court ,you don't want her taking away Aya from us, why not do all of us a favour and just marry her she is..." i raise my hand.

"Marry her, inoba uyaphambana"(Maybe you crazy) i utter making him clutch my pyjama shirt tightly "ndibethe, ndibethe kakade yiyo into oyaziyo"(hit me, hit me because that's all you know) i say he drops me.

"Am thinking of Aya's future la"(here) he says fixing his blazzer.

"Aya is my responsibility, my child , mine not yours not anyone but mines, if Asandiso decides after 18 months that oh she wants to be a mother then she can do that away from me or my child we don't need her" i continued.

"NgesiZulu..." i raise my hand stopping him.

"Am not Zulu, it's unfortunate i have a sperm donor that is one"i walk to the door opening it further "phuma"(leave) i say he sighs walking to Aya and kisses her forehead.

"Think about Aya" he says.

"Am thinking about her, am putting her above everything else unlike some father's i know" i say he sighs walking out i close the door gripping on the door knob.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

It's only after 3 when everyone returns, I've been calling endlessly but my calls ring unanswered by all 5 of them, the triplets walk in following each other but the parents aren't here, Ayanda is carrying the Spur paper bag with one arm and the other is draped over Ayize's shoulders.

"I almost sent a search party ngeke phela you've been gone for the whole day" i say because they left this place around 5 oclock in the morning.

"Mama thought we can go out angisho you didn't join us" Ayanda says pushing the paper bag in my direction ,Uyanda has long left now.

"Where are your parents" i asked biting through the ribs, i swear spur provides the best sauce out of everything.

"They in the car fucking" Ayanda says earning a stare from all of us, my parents sex eww."what you don't think you got here by a plane right" he continues.

"Mom and Dad aren't having sex they in the car" Ayize says shaking her head at Ayanda who just laughs helping me with the food , Ayabonga even joins in.

"You jealous because Ma is getting some but you aren't " Ayanda continues i snap my eyes at him.

"You telling me you no longer a virgin" i say frowning at him , he licks his fingers up walking to the fridge retreating the juice. "Hawu phendula"(answer me) i say.

"His a virgin, ungamboni enjena lo uwasaba kabi amantombazane (just because he is like this doesn't mean anything ,he is scared of girls) Ayabonga chirps in.

"Mina angiyisabi intombi mina"(am not scared of girls) Ayanda says making Ayabonga roll his eyes.

"uThami yena, bekayifunela ntwana kodwa wambaleka , yintle leya ntombi futhi"(what about Thami, she wanted you but you ran away, she is beautiful) Ayabonga says making Ayize laugh averting her attention away from the phone.

"Wena usaba iyintombi"(you ,you are scared of girls) Ayize says i join in because it isn't like Ayanda at all Ayabonga yes not Ayanda.

"Angiyisabi mina iyintombi inkinga lowathekeni bekafuna Ayabonga hayi mina, angisho bathi mina ngithanda iyintombi"(am not scared of girls it's just that, she didn't want me but Ayabonga, they say am a womanizer) Ayanda defends making Ayize laugh even more.

"Hayi wena shame , umuntu odume ngeyintombi iskolo sonke nangu"(not you, the person who is known for being a womanizer is this one) Ayize says pointing at Ayabonga making him gasp dramatically holding his chest.

"Lo, Ayabonga Ndlovu known as womanizer niyamsukela yazi, akufani naye konke lokho"(you just accusing him, it's unlike him) i defend him.

"Exactly " Ayabonga says standing next to me draping him arm on my shoulders his almost as tall as me.

"Yabona this Ayabonga you see here la ekhaya is different from the Ayabonga at school nami am even suprised when i see him at home so humble, so quite, he is careful am the reckless one

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Ayabonga isn't even a virgin and i am cabanga nje" (imagine) Ayanda says am still defending Ayabonga but i don't answer because the parents enter Ma looks like a train wreck, she greets walking upstairs.

"MaNdlovu omdala" he says kissing my forehead "uyaphila kodwa" (are you okay) he asks clasping his hands on the counter.

"Yeah am okay Baba just chatting with the kids, listening to Ayanda's lies" i say making baba shake his head "so..." i question the important question.

"So from today we as a family eat healthy, we on a strict diet, ofcause except me" he says pointing at his chest.

"Why except you" Ayanda asks mimicking Baba's action looking at him dead in the eye, this one and daring people.

"Because i buy groceries "baba says

"Okay why are we forced on a diet" i question.

"Well Ayize is scheduled for surgery in two weeks time ,she should eat healthy in the mean time but as a family we supporting her,"baba says.

"But you are her father shouldn't you be the number one supporter" Ayanda challanges yet again.

"Boy I'll take you back where you came from don't try me" baba says thinning his eyes at Ayanda.

"I'll like to see if i still fit in your balls" Ayanda says baba charges towards him but Ayanda is quick to run away from him laughing loudly, this one and provoking baba while he isn't in the mood.

"Anyway please don't disturb your mother she needs resting " he says walking to the fridge he grabs bottle of water and some snacks in the cupboards.

"Someone is going to get some" Ayanda says standing at the door baba glares at him but Ayanda is unbothered by this. "Vele the 'your mother is not feeling well don't bother her' why are you grabbing snacks ke" Ayanda says.

"Ayanda am not your friend , ngizokushaya" (I'll beat you up) baba says pointing at Ayanda who's in stitches "wena Ayanda DO NOT disturb your mother she isn't feeling well, she is taking a nap, i mean it Ayanda NAP as in NAP i don't even know why am explaining myself to a 14 year old" he says walking upstairs.

.....

"Dr Ndlovu someone wants to see you his in your office" the receptionist says when i walk in, am from the coffee shop across the road , i have a cup of coffee at hand walking in the office i find someone pacing up and down, honestly the is nothing i enjoy more than my work.

"Hey" i say startling the men he looks up, his face looks a lot familiar but i can put my finger where I've seen him before.

"Am sorry for bothering you i really needed someone to talk to" I've been here a couple of times , client's waltzing in but am happy to help them, changing someone's life makes my day.

"It's fine" i put my purse down and coffee "how can i help you" i settle down letting him pace up and down.

"I don't know really" he sigh leaning on the couch chuckling lowly "i don't know why am here really" he says.

"How about you tell me your name first " i say he opens his mouth but nothing comes out , he stops for a minute before standing up straight.

"How do you forgive someone who turned your life upside down, how do you forgive someone who broke you into pieces ,how do you forgive someone who ruined your whole damn life with one simple mistake, i would never be the same because of one mistake, regardless, regardless of ruining my life i gave her a chance over and over again but it wasn't enough..."he holds his chest rubbing it "am tired , am tired of being angry, am tired of constantly fighting i want peace tell me how do i do it" he asked.

"I cannot tell you how to deal with your pain or how to forgive because the isn't remedy nor manual how to forgive but how about you seat down and we unravel chapter by chapter and deal with the root of this"i say he sighs rubbing his chest.

"Lisakhanya, Lisakhanya Madikizela is what my mother named me" he says scanning me "you look better than the last time i saw you" he says settling down throwing his hands on his knees.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Am staring at the men who just jolt down memory lane ,the men who introduced himself, i remember him from the conference i forced myself into, i force the memories and events that my mind doesn't remember at the back of my head because i don't want think about that.

"You a therapist " he says i nod my head folding my legs "tell me how do you do it, tell me how exactly do you pretend like life is so perfectly, like you have no problems in the world everything is okay, tell me how because i want that, i want to find myself being the same too" he says clutching the couch i let him be ,let him vent out. "You know i cannot even for a second close my eyes because the nightmares i bury at night are the one vividly hunting my nightmares, the one keeping me awake at night" he says his hands traveling through his tidy hair, that suit him perfectly, if i wasn't in a relationship i wouldn't hesitate jumping on him, he is exactly what i would do, the tall and handsome men, i prefer them bald but his hair could do to, i shake the thoughts off.

"You know what's messed up, am fathering my sister " he says , if i assumed i have issues i was lying, I've heard all in my life of practising., it's pity i can even gossip with anyone about it, he stands up after uttering that "thank you i feel a whole lot better now that i told someone" he says.

"It's my pleasure go to the front desk for all the necessities " i say he cannot waste my free time off.

"Okay, can i take you out to have coffee seeing that yours is cold because of me" he says i frown tilting my head "now" he adds, oh well as long as i can have my coffee and that delicious chocolate cake from across the street.

"Okay" i utter no am not interested in him because am inlove with my patner i just love free things, yes my parent's are multimillionaire's but that changes nothing , i take off my coat hanging it before taking my cellphone ,i lock my door, i have my first client of the day at 10 oclock and the time is barely half 8, my heels echos on the hospital as i follow the gigantic man in front of me, the receptionist who is the gossipmonger amongst the hospital winks at me giggling she knows i don't even entertain her i roll my eyes at her immediately, before i can

make it to the door i bump into Lwandile who looks half dead, he looks tired and ofcause he is a trauma surgeon he works in the ER.

"Dr Ndlovu a minute" he says even in his tired self he still has jokes for days , i stand still awaiting him. "Can you see me in my office in lunch time the is something i want to talk to you about " he says i nod walking out, am worried about him, am worried because Lwandile hit his head like Ayanda when he was young so he is not okay upstairs, when he is all serious it means something is really bothering him, now my mind has created worst case scenarios that i don't even want to think, what if his wife lost the child, no she is 8 month's pregnant she cannot have a miscarriage besides in my family we tell each other everything so i would know.

"Are you okay" the man says opening the chair for me i smile nodding my head i didn't notice i was lost in my thoughts.

"Yeah am just worried about my brother he doesn't look okay" i say frowning trying to pin point where the problem is.

"Ohh that's your brother" he says , no he is my cousin but in my family we don't use those concepts cousins*, Malume'mxolisi would beat me to pulp should he hear this, in my family we were raised as brothers and sisters or you not family at all.

"Yeah he doesn't look okay" i say before looking at the waiter, i order a cappuccino and a chocolate cake while he orders rooibos tea and choc chip, yes i have a sweet tooth, it's something my grandmother made me get used to, my grandmother would bring chocolate everytime she comes back from work, she would bring it for us ,me, Sfundu and Asanda, even my father long before he knew he is my father, it's crazy that i spent almost 5 years with that man not knowing he was my father.

"Anyway tell me about yourself" he utters clasping his hands on the table, our order arrives.

"Let me see well am Thandolwethu Isisa Ndlovu 25 years old and a mother to a 7 months old, i have 3 siblings, 2 girls and 2 boys ,am a psychologist and engaged"i say shrugging he chuckles shaking his head.

"This isn't a newspaper interview

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i know all that" he says i raise an eyebrows at him.

"Stalker much" i ask making his chest vibrate as he laughs at me, his shoulders moving up and down.

"Not really, i do my research on my competitors, plus me and your mother kind of know each other she doesn't keep quite about her children" he says shrugging.

"Let me guess you the man my mother wanted to set me up with" i say he shakes his head.

"Even if i wanted she would never, am not quite her favourite person" he says i raise an eyebrows again.

"My mother is the nicest person ever so why" i say honestly, my mother isn't capable of the hating a person unless you do something to her.

"I would be lying if i said i knew" he utters but my eyes aren't on her anymore but the fuming man who walks furiously towards where i am.

"Isisa Ndlovu "my father says through gritted teeth, i know exactly what this significant means, his eyes boring holes on the men sitting in front of me.

"Aren't you an engaged women who is about to get married while you gallivating with random men" my father utters, since when is he Uyanda's biggest cheerleader, infact he should be celebrating.

"I should get going " Lisa says standing up he retreats his wallet and put few notes in the table.

"Bheka mfana stay away from my family yezwa, i won't say it again this better be the last time i see you or your father stepping as close to 5 foot away from any of my family am not a killer boy but am willing to compromise for my family " baba

says his vein that shows when he is angry shows on his neck, his eyes reflecting fury He steps back allowing Lisa to pass.

"Baba what was that, you cannot control everything i do in life why would you do that ,am 25 years old baba eventually you'll have to let me be, it started with Uyanda now who i befriend has nothing to do with you" i say angrily my father is like this, he likes dictating how the direction my life should partake.

"Isisa angiyona intanga yakho yezwa, angeke ukhulume nami ngathi wehla esihlahleni yezwa"(Isisa am not your agemate, you won't talk to me like you going down the tree) he says.

"Gatsheni please , MaNdlovu "Mama says trying to ease the tension, everyone is looking at us now, Baba pushes his hand on Ma's lower back, holding her close.

"Uright MaQwabe "(are you okay) Baba asked looking at his wife who smiles lightly nodding.

"Baba , Ma what's going on " i ask looking at Baba who is still not looking at me but his wife.

"MaQwabe asambe" he says walking away , the settle opposite the table i was in, i stand up waving at the waiter, she comes bring the bill after that i stand up walking back to work my shift has started but i still have 2 hours before my first client comes ,immediately i go to Lwandile because i need to see him, i find him talking to one of the nurses, he smiles seeing me dismissing the nurse, we walk to his office.

"Hey" i say clinging in his arms , am more closer to him amongst all 500 of my siblings because Lwandile is easy to get with like Ayanda, everyone likes him.

"Hey kid" he says throwing himself down on the couch.

"Yiks you look like you need a whole month's vacation" i say making him chuckle shaking his head.

"Arghh man some of us have to work to survive unfortunately" he says i roll my eyes settling on top of him.

"Both your aunts literally own the hospital, if you wanted you could get 5 months leave" i say it's true, Aunt Qhawekazi and Nqobile own this hospital. "Anyway whats app, the Lwandile i know isn't one facing me" i say

"Ziyanda says she fell out of love with me and she wants to leave me" he says sighing, god knows how Lwandile loves his wife, they've been together since high school, their each other's first.

"Why " i ask i know Lwandile wouldn't do anything to hurt her, Lwandile is the ideal boyfriend who is very much committed to someone and would lay their lives down for them.

"Apparently am too boring for her, she says it's been 3 years now and she has been forcing herself , she wants to explore her life now and see what is out there" he says dropping his shoulders i hug him tightly.

"Maybe it's just the pregnancy hormones that are talking why not wait for her to give birth then you can have this discussion" i say knowing how mood swings get us pregnant women.

"No Isisa , she is right my relationship with her changed i thought i was seeing things, Ziyanda started going out with her friends more, she ignored me, and we started getting less intimate, she was weird and insisting she wasn't ready for a child, but by gods grace he blessed us" he says i feel sorry for my brother, Uncle Mxolisi was against them getting married he kept insisting they wait a little but they were both madly in love each other, immediately after finishing high school they were both 18 they got married so they both never experienced life much because they were each other's spouse, uncle Mxolisi wanted them to wait and finish varsity first before they get married.

"Am sorry" i say he dropped his shoulders burying his head in my neck, he is trying hard to not break down.

"What am i going to do Lwethu, am nothing without Ziyanda i don't know what wrong did i do for her to break my heart like that, she doesn't realise how much i love her i would do anything for her and she goes and does this, she even has already spoken to the lawyer about divorce" this is more serious than i thought, so it's not the pregnancy mood swings.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

If it isn't the husband Mongezi Biyela then it is the wife and their children annoying me, most people get shocked when learning my father is Mongezi Biyela, all the necessities were done for me trust me but i still prefer my mother's surname, i still recognize myself as a Madikizela, i was raised by one and the men who recognize himself as my father isn't but a sperm donor, someone out there ready to ruin my life. I rub my chest overlooking at the beautiful garden, this place is beautiful i remember when Ayathandwa started crawling Khanyiswa immediately jumped wanting us to look for a house that is child friendly and a place where she will easily play, it's been whole 6 months now, 6 months of her passing, 6 month's of knowing not only did i kill the love of my life but my mother too, i don't know how one lives with something like this, i don't mean figuratively when i say i killed them, i mean literally, i remember holding that damn gun, i was angry, i was hurt ,i was furious when i wanted to kill the men i call my father, i was furious i had , had enough of that man, i had, had enough of his controlling persona, his ways of wanting everything to do with him, but that wasn't just why i was angry, i was angry after a whole damn year of raising my daughter i found out she was

not just my child but my sibling, i was blinded by two people and i thought so much i loved, i pointed at that gun in his head ready to kill him in that moment but because Sandisiwe Madikizela is stubborn, she loved Mongezi even through the tributaries we faced without him or because of him, she choose him, she choose to defend him, that was only meant to threaten her so she chooses me, she chooses me against the sperm donor but she didn't, i hold my chest as images of that night replaying in my mind, replaying each and every moment.

"Babe" i quickly wipe the lone tear looking up, it's my sweet beautiful girl, I've wasted enough breath correcting her, she is waving a cup in my face forcing me to drink the imaginary tea, i do that before she continues doing what she was doing occasionally making me drink the imaginary tea. At this moment am forcing myself to forget about curses, ways I've had to be punished because am a Biyela, no am not a Biyela but Madikizela let me recreate my statement ,ways I've been punished because of the sperm donor i call my father, but you'll think Mongezi Biyela is a monster but clearly you haven't met Fundiswa Biyela, i get why my father would choose her over my mother, she had a back bone, not just that but Lucifer himself was reincarnated to Fundiswa, even the imaginary tea i was drinking loses taste when i see Asandiso walking through my

yard, given a chance i would exchange her life for Khanyiswa without no doubt.

"Khanya" she is the only who calls me that, once upon a time that name would reach that giddy place making me feel like a teenager all over again but not anymore.

"Sanda" i say unfolding my legs still looking at my daughter, she loves it here and i love sitting just watching her carefree, she is my daughter no one can tell me otherwise. "Ufunantoni"(what do you want) i question making her sigh, Ayathandwa walks back to me, she is tired by the constant yawning that was the whole point of this , ever since the pacifier leaving it's hard putting her to sleep because she calls her binkie every moment.

"Khanya you cannot punish me for my past mistake i was young, i was stupid" she says making me scoff, i mentally smile when she raises her arms to take Ayathandwa but she just yanks her arm off pushing her head on my chest, i hold her closely.

"Young , Asandiswa you were freaking 26, 26 and you telling me you were young" i say taking a sharp breath because i don't want to traumatize my daughter any further as young as she is she already experienced her father killing two people.

"She's my daughter too Lisakhanya "she says shouting startling my daughter i bitterly chuckle at that.

"Awuzondixelela lokaka yeva Asandiso, kukunya oko"(you not going to tell me shit

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what you saying is shit) i say "Asandiso i was the one, i freaking was the one who begged, begged you to do an abortion because you knew very well i didn't want a child and am glad you didn't, i wasn't ready Asandiso, mna lo(me) i had to figure out on my own, i didn't have anyone teaching me like you could have with your mother, i had to learn to change diapers on my own, i had to learn to feed on my own ubungekho Asandiso(you weren't there), when your daughter, your daughter was sick getting in and out of hospital ubungekho Asandiso and i continuously as the good person i am kept texting you that your daughter is in hospital wakhe weza Asandiso hayi(did you come ,no), you cared about this fancy lifestyles you created for

yourself, you cared about these trips these whatever you call them friends or whatever took you to ungenangxaki nomntanakho (you didn't bother yourself) Asandiso and today you so damn come in my house tell me ngumntanakho lo hayi ayihambi njalo sisi(it doesn't go like that), being an incubator and pushing a child out of your vagina doesn't make you a mother"am angry at her, am angry for leaving me with a newborn alone when she knew my fears, i never wanted to become a father because deep down i was scared of becoming my father and abandoning my child, what is happening to Ayathandwa is exactly what happened to me, my father would walk out in my life and return three-six even a year later but i was a child screw that i was excited about having a father but the excitement became thin as i grew up.

"I made mistake ndiyayazi lonto(i know that) Lisakhanya everyone makes mistakes" she says oh she is touching a nerve, a nerve she should have never touched.

"Oh mistake okay you made a mistake leaving your child on my door step what about the last three times, you never cared about Ayathandwa wena , even when you returned in our lives ndim(its me) who kept on communicating about her you weren't even interested if she woke up good, i kept forcefully

sending pictures of her which you never asked for, when i stopped communication you stopped" i say she clasp her hands together.

"You hurt right now i cannot communicate properly with you because i know this isn't you" i chuckle, Ayathandwa is fast asleep in my shoulder.

"Am not, believe me am not hurt, this is me Asandiso you know were the problem is, the problem is you don't know me when am not in love with you, you don't know me when i don't worship the land you walk on, am a person too Asandiso at some point in life i loved you, i really did ,i kept choosing you over and over again , i forgave you even when you kept hurting me, but you can't keep hurting me over and over thinking i won't break, i spent months, months crying my pain, month's with self doubt questioning where did i go wrong, i spent months trying to pick myself up and guess what i did, you see this little girl"i point at Ayathandwa. "Rescued me, when i was sinking into darkness she doesn't even realise she rescued me from myself, i would go through ends of the world for her, i would kill and i mean literally anyone who thinks can take her away from me, you don't know me Asandiso you know the man

who was inlove with you" i say standing up, i feel lighter, i feel light that i got that out of my chest.

"I didn't mean to Lisakhanya i swear they, i was drunk they took advantage of me" she says i shake my head immediately.

"Okay assume they took "advantage" of you as you claim, what about my father, my brother Asandiso" i say pushing my hand in my pocket. "Hamba Asandiso please leave" i say stepping aside she stands up facing me.

"For the record i still love you Khanya ,i always have you still hold a special place in my heart, it's always been you I've changed we can still be a family" she says.

"I don't need a family with you, am fine "i say brushing Ayathandwa's back softly, i know my father ruined chances of me having family, I've accepted it will be me and my daughter throughout, the whole reason i never wanted to persue the feeling for that certain beautiful lady for a reason.

"You forget am Aya's mother, i have all the rights for her, you'll regret this I'll make sure i take her away and you never see her again ,am done begging and being nice" she says i just smile keeping my mouth shut, because I've shared more than enough words with this women. "The next time you see me will be at court" she says before taking her purse swaying her hips from side to side, am not even moved because i know she will find something to keep her busy and forget all this scene she is making, she always does.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

As I've said Asandiswa lost interest way long time ago , i know her she always does and finds new toys to play with, shamefully I've been stalking her Instagram i have no reason at all , but not Mongezi Biyela he isn't letting it go, his forcing things because he thinks it's what's right, he even called my grandmother to intervene knowing i cannot even say no to that woman, my grandmother is my life i don't know how I'll be without her, she raised me when my parent's couldn't, ofcause Sandiswa birthed me but MaMadikizela was the one who raised me, Sandiswa was just financially a parent. Snapping out of my trance i look up to the knock on my window, besides Social Media stalking Asandiso i am physically stalking the women who owns my heart, the women am dying to spend the rest of my life with, watching a man play with her makes me feel like am not doing enough, but i know i can stare not touch, i know she isn't mine, and can never be, i swallow hard opening the door.

"You like testing me mfana don't you" it's Mr Ndlovu, being the son of Mongezi makes me alert all the time, i sit properly on the

car still having my eyes on the hospital that the love of my life works in.

"Bab'Ndlovu i wanted to go for a checkup and remembered your words" i lie through my teeth ofcause i was here to admire from the distance at the woman i love knowing we could never be i rub my hands together knowing am shooting myself in the foot. "Mr Ndlovu with due respect i don't think it's fair judging me because of my father's sins, you off all people should understand am innocent and..." he scoff.

"Innocent..." he says i swallow both my lips looking at the window before him again, i sigh loudly.

"I admit i made my mistakes in the past ,i payed for them dearly but i changed my life around and no longer have anything to do with the Biyela's yes i have a father who is a Biyela but am not " i say looking at him in the eye he has no emotions at all.

"You love my daughter don't you" he says i smile remembering the very first time i saw her, it was 7 years back if i remember

correctly when she walked in the wrong lecture hall, I've always watched her from a distance, till I met Khanyiswa.

"More than the world, she is everything to me, I love how she smiles and her eyes brighten up and her whole face changes, I love how her face shrinks when she is disappointed or crying, I hate how soft hearted and always sees good in everyone, even when they continuously hurt her, I love how..." I stop mid looking at him "I love everything about your daughter" I say.

"If you love her you as you claim then staying away from her will be easier for you, we both know should she find the truth not only will she be hurt but angry, she would be beyond furious and hate you, you don't want that, in my family we value family more than anything you hurt one of us we all suffer, I love my wife Biyela, I love her with everything in me, besides your past isn't appetizing" he says he sigh loudly gripping his knee "you not a bad kid Biyela..."

"Am not a Biyela" I intervene immediately cracking my knuckles I hate that name God knows I hate it.

"You a Biyela, no matter how much you try to run you know the truth, we all do, it's unfortunate we don't choose our family, we won't sit here and lie to ourselves, the relationship you want will never work

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there are many odds against you two, you know as a father, I'll do anything to protect my family anything " he breathes in "now Biyela this better be the last time i warn you" he says before standing up not before he grabs the chocolate I've been contemplating whether i should take it or not, i spent half an hour on a flower store contemplating if would i be coming too hard if i buy her flowers no it's not that i didn't know which one, i know everything about her and i know she doesn't have preference in flowers , but she does love Lillies because they are rare and she refers to herself as rare gem she is right, i bought her ,her favorite chocolate but i didn't get the guts to go in and give her. Am rescued by the burning gase by the daughter herself she has her hands on her waist looking at us me and her father, i was parked in the hospitals parking lot.

"Really baba, now you going to stalk me and scare everyone i talk to" she utters walking to us, Her father just hands the chocolate walking past her "sorry about my father he is a little protective" she says i can't help the smile that forms on my

face, the butterfly that flap on my stomach looking at her beautiful face, i spent the last 6 years shoving my feelings where the sun doesn't shine am sure i can manage again, i spent the time trying to get the feelings over and forget about them, had i met her 15 years ago i would have succumb to my feelings, had i not known what i know then things would be better, my eyes fell on my lap before her again.

"It's okay he just being a parent" i say feeling my throat dry up, there are so many odds preventing me from falling in love , besides our family history ofcourse, damn Asandiso i wish i never met her, god knows i would do anything to go back in time and unmeet her ever again. "I have to go" i say she frowns at me.

"Don't mind my father" she says smiling softly "i was going to get coffee we can go together"she says to say am happy is an understatement, given a chance i would jump at the opportunity, i look at the ring on my finger, 7 month's later i haven't taken the ring off.

"I think i gave you the wrong impression last time, i was just being appreciative it didn't mean anything" i utter knowing

those are lies coming out of my mouth, am standing with my hands on my sweatpants pockets looking at her beautiful curvy body on the tight dress, her heels highlighting her round ass and beautiful legs, disappointment is written on her face i hate hurting my babygirl.

"Or perhaps my father spooked you" she says folding her arms across her chest, and all i want to do is kiss those pouty lips.

"No I..." i don't get to finish the sentence when she takes a step towards me, she is standing an inch away from me, my breath gets caught on my throat, i take a huge breath looking at her lips covered in maroon lipstick.

"Why do i feel like this Li ,tell me what is this feeling"i love how she developed her own unique nickname and it sounds as muscular she questions holding both my shoulders looking at me in the eye, i swallow both my lips holding her shoulders i push her gently away from me with great inner fight.

"Am sorry Miss Ndlovu i cannot help you on that, this is inappropriate am married and am sure you don't want to lose

your job over some silly crush" i say backing away and turn to my heart, my heart is cracking but i know what needs to be happen, am happy, am happy atleast the is something she feels for me and i want that.

"Who hurt you" she questions when i open the door , i remain put for a moment, many people, my father, my stepmother and my baby mother but i don't say it out loud but get in my car, this hurts like a breakup, not even when my stepmother tried drowning me so her kids get the inheritance did it feel like this.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Why does it hurt this much, why am i feeling this way for a stranger, am engaged to be married in few months, am a mother of someone, dare i say it i have feelings for this guy because am inlove, i love Uyanda more than anything, no am not trying to convince myself but i know so, how does one make you think so much about them, someone who steals your sleep and they all you think about, at first my thoughts and i still want to believe that i feel this was because of being his therapist,i feel this way because am trying to help him, i know i cannot succumb towards this feeling because i can lose my job even my license, why does it hurt when i think of the rejection.

"MaNdlovu"i snap out of my thoughts i shouldn't feel this way, i reprimand myself from thinking of that man, i look at Qhawelam as Gogo calls him, am angry at him because a part of me believes rejection was initiated by him. "I hate this tension between us, i miss us, i miss us having our daughter and father moments, i miss us leaving MaQwabe and the kids behind and go on road trip together, explore nature" he says truly speaking i miss the bond i have with him too, me and my father are both

adventurous, baba likes going hiking, going mountain climbing and camping we once tried to initiate Ayize on the trips but babygirl complained the whole weekend ,she isn't for the outdoor life including the diva Ayanda too, my father might mostly spend time with all of us together but baba makes sure once in a while he spends one on one each other, him and Ayabonga enjoy watching and playing soccer together we each have different things we like.

"If you would stop trying to control my life baba then we will have a great relationship, will go back to what we used to be" he sighs holding both my hands squeezing them.

"Not him MaNdlovu , you can have any man in this world i won't stop you but not him "he says begging me i sigh.

"Why" i questioned looking at him "kungani baba"(why not) i ask he lets both my hands go before standing up on his feet.

"Will revisit this topic when the time is right, for now i don't want to open old wounds while Ayize has surgery tomorrow" no am a bad sister angeke, i even forgot about the surgery

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my mind shoved it at the back of my mind because i don't want to overthink things, having my little sister under the knife having open heart surgery, the are 50/50 chances hence i pushed it away, i can imagine how Ma feels, how the boys feel.

"Angeke baba you trying to kill my mother, i heard women who liked sex are pregnant is ma pregnant" Ayanda this one and wrong timing, he questions as baba picks up a whole lot of snacks and two bottles of water.

"One angisiyo intanga yakho yezwa Ayanda , asingajwayelani"(am not your friend Ayanda , let's not step on each other's toes) baba says but he knows that threatening voice works on anyone but Ayanda.

"Angiqambi amanga nje"(am not lying) Ayanda says standing on the far end of the kitchen ready to run away should he need too.

"Well to disappoint you , i had a vasectomy if i didn't you wouldn't be last borns here but 5 more would be here so no we

aren't pregnant unfortunately, and two by now you should know your mother is a stress eater, nxha futhi you don't even need to butt your heard in my business under my roof while you eat me..."

"Eww baba i would never chow you" Ayanda says earning baba throwing a bottle of water at him, he ends up chuckling shaking his head.

"Yazi wena you will be the death of me, these suprise babies and trying to kill me" he says shaking his head earning a laugh from Ayanda.

"I mean it's time though baba don't you think imagine me being a shareholder in a company" ayanda says pushing a fist under his chin.

"You think i included you on my will while you try to kill me daily" baba says "uyadina yazi Ayanda sometimes"(you annoying Ayanda) baba says making Ayanda gasp dramatically.

"Mina there i was chilling in your balls wena you decided to experiment and see what happen i didn't choose to be here" Ayanda says.

"You could have avoided swimming to the eggs but you went straight to them" Baba says glaring at Ayanda.

"I was admiring the human body and accidentally enters the eggs i couldn't come out anymore " Ayanda says i laugh, oh yes my parent's created a platform where by we can communicate about anything.

"Correction wena i didn't make you, i made Ayize and Ayabonga but he was generous enough to share so he splitted up thank him that you are in this place because of him" baba says before walking away.

"So siswami who i love dearly i have a favour to ask" Ayabonga says entering the kitchen he grabs a piece of chicken from the left over meat yesterday.

"Sure" i say folding my legs on the chair turning to look at him.

"I need a car..." i raise my finger immediately at him stopping him mid sentence.

"Just because you took Uncle Mxolisi's genes and grow up quicker doesn't mean you old, Ayabonga you 14 years old when i was your age i was still playing with toys and other kids on the street, am not giving you my car awunayo ne license am not even talking about i ID ke yona" i say folding my arms.

"Umuntu uzamela nina la ukuthi niyeke ukusebenza nithole umakoti"(am doing it for you guys , i want you to stop working and have a sister in law) i laugh swaying my hips happily while i sway my car keys around walking away.

"Aneva cabanga giving you my baby"(never imagine) i say he is delusional because now he is growing a beard he thinks his old while he is just 14 years old. "Be like Yanda , a virgin and happy" I've been teasing him with that.

.....

This man loves playing with my feelings here he is today, had i known my morning appointment is him then i would have cancelled it, here i am trying to move past him, he is wearing a binie and glasses.

"Mr Madikizela what can i do for you today" i question before being pulled towards his chest, he runs his finger on my lips making my throat dry up immediately the anger evaporates in this anger.

"Damn women why are you driving me insane" he questions putting his hand on my cheek before pecking my lips and steal a kiss "i layed awake thinking about these feelings, i woke up in the wrong side of the bed but i had to see you" he says i push my hand on his chest rubbing my hands there, how does a gigantic man like himself look so cuddly, the is too much to hold.

"Why are you so big" i can't help my runny mouth, his chest vibrates when he laughs at my question.

"Besides the gym" he says with a raised eyebrow i nod " i have a rare syndrom that hits 1 in a million people called acromegaly, am not that tall really just about 7 foot" he says , he is tall imagine a 4'11 standing right besides him , am talking about my mother because am about 5'7.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Ayabonga stop that" baba says annoyed, as much as baba preferred they stay behind at home and go to school he knew he was talking to younger version of himself, the boys insisted on coming, the quietness is thicker than anything the whole of Ndlovu family keeps calling every chance they get for updates it's been 5 hours now the doctors said it would last 3-4 and now it's making things hard and the anxiety sky rocketing on everyone's mind. "Ayabonga " baba warns to Ayabonga who is pacing up and down tapping his feet down he sighs settling down, i look at Ayanda who is quite with his legs in his chest, i stand up going to sit next to him.

"Ntwana uright" i ask him squeezing his knee he bites his lower lip as tears roll down his eyes, Ayanda is a big bear but covers that with goffyness you can say he is the emotional one amongst the three.

"What am i going to do without Ayize ,what if something happens Sisa, i don't want to lose her" he says i hug him squeezing him in a hug.

"Nothing will happen to Ayize ,Ayanda you have to believe in God okay" i say he nods his head before Ayabonga scoots closer to him.

"Ayize is a strong remarkable women i know she'll get through this, she had her first surgery at just 1 month old" he says squeezing him, i stand up honestly am also scared, am scared of losing my sister ,am scared of something happening to Ayize, i try Uyanda's phone for the millionth time and yet again it rings unanswered i can't believe he would do this to me knowing how important today is and i need him i sigh loudly when i see the nurse who first walks out followed by the Dr , Ma is the first to stand up.

"Dr how is my Daughter ,is she okay now, can i see her please tell me the surgery was a success" she says Baba holds her arms stopping her mid sentence.

"The surgery was a success we ran in few complications during the surgery but the peacemaker is inserted in her heart, will keep her overnight to monitor her" he says making all of us sigh.

"Can we see her" Ayabonga says to the Dr.

"Unfortunately not , will have to monitor her, the next 24 hours can change a lot " he says "for now the surgery was successful but will know for sure when she wakes up or the next 24 hours to see if she doesn't develop any infection or mechanical factors such as pneumothorax, pericarditis, infection, skin erosion, hematoma, lead dislodgment, and venous thrombosis , although she had a peacemaker before each is different, will have to check for short term and long term complications for now she is resting " he says ending our relief short ,but as long as she is still alive then everything is better, i know the God MaQwabe used to pray will never do that and the ancestors my father always seek help too will never disappoint us.

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"MaQwabe uyaphila kodwa"(how are you) i chuckled at myself pushing the flowers on her grave, i admit i forgave and gave my mother a chance, i love Mbalenhle Ndlovu dearly she means everything to me

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but it's not easy when you lose someone who was a mother towards you, the pain doesn't heal when the women ever since your memories became permanent she was the only women who i remembered as my mother.

"It's been so long hasn't it ,i haven't forgotten about you MaQwabe I'll never forget you ma" i say sighing , today i woke up missing my grandmother MaQwabe, my mother's mother, Ayize hasn't woken up yet.

"I miss you ma ,i miss you every moment, i won't lie and say life hasn't been good without you, but the void is too much Ma" i say before i turn looking at the shadow, i squirm dropping the flowers down when my eyes fall on Asanda, she chuckles hugging me.

"Hey stranger" she says laughing lightly,she talks to MaQwabe after she pushed flowers on both graves that are side by side one is my grandfather unfortunately i never got the chance to meet him, from my parents i was conceived exactly the day he took his last breath, we both drive to a restaurant after the reason i remembered my mother was because today is the day i lost her.

"How have you been" i question as she folds her legs sipping the juice we both just ordered.

"Been okay really it's been so long look at you you've grown so much" i chuckle rolling my eyes at her dramatic self. "Am sorry i wasn't here to welcome my nephew how is he yena" she says.

"He has been okay ,i understand you a married women afterall, how are you should we expect kids soon" i ask she sigh clasping her hands.

"My marriage hasn't been going well lately , everything is just, it hasn't been going well my inlaws are putting pressure on us to have a child ,I've been trying so hard Lwethu but god is against my happiness" she says she doesn't look like she is having problems at all.

"Am sorry you going through that ,why don't you file a divorce and just move on you don't need him" i say.

"That's what sfundo said too it's not so easy as it's said, how am i going to be, labeled as a divorced women" she unfolds he legs shaking her head. "Anyway forget about me how are you, what's new besides being a mother " she questions.

"Well am getting married " i say making her eyes widen she grins before our food arrives "Uyanda proposed and the lobola negotiations are the coming weekend although i think i should postpone because of Ayize " i say.

"Are you sure that's the only reason you postponing " she raises her eyebrow while pushing a fry on her mouth.

"What do you mean" i ask defensively, my phone beeps i look at the message from Uyanda.

'Am sorry i haven't been ignoring you just the baby mama was in labour and i was forced to stay with her, she gave birth to a baby boy" the message reads how am inlove with his recent communication he doesn't deserve what am doing, his business now is officially off the ground.

"I mean when you inform someone you about to get married the is different kind of excitement which i don't detect in you" she says.

"Am happy, am beyond ecstatic that am getting married, it's always been my dream" i say focusing on my food am trying to convince myself too in this.

"You a therapist right" she asked "how do you know when someone is depressed" she asked throwing her eyes out of the window.

"Sometimes..."i stop mid sentence reading between the lines "i don't need therapy am okay and am not depressed"i defend she nods her head, am i, no i don't think so.

"And OCD, I've talked with Aunt Enhle" i don't have OCD , Obsessive compulsive disorder(OCD) isn't just about trying to keep clean but sometimes being obsessed to having a perfect life or envying people's lives that you put pressure on yourself, am not like that, i don't put pressure on myself.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

I grip on the wheel looking at my home ,a place am suppose to call home but it doesn't and never have felt like home , had it not been my grandmother who forced me to be here then i wouldn't, she arrived last night but staying with Mongezi, even after that man put her daughter through hell and yet she still regard him as her son in law, my grandmother is cultural like that, my mother was the second wife yes Mongezi had two families but he loved, he loves his first family more than anything , my mother was 17 when she had me and i was raised by my grandmother while my mother went to Johannesburg for school and came back married she sent money back home quite often, i admit both my parents are messed up but i would choose my mother over my father anytime, am trying to gather the courage to enter this home but i cannot, this house brings memories i rather forget, the horrors i faced in this house ,if i could get rid of the Biyela's in my life i would permanently but i cannot, finally gathering the courage i walk into the house everyone is gathered here, Grandma is trying to bring peace between me and my father but she has no idea we beyond the stage of being fixed.

"Molweni" i greet them unfortunately the only seat left is besides non other than my twin brother, oh yes am a twin but me and my brother never really grew together, well we did grow together but when he became his father's lap dog things changed we grew apart, and i can say we hate each other, hence i always refer to myself as the only child to my mother, i refer myself to I , me.

"Lisakhanya uyaphila kodwa"(how are you) my grandmother asks sipping tea from her cup i smile warmly at her.

"Ndiyaphila makhulu ,ndiyavuya ukuk'bona ndakugqibela nini"(am fine grandmother, it's good to see you it's been so long) i say she smiles taking a long dramatic sip.

"Yhuu ndanigqibela nini man Lisakhanya hayi yena uLikhanya akasalazi nekhaya"(it's been so long Lisakhanya, am not talking about Likhanya he doesn't even visit) he just smiles.

"Gogo am tired of Lisakhanya's attitude , Lisakhanya and Likhanya are in each other's throat again, not long ago he was pointing at Likhanya with a gun" Mongezi says i scoff because

he is insinuating that am at fault again as always his precious son is not at fault.

"Lisakhanya is that true" she asked looking at me folding her arms across her chest, i sit back and remain quite because she made up her mind "Lisakhanya" she shouts i know i cannot sulk any longer.

"Ask him why is that, why would i out of the blue do that" i say looking at Likhanya, he is furious because I've changed, the Lisakhanya he knew is one who protect him and lie for him but not the new me, i haven't talked a decent conversation with him in about 6 years now but my mother would try mending things with her children but the is a lot of pain we have to dig through.

"Makhulu Lisakhanya is an entitled brat who..." the stare my grandmother sends his way makes him keep quite , i cannot challenge my father, i cannot challenge neither of them because i know should they release the incriminating evidence against me then grandmother will hate me not only that but the is a possibility on jail time, i can't go back there. "Makhulu i didn't do anything but as always Lisakhanya wants attention on

him , as always he feels the need someone out there owes him,
Gogo if you remember correctly Lisa has always been like this

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even now he is refusing the mother of his child to see the child"
he says.

"Wow" i say standing up in intend to leave "i don't need this , i
don't need this toxicity in this family" i say.

"Lisakhanya we are family we need to find a common ground to
get along, you and Likhanya should be close, you both shared a
womb together you should respect and love each other" the
pain in my grandmother's voice makes me settle back down i
rub my hands together "yintoni ingxaki yakho
noLikhanya"(what's your problem with Likhanya) i swallow both
my lips folding my arms across my chest.

"Andinangxaki mna no Likhanya his the one who has a problem
with me" (i don't have a problem) i lie through my teeth ,my
grandmother thinks am angry at the fact my dad raised
Likhanya instead of both of us, am angry that he abandoned us,
but am not, there are a lot of secrets in this family.

"Mntanam please find it in your heart to forgive your father, forgive it's time to let go now, your father and your brother are trying meet them halfway, i know you angry, i know you in very much pain and you think you'll think you betraying..." i jolt up.

"Hayi makhulu, no, am not angry, this man doesn't deserve my forgiveness, he had one job protecting..." i take a huge breath "am sorry i cannot be in this family, the is nothing that could be fixed "i say walking away, driving home am glad that my princess is not here today to see me like this, i trust my grandmother with her, i don't want her to see me like this, i grab the bottle of Hennessy that has been gathering dust, pouring it on the glass i gulp it before pouring another one, i want to drink my sorrows for today but the door knock says otherwise, i try ignoring it but it becomes more persistent i finally give in walking to the door , a man wearing a delivery uniform and a cap is standing there.

"Mr Madikizela am here to deliver this" he says i take the envelope signing the papers before walking back, i tear the envelope apart , it's a court order, i internally chuckle when i read i was wrong this time, Asandiswa isn't letting this go, it's

surprising because i thought she will let it go, i sigh loudly squeezing my eyes she cannot take my child away , i pick my phone calling my lawyer, stupid Asandiswa she doesn't realise am always a step ahead of her.

"Madikizela"he says as soon as he picks up.

"Tell me can someone who signed full custody be given back the rights "i ask am not as informed coming towards law.

"yes but it is rare for that happening but they can get shared custody" no i don't want that, i don't want shared custody.

"I'll email you a court order i just been served with, and i hope you don't let this nonsense happen " i say.

"Well the only card they can throw at us is Post natala depression at the time she signed over the rights of the child" he says i sigh in relief, she forgot that she gave me full rights of the child because she didn't want that thing as she said, she signed the adoption papers.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

"Hey" she says landing on my arms, i cannot help it, the love my heart has for this women, all my body is craving for her, i want to be with her in everything of my body, how does one love a person this much.

"Hey" i greet back when we both pull apart a smile on my lips pecking her nose she blushes burying her face on my chest, I've taken a decision am not going to continue running away from my feelings I've done that far more times. "You look beautiful today" i say making her eyes twinkle with happiness.

"You have quite a smooth tongue there" she says when i open the car door for her, I've taken a bold move here asking her on a date hoping she says yes and she did.

"It can do quite a lot than charm you" i say smirking when she clasp her thighs together, i close the door walking on my side. "I've prepared an indoor picnic i hope you don't mind" i say grandmother refuse bringing back my Daughter because my

dad told her they hadly see her which is a lie, an absolute lie because i told him he can come whenever he wants to see her but i would never let his wife anywhere near my daughter.

"It's okay" she says buckling up her belt before she connects her phone to the car, a song plays softly "am sorry i like this song perhaps will put your favourite song when this ends" she says.

"I don't have any favorite song, actually i don't listen to music" i answer she turns looking at me like i grew a pair of heads.

"Why" she asked frowning making me chuckle.

"My life is a whole lot busier to be listening to meaningless music" i say making her push her hand on her exposed clivage, covering it.

"Am sorry meaningless please listen to this song" she says before singing along "It's recently been released and Jax wrote this song about her parents it's called like my father" she adds ,

quietness filling the car, am listening to the song my mind going back to my family, why has my father never loved my mother like he was suppose to, like he claimed, to him my mother was nothing but an object to be use and toss aside when he is done, i can still hear the screams coming from their room my mother asking him to stop, no he wasn't abusing her physically but sexually he was, he felt entitled, then Likhanya followed him because he was the desperate child to have a father, i still loved him even through that, but when he repeatedly watched my dignity taken from me, tried killing me repeatedly with his stepmother i drew the line, this song evokes the pain knowing this may be temporal, I'll never find love, i can't even reference with my parents, my past will always come to bite me, the soft fingertips that trail on my lap makes me snap out of my thoughts, i look at the women sitting on the front passenger seat of my car having that worried face.

"Want to talk about it" she asks before her phone rings she picks it up before pushing it in her bag

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the drive is comfortable quite with her putting Jax on repeat, this is the first song that touched something in me listening to, I've heard songs from distance ,in radio and in clubs i don't have a single song in my phone I've never really been a fan,

heck my phone stays everywhere i don't even use it much only when i need too.

"How is your sister" i ask as soon as i open the door for her she enters, before i close it behind her, we now in my house.

"She woken up and luckily the aren't permanent complications" she says , i hold her hand tightly while leading her to the most beautiful place on this house, the beautiful lights projected by the pool making things more beautiful.

"This i beautiful " she says , the pool lights up during the night, i help her on the pillows placed on the floor.

"Not like you though" i said crouching down helping her off the heels she is wearing we both settle down on a meaningless conversation until the dreadful question i was hoping she doesn't ask 'tell me about yourself' silence engulf us for a while.

"Well am Lisakhanya Madikizela 27 years old a single father to my daughter Ayathandwa Madikizela i am a CEO at Biyela logistic "i shrugged my shoulders.

"What is this job interview be a little evasive, siblings, parents" she asked stabbing continuously the meat i spent time barbecuing.

"My parents is my mother she passed away 7 month's ago" i say.

"The last time you said you were married and pushing me away why" she ask i hate to lie to her but i cannot tell her or she will hate me and view me as a monster.

"I was married but my mother and wife died 7 month's ago on the same day a robbery gone wrong " i lie but ofcause that's what Mongezi made it look like that's what people believe.

"Am sorry" she says not as sorry as me though i hope she leaves the topic of why behind but alas she doesn't but keeps going "is

that why you were pushing me away" she questions if i say yes it will look like i still am inlove with my dead wife and she has to compete with her if no she'll ask why.

"No" i sigh loudly throwing my eyes away from her for the next words am about to utter "because am HIV" i utter before silence engulf us again my heart beating rapidly across my chest.

"Born with it"she finally breaks the silence i shake my head biting my lower lip not daring to look at her.

"Ayathandwa's mother who had continuously cheated on me but i kept forgiving unfortunately" i say shrugging for the longest time i kept beating myself about it , having the what ifs i didn't forgive but i finally accepted my reality.

"Can i use the bathroom " she says already on her feet i nod directing her , this is the part where she'll come back with an excuse she has to leave , am used to it, with the stigma around HIV. Like my night isn't going bad already Likhanya walks through the gate.

"Likhanya" i say standing up his eyes dart all that is behind me, he buries his hands in his pockets, we are identical twins.

"Lisa , utata wants to see you tonight the is a shipment he wants you to sign for" he says making me scoff immediately.

"You could have texted that umbuzo uti ufunani apha"(the question is what do you want here) i ask him.

"Umakhulu has i high high Lisakhanya can you not pretend just until she leaves, you acting all saint but you equally as a monster Lisa just, move on man stop acting like a women" i swear am being tested by my twin brother to see if i can kill him or not.

"And you a saint in all this, Likhanya i appreciate that we focus on business and our communication is based on the company in personal lives we don't know each other" i say making him scoff "i know uba umakhulu has high blood pressure but the is too much things that happened for me to pretend" i say.

"Like what, what is it exactly that happened"he says, this is the first time me and him communicate regarding this.

"Let me see ,try to kill me, framed me for a crime i didn't do and watching..." i don't get to finish the sentence.

"Try to kill me, you tried killing me , you tried framing mna Lisakhanya and you thought I'll retaliate, I've done nothing but fucken try to protect wena ever since we were young but you continuously pressed my buttons and you acting like you innocent, you tried eliminating me for inheritance i did what you started" ofcause his always going to act like a victim while he is just like his father and stepmother

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

I know how cowardly it was for me to run away but i did, after coming to the bathroom he drove me home on some excuse the is something he needs to care for, boy was i grateful to be given a chance to think everything through, as grown as i am I've never really bothered myself on that i grew in glitters , how will this relationship go with our status completely different, my mind was filled with questions and fears, questions i needed answers to but unfortunately i couldn't talk to my bestfriend about this because he doesn't approve of what is happening between me and the 'biyela boy' as he says so i won't tell him, on other hand am trying to navigate through this whole thing, i love Uyanda and am not willing to loose him but on other hand i feel something for Lisakhanya , a great feeling of me desperate to be with him, a feeling that has me weak when i think of him with another women i don't want to lose him either.

"Hello" Asanda snaps me out of my thoughts i zoned out on her again "are you okay" she questions looking worried i sigh.

"Would you date someone whose status is positive" i ask she looks at me for more information "i mean HIV status" i ask she thinks for a minute.

"We know we cannot control how we feel about someone, when you have feelings deeper for someone to the point of afraid losing them, afraid of hurting them and you rather be the one sad than them , you know when you in that stage you love them dearly and the question is are you willing to lose them" she says am i inlove with Lisakhanya am not sure "besides i know this whole stigma around HIV but it is our duty to learn more about it, someone's status shouldn't define them so i personally would date them depends on feelings though" she says making me feel more horrible about my reaction yesterday.

"But don't you think about being infected i mean i know the are condoms and all but would you be prepared for that everytime and what if mistakes happen and the condom bust" she laughs shaking her head.

"You a whole therapist Lwethu you should be more informed about this what if one of your patient is suffering from

depression because they having hard time accepting their status" she is laughing at my poor knowledge in regards to this disease "one we have what we call Prep Lwethu which can lower chances of one getting HIV and two if the guy is living a healthy lifestyle and taking his medication the chance of infecting someone are small, am not going to be your human Google ,go to google and do more research try being well informed about this before you make a decision towards this guy" she says before standing up, we were waiting for Sfundu at the nearby restaurant in the airport, he was flying back to South Africa today, as soon as Asanda sees him she jumps on his arms, i understand they always have been close just like how i am with my siblings i would do anything for them.

"Look at how grown you are Lwethu" he says hugging me too i missed this man

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he looks all grown too, i did say that it's my mothers family that still uses the Thandolwethu name.

"You look so grown too looks like china is treating you well i didn't think eating dogs will make you glow this much" i say making him laugh titling his head.

"You being ridiculous, and yes it has been treating me amazing my children are amazing they think am a chocolate ,ofcause they don't see a lot of blacks there" he says as we walk to Asandas car.

"Any chinese makoti" Asanda asks making Sfundu laugh yet again.

"No the isn't but i did meet a women from Botswana on tinder she came to visit me for 6 months on the tourist visa but she had to go back, am planing on making a stop there and propose then we start process of Q1 visa" he says.

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I Don't know what am hoping for as i drive into this place, after how i left yesterday and not keeping in contact am ashamed, after this afternoon with Asanda and the research i did online am in his door step, for few minutes i stand there knocking before he comes in opening the door shirtless, a child comes out running and he follows holding her back picking her up.

"Am sorry about that" he says opening the door so i enter "hey what are you doing here" he asked my heart skipped at his coldness but i understand why.

"Am here to apologise about yesterday, i just was in shock and didn't know how to respond " i say he puts the little girl down who runs around the house "but I've had time to think about it through and saw how my mistake might have hurt you am sorry" i say he sighs.

"I understand you were shocked and everything i appreciate you apologising" he says not moving from his sport, i realise that he thinks I'll leave him.

"Okay what is happening between us now"i asked I've never been one to start a relationship before i don't even know where to start.

"What do you want to happen to us" he asked i open my mouth but words fail me i can't utter anything "look Thandolwam i love you, so damn much and i want to be with you the ball is in

your court now you tell me what you want "he says, i step forward an inch holding his cheek.

"You called me Thandolwam" i say making him blush looking away, god this man is beautiful, "i want a relationship with you, i want you to delicately hold my heart and never break it, i want you to treat me like am the most important thing" i say making him clasp my back so tightly.

"I'll never hurt you thandolwam, am incapable of hurting you deliberately and all i ask in return is don't break my heart, I've had it broken quite couple of times and i don't think I'll handle it this time" he says making my heart sink the fact i still am with Uyanda is me betraying him, cheating i might have been able to put this whole lobola issue on hold with Ayize as an excuse how long will i use that

"I promise i won't " i say

"Good, God your lips look kissable right now" he says before pulling away from me "but i cannot subject my daughter to pornography" he says making me chuckle at that.

"Let me get going and not disturb your bonding time" i say before he walks me out, with a peck he runs back in.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

I finally have the women I've loved since i was 21 years old, the women who has been stuck on my brain for so long, i can still feel her soft skin on mine, her lips on mine, yesterday she spent the time with me, i had her on my arms the whole night, what i feel for this women isn't even sexual but emotional, i find it hard breathing without talking to her an hour is enough, its been a week since the start of our relationship.

"Stop daydreaming you even smiling" Steven says hitting the back of my head i chuckle shaking my head at that.

"Am not daydreaming" i say looking at my wrist watch, Ayathandwa is with my grandmother at home while am here in a whole battle. "They late" i say before the heels that are clicking makes me look at her direction, she is wearing a black dress with black heels, this time it's a little below what she normally wear, the is a man wearing a suit besides her i recognize the man even on my wildest dream, it's non other than the Ndlovu twin, they really want my life a nightmare the

fact the whole boss took the case and i know for sure Asandiswa cannot afford them.

"Good afternoon we sorry for keeping you waiting" Mr Ndlovu says settling down i see a smile on Asandiswa, i only agreed to this because i want this over and done with.

"Let's get this over and done with thank you" i utter leaning back, Mr Ndlovu nods his head taking papers out of his suitcase.

"I went through the adoption process and i admit that everything is in order, my client did sign adoption papers, but the is a clause here i circled here" he says handing me the adoption papers i have my own copy but it's okay "it stipulate that in exchange of my client signing the adoption paper you will pay her an amount of five hundred thousand" he says i remember in that because i didn't want her bothering me with my daughter it was the only way. "Here is the bank statement showing the transfer of the money" he continues "under children act 38 of 2005 stipulates one cannot put a child for adoption in exchange for money, if so one can face serious legal action" he continues.

"This implicates your client too she might go to jail and the child will be taken by the social workers" Steven says leaning back.

"Am prepared to go to jail fighting for my child" Asandiswa says i clench my hand tightly angry at that.

"Me and my client are prepared to take the chance of court" Steven says before i raised my head immediately looking at him.

"If am not mistaken isn't your client still on probation, he makes a mistake his back in prison serving his sentence" Mr Ndlovu says i clench my jaw.

"What do you want Asandiswa , are you prepared risking everything and Ayathandwa ending up in a home somewhere suffering, if you truly love her are you willing to put her through this" i ask looking at her dead in the eye.

"I want my shared custody of my child" she utters putting her hands on top of the table.

"Full custody, me and my client aren't willing to compromise " Mr Ndlovu says sternly looking at me

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i lean forward burying my face in my hands.

"You heartless Asandiswa, how can you do this to me" i say feeling pain in my heart at the thought of losing my baby girl.

"Give us time me and my client to discuss this and will get back to you" Steven says.

"Okay will give you a day to decide if you want court or you signing back the rights to my client" he says before they stand up leaving.

"Will have to try negotiating shared custody because if we go to court you both will lose the child and possibly jail you know you

cannot commit any crime on probation" Steven says i sigh loudly.

"Give me a day to think about it" i say he nods standing up walking i stare at my phone for a minute, i hate this, yet again another favour i have to ask.

"Mfana" he answers on the second ring i mop my face with my hand.

"Tata i need your help" i say , this is the whole reason am tied to him now, continuously asking him to rescue me out. "There is a possibility i can go to jail" i say, as much as he isn't a father to me or haven't been greatest father one thing i know he is always ready to rescue us, the last time i was in jail i was found in possession of drugs and possibility of doing 10 years in jail but he pulled strings and bribed people but i was to stay in jail and do at least time so it didn't become suspicious i did 6 months and released on parole, hence my father made me the CEO of Biyela logistic because i was more business minded than Likhanya, he is nothing but a womanizer who knows how to spend money on skaks but his father's lap dog he does everything his the one who is cold hearted the one who kills and sleep like a baby after.

"Why, did one of our trucks get caught " he asked i almost roll my eyes he knows am not that sloppy.

"No it's nothing with Business, it's the Ndlovu's again they on the mission to get the Biyela's head again" i should have stayed away, one thing that in my life means everything is my daughter.

"I should've sent Likhanya to do the job, you as always are weakling " he says i know he is angry, i hold my breath as angry as i am about what happened a minute ago i cannot let anything come towards my love, knowing Likhanya he wouldn't hesitate firing that gun and he never misses.

"No baba they not the problem this time but Asandiswa, she is the one contesting the adoption , if i don't then I'll go to jail" i say.

"You know exactly what you need to do to appease Asandiswa i will help you on condition you marry her" he says, ofcause i forgot my father, i don't know why if he loves her so much why not marry her , he already slept with her, how am i going to marry someone who slept with the entire family, from father to sons, even the younger ones.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

"How about i take responsibility for this case am sure baba will bail me before even getting arrested i don't even think i would go to jail" Likhanya makes me snap as i stare at him, am sitting under the darkness that surrounds me ,the isn't even moon today or stars but pure darkness.

"What do you want Likhanya" i asked sighing loudly ,i have few hours to decide whether i give up on the women i love save my baby girl or risk everything.

"Tata told me , am saying let me take the fall while you..."

"My name is all over those papers Likhanya that's impossible" i say looking back outside again, the chilly wind looks like it's about to rain, it was hot today.

"Yes but that doesn't necessarily mean i cannot take the blame and say i did everything for you and you had no knowledge of the exchange" he says i sigh rubbing my face.

"Why" i ask turning to look at him he isn't looking at me "why would you take the blame for me" i say he looks at his fingertips for a moment.

"I don't know say i hate owing you" he says i glance at my grandmother peaking through the window to see if we not killing each other. "The real question is why, why did you take the fall for me and jail" he asked sitting properly i chuckle lightly "actually you always there to cover my tracks when i mess up why" he says.

"I don't know am stupid ain't I" i say shaking my head we now eye to eye "i hate you so much Likhanya, the image of you irks me because you were the one person i loved dearly and cared for ,one i trusted but you betrayed me but that doesn't mean i wish death upon you, i had so many chances to but never did before" i say "am doing this because i hate being tied down to mongezi he'll own you for the rest of your life" i say he chuckles.

"MaCele showed me, she always showed me everytime you would try poisoning me and you saying you wouldn't kill me, you almost succeeded one time when i slept at hospital i was poisoned the doctor did say and the only thing i remember was eating the food you prepared for me, you even pushed me into the pool knowing i couldn't swim" he says looking away for a minute "all i did was try protecting you Lisakhanya ,you would even lock me in the room to starve all day, you even sent Noma to..." he takes a sharp intake not looking at me i immediately jolt up immediately.

"Tell me Noma did not "i say shaking

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am shaking at the thoughts that invade my mind "Likhanya tell me what Noma did to you" i say shouting at him, my grandmother comes out running.

"Hayi hayi Lisakhanya ngumsindo wantoni lo ebusuku"
(Lisakhanya what's this noise at night) my grandmother is shouting Likhanya jolts up.

"Nzakubona makhulu" (I'll see you grandmother) he says not waiting up for an answer before walking away out of the yard banging hard on the car door ,i hear his car speeding away leaving me with questions i need answers to.

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It's only after 12 midnight I've been twisting and turning uneasy ,my gut isn't at ease like something is happening but again i feel it's laced with worry, i know Likhanya and his irresponsible ways , I've decided to drive every bar i know he usually hang out to, it's not even because i keep an eye on him but because am always called to fetch him because he cannot even stand, i find him at about few minutes past 2 at Braamfontein in a strip club, there is a woman in his lap who he constantly kissing while pushing notes on her bra.

"Uyandilimaza ndiyeke Lisakhanya" (you hurting me let me go) he says when i pull him by his hand, this isn't the first time and definitely not the last , his stumbling uncontrollably while am stumbling with him because of his strength.

"Likhanya when will you start being responsible, when will you grow , una27 for goodness sake wena start acting like one" i say making him laugh like a maniac fumbling with the car door.

"Be responsible, the last time i tried being responsible was taking care of a 8 years old" he says trying to stand straight.

"You drunk now masambe" i say i might have said i hated him but i don't wish harm on him, i might have at one point prepared myself to take his life but the was a reason i couldn't, at the end of the day his not just my brother but my other half, hence i always am ready to rescue him.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

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THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Is it possible for one to love two people at the same time, how does one choose between the two men, am stuck between a hard rock, i love Uyanda, i really do and yet again i love Lisakhanya, feelings like that don't disappear in a day no matter how you try they cannot, i don't know who to choose between the two and in the process i have to put my son first and myself yet again, my eyes are darting on the rain drops that completely hit occasionally on my window, i know once upon a time Uyanda was once a jerk but he really is trying now.

"Why come to work when you gonna stare at the walls" i turn looking at Lwandile sighing, he walks in handing me a sandwich and coffee.

"Hey" i say unwrapping the sandwich "why did you sneak up on me like that "i asked shaking my head.

"I knocked but you didn't answer so i let myself in, what's wrong you look lost in thoughts is Ayize okay" he questions

making me nod my head at him i sigh "malume Qhawe said i should keep an eye on you" he says munching at his sandwich, i sip the coffee.

"Why am a grown adult i think i should now rethink of moving out and back to my apartment" i say.

"Right you still supporting a grown man" i glare at him and he raised his hands in defeat "i mean he is worried about you, this guy you entertaining sis he is bad news" he says i raised my eyebrow at him "am serious he didn't put me up in anything if anything the Biyela's reek is trouble, he was recently found with tons of drugs that were worth about 8 millions he was arrested i don't know where the case ended my point is are you willing to be with someone who is always in the wrong hands of the law" he says i don't know if i should believe him but why would he lie, Lwandile knows how i value loyalty and he isn't one to be put in something, my mind is creating scenarios i don't want to think.

" am feeling a little sick am going home"i say already on my feet i take off the coat running out, I'll drive myself crazy with questions, am driving with a deadly speed to his home and

finally i reach the place, i ring the door a couple of time before its opened a women who looks older opens the door am nervous all of the sudden.

"Good morning is Lisakhanya home"i say looking at my feet she opens the door further, and i walk in.

"Ukhona yena intombi yona nzawthi yeyakwabani"(he is here, who are your parents) she asked in a thick Xhosa Accent, blacks with this question.

"uMa owakwa Qwabe igama Umbalenhle ,uBaba yena owakwa Ndlovu igama uQhawe Ndlovu" (my mother is from the Qwabe family she's Mbalenhle Qwabe and my father from the Ndlovu he is Qhawe Ndlovu) i say she nods her head.

"UngumZulu kanti , ukhona Ulisakhanya pha eroomini yakhe sose umxelela ukutya kukhona"(oh you a Zulu, he is in his room and tell him food is ready) she turns back to her tv

i take steps towards the room i spent the night in when i was here, i knock lightly and open the door he is on his bed sleeping

on his back with his thoughts far, i throw myself into his stomach capturing his attention.

"Thandolwam i didn't see you there"he says pecking my hand and cheek, am sitting on his stomach.

"You were lost in thoughts wanna talk about it "i ask he shakes his head i hate how secretive he is.

"What are you doing here i didn't expect you" his room is clean and yet it's only 10 o'clock in the morning and beautiful like the first time i came here.

"I wanted to talk" i say sighing taking off my heels and tossing them aside "babe are you a criminal is that why my family is telling me to stay away from you" i questions he sighs pushing his hands on my arse squeezing it.

"I don't know why your family does ,If it's about the drug issue that was all over the news, am not a criminal i happen to be at a wrong place on the right time" he says before flipping me "don't believe everything you hear from the papers they just finding ways to make money" he says his lips capturing mine, i hold onto his shoulders wrapping my arms around him, the kiss

intensify i can taste the mint mouthwash in his mouth, i cannot help but moan into his mouth when his fingers delicately hold my dress before taking it off , am panting as i pull away from the kiss, his lips find my neck and sucking lightly onto it, he takes off my bra.

"Ba...be" a throaty breath leaves my mouth, hoping he hears me but am wrong "Lisakhanya we can't have sex your..." i gasp when his lips land on my nipple, i hold onto the back of his head moaning, he pays attention to the other equally and let me forget about my complaint, his lips descend leaving trail of kisses on my stomach before helping me out of the gstring i was wearing, am nervous about what is about to happen.

"You smell incredible Thandolwam" he says throwing my underwear, he leaves trail of kisses on my thighs before facing me down there, am trembling with anticipation but it's short leaved when i feel his wet tongue press on my clit, i moan opening further my legs and he happily obliges when he eats me so good , his fingers violently rubbing my clint while he eat my butt hole, exchanging to my pussy , his tongue eats my clint and blowing it while he insert his hands i gasp and he adds the second moving them, am trembling holding my mouth to not moan loudly but its futile as i hold my pillow tilting my hips, i feel my organism violently hitting me making my thighs vibrate.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

I've decided, I've decided that am confronting my parents today am tired, am tired of my parents treating me like a five year old, after last night with Lisa, am still smiling remembering, we didn't go further but the very little moment.

"can we talk" i say after finding her and her husband being lovey dovey in the kitchen baba jumps in speed taking a step back, the triplets are at school.

"MaNdlovu i forgot you even here" he says his hands finding the counter these two even forgot am the mother to Nkosi but they took him, he even sleeps with them now most of the times, my mother even finds it hard sleeping without seeing him.

"You wanted to talk what is it" ma asked tying her gown that baba opened, this women is beautiful no play, a nice beautiful body too she serves, even her melanin skin suits her sadly i took my fathers light completion but my body well i took after my

grandmother from my mothers side, am a little gifted with weight then i took my father's height , sadly most people mistake me and my mother as sisters because i look mostly like her.

"It's about Lisakhanya" i say baba sighs loudly at that.

"Can we sit down" ma defuse the bomb in the house immediately, her eyes soften looking at my father, who melts at that before we all go settle around the dinner table , ma makes baba coffee before handing it to him she settles down too.

"Gatsheni , MaQwabe i love..." i trail of did i use that word ,was i in the stage of using that word with him "i love Lisakhanya very much and he treats me great, he loves me and makes me happy i don't think it's fair for you trying to choose who i should date" i say.

"MaGatsheni please, please don't tell me you inlove with him, you cannot love him" baba says he calls me MaGatsheni when he begs me other than that the is only one MaGatsheni and its this niggas mother.

"But i do , i really do please give me blessing Babwami to be with him, you always said i should chase my happiness ,Gatsheni please nawe Ma please"she closes her eyes grasping my hands, am asking for permission yet am conflicted between two people.

"Don't ask me that Mntanami, Lwethu you know I'll do anything for you but this"Ma says shaking her head.

"Why ,why do you all hate him is it the drug thing" i asked dropping my shoulders so does uBaba.

"Isisa..." baba attempts to talk but Ma puts her small palm on his arm she shook her head they communicate using their eyes for a moment.

"I was 18 years old when i started varsity ,i had a roommate named Tshenolo we called her Tee, she was friends with a women named Sandisiwe we called her Sasa" ma says sighing loudly, i listen to what is about to be uttered, "we were good friends or so i thought until i lost my father, that night i wanted

to drink myself to death my father was everything to me, he meant the world and i wanted to make him proud but sadly he was taken from me and i did i drank myself almost to death that night with three of my friends that's when i met this man, he was amazing, he made sure i was okay and not taken advantage of he didn't even take advantage of my drunk state" ma says looking at baba lovingly am anxious at this story "the next morning one thing lead to another and you were conceived, i never saw him again, months later i found out i was pregnant, i was sleeping when i felt this intense pain i thought i was dying and was taken to the hospital turns out i was pregnant with twins and i lost one" she says i feel pain because i was never informed about this, i never knew i was a twin before "i blamed myself because of my mourning i pushed everything aside, i worked hard

i took part time jobs to care for you until you were born i fell inlove with you, i was a single parent Lwethu and i had to do everything in me to care for you thats when Sasa took advantage of my desperation ,she introduced me to a life i never thought i would, every week we would transport drugs across the country, i did that and came back home with the money because i wanted you to live the best life and not need anything, in everything i was trying to cover up that pain of knowing you didn't have a father, funny how i spent few minutes with someone and i named our child Thandolwethu

because you were the love that never blossomed , i promised myself i would stop once am done with my degree and find a good job, along the years the was a guy who was dating sasa, we called him Mo he was the head of the whole operation, he started hitting on me but i would reject him every time, we became close together even though we weren't dating much close that he would even do me favours i didn't realise that got to sasa to the point of jealousy, one day out of nowhere you were sick, too sick that i took you to private hospital i didn't want to risk you on public knowing the service, you were hospitalized for a week,i had already left the drug transportation business so i had no means to pay for your hospital bills which led me to asking a favor from Mo, he gave me two option of repayment,i sleep with him or do one last delivery, i choose the latter, that gave sasa the chance when she tipped the police and i was arrested in a foreign country for 9 years " i feel my eyelids burning with tears, I've always been angry at her for leaving me for so long but knowing i was the cause of her misery breaks me beyond point, baba grasp her hand tightly in comfort.

"Sthandwa sam..."baba cuts ma short but ma shakes her head yet again wiping the tears that filled her face.

"I was given an option of lesser sentence if i say my pimp but Mo made sure to threaten me with your life i chose to serve the full sentence, when i returned i was prepared to change my life but i met him again, he..." she takes a huge breath "he tore me apart Lwethu, he broke my spirit beyond than i can imagine because he felt i still owe him, not only did he tore me apart but his wife made sure to make my life a living hell, she made sure i never find happiness and then ,i never heard from them again, i thought they were completly out of my life out of our lives but boy was i wrong, when my careers started blossoming, my company grew they returned, sasa returned to make my life a living hell again, she ordered a hit on me and she almost succeeded, the husband didn't think killing me would be enough but ordered a hit on my child, he never knew i had three other children but only one and that was you, and their son was the one who was ordered to kill you, remember when Ayize almost died and was hospitalized for a month that was meant to be you" she says my heart is racing , let it be not what i think "and you know which son was that, your boyfriend Lisakhanya Biyela and yes his father was the rapist and his mother was the one who caused you to grow up without a mother"she says i feel my heart sinking i refuse, no it cannot be.

"Now look at this from our perspective isisa isn't it convenient that they try killing you and disappear all of the sudden this boy shows up head over heels inlove with you" baba says i feel myself losing breath, my heart tighting my vision blurry i cannot have been played like that.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

I found myself driving aimlessly until i found myself into his place, i don't know why it hurts this much, this is beyond betrayal, am hurt, my heart is shattered into a million of peaces, i enter without knocking forgetting the grandmother is here too, the house looks quite like has been deserted, my feet propel me taking me into his room he isn't here i check every room in the house because no one leaves the house unlocked, my eyes fall on the picture facing down, i walk further towards the picture, it's not just one but many, i pick them up and my heart beat twice as much when my eyes befall on the picture of me, i was still in Wits doing my psychology degree, totally unaware of someone taking pictures of me ,the first one is off me in the study lab with a textbook on my hand, the second is off me in the cafeteria with a sandwich in my hand sitting next to my roommate we weren't friends but we were civil, i flip through countless pictures and the last makes my skin crawl, it's picture of me sleeping at the dorm, some pictures are recent, i wonder how long has this guy been following me.

"Thandolwam " i scream dropping the pictures, his eyes follow pursuit on the pictures scattered on the floor, i find a tear rolling down looking at him , how does a handsome stranger like him do this to me.

"Is that why you dated me" i ask looking at his sweaty body he cease his brows at me and i almost believe him, i almost believe he is clueless

"What do you mean " he asked standing up leaving the pictures he was picking on the floor.

"I know everything Lisakhanya, i know everything and i know you never loved me what was the mission exactly huh, where you planing on stealing my mother's company" , his face tells me he came into realisation.

"No, the mission wasn't that" he says i chuckle looking aside wiping my tears.

"So the was a mission" i question.

"What no

no Thandolwam the wasn't any mission, the mission was to love you and be with you i promise" he says taking a step forward i take one back cringing "i never tried killing you Thandolwam as your parents assumed, i never knew you till varsity" he says if i didn't know better i would believe him.

"Unamanga mani Lisakhanya, you almost killed my sister, do you know that, ofcause you do" i say chuckling feeling a lump on my throat.

"Thandolwam..." he opens his mouth but nothing comes out and he looks at the floor his tears rolling down.

"I would never ever try killing you Thandolwam, am incapable of even hurting you because i love you, i love you so so damn much, you mean the world to me, you like ,like the oxygen i breath without you am incomplete "the genuine voice he is giving me almost i say almost makes me believe he really is deeply inlove with me.

"The pictures, you've been stalking me for 6 years before approaching me" i say wiping violently my tears looking at him in the eye the men i thought loved me.

"To me it was love at first sight Thandolwam i couldn't approach you then because there was too much history between our families , i knew when you knew the real me you would hate me i rather you don't know me than hate me" he says holding my hands, i slip my hands off his backing.

"You lying to me, you lying about everything, you almost played me Lisakhanya Biyela, almost" i wipe my tears walking away, with each step i feel the lump on my throat growing.

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Uyanda may temporarily made me forget about events of today but now the memories are back, am thinking about the moments we shared when my phone violently hitting my naked body and slipping off into the floor breaking because of the force.

"Usuyafeba manje Isisa"(are you now whoring around) Uyanda said am still stuck on the 11 thousand i spent on that phone but

quickly raise my head at the statement he made. "Musa ukungihlahlela amehlo Isisa uyafeba manje wena"(stop looking at me , are you now a whore) he is angry.

"I can explain "i say jumping up from the bed, he chuckles shaking his head with his hands on his waist "angifebi Uyanda"(am not whoring) i say before feeling my ear ringing, i taste blood on my broken lip and my cheek stings from the slap, he just, Uyanda slapped me.

"Uyangijwayela wena Isisa, kahle kahle kushukuthi ungibukela phantsi"(you are shitting on me now, actually it means you looking down at me now) he says before i feel my second cheek stinging ,i hold both of them with tears rolling down my eyes, he clicks his tongue walking away I've never seen him that pissed.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Dawn came sooner than i had anticipated, am up by dawn packing everything that calls out my name in this apartment, everything screams my name, i tolerate everything from Uyanda but not abuse ,my father raised me better than that, I've seen my parents and not once did my father raise a hand at my mother.

"MaNdlovu" i squeeze my lips together and not utter anything back at him, am angry am livid and he'll pay for Lisa's sins too. "MaNdlovu ngiyaxolisa you know am not like that ,you know that has never happened, it's just seeing those messages messed me up, i love you Isisa i really do and you entertaining another men kills me, i admit i was wrong but you drove me there had you not cheated then i wouldn't have done that" he says holding my arm i sigh.

"I know i was wrong but you had no right Uyanda no right at all, you did the same to me while i was pregnant and came with results" i say he drops his shoulders.

"I know ,i know ngixolele , it won't ever happen again, I'll work hard to keep my emotions at bay and work through forgiving you in this" he says i soften up, he knows which buttons to press ,now i feel like i overreacted because i drove him there, i almost messed up my relationship with him over a mission, someone who was playing me, from today i vow that I'll forget Lisakhanya and he never existed.

"Am sorry i really am sorry i shouldn't even have entertained another men, I'll never look at any men from today but you" i say settling next to him on the bed he shifts a little.

"It will be hard trusting you again" he says i nod understanding knowing i planted the doubt in his mind.

"I promise I'll work hard to earn back your trust how about we continue with the negotiations this weekend" i say earning a bright smile from him.

"Really" he asked i nod, Uyanda is the only man who will probably love me so why not, and I've postponed the negotiations far too long now, the weekend is in two days.

"I will talk to my father so we can fetch my wife" he says "and my business is doing great we can extend the lease agreement in this apartment this time you won't even pay a single cent" he says ,the lease is ending in a month, i beam at him squeezing him into a hug.

"And we can work on Nkosi's room" i say he drops his shoulders at me his face falling for a minute.

"Can i ask a favor" he asked i nod "i want my children growing together in the same home, i want that women moving in with us ngiyakucela MaNdlovu"(am begging you) he says i rub my upper arm sighing.

"It's okay she can move in with us but only when i move in too i don't trust her with you" i say he nods his head in excitement hugging me before breaking the hug. "Dlamini" i thread carefully looking at my nails "i was wondering if we can spice things up in the bedroom, like maybe trying oral" i say he jumps up immediately.

"It's enough that i know you cheated Isisa but you telling me what you did

in other words you telling me that am boring you now" he asked i shook my head before he clicked his tongue and walked away, i feel the door banging meaning he left the house too god why am i stupid i ruined it, Uyanda isn't boring to clarify because at the end of the day the goal is reaching an organism which i do we both do what more can i want, the are women out there who know nothing about organism, i sigh Lisakhanya really messed my mind with something that was a once off, a good once off, my mind trails off to how he worked his tongue i cannot help but squeeze my thighs together at the memory but it isn't helping, my clint has never throbbbed this much of just a mere imagine, images of how that night felt, unintentionally i lean back opening my legs, it helps that am only in my towel only, i was about to take a bath when i decided to pack everything, my fingers delicately run through my p***y lips pressing on my nub, my mind replay how softly yet violently he ran his fingers on my nub , a throaty moan leaves my mouth this is new feeling for me my body feeling this fire, my abdominal feeling this fire as i rub my clint with images of that night, how he was eating me up while his fingers dug on my core.

"Oh God" i moan a bit loudly now with my fingers thrusting inside me "it feels good" i moan yet again imagining his fingers replacing my own and thrusting in me ,i add the second one making me tilt my shaking thighs, my third finger works on my clint , i remember how he ran his tongue in circle on my nub while his fingers were violently digging my core.

"Cum for me" i can already hear his deep voice saying while eating me making my body vibrate, this is a new feeling and a familiar feeling approaches me with different fire.

"Ahhh" i scream loudly holding the sheets as the feeling tore through me, my whole body is vibrating at the aftermath , this has never happened before , I've tried masturbating but it never worked it lead to nowhere, dammit Lisakhanya for living now in my head rent free, my heart and soul is fulfilled now but the guilt consume me like cheated on Uyanda well i did, and now am doing it on his bed, i was in my varsity days when i was trying masturbation because Uyanda hates that with all his heart ,in his mind a man should fulfill a woman and woman doesn't have that right typical Zulu man.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

Am trembling at the Biyela name, as always it ruins everything, she is gone and just like that ,they say a heart is a stupid organ i should have never followed knowing the past we both shared, they say Karma is a bitch and thats true ,perhaps this is the karma i get for murdering poor souls, intentionally and unintentional, i should have stayed away from Biyelas the moment i realise what was happening but i didn't i listened to the women i called my mother, this name has brought me nothing but great pain , indescribable pain.

"Mntanam" the wrinkle hand that covers my shoulder makes me turn looking my grandmother "you know when Sandiswa came home pregnant i was angry at her, i had great hopes for my child and she was just 17 years old, your grandfather was so angry too to the point of kicking our daughter out, it was a big mistake because we drove her to that man, i don't like your father he drove my daughter to suicidal most of the time, Sandiswa spent her days crying, i always desperately wanted her to leave your father" she says weird because its seems he was his biggest cheerleader a while ago.

"Kodwa Makhulu you still pushing me to forgive him" i say turning to look ahead of me out the balcony.

"Regardless of my hate for your father i condemn him with one thing, not once has he failed his fatherly duties, you never lacked anything in life wena noLikhanya" she says before standing up she comes back with a bored Likhanya. "Bantwana bam i pray everyday that whatever that is happening you fix it, Lisakhanya ,Likhanya look at your mother, life is unpredictable you can die anytime and you'll regret not making up while the time was still available" she says.

"Makhulu..." i don't get to finish looking at her tears my heart breaks into peaces i swallow both my lips ,my grandmother is on a mission.

"Lisakhanya ndiyakucela mntanam"(Lisakhanya am begging you) she says before standing up she walks out leaving both of us awkwardly staring at each other for a minute, two ,five i decide to break the ice.

"I never intentionally pushed you in the pool, Muzi bumped into me causing you to fall there

Likhanya i don't know what that women showed you but i would never even dare try to kill you, i might not like you but..." i take a deep breath.

"Why would you assume she would do that, MaCele was nice and welcoming she even tried hiding your deeds so we don't fight" he says making me chuckle at that.

"Is that why you were her minion" i say "perhaps towards you but never to me, you don't know the beating i endure in the hands of that women and you contributed doing exactly what she said, MaCele would never like any of us because she wants Muzi as the soul heir of the Biyela " i say.

"Is that why you kept persuading baba to change the will i was there remember that" he says.

"Not to my name but you, i was tired of us constantly fighting i wanted you to have everything okay i don't want it ,i don't want this Business anything that has a Biyela name on it i don't

want it" i say standing up with a chuckle, i grip the rail on the balcony.

"I always envied you, you always the favourite child, you always doing everything right while am just good for nothing ,baba even entrusted you with a company while am just a helper ,i fail school while you excel, you smart and am stupid ond" he says i turn looking at him.

"You envy pushed us here today Likhanya, MaCele used that and played us against each other, she wanted to turn us against each other and kill each other while she keeps her hands clean and her kids living comfortably" i say he joins me.

"MaCele would..." i stop him glaring at him.

"Use your brain for once Likhanya are the dots not connecting" i say he clench his jaw.

"You calling me stupid" he says.

"If the shoe fits" i shrugged my shoulders.

"Am tired of wena notata looking down at me like am incapable of doing what you both cannot" he says turning to look at me.

"I don't have time fighting nawe mna Likhanya, a huge problem in your life is alcohol "i say he turns for a minute.

"Leave MaCele to me afterall you don't have the balls to take care of her" he says cockily.

"Not everything is solved with a gun Likhanya sometimes you must think smart" i say with lightning he turns.

"Think smart, she made me almost murder my brother and..." he pushed me aside seeing the smile on my face.

"You love me don't you" i say lighting the mood in the up.

"I don't love you, i just , you my brother am forced to automatically feel obliged to taking care of you" he says shrugging his shoulders."i don't think we can be close have a relationship sure for Umakhulu i think she is sick and it's serious" he says it's making sense why she is forcing things this much.

"Civil sure the is too much that happened amongst us Likhanya, you ruined my life constantly and i pay for your crimes daily , as long as you still do what baba says do, as long as you still living on a gun i don't see us having a relationship, you have a huge problem Likhanya not just with your drinking, and you have huge daddy problem, you want to please him so much you don't care who you hurting in this process.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

His there again, when my eyes involuntary close after a long day he is always there with his charming smile tainting my thoughts and mind, my mind is corrupted beyond by him, it was a moment ago when i met him, he was an interesting soul, he seemed to have been troubled by his demonds that surrounds him yet here i am not knowing what to do nor knowing these strong feelings, what am i suppose to do, am in the pitiless buttom not knowing what to do, i feel like i should hate him but with each moment i spend without him is me falling deeper inlove with him.

"Hey" the deep voice makes me almost scream my lungs out but a hand covered my mouth ,am shaking and my heart is racing. "Please don't scream i don't want to hurt you" his voice sounds a lot familiar he lets my mouth go and i turn holding my chest.

"What the Fuck man Lisakhanya don't ever do that" i say hitting his shoulders with my fist "what are you doing here, i told you

we over" i say folding my arms at him, he steps back burying his hands in my pockets.

"I wanted to talk to you" he says nervously biting his lower lip, his feet take him few steps and he locks the door. "Umuhle yazi i see what my brother sees in you" he says i furrowed my eyebrows. "Allow me to introduce myself am Likhanya Biyela" he says retreating his hand i roll my eyes at him.

"What games are you playing Lisakhanya oh my bad Likhanya" he softly chuckles running his hand in his face.

"Am flattered you think am Lisakhanya but trust me am the more handsome prince

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the one who is sent to deliver the message" he says his face changing immediately.

"What do you mean message, Lisakhanya this isn't funny" i say backing away and he follows me until am pressed on the wall.

"Tell your father to stay the hell away from my brother, Lisakhanya loves that little girl his trying to take away from him, me and my brother are not best friends but..." he stops when his cellphone rings he glare at me showing me the gun in his waist.

"Dare scream everyone in this house will die" he says picking the call "what" he screams a little bit backing away shaking his head "no no Lisakhanya cannot do that call the doctor" he says before dropping the call turning to leave, my heart beat is sky rocketing because of the mention of Lisakhanya and the Dr in the same sentence.

"What's wrong, what happened to Lisakhanya" i say he turns to look at me for a moment shaking his head.

"You don't care about my brother stop acting like you do, the fact you were two timing him, stay away from the Biyela's and tell your father too " he says a little colder a shiver ran down my spine at his threat "his in a critical condition" thats all he leaves me with before disappearing, leaving me with questions, i didn't know he had a twin, come to think about it he never speaks about his family, i know how my father is close with his twins ,they share an indescribable bond even the triplets so am assuming something big happened in his family.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Dr Ndlovu i didn't expect you ,how can i help you" my butt covered by the soft fabric settles on the soft comfy chair i sigh pushing the pillow on top of me, the hospital made sure that the clients are in a safe comfortable place where they feel free to speak out as if at home.

"I honestly don't know myself what is going on, i don't know why am here" i say it doesn't help that i don't have a friend i can talk to. "I don't know what's wrong woth me" i say.

"What's the matter" she ask folding her legs i know that reassuring smile so well, the smile that implies you can talk to me i give that smile all day long.

"Am suppose to be happy, am suppose to jump up and down in happiness that am getting married in few hours and am not, i feel ,the is a huge void this is something i have always wanted" i say .

"Why" she utters, i cannot believe am here on the other side of the chair instead of sitting on that asking the questions. "Why has this been something you always wanted you young and still yet to see the world" she says i keep quite for a moment before standing up i walk to the window, i know how beautiful the window view is, it overlooks the beautiful garden that is well maintained and the fountain.

"My father is the greatest man, my uncle's everyone around me is lucky, has beautiful husbands who would move mountains for them i want that kind of love, i want the love whereby someone will value me, i want love whereby someone will make me their world, i want to have a beautiful story for my children that their father was my first and set out an example for them like my father did" i say softly my eyes not moving from the window.

"And you think marriage will keep the man" she asks i nod softly "do you love this man" she asks.

"Yes" i answer with no hesitation because i love Uyanda, I've always loved him the moment i saw him.

"What do you feel when you see him" she asked i open my mouth to talk but words fly out in a quiet manner "do you feel the butterflies when you see him, are you looking forward with each day to see him, do you feel like days are dragging when you don't see him, do you feel like time moved faster when you together, do you see a man you want to spend the rest of your life with" she asked again i swallowed both my lips thinking, i didn't know my answer so i opted to keep quiet it was something i needed to think properly about.

"Thank you for listening" i say walking out of the door, I've spoke about what was on my heart.

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Am dragging my bag on the floor with my heels in hand, i totally disregard the family on the dining room, everyone is dining having dinner, not only my mind is filled with questions am worried about Liksakhanya, i don't know if what that man said was true or it was Lisakhanya playing games, was he seriously in a critical conditions, i didn't sleep a wink last night tossing and turning and seems like today is another wrestling with sleep to come , i throw myself on the bed reminiscing the therapy session i pushed myself to this morning the questions i was asked and i

couldn't answer in the past i would answer with no hesitation but now i don't know what to say.

"Nana" my mothers sweet voice fills my ears, she used to call me that when it was just us two against the world, even my grandmother too, she settles on the bed and my head in her lap brushing my hair. "You want to talk about it" she asks a stretching long silence fills the room.

"I don't know Ma

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one minute i want something the next i don't " i say sighing "how did you know Ma, how did you know baba was the one for you" i asked sitting up, my chest pressing on my legs, she sighs clasping her hands looking like she is going back to the days.

"You know when a single peck makes your stomach bloat and butterflies fill my stomach, when he holds me in his arms and i feel safe in them, when he motivates me instead latching motivation only to himself, when i don't see him for few hours and it feels like my whole world stand still, when he looks at me

like the only women in the world, when he was willing to sacrifice everything just to hold me in his arms, when he was there throughout my turmoil and stayed with me at night because the nightmares were haunting me, when i got a cut from the knife and he treated me like i would die ,when he was willing to give up all his dreams for me, when he is my biggest motivation, when he stays up all night with me just because i cannot sleep ,i can count many things that made me know right that moment i want to spend the rest of my life with him, it's not something i would say happened instantly its the gatherings of the things he's done, when instead of going to the fridge to bring himself water he brought me a bottle of water too, when instead of grabbing snacks for himself he brings me too ,when he goes to the shops and return with a socks and say i 'i felt these socks will look good with that jeans of yours' without me asking or even becoming special occasion, when instead of continuing his day because he is busy and i didn't say anything his the first to text and say 'baby I'll be busy today am sorry if you not going to reach me' and instead of just going out with his friends or brothers for a day or night out he doesn't just come up with 'am going out' but instead he ask me if am comfortable with him leaving not because am controlling but because thats his way of enquiring i don't have anything planned for both of us and making sure he caters my feelings, its the small things i accumulated and just woke up one day and

i knew i want to spend all my life with him, and the fact i don't teach him how to love me ,how to treat me, i don't have to voice out what i need from him, i understand that he was in a previous relationship different from mine but i don't have to teach him how to treat me because he took his time and learned the kind of person i am, he learned my likes, my dislikes, my favourite food and he treats me exactly how he sees am suppose to be treated, he knows each relationship is different but that didn't obstruct him from getting to know what Mbalenhle is, i don't teach him but he learns from the mistakes, when he buys me dark chocolate and he sees that i don't enjoy it he took that mindset to know that i don't like it but white chocolate, when he took me out to McDonald's he saw i don't like that instead preferred Burger king i didn't have to teach him that but he learned from his mistake, this overrules everything the important thing that made me realise and know he is the one for me is how he treated me i didn't have to teach him how to treat me but he learned from his mistakes about my preference"

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

One more day before i traditionally leave my family, i called my manager today to tell her am not feeling well i won't be there, she was angry yes because lately I've been slacking at work, i hardly now go as often as i did before having my son, speaking of that one he started walking now well using objects around he still cannot walk on his own, i miss my son it's like I've abandoned him am planning a day out with us after everything my grandparents are coming here today. It's almost midday when i wake up, Nkosi is blabbing nonsense, i pushed him in my hip walking to the dining room.

"And then nina skolo" i asked Ayanda and Ayize who are sitting on the bar chairs ,Ayanda with an apple at hand and Ayize with her phone at hand.

"You realise schools are closed right" Ayize says holding her legs ,i forgot its October so the school are closed for the third term.

"Right where is Ayabonga" i question looking around, Ayanda clears his throat making Ayize raise her eyebrows chuckling.

"He went out with some friends" he says his face telling me he is lying, the boys have an outside room even on this gigantic house it's just three of us ,am saying three because the parents use the same room, Ayize has hers and then the three outside rooms, one is used to store the tools for the garden and unused things.

"Unamanga uvalele intombi ngale loyo"(his lying, he has a girl on his room) Ayize says i figured that exactly, i shake my head ama2000, these kids are 14 when i was that age i was still playing till from my feet to legs turn white , okay that's not true but i did start dating when i was in varsity 18 years old, not that having 3 protective fathers allowed me to start dating at a young age, i mean first borns go through a lot, we train the parents for the next generation. Baba is breathing loudly when he burges through the door.

"Where is your mother" he says immediately when he enters like someone was chasing him, he walks to pour himself a glass of water.

"She went to fetch ugogo noMkhulu" Ayize says baba gulps the water in one go before taking a minute to get his breath back to normal.

"I have great news for this family" baba says beaming "your father as a human rights lawyer, with all these riots and everything my career is blossoming ,i was accepted into the constitutional court the highest court in South Africa " baba says am proud of him, even at 50 he still a badass lawyer, and still growing it's true when they say age doesn't matter.

"Does that mean allowance 50% raise" Ayanda says wiggling his eyebrows at baba who leans on the counter.

"Not you but am raising Ayize's allowance by 10%" baba says making Ayanda furrow his eyebrows at him immediately.

"Why , kanti aren't you the one telling us women and man the is a thin line separating the two they both can do everything similar" Ayanda says folding his arms.

"You get period every month" baba asked glaring at Ayanda who shakes his head "exactly Ayize does and she gets those what whats pains so she has to buy those pads and pain killers plus you know when it's that time of the month they crave everything" baba says.

"Eww Ayize started having periods isn't she like still young" Ayanda says "i mean they start at teenagers" he continues making Ayize roll her eyes.

"How old do you think i am Ayanda" questions Ayize.

"5" "7" baba and Ayanda utter at the same time making me chuckle.

"Seriously" Ayize says "You do realise that we twins right, born at the same day, and baba kanti where were you when i was born 15 years ago because only 4 months left before i turn 15" Ayize says.

"I think you'll find it's triplets" Ayanda corrects.

"I went to buy milk "baba says shrugging his shoulders "which reminds me MaNdlovu omdala can we talk" he says looking at me,when Mama isn't here am the MaNdlovu senior while Ayize is the junior

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my father has his days sometimes my mother is MaQwabe, MaGatsheni, MaNdlovu ,Ma'wengane zam. I follow behind leaving Ayize to feed Nkosi.

"MaNdlovu awushongo yini ekudlayo"(You didn't tell me what's bothering you) baba asked as soon as i settle down opposite him, he clasp his hands, i know he knows mama told him.

"Angazi gatsheni , i don't know what is holding me back, what is preventing me from excitement, baba i thought i loved Uyanda maybe i did but i don't think i do anymore, i had a lot of time to think yesterday, i don't want to get married baba , am not ready, i still want to see the world travel, i want to do what people my age do and not worry about taking care of a household ,i want to not worry about a child and having

responsibility to take care of a child don't take me wrong i love my son but i wished i would have waited" i say he leans forward kissing both my hands.

"Sometime we have to do things for our children, but sometimes we have to be selflig and put ourselves first, put what exactly we want without worrying about the results,i love all 4 of my children, i love each and every of you but i wished i could have waited a little while before having all of you, you came in a stage whereby both your mother and I had nothing the triplets came at a time whereby me and your mother were building ourselves, the transition from a father of one to a father of 4 was the toughest battle , say it MaNdlovu and I'll make everything possible for you" he says i keep quite for a moment before nodding.

"Cancel it baba, i don't think am ready for this" i say making baba smile, brushing my cheek as he leans forward opening his arms i hug him tightly.

"The is nothing as great as the gifts god gave us, entrusted with us to take care of, we lost so many gifts but the one we have are enough" he says ,i know how my parents were broken

when mama had a miscarriage i was 14 at that time when they got married and mama announced the pregnancy ,in total my parents lost 6 children, one of my twin, three from my mother and one from my father and then the last pregnancy which were twins, i remember how broken they were but acted strong, i don't understand gods reasoning for that i would like to know.

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LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

"Hey" Likhanya says standing at the door, am disappointed in him really, Likhanya will never change no matter how many times I've covered for him he doesn't learn , this is me giving up on Likhanya. "So..." he prolongs, his face is full of fresh bruises, the cut on his lower lip and the huge redness on his cheek, and his limping Mongezi Biyela did a number on him.

"Gambling Likhanya really" i take a breath because my chest feels pain with the anger am feeling "you receive a monthly payment that's too much to even spend in one month ,Likhanya how on earth do you owe someone a whole Hundred thousand" i take another breath again because the pain is becoming unbearable.

"Am sorry about that its just, you wouldn't understand" he says i chuckle feeling the bitter poison in my mouth.

"You living a expensive lifestyle you cannot afford Likhanya, alcohol ,girls and now gambling not the occasional gambling

where i bet about which soccer team will win ,i mean a serious gambling to the point of owing 100 thousand Likhanya" i say holding my chest "the list is becoming endless now Likhanya Alcohol, girls, drugs and gambling" i say.

"Don't give me a lecture Lisakhanya, baba already did and beat me to pulp" he says settling opposite me.

"I give up on you Likhanya, this is me officially cutting you out of my life Likhanya, it started with jail and now almost dying for you how many blows am i getting for you" i say seriously am cutting Likhanya off and considering myself brotherless.

"You acting like i don't cover for you, i take blows for you" he says "am tired of you and utata trying to dictate my life and telling me what to do when it's my life and my rules" he utters.

"We not dictating your life Likhanya, we doing this for you for goodness sake, how long will you act like a teenager when you 27 freaking years old ,27 years Likhanya" i take another breath opening my mouth to continue but word fly out of my mouth glancing at who graced us at the door, the she stood the

women who has been hunting my dreams for the past week, it felt like i hadn't seen her for years, i forcefully tore my eyes off her glancing at Likhanya murderously if that's even a word.

"You never cease to amaze me Likhanya" i say.

"I don't like her but i couldn't bare her begging me to tell her where you are" he says standing up in his feet "you the perfect son who can do nothing wrong in the eyes of baba, you the good twin, the one with kind heart, the one who always has a conscious while i don't

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i know a whole lot of secrets about you that you hide ,am not the one who..." his eyes wonder to the women standing at the door shaking his head before he leaves, i know what he wanted to say, am here trying to forget what i did but he is there to remind me, he stands at the door "am motherless Lisakhanya and whose fault is that" he says i rub the bandage because am still feeling the pain of being operated and a bullet being taken off my chest.

"Hey" her soft voice utters she is looking at the floor like it's the most beautiful item she has ever seen, i want to open my arms

for her to land on but i don't and it's not even because of the pain but because of the anger am feeling inside.

"Hey" i utter she settles besides me.

"How are you feeling" she asked i give her the knowing look because she can see that am about to utter something when she beat me to it. "Stupid question ,what happened" she asked.

"What do you want Thandolwethu " i question her, stopping myself from uttering Thandolwam, her gaze staring at my soul.

"Between you and your twin who tried killing me" she questions.

"Likhanya " i utter calmly.

"Then why didn't you tell me" one thing my mother hated about me was because of this.

"You decided to find me guilty the wasn't anything i can do, you knew the person i was, i layed my heart bare to you ,you shouldn't even question me" i say, i remember when the teacher at school accused me of stealing his phone, my mother beat me so hard only for the phone to be discovered that another student stole it, my mother was mad that i didn't even take a moment to clear my name, she always shouted at me for that, am the type to let you believe whatever you do as long as you don't come to me and asked calmly for me to explain, hence my mother always said am an open book, she knows when i did something and when they accusing me.

"That's because i didn't know then, you didn't even tell me you have a twin brother" she says.

"You didn't ask me" i say "when you decide to find me guilty Thandolwethu am not going to bother defending myself because you already decided about me without hearing from me first" i say.

"Am sorry" she utters softly "am sorry for jumping into conclusion without hearing from you first ,i was angry and hurt

but it doesn't justify my actions, we can try and work through..." i raise a finger.

"The isn't a we anymore Thandolwethu , you have your fiancée i have mine" i say she opens her mouth before closing it.

"I broke up with him" she says.

"Good for you then but..." i take a moment "i found someone, someone who doesn't take decision in an impulsive manner, someone who doesn't make me their second choice ,someone who loves me for me and am willing to make her my wife, my forever" i say her eyes reflect pain but i turn looking away from them ,not wanting to see those eyes "please leave i don't ever want to see you" i say.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

His doing that thing he does when he lies but i don't prolongs too much before standing up, atleast my worry has deflated a little seeing him breathing is enough, am dreading the trip back home because Uyanda has been sending me countless messages and calls because all i left him was "AM NOT READY TO GET MARRIED" and i switched my phone calls off and before matching and demanding to know the man i... the man was safe and okay , i even went on my knees, i don't like the twin , he is arrogant and smells bad news from afar.

"I'll see you..." i stop because am not even sure , am heart broken at how things went because i had other hopes but i can grasp at whatever that am given, i know i have to work through gaining his trust back but for now am working on my family, working on my father accepting this man. My feet drag me outside the place, getting into the car my heart is heavy, am driving with my heart still at the hospital, i don't quite know yet what am feeling for this man but i know it's quite deep, it's something i want to explore and see where it takes us. As i had anticipated am arriving in a full house, i can spot Uyanda's car

amongst the chaotic cars, and Nqobimpi Ndlovu too, my heart ease knowing he is here, that one will Futsek all the Dlamini's.

"Would you look at that , the princess decides to grace us"
Manqoba says earning a stare from Mxolisi. "Wena ubuyaphi uthi le ngxushugxushu izolungiswa ubani mosoyibaleka nawe"(where are you coming from who do you think will resolve this matter) He goes on and continues.

"Manqoba thula"(keep quite) uncle Mxolisi warns.

"Bhuti..." the stare again ,it's funny seeing a grown man with beard in his face uttering those words, these three rascals don't even bother calling me that even after Dad reprimanded them a thousand of times while am 12 years older than them.

"Manqoba" Uncle Mxolisi says before silence engulf us he stares ahead at the three people sitting right across from us

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Uyanda is staring at me throwing daggers.

"Nana these people are here for you ,Dlamini here says you agreed to marry him and then you just disappear after calling us here to represent you" my grandfather says softly looking at me, old age is slowly catching up on him.

"Mkhulu am sorry about the inconvenience i told Uyanda even baba that i didn't want to get married anymore" i say his eyes befall on my father who rubs his head.

"Eish baba i had a lot in my mind and i forgot to mention it" my father says Mkhulu sighs rubbing his knees, with his palm.

"Dlamini seems like our daughter informed you beforehand" Mkhulu says ,the head of this family.

"Thandolwethu loves me and she wants to marry me you convincing her otherwise , why is it because of money, you know you people look down on people one day you'll come down and..." he didn't even finish his sentence because Nqobimpi was up on his feet.

"Bheka ke mfana, uma uzosidelela la kwam uzosiphumela ngomnyango"(listen boy if you going to disrespect us then leave) he says.

"Nqobimpi..." it only takes a Mkhulu's voice for him to throw his ass back down, i commend how they respect their parents no matter.

"Uyanda my family has nothing to do with my decision, i thought i loved you but i didn't, i never did i was just desperate to have one successful relationship i convinced myself that i love you and ended up believing it, truth is i don't, i never did and even if i tried to you never allowed me to helplessly fall for you, and the past few days i have been working on myself and i realize one thing about you" i say before blinking the tears that threatened to fall down " you never loved me either Uyanda, i feel stupid for not realising as a therapist, you a narcissist, your manipulative behaviour knew exactly what to say and when i can't believe i've allowed you in my head, you lead me to believing that the wasn't life without you" i take a deep breath "we done me and you" i continue, i always preach about Narcissistic abuse towards my patients and yet here i was suffering from that for the longest time in this relationship, i should have realised during the first stages, but then again what did i expect from a Narcissist they master the art of putting you down and making you believe in them. "I hope you find help before it's too late Uyanda" i said.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Am driving my father and I, am taking him out because i wanted us to talk, Uyanda hasn't seized a day without calling me and threatening me another moment whereby he apologized and begging me to come back, he hasn't seized opportunity to promise me he would change and saying all the right words 6 months ago i would've believed him, but the new me knows better, i cannot believe few years ago i was sitting on the lecturer room learning a module called Organisational behaviour and i used that knowledge gained from the module to many of my clients yet i failed to diagnose the human who was standing in front of me, thinking back he had all the symptoms but stupid me instead avoided them, a doctor can heal a patient but not themselves, a lawyer can defend a client but not themselves now i understand that saying.

"MaNdlovu siyaphi kanti" (Where we going) impatient Qhawe Ndlovu asked for the millionth time, as much as i took my mothers looks i know i have my father's traits ,am actually him in different form.

"Hayibo Qhawe kunini ubuza"(Qhawe you've been asking a lot) i say pricking a snake on its hole earning a stare before that maniac chuckle.

"Child i brought in this world i have every right to decide to eliminate you from this world ungang'lingi you never too old you know" i find a parking spot finally not that it was difficult finding.

"Hawu bab'wami ubulala intandokazi yakho"(my father you want to kill your favourite child) i say he chuckles pushing my shoulder gently.

"Am a parent Isisa i don't have a favourite child, you all different with different personalities i love all of you equally" he says i thin my eyes turning to look at him with a cocky eyebrow. "But i mean you extra special ngaqala ngawe ukubona inzalo yami ,so ofcause I'll treat you different plus you the mini parent when me and your mother die it will be your responsibility to take care of your siblings, i mean your uncles and aunties are there but no one will love them like you would" (i saw through you that i can have children) my mood dampened i cannot imagine my father or mother dying.

"Stop talking about death baba you still young to die ,you still need to see your triplets graduate high school and going to varsity" i say as we settle down.

"Well two of them yeah Ayanda i don't think he even dreams about varsity , he is more of the sports kind of person" baba says the waiter greets and gives us the menus.

"Ayanda is actually like you baba admit it you have this physic you portray am a big man fear me but deep in this heart you a big softy , you can't stand the fact you birthed you" i say making him pout folding his arms i chuckle "believe me Ayanda idolize you and Mama

i feel his career choice will be between Lawyer and Marketing, i see a beauty specialist in Ayize she is into whole fashion and make up" i say honestly.

"Eish my babies are growing Isisa , just yesterday i was fetching them from the hospital leaving Ayize behind because she was too small and now these boys are giving me a headache and my Princess is going out with some boy " baba says shaking his

head "am not ready yazi soon my house will be filled with little humans calling me grandfather and me calling my children everyday asking when are they visiting me" he says making me laugh.

"Will never abandon you baba, we just will be having our lives but you the best father any girl can ask for" i say standing up to settle next to him "am grateful to ever have a father like you baba, you everything when the need arises" i say side hugging him.

"You making this poor old weak heart already swell in happiness wena" he says making me chuckle we order before i go back to my seat, the conversation flows meaninglessly when he tells me about his work and me chipping in there and there, the conversation shifts to what we planning for mother's day, I'll have to talk with the triplets on that ,every year the Ndlovu brides disappear to spoil themselves on mother's day.

"Baba can i ask a favor" i say pushing the fork filled with pickles in my mouth , he nods his head slowly ,i push my fork down wiping my mouth with a napkin. "how would you feel if you

were deemed unfit to become a father and the child was taken from you even the rights" i ask he bites his lower lip.

"Crushed, my children mean the world to me, they my motivation and if i would lose them i would lose my life" he says sipping his orange juice.

"Exactly how do you feel when you take a daughter out of a father's grasp" i say hoping he understand he sighs.

"The same way that bastard tried to kill my children and i would have lost you" he says i nod my head immediately at that.

"Right, i understand where you coming from but through this situation a poor soul will be affected on your revenge, why would a sane mother who loves their child give the child away for money doesn't that portray what kind of mother they are , do everything you want but remember that whatever you do a soul will be affected, that women will continue leaving and leave the child behind this isn't the first time this happened what do you think will happen to that child psychologically" i

ask before pulling his hands on mine "bab'wami you justified on your hate for the Biyela's but i know the is good in you" i say.

"I hate when you right" he says sighing loudly sipping his juice again "I'll let it go am doing it for the child's interest" he says.

"It wasn't him you know" i say casting my eyes at him "the is another Biyela who isn't known but he spells trouble, his the trouble maker behind everything "i say.

"I've had enough of the Biyela topic for today can i enjoy my day with my girl without disturbance" he says I'll break him i know am capable of little by little.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

The physical pain is nothing compared to the emotional turmoil am facing, they back, the nightmared are yet again back hunting me when i close my eyes, the fateful regretful day is yet again back engraved on my mind, the sleeping pills i use every night are flushed down my system in this hospital and now dawn hits with my eyes wide open. My thoughts are eating me alive while we drive home from the hospital ,am finally going home after 5 days of hospitalization, the medication is working on numbing the pain, being shot actually triggered the nightmares, i was in a point of forgetting the day i brutally murdered my mother and wife but this happened.

"I understand " i utter still looking away with my hand still in the sling, Likhanya is driving me home after offering to fetch me, i would have left on my own but unfortunately the doctor wouldn't allow me because apparently i might still be drowsy.

"What do you mean" Likhanya questions as the car slows down he glances both sides before indicating he is turning left.

"You not this person Likhanya, beneath these pillars you put around you is a little boy, a boy yearning attention, a boy yearning love, a boy hurt by someone who was suppose to protect you, the drugs ,prostitutes and gambling you finding that a way to cope with your pain, you trying to prove she never broke you and she doesn't have power over you" i say he clenches his jaw parking on the side "you trying by all means to stay away from the hunting thoughts, you want to forget everything that happened..."

"Stop" he shouts a little bit louder "just stop lisakhanya you don't know me stop trying to act as if you do"he says "you don't know how i feel don't tell me this nonsense..." i chucked bitterly cutting him short.

"Am right ain't I" i say looking at him dead in the eye i wipe the tear that falls down from my eye "i know am right Likhanya because i know exactly how you feel , i know how helpless you feel

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how you blame yourself why did God create you like this, you question if you ever did anything to deserve this" i say wiping

my tears again silence stretches amongst us, i bite my lower lip harder looking at the cars passing by us leaving the cold air behind.

"I don't know who to blame, am not the biggest god believer , i question what if maybe i was a normal child what if my ..."he stops turning to look at me "you said you can relate, how do you know what Noma did" he questions as his eyebrows furrow.

"You question why i would lock you up everytime Noma comes "i say sighing "put two and two Likhanya "i say he rubs his face in frustration like how Mongezi does when he is frustrated or annoyed.

"You think the Biyela's are bad "he chuckles shaking his head. "You haven't met the Cele's, they cruel, selfish they do whatever that fits them, they don't care how it affects other people" he says i clench my jaw.

"Don't blame MaCele in all this, blame your father, he brought a second woman in our lives without mothers permission,

Mongezi doesn't care about anyone if you don't bring benefits in the table you useless him" i say rubbing my chin slowly .

"What do we do then, forgive and forget continue while they planing ahead of us "he asks i chew my inner lower lip.

"Hit it where it hurts the most, MaCele would do anything for those shares and everything getting in her way will pay but she doesn't want to get her hands dirty because she knows any foul death amongst any of family members Mongezi Biyela will investigate until he gets to the truth" i rub the sling delicately like it would break. "What if Muzi isn't in the will, what if Baba gives us the company fully" the word Baba sound bitter on my mouth, he resume driving with silence engulfing us.

"I would like nothing more than the Cele's suffering till they wish death but Muzi is your brother, you might not be on good terms or anything but Muzi is just influenced by his mother" Likhanya says my fingers haven't stopped running on the sling, doctors are dramatic really i don't need this i was shot in my chest not arm.

"I don't have any brothers or family my only family is my grandmother and my daughter" i say earning a stare from Likhanya.

"What about me" he questions slowly and carefully i look out of the window seeing my house in a perfect view as we get closer.

"You an unfortunate person i share DNA with "i say

"So you doing what baba say what's your plan, are you planning on marrying Asandiswa really" he questions parking on the pavement outside the yard.

"The isn't plan Likhanya am marrying Asandiswa" i utter.

"Why are you torturing yourself , you don't love her and she doesn't love you" he says i turn looking at him.

"I don't need to love her or anything my feelings in this don't matter , my daughter needs a mother and if i have to sacrifice myself for her then so be it" i utter before walking out of the car.

LIKHANYA BIYELA

Yet here i am again, this feeling ,the feeling like am floating into air, the feeling like am in heaven making me forget every life problem i have in life, making me forget the internal pain i have to hide so it can eat me alive , this feeling making me forget the thoughts that eat me alive instead am in the happy moment. A groan leaves my mouth when her soft tiny fingers wrap around my d*ck she strokes it gently her fingers run on the head delicately stroking it, my body registers the pleasure sending signs straight to my brain and my brain pumping blood to my d*ck as it firmly stands.

"You enjoying that ain't you baby" her soft voice fills my ears when she utters that sentence i open my eyes burning her skin with my eyes that excites her more as she sticks her tongue out and softly running her tongue on the head. "You want this" she questions "you want to feel my mouth around your d*ck sucking you my saliva dripping down your d*ck while you hit the back of my throat is that what you want daddy" i didn't think i could stand firmly more than this but i do, her dirty words makes my d*ck stand strong, she strokes me with both

her hands while running her tongue on the skin her palms don't touch.

"Fuck" i groan when she runs her tongue on the head before sucking it, my hands run on her tied hair pushing her through far making her gasp "oh man" i groan throwing my head back when i feel her throat, she bob her head and her fingers softly squeezing the biyela gem, this feeling is amazing indescribably.

"Mhhh" she moans on my shaft sending vibration signals all over my body, leaving my d*ck for cold air to cool it down she strokes it while her hot mouth covers the precious gems, my groans getting louder by the minute , she strokes me one more time before pushing me to the back of her throat moaning i curse tightly holding her hair while trying to push myself more in, she gags pulling away, crawling to my chest she grabs the condom opening it with her teeth while the one hand is occupied with squeezing and unsqueezing my d*ck, she opens it rolling it on my d*ck a smile forming on her mouth.

"Are you ready daddy" she says her teeth grazing my ear before nibbling it "I'll fuck you so hard you end up crying "she utters i run my hand on her ass.

"Is that a challenge "i say smirking ,she holds me up before slowly sinking in, she moans halfway through before moving her ass up and down throwing her head backwards as she moves her waist ,the more movement she makes the deeper i sink till am far beyond return.

"Oh god it's so good daddy" she moans moving her waist more faster, her p**sy lips gripping me hard stroking my organism out of me ,i groan holding her waist while she thrust , her hands on my chest, she stops moving up and down by back and forth she moves ,back and forth she thrust. "Oh god daddy...ahhh" her moans turn louder when my hand slaps her ass hard as it continues moving ,i cease it before slapping it again

it excites her, i grope her ass cheeks while moving beneath her it drives her crazy, she moans while her lips connect with mine kissing her, i pull out holding her huge tits on my hands playing with her nipples.

"Oh my god" she gasp when i flip us, i stand up pulling her on her feet , i push her to the walls pulling her waist towards me, separating her ass cheeks i thrust hard on her unexpectedly

"ahh fuck" she moans as i continue thrusting, her p**sy lips wrapping my d*ck tightly.

"Fuck baby move that ass" i say my hands slapping it making her ass turn red , the sounds our skin is making as i continue thrusting while she twerks her ass, i pull her away from the wall before pushing her further down while i feel myself sinking even more deeper, her ass begging to be spanked i obliged thrusting faster and faster.

"Mhhh...ahhhh...oh fuck am gonna cum" she announces as i feel her p**sy lips contracting, i thrust more deeper holding her waist "am gonna cum daddy" she moans yet again.

"Cum for daddy, give me those juices" i groans when she screams loudly her body shaking vibrating, i feel her greasing the condom, i resume my thrusting onto her, am feeling it, am feeling my kids running as i grab her hair thrusting more faster chasing my own, she yelps screaming while her hands hold my thigh.

"Bitch get those hands away from me" i say through gritted teeth as i thrusting before pulling out removing the condom, i stroke my d*ck sprouting my sperms on her face while she sticks her tongue out.

"Lisakhanya cannot find this out Likhanya " her words piece right through my heart even when she uttered these words a thousand times

"Why not, you don't love him or you were lying to me" i question after the amazing moment we just had together.

"Baby please don't ruin this, I need time" she utters ,i gasp opening my eyes coming face to face with my pale black walls, the cold breeze making me realise am not covered in any blanket, i feel sticky on my boxers and wet after that dream, the sweet dream that isn't leaving my mind , the day that haunts me for the rest of my life, reminding me not only did i betray my brother once but twice, sigh.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Uyanda is getting tiring now sigh, if it isn't a bunch of lillies filling up my office space, I've had to "make my clients feel special " everyone leaving with flowers because they were filling up my office , the flowers came with a note saying "i heard lillies signify rare and you one rare women" and accompanied by lunch everyday had it been a year ago i would fall down with happiness because of he was trying but now i realise how much I've been in a relationship with myself, i knew Uyanda's likes, dislike , his hobbies and everything but he knew non of mine, one being the lillies i was allergic to them, second being the leaves he kept sending me as lunch, somehow a year ago he managed to convince me that i was fat and i needed to lose weight, he made me question my weight and self esteem and he forced me to lay low on fats but eat salads to help me i believed him and did whatever to please him even if it meant pretending i was enjoying that.

"Brother from another mother" i say peaking through the door my brother hasn't been himself for a while now, ever since they dropped the bombshell that him and his wife are separating.

"Hey sis been long time" he says jolting up, you can tell he isn't okay by the eyebags under his eyes, he looks like he just lost a huge amount of weight.

"How are you ,you don't look okay have you been taking extra shift here just to avoid what is happening " i ask pushing my hands on my waist he sighs.

"Well not anymore Mam'Qhawekazi told Zimasa that I've been straining myself and you know how Zimasa is she doesn't play and Mxolisi demanded i get my shit and come home immediately you know how whatever his wife says goes" he says i know that , one thing about umam'khulu wami is capable of, she is the female version of a lion, layed back, sweet , dangerous, protective and i know one thing about the ndlovu man , they protective over their spouse, loves hard and would do anything to please their wives.

"Good because i know you"i say rubbing his arm settling apposite him "you know what we should go out and drink our problems away, forget anything that has to do with dating " i

say folding my legs he looks at me through with the cup of coffee u brought at hand.

"Why do women do this" he questions shaking his head "you always preaching about how you want a man who is inlove with you, someone who loves you like the only thing in the world ,someone who puts you first and treats you like a princess but as soon as you find that guy you run for the heels to the man who doesn't love you but is using you" he questions i sigh pushing my hands over the table leaning forward "why you never see how much when a man loves you" he continues making my mind jolt back, i had exactly that but threw it away why i don't know

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now the man who loved me like the nothing matter loves another women and doesn't want anything to do with me.

"We have different reasons one I'll say is , we women are easily manipulated, we all might say a relationship isn't materialistic but truth is we seek that, we seek material in everything when you buy me flowers and someone else comes along and buys me an expensive gift more than yours I'll choose him , not because we gold diggers or anything but in my mind am

thinking this guy loves me to the point he saw that i deserve something so expensive, this man took his money and bought this because he saw me deserving of this expensive gift and from you i only see that he would think am undeserving of anything expensive gift, he sees am worth flowers, we want simple gifts not meaningful gift because when you give me flowers i don't think the meaning behind it , when it doesn't work out we stay even if it is hard because our minds are programmed by the society to believe that it's normal every relationship has it's ups and downs, what we don't know the are specific downs that we stick around for and cheating isn't one of them, but our society makes us believe he cheated not because he doesn't love you but because you did something wrong and when he apologize you forgive because it was a mistake, and i believe that, i believe cheating is a mistake but the whole thing you should ask yourself how sure are you that it wouldn't happen again, how sure am I that under same circumstances wouldn't he repeat but we don't we want the relationship to work so bad not for us but for the society" i say sipping my coffee "one thing women are simple, we want you to simplify things for us ,we want you to tell us exactly what we want not what we need to hear, because if you do then I'll for the run for the hills and call you judgemental, controlling and emotionally abusive because you didn't give us what we want to hear and when a guy comes and tells me what i want to hear

I'll call that love, I'll say he loves me and is protecting my feelings when he isn't but infact it's the opposite "i continue taking a huge bite from my burger.

"I wanted so bad for Uyanda to be the one, when i found my the one i pushed him away but guess what , i know God's plan ,he gave me the right one in a wrong time because he wanted me to learn how to love myself before expecting someone else to love me which is something most women don't do, we expect someone else to love us the way we don't, we expect love we don't give ourselves even when you give us we not satisfied because we have no referral "i continue.

"When it's said women are complicated they weren't kidding, you one confusing species and then turn and say men are dog's when you the biggest dog's"he says.

"Not all women are like that you know what they say, 'a rotten apple in a basket affects all' so we have some bad apples" i say wiping my hands with the Soviet now am full. "Let me get back to work" i say standing up leaving.

"Okay" he says "and Isisa Ndlovu's aren't quitters we fight for what is ours" he says standing up "one thing i know about men, we don't forgive easily cheating because we have huge ego's but that doesn't mean we don't love you anymore, we push you away to protect ourselves from caving in and forgiving someone who will repeat the same thing"he continues.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Is he alive" i question peaking through the counter , my hands are still shaking, Asanda is curled in a ball at the corner of the room bowling her eyes out. I repeat the question again and it just hangs in air, i stopped pacing burying my face in my hands as i break down, no this isn't happening, my throat is painful at the lump, am looking at my sister through another eye now.

"Am sorry Lwethu i shouldn't have called you" she finally says with a breaking voice, i want to say no it's okay but truth is its not, the is a man lying unconscious on the floor bleeding well i hope unconscious i haven't gotten the guts to check up on him ,the murder weapon is lying on the cold tile.

"This is your fault Asanda, i told you a long time ago to leave his abusive ways but you stayed and i...i..." my voice break down, the thought of going to jail and leaving my son behind isn't appeasing. "Lets bury him, let's dig up the hole and bury him" i say the bitter words leaving my mouth.

"Are you crazy Thandolwethu that will make us more guilty we call the police and confess the judge will go easy on us because it was self defense" i chuckle smoothing the shirt am wearing with my fingertips.

"Wake up Asanda this is south Africa, they need concrete proof that it was self defense and secondly you seem forgetful of who you married " i say , a knock on the door disturb us i look at Asanda before making sure to look presentable, peaking the is a police officer standing at the door my heart skips twice.

"Evening Mrs Makwe we received a noise complaints from the neighbors"he says scanning me from head to toe, "can i come inside" he asked i open my mouth to talk but because i have a stupid cousin she opens the door fully with the gun in between her hands

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i look at her shaking my head.

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2 hours elapsed with me pacing up and down while Asanda sits on the floor tears dry, not only do we have a dead man in the floor but another tied to a chair ,Asanda freaking kidnapped a

policeman, my mind is blank, the following steps are still unknown when i pick up my phone, today was suppose to be my off day, a day i relax with my son but after getting a phone call from Asanda crying and begging to her husband i rushed here i took the first thing i saw to defend Asanda since her husband was beating her to pulp it was a gun.

"Hello" his sexy sleepy voice rings on my ears making my heart hum in excitement, he probably didn't see the name of the person who called, it's 1 in the morning it's understandable.

"I need help , the is...the is a dead man on the floor"i say before silence stretches before i look if he is still here.

"Thandolwethu it's 1 o'clock in the morning say something that makes sense" he says i don't like how am addressed but the platform isn't right.

"I killed a man and i don't know what to do" i say holding my breath at what he is about to utter the next few minutes.

"Send me your location"he hungs up after that, i don't dispute but do exactly that. half an hour is how long it took him to reach here , immediately when he announces at the door i pull him inside before closing the door his eyes rooming around first before he sighs.

"What happened here"he asked before face palm himself "tell me you didn't kidnap a police" he says i bite my lower lip.

"What are we going to do bury him" i asked hoping he says yes, that he doesn't think of going to the police , Asanda's husband is a judge in high court so you can imagine what this case will do to me.

"No " he says " you watch way to many movies , we bury him the police will realize this it's always the first thing" he says picking his phone am trying to be strong and the imagine of me suffering in jail is enough motivation. "Likhanya i need to clean a mess" he says so casually. "Go home" he said looking at me.

"Asanda..."i said but he glare at me making me keep quite immediately.

"She is staying you go home, I'll fix that" he uttered those words before i grabbed my car keys, i couldn't go home not because it was late but because i felt dirty, i couldn't face my son.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

How does one continue moving forward after this, the vivid imagine of what transpired few hours ago is tattooed on my mind, i still can replay each and every event that happened, i remember a few weeks ago when i met Asanda after years, i could see she was being abused but i didn't pay attention to it, i always judged people who took law into their hands but today i did, i remember how i was still dressing my son in matching outfit when Asanda called she was crying and begging and i knew i should help her, why is it women are this stupid instead of going for the first option which is calling the police am assuming i can be the hero ,i have strength of a man and will rescue a princess in distress.

"Thandolwam" he says had it been other day i would be jumping for joy but not today, his soft hands make contact with my skin, there is an awful smell coming from him, he stands up going to the rail and retreat a towel, softly he helps me up wrapping me , am shivering at the cold water i didn't realise i was sitting on for so long, gently he wiped me before lotioning me, his doing everything so delicately like am a child about to

break. "Drink this it'll help you sleep" he says handing me a two tablets and a bottle of water i take them drinking up.

"Thank you for helping me today i don't know what i would've done" i say it's already dawn i can tell by the sun that is already hidden by the mountain and yet can already see it.

"What exactly did i help you with Thandolwam" he asked.

"Getting rid of the body" i say.

"Getting rid of the body what do you mean, what body are you talking about " he says making me furrow my brows, he mops his face with his palm "you and i know nothing Thandolwam the only person who knows the whole information is Asanda because she was at the crime scene" he says.

"Lisakhanya you didn't throw my sister under the bus did you" i ask he brushes my shoulder.

"Relax would you" he uttered "let me go take a shower, sleep" he said seeing the pills were working as i yawn.

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It's only when i feel all the sides of my shoulders in pain do i wake up realising i slept the entire day , i jump up looking at the room am in before slowly walking out Qhawe must be so worried.

"You awake" he exclaims when i came to view "your food is in the microwave" i can feel and hear my stomach complaining since i haven't eaten anything in atleast almost 24 hours now, i sit down eating "i called your brother and he said he'll lie that you are with him" he says the only person saved as brother in my phone is Lwandle.

"Thanks" i say standing up to rid my plate and i look for a drink before finding a beer netherless i need it , i gulp almost all of it before i feel him standing behind me.

"The was a breaking at your cousins house, 2 bodies were discovered and your cousin Asanda is in hospital she was shot

two bullets one on her thigh and the other on her stomach" he says my heart skips a beat as i turn looking at him.

"You tried killing my sister lisakhanya how..."he stops me cupping my face i gulp closing my eyes leaning on his touch.

"Do you trust me Thandolwam" he questions i nod my head immediately because without a doubt i trust him with my entire being

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from the bottom of my heart and back up again "then you'll have no reason to doubt my capabilities "he says i peck his lips.

"I love you" i utter without thinking, he gulps whatever in his mouth before brushing my lips with his thumb.

"You don't hurt a person you claim to love Thandolwam " he says making my heart sink "I've been through this journey before i forgave but i earned results I'll have to live with for the rest of my life" he says i know what he means.

"Is it fair you punishing me for another women's mistake, what if you forgive and it turns to be the best decision of your life" i asked pushing my arms in his chest.

"You know the man your father warne
d you against, the bad man who'll break your heart, the bad
boy you warned to stay away from, am exactly that
Thandolwam "he whispers holding the eye contact we have
had.

"That's exactly what i want, i want that man" i respond
determined am not letting this opportunity presented go to
waste.

"A murderer, a drug dealer is that what you want" he asked i
bite my lower lip for a second before turning to look at him
again.

"then we even, am a murderer aren't i not" i asked he tighten
his grip on my not so flat waist, the excessive skin from nkosi is
still here.

"You not a murderer Thandolwam you pure" he says i push my hands around his shoulders pulling him closer.

"I want you Lisakhanya Madikizela, i want no one else but you, am tired of thinking you with another women, am tired of missing you so bad, am tired of servicing myself imagining you..." he gently laughs throwing his head back.

"You masturbate with my image" i shyly nod my head "what do you imagine me doing Thandolwam " he asked i look at him like he grew extra head "are you gonna talk thandolwam" he questions.

"I imagine your fingers playing with my moist clint and..." i gasp when i feel his fingers there, stupid shirt am wearing.

"Like this" he asked i gasp nodding my head "what else Thandolwam " he questions his fingers moving on my clint, he lightly slaps it earning a moan.

"I imagine you eating me up while i ride your face" i say this is new to me, Uyanda was simple straight forward and yet here am loving this, am loving it when he drops down pushing my heavy leg over his shoulder exposing me, i feel his tongue

circling my clint before he eats me "like this Thandolwam" he questions.

"Ahhh" thats the only response he get before releasing a vibrating sound making me wimper immediately grasping at his hair.

"Is this what you imagine Thandolwam, me eating your p*ssy up while my fingers thrust in your hot p*ssy until you cum" he questions i gasp again at his fingers.

"Oh fuck am gonna cum Lisakhanya" i moan before he sucks me one more time pulling away , leaving me in tears of frustration because i was on verge of Cumming.

"That's exactly how you made me feel Thandolwam, i was almost in the point of happiness but you quick retreated just before i reach my happiness and left me high and dry" he says , the tears stream down my face "think about that before you think of leaving me again next time remember how painful and frustrated this pain is when someone has the power to make your happy but denies you that" he walks away, he actually walks away leaving me angry.

Likhanya Biyela

It's very hypocritical of us to feed everyone on the street the drug in order to gain money but immediately when it turns and gets near the home we freak out, it's very hypocritical of us to do something we don't want being done home. I've always judged those who took drugs as an escape ,we all have before saying drugs aren't the answer not knowing ,it's life forcing you to find an escape and i can attest we all have those, you might find your escape on music and i find drugs and sex as an escape ,it makes me feel superior, it makes me feel mainly more than how less i feel like myself. I spit the blood on the sink that managed to go into my mouth, looking up i find a vivid imagine of Likhanya Biyela a hopeless man who doesn't have a direction in life, a man who is going around in circles sigh i lean on the sink washing my bloody nose.

"You have to stop this my love, you have to let me go am tired of traveling this world with no direction" she says ,the voice thats been hunting me awake, i look at the mirror and ther she is wearing her favourite sky blue dress holding her so tightly and her skin looking as beautiful as the first day i saw her, i sigh

rubbing my eyes, getting rid of her voice I've managed to separate fantasy from reality and she was one yet she still made my stomach float in happiness, she made my heart flip, I've never thought I could find love ever not after the brutality I experienced in arms of women but she brought me hope, she brought me hope of happiness for a moment, she is the reason I partly resent my brother, it took one night for us to bond and realise that the deep feelings we had for each other, my human goddess, we didn't plan to betray my brother but it happened, all it took was conversing but she was hesitant on leaving Lisakhanya it wasn't because of love anymore but Ayathandwa, she had bonded deeper with her and leaving Lisakhanya for his twin brother would mean not being the mother to Aya anymore but he took her, he took her away from me, I don't really care about Sandiswa because she wasn't a parent anymore.

"Likhanya Biyela" the voice over the door I know so well I sigh ignoring the calls, I don't want anyone ruining the mood I'm in now, my thoughts already are drowning me in

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it's not working anymore, I can feel myself floating but the dosage isn't enough anymore, the physical picture people get isn't how emotionally I am, am Likhanya Biyela the exact replica

of Lisakhanya Biyela oh no matter how much he runs away from it he is ,am his exact replica yet lack in so many things he is, i grip tightly feeling myself dizzy now and the blood hasn't stopped flowing, Sandiswa caused this, she is a mother to Lisakhanya but not me, she never was, i was the shadow of Lisakhanya, the genius who passed so well in school once upon a time i was that too but Sandiswa was so focused on pleasing Mongezi Biyela she didn't realise what was happening to her son in school, having a genetic disorder that makes you look older than you are is a curse, netherless their separation never got to my head that i was in the point of hating my brother , regardless of the clear favourism i still loved my brother but MaCele happened to get into my head ,she knew my weakness and used them.

"Likhanya Biyela open this damn door before i kill your right now" i sigh rubbing my forehead before walking out of the bathroom i walk to the door opening it widely, she waltz in with a baby on her hip, her hips swaying from side to side, i sigh watching my white bloody shirt.

"Am tired Likhanya am tired of your bullshit, look at you high on drugs while your daughter sleeps on an empty stomach, you

don't care what she eats , last night she was..." i raise my finger through my dizzy body.

"Daughter what are you talking about Amyoli i don't have a daughter, the last time i check i gave you five thousand for abortion and i clearly stated that anything beyond that i have nothing to do with it, am not supporting this thing of yours" i utter gently holding her arm to drag her out of the house but she yanks the hand off.

"You a piece of shit Likhanya how do you turn your back from your daughter , how do you sleep at night without knowing what your daughter eats, we barely..." i zone her out immediately when the dizziness threatens to drop me down, i hold onto the nearby table holding my head, i don't know what she is saying but i can feel her tap on my shoulders before dropping down , my head hits hard on the concrete floor my eyes involuntary close immediately.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

He emerges the room sweaty and furious, i look at him knowing he was about to kill someone i immediately stood up seeing him.

"Yazi lomfana ufuna ngifile Lisakhanya"(this boy want's me dead) he says popping his knuckles, i bury my fist in my sweats pockets.

"Tata it's clear that Likhanya needs serious help shouting and beating him up will not help" i say he rub his nose furiously "for now hamba tata and let him be he still with the doctor flushed everything down his system he'll experience hell with withdrawal symptoms" i say.

"Akavuke mina ngizomlungisa"(he must wake up so i can fix him) he says angrily, i sigh "am tired of Likhanya, am tired of cleaning after him continuously he must go man angisamfuni mina lo"(i don't want him anymore) he says.

"He goes i go too , me and him are a package deal and you know it" i say looking at him in the eye so he knows i mean everything i say.

"I wish Likhanya was taking care of you and being loyal to you like you are to him, but i guess stupidity runs in your system" he says i scoff.

"Atleast i know he has my back" i say turning away from him.

"Is getting in your women's panties called having your back" he says i can hear the humour in his tone.

"He isn't different from you sleeping with your son's girlfriend too" i shrug my shoulders , i know no matter what i say he wants to have the last laugh.

"Asandiswa was a bitch when she seduces me am going to react" he says before pausing "seems you attracted to bitches first Asandiswa then Khanyiswa" he says i turn looking at him

angrily i don't care about Asandiswa but he cannot call her a bitch.

"Don't ever call my wife like that tata because I'll not be held accountable for what I'll do to you" i warn with my teeth clenched.

"Like what, a Bitch isn't that women who fucks siblings..."he raises his finger "fucking twins a bitch" my whole world stands still for a minute.

"You just like your wife aren't you

manipulative for a minute i almost believed you" he laughs loudly before patting my shoulders "you really are more stupid than you let on "he says before walking away ,i know that laugh, his gloating in my face, i turn looking at Likhanya who is awake i take a deep breath trying to calm myself down.

"Likhanya "i don't utter anymore because am hoping he understands and knows what i want, his eyes dart around for a minute. "Likhanya" i say with clenched teeth seething in anger twice, it cannot happen twice.

"I have a strong headache Lisakhanya "he says turning to look away from me.

"So you admitting to it" i question.

"I didn't admit to anything "he mumbles.

"So you denying "i quiz him.

"Lisakhanya am really tired please excuse me" he says closing his eyes, you know when i said am cutting my brother off but never followed through the promise, well now i am, i don't have any brother and anyone calling my name without the 'sa' is banned in my life.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Today it's drizzling non stop, the roads are slippery but because Qhawe Ndlovu is angry he cares not, his flying across the road from Johannesburg prison to Randburg, the silence and awkwardness in the car is thick enough for one to cut, finally when am thinking will die on an accident he pulls up in our driveway, the garage door opens before he drives in, the doors are locked so i cannot move but stay rooted in the car, he breathes loudly.

"MaNdlovu..." he breathes forming a fist folding it underneath his chin "nginesidakwa kwami mina Thandolwethu, suyadakwa manje"(do i have a drunkard child, are you a drunkard now) he asked turning to look at me i turn looking at the small door leading from the garage to the house.

"Ngiyaxolisa Gatsheni kube yiphutha"(am sorry it was a mistake) i soften him with his clan name hoping it works am crossing my toes and fingers on this.

"Isisa..." he stops for a minute like his thinking "i don't like the person you becoming, you distant, you always drinking i know you think i don't notice but i do am not against you drinking i really am not Isisa kodwa i promote safe drinking ,you want to go clubs then it's fine you old now Isisa but you don't drink and drive " he says his voice soft, i can smell the odour of spending a night in prison.

"It will never happen" i say to him hugging the oversize sweater from my boyfriend, his cologne isn't there anymore.

"Something is happening ,something big Ntokozo yami and i hate seeing you like this, am losing you Isisa , am losing you daily and watching you become a shell of yourself, the whole point of opening up a platform so we can communicate better, khuluma nami mntanam if it's the Biyela boy i promise i wont judge and I'll be open minded but don't shut me out" his voice is breaking bringing tears in my eyes, this is my life

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i cannot close my eyes without seeing the dead body on the floor, knowing i killed someone my conscious is eating me alive.

"Baba..." my voice break when i feel a lump on my throat forming i try swallowing it but it's hard, my tears continuously flowing down my cheeks "am a horrible person baba, i don't recognise the women staring back at me" i said "i can't sleep baba, ubuthongo angisabazi ntlobo"(i don't know sleep at all)

"Khuluma Ntokozo yami..."(talk my angel) he says pushing his hand on my thigh brushing me to let me know i can continue i keep silent for a minute "you not a horrible person am sure whatever you did is fixable" he says making me shake my head. "Come on MaNdlovu maybe it's not that bad" he continues.

"It's bad baba and it's unfixable "i say wiping my tears with my sweater "ngingumbulali baba"(am a murderer) i blunt.

"What do you mean" he says so quickly looking at me dead in the eye.

"Asanda's husband it wasn't an accident baba Asanda let me cover a crime" it's so good knowing i got this out of my chest ,but am not implicating my boyfriend in this, it was weighing me down. "Remember when i left here in haste running

,Asanda called me crying he was beating her baba, he was beating her almost to death and it wasn't the first time my mistake was going alone, when i arrived baba i was scared terrified when i heard her screams ,terrified when i saw the gun on the counter i don't know what happened baba, i really don't all i remember was..."am wheezing and my hands are shaking uncontrollably.

"Isisa come down "he says holding my shoulders squeezing me i take a deep breath wiping my tears but its futile.

"I just saw him dropping down on the floor baba, i saw blood it was everywhere and i killed him, i killed a man baba how am i suppose to continue with my life, i see him baba, i see him in my dreams , i regret everything i panicked baba i panicked and thought about my son growing without a parent, ngiyaxolisa baba" (am sorry) i say sobbing, he sighs moping his face with his palm, i don't know why am apologizing to him but i am.

"Angazi ngithini isisa, angazi impela mina manje"(i don't know what to say ,i really don't) he says releasing a lengthy breath with his mouth.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Today it's drizzling non stop, the roads are slippery but because Qhawe Ndlovu is angry he cares not, his flying across the road from Johannesburg prison to Randburg, the silence and awkwardness in the car is thick enough for one to cut, finally when am thinking will die on an accident he pulls up in our driveway, the garage door opens before he drives in, the doors are locked so i cannot move but stay rooted in the car, he breathes loudly.

"MaNdlovu..." he breathes forming a fist folding it underneath his chin "nginesidakwa kwami mina Thandolwethu, suyadakwa manje"(do i have a drunkard child, are you a drunkard now) he asked turning to look at me i turn looking at the small door leading from the garage to the house.

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THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

In as much as me and Uyanda are...well him he hates me he still regardless love his son, we had managed to discuss way forward, today Nkosi is with him while am in my man's place, i realise I've been so self caught i forgot about him , i have his spare key so i let myself in and prepared a meal for him, my father has been avoiding me as much as he can so we haven't talked since yesterday, yesterday opening up to someone and crying it out made me atleast feel a little better but i know the trauma won't go away it will always haunt me but i realise after spending a night in jail that i have to start living with it because it happened i did what needed to be done. I can hear his car pulling in the drive way, the last time i checked his daughter went with his grandmother to Gqeberha. His whistling when the door swang open.

"He..." his stops still holding the door handle, he paused whistling scanning me from up and down, i know it's way early in our relationship but am 26 i don't have a time frame when we should start getting intimate.

"Hey baby, i cooked do you want me to dish up for you" this is new to me am rumbling and the way his looking at me is making me self coscious, am wondering if his staring at the extra rolls on my stomach or the stretch marks running down my thighs, i drank wine and felt confident but not anymore.

"Wow" he utters clearing his throat, walking in he close the door with his foot "baby..." he stops still scanning me before squatting down for a minute before standing up again he takes a step forward pulling me his hands hold firmly my waist before his lips battle mine , a pleasurable battle that send signals on my body and straight to my clint making me moist, a moan escapes my mouth and he painfully gropes my ass cheeks a groan leaving his throat when he pulls away, the bulge is noticeable from the grey sweatpants his wearing.

"Shit" he curse burying his hands on his pocket "you..." he stops running a hand on his fade, i think i broke my man bantu "baby i we can't "he says after silence disappointment pulls me making me question if the sexual tension is one sided.

"Why..." i can't help but ask him he holds my hands in his kissing my knuckles.

"Because am not prepared , i don't have any condoms" he says brushing my knuckles i step in front standing on my toes pulling him as i capture his lips.

"I came prepared"i say i really did come prepared, i was at the hospital anyway for Prep and i took condoms also.

"I have a small di*k" he says in between my mouth

"It still fine"

"Akuvuku"(it's not getting up) he says making a laugh escape my mouth because i can feel his bulge , he scoffed smiling looking away from me.

"Baby what's wrong don't you want this, it's fine if you don't or find me attractive i mean i have..."he doesn't let me finish before capturing my lips again he pulls away after making sure he sends mix signals on my body, i can feel my nipples pressing on the lace.

"You the most attractive women i know and that's the problem
"i frown looking up at him he goes back to ceasing my bare ass.
"Baby this is a huge step it's a do or die for me, i haven't been
with a women in a year and my sex game is probably not even
that good Asandiswa left me for my brother" typical man with
ego's, i stand yet again on my tip toes holding his head i pull
him towards me before kissing him, the kiss is yet again
escalating , he bites my lower lip earning a yelp an invitation to
invite my tongue in the process i moan when my fingers and
palm delicately run from his bare arms to his chest that is
covered by a thin layer of vest.

"Thandolwam..."he whispers on my mouth his one arm on my
waist and the other on my cheek.

"Don't deny me what's mine Lisakhanya, isn't this..."i squeeze
his manhood over the layer "mine" i murmur.

"Yeyakho yonke baby"(it's yours all of it) he says groaning i take
the advantage to claim back my dominance, i squeezed him
again making him gasp taking a lengthy sharp intake, he loves it
which gives me a satisfaction as i raise my hand running it

under his vest on his abs before pushing my fingers under his sweatpants under the briefs he's wearing before coming in contact with the soft yet hard rod, i wrap my fingers around hoping not to hurt him before running my hand up and down he takes another intake groaning before biting my lower lip.

"Fuck" he says his fingers wrapping around the sweat before pushing them down the pool of his feet and his member sprung out. I kneel admiring the piece of art, what was that asanda said before oh yeah, stick your tongue out, lick the circumcised crown before pushing it on your mouth, cover your teeth so you don't hurt him and tease him, am doing exactly what she discussed and by the curse and groans he's enjoying it.

"Thandolwam" he whispers groaning i look up at his face we share eye contact while i thrust my mouth in his di*k my fingers rubbing the remaining, there is a vein in his forehead and his arm, he grasps my hair slamming himself deeper into the back of my throat i feel tears on my eyes before he groans loudly and i feel a bitter taste on my throat, no no i wasn't ready for swallowing but i have no choice as i drink every of his sperm.

"Ngiyaxolisa it's been really long" He utters pulling me up, my legs wrap around his waist afraid he'll drop me he walks upstairs to his room, he drops me on my feet before i feel his fingers delicately unzipping the lingerie, it falls on the floor leaving me uncovered naked, a curse leaves his mouth before he kiss me again, my bean is throbbing painfully but his taking his sweet time , this time the kiss doesn't take long but his mouth graze my ear down he travels my neck sucking it, my chest then my nipples when they warm ,moist and standing firmly he kisses my stomach igniting the butterflies this act of showing my body love makes me fall deeper for him

finally the forbidden fruit he raises my leg to his shoulders while his fingers open my pu**y lips up.

"Ahh" i unexpectedly moan when i feel his tongue on my clint, his sucking, blowing it , nibbling i push his head deeper while moans spiral out of my mouth ,is this what I've been missing in oral i thought it was just gross, his tongue is traveling further down to my opening as he eats me up and further to my ass he eats my ass while his fingers thrust in me. "Khanya, oh fuck" i want to close my thighs am reaching my peak when he stops ,gentle he pushes me back and i fall on the bed, he takes off his vest leaving him naked too.

"Where are the condoms" he questions leaving butterfly kisses on my thighs, i point at my overnight bag on the couch he nods kissing me one last time before returning with the packet, he opens it , opening one condom rolling it onto him.

"I love you Thandolwethu" he says looking at me dead in the eye , i cup his face as he settles between my thighs.

"I love you t...ahh" i moan when i feel him sinking in, he clenches his jaw tightly, his too big ,i put my hands on his waist but his quick to hold my hands above my head, halfway he stops pulling out before pushing in again, gently he continue thrust moving his waist, i moan in his chest digging my nails onto his palm.

"Fuck...baby am sorry" he apologize before fully sinking in i scream trying to retreat my hands but he holds them tightly nibbling my ear, i roll my eyes i never knew a simple thing can drive one so crazy, his waist changes rhyme and move in circle ensuring that all my walls are paid attention, i began moaning in enjoyment my moan gets louder when i feel him hitting the spot that drives me crazy, i move my waist underneath earning a groan from his mouth. "Ahh fuck"he groans thrusting quicker

his pace quickening, my thighs are shaking but he doesn't allow me to cum pulling out he flips me ,clearly whatever am doing isn't what he wants because he fixes me, pushing my chest further down and separating my legs further apart stretching me , his hands hold my ass pulling it apart before i feel him, i feel him sinking deeper.

"Ahh...ohhhh" i cry out feeling him deeper, he thrust violently nudging that spot again, his waist thrust from in and out to circles and yet back again "ohh god...please "i scream on the pillow feeling myself getting closer he thrust violently and i feel it , i feel my organism deliciously reaping me apart. "Lisakhanya "i call out his name when it escapes me , he continue thrusting ignoring my screams, i feel a violent slap on my ass followed by the other.

"Fuck baby you pu**y lips are squeezing me too hard"rain on slaps are delivered on my ass and surprisingly i like it "give me those juices baby" he says following me while i retreat until we both laying flat, him on top of me, he separates my ass again thrusting i violently dug my nails holding the sheets in between my fingers.

"It's so good, i want you to fuck me like that" i say feeling tears rolling down my eyes, he stops violently thrusting pulling out and in again, he continues doing that and i feel some sounds escaping my pu**y he loves it because he continue doing this making me ache my ass , when he has enough of teasing me i feel him getting on the bed pulling me up, he turns me bending me before shoving himself in, i didn't know how simple exercise can be so good, he holds my leg over his arm while i stand on my one leg, he thrust,violently yet again he nudges.

"Baby please "i cry out i feel his fingers covering my nub
"ahhhhhhhh...ohhh...oh God...oh my god" i continue chanting when he violently rubs my clint i feel my organism approaching again, this time more violently than ever and great than ever, he thrust again and again and i scream organism he follows persute thrusting one more time spilling inside the condom, his fingers dug on my waist groaning loudly.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

His murmuring stuff shaking violently, a cry escapes his mouth and all i can make out from his statement is "ndiyaxolisa" he keeps chanting and chanting.

"Baby" i softly shake him but his cries continues he isn't hearing me "Lisakhanya " i violently shake him continuously before he gasp his hand returning with a gun under the pillow, his eyes shot open, i hold my mouth after the scream from my mouth.

"It's just me you were dreaming " i say before he drops it on the pedestal my eyes follow it when he puts it there.

"Am sorry, Ndiyaxolisa" he apologize before standing up from the bed, he grabs the briefs putting them on , he still breathing heavy when he leaves the room, my bladder is complaining so i attend to it first before walking to where he is, his sitting in the dark with a glass he down of vodka he pours it again.

"Khanya..." i say softly pulling a chair to sit besides him ignoring my burning nuna i settle down, "what's going on why do you sleep with a gun Khanya" i question i now have huge phobia with guns.

"It's nothing" he dismisses i grab the bottle from his hold giving him a look, i made the mistake of being a pushover once but not anymore putting it aside.

"Does it have to do with the nightmare " i question he looks at his hands like the most beautiful craft nodding slowly like unsure, i keep silent so if he wants to continue then he vents.

"My mother wasn't much of a mother when we grew up, after being born she dumped us at my Grandmother in Gqeberha, we practically lived with her for most of our lives yes financially we had parents but they weren't available ,Grandmother would say it's because mama was in Johannesburg in varsity we believed that our mother was in varsity in Johannesburg we would get really excited when they show up even though it was just for a day or two, my father would show up for a day carrying goods and we would get excited, even though he wasn't available he made sure that financially we were set so

when he came home one day to find that we didn't have 'decent' clothes like he thought and the fact that there weren't any food at home that we had to borrow money next door Likhanya told him and he got upset and took us away, i was excited we both were when he took us to live with him, we were 5 at that time, through this 5 years i can count less than 100 days we spent with him, it wasn't what we expected when we went to live with him, he had a pregnant wife but nevertheless it was okay, his wife started beating us for simple mistake, it started when i forgot my shirt ontop of the bed because she wanted us to clean after ourselves, she took every chance she got and beat us, it escalated to the point that when our dad left she would lock us in a room, we would stay all day hungry and when she assume he'll return anytime now she fed us and cleaned us to look decent, one day i dropped her favourite glass she pushed an Iron on my arm and as always my parents never noticed, i finally had enough i decided to go back to my Grandmother i was 6 years old then i knew nothing or way home so running away i thought i'll find my way home, but i was found, my father always thought that i was the trouble maker while his sweet son does everything right, does what he ask at that point i had really started resenting him, i didn't care if i see him or i don't for the very first time then me and Likhanya were separated we were 6 starting school and i was shipped to boarding school, it felt more like a soldier camp than

school, as always my mother agreed to everything my father said, i cried and begged but i was deemed as 'throwing a tantrum' that was the worst feeling ever being separated from my twin, the one person who understood me, things got worse imagine a child looking like a 6th grader sitting among the 1st graders, i was always bullied that am old yet in grade 1 because of the fact i had genes that made my growth rapidly, i didn't have any friends because of that and i started being introvert , we didn't keep much contact with my parents or Likhanya so when i went home for the holidays it just became weird we were awkward unknowing how to act towards each other it went on for a year i would return home on holidays and we grew further apart and i finally found stability in boarding school ,but maCele my stepmother hadn't changed she had a baby boy and her bitterness escalated , it started with her throwing me in a pool because i left the floor dirty knowing i cannot swim, i almost died that day, i felt the water chocking me entering my lungs but the maid was around and she was loyal to my father as his 'mistress', this extreme abuse continue she would lock me inside a wardrobe for hours even days if my father never returns home" his violently shaking i stand my naked body settling on top of him my hands trace the lion tattoo on his upper arm, am trying to comfort him.

"It that why you have this" i question looking at him "to symbolize your strength "i question because I've been told that.

"Yes and no" he says i frown looking at him "look closely
Thandolwam

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you'll see a wound" he says his clenching his jaw as tears fall from his eyes "i was 12, 12 when my twin brother pushed a knife in my chest and left me to die" i choke on my saliva feeling tears forming from my eyes "after boarding school our relationship drifted, he started becoming more of his father's son more than my twin, the Madikizela family never mattered to him anymore it was pleasing Biyela, he considered me as his competitor more than his brother" he takes a deep breath "when i turned 10 my Grandmother stood her ground, she demanded me to be brought home, her exact words were 'Mongezi how could you put a 14 year old in boarding school, how do you throw a child so far away from home alone' she wouldn't have it and my father gave in , it took my Grandmother standing up for me while my mother was alive watching from the sidelines she didn't have a bone in her to defy Mongezi Biyela, it got worse boarding was far better, i was 11 when Nomalanga MaCele's sister came to Johannesburg to look for a job, she lived with us the sweetest it suprised me that

she was far by different from MaCele or so i thought she was worse, she started making compliments about my body, how i look grown from the last time i saw her it wasn't weird because old people are like that she was 19 years old then, her compliments continued further that she would say i have a di*k of a grown man..."he keeps quite and looks on my thighs i have direction of where this is going "one day MaCele took Likhanya out by then we didn't have a relationship anymore i was left with Noma she..." he takes a huge deep breath wiping his tears "she came into my room i remember vividly when she said she wanted to show me something i was young then but not clueless ,i remember when she went on her knees sucking me, that was just the beginning i hated it even when she continued saying i'll enjoy i saw her as an adult ,it escalated to penetration and it continued but because i had ignorant parents i soldier on, i hated Johannesburg all i wanted was the simple life in Gqeberha finally Noma moved out but everytime she would visit i know what would happen ,one night i saw Noma sneaking out of Likhanya's room as much as we weren't on good terms with Likhanya but i couldn't allow my brother go through what i went through i did what i thought was protecting him everytime noma would come over i would lock him in my room or try making sure he isn't in the house unknowingly i was instilling hate in him one day i tried locking him up but he stabbed me on my shoulder guess what MaCele lied to my

father and covered for Likhanya, that wasn't the last time they tried killing me the was incident of poison but like always my parents were absent they never noticed anything, i was boiled with hot water by non other than Likhanya when i turned 16 that's when i found out why they trying to kill me i was the sole benefit of my father's inheritance or so Likhanya thought because MaCele showed her the will i sneaked in my father's office one night and found his will MaCele lied to Likhanya he was benefiting too but not as much as i would have wanted he was leaving his children with money while i get the whole company i tried convincing him that Likhanya was the one interested in the business i wasn't and that was true i was old and saw everything my father did but turned a blind eye on his shaddy dealings but my father wouldn't have it he said Likhanya was reckless and too soft he isn't made for business world especially his, so i made it my mission to fix Likhanya to the man my father wanted but he got out of hand, Likhanya started partying badly, every weekend he would be in a party somewhere , Likhanya went from bad to worse to the point that he was accused of rape, i wasn't going to let dad kill him so i took the blame, i was 16 and hated by people my name spread across the community that Lisakhanya Biyela was a rapist i really didn't care about myself because my brother was protected trust me i hated Likhanya so much but like any brother i made sure to protect him, like always i received

beatings that broke a few ribs from my father who made the case go away , after that i made sure that i always protect Likhanya every bad he did i payed for it including jail ,when i was finally 18 i changed my surname because i hated the Biyela Surname ,finally i found someone i loved but i guess the love wasn't reciprocated because she slept with my brother and father for a while i found out after Asandiswa left a child at my door step and never looked back i found another women three months we got married crazy i know by then i didn't know Ayathandwa wasn't mine one day i found out my father tried forcing himself on my wife i was angry beyond furious that i went to confront him, Khanyiswa was afraid because i had a gun on hand she went with me..."he gently lets me out of his lap and walks to drink his vodka and pours the second glass gulping it.

"I vividly remember that day, i marched in his house he was with my mother and pointed a gun at him, i demanded answers i was angry at him and guess what, like always Sandiswa Madikizela stood by her beloved she didn't care about anyone besides her husband not even her kids, she looked at me emptiness in her eyes no mother's warmth she looked at me straight up and said 'so you'll turn your back against family for a bitch , these things happen so what ,if you kill your father

Lisakhanya forget about me being your mother i swear you'll die with him' my mother Thandolwam ,my mother looked at me and said that ,my mother threatened me..." how cruel are mothers out there i cannot imagine my son going through so much and i don't care "i was so angry Thandolwam, i was so angry at her that i pointed a gun at her and shot straight her head, not even thinking twice,i watched the bullet pierced through her head but one thing i didn't realise, the force of the hard steel was too much, it pierced and went out guess who was behind her..."he bury his head in his arms sobbing i stand immobile after the confession.

"Your wife" i whisper the obvious he nods repeatedly sobbing now loudly.

"I killed her , i killed two women i loved dearly and i didn't mean to, all i saw was Khanyiswa dropping down with blood all over the anger i had disappeared and i went to check and she was gone the proximity of the gun made the force kill two people at once i never meant to i was too angry my intentions were never to kill my mother "

LIKHANYA BIYELA

Am awkwardly staring at the girl who has her set of eyes on me, her owl eyes digging holes in my skin, not only that but she has her fingers in her mouth, how does one treat a person who is forced down their throat, i don't know what to do with her and like she detects she is just as quiet, her eyelids are getting heavy but she is fighting the sleep in her and refusing to sleep just to torment me, i pick her up from the car seat she has been in the past 20 minutes, just like how Ayathandwa likes i put my arm around her pushing her in my chest while brushing her back, in just a minute my chest tightens , Amyoli made my worst fear come true, never have i imagined myself to be a father , i didn't want them, am afraid ,am afraid what if am my father's son after all, what if i do something and that is a ticket to hurting the girl in my arms, what if i fail her, what if i become a financial dad instead of emotional dad, you wondering if am scared of all those then why was i pushing her away in the first place, why did i push her away but you don't understand , I've always had to look out for Likhanya, I've always had to solve my own problems without help, now pushing her away was me protecting her from me, my mind is some twisted thing ,my life is fucked up being a father is something that didn't fit in my

angle and yet here i am , I've always been careful with every girl i ever had not by choice you would say , Asandiswa taught me a very good lesson that i keep for the rest of my life, with Amyoli it was different,not in a romantic way though in a twisted way, i enjoyed instilling fear in her, i enjoyed fucking her till she bled why you question i myself haven't figured out the reason, i enjoyed making her tremble while she begs me to stop but i dont, i enjoy watching tears filling her face covered with murcus, you would think she would run but she didn't she kept coming back for more and more , why her , because she reminded me of the the past i rather forget, she reminds me the face of a women my mind buried, her voice

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her action, her face is exactly like her's Nomalanga Cele the women behind my pain , behind these high walls that cover me, 'THE RICH AND FAMOUS BIYELA'S EVERYONE WANTS TO BE THEM' is what i always wake up to every morning and yet people don't know the pain, sacrifices that come with that name, it used to be meaningful but not anymore a part of me understand why Lisakhanya changed his surname but a part of me knows, it knows that you can never run away from the Biyela, you can run but you can't hide, finally seeing the girl in my arms is asleep i walk to my bedroom putting her down before i cover her with my fleece, i walk back to the sitting

room sighing loudly, how does one love another child to the moon and back and yet the one i made means absolutely nothing to me, i love Ayathandwa with everything in me perhaps because Ayathandwa is consolation to the late women i love ,Khanyiswa loved that child to even sacrifice her happiness for her and because also she doesn't make it hard for you to love her which puzzles me why Asandiswa wouldn't. Here i am today questioning one question i promised to never question myself 'what kind of father will i be' 'will i be able to love the little girl' 'will i be enough for her' 'will i be able to emotionally be available for her' my head is filled with questions that need answers, question non other than myself that i can answer them, another sigh escaped my mouth for the millionth time today, i watch the letter that isn't just filled with words and letters but also traces of tears in indication she was crying.

"Why would you do this Amyoli, how can you abandon your daughter like that" i find myself uttering to non other than myself "you just like her, you just like my mother"i utter looking at the powder that is rolled in straight line on the table, my mind contemplating if i should sniff it, never had i ever in million years think I'll be in this stage, in stage where I'll be forced to change my ways, grabbing my phone i dial the

number i remember by heart it rings once before a very loud yet soft. 'Hello' from the other line sounds.

"Am sorry" i apologize, i know what am apologising but am not sure if her mind already knows what am apologising for "ndiyaxolisa makhulu, i shouldn't have blamed you for umama's carelessness, all you ever did was try to protect us kodwa mna i took that and threw it on your face makhulu ndiyaxolisa" i apologise to her.

"Likhanya mntanam thetha nam yintoni ingxaki" (Likhanya my son what is the problem talk to me) she questions i bite the trembling lip hard burying my hand on my pocket.

"Ndiyakudinga makhulu, ngumba ongxamisekileyo lo"(i need you grandma , it's a matter of emergency) i utter knowing i wouldn't survive this, as much as i tried hiding this 6 months secret i won't survive it finally needs to see the light of day.

"Ndiyeza ngoku mntanam sukhathazeka , kothi kusisa ndibe sendilapho"(am coming my child dont worry I'll be there before dawn) she says , it has always been like this ,her treating us

more of her sons more than our very own mother, perhaps because she never had another child except my mother, from what i heard my grandparents struggled with having a child for a long time, four miscarriages down, one still born and my mother is the only that survived, it's true when they say those with good heart and sharing love for children aren't as blessed as those who aren't responsible and want non, my grandmother with exaggeration before dawn she utters from Gqeberha to here is straight up 9+ hours unless she would take a plane knowing that women she would never.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

"Morning Miss Ndlovu" i utter as soon as she walks in, her thighs making me salivate visible on the tshirt she is wearing, after last night's event's am hoping she doesn't change her mind about me and i don't want her pity, i definitely don't want anyone's pity hence why i never talk about anything, opening up made me atleast relieved because i know am not one to have secrets, i hate secrecy in relationship they ruin everything , besides everything am hoping the sex...from my perspective it was great but you'll never know with women, you'll think she is okay and next thing you trending on facebook, am hoping i satisfied her the exact way she needs to be it was nothing short of amazing to me.

"Morning Mr Biyela...Madikizela" she corrects herself am known as Lisakhanya Biyela by the media close friends known me as a Madikizela, for the past 9 years I've been running from that surname but i didn't have a choice but to change it now ,claim what was rightfully mine which are the shares to the company, I've worked my sweat off for that company and i

deserve those shares, it's running making money because of me ,my father isn't book smart but street smart.

"Your breakfast will be ready in 5 ,would you like tea or coffee with your pancakes" i question she walks around before i help her to the counter the tshirt is barely covering her nakedness, her thick creamy thighs out in display.

"Coffee will do" she says "i didn't know you can cook" she says i turn looking at her narrowing my eyes at her.

"Am raising a toddler on my own do i have a choice" speaking of which i miss my princess this has been the longest since I've been away from her ,video calling her everyday nothing beats holding her in my arms ,feeling her soft hands touching my face in the morning while she seats on my chest breaking my ribs am planing a trip to Gqeberha this weekend to see her i can't bare this distance am finding a nanny soon and bringing her back umakhulu has to forgive me i want to hear her call me babe while reprimanding her to call me dad

"Right i forgot about that" she nods her head "so about last night..." she says i pause putting the pancakes in the plate before resuming.

"What about last night" i question silence fills the room for a minute or two i don't turn looking at her but resume making coffee.

"Ever tried therapy you've been through the worst Ntshangase you need to heal and move on" she says i sigh putting her plate in front of her she thanks me getting down to sit properly on the bar chairs i know i say i hate the Biyela Surname but how she called me makes me want to dance.

"Sometimes what works for other people doesn't necessarily mean it works for everyone, therapy isn't for me "i utter she sighs poking her pancake with fork squeezing the syrup in her fork.

"Well you can try other alternatives ways like ,face the trauma head to head don't sweep it under the rug ,try hypnotherapy"

"Please stop pestering me about my past, it happened i moved from that ages ago and i would like you to stop Dr Ndlovu"i snap i didn't mean to but talking about it makes me that way. "Am sorry for snapping it's just..."i don't get to finish my sentence when the door swings open, my grandmother carrying her purse enters with Aya on her back.

"Mzukulwane khawuze neza bag egatini yhuu"(my grandchild fetch my bags in the gate) she says the last part dramatically throwing herself on the couch taking the sleeping Aya off her back.

"Makhulu kutheni ungatshongo uyeza

Advertisement

ufunani apha"(grandmother what are you doing here and why didn't you tell me you coming) i question walking to my princess.

"Lamaphara azithathe eza bag Lisakhanya yeva"(those nyaope's will take my bags) she says i walk out finding them where the taxi dropped her off on the gate, the small size bag she wanted me to fetch i walk back.

"Khawunxibe sihambe umzukulwana wam uyandifuna "(put some clothes on and lets go my grandson needs me) she says.

"Uthetha ngantoni makhulu"(what are you talking about) i question her after putting the bags in the spare room.

"Anditsho wena noLikhanya niyandihlukumeza, ndanikhulisa Lisakhanya kodwa kunanamhla nifuna undibulala"(you and Likhanya want to kill me, i raised you and today you want me dead) is it the Xhosa parents only who are dramatic or every black parent is.

"Hayibo MaMyirha wam njani ndibulale ixhegwazana lam elandikhulisayo ndingenabazali"(how can i kill my old women who raised me while i was an orphan) i soften her by referring her by her maternal surname.

"Yhuu hayi wandenza u Sandiswa yeyaphi lentombi inganxibanga"(Sandiswa what did you do to me, whose this girl who isn't wearing anything) again dramatic because she is wearing something covered but not much to my grandmother's approval, she thin her eyes "andikwazi na ntombi"(don't i know you) she questions.

"Uyamazi makhulu she was here the last time you were here too" i say she nods her head still looking at my girlfriend.

"Lisakhanya ndisadiniwe ndifuna uyophumla khawufownele uLikhanya mntanomntanam, akanabani kaloku yena soze ndilahle nina bantabam, uthixo zange wandipha abantwana wandipha isanalam linye jwi kodwa walixutha wandishiya nani"(Lisakhanya am tired and i want to rest call Likhanya my Grandson ,he doesn't have anyone and I'll never abandon you two, God never blessed me with kids , i only had my 1 baby and he took her away from me and left me with you two) she says with a raised one finger, there again that guilt she made that manages to find it's way to my heart. "Ungahamba umhlaba sanalwam, uhambe amazwe kodwa akhonomnye ozokuthanda njengoLikhanya, nina nobabini ekugqibeleni xa uyise eswelekileyo nam ndingasekhayo ngubani ozojonga elikhaya, funeka nobabini nibambisana nibonise indlela phambili, uthixo zange akhethe unithumela kulomhlaba ninobani ukuze nenze lamanyala eniwenzayo, wayenesizathu Lisakhanya, ningumntu omnye nina nobabini" (you can travel the world but you will not find anyone who loves you like Likhanya, you two if your father dies and i do too who will lead this house forward , you have to hold on to each other and pave the way forward, God didn't send both of you at the same time for you to do this thing you doing he had a reason, you are one person at the end of the day)she walks away after the speech she made, didn't she say her grandson needs her.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

Am driving my grandmother to Likhanya's place Aya is left behind with Thandolwam not by choice because my grandmother forced her to and i couldn't talk my grandmother out of it because again she will cry and say am abusing her or trying to kill her she always dramatic like that, am listening to her telling me about some child who is 18 years old but is having her second child i don't even know her it's been years since i went to Gqeberha the closest i got to Gqeberha was 2 years ago when i went to Queenstown for business purposes ofcause, she is blabbering about everything that i don't even know of, in just 30 minutes of driving i know pregnant people, people who are witches and how they tried bewitching her for extending her house now she says she is tired of taking taxi's she bought a car apparently and the funny part is she doesn't know how to drive yet she buys a new car, my father makes sure my Grandmother is taken care of that's one of the greatest things, my mother gets a fat allowance that even me and Likhanya were given, deviding my salary in half it's her monthly allowance she gets without even lifting a finger, the mention of grandmother you'll think of 80 years old women who uses a walking stick with a popped out back right nope this one is

fresh as an fox not the youngest because she is 64 years old turning 65 in just a month i even forgot about that.

"Kodwa Makhulu you don't just buy a car ,you should have told us because those people could've ripped you off ,the car might look new but the engine could be old, you check the car first before buying it because those car dealership will not tell you if the is a problem with a car" i tell her but is she listening to me ,she already has plans to slay in her new car don't ask me how because she doesn't know how to drive and definitely doesn't have a driving licence , i would teach her how to drive but we talking about my grandmother here, i would have gotten insulted thousand times before she starts the car. A deafening sound of a crying baby welcomes us when i pull over, i mentally palm face myself because this is one of problems i need to fix for Likhanya he did, we both walk in what welcomes me leaves me bewildered Likhanya has a baby in his hold and feeding the child or let me rephrase trying to feed the child the food in his plate.

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"Makhulu i don't know anymore I've been trying to feed her but she isn't eating all she did was drink the coffee i made and she has been screaming her lungs out" Likhanya says already retreating his hands giving my grandmother the child am still standing on the same place, my grandmother takes the child throwing me a look i know what it means and who feeds a child coffee ,atleast what was on the plate was actually better he was feeding her pap and gravy.

"Likhanya in the kitchen" my grandmother throws a look making me retreat but i won't let this go, i walk to the kitchen looking atleast for something baby friendly she can eat cause she didn't want what she was given.

"Her bag is over there" Likhanya says i walk to it opening it and finally find what am looking for her food and milk is on the bag i grab them , boiling the water to make the child food. Am watching my grandmother feed the child who cleaned out the plate full of instant porridge and now she is drinking her milk fed by my grandmother, she seems tired and by her eyes wanting to shut close tell a story

silence covers the house now the only annoying thing is Likhanya who seems to not be able to sit still i know so well why, it's the withdrawal symptoms am glad that he didn't go back to drugs after hospitalization or am assuming i don't like my brother but i don't want him dead.

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stayed away because what i know a child i made was aborted"
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THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

It's after 8 o'clock at night and yet these people haven't shown up, the baby is peacefully sleeping in her room, this child is a peaceful child ever unlike my own Nkosi who doesn't want strangers around him, he is a big cry baby too but netherless i love him, i almost have a mini heart attack when i find the bed occupied by the man I've been waiting for the whole day, he is sitting down with his hands holding his face up.

"I didn't hear you come in when did you come" i question him settling opposite him on the couch, he stands up grabbing the lotion from my grasp.

"You couldn't have because you were having a concert in the shower" he says with a smirk lotioning up my body, i chuckle at his stupidity ofcause i was having a concert in there with the loafer as my mic. "Am sorry for my grandmother cornering you to babysitting Aya" he says smearing the lotion on my nipples gently squeezing them and brushing them.

"It's okay that little girl isn't a trouble anyway she is a sweetheart" i say biting my lower lip when his hands cup my breast squeezing them, i used to be self conscious about my body but this man makes sure i embrace every scar ,every extra roll and every cellulite, the lotioning isn't any more innocent as i feel myself getting moist, his hands are descending further down.

"Ngivulele MaGatsheni" he says softly it's funny how he can switch off completely from Xhosa to Zulu with no accent, netherless i obliged opening for him before i feel the butterfly on my stomach flapping continuously and my abdominal clenching when he runs his finger up and down my p**sy, he presses his thumb on my clint making me moan.

"Lisakhanya your grandmother is in the other room" his apartment isn't the biggest so any sound can echo throughout the whole house, does he listen because i feel a finger enter my moist walls i can't help but tremble he adds the second my walls clench around him, his other hand pushes me back lightly before i feel it, his toungue sucking on my sensitive clint i bite my lower lip to prevent myself from moaning, am holding the back of his head when he is sucking ,biting and blowing air on my clint while his curved fingers are violently nudging my g-

spot a spot i never knew existed before him, my nails are digging deeper in his head as my whole naked body vibrates my other hand is clueless on what to do, because it's running all over before i cover my mouth from moaning loudly.

"I love how you taste women, i love those juices you giving me" he murmurs making my body vibrate "cum for me mama" he says when his mouth starts eating my ass, occasionally sucking my thighs, i don't know what to do as i hold onto the couch my vision blurry, violently i cum my stomach clenching and my toes curled as i cry in ecstasy he lets me ride my organism sucking my thighs up to my stomach before like an infant he starts sucking my nipples the juices down the are flowing profusely , up he travels still playing with my nipples he sucks my neck i open my legs wider when he sucks the sensitive part in my collarbone am holding onto his shoulders moaning softly I've never had a man worship my body like he is now.

"I need you..."i say softly which comes as a moan "raw" i continue I've never been a fan of condoms which lead to my pregnancy "i took the Prep" i continue when the buttons on his shirt starts flying all over he helps me shrugging the shirt off his shoulders until it's off leaving him bare, my eyes meet his before dropping down his arms, i run my hand on his abs

before lightly choking him as he continue violating my lip, my hands run over till his pants i unbluckle him before running the zipper down, freeing him he stands taller and firm, i run my finger softly on the meat.

"Shit..."he curse when am doing all the work, we both staring when i run his meat all over my cunt lubricating him with my juices, the torture is enough for both of us before i put his meat on my opening slowly he pushes while we staring at the art, i moan when he pops in halfway he clenches his jaw , oh god did i tell you how amazing this feeling is, being full of his d*ck he thrust with half of it inside making me grasp his shoulders as he thrust softly, his waist moves in circle with him still halfway in.

"Ahhhh fuck" i moan when he picks up his pace thrusting in me until his fully inside, without the rubber it's making everything extra good, i can feel him hitting that spot again making my legs lock around his waist "ahh fuck it's so good" i moan not caring who is listening.

"Shit" he responds thrusting my walls are clenching around him as i feel the familiar feeling approaching me it feels amazing

i grasp the pillows moaning while i thrust back, we both moaning and groaning.

"Fuck Li...am gonna cum" i announce digging my nails in the pillow his waist moves in circle again ensuring all the walls are paid attention, i find my finger on my clint violently rubbing it my eyes fall on the white substance that is covering his d*ck with each thrust.

"Fuck baby you creaming on my d*ck" he says with clenched teeth he continue thrusting one more time violently before he pulls out almost the tip is inside he violently thrust making me scream he continues with this until he pulls away settling down on the couch he pulls me on top am scared because Asanda once mentioned you will feel the d*ck high five the womb in this position, seeing the terrified look in my face his lips connect with mine, he runs his finger on my back making me shiver before he lifts me up, i feel him pushing through until i feel him at the back of my cervix, his hands grasp my waist helping me thrust while he does the same beneath, am throwing my head back moaning when i start enjoying this,

"Oh god...oh god...oh god" i chant now getting the rhyme as i thrust, my eyes are blurry with tears "it's so good" i sniff the Isn't anything hot than a man responding, "fuuuuck" i scream when i feel a slap on my ass, he continues when he sees my enjoyment, my thrust go from in and out to back and forth "oh god...mina ngizokhala Lisakhanya"i tell him am going to cry i don't know why but i find myself sniffing this is so good, my body is violently shaking.

"Shit ngivulele indlela Thandolwam"(lead the way for me) is it weird i understand what he means, 1,2,3 i fall apart calling out his name, all i see is blackness and stars but i can feel him violently thrusting chasing his own, my vision hasn't even returned back yet when he thrust violently one last time groaning while he freeze i feel sprunts after sprunts filling my canal before my vision returns we both harshly breathing i don't have the energy to get up from him, he pecks my nose before his grip lossen from my waist , he holds me up standing up with me in his arms. I can feel him, i can feel him hardening again when he thrust holding my thighs standing on his feet, with each thrust he hardens more until i feel my sensitive walls clenching around him.

"Fuck you feel so good Thandolwam i can fuck you all day" he say thrusting more faster, more harder yet again am moaning ceasing his head , he pushes my nipple on his mouth while he resume thrusting he drops me on the bed, before spooning me, my one leg is on the air.

"Ahhhhhh...ohhhh...oh god Li...ahhh" am moaning when he violently rubs my clint while thrusting he occasionally sucks my shoulder blade , he let's go of my clint holding my leg up till my knee is in his arm i rub my clint.

"Shit your walls are vibrating so good baby" he says burying his face in my neck kissing the sensitive spot am continuously dripping the juices with each thrust, he yet again flips me my legs on his shoulders while he thrust.

"Ohhhh ...too deep...oh God...you fucking me so good" i don't know what is happening down the between the pleasure am feeling and the fire but this feeling i don't want it to end, his violently nudging that spot again making my stomach clench, here this feeling again, my organism wanting to reap me apart but it's more greater than ever like yesterday, i scream grasping

the sheets with my fingers ,toes curl looking at the clear substance that my body release with each thrust.

"Lisakhanya ngiyachama"i say tears rolling down my eyes was this what happened yesterday did i pee on him why didn't i feel it,

"Chama Thandolwam"he encourages as he thrust more quicker ,more violently his nails digging on my thighs.

"Fuuuuck" he curse slamming himself in me releasing all his load again he continues thrusting until he is done releasing, my legs drop down when he pulls out, my body is weak when i feel slumber attacking me.

"Thandolwam can we talk "he should have thought that before destroying my pussy and draining the energy from me, am already asleep in attempt to say something my lips are too weak to even discuss anything.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

The urgent call i received from my mother is what took me away from my man's embrace ,he thoroughly destroyed my vagina last night/this morning, i hadly slept but i cannot say at that moment i didn't enjoy it but i did, the results of that are me unable to even formulate a proper walk that says 'i didn't have sex' the more i try it's the more i fail, Lisakhanya couldn't drive me home because his grandmother slept at his twin's place so he couldn't leave the sleeping Aya alone in the house good thing i brought my car with, i arrive at home and am met with a line of cars in the drive way one of them i recognize as Uyanda's car, i sigh honestly i have no energy to deal with a man who doesn't know what they want, one minute they in their son's life and the next they not.

"Sanibonani" i greet them when i enter ,Uyanda's father is amongst the man's in the house, he scans me up and down shaking his head not only am i dressed mainly i smell manly too.

"Isisa khuluma nalento yakho ngoba mina ngizoyihlephula umhlathi yezwa akunangane yam ezophuma la"(Isisa talk to

your thing before i break his jaw, no child of mine leaves this house) am confused at what Qhawe just uttered, what does he mean by that.

"Baka'Isisa kwenzekani"(dad what is happening) i question him settling next to him, am softening him up because i know he means it when he says he'll break someone's jaw not that i care about Uyanda but he could destroy my father's career.

"Isisa ngizela ngizolanda ingane yami" Uyanda says making me laugh, i laugh throwing my head back because what he just uttered is purely nonsense.

"Leyangane yahlawulwa yeyakwa Dlamini , ingeze ke ikhuliswe oNdlovu kuphuma kuwe ke makoti uyayilandela noma uyayishiya"(the damages were paid for that child, he belongs to the Dlamini's and will not be raised by the Ndlovu's it's up to you to follow him or you staying) hayibo nayi ingulube inginonela bo, am being tested in my father's house

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these people came all the way to utter i nonsense yazi.

"Which child" i utter sitting on the verge of the chair "wena ingakanani manje ingane yakho, igqoka usize bani wesicathulo, idlani hayibo ningazongilinga bo"(you how old is the child, what shoe size does he wear, what is he eating don't try me) this good for nothing piece of shit is trying me, I've been forcing my son down his throat but now i can see that power went through his head. "Ma is this the emergency you called me for" i question.

"Ngokukhulu ukuyithoba bo Ndlovu ngixolisela ubhuti lo"(with due respect Ndlovu am apologizing for my brother) oh it's the uncle who utters that he is the soft spoken one. "Sicelwe umfana ngapha sizomxolisela Kunina boNdlovu , siphinde simcelele ingane ingoba iyingane zakwa Dlamini zihlale endaweni eyodwa"(we were asked by this boy to come and apologize for him to you, also ask for the child to come live with us so the Dlamini children can be in the same place) i turn away from him cause the Isn't better way to say it.

"Baka'Isisa" i say he nods standing up walking to the door, he opens it standing there.

"Ngicela ningiphumele boDlamini"(please leave) he says before they look at each other before standing up they follow each other to the door leaving, baba shakes his head walking away while Ma follows.

"Whuu hayi shame your in-laws are dramatic yazi" Ayanda i glare at him because am not in the mood for his nonsense "hayibo don't look at me like that " Ayanda says before yet a door knock jolts us , i sigh marching wanting to give the Dlamini a peace of mind instead am met by two women and a young girl covered in a blanket looking at the floor.

"Sanibonani "i greet confused.

"Sanibonani ndodakazi singabathola abadala" (can we find a older person) the women wearing a cardigan says i nod welcoming them in , i show them the seats while Ayanda goes upstairs to call baba who comes down complaining before he settle down on his usual seat greeting the ladies. "Sanibona Gatsheni besilethe nayi ingane ithi imoshwe indodana yala"(greetings Gatsheni we brought this child who says she was impregnated by your son) baba rubs his eyes sighing.

"Ayanda amanyala ani la"(Ayanda what is this) baba question looking at Ayanda who has a slice of toast in hand taking a bite with a drumstick in the other.

"Kodwa uAyanda wabantu uyasukelwa, angikwazi lokhu mina baba buza lo"(poor ayanda who is always blamed i don't know what this is ask this one) Ayanda points at Ayabonga who has his phone in hand.

"Ntombazane which one is it" baba ask the women darts both her eyes between the two it's no use because they look alike, but as a girlfriend you able to differentiate between the two.

"That one" she points at Ayabonga who walks to Ma and stands behind her.

"Are you sure it's not this one" baba question pointing at Ayanda the girl shakes her head "unangakhi ntombazane"(how old are you)he questions

"18" my eyes fall on Ayabonga who is still behind ma.

"You realise i can take you to jail because what you did is rape sleeping with a 14 years old boy" baba says silence engulf us
"Ayabonga iqiniso lento lengane ayishoyo"(Ayabonga is it true what this women is saying) baba is angry the venom lacing his voice is visible.

"Yebo baba" he says ever so softly.

"Angikuzwa Ayabonga, yini manje sowuyifihle ngeyikeyiti zikanyoko"(i don't hear you Ayabonga, why are you hiding behind your mother's skirts) Baba says standing on his feet.

"Ngiyaxolisa baba"(am sorry) he utters

"Uxoliselani Ayabonga angisakuzwa mosoxolisa mina ngikubuze umbuzo"(why are you apologizing, i don't understand when you apologizing cause i asked a question) Ma immediately pushes Ayabonga behind her "MaQwabe yekela lengane"(MaQwabe let this child go) baba points at Ayabonga.

"Gatsheni ehlisa umoya baba sixazulule lento"(Gatsheni calm down so we can solve this matter) ma tries sweet talking baba.

"Ngiwehlisa njani umoya MaQwabe lengane iyamithisa Mbalenhle"(how do I calm down MaQwabe this child can impregnate someone Mbalenhle) baba is angry spitting venom.

"Angizovumela ushaye ingane yam Qhawe"(i won't let you beat my child) why do opposite attract again it's this reason , we know with Mbalenhle Ndlovu present we can get away with just few threats and hurtful words not physical stretches.

QHAWE NDLOVU

they say raising a teenager is hard but what's more harder is raising three teenagers, one is a nightmare on their own but combined with three is worse, I've never had to be in that position with Isisa she was always an independent person and dating she started at the later stage now having boys is more worrying than having teenage girls especially when you have two.

"Gatsheni what's on your mind" i raise my head from the dreading phone call i have to make to my brother, i feel like i failed these kids daily, my wife settles next to me, she ages like fine wine , she still looks like the day i met her.

"Am worried about this boys action MaQwabe, emotionally i was prepared for this coming from Ayanda hayi uAyabonga, am afraid this will effect his studies afterall he is 15 years" i say "angazi ngiqalephi because these kids know better" i continue.

"Xolela iyingane Gatsheni they make mistakes, lets be there for him because this is a tough time for him he'll need his parent's support" she says her small palm settling on my thighs she runs her hand assuring.

"This isn't about finances MaQwabe if it's indeed his child I'll help supporting my grandchild kodwa about the responsibility of being a father, i want bright future for them, i want them to be one day independent and afford themselves ingane is not a piece of cake" i utter sighing "i don't want them relying daddies money will always be there when they need it mina i work hard for them, i work hard so they can afford everything they want in life and i want that for them, bheka u Isisa she waited for school and working before she had her first child, khona una18 lentombazane i should take her to jail because she should have known better instead of taking advantage of my son" i continue.

"Kodwa baba Ayabonga had a choice he is the one who choose what he wants the is nothing we could have done for him stop making excuses for him

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love has no age" i turn looking at her.

"Love, love , yazini ngoLove lengane Mbalenhle" she glances at the side making the anger i had dispense as a smile formed on my lips.

"Hayi Qhawe this is the second time you call me that ,owaphi loMbalenhle ukhuluma ngaye kangaka" (who is this Mbalenhle you keep speaking off) i chuckle.

"Owaphi lo Qhawe umubizayo"(who is this Qhawe you calling) i challenge "uyathandwa uGatsheni wakho yezwa" (you are loved by Gatsheni understand) i say making her lips twitch and a smile formulates on her lips.

"Okabani uGatsheni" (who does Gatsheni belong to) she says her nails running on my beard she twist it lightly.

"Owakho phela" (yours) i say "wozo'qabula phela"(give me a kiss) i say making her chuckle netherless she obliged.

"Lwethu seems happy with this boy, i don't remember the last time i saw her this way" she says.

"I hate to admit it kodwa he does make her happy,am afraid if he breaks her heart she won't take it well" it's a bitter pill to swallow kodwa he makes my daughter happy.

"I don't think he will he seems genuine "she says getting up from the bed "plus he seems to give her good did you see how..."

"Hayibo MaQwabe i don't want to hear that" i say she smiles mischievous switching the tv on, it took a whole lot for my wife to break out of the shell.

"I want us to invite him to have dinner with us" she blunts out the sentence "ngiyakucela Gatsheni i want to feel at ease knowing my daughter is safe and happy with him" she says, her moment is disturbed by the scratching on the door i know those hands well ,opening the door it's non other than my grandson.

"Hayi MaQwabe are you sure you not pregnant why does this child love being around you this much" i say leaning on the bed.

"Me pregnant hayibo Gatsheni ngimdala kangaka" she says laughing after the death of our son 11 years ago we stopped trying for a child again what we have is enough.

"Umdala kuphi 45 has never looked this good on anyone "i compliment it's the truth my wife is breathtaking.

"Uyadlala ngami bo, besides we know i have a bad womb" she says which makes my heart sink, you can heal but never forget, 4 miscarriages two still borns and this Ayize issue she blames her womb.

"Cha MaQwabe angithandi ngendlela okhuluma ngayo, sobabili siyazi bengalona iphutha lakho unkulunkulu bengavumile" (no MaQwabe i don't like the way you speaking we both know it wasn't your fault, God hadn't agreed yet) i say as she sigh "mkami we blessed with 4 gifts, and 6 of our angels looking down at us all our soccer players" that manages to bring a smile on my face

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

It's the cutlery making noise for me, the only sound that could be heard around the house baba is still fuming and it doesn't help that Ayabonga too is poking food moving it around even the everly so playful Ayanda is quite.

"Ungiphoxile Bonga i would expect this from Ayanda kodwa kuwena" baba says raising his head looking at Ayabonga who throws his head down in shame.

"Ngiyaxolisa baba bengeyona ihloso yami ukuk'phoxa" (am sorry father it wasn't my intention to let you down) he says his voice shaking i feel sorry for him though.

"Pho yini inkinga, Ayabonga anginifundisanga ukuyivikela kwinto ezinjena, awazi kunamagciwane la ngaphandle awuwacabanganga" (so what was the problem, Ayabonga didn't i teach you how to protect yourself, don't you know the are diseases out there) baba says earning silence "khuluma

mani"(speak) he shouts getting on his feet Mama too gets on her feet.

"Qhawe yehlisa umoya , asikhulume sizothola isixazululo salento"(calm down Qhawe , let's talk and find solution) mama says.

"Ngehlise umoya Mbalenhle, this child is about to become a parent at 15 who has to support that imina it's not enough that i work hard to sustain this house's expenses now this, at that age i wasn't even having sex never mind kids"

"But Ma did" Ayanda mumbles coughing earning a stare from all of us, this one a bad timing he wants those insults raining on him.

"I was 18"Ma says with gritted teeth turning to look at Ayanda
"am this close, this close to shipping you back to where you came from" Ma says.

"Unfortunately am a little grown to go back" Ayanda "ouch" he says when Ayize pinches him.

"Hamba Ayanda "Baba says throwing daggers at him "HAMBABA" he shouts but ayanda stays still the Isn't reasoning with him, cutlery is the one making noise yet again.

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Lisakhanya has been blowing up my phone that he is outside, am late for our day out because i overslept and it doesn't help that Nkosi is a slow eater.

"Hayi wena you going to drop my child stop running in the house" that is our house helper standing at the counter sipping coffee , she is basically part of our family now.

"Eish Ma good morning, am so late "am half running out, am 45 minutes late Lisakhanya has been waiting that long.

"Let's see who marries ivila elifana nawe"(someone lazy like you) she says i laugh picking up the car seat, this one is already having problems with it

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me and Lisakhanya took a big step even though our relationship isn't even old and yet already we officially introducing each other on our kids, Nkosi is just 12 months old and Ayathandwa is almost 3 i feel bad because i know she is 2 years and few months old. It takes only 30 minutes before i arrive at Lori park, i spot his car before picking Nkosi up and walking out after locking the car, he meets me halfway.

"am sorry for being late"i say when he kisses my cheek, he just nods with a smile, Nkosi want's to get off me this child loves walking ever since he discovered this thing called walking.

"So my brother has a 6 months daughter which means my grandmother is temporarily moving this side" he says as we continue working Aya is excited while Nkosi too is. "i was thinking it's high time i start getting a house will you help me" he questions our relationship is moving at 10 steps per pace but i mean we old now.

"Am okay with that" i say putting Nkosi down because now he is getting to much holding his hand as we walk "so have you ever considered you and your twin getting therapy it's unhealthy that you two can't get along for a minute" he keeps quite for a minute am used to twins in my family and they get along like house on fire.

"I love Likhanya but it's just, we've been through so much , we've hurt each other so much i feel we okay loving each other from a distance "he shrugs his shoulders.

"Have you considered taking therapy you've been through so much too, it's unhealthy to pretend that everything didn't happen" i say we both stop looking at each other.

"Have you been having nightmares about that night again" his changing the topic, I've moved one thing about me am able to bury something at the back of my mind and forget plus talking to my dad helped me he was the therapist i needed at that time.

"At first i did but not anymore" i say "the investigation is still pending and the police aren't letting it go what's the plan" i question am only worried if they investigate further and find something.

"They'll find their culprit don't worry" he says making me halt again looking at him "trust me Thandolwam" he says i trust him but this version of him is scaring me, his able to commit a crime and hide it properly with no trace.

"Have you ever killed before besides your mother and..."he turns looking at me.

"Some thing's aren't meant to be discussed in public Thandolwam, you want icecream "he goes and continue saying i nod my head.

"My parents invited you for dinner this weekend "i say am happy baba took this decision it means he is warming up to Lisakhanya or perhaps Ma managed to convince him by how the tv was loudly playing last night, i never knew why the tv was playing that loudly some nights in their room i thought

they just watching tv until my first time having sex, we were both in Res and to prevent the noise from getting out he played music.

"I can't wait to fuck you in your parents house" i laugh i don't know what i unleashed with the raw sex, this man has high libido a day is enough for him to stay without having sex.

"We not having sex in my home thank you very much my father would kill both of us" its true though, this moment reminds me how I've craved for this intimacy on my previous relationship, not sexual intimacy, through all they made me feel like am asking for too much but not with this man ,god am the luckiest women alive.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

I swear this Madikizela boy is making me crazy, am here standing near my bed in my underwear looking for something to dress, today it's dinner day with Lisakhanya to say am nervous would be understatement, Qhawe Ndlovu is a hard cookie to crack and i hope Lisakhanya for his sake he cracks that nut head of his, i want my father's approval in my relationship, Ma went all out today with the cooking we might have a house helper but no one goes near my mother's kitchen, we end with just cleaning there her pots aren't for us, plus today she is in a good mood because apparently her friend Gugulethu Langa is returning from London it's no secret how my mother missed her, she adores Gugulethu even though she is 11 years younger than my mother. A knock on the sliding door startled me from my thoughts, i frown thinking am hearing things until i walk to the balcony, i almost scream seeing this man standing in the balcony.

"Lisakhanya are you crazy, how did you get in here" i question opening the door he enters looking beautiful in those jeans of

his and a shirt that hugs his muscles so well, a jean jacket on top.

"I jumped the fence and jumped onto the garage before jumping in this balcony" he is crazy this one his lucky because baba removed the electric fence after countless encounters with the neighbours dog.

"You love taking..." he stops me from uttering anything as his lips connect with mine, he kisses me hungrily while squeezing my breast. "Lisakhan..." i want to protest but instead gasp as he plugs his fingers thrusting them , i hold his arm softly moaning not to make noise, oh my body is feeling the fire and my stomach clench, am drenched down there and in need of him, he turns me to face away from his face making me tilt my ass, i hear his zipper while his other finger is thrusting inside me.

"Lisakhanya the door isn't locked someone could walk in and... ahh" i moan when i feel him slamming himself inside me, his hands hold my mouth stopping me from screaming.

"Fuck" he whispers thrusting oh god it feels amazing , our body clasp against each other with each thrust i feel my walls moisture making him thrust more easily, more quicker as he violently thrust in and out, in and out he thrust, am shaking while moaning on his hand, i hear footsteps approaching the door , i try pushing Lisakhanya back but he holds my hand thrusting impossible quicker i feel it

i feel that feeling of my happily ever after coming in faster as my walls spasm around him. The door knock startled me but this man isn't letting me go instead he let my mouth go separating my legs further making me bend while his hands separate my ass cheeks oh god his now deeper inside.

"Am naked" i quickly say to whoever is at the door hoping it's not ma because she doesn't care.

"Lomfana wakho uthi uphi manje silambile thina" Baba complains ofcause he would i turn looking at this man who doesn't even care because he has his eyes closed enjoying this moment.

"He is...he is almost here baba" i say with a broken voice because of the thrusting, the nudging of that G-spot , he thrust

one more time before we both collapse in orgasm , am breathing heavy as i sink to the floor.

"I love you" he says kissing my forehead before walking to my bathroom he returns with a toilet paper and wipes himself before yet again walking back i watch him disappear, i get myself up and clean myself before deciding on simple dress, i walk downstairs with that walk of shame, the very first thing i see is Ayanda's smirk oh god tell me he saw nothing, i settle down on the seat next to him before there is a door knock.

"I'll get it" ma says walking to the door, Ayanda nudges me wiggling his eyebrows.

"Your hair screams 'just fucked' and i saw everything , i didn't know you freaky like that" he says i pop my eyes i didn't bother looking at myself in the mirror.

"What were you doing in my room" i whisper back ,Ma returns to with my man who looks dashing carrying a bottle of vodka ma has flowers in hand.

"Sanibona KwaNdlovu, babuNdlovu ngikulethele lokhu"
(greetings Ndlovu's, Mr Ndlovu i brought you this) he says.

"So you think a bottle of alcohol will buy me" baba says earning a stare from my mother who warns him with her eyes.

"Cha bab'Ndlovu kodwa uMa owazala uMawami wangifundisa ukuthi awufiki emzini wabantu ulengisa izandla"(no Mr Ndlovu but my Grandmother taught me you never go into someone's house empty handed) he remains calmly before baba takes it and puts it down.

"Hlala phantsi mfanami" says my mother returning, they both settle down Ma dished up for all of us ,we pray before digging in, am lucky because am squashed between Ayize and Ayabonga god knows i wont be able to hold myself if i was near that man. "So tell me what do you do" my mother breaks the awkward silence.

"Am a business man working as a CEO at Biyela logistics ,i have a couple of investments in companies, and a founder of

Thandanani orphanage" he utters i look up at him because this is news to me.

"Oh wow i didn't know you own an orphanage" Ma says nodding her head in approval.

"I Don't like talking much about it because most people assume it's a PR stunt which jeopardise our fundings we get from the government and some companies and besides i don't want my father using it as a way to purify his image" he utters.

"So tell me about your father ke mfana waka biyela" my father finally opens his mouth, looking at him.

"With due respect bab'Ndlovu please refer to me as a Madikizela, it's disrespectful to my ancestors if i would refer myself as a Biyela my mother was never married"i love the fact he is standing up for himself instead of sucking up to him "and about my father he just Mongezi Biyela the isn't much to say about him" he shrugs.

"I haven't seen Sindiswa for so long is she okay" Questions my mother defusing the situation.

"Unfortunately she passed on a year ago" says Lisakhanya.

"Oh am sorry" Ma says "you know we were good friends in varsity days, we got along like house on fire unfortunate her jealousy got the better of her but she is a good women i understand she was looking out for the future of her children" says Ma.

"I appreciate for trying to make me feel better MaNdlovu but my mother was anything but a good women, she was just as selfish as her boyfriend, she couldn't have been looking out for her children because she didn't have any, she just had people she incubated for 9 months and dumped to her mother" he says nonchalantly.

"Badmouthing your parents won't paint you as the better person" my father utters drinking the juice.

"There is a thin line between badmouthing and being honest, fortunately for you, you grew with love from both parents you wouldn't relate" this one and digging a hole for himself.

"Umthetho lo wakho uyayeyisa mfana ne"(your problem is you disrespectful) baba says clasping his hands .

"I apologize if i sound like am disrespecting you babuNdlovu it was never my intention i promise my grandmother raised me better than this" he says.

"So why do you refer yourself as Madikizela didn't your father pay lobola for you " questions lo ophaphayo(the forward one) Ayanda .

"My mother is Xhosa both her parents are Xhosa which makes me one too and in my culture we don't have such, we only have intlawulo which you pay for damages only" calmly he replies.

"So you've been to jail what did you do " am selling a brother who wants one.

"Nothing i just was protecting my brother you a twin you would understand me when i say i would do anything to protect him" he says.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"I like him he's bold, daring he reminds me a lot like your father" Ma says as i help him with the dishes Lisakhanya left after 3 hours of dinner and desert i would have loved leaving with him but my father dared me, i have been sleeping out a lot lately but baba has to understand after so many partners Lisakhanya makes me feel different the way he embrace my body and how he handles it is different how he makes me feel beautiful and embrace my imperfections.

"His quick in defense mode but his a big bear really "i say just like baba , i kiss her cheek leaving to go to dad i find him cuddled in couch with Ayize while Ayanda has Nkosi in arms Ayabonga is nowhere near this thing of baba not speaking to him bothers him really but baba is still angry.

"Baka'Isisa" i say settling on the other couch he raised his head from the tv looking at me.

"MaNdlovu "he utters taking his feet off the table when Ma approach fetching the glasses on the tv he knows his wife will flip.

"What do you think of your future son in law"am provoking him too he glares at me making Ma chuckle walking away.

"Nothing Isisa i still don't like him but I'll respect you and not stand in your way kodwa uyadelela lomfanakho isisa akangiboni "(he's disrespectful and he doesn't see me) the are lot of layers to be peeled off.

'Baka'Isisa please talk to your son he made a mistake he acknowledges that when you not talking to one of us it just eats us alive it's bothering him that you not talking to him he regrets it kodwa it happened now the isn't anything we can do but move forward and try helping Ayabonga to become a better father help him raise his child he needs you Baka'Isisa especially now of all times" i say earning nods from everyone who is around.

"Ngiyayiqhenya ngawe Isisa uyazi"(am proud of you) baba says smiling at me. "Ngiyazi mangahlala nonyoko singavuki iyingane zam ngeke zidinge lutho "(i know if we could not wake up with your mother my children will be in good hands and won't need anything) he utters.

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"There is my favourite aunt in the whole world and look at that my favourite godfather " i give them a tight smile holding my purse tightly looking at my two dad's twins aunt Qhawekazi and Nqobile including my dad's best friend Lungamso.

"This time it won't work , you've been slacking a lot lately MaNdlovu and unfortunately it would portray as favouritism if i don't do this" Lungomso says handing me an envelop i tear it open reading it.

"We family shouldn't we like let everything slide under the carpet " am sulking imagine my godfather doing this to me.

"Unfortunately not kid this is a professional environment " he utters "please sign so i can take this to HR" he utters i sign my very first written warning.

"I'll tell Aunt Gugu to divorce you " i say signing the papers before handing it to him he laughs as i waltz out when they say a new relationship makes you lose your mind it did to me i even forgot am working, am this close to quitting paying Lobola for this man and being a house wife kodwa Qhawe Ndlovu will murder me alive not when i was raised by an independent women. Approaching my car i find a women wearing clothes that look elegant, expensive she is holding a brown envelop she is standing near my car.

"Can i help you " i question instead she smiles retreating the envelope handing it am receiving a lot of envelope today.

"I want you to make sure your boyfriend signs these or I'll make sure he rots in jail" she says "just because I've been quite didn't mean i let everything go am not going to let my son's inheritance go to waste

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it took years, years to gather evidence but not only will your boyfriend go to jail for drugs, but murder too he'll never see daylight again make sure he signs " am quite looking at everything, the pictures containing Lisakhanya the first he is standing near the truck squinting down near the box holding a plastic containing white powder, i skim through the next he is wearing bloody clothes holding a women in his arms, tears in his eyes and a gun next to him, skimming through the next is a picture of him holding a gun in front of is a women whose wearing a white tshirt with a black jean behind her is the women in the first picture it looks like she's trying to plead with him skimming through is a recent picture i feel my heart sinking it's me holding Asanda hugging her while Lisakhanya squats near Thapelo's lifeless body, i look at her.

"Just make sure he signs " she smiles and turns to leave but stops "I'll appreciate this staying between us " she blows a kiss and waltz away leaving me leaning on the car for balance because my knees are shaking.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

"Thandolwethu " the shouting makes me jump i turn looking at Lisakhanya who is giving me a look

"Hmm" i question him he sighs drumming his fingers on the wheel i realize now we stopped at McD "am not that hungry I'll have a chocolate milkshake " i say to him he nods ordering.

"Where is your mind at today you seem far away" he questions what was on my mind was what the women am assuming is the stepmother said earlier today, regardless this man stands to lose but is those shares worth it, she'll always be lurking in the shadows planing an attack, guilt is tripping me because of Thapelo i had buried everything on the back of my mind and now this. "Ngikuyise ekhaya"(should I take you home) he question annoyed at me, he is the most impatient person i know.

"Am sorry it's just this thing happening at home bothering me "i lie it's the last thing on my mind now not when this huge burden is placed on my shoulders.

"You lying to me now " he says taking our order handing me my shake. "Do you want me to dig it up or you'll tell me" he questions i sigh.

"Fine

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am worried about my brother yeah but mostly it's just that..." am formulating a plan in my mind "Uyanda " yes his the perfect excuse "he wants Nkosi to live with him just because he payed lobola for him "i say am lying Uyanda dropped everything we now cooperating properly. "And then this Thapelo issue Asanda called today saying that the will reading was today it reminded me of everything "am lying again it's been a month since Thapelo was buried. He sighs.

"Try forgetting about this Thandolwam you did what you had to do then and you shouldn't feel guilty i know killing someone kills you emotionally but try and replacing those thoughts with

if you didn't come along what could have happened to Asanda " his helping clear my mind and my thoughts "sometimes we do what we have to do to save those we love" he is right we do what we have to be do to save those we love, when our hands are tied we don't have any choice but to retaliate, if the is one thing I realized is this women isn't giving up, 20 years that's how long she has been trying to get these shares , i know that today we deal with this but what about tomorrow or the day next.

"Tell you what let's go to capetown for the weekend "i say I've found it the perfect way he can sign those papers without suspecting anything.

Lisakhanya Madikizela

"Makhulu "i greet her hugging her and kissing her cheek before taking the human in her arms "Makhulu you old now you should be resting" i utter.

"Ndithini Likhanya wena mani Lisakhanya anifuni bafazi nje"(what should i do Likhanya i mean Lisakhanya you don't want wives) she dramatically says. "ULikhanya noMongezi bakwelacala"(Likhanya and Mongezi are on that side) she says.

"I'll come back another time ke" i say earning a death stare rolling my eyes i walk to where she pointed, the tense atmosphere can be cut by a knife.

"The right person am looking for " my father says when he spots me "ubuwazi ukuthi lo is sniffing the merchandise "(did you know this one) he questions i sit down next to him.

"Am not babysitting a 28 years old man who'se capable of fucking a women till he makes her pregnant mdala lowomuntu" i utter to him earning daggers.

"We have a problem , the warehouse went up in flames last night someone is behind it" he says after silence.

"My job is transportation what happens in the warehouse isn't my concern" i shrug my father sighs loudly.

"I want you to come with a solution you the brains here we know this one is too stupid" he says nonchalantly.

"Thank you for the complement father" Likhanya says with a hand on his chest dramatically, i don't want to say my father is right so I'll say Likhanya is his father's son impulsive.

"I have to go" i say standing up walking out with my daughter in my arms i cannot believe she's grown so much i stop on my tracks turning back. "Likhanya can we talk in private " i say remembering why i came here he stands up walking to the

other room i put Aya down following him, as soon as the door closes my fist connects with his jaw making him a little dizzy staggering back.

"What the fuck Lisakhanya..." i don't let him finish before my knee yet connects again with his face , his bleeding.

"That's for being stupid "i click my tongue "Likhanya you think dad will let you kill his golden wife and let everything go" i utter to him his holding his bleeding nose.

"How did you know about that " he questions putting a shirt in his nose his terrified of his father.

"Because your father captured the man you sent

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i had to kill an innocent man to cover your damn tracks" i say my hand is itching to slap the melanin back to his yellow cheeks and exactly i do that, once, twice and the third is my fist which tick him off before he pushes me and landing a fist on my

cheek. "16 years Likhanya" i say "you slept with a 16 years old"
i say.

"She offered " he defends ticking me as i push him back making
him stagger back.

"Likhanya you 28 damn old you telling me a child young enough
to be your daughter offered to sleep with you who'se an adult
between you two" am pissed at him "well guess what it was a
trap, you were going to go down to jail for rape guess who sent
her yeah your stepmother and like always i have to fix your
mess" i click my tongue.

"I didn't ask you too" he says i lean forward.

"Uthini"(what did you say) i question "you too ungrateful
Likhanya am done ,done with babysitting you, done following
behind you to cover for you" i earn a chuckle from him.

"You think you all that, you think you smart but you fail to see
what following you in the shadows " he utters bumping my
shoulder as he walks out leaving me drowning in questions.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

The beautiful vineyards we passed during the drive here are countless , Paarl is beautiful I've been to Cape Town before but each time looking out of the view from this hotel room is amazingly breathtaking, his hands slide on my waist making me lean my head in his chest taking and savouring in his cologne even after the 3 hours flight and 45 minutes drive his cologne is still as stronger like he put it.

"I love you" randomly he says nibbling my ear his arms leave my waist and rub my arms up and down over this gown, i recently took a shower while he went out to fix 'things' out for few minutes.

"I love you too " i say honestly, the best decision I've ever made was giving him a chance even when people were against it. "Am sorry for ever cheating on you " i say remembering how i hurt him.

"Don't Thandolwam" he says "can i ask you one favour" he says putting his arms on my shoulder blades.

"Okay " i anticipate what he'll say

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silence stretches for a minute i feel whatever his about to say isn't good i wait until he sighs my heart is drumming faster on my chest.

"Please give me a child" he says silence from me, i stand frozen in one place i know our relationship is almost a year old now but a child.

"Lisakhanya that's a huge step a child we not even married yet" i say turning to look at him i fold my arms across my chest he bites his lower lip as his eyes drink in my chest then trail to my face.

" i know but am almost thirty Thandolwam growing old and i want to have a child of my own by the next 8 years i want to be done having children raising them " he says.

"How many children you want" i question this is the first time we having this conversation i can't believe this.

"7 minimum i grew up with not many sibling it's just me and Likhanya i want a huge family" nayi ingulube inginonela bo 7 children in 8 years "1 down 6 more" his serious he isn't even smiling hayibo ngivelelwe bo.

"Lisakhanya say this in your head and tell me if it makes sense you want 6 kids in 8 years" i question him.

"By 35 i should be done having children " he says "we both adults now and with stable job's taking care of our children won't be a problem" he says i sigh.

"Let me think about it" i say am not sure Nkosi just turned a year and planing another child while am still under my parents roof.

"Okay i can live with that" he says am thinking about the child now not the having 6 children in 8 years he isn't okay upstairs. "Second favour " he says rubbing the beard developing in his chin "can you move in with me" his saying all these not mentioning marriage am second questioning if he ever wants to marry me.

"Lisakhanya moving in before marriage am not sure, why are you mentioning everything besides marriage don't you want to marry me" i say.

"That's the thing am doing this because i want to marry you one day am ready to and at that stage but i feel marriage is a huge step something that should last a lifetime i want us to live together and get to know each other more i mean living together gives us more chances to get to know what we are like in same environment" he has convinced me.

"Okay "i nod he kisses my forehead and goes to order us some food i walk to my suitcase to look for something to dress in, my heart skips when i don't see the brown envelope i put on top of my bag, rummaging through the bag i find non.

"What are you looking for" asks Lisakhanya i shake my head looking at him , i know i packed it because i putted it ontop of the clothes but it couldn't have grown legs and walked away.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Ayanda confirmed the hard truth the weren't papers in my room and papers cannot magically fly or walk leaving me with the fact that someone took them this man am looking at him as he savour the steak chewing so beautifully am looking at him as he swallows his lips moving as he continues to speak with no hint of anger am not sure if he knows or not but why isn't he angry, why isn't he giving me the reaction i want , i clear my throat sitting properly.

"Thembalam" i say looking at him am not sure if am digging my own hole or what but if he knows his waiting so i confess his driving me insane and i don't want that. "Your stepmother visited me while i was at the hospital " am confessing "she threatened me with some few pictures and said if you don't sign the shares papers she threatened to send you to jail "i continue he stands and walk to where am sitting in this couch, kneeling down besides me his hands separates my thighs.

"One thing about me Thandolwam angiwafuni amanga"(i don't like lies) he says his fingers dig onto my waist i wimper. "I know

everything about you Thandolwam, i know the kind of panty you wore yesterday, i know the lunch you had day before" he continues when his hands descends am not sure whether to be scared or petrified about what he just uttered.

"Am sorry i was scared of losing you , i was protecting you" i utter holding onto his arm as i bite my lower lip hard when i feel his fingers violently thrust in me am trembling wanting to organism but he suddenly pulls out pushing me further until my butt cheeks are exposed to him, furthermore i feel both his hands separating my butt cheeks and in one swift he thrusts harder making me yelped out feeling him plugged into my womb.

"I grew up with no one but myself protecting myself from everyone at the age of just 8 years old Thandolwam " he says violently thrusting am moaning unable to hold myself in and out he thrust our bodies slapping against each other cheering for what is happening, my stomach clenches as he nudge that spot am gasping moaning and begging for more

my walls clench him in milking him as i tremble ready to cum but he pulls away leaving me throbbing.

"Lisakhanya" i protest gasping feeling him plug in again as he continues where he left off i curl my toes but he seems to deny me my happy ending as he pulls out cold air , i feel coldness coming from a space he used to occupy.

"It's not even because of those shares i don't care about no damn shares its the fact you didn't trust me enough to think am capable of protecting myself, despite knowing me you still put me in a position where i have to question my manhood" great our very first vacation and we fighting.

"Am sorry for doing that Lisakhanya you so used to protecting yourself that you don't allow anyone that chance to do that" i say stepping in front of him "i know that what am asking is too much but can you do this , give her those shares and allow us to have peace" he runs his finger on my lips.

"You don't give in to threats Thandolwam that gives them the upper hand, had i been able to i would have long gave those shares up but unlike you am not irrational, i calculate before doing something, today its those shares tomorrow is something else" he whispers loud enough for me to hear "That women is manipulative and wicked her problem isn't about the shares

but the fact we heirs to the Biyela empire the'se always going to be something she wants" he says.

"I know but do you want to risk jail because of this one thing" i say making him smile stepping back he buries his hands in his jean pockets.

"Do you want to know why she came to threaten me in you instead of coming straight to me" i nod hesitantly. "Because she is smart a trait she has that you lack" ouch "she's manipulative she knew exactly where to press you, you'd think i spent the last 2 decades of my life with a women who repeatedly tried killing me and pretend everything is okay " he says "she didn't come threaten me because she knows she cannot afford me being in jail how do you think i keep getting out of jail , Mongezi certainly isn't smart enough" he says turning to leave he halts for a second or two before he continues walking away leaving me feeling confused and numb.

Lisakhanya Madikizela

I wish i can say I've had happy memories as a child, i wish i can say my teenager years were the best i could go back and relive them but those would be pure blooded lies, while teenagers worried about school and not getting caught in the 'bad' world i was busy worried about surviving, the only best memories i have of my life are during the time i used to spend watching the pale grey painted walls sleeping on the bunk bed forced to go to bed at 6 years old while loneliness crept in, at that moment where i had no one but i was happy, from the pressure from the reject of my mother ,i had escaped the only thing running through my mind at that time was what Likhanya was doing, what he had eaten was he being spoiled, it was the very first time being separated from him as days went by what ran through my mind was what was wrong with me, why was i being rejected by my mother and father at the same time, i resented the idea of Likhanya spending each day with both his parents while i stayed kilometres away, i never wanted to resent my brother i worked so hard to not resent him, i watched while other learners moved excitedly during the end of the term packing excited that their parents are fetching them from this god forsake place and they'll spend their holidays with

their family while my heart sank even further watching who stood at the gate Nomalanga Cele with her favourite red dress that hugged her wide hips while she smiled holding onto her waist i just knew she was there to torment me her and her sister, she made me wish i could turn and run back to my dorm and lock the door and never see what my 'home' has been like but i couldn't, the strict matron who kept everything in schedule wouldn't allow me to. I know am protective of myself , i know I've never allowed someone to be there for me to protect me but the only ever embrace I've ever felt safe in was my own, i was 6 years when nightmares of Johannesburg started tormenting me, i was 6 years old when Mongezi Biyela made me watch while he brutally murdered someone, while he butchered someone into peaces while continuing reciting that 'am the heir of the Biyela empire someday this will be my job because my brother is weak' that was a follow up event after MaCele 'accidentally' broke my arm and i didn't cry not by choice but i was threatened i slept the whole night with that arm while i silently sob from the pain, Mongezi never noticed but the house helper did i remember after the Doctor put a cast on my arm Mongezi brushing my head beaming proudly with the words following 'i knew you were the stronger one amongst you two but i didn't know you this strong a man does like that don't ever cry yezwa indoda ayikhali' he said before opening the door for me to enter the car, it's always been like that him

always making me witness his brutality not just his job though, I've watched Sindiswa beg for her life while Mongezi beat her up that she'll end up being bruised as Mongezi leaves and she holds her ribs because of the pain while she forces a smile you'll think we would hate Mongezi Biyela for that and I did while Likhanya would run after him

Mongezi raised Likhanya to be exactly what he is, Women beater-Murder and so many things while I grew resenting Mongezi daily, he saw that he couldn't mold me to become the man he wants me to be he went for the weak-easily influenced minded, it couldn't be me as the only teachings I took to heart were neither Mongezi's nor Sindiswa's but those of the women who I hold dear to heart, who always is willing to jump whenever I need her, Florence Madikizela my Grandmother.

"Thembalam" my lips want to stretch at that and smile proudly at her soft voice as I stare at the cocktail that has been on the table for an hour now, it's not because I am unable to drink it but because my paranoia made me unable to drink it after watching a man who had been sitting on that couch ever since I walked in this hotel pretending to read a newspaper interacted with the waiter who brought my drink with a smile on her face. "Am sorry" she utters her hands rubbing my arms, I turn looking

at her 'accidentally' spilling the drink she gasp getting up while the waiter rushes to wipe the table.

"I don't understand what ran through your mind Thandolwam, you thought you could hide such a big thing from me and fool me like that, sometimes i don't understand how your reasoning or mind works, i sign the papers and what you think someone who has such a huge advantage will willingly hand you her only cards" am pissed, her mindset is just like Likhanya she is rational she doesn't think but she act's, i don't know if she would fit in my world.

"I know that but i just couldn't imagine you in jail, it tore me to peaces thinking about losing you to jail" she says my eyes scan around his gone the man who suspiciously was reading the newspaper or perhaps am so used to danger i get paranoid about everyone around me.

"That's why it's called a relationship we communicate and figure out solutions to the problems we have" am lying but easing her, my problems are for my solution only, MaCele will always be a problem but i know physically she cannot do anything she cannot afford my death nor jail i know she'll try alternative ways.

"Like you always do when you have a problem" she utters my problems keep piling up, its Mongezi and his wife , then Likhanya and his girlfriend Asandiswa, i need permanent solution to Asandiswa because this going back and forth about my daughter is tiring pity am not one to get my hands dirty.

"If you were set to solve my problems you wouldn't even know where to start Thandolwam let me solve them, let me worry about them , and please stop trying to protect me let me do that job on my own" i utter she looks at me for a minute long i return the gaze.

"Have you tried therapy before " she says her hands snaking into mine "you've been through so much you haven't healed you learn to live with them" she says.

"Stop trying to psychoanalys me Thandolwam, the fact i learned to live with them shouldn't that tell you how much I've moved on am fine" i say leaning forward "the isn't an option in my life to dwell in the past and relive it but an option whereby i have to keep going and face the new problem that arise daily" i continue closing the therapy topic.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Qhawe Ndlovu always say we are brought into someone's lives for a reason either to love them ,support them and always be there for them or sometimes to heal them and in this position am in i feel i was brought in this man's life to be both those option, i took it as my position to help him his just like those Zulu Man, stubborn I've never had a close encounter with so much stubborn Xhosa man before but here he is, i might not relate with the hardships he faced. My heartbeat is drumming so hard in my chest as i hold dear the phone that belongs to my boyfriend while he sleeps so peaceful , i like watching him like this so peaceful with no worries in the world, our vacation was disastrous we returned today after only spending as intended 2 days in Cape Town.

"You thoughts are making noise" he utters so groggy that his voice massages things in my body i would jump onto him if it wasn't for the fact we expecting a guest.

"Your brother called he is fuming coming here i suggest you get dresses" that manages to be what he needed in order for sleep to evaporate his eyes i stand up to answer the ringing door.

"Where is he "the worried look on his face gives me hope , hope that everything will become better i manage to convince myself that am doing this for them.

"In the bedroom upstairs "i say he strides towards there leaving me on the door , i clear my throat "uhmm Likhanya can you burrow me you phone so i can make a call mine is off and Lisakhanya's fell down and broke" the lies he looks at me attentively for a minute but he doesn't care as he hands me the phone his rushing to see his brother immediately when i hold his phone in my hands i smile excitedly as i make sure everything is on me, key ,spare key and phones check i lock the door behind me immediately after exiting, this plan can either go two ways they talk everything through or kill each other perhaps i should have taken anything that's capable of making someone commit murder i drive out of the driveway almost bumping into Likhanya's car because of how careless he has parked, or God's today are with me as i see the keys dangling onto the car i stop mine getting out and grabbing the keys he must have left them while rushing inside, am glad he worries

about his brother i wasn't sure when i texted him telling him his brother was shot in his chest and his lying in bed not wanting hospital

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i lock the car before driving away, am getting myself something to eat while i pass time before i go check up on those two, am desperate for them to iron out everything every misunderstanding they have and not just became siblings but actual twins.

Likhanya Biyela

"Hey this is Thandolwethu i found your brother in bed bloody with a bullet wound on his chest he doesn't want to go to the hospital, his badly injured and losing a lot of blood am scared he might die and the Isn't anything i can do" my mind had frozen for a minute, i know i might have mentioned it once or twice my hatred for my brother but that doesn't mean i wish death upon him, i almost dropped the baby in my arms i grew accustomed to and grew love for her.

"Likhanya mani" my Grandmother exclaim in annoyance after catching the child, i don't care about her annoyance but my brother, am shaking my eyes are teary looking for the car keys , they seem to have played hide and seek with me, ahh found them i grab them half running out, my driving can get me either killed because of lack of concentration my mind imagining the situation my brother is in or it will end up with me having a ticket in hand because of the deathly speed am driving in. I cannot bear the thought of my mother's only child dying on me, he still has so many years to live for, am not a prayer warrior never have been which is probably the reason why my head only chants 'our father' over and over again unable to continue even further. Gogo said you don't need words to explain yourself to him he hears your cries and what's inside your heart, to say am pissed would be an understatement remembering the emotional turmoil i went through thinking his in his dying bed while his here putting on his shoes ,am beyond pissed not only at him but his girlfriend too they wasted my time.

LISAKHANYA MADIKIZELA

"ufunani" (what do you want) i question my brother who is standing on the same spot since he walked in on that door.

"What games are you and your hoe playing at" oh his daring me unfortunately i cannot backout of the dare i punch his jaw.

"Don't ever call my women a hoe infact a hoe is that women who lied to you and said she loves you while fucking..." he understands as he throws the same punch and a knee on my stomach making me groan, I've painted this beautiful picture of Khanyiswa that learning she isn't what i thought breaks my heart and i cannot even question her why she did everything because she isn't here.

"What am I doing here Lisakhanya why would you text me saying you dying while you not" he questions i furrow my eyebrows at him.

"Uthetha ngantoni Likhanya i didn't text you" i say he runs his hands over his jeans before frowning in a minute his out of the door calling Thandolwethu's name she isn't responding but the door is locked, it takes a minute for me to realise what her intentions were.

"Yabona this bitch i swear I'll murder her nx" he says running his hand across his face sweeping his face with it.

"Likhanya Biyela am warning you for the last time yeva kwedini don't ever not in your wildest dreams call my women a bitch nor a hoe "i threaten with my clenched teeth.

"Or what huh" he says towering over me pushing my sholders i chuckle shaking my head only one person who'se capable of making me lose my temper Likhanya Biyela. "Just as i thought" a minute long stretches as we both watch the door like it will miraculously open, am capable of breaking the door down but the security door is the problem. "What games are you playing at Lisakhanya "he questions yet again i don't turn for a minute.

"Not everything is about games Likhanya" i say before turning to look at him "kutheni usidenge nje Likhanya"(why are you stupid Likhanya) i question him "you constantly provoking MaCele every chance you get knowing she will retaliate" i say.

"Uligwala inxaki yakho Lisakhanya hence you not capable of killing MaCele yet have the resources to" (you too scared that's your problem) he utters.

"Look what ubugwala bam has brought me this far" (me being scared) i say calmly "you not brave continue convincing yourself you are but you not you impulsive, stupid and doesn't think before..."his back to his anger as he pushes me back by my shoulders.

"Stop calling me stupid Lisakhanya" he utters angrily i know am poking a snake in its hole.

"Ndiyaxoka ke , i don't think you even understand the term stupid kodwa ke what did i expect from a person who left school in grade 10 after studying for 12 years in primary" (am i lying) i say another punch on my jaw before i retaliate we now

fighting punches being thrown in both one after the other only when we both feel exhausted do we pull apart i hold my bleeding nose and even my mouth taste bloody , my ribs hurt from being repeatedly punched and kicked.

"You just like him" he says leaning on the couch pressing his back on the couch while he leans his head forward. "You think i don't know that am stupid while you the amazing son who passed with flying colours and went to varsity i do Lisakhanya but a degree isn't all that" he says.

"Those are the words of solace to make yourself feel better look at you now you've got no second option where you'll fall into should the Biyela empire fall onto the ground" i say.

"You have a second option kodwa look at you sucking up to Mongezi" he says we both sitting besides each other without looking at each other.

"Not by choice uyafana noMongezi stupid you aren't capable of running a business it would fall on the ground within a minute" i say.

"Just because you hold a precious degree doesn't mean you smart running a business isn't all that hard" he says.

"Says a person who ran a company broke within space of weeks" silence yet again all he does is scoff. "Why Khanyiswa, why would you take a women i loved from me wasn't Asandiswa enough" i say burying my nose in my bloody shirt again.

"Because for the first time i got to be me Lisakhanya, for the first time someone noticed me not Lisakhanya's twin, not Mongezi's puppet but me, for the first time someone listened to me

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listened to my dreams , someone saw me for me Lisakhanya, someone who didn't look down on me unlike everyone in this family, everyone who sees nothing but a stupid, impulsive and a drug addict , she saw me beyond everything and motivated me to chase my dreams" he says.

"What are those dreams" i question this is the first time am hearing that , I've never knew beyond Mongezi's puppet the is someone who wants more.

"Does it matter Lisakhanya cause in your eyes and everyone am that boy who repeated every grade in school and ended dropping out am that stupid child whose parents had to bribe people for me to be promoted to the next grade" he says pain painted in his eyes this is the first time am seeing him this vulnerable.

"You think being called weak everyday is nice, am making you taste your medication, you and your father look down upon my decisions upon me daily am made to feel so small because unlike you am unable to hold a gun and kill in cold blood without having nightmares about it atleast Mongezi's words don't torment me anymore but yours Likhanya, you take every chance to look down on me about everything , my education is the only way i know i can hurt you" i say we both glaring at each other.

Thandolwethu Isisa Ndlovu

Am expecting to return in a house finding the brothers crying in each other's arms apologizing for all these years not a house with everything inside lying on the floor with so many pieces that shared on the ground and both brothers bloody with guns pointed at each other, this isn't the reunion i ordered , am still standing shocked on the door with a paperbag from McDonald's at hand.

"Oh My Goodness Lisakhanya "they both glaring at each other not even awarding me a look, i don't know what i expected though i mean these people spent so many years trying to kill each other. "Baby can we talk about..." i catwalk to where they standing with the paperbag planted now on the ground.

"Thandolwam go home" he says he isn't looking at me but his brother, his voice is cold normally when he calls me Thandolwam i feel giddy but not today "Thandolwam" he threatens his crazy if he thinks am leaving them in this positioning.

"Lisakhanya..."

"You wanted me and my brother to talk didn't you , now we talking cela usinike ispace"(please give us space) he utters this isn't the talking i wanted them to do.

"Think about you Grandmother how excruciating it will be for her if she finds out one of her son died, a son she fought so hard to raise" am bringing the only card am assuming will work for them to atleast think about that women raising their daughter's.

"Thandolwethu..." am no longer Thandolwam i turn leaving everything before going to my car

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i have this heavy feeling leaving them behind.

"I'll admit you make the impossible ,possible i tried so many years but you made my job easier" i jump looking at the devel covered in red cloth literally.

"They'll never kill each other" i say looking at her on the reveal mirror.

"Not Lisakhanya atleast but Likhanya will if your boyfriend keeps poking him like that and if Likhanya kills Lisakhanya his father will kill him for murdering his precious son and my job is done" she says dusting her hands together i can already see the smile on her face.

"I know that you cannot afford Lisakhanya dead" i say making her giggle like a little child, this women ages like fine wine.

"That's what he told you" she says i mentally convince myself am not going to allow this women to scare me not ever. "I can afford his death if it's well executed unfortunately i don't want my hands dirty" she says.

"Why do you hate them so much, the person you should be hating is your husband his the one who went out seeking solace in the arms of another women and gave her two children he even abandoned them" i say.

"I don't hate them am a mother seeking to ensure her son's future, besides have you never heard the saying a child dies for their parent's sins" shrugging her shoulders she says "i only..." a deafening sound coming from the house halts her making her smile widely "Likhanya is useless really" she says looking at the house "smartwise he isn't gifted ,during combat training he did bring out his best which wasn't enough now why do you think Mongezi would keep someone who isn't beneficial to him" she stops "guns..."she pauses "his good with guns never missed a target before the only person surviving him was only because he was high on drugs" my heart sinks in my stomach even further, i hope and pray they haven't hurt each other, a second and third time the sound echoes before i decide I've had enough i leave the car immediately marching to the house.

Thandolwethu Isisa Ndlovu

The'se blood, blood that welcomes me as soon as i enter through the door both man on the floor groaning i rush to Lisakhanya accessing him he has 2 gun wounds one on his thigh while another below his abdominal.

"Oh my goodness are you okay, am calling the ambulance" i say patting my jeans i find it and standing up i am panicking calling the ambulance, grabbing the kitchen cloth i press it on his stomach he hisses throwing his head back "don't you dare close those eyes Lisakhanya" i warn him making him smile.

"Am trying to rest my eyes they heavy" he says chuckling before hissing, i can hear the ambulance before the door is bust open ,i forgot about Likhanya for a minute until the paramedics take him too, i halt on my stop while they taking the twins away my phone is ringing.

"Baba" i answer the call from my father

"Isisa were are you Ayize passed out at school they rushed her to the hospital" Baba says making my heart stop for a minute, oh god can this day get any worse

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am unable to be in two places at once but my sister is more important than boyfriend.

"Am coming now" i utter already half running to my car i already know which hospital they in so driving as fast as i can to the hospital i arrive half the time i usually do. "What happened, what did the doctor say" i question as soon as i enter, Ayabonga is settled on the benches including Ayanda they both in uniform sitting a metre away from each other. Ma sitting across them tapping anxiously on the floor while Baba is on his feet.

"Angazi Isisa angazi we received a call that she passed out at school and she is being rushed to the hospital" (i don't know) he utters rubbing his chin "nabo labantu are slow kunini sila"(these people are slow we've been here for so long) baba continues.

"Ehlisa uMoya Gatsheni yekela odokotela benze umsebenzi wabo"(calm down Gatsheni leave the doctors to do their jobs) the strain in my mother's voice, we are anxiously waiting for any news that may have caused Ayize to pass out finally after the long wait that felt like hours.

"Doctor what is wrong with my daughter, is she okay, can we take her home" baba bombers the doctor with questions we now all crowding the doctor.

"We are unsure what is wrong with her yet but something did interfere with the peacemaker which made her unable to breath causing the passing out, for now we've put her on ventilator to assist the peacemaker, unfortunately we cannot let her go until we've figured out what could've intefered with the peacemaker" the doctor said.

"Does that mean she has to undego surgery again" Ayabonga questions the doctor who immediately shakes his head letting us sigh in relief.

"The peacemaker is still much running perfectly but something might have happened which might have interfered with the operational of the peacemaker" the doctor says.

"Can we see her" Ma questions the doctor nods his head we walk to the room Ayize is wide awake with the mask up covering her mouth and nose. Seeing her wide awake am relieved now am worried about my boyfriend, i somehow blame myself for that i wish i didn't have stupid ideas someone slap me next time i have a stupid idea like that.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

His awake getting a shouting that can be heard from across the hallway , the soft yet firm voice belonging to a women, i watch as the women gets impatient in trying to pacify what is happening.

"Sir we put a bedpan for a reason you cannot move a lot around with the wounds around your lower abdominal" the nurse is defeated but refuse defeat as she begs.

"And i said am not using a bedpan like am 80 years old who'se knees aren't working anymore" he says wincing.

"Okay sir i understand but please let me help you before your wounds tear open" says the nurse with shoulders now sagging.

"Yemani what part of am okay don't you understand " stubborn Xhosa-Zulu man i walk in dismissing the nurse who walks out mumbling whatever.

"If you keep up this behaviour you will get kicked out untreated" i say helping him his also mumbling whatever under his breath.

"Am not doing anything but i wont allow to be treated like am paralyzed person" he says when he walks back to bed his wincing.

"Am sorry" i say sighing am apologizing for so many things but for now it means for giving out a hand in this.

"I just don't understand you sometimes, we spent the past 20 years me and Likhanya trying to kill each other fighting and you think us being in the same room without third party is a good idea" he utters before sighing loudly. "I love you" he mumbles.

"I love you too and am really sorry i nearly killed you" i utter to him.

"He was never going to kill me Thandolwam he wanted to vent out the best way he knows how" he says not enough to convince me but enough to shut me up for now.

"Your stepmother came to me she didn't say much but celebrating your fight " i say he just brushes my knuckles like he didn't hear me say anything his dismissing me like always the topic about his family isn't a discussion. "I couldn't be the first to be here because my sister was in the hospital"i move on from the topic.

"Is she okay" now he gives me his attention.

"Yes she is now she just passed out at school we just found out it's because her boyfriend gave her a necklace containing magnets which interfered with the peacemaker" i say it was a relief it wasn't anything serious but the doctor did warn us about the magnets on jewelry poor boy was scared because a simple lovely gesture took his girlfriend straight to hospital and almost killed her.

"We decided to take a break" he mumbles but loud enough for me to hear , he speaks so randomly leaving my knuckles lonely. "Me and Likhanya we decided to take a break from everything the company, the Biyela's everything we taking a break from it and get to actually know each other and spend time with each other" am happy at what he just uttered but i know they need to heal "you see Thandolwam we not normal people of therapy , therapy sessions will not help us" he says i frown.

"What do you mean" i ask frowning he sighs completely vacating my hand the warmness he was spreading cut short he looks away for a second or two drop dead silence engulf us my heartbeat beats faster rapidly against my chest.

"Me and Likhanya decided on backpacking across the country to figure ourselves out and connect on a deeper level" he says holding my hands i snatch them away.

"What about me" i ask looking at him.

"All i need is just a year Thandolwam, a year that's it" he says i feel tears burning my eyelids immediately.

"I can't wait a year for you Lisakhanya you have to decide you want our relationship or you want out" i say.

"That is not fair Thandolwam, how many times have i yearned for this opportunity

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i want to get to know my brother away from everything, away from the grasp of Biyela's, am tired Thandolwam you wouldn't understand me, am tired of fighting every freaking day of my life, day in day out am fighting to survive ,I've made so many sacrifices for you but this once , this once Thandolwam i want to be selfish you putting me in that spot" his shouting tears roll down my eyes as i throw myself on the chair opposite the bed. "I'll call you each and every chance i get i promise and am not leaving immediately probably a month or two from now , I'll call you, I'll video call every damn chance i get just allow me to do this for once a year is all am asking for you to wait for me" he begs i bite my lower lip as tears uncontrollably rolling down my eyes.

THANDOLWETHU ISISA NDLOVU

Tears are swimming on my eyes ready to come out, his hands sneak on my waist pulling me impossible closer while mine rest on his chest, i blink once and they fall he wipes them with his thumb.

"One year Thandolwam, one year then am all yours, I'll never forget you ,i love you more than anything in this world please live day by day with those words, I'll remind you every moment those words" he assures my hidden fears, him finding a women and never returning back to me while am stuck waiting for him, we both staggering back until my back comes in contact with the soft fabric of his bedding. "Asoze ndakulibala Thandolwam uyinto yonke kum"(I'll never forget you, you mean everything to me) he says his fingers running over my cheek he puts his hands on either sides of me vacating my cheeks.

"I don't want you to leave" i sound selfish i know especially having 2 months to grasp at the fact he was leaving for a year, 365days , 52 weeks 12 months.

"I know " he utters his lips now grazing my jaw line, i swallow closing my eyes savouring every moment ,our last moment together, lightly he grazes my jaw leaving butterfly kisses along my jaw down my neck and my chest he goes back yet again up repeating the process a couple of times before his hands wrap around the shirt am wearing in one go the buttons are flying off hitting the tile floor i gasp as my nipples stand firmer under the cold breeze that just engulfed them.

"I love you Thandolwam" he assures as his lips wrap around my nipples gently like a newborn baby latching their food for the first time he sucks my nipples while his other hand works on my vacant nipples gently squeezing it emitting soft moans from my throat out of my mouth ,he switches from time to time, with each latching i feel every fiber, every cell in my body awakening , eventually he decided to vacate my nipples as his mouth kiss my stomach making it flip twice, his mouth descends sucking everywhere they connect to promising to leave marks all over my body, my thighs his sucking between them, exchanging them before he stops, savoring his favourite part of my body as he says , gently he presses his finger on my clint making me gasp before he moves it in circles like an experienced driver moving a driving wheel. My teeth kidnaps my lower lip as they

trap it between them preventing any moans from escaping, his brother called 5 minutes ago saying his driving here which is what led me to my sulking it's making everything real.

"Ahhh" i unexpectedly moan out loud when his tongue takes over the job belonging to his fingers, latching softly he continues while occasionally running his tongue up and down, left and right and then in circles, am dripping wet as he pulls out blowing air before latching again, his tongue lapping my juices before he descends, both his hands opening my ass up more to expose the rim of my ass, he puts my legs on his shoulders as he runs his tongue around am enjoying it i moan holding the back of his head pushing him to do more, his fingers circle my vagina lips before he digs me up with one finger curving it he thrusts, second finger added am gasping, moaning locking or trying to lock his face between my thighs but he isn't allowing me, my back vacates the bed as i curve it riding his face.

"Cum for me baby, give me those juices" he says drinking everything up, my toes, fingers curl as my eyes roll to the back of my head.

"Oh god" i say pushing his face deeper until i release everything breathing heavily i drop down on the bed mumbling 'oh my god' over and over again, his satisfied when he comes back up his lips connecting with mine, my fingers lock on his towel before dropping it down leaving his manhood standing firmly

I've done this i get the courage his leaving i have to give him something to remember, gently i push him off me and get on top of him, crawling off the bed i kneel between his thigh kissing them while my fingers gently pump him , his hands wrap around mine before he helps me up until i get tired, my one hand leaves him manhood and my mouth replaces it.

"Shit" he curses shuttering when my lips wrap around his crown i can taste the bitter precum, bobbing my head up and down i thrust with my other hand while the other plays with his jewels, i occasionally suck his sack his moaning crying out loudly with the voice I've never heard before, his hand wraps around my hair pushing me further i gag wanting to throw up when i feel him touching the back of my throat he enjoys it before i pull back breathing again, he is now thrusting bruising the back of my throat before he pulls away pulling me towards him, firm hands are holding both my ass cheeks separating them, he grinds his teeth together while i throw my head back moaning as he sinks in , his hand brings back my face to his ass he kisses

me, just like how he taught me am grinding , moving my hips in the rhythm of my soul chasing after my own organism.

"Ahhh...ohhhh" i moan loudly grasping his shoulders when my thrust occasionally change from in and out to up and down , he groans his hands running all over my back before squeezing my ass his dick is nudging that spot capable of making me lose my mind "oh my god...ahhhhh" i chant moaning when i feel a twitch in my vagina my walls spasms as organism follows erupting like as volcano my eyes roll to the back of my head , standing up with me in his arms he turns putting me in bed before turning me around my hands and knees on the bed while i arch my back giving him a clear view of me down there, i hear the bed creaking before feeling his soft firm tongue making me shudder again, his eating me like am the last meal.

"Ohhh" i cry out burying my face in the pillows as he eats me up, drinking all my fluids until his satisfied before he sinks in, past my uterus i feel him in my lungs i feel so full, he thrust the painful pleasure making my stomach tighten he moves his waist in circles making me go crazy "oh god right there " i moan out not that he doesn't know my Gspot, the sheets fills my fingers when i pull them, our bodies slapping each other as he thrust, he pulls me at the edge of the bed before resuming the room in filled with moans, groans, yelps ,screams and heavy breathing, am yet again turning my back on the bed while legs dangling in

his shoulders while he thrust i throw my head back when my fingers rub my clint to create extra please.

"It feels so good" i sob as i feel my stomach tightening as the familiar feeling approaching, his thrusts are more quicker, more violently nudging my whole body , toes curling fingers interlocking eyes as the back of my head all i see are stars as my organism ripples me yet again he violently increase his thrusts before groaning loudly freezing with gasp escaping his mouth cum after cum fills me , we both stay like that intertwine before he sighs like he hears what's in my heart. A guttering sob escapes my mouth he holds me hushing me ,cradling me like a child , i hold tightly taking in his scent the ringing phone makes me cling tightly onto him i haven't accepted it , it's hard accepting the person i love is leaving.

"I love you" he assures before letting me go, he walks to the room and returns with a wet towel wiping both of us before he delicately dresses me like am a little child, he does the same before we both walk out him draping a backpack on his back with a small luggage being dragged by his left hand and the right holding tightly to me, i spot Lukhanya not far his leaning against the car smoking i didn't know he does, his accompanying me to my car "i love you "he says again.

"I love you too" i utter"A year Lisakhanya" i say buried in his embrace

"A year Thandolwam nothing more" he says kissing my forehead before walking away, i watch him walking away getting in the car after loading everything they drive away taking a piece of me too, i stand rooted in that position as tears roll down my eyes my biggest fear is him finding someone who will love him and i may never see him again but i console myself with the fact Lisakhanya loves his daughter to death he would never abandon her he'll be back it's a matter of 365 days.

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

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