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Nomaswazi the return by Thobsile Tabet

Chapter One

NOMASWAZI

TWO YEARS LATER

The auditorium went quite, I stood still and faced the hundreds of eyes staring back at me waiting and anticipating what I am about to say. Though they went all out with their outfit I could point a few who could've chosen to pick a different approach perhaps a different colour or better yet a whole change of outfit. They look ridiculous, perhaps I should've been a stylist instead of a doctor; traditional doctor that is. I look around, building the emotions and feeling the atmosphere, each and every person in this room right now is here to support me, dressed to "kill", the deco breathtakingly beautiful with it traditional touch, mixed with tiger prints, not forgetting my best friend of all times sitting on the front table sipping on her

probably fifth glass of wine. She has been drinking a lot these days. I make a mentally note in my head to address the drinking issue. She smiles at me and gave a small wave encouraging me to talk. Though all these people are here for me, to support and cheer for me I still felt like something is missing, something that no one can replace. Suddenly the speech I had written didn't matter no more, "Speak from the heart" this is the kind of situation where they advise you to speak from the heart; though I am not sure I still have heart nor more. I closed the tablet device before me then faced the audience.

Me: I think it better I speak from the heart, the speech I had written won't cover anything I am feeling inside right at this moment. I am beyond the word grateful, I feel so overwhelmed seeing the auditorium filled with so many people to eat my free food, drink my free booze and most importantly cheer for me. This marks the best day of my life. Cheers to that.

They all laughed and raised their glasses; "Cheers"

Me: The past few years have been a rough patch for me, one moment I was all normal, living my normal life then boom I have ancestors, I have spiritual gift, I had to go out of my comfort zone to confront my Aunt whom I am not her big fan, along the way I found out about my own father, a man I never knew, at some point I felt like giving up on my life but having had Lisa and Zoe by my side was the best thing ever, they stood

by me, held my hand and helped me get through everything. Right when everything was starting to go well we lost Lisa.

A tear escape my eye, I took a moment and look down suddenly the atmosphere in the room completely changed. My heart felt so heavy, I closed my eyes for a moment and reminded myself that the time is here, I should shift my anger and hate towards revenging her. Taking a deep breath I open my eyes in time to see Zoe getting off the chair and walking away. I dap on my eyes just so I won't ruin my make-up and faced the audience again.

Me: She left too soon, we had plans for the future, and she had so much planned for her future. She worked so damn hard to obtain her diploma, spent every cent she got towards her studies. She would work all night and go to school during the day; she literally had no time to spare for herself. It was always about work and school, then us with our problems. I am not sure how she did it; she seemed so in control and so strong for a girl who was raised by a Grandmother with no parents. Now that I think of it Lisa was the strongest among us, she was the glue that always held us together. Now that she's gone we are just so lost without her, sometimes I find myself staring at her picture asking myself if she was still alive where she would be with life now; what she would say about me launching my own business. Most of you were never luck enough to meet her, had

you did I bet you were going to love her. Today is more for her than it is for me. This belongs to her, it all dedicated to her. I could talk all day if I don't stop now.

I raised my glass of white sparkling wine.

Me: Let make a toast to my beloved friend and sister.

They all raised their glasses.

Me: This is for Lisa; to Lisa!

“To Lisa”

They echoed after me.

Me: To saving lives! And to Doctor Makhosi Swazi!

I said flipping my hair and smiling widely.

“To Doctor Makhosi Swazi”

Again they echoed.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;"> I walked off the stage and let the DJ to play some music while I took my seat next to Zoe who by the way is still not back after leaving the room during my speech. I sat down and poured myself a glass of wine, gulped it at once. Everyone seems to be back to the dancing

and chatting among themselves. Zoe shortly came back; she looks so stunning on her black one piece garment with tiger print high heels. She's holding an empty bottle of red wine and a glass; she took a sit next to me then poured herself a full glass of whisky with ice.

Me: Zoe that enough now, you are already drunk

I say in a lowered voice just so our guest won't hear us; she ignored me and gulps down the whisky.

Me: Zoe, will you just stop, you promised you wouldn't drink today.

She groaned and rolled her eyes, Ever since Lisa's death two years ago Zoe had been drinking more than she should, she's literally always drunk and she never want to hear anything I say. I had let her be thinking perhaps she would eventually change, thinking this was just temporal it her way of dealing with the pain but it hasn't stop. It has come to a point of me really worrying about her.

Zoe: Not today "Doctor Makhosi Swazi"

She emphasise the last part while pouring herself wine, all these alcohol she's busy mixing she better not throw up.

Me: Would you just s-

Zoe: Jeez bitch would you just back off!

She said loudly, loud enough for the guest to hear.

Zoe: You so pathetic Swazi acting all perfect and shit, not to mention using Lisa's death for your stupid healing shit.

Me: Excuse me!

The music has stop everyone now is literally staring at the drama unfolding between us while taking videos with their phones.

Zoe: You are a two faced bitch, you busy acting like you care for Lisa just so it would benefit you. You are busy being Miss righteous here when you are nothing but a fucking bitch, screw you Swazi!

I snatch her glass of wine and poured it on her face. She gasped.

Zoe: What the fuck!

She took my glass and splashed it on my face then stood up.

Zoe: Fuck you Swazi; you are an ass a fucking fake sangoma.

She will not drag my gift to this shit.

Me: I will beat the shit out of you Zoe

Zoe: You? beat me! What are you waiting for? Bring it on bitch. You are nothing but a fake, who does this? Make a launch for

being a fucking sangoma; you are as fake as they come. You even failed to save Lisa.

Me: Do not drag my gift or Lisa in this; you seem to forget you are nothing without me. You Zoleka my darling have nothing, I feed you, you live under my roof bitch, is this how you thank me; by calling me fake?

Zoe: Oh now that YOU have money you think you are a real ish? Tell you what I will fucking move out of your house, I don't need you; I don't want your money. To think I always gave you money back in the days even went as far as paying rent for your pathetic ass now that you got money you being a bitch.

Me: Don't fuck with me Zoleka I have a criminal record because your pathetic ass couldn't keep a man. You listen to me I won't let you ruin my shine because of your jealous; I made myself who I am today. As for you; you are nothing but a spoiled brat who is busy drowning herself on alcohol. No wonder your parents couldn't love you even your husband divorced you for your cousin, who would lo-

Before I could finish my sentence she threw a glass at me and it hit me on my forehead then she was already on me attacking me, I attacked back. Sbusiso quickly got between us.

Sbusiso: Would you just stop! What is wrong with the two of you? Is this what you are becoming? Is this who you are now?

Fighting each other and bringing down one another. Is this who you are now? I am so disappointed even Lisakhanya is turning in her grave, you are such a disgrace.

He said and walked out leaving us staring at each other with messy hair and death stares.

Zoe: Fuck this shit

She said and grabbed her purse following Sbusiso as they leave. She has ruined my night she ruined something so dearly to me, I spent almost three years building all of this now she has ruined it. I am sure we will be all over social media and people would believe that I am a fake healer. This was my launch to get myself out there and known, this was my chance at getting more clients, now no one will be talking about how great my launch was because everyone will be talking about the stunt Zoe just pulled. She fucking ruined me. She just sabotaged everything I had worked so damn hard for, how could she do me like this. I didn't even had energy to tell people the launch is over they should just go home, I just snatch my own bag from the chair and walked out

TWO

NOMASWAZI

I got in the uber, slamming the door, angry af! For sure my face is red with anger. I love Zoe but she has gone too far. How could she ruin this day for me knowing very well how important it is to me. She just literally threw my hard effort down the drain, all the money I had used for this particular event down the drain. She just fucked with my dreams; how dare she do this to me.

“Are you okay?”

The uber driver that I didn't even pay much attention to, ask as I settle in the car. My forehead is bleeding from where Zoe hit me with a glass.

Me: How can I be okay, my best friend who is supposed to be supporting, cheering for me, and making sure everything goes well today just sabotaged me. She literally ruined me, knowing very well how much I have prayed for this day to be a success but no Zoe don't care about anyone but herself. She has gone too far this time. Too far

I was so angry, tears were just streaming down, and I am busy thinking to myself maybe this is just a nightmare but then it reality Zoe fucked with my whole life.

Me: I can't believe her, I fucking can't believe after everything we have been through she goes and ruin my life like this? How dare she is? I support her useless unemployed ass, she lives under my roof, under the house I bought with my own money she didn't put a cent not even a little cent, she eat my food, she drinks my alcohol on top of that I give her allowance to take care of her needs, I buy her clothes like ...the bitch is depending on me for everything. I am the fucking reason she goes to the toilet everyday yet she fucked me up. She chose this day, this special day to fuck me up. How dare she do this to me?

I wiped my tears and tried fishing out my phone on the bag.

"Maybe she didn't-

Me: Oh my god no ...I am already trending on twitter, someone posted the video. How could Zoe do this to me? How could she ruin my life like this?

I started crying loudly, as in wailing.

Me: Why? Why did she do that to me, look they are saying all the bad things about me, the video was posted a few minutes ago but already with more than 50 comments and 2k reactions. Oh my God already they are taking her words listen to this

comment. "I knew something was beating water, a sangoma with long eagle nails. I clap once #FakeSangomaMustFall". Ain't sangoma's humans, don't we deserve fine things in life. "Her eyelashes would sweep my mother's yard clean #FakeSangomaMustFall" oh my God, oh my God. "Who throws a classy party for being a sangoma, come on guys respect the underground gang #FakeSangomaMustFall" They are all talking shit. "What if the friend is just jealous, but no girl those shoes ain't sangoma's supposed to be barefooted? And the dress, slay queens be turning our culture to a joke #IClapOnce"

I kept reading the comments, reading about all the horrible things they are saying about me, all because of Zoe.

Me: She ruined me, she ruined me.

The poor driver got off the car and came to the back seat I haven't even noticed him as it dark and I am in so much hurt and pain.

"Look Nomaswazi I am sorry she did that to you"

I closed my eyes and leaned on the chair letting the tears fall.

Me: Everything they saying about me it all horrible, how am I going to face the world again? Who will even come for consultation after this?

"Hey everything is going to be okay; don't cry just sleep it off for today you will wake up feeling better"

The driver's voice sounded familiar yet I couldn't put a face on it. I opened my eyes to stare at this uber driver who cared enough to comfort me.

Me: Africa!?

I say rather shocked.

Africa: I guess our path crossed again

Me: What the ...you ...how are you here? I haven't seen you in years, wait you drive an uber now?

He just smiled and opened his arms for me; I really needed to be held.

Africa: Well firstly I have been meaning to approach you for a while but you are always with that white boy of yours.

He said and made a groaning sound; I snuggle in his arm and let him hold me. I took a deep sigh and squeezed him to me. My forehead where Zoe hit me hurt as hell.

Africa: It okay, everything will work out you will see. Just go home sleep it off and don't read these stupid things they are busy saying about you.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align:

baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Nothing will work out, she ruined my life. My chance at using my gift, she ruined me social media is attacking me left and right

Africa: I'm sorry ...shh ...do not worry you are a very strong lady this is nothing and if you sleep it off you will realised it not that big, you can still bounce back.

He said shushing me. My phone rang on my lap; I grabbed it and checked who is calling. It just Brandon my boyfriend, I jump off Africa's arms suddenly feeling guilty.

Me: Sorry I have to take this.

I say picking the call and looking the other way.

Me: Hello

Brandon: Sweetie where are you? What happened? I just landed and I'm seeing twitter buzzing with a video of you and that friend of yours.

Me: Babe she ruined me, I am on my way home. Zoe ruined everything I worked hard for.

Brandon couldn't come to the launch because he was in Cape Town on a business trip, his flight got delayed otherwise he was gonna be in time for the launch.

Brandon: I am coming right now, should I bring you anything?

Me: I just want you, please come and hold me.

Brandon: I will be there in few.

He said and dropped the call.

Me: Please take me home

Africa: Nomaswazi i-

Me: Africa please, I just want to go home.

I said looking outside the window as cars pass, he got off the back seat and entered the driver side then drove off in silence. Once we were on my gate he stops.

Africa: I will forward you my personal number you can call me anytime when you need something.

He said before I could climb out, I nod my head and got off.

I stare at my reflection on the mirror, a scar on my forehead. A tear escaped my eye. I quickly wiped it and put on a plaster where there's a scar. Zoe is not here, she obviously didn't come home after the tantrum she pulled, and good for her I doubt I would be able to be with her in the same house without wanting to kill her. I dragged my feet and went down stairs I got myself, some snacks and a bottle of brutal fruit then settled on the couch while crying and drinking the brutal fruit from the

bottle. My doorbell rang, it probably Brandon I have been waiting for hours for him. I stood up and open the door, the moment my eyes landed on him I attacked him with a hug. He hugged me back. Brandon is white, very taller than me and slim.

Brandon: Hey sweetie

He cupped my face and perks my lips.

Brandon: I brought some snacks with chocolate.

He picked me up and closed the door with his leg, I burry myself on his shoulder as I cry. Once we were on the couch he put me down and sat beside me.

Brandon: How are you feeling?

Me: I don't understand Zoe; she ruined everything I ever worked hard for.

Brandon: I had told you many times to cut ties with that friend of yours, she's busy milking you dry. She's literally your responsibility and worse of it all she's so ungrateful. I have never liked her.

Me: Will you just stop ...

I already had a headache I didn't need him adding more, he opened his arms for me.

Brandon: Come here. She will pay for making my woman cry after everything you been doing for her, she thank you by ruining your life. I always knew she was going to stab you at the back.

I got off his embrace and stood up.

Me: Get out!

Brandon: Sw-

Me: Get the fuck out! Who the hell do you think you are, talking shit about my friend? Well she also never liked you so get the fuck out.

Brandon: You being silly

Me: Get out of my house! Phuma! Out!

He groaned and shaking his head he stood up from the couch and walked towards the door then turned to me, I turned the underside till I heard the door closing behind him. I lay on the couch feeling so lonely and so hurt. Days like this make me miss Lisa so much, she would know what to do and say at this moment.

What should I do Lisa?

THREE

NOMASWAZI

I woke up with a mother of headache; I had slept on the couch. The bottle of an empty brutal fruit right on the floor, my phone on the coffee table, I had switched it off yesterday just to avoid everything that is happening. I dragged myself and went to take a quick bath then came back in the lounge in time as Zoe entered the front door, shoes on her hands; we stood still and stare at each other not saying anything. I rolled my eyes and walked towards the kitchen, I didn't want her sorry, and it won't change a damn thing. I had just finished making myself breakfast when Zoe walked in the kitchen, all changed and bath.

Zoe: Swazi i-

Me: Save it Zoe I don't want to hear a thing from you

Zoe: Swazi I am sorry, I am so sorry.

Me: I said save it, you screwed me; ruined my day, you literally ruined everything for me and saying sorry won't fix shit. I can't even enjoy social media because I am getting insulted everywhere. I had to switch off my phone. You ruined me and

that just that so please take your sorry and shove it where the sun doesn't shine.

I say and took my breakfast then settled on the kitchen high chair.

Me: Nx I just lost my appetite.

I stood up and walked away but stopped mid-way.

Me: I can't believe out of all people you did this to me, knowing how much this meant for me. I feel so betrayed, I hope you happy.

She stood there with tears streaming down her cheeks and quite honestly her tears didn't move me, I was so angry with her. I decided I couldn't be in a same house as her so I grabbed my bag and her car keys by the key holders, I didn't have a car but was sure I was gonna buy it this year, now that it doesn't seem like I would be getting any clients I doubt I will afford a car. My investment the one I made while I was still working at the club paid out last year; I used it to buy this big exquisite house that we living in. I wanted us to have a home; to fill it with warmth, laughter, celebrations and love but Zoe has been distance the past few years, she drinks a lot, go out a lot, spend a lot of my money. And on the other hand I have been busy getting my life together, finalising my initiation and paying Gogo what belongs to her then crying about Lisa every damn

night as if she will wake up from the dead. I hadn't touched my phone nor checked the social media, I'm afraid I will end up responding to their bull so it better I keep my distance. I drove straight to the coffee shop opposite Brandon's workplace. The plan was to buy some donut and coffee then go to Brandon's office not to apologise for my outburst but to show him I still love him regardless what I said or did. There's a queue of about three people so I joined the line and waited, as I stood there I felt this heavy shadow on my shoulders, a very dark aura. I tried avoiding it but whoever just joined behind me is heavy on my shoulders so I turned to her. We stare at each other without saying anything, every part of my body fuming, the fucking witch!

Zikhona: Oh Doctor Makhosi Swazi

She says mockingly with the fakest smile, I clench a fist trying so hard not to make a scene.

Zikhona: It so terrible, terrible what your friend did

She says faking feeling sorry for me, bitch two can play this game, and if she can be fake I can be the fakest. It Zikhona the witch who had a hand on Lisa's death, the same bitch I had vowed to make her suffer.

Me: Hi you are Zikhona, right? Oh man your cousin fucked me up big time I feel so humiliated.

I say faking being hurt, well not faking, faking I was hurt.

Zikhona: I always knew there's something wrong with her, firstly she dragged you into her affairs with my now husband. Your friend is jealous of you babes.

I really wanted to take her front teeth out with my fist but I decided to stay chilled and fill her head with the shit she wants to know.

Me: Tell me about it, it wasn't my place to fight her battles with Mandla and you, but she would make us feel so bad for not standing by her.

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. If I can make Zikhona witch believe that I and Zoe are having a massive fall out. She will be closer to me as me and her would be sharing something in common; the hate for Zoe though I don't hate Zoe. I just want Zikhona and I to be close so when I strike she wouldn't see me coming, and betrayal from someone close hit hard. I want to be like a snake very sneaky then suck her dry, and when I am done with her, she would be begging for death to take her.

Me: Oh and babes I am sorry about all the shitty staff happened in the past. Can we like put the past in the past.

She smiles at me.

Zikhona: I am just glad you are seeing Zoleka for who she is, that girl is something else. She didn't even come to her father's funeral.

Me: Girl you don't know her like I do, she's a sick bitch, very selfish the only person she cares about is herself. I am so done with her after the stunt she pulled; I am just left with kicking her out of my house.

Zikhona: She still lives with you
girl you should kick her out as now.

"Next!"

The lady behind the counter called out, I moved towards the counter while flubbing through my bag for some cash.

Me: Kicking her out is not that easy, but trust me babes I will be doing it. Hey sweetie can I have two coffees and four ring donuts.

Zikhona: Let me pay for you babes, add another coffee please.

She said to the lady behind the counter, I faked a smile and thank her.

Me: Thank you; tell you what we should meet up for drinks.

Zikhona: Are you sure?

Me: I need friends, I can't deal with Zoe anymore, and she's just so toxic.

We both took our order and started walking out.

Zikhona: Call any time babes; my office is just across the street. Here these are my details.

She said handing me her business card, I took it and threw it inside my bag.

Me: It so good seeing you, say hi to Mandla for me. And babes you look so amazing marriage must be treating you good.

The day Lisa was buried turned out to be the same day Zikhona and Mandla, Zoe's ex-husband got married. We saw everything through social media I think that added to Zoe's depression. She was so devastated.

Zikhona: Thanks boo and please deal with that girl what she did to you it's not fair, dragging your name to the mud like that.

Me: I am just under a lot of stress right now but trust me when I am ready I will deal with her accordingly.

She leans over for a hug. We brief hug, every part of my skin crawling and every hair stood still.

Zikhona: I will see you babes, don't forget to call.

She says smiling, one thing I know for a fact her and I are pretending each other. She may think I don't see her stupid forced smug face, I know damn well that she's pretending more reason to work hard in gaining her trust so I will fuck her up. Death is too easy for her I want her to suffer; I want her to beg for her own death. I crossed the street towards Brandon's office. Once I had cross the road I watched her until she disappeared around the corner of the building before throwing the coffee and donuts she paid for. I didn't even go to Brandon's office, I needed to let Zoe know of the plan with Zikhona so she won't freak out when she sees me with her, and in order for this plan to work I need Zoe to participate. Perhaps it time I put my focus on the promise I made to Lisa. If people really want consultation they better not believe all the shit trending on social media and come to me personal. I got in the car and drove straight back home.

The moment I arrived I burst in throwing the bag on the couch and took two stairs at a time rushing to Zoe's room since she's not anywhere downstairs while calling out for her, It's normal for me and Zoe to not knock when we enter each other's room. It goes from way back when we lived separately she would just burst in my place without knocking even with Lisa it was like that so I burst in her room without knocking as I needed her

and I to strategize on how we will plan out our massive fall out in a way that Zikhona would believe it. But I wished I had knock; for the first time ever I wished I knocked before bursting in, I cannot unsee what I am seeing.

My eyes literally pooped out.

Me: What the fuck! Zoe! What the hack ...Sbusiso

They both jump up covering themselves.

Me: Wtf! ...

I couldn't believe my own eyes, Zoe and Sbusiso in bed together kissing and naked.

Zoe: Swazi ...Swazi it ...it not what it looks like.

Me: Don't you dare fuck with me, you are sleeping with Sbusiso. Lisa's boyfriend, how could you two do this to Lisa? How dare you do this to Lisa Zoe?

Sbusiso: Swazi ...it ...i

Me: You so fucking disgusting, what the fuck. You such a hoe Zoe, a fucking hoe. How long have this shit been going on, were you sleeping together when she was still alive

Zoe: No ...I wouldn't do that to Lisa

Me: You are already doing it, what the fuck is wrong with you. If your pussy was itching for a dick couldn't you get anyone to

fuck you! You fucking disgust me, oh my god I can't stand you Zoe. You such a bitch! I really wish you had died instead of Lisa, it even your fault Lisa is dead. You brought Zikhona in our lives; everything we did to her was for you since you couldn't keep your husband. You firstly got her killed now you are busy chowing her boyfriend.

Sbusiso: Swazi that enough, it no-

Me: You fucking shut that whole, I am not talking to you; you are busy calling yourself a man of God yet you busy with bullshit, what kind of a pastor are you? Sleeping with your dead girlfriend's best friend? What the fuck! You are so fucking sickening.

Zoe: S-

I screamed out loud letting out the anger I am feeling.

Me: You make me sick, why didn't you just die.

I say and walked out slamming the door behind me, as I walk away I am busy thinking to myself what the fuck is happening? How could things just turn out so fucked up, how could Zoe sleep with Sbusiso out of all guys in this world why Sbusiso? How the fuck did we get here.

FOUR

NOMASWAZI

Grief makes people act in different ways; my grieving for my mother is way different from grieving for Lisa. I knew my mother; loved her so much but when she died I wasn't old enough to understand the pain, the same pain that still hurt me to this day. Lisa's death left me shattered, I tried avoiding everything and focus on what matters but it busy eating me inside every day, the night are worse when I'm finally alone with my thought and no sleep. I find my mind busy bringing all the depressing thought, I find myself crying. If my pillow could talk it would tell one sob story about how I always wet it every night. I feel alone, broken and hurt.

My heart is in so much pain then there's Zoe who just decided to screw everything. I don't know how to help her heal from her pain when I can't even help myself heal. Worse she's now sleeping with Lisa's man, how bitchy that is? I honestly don't know what going on with her. I can't even face her after everything I said last night. Of course I don't wish she was dead, I was hurt, I am hurt and the way everything is becoming too much it make it hard for me to breath. I am not even sure if it

would be wise to confront Zoe, I know I would have to start by apologising but how do I face her knowing she has been fucking Lisa's man and after all the horrible things I said to her.

I really wish Lisa was here, I wish she could tell me what to do at this point, I feel so emotional drained. I really need to connect with my people, I really need to feel them and cry to them. I feel so lost I need their guidance and presence; I need to feel like they are still here with me.

I woke up and took a cold bath because I needed it, being in initiation has made me appreciate some other things, made me love the feel of cold water in the early morning. Funny how I used to hate that so much, I even now walk around the house barefooted because my feet just want to feel every step I take. I finished bathing and got dressed in my long dress, wrapped a cloth with tiger prints around my lower body then place another one on my shoulders and took off my weave leaving my natural hair. After starring at my reflection for more than five minutes I walked out of my room all the way to my hut that is at the back. It's a round hut that I had contractors build after purchasing this house, it small, made of red blocks. I personally did the interior, by the alter on the wall is a tiger printed clothing which Gogo told me to hang, then there's a picture of me hanging on the left side in a big coat with tiger prints and a

white dress then a head wrap looking elegant, on the right side is a picture of a tiger then a shelf where all my herbs are stocked nicely and neat. I have my own skin of a goat laid by the alter that I use to seat on and talk with my people, then by the door on your right is a very clean handmade mutt for whoever has come for consultation. Everything about my heart is elegant and classy. Even the shelves have pictures of nature, animals decorating it. You would swear you are in a store that sells traditional things. Some people may think or rather say I am over doing this traditional healer thing; they might think I am changing the whole outlook of healers which is damn true. I don't get why we should allow the society to define us. Yes there are certain ways things were done which was simple and plain and so boring but times have changed so are things, my ancestors still connect with me regardless how I have made their place so elegant so it definitely not about them.

I am a woman of style, I like to look beautiful, I love surrounding myself around fine things, when it comes to anything that concerns me I always go all out, make it suitable for me. Make it Nomaswazi; I love my calling. Yes I said it, I love my gift, and it the best thing that ever happened to me in this whole entire universe, the only thing I know got my back. Therefore I should use my gift the way I see fit, I should change

the whole concept of how traditional healers should look, and I am changing the rules and breaking all norms. I want everyone out there to know the only opinion that should matter is of their ancestors, if they're happy with how you are conducting everything then who is the society to tell you what to do or how to look.

I have realised along the years that the only thing that matter is making sure you respect the underground gang, and I am sure they are also happy to be living in style. I am sure they are pleased with the life I am giving them. After all this is also my life, I should not deem it because people says amadlozi don't approve; are they my ancestor? How the hack did they know they don't approve? I say this now and I will say it again; fuck what people say! Do you.

I kneel down on the goat skin and started burning the incense then wrapped my head with a cloth. I could feel the presence of my ancestors weighing on my shoulders as I kneel before them. I yawn loudly because they are here, with me. I yawn again then started calling upon their clans, my clans.

Me: Nkosi! Ndlangamandla, Mtungwa! Mwandla KaNdlela!
Nina baseMandlovini! Mlotshwa! Siwela! Mphazima kaLanga

I called upon their clans while hitting my hands three times then stop, three times then stop (Doing ukuphahla) I yawn again and this time tears came out; it normal for me when I feel their presence, when I feel like they are really here with me I yawn loudly with tears gushing out.

Me: Great grandparents; Grandpa Skotshi! Grandma Mampanlane! Ntombi yaka Ngcobo; omashiya mahle engathi azashumayela. I call upon you; please gather all your kids, your grand kids

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your brothers and sisters. It's me Nomaswazi, your granddaughter. I need you all; I need you to guide me. I feel so lost, please heal my heart. I am in so much pain. I need you to guide me, protect me, and there be light shining upon me. I am trying really hard but every day becomes a struggle, everything is draining me. What must I do? I need you to show me what to do now because I no longer know. I need you to intervene and help. I am about to travel a road I shouldn't travel, the road of darkness, hate and vengeance. This road will taint my heart forever. But I need to take it; I need to revenge her death. And I

am asking you to help me, help me make peace with myself. I couldn't save her life and that is eating me inside every day, I need you to understand I am doing this for her, I owe it to her.

After communicating with them I stayed there for like an hour, loving the peace I am feeling and mostly avoiding Zoe. I am hoping by the time I return back to the house she would be gone. I really can't face her right now. I need a break from her; already I have uttered words I cannot take back, she owes me an explanation but how can I demand an explanation from her after the hurtful words I said to her. I am not even sure if I want her to explain herself. There's nothing she would say that would justify sleeping with Sbusiso. I walked back to the house and took off my clothes; I know she's still here in the house. I walked to the kitchen and made myself cereal while switching on my phone. Messages came flooding in; from people who had been trying to call me, sending me messages checking up on me. Then there's social media where I have been tagged with the video of Zoe and I. I decided to delete all my social media right now, just till the dust settles of. Then went through my messages, but before I could even get the chance to read them my phone ring; Zenzele is calling.

Me: Ze

Zenzele: Oh Thank God I thought you were dead.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: Why the drama?

After the whole initiation Zenzele and I became friends, he was there for me after Lisa's death. He tried his best comforting me which eventually got us close. After Lisa's death I was a whole mess, I couldn't even eat. I only talked when spoken too. I hardly hang around the others back at Gogo's place. I would do my chores and go to the hut where I would be alone then Zenzele would come with either weed or some alcohol then we would chill not saying anything to each other. I was really going through the worse. Everything back then reminded me of Lisa.

Zenzele: After seeing the video, I really thought you decided to take your life.

Me: Mxm why did you call?

Zenzele: Want to grab some drinks, I am in the city.

I thought about his offer, I really need to get out and get a life. I need to be away from Zoe a little perhaps once I'm drunk I would be able to deal with her.

Me: Okay what time, can you come and get me?

Zenzele: Dude I can't come and get you gets an uber or something. I will send you the location.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: Whatever.

I have a feeling Zoe is trying to avoid me too which is fine by me so after eating my cereal I got ready to meet up with Zenzele. It only took few minutes for the uber to arrive, unfortunately it wasn't Africa. I was really hoping to see him. On the way I called Brandon since I got tons of his messages.

Brandon: Sweetie was so worried about you, I am sorry about the other day. Can I please come over tonight?

Me: Hi Brandon I am good thanks and you, oh yes it a lovey day. The sun is out and shining bright.

Brandon: I am sorry was just looking forward to seeing you. How are you my love?

Me: I am good; I'm meeting up a friend of mine for drinks.

Brandon: Oh okay, would you need some cash.

Boy I love this man; he knows how to treat a lady. He and I have been dating for like a year now. I love him, he's a good guy and he treats me good. Then he is rich, not to mention how cute he is. I bet we would have cute mixed babies in future. How we met is a story for another day.

Me: Yes please Babe.

Brandon: Okay I will transfer some cash, have fun I got to rush to a meeting. Love you sweetie.

Me: Bye babe

The only thing going to well right now is my love life, though Brandon is a softy I still love him and I love his money more.

FIVE

NOMASWAZI

I rush through the restaurant while my eyes were busy searching for him, he seated on a far corner with a drink in front of him. I took off my sunglasses as I settle opposite him.

Zenzele: You are late

Me: I know and I am so thirsty

I said grabbing his drink and taking a long sip.

Zenzele: That is mine.

Me: I know it even taste bitter.

He rolled his eyes; he's looking so fine in his vintage clothing. Zenzele has an eye for clothes, he doesn't dress gay his clothes a manly.

Zenzele: Where is Zoe?

Before I could ask him why would I know? Someone called out my name.

“Swazi!”

I turned and instantly felt Goosebumps, my skin started crawling and I felt like vomiting on her face, every fibre in me beating fast. I cannot stand this chick; I doubt I would be able to fake this friendship with her. I force a smile; Mandla is following behind her, looking so skinny like he's not eating enough. He doesn't look like the Mandla I know, it like there's a lot changed about him but then It probably cause I haven't seen him in a while

Me: Zikhona, wow fancy seeing you here.

Mandla is carrying plastic bags and Zikhona's purse. She bed over to give me a hug, it took everything in me to return the hug.

Me: Mandla I haven't seen you in a while.

Zikhona: We here to have lunch and just relax how are you?
How are things?

Before I could respond to her Zoe appeared behind them, she looked at me with her lower lip trebling. I look back at her pleading for her to understand.

Zoe: Swazi

She says almost in a whisper, she probably doesn't believe her own eyes. They turned to her.

Zikhona: Oh the little back stabbing bitch.

Honestly no one is allowed to talk shit about my friends in front of me but this is a compromising situation, I cannot risk having Zikhona not trust me. I want to do what she did to Zoe's parents, creep in on them then bite when they are least expected. As Zoe realise I wasn't gonna say anything to what Zikhona has just said she shakes her head sideways, looking so hurt, my heart literally fall.

Zoe: What going on here?

You could see her pain on her face, even her voice is trembling.

Me: What you doing here?

Zoe: Swazi what is this? You are now friends with her?

Zikhona: Yes she's friends with me, what, do you want her to report to you who she's befriending?

I took this as an opportunity to prove my loyalty to Zikhona. Had I not found Zoe fucking Lisa's boyfriend she would've known what is happening.

Me: Yes I am friends with her; do you have a problem with that?

The words sounded so awful even on my own ears, as they come out it felt like they were burning through my chest. She looked at me hurt, confusion and disbelief displayed on her face. I could tell she was in a verge of crying so I avoided eye

contact with her. I couldn't bring myself to look at her in the eye.

Zoe: How? ... Swazi ...ho-

I had to cut her shot, she needs to leave. I will explain everything to her when I get home.

Me: Can you just ...fuck off. I am sick and tired of you, you suffocate me. I need a breath from you so please leave.

I couldn't mouth I am sorry to her as Zikhona was busy looking from me to her.

Me: Just go Zoe; I came here to be away from you. Yet here you are, please stop being a pain in an ass.

A tear escaped her eye, she looked beyond hurt. And I felt like crap.

Zenzele: Haibo Swazi what going on.

Zikhona: Go you are upsetting my friend.

Zenzele: Sorry who are you? I invited Zoe here so who the fuck are you to tell her to go?

Zikhona: She's upsetting Swazi after everything she did to her

Zenzele: It not your place to tell her to go as if you invited her here

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I don't even know why you are here because I never invited you.

I know how brutal honest and mean Zenzele is; hell the guy was even mean to me on our first encounter back at his home.

Zoe: No it fine Zenzele ...I will leave. Thank you for inviting me.

She says rather staring at me. I hope she could see the remorse planted on my face. She turned and walked away without even a glare back.

Zikhona: Well good riddance, can we join babes?

I felt my inside boiling with so much anger and hurt.

Zenzele: No

He says staring at Zikhona and Mandla who still stood there like a statue without moving nor saying anything. Zikhona gave Zenzele a bitchy look before turning to me.

Zikhona: Will you be fine dear?

She asked sounding concerned, I almost rolled my eyes but decided against it.

Me: I am going to be fine, thank you.

She pouts, disgusting me even more.

Zikhona: Don't let her get to you. Okay?

She said giving me a pat on a shoulder. I had to clench both my fist together to avoid doing something I might regret. I bite on my inside cheek before forcing a smile.

Me: Thank you for today; I will call you if I need anything.

Zikhona: Okay dear, nice seeing you. Please take care of yourself. Do not allow toxic people in your life.

She says before giving me a brief hug leaving my whole body crawling.

Zikhona: I am here for you, anytime of a day.

I faked smile and thank her, she and Mandla walked off. I groaned loudly and buried my face on my hands.

Zenzele: Okay will you tell me what the heck is going on?

I took a deep dragged breath before facing him.

Me: That was Zoe's ex-husband and her cousin

Zenzele: I am confused, is it the same cousin you suspect in having a hand on your friend's death.

I nod my head repeatedly.

Zenzele: Then balance me why are you buddies?

Me: You won't understand, I have to suck up to her

Zenzele: Then why are you being a bitch to Zoe? Is it because of the video?

I shake my head no.

Me: I have to make Zikhona believe Zoe and I are having friendship break up so me and Zikhona would be friends.

He raised his hands in surrender

Zenzele: I don't know what going on with you but I know you hurt your best friend of years and I really hope it worth it.

He shakes his head sideways.

Zenzele: I don't know this Swazi, sucking up to someone? Like seriously. Hurting your best friend? Swazi you not like that, you are blunt, you call out shit the way it is.

Me: Zoe is sleeping with Sbusiso, you know Sbusiso Lisa's boyfriend, the one who sat with us at the funeral.

Zenzele: Holly mother, Zoe is sleeping with him?

Me: I caught them last night; I don't know what to do Zenzele. Everything is too much.

He sighs.

Zenzele: Zoe is grieving Swazi

Me: I am also grieving but you don't see me sleeping with Sbusiso

Zenzele: I won't justify Zoe's actions but you need to understand Zoe is not like you. She's too fragile; she doesn't know how to deal with pain. She needs you.

Me: I am always there for her yet she has been going behind my back sleeping with Sbusiso.

Zenzele: Are you seriously always there for her? When was the last time you sat down with her? Talked with her, slept in a same bed with her, held her till she fell asleep? Asked her about her fears, her pain, and drunk your sorrows away together with her, confide in her about your own pain and fears? Swazi when was the last you even hugged her?

I blinked several times trying to keep the tears from falling as I realise I have sort of neglected Zoe so much, I have been too occupied with my calling and ancestors then Brandon that I didn't realise Zoe and I hadn't talk in a while, I know she has been distant but I didn't realise I was also distant. I no longer talk to her about my own fears and pain because I have my ancestors whom I can kneel too and tell all about my problems. Zoe has been going through everything all by herself when I could've been there for her. I neglected her, I failed her and that hurt so much.

SIX

NOMASWAZI

Guilty is eating me; I have to make things right by Zoe. I had to play my part and right my wrongs. I needed to be there for her like we used to be before, I don't like the distance between us. This is not who we are, when I got home I was on a mission to not talk about Sbusiso or what happened at the launch but to be there for her, to sleep on her bed and hold her in my arms until she falls asleep. I climbed the stairs two at a time, when I reach her door I decided to knock I wanted no nasty surprises again, she didn't respond so I just burst in, the room is dark but I could spot her curled on top of her bed.

Me: Zoe! Zo Zo

She ignored me; I took off my shoes then my clothes and walked to her wardrobe where I grabbed a pyjama tank top and short, once dressed I got under the blanket with her and scoot closer spooning her from behind, she still didn't say anything. I knew she is not asleep because I could hear her sniffs, she probably has been crying. I held her bringing her closer to me. My chest heaven, I could feel the pain creeping in on me. My

own tears streamed out. We didn't say anything to each other for like a whole thirty minutes, I even thought she was asleep by now.

Zoe: Get thee fuck out of my room Nomaswazi

She says after a while of silence.

Zoe: And get your filthy hands off me. You are a two faced back stabbing bitch. Out of all people you chose the same person who made my life miserable even went as far as getting Lisa killed. I know I have fucked you up so badly and if this was your pay back then bravo you managed to crash me.

She's says with a shaky voice, clearly mad and hurt. I took a deep sigh and let go of her then got off her bed.

Me: The day I found you naked with Sbusiso in bed I had come to tell you I am revenging Lisa's death. I had come to let you on the plan on how we going to play Zikhona but because you were too busy boning your dead friend's boyfriend I couldn't tell you which is why you were shocked when you saw me with her.

She got up from the bed and turned to me, as she seat butt flat on top of the bed, I couldn't clearly see her but I knew she looked fucked up. She lean over and switched on the light, it brighten through the room, her face puffy and swollen. I stood there staring at her while Zenzele's words rang on my head. I

am mad at Zoe for a lot of things but I cannot stand seeing her looking like this.

Me: I wanted you to know it wasn't my intentions for you to found out like that.

I crawl back in bed and kneeled in front of her, my own tears rolling down my cheeks.

Me: I am sorry I haven't been there for you.

Zoe: Swazi yo-

Me: We used to be tight; we let on each other's pain. We confide on each other but afterafter Lisa I guess we drifted apart a little which is my fault. I got too occupied with my own things and forgot about you. I haven't been a good friend to you; you have too much hurt, pain bottled inside you. You haven't been able to confide in me because I have been a bitch. I am sorry Zoe, I am so sorry for neglecting you and from today on wards I want you to know I am never putting anything first before you. You my dear friend are the most important thing I have on this earth. I won't do the mistake I made with Lisa. I won't fail you, I promise.

She threw herself on me; we hugged for a while, crying on each other's shoulders.

Zoe: I am sorry Swazi, I ...I am just so lonely and in so much pain. I don't know how to deal with this pain, I can't sleep at

night. I miss Lisa every day then I would feel guilty about ... it wasn't my intentions to sleep with Sbusiso. I swear it was a mistake and that was the first time ...we didn't even had sex you caught us before we got to that ...but I had kissed him before the day you caught us it was my second time kissing him. I was hurt and he was there and it just ...happened now I have to live with that for the rest of my life.

Me: You were a bitch and I am actually so mad at you for that.

Zoe: He made me feel close to Lisa, I know it stupid but he made me ...

Me: I really don't want us to talk about whatever shit you and Sbusiso are doing because it makes me mad. Tonight I just want to be with my friend, candle together while we strategize a plan to make Zikhona suffer.

She wiped her tears.

Zoe: I messed up big time and I blame that bitch for everything that went wrong in my life. She is a start of my downfall then she took Lisa away, killing me inside. I am willing to make her suffer.

I took a deep sigh and lay with my back on the bed while facing the ceiling, she joined me.

Me: After today I realised I cannot fake being her friend so I am going to deal with her the best way I know how. Tomorrow I

want you to take the papers your father left you to a lawyer, it time you fight for what belongs to you.

We both lay there lost in our thought.

Zoe: We don't have a lawyer and lawyers are expensive so we can't afford one.

The doorbell rang startling us; we jump up then laughed at how stupid we are.

Me: Fuck my heart is literally pounding.

Zoe laughed with tears.

Zoe: I almost peed myself. I need to take a pee.

She got off the bed and rushed out leaving me laughing my ass off but whoever was on the door wasn't going anywhere so I also jump off and rushed down stairs. Brandon leans on the door frame with a gift bag on his hand; his eyes roamed up and down my body. I had forgotten he was coming over.

Brandon: Were you really opening the door wearing like this?

I look down at Zoe's pyjamas then shrugged seeing nothing wrong with how short they are.

Me: Yes is there anything wrong with that?

Brandon: You look ravishing.

I smile at him and wink.

Me: What in the bag?

Brandon: Ain't you gonna invite me in.

I thought about how much I needed to be with Zoe, I had expected Lisa to drop her boyfriend once because Zoe needed her. It time I also drop my own boyfriend for my best friend. And besides my friend comes first, I know I have neglected her so here I am writing my wrongs.

Me: Mind taking a rain check, Zoe really needs me today.

He huffed and got off the door frame where he has been leaning.

Brandon: Everything is about this friend of yours; I really don't have time for this. She is screwing you over but still you care for her.

He says and turned to leave.

Me: What the fuck?

He turned to me.

Brandon: I won't be any bitch's trash if you no longer want to be with me you could've just said so. I can't do this friend, you thing, it over.

That came as a total shock, he better be not breaking up with me. No one breaks up with Swazi; does he know I am capable of feeding him love portion and make him my puppet.

Me: Brandon quit playing around.

This is nothing; he can't be breaking up with me for loving my friend.

Brandon: I am not playing around, you are so bossy it always your way or the hard way. You mess up then expect me to apologise, I am done letting you control me because even when I let you control me you never appreciate me; It always about you. You have never even asked about me, about my family, about the things I like or the kind of food I love. You don't even know when my birthday is.

Me: eeh!

I was confused Brandon was the first man I have ever dated on my adult life. It has always been about fucking before but after moving here and meeting the breathtakingly beautiful Brandon I decided to date and love him.

Me: Fine then fuck off white boy

He chuckled not in an amused way though then he threw his hands in the air like "I'm done with you"

Me: Just so you know, I don't even know your last name. Oh and Bring back our land you sucker!

I shout then slammed the door. I know I sounded super childish but he is an asshole. What the fuck was I thinking dating a white guy when there are plenty of black guys?

Me: I just got dumped

I say walking back in Zoe's room. She busted out laughing at me.

Zoe: What? As in it over kind of dump

I rolled my eyes and threw myself on top of the bed.

Me: Can you believe that land stealer fucker, with his short dick he dumped me. Nx he will never find anyone like me.

Zoe: No offence but I doubt he's looking for anyone like you and I never liked him so good riddance

Me: Argh whatever I loved his money more than I loved him anyway.

Honestly I was hurt that he dumped me and a part of me was hoping he will change his mind and come back then I will give him a hard time before getting back with him only to dump him.

Me: I am going to get snacks so I will let you on the plan to get the Zikhona bitch six feet underground. It time to deal with her traditional, I have the resources and it will be speaking the language she understands better.

Zoe: Witchcraft!

She says with her eyes pooped out.

Me: No we just retaliating we are not witches.

I said then wink and walked away, first to my room to reveal a piece of paper I had wrote right after Lisa's death. It simple consists of things I needed to revenge her death 'traditionally'.

SEVEN

NOMASWAZI

Zikhona has taken so much from us, she has been walking on our heads since day one and we hadn't done anything to her except making her shit herself in front of people which is nothing compared to the things she has done to us. It time she pays for the last stunt she pulled, taking Lisa's life. I walked in the garage; Zoe is sitting on some boxes. This house has only just two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen/dinning, a lounge then a garage, it not that big so we had no other room to use for the ritual. I had decided befriending Zikhona wasn't gonna work for me. All I need to do is just to strike then Zoe will have to take everything that ever belonged to her parents. As I set up the candles I could see the fear on Zoe's face. I set up the candles, all of them with three needles inserted on them. I had four candles in total; red, blue, yellow and black. I placed them in a circle then light them on. I took my herb that I personally prepared. I spent one and a half year in initiation school to not play but learn.

Me: Get Mimi

Mimi is the black cat that I had gone to find at the animal shelter today. I am going to use Mimi to get to Zikhona. Zoe walked to a box with Mimi and took him out. We had decided to name it Mimi for no reason at all. The cat is male and big and scary black but I needed it.

Me: Ok you will have to hold him down I need to cut by his leg so I will get his blood.

Zoe was literally shaking as for me for some weird reason I wasn't even freaked out.

Me: I will also need your blood, did you print her picture.

While I was busy getting cats and candles Zoe was busy printing out Zikhona's picture. A picture we found on social media. She nods her head repeatedly.

Me: Okay hold him tight.

I had pick a corner of the garage where I had set up the candles in a circle, a small bucket where our blood will go right beside the candles with a mixture of the herbs I had mixed. Zoe held the cat with her shaky hands, I grabbed the razor and was ready to cut a small portion just to get it blood but Zoe freaked out.

Zoe: Wait

She took a deep sigh.

Zoe: Wait, wait are we really doing this?

I look at her in the eyes without blinking.

Me: For Lisa

She blinks a few times, clearly not familiar with the face expression I had put on. She swallowed hard then nods her head.

Zoe: For Lisa.

The cat was busy trying to bite Zoe so it would escape but she held it down and pressed her knee on its head putting enough pressure to get it not to move. I held the left back leg and cut it; blood oozed out, I neared the bucket and let the blood drop in the bucket before taking my dark herb mixed with charcoal and other special herbs (Istafu) I put the herb on the cut. The cats kept wailing as it was obviously in pain. I moved to a front left leg and did the same process again before taking a chain and chaining the cat on its neck before tiring it on a car tire.

Me: You will go first or should I go first.

She just held out her left wrist, the scars where she once tried killing herself are still visible but slowly fading away. I took a deep breath before taking her wrist and slice it with a razor. Of course I didn't slice it deeply it was just a small cut enough to get her blood. But she still winced as if I have made a deep cut. Her blood oozed onto the bucket, where there's also a cat blood.

Zoe: Fuck!

She says as I put on the stafu (Black herb) on her cut. The herb is obviously itching on an open wound. Now it was my turn to cut wrist. Zoe grabbed the razor with her shaking hands.

Me: Take a deep breath and relax.

She rolled her eyes.

Zoe: Easy for you to say.

I ignored that and put out my wrist. She closes her eyes and took a deep breath before taking my wrist with her hands

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moved my beads up before cutting it, as blood come out I quickly put it on the same bucket. Mixing our blood together, when we had enough Zoe rubbed the stafu on my cut; it really did sting so painfully on the open wound.

Zoe: Now what?

I ignored her and started mixing everything together using a big long knife; our blood, the black stafu (a herb), a black vinegar, rough salt and spirit.

Me: The picture.

She went through her sweat pants pocket and came out with the picture. I lay it on the floor, took one needle, put the tip on

the mixture in the bucket before stinging it on Zikhona's picture then placed the picture in the circle of candles.

Me: Come on let go

Zoe: We will leave the candle's burning?

Me: Yes

Zoe: And Mimi what do we do with him?

Me: We leave him here; he is supposed to transform tonight

Zoe really did look freaked out. I was also freaked out but most worry was on whether this thing would work out, I had done my research on how to make someone curvy a zombie. We both went to take a shower. Zoe washed me first then I washed her afterwards. We were both so quiet. It was kind of awkward, I was so scared of the path I was embarking on the other hand I wanted Zikhona to pay so badly. As I wrap the towel around my body I felt different, after the whole ordeal I am bound to feel different, every part of my body felt kind of heavy not to mention my heart that wouldn't stop pounding. Zoe was fast to get dressed so she left me in my room getting dress once done I went down stairs, she's sitting on the couch with a bottle of wine and some snacks. I settled next to her and took a long sip of her wine. I just hope she won't drink too much, I am not sure if Zoe has a drinking problem or not but I really hope it was just

grieving and now that we revenging Lisa she would stop drinking.

Zoe: That was one fucked up shit I have ever got to do in my whole entire life.

I took a long dragged breath and leaned on the couch.

Me: I am scared

I confessed I am really scared; Gogo bite my ear off about dangers of dark magic. She made me swear not to use it but here I am using it.

Zoe: Dude my whole body is shaking

Me: We teach Zikhona and her witch granny a lesson than we cleanse ourselves; we will even go to church after wards.

She kept quiet for a while.

Zoe: So we are witches.

Me: We practise witchcraft now.

Zoe: Damn life is a bitch.

Me: Tell me about it.

Zoe: We will be fine, right Swazi?

I nod my head. I also don't know but I really hope we will be fine.

Me: We will be fine Zoe, we have things under control.

I say holding her hand, she squeeze my hand back. I look at the beads on my wrists, looking at them reminds me of who I am supposed to be. Since I am practising dark magic I am so scared to go to my hut, to consult with my ancestors. I don't know if they will sense my aura and punish me for it. God I am even scared to look at my own reflection on the mirror.

EIGHT

NOMASWAZI

Sometimes life just forces you to do things you never thought you would one day do. Perhaps it not life, it just people screwing you over and over when you retaliate, you're called evil and all kinds of mean words. It really not fair surely when they're screwing you they do think about consequences. I was so deep in my sleep when a sound of a wolf woke me up; I jolt out of bed almost falling. Zoe woke up and stood on her feet. The sound came again, it sounded like it was inside the house. My heart started beating really fast. We look at each other both freaked out.

Zoe: What is that Swazi?

Me: A wolf ...I think

My whole body was shaking as the sound repeated again.

Zoe: Mimi, it Mimi the sound is coming from the garage.

We both look at the door but made no means of moving towards it.

Zoe: We have to check it out before the neighbours call police.

I took a deep breath and got off the bed, we both tip toed downstairs. Zoe quickly grabbed an empty bottle of wine.

Zoe: Just in case.

I also opened the broom cabinet and took a broom then we tip toed towards the garage. The full moon from outside is bringing a little light inside so it not dark. The wolf sound made us jump up almost ran back but stopped midway. I could hear Zoe's hitch breathing. The fear made it feel like my heart is leaping out of my chest. We tip toed back towards the door leading to the garage. Slowly I unlock the door, then slowly jilted the handle once the door was opened I poke my head but it was kind of dark. The small garage window is not bringing enough light.

Zoe: Switch on the light

She whispers behind me. The light switch is right beside the door; I slowly switched on the light with my shaking hand. My eyes quickly found Mimi, he's no long in a chain, he's still the small cat I had got from the animal shelter but his eyes are so red and scary, he growl his teeth so long like a lion, like he will just ravish you in one go.

Zoe: Oh shit!

Mimi just stood there staring at us; we stood by the door too scared to move.

Zoe: Shouldn't we be running?

She whispers

Me: I doubt he will hurt us. Our blood are bound together, remember?

Mimi looks at us with his scary eyes, so small yet so scary. Saliva drool down his mouth as he makes growling sounds. I swallow a lump on my throat.

Me: Mimi sits down.

The cat obeyed and sat down like a dog. I turn and look at Zoe fear written all over her face.

Zoe: Mimi stands up

She instructed and the cat obeyed. We look at each other with our eye brows raised.

Me: Come here Mimi

Zoe: Wtf! Are you crazy? I am going to run when that thing start eating you, I am not going help you. I swear Swazi

She said backing away; once Mimi was half way to us I stopped him. He stopped and stares at me with his blood shot eyes.

Me: Want some food Mimi

It wangles its tail and growl showing off the long scary teeth.

Me: Zoe gets the steak from the fridge.

She walked away to get the steak, Mimi and I held our own staring contest. I didn't know how to handle Mimi he wasn't the small adorable kitten I had got earlier. Zoe shortly came back with the steak, like a dog Mimi hangs his tongue out and started making a sound with saliva drooling down and his tail wagging surely appreciating the appetising steak.

Zoe: Are you going to go near him.

I swallowed a hard lump on my throat, there's no way in hell I am going anywhere near that thing. I take the plate from Zoe, the steak is red and dripping with blood since it obviously wasn't cooked. I had bought it specifically for Mimi. I placed the broom I have been holding beside the door then held up a steak. Mimi licked his mouth and jumped up and down in anticipation.

Zoe: Throw it and see if he will catch it.

I threw up the steak like Zoe suggested.

Me: Mimi catch!

I have never seen a cat jump that much, he jumped up and catches the steak then devoured it in one go while making groaning sounds like he's mourning.

Zoe: Damn!

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">He finished up and licked his mouth and looked up at me wangling his tail his scary eyes dancing with joy. I threw the last steak; he jumped up again and devoured it. He then dances around rounding himself following his tail. The candles were still burning but were half way done.

Me: Should we start Zikhona tonight.

Zoe: Hell yea why not.

I took a deep breath and walked further in the room, wreck nervous. Mimi just wangled his tail looking up at me, Zoe slowly followed in as she realise Mimi wasn't gonna eat me. We walked to the candles; I stir the mixture of our blood making Mimi growl even more. The red candle was all finished so I took out another red candle from the plastic, inserted three needles then replaced it. I kept stirring the mixture with a knife, Mimi growl loudly. I took a bit of a mixture and drew a circle around the candles then drew a cross on Zikhona's picture. Turning to Zoe she had this hard expression across her face.

Me: This is it Zoe there's no turning back now.

She swallowed and rubbed her face with her palm then nodded.

I went back to stirring the mixture.

Me: Mimi!

He growl and came to stand right before us, looking up at me. The whole atmosphere changed, I could feel cold chilly air making me shiver a little.

Me: I want you to chock Zikhona to death, press on her neck till she cannot breath. Do not kill her as yet, just leave a mark.

I say while stirring the mixture in the bucket Mimi wangled his tail in understanding I hope

Zoe: How is he going to find her?

Zoe whispered.

Me: We will have to drive to Zikhona's house.

Her eyes popped out.

Zoe: Say what now?

Me: In order for Mimi to know Zikhona's place we will have to drive there, only for tonight then we will leave him there, he will find his way back.

Zoe: How?

Me: By the bound of our blood.

Me: Get the car keys

She nods and ran off.

Me: Mimi come boy!

I say as I stood up leading the way to the car, Zoe came back with the key and we all got in. Mimi got in the back while I took the passenger seat; no one said anything to anyone as we drove to morning side where Zikhona's house is situated. It used to be Zoe's parent's house before Zikhona stole it. I got off the car and took Mimi then walked to the gate.

Me: Mimi go do your job boy. He springs out of my arms and ran inside the gate, I turned and got back in the car.

Zoe: What now?

Me: We going back to sleep and leave Mimi to deal with her then tomorrow morning we will find out if he managed to complete the mission.

She nods her head. I didn't want Zikhona to die as yet, I still got some witch crafting I need to practise on her. Take this as a practise for me. I want her to beg for her own death, I want to reap her bare and leave her with nothing. Second on my sleeve is making her fight with Mandla. I am just not sure how as yet since she has worked on Mandla and made him her puppet.

Perhaps I could get Mandla clean first or get Mandla to be in a same room as Zoe or any other girl.

Me: We need to get Mandla out of that skak's spell or make her believe Mandla is cheating then we put a spell on them that will make them fight.

Zoe: What? I don't want to help Mandla if he's bewitched than it none of my business.

Me: We not doing it for him, we will be doing it to spite that bitch.

She took a deep sigh as we walk out the garage locking the door behind us leaving Mimi growling.

Zoe: Well do you think Mandla will just willingly do all those things, how the heck will we even get close to him. He's like a lap dog always following orders from that skak.

I stood still lost in my thought.

Me: We kidnap him.

Zoe: Huuh!

She asks with all her big eyes popped out.

Me: Oh yea

I said smirking at the idea then winked at Zoe before handing back to bed, operation kidnap Mandla is on.

NINE

NOMASWAZI

Kidnaping Mandla proved to be kind of difficult; first how the fuck would we kidnap a big man as Mandla.

Zoe: I have an idea, how about you go to their house sparkle their drinks with eye drops. They get dose off and sleep then we take Mandla and leave, problem solved.

She then laughed.

Zoe: Gosh I feel like I am in a movie or something

I joined her with laughter.

Me: Our life is a movie.

Zoe: Horror, so are you going to do it?

Me: I doubt that will work, we need Sbusiso ...

I say starring at her, she quickly look away avoiding eye contact. I still haven't forgiven her for sleeping with Sbusiso.

Me: He will have to give us something to sedate her with.

Zoe: Oh that could work.

Me: Yea and since you have a thing with him, you should ask him.

Zoe: Gosh you such a bitch

Me: At least I am not sleeping with my best friend's man.

I say and walk out of her room.

Honestly speaking I wasn't okay emotional, I am feeling so drained and offish. I walk to my room and grabbed my phone just to see if there's no text from Brandon. I was really missing him, I miss how he used to cuddle me, randomly kiss me, those unexpected gift he would buy me and damn the romantic dinners he would randomly throw. Hell Brandon was a romantic, he liked fine life and I knew with him I will have a soft life. My phone has lot of messages, people requesting to consult; they want to know how they can get hold of me. Hell I think I am getting back to the game, Zoe's stunt wasn't that bad, it didn't ruin my reputation that much though I am getting a feeling most of these people are just requesting consultations just so they will know if I am really fake, people are so pathetic. I haven't updated my Facebook page in a while, firstly I responded to messages of people requesting consultation before updating my page. Telling people to pray, do ukuphahla and guiding them on the journey of their calling. I normally get questions regarding training and all that. I do not train, a

person who once came to me she had a gift I just referred her to uGogo and Gogo kindly took her in.

I have realised along my journey that some people don't understand that this is also business for us, it kind of the only thing we have as a source of income. I have a one year certificate in administration which I did in hopes of getting a job with no luck but that mainly because I haven't been looking for it. I have been working on making beaded accessories once I made enough I will try scoring myself a deal with some few stores. I will not let such talent I had obtain from initiation school go to waste; I am a stylish person so I don't make simple accessories. I add creativity, go with a trend and search online for possible things I could make and those that are in demand.

Once I have replied to all messages that needed my attention I threw my phone on top of the bed. After spending so much time in initiation school without a phone I no longer find my phone that interesting. I was dragging going to the garage, I was scared I didn't even know how I will find out if Mimi really did it and I wasn't sure if I was ready for anything that is in that garage. So I decided since the weather is fair outside I will go for a run. Just to clear my head off, perhaps living in this white neighbourhood has rubbed off me; I mean here I am going for a run a fucking white thing. I took off the dress I was wearing and

put on sweat pants with a vest then tekkies. I was about to open the front door when Zoe called out for me coming down the stairs.

Zoe: And then where you going?

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: I am going for the run

She laughed.

Zoe: What?

I rolled my eyes.

Zoe: I am going to see Sbusiso at his workplace

Me: Oh

Zoe: For the sedate that we need.

Me: Of course just keep your panties up this time; don't do something I wouldn't do.

She huffed rolling her eyes. I walked out the door ready for my run.

The moment I stepped outside the gate, I took a deep breath then started jogging. At first it felt so good, the cold air hitting my face, my lungs closing in and off, every part of my muscles toughening up and my stomach in a knot. I kept on running coming across some white skinny ladies also jogging. This neighbourhood is very nice and safe, so well cleaned. As I run towards the park I could feel my chest closing in on me not giving me a chest to breath, I couldn't go on no more I quickly ran to a bench and sat down, while breathing heavy and trying to catch my breath with a hand on my chest as it is so heavy and in so much pain.

“You okay?”

I slowly opened my eyes only to find Brandon staring down at me. I rolled my eyes. Do I look okay to him?

Brandon: I am shocked you are jogging, if I remember correctly I tried getting you to jog with me but and I quote you said “It a white people thing”

Again I rolled my eyes then stood up.

Me: Why you up in my face, on my space

Brandon: Oh c-

Me: Ah ah listen here you broke up with me so from now on when you see me on the street you don't know me and I don't know you; totally strangers. Stay away from me pink pig!

I say and knock his shoulder off as I run back towards my house.

Brandon: What did you say? He asked shouting after me.

I turn to him. Me: I said pink pig.

He huff his face turning red, making me smile to myself.

Brandon: Uhh you are such a racist bitch

Me: Ah ah blacks are never racist, that your white thing and you should consider getting enlargement down there because where I come from men are packed, really, really big down there.

I said making a motion of a dick with my arm then flicked my hair and run back smiling to myself as I feel so proud.

There are all different kinds of people after break up. Some are chilled they pretend as if they are not hurt, some cry their lungs out while staffing themselves with all kinds of junk, some go back and beg to be taken back, some just try to take it easy while being mature about it and then some get bitter. I am the later one, the one that get bitter and try to hurt you back.

TEN

NOMASWAZI

Mission kidnap Mandla was on, Zoe managed to get a needle with sedation medicine. I walk to the garage to feed Mimi, He lay next to the candles once I walked further in he stood on his legs and stare at me while growling, saliva still drooling over his mouth. I haven't checked on him since last night. I tried not looking so scared.

Me: Hello Mimi, did you do it?

He growl and wangled his tail then jump up and down. I took that as a yes.

Me: Good boy Mimi, good boy. Well done.

I say and threw the steak for him, he jump up and catches it.

Me: If you perform your task so well, I promise to reward you.

That made him happy as he growl and lick his mouth.

Me: You are getting three steaks today as a reward, okay boy!

He growl in understanding, after feeding him. I pat his head with my shaking hand, trying to see if he could be like a dog. He seemed to like that.

Me: Good boy

I say and left him, closing and locking the door.

Me: We will have to take turns with feeding Mimi.

Zoe: Okay cool. I think we can get to Mandla now; he is at work we could wait by the parking lot.

Me: Where are we going to hide him?

Zoe: Ah here, where else could we hide him.

Me: Will you take compromising pictures with him or we will need to pay someone else.

Zoe: As long as my face is hidden i am fine with it.

Me: Then we on, let wear all black.

We laughed at the idea then rushed to our rooms to change in all blacks. Doing this for Lisa made me feel better, it gave me something to focus on and I know Zoe is just so happy she can finally revenge herself. Zikhona has screwed with her life in a worse possible way. She took everything from Zoe and left her with nothing. Once we were done we got in the car and drove off towards Mandla's work place where we parked next to his

car, Zoe took out a rolled weed as we wait. I was scared so I also needed it. We smoked the weed, and knowing weed when it kicks in, it kicks in really hard. People started leaving, driving off, shortly he also came out. He was busy on his phone.

Zoe: Swazi I think I'm high, my hands feel wobbly

Me: Just do it

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">I could also feel my head getting so dizzy.

Me: We should not have started with smoking my head is so dizzy.

I complained touching my head.

Zoe: We got this.

Mandla walked up his car, he was about to take out his key when Zoe spring out of the car and stab him with the needle filled with sedating medicine.

Mandla: Fuck what the ...?

He said slowly turning to Zoe.

Mandla: What the hell you doing Zoleka.

Me: Oh oh is it me or it not working. Maybe I am just too high.

Zoe started giggling, Mandla looked at her confused. Slowly I saw him getting weaker and weaker while asking Zoe what she did to him.

Zoe: Oh shit Swazi come and help me really quick.

Me: is he dead? I feel dead.

Every part of my body felt funny.

Zoe: Just come

The weed was doing the shit to me; I quickly got off the car and opened the car boot. Zoe dragged him on the floor all the way to the car.

Zoe: We have to lift him up and throw him in the boot.

Me: Okay 1 ...2 ...

Then I laughed because I thought I couldn't count.

Zoe: Swazi focus! 1, 2, go!

We lifted the heavy Mandla and threw him in the boot then shut the boot close. I quickly ran back to the driver's seat while Zoe got in the passenger seat.

Me: We are so bad.

I say cheering as we drive out, Zoe cheered also laughing at the shit we just pulled.

Zoe: Holly shit that was crazy.

We laughed, she switch on the music and Starboi ft Doja cat | Dick busted through the car, we laughed and started singing along while trying to dance.

Us: She in the gym tonight'

Workout in that pussy (Ayy)'

I'm getting ripped tonight'

R.I.P that pussy (ayy)

I'm going in tonight.

We sang on top of our voices, I turn to Zoe to laugh at the ridiculous dance she was making for like a second when I turned my eyes back on the road I saw Lisa; I swear I saw her she's standing right in front of the car.

Me: Lisa!

I shout as I try to swerve the car on the side so I wouldn't hit her but I lost control of the car, it got off the road going straight for off the small cliff that had a huge damn. I tried swerving it back to the road but it hit the road sign stop, turned and totally

got off the road flying, all I could hear in my screams and Zoe's screams as we both cry, my Heart literally pounding out of my chest. I had even given up on trying to swerve it around as it was completely out of the road and flying on the air on its own. Everything happened so fast by the time it hit the ground everything became blank then it was light out.

ELEVEN

NOMASWAZI

I slowly opened my eyes; I am awkwardly facing down, every part of my body in so much pain, the car is upside down. I tried moving around so I would get out but I couldn't. I look beside me, Zoe is passed out, and she has a scar on her forehead. I don't know if she's alive or dead. I started panicking.

Me: Zoe! Zoe!

I tried moving my hand towards and shake her, slapped her cheek.

Zoe: Ouch! Ouch

Me: Oh thank God.

I say taking a deep breath of relief.

Zoe: Oh fuck! Fuck are we dead, why am I upside down?

I closed my eyes trying to calm myself down.

Me: Just ... just calm down. Calm down okay.

Zoe: Oh my God! Oh God oh no I am going to die, Help!
Someone please help!

Me: Will you just stop panicking Zoe! Take a deep breath, calm yourself down then we will figure a way out.

I say so calmly, while my heart was definitely thrashing out of my rib cage.

Me: Come on give me your hand, Zo Zo

I say trying to locate her hand with mine because whenever I try to turn to her my neck would hurt so badly. She fined my hand and squeezed it.

Me: I need you to calm down, okay?

Zoe: Okay

She says breathing in and out, I also did the breathing.

Me: Are you okay?

Zoe: I will once I am out of here.

Me: Okay let figure a way to get out, can you open the door on your side.

Zoe: How when I am upside down?

She asks frustrated.

Me: Okay fine!

I snap

Me: Let me try.

I tried access the door but failed. One of my leg is stuck I couldn't move it. After several attempt I gave up and sigh loudly.

Zoe: Oh my God we are going to die here.

Me: Just come down, no one is dying!

I moved my leg and tried hitting a window; it broke, broken pieces falling off. I used both of my hands to get my leg that is stuck. It hurt badly as I forcefully pull it once I succeeded I tried getting the seatbelt off me but it also stuck.

Zoe: Hang on I will cut it.

She picked a broken glass and tried cutting the seatbelt. It literally took forever before she cut it lose. I got it off me then climbed out of the car using the broken window. A broken glass cut on my thigh making me scream in agony, as I balance myself outside the window I placed my hands on broken glasses.

Me: Oh fuck! Oh shit! Oh my God! Iyoo!

I say not backing away just going forward only, though it hurt. I finally got out of the car, my left thigh bleeding and my hands hand small glasses and traces of blood

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I pull the glasses out of my hands while screaming, and tears just rolling down my cheek. I leap turning to the car so I would get Zoe out, ignoring the pain shooting through my body. The car is upside down, wheels spinning as it lay with it back, the top is crashed on the ground, we were lucky it hit the tree with it back or else we would be down in the dam that look way too scary and deep.

Zoe: Come on get me out!

She shouts, I quickly went to her side and tried pulling the door open then cut off the seatbelt. She crawls out of the car while groaning in pain.

Zoe: Holly shit!

She says once out, I sat butt flat on the ground catching my breath, my head feeling a little dizzy; we are completely out of the road surrounded by trees and only a few inches from falling off the cliff.

Zoe: Oh my God Swazi! Mandla! Oh my God! Mandla! Oh fuck! Fuck!

Me: Oh shit!

I had totally forgotten about Mandla. We both rushed to the boot, as the boot is crashed on the tree in order to open it we

will have to move the car. We tried but the damn car wouldn't even move.

Zoe: Come on push it to the side!

Me: It will go over the cliff

Zoe: We ...we like ...pull it and ...

Honestly speaking there was nowhere to get Mandla out on our own.

Me: We need to call for help!

I say trying to limp my way up to the street in hopes I will find help. This road is not busy at all so chances of finding help are really slim.

Zoe: Are you crazy!

She snaps. I turned to her confused.

Zoe: If you call for help we will go to jail, I doubt Mandla is still alive in there. Look how the boot crashed on the tree. Not to mention he will be in a boot of our car and we kidnapped him.

It down on me, we are so screwed.

Zoe: If we call for help we will go to jail for a life time.

Me: Oh shit.

I felt weak on my knees and sat down.

Zoe: We are so fucked up.

She walks up to me and joined me beside me as we sat there just staring at the car.

Me: We killed Mandla

I say in a whisper after a while of silence. She didn't say anything back. Tears just rolled down her eyes.

Zoe: We have no choice but to push the car over the cliff.

My neck snapped to her.

Me: Are you fucking crazy? We can't do that

Zoe: We have to do that unless you want to go to jail.

There's no way I was going to jail so we just sat there both lost on our thought, guilty and regret consuming us. I never thought one day I will have someone's blood on my hands. How will I survive with such guilty yet I can never go to jail. I won't survive, God I know jail. I have been there. Those walls alone are so creepy; I can never imagine spending years locked in them.

Zoe: I can't go to jail Swazi ...I can't that place is ...eww. Just the thought of it makes me body crawl.

Me: I know.

Zoe: This will stay between us, we will never tell a soul just like that cat like dog thing living in our garage.

I nod my head completely understanding.

Me: Let push it and get out of here.

We both sigh and look at each other, she held out her hand. I held it and squeezed it.

Zoe: We will be fine

Me: We will be fine.

Taking another deep breath we stood up and walked back to the car. I rubbed my hands together and tried by all means to avoid guilty and fear and the pain I am feeling deep inside. I look at Zoe; she looks back at me and nods her head. We pressed our hands on the side and pushed the car almost falling as it rolled over all the way over the cliff to the dam then it sink in. We both started walking off without even a glare back

TWELVE

NOMASWAZI

Every part of my body was shaking, I felt sick in my stomach. Had to rush to the bathroom and throw up. What happened today freaks me out, things got out of line too quick. The guilty was just too much, we took someone's life. He is dead and he won't be no more because of us. After throwing up I washed my mouth on a sink then stare at the girl staring back at me on the mirror. I couldn't recognise my own self.

Zoe: Swazi we have loose ends to cover.

We had to go back at Mandla's workplace, to get the ccv footage for today or else we were going to be in so much shit once they start searching for him. I look at myself for the last time before blowing off some air and stepping out. When I got home earlier on I took a bath, cleaned my wound on the thigh same with Zoe. We were both just way to devastated.

Zoe: Uber is here

She says as I come out of the bathroom, I sigh and nods.

Me: Well let go

My heart is so heavy. I knew we had to do this for our own sake. We did Mandla a favour anywhere. He was no longer himself, that bitch had toy with him for far too long. I tried consoling myself but that still didn't make me feel any better. I followed Zoe all the way to the uber; we both got in the back, lost in our own miserable thought. It already so dark as it the afternoon and worse winter.

“Fancy seeing you Nomaswazi”

I got startled at the manly voice then stare at the driver, he looks at me smiling. My heart just melted and I felt tears burning my eyes, probably because of the guilty I am feeling.

Me: Africa

Africa: I waited for your call you know, after sending you multiple messages even tried calling with no luck.

I did see unknown numbers on my phone but just never paid much attention.

Me: Sorry, it has been a rough week

I say taking a dragged breath.

Zoe: Can you like drive, I am tired. I want to rest.

Africa: Sorry ma'am

He says looking at Zoe from the rear view then started the car. As he drives he kept looking at me from the rear view. I felt like he could see right through me, he could see the things I am busy doing. When our eyes met he smiles at me. And for a moment there I allowed myself to be lost in him. I started admiring the way he handles his steering wheel. The way his arms would flex when he changes the gear, how he actually handle the gear seemed sexual; it like he's holding his own dick and busy stroking it slowly and nicely. His strong arm flex so nicely, making me wish he could lift me up with those strong sexy arms. Everything about his driving made me wish he could press on me and fuck me senseless. I really want Africa to fuck me, to hold me. I want him to be rough with me, press me down and do me good. I really hope he is good in bed. He is the destruction I need right now. Damn how does he makes driving seem so fucking hot and super sexy.

I didn't even realised we were there, hell I didn't even realise the car has stopped. I just saw Zoe with a corner of my eyes getting out.

Zoe: You wait for us here, okay?

She says poking her head looking at Africa, he did a soldier signal.

Africa: Yes ma'am

Zoe: Swazi come one.

Me: Aah yes ...I am coming.

I tried to bring myself back to the reality that I didn't even want to face. I look at Africa staring at me.

Africa: Are you okay?

His voice vibrated through my body, I am really sexual frustrated.

Me: I will see you

I say dragging getting out but finally did. I used my hoodie to hide myself. Zoe and I went through the garage. She knows Mandla's place like the back of her hand after all they were once married.

Zoe: The security rooms are below the stairs, I just hope the codes haven't change

She says putting her gloves on, I also put my gloves and followed after her. Not questioning her about the codes because honestly all I wanted was to be in, out and gone. The parking is so dark, and creepy. Mandla's car sat there

abounded. She quickly ran towards the door from the parking lot leading inside the building.

Zoe: If I get the code wrong the alarm will ring loud and we might get arrested, for trespassing, kidnapping and killing.

I blew out some air, so nervous as I watch her, she took a deep breath before punching in some numbers and the door buzzed. She turned to me and smile

Zoe: We within

I was so nervous every part of my body pumping hard with blood, my heart drumming loudly on my ears. We took two stairs at a time rushing down stairs where the security room is located. She took out a knife from her pocket and broke through the door as this one didn't have a code then we were in. Quickly she went through the computers

Zoe: yes!

Me: What

Zoe: They haven't change the passwords, me and Mandla back then we would have sex in the parking lot then had to come here to wipe everything just so we won't be exposed.

Then she went quiet lost in her own thought
sadness written all over her face.

Zoe: He was a good guy, and I really did love him. Then Zikhona fucked us up, that chick has ruined my life

Me: Just focus on that so we will leave please I don't want to be here.

She did her thing deleting everything on the computer.

Zoe: I will switch off the cameras so they won't catch us when we leave.

I nod my head while looking around, so scared. She finished up and left everything the way it was then we ran out all the way to the uber still waiting for us. Africa asked no questions, we got in and he drove off. I tried taking several deep breaths to calm myself because what we just did wasn't easy at all. We left Mandla's car there because we had no choice but to leave it behind as we didn't have the keys. I got so lost in my own guilty all the way back to our house, Africa parked by our house. Zoe got out and walked inside without even a glare back. I stayed still having to pay him since we didn't pay through phone banking.

Me: Thank you for driving us

He turns to me, looking at me with those stern eyes. I look down and played with the hem of my hoodie.

Africa: No need to thank me, it my job.

I nod my head then took a deep sigh.

Me: Do you ...like want to come in for ...a drink

What I actually wanted to say is “Do you want to come in and fuck” but Africa is too rural for that kind of language, perhaps if it was Brandon.

Africa: I would love to come in

He says smiling sweetly at me.

Me: Cool then come.

I got out of the car, he also got out.

Africa: Will my car be safe out here.

I laughed.

Me: This is a safe neighbourhood your car is safe.

He nods and came to my side, looking down on me while smiling.

Me: What?

Africa: You are nice today, it quite strange. I am still waiting for you to say something rude.

Me: I have changed

I say smiling and he chuckled.

Africa: I doubt, maybe it because you look sad.

I rolled my eyes at me.

Me: Stop reading me and come inside.

He smile and walked in, I like seeing Africa inside my house it feels, right, like he has always been there, like he belongs. He got in and started walking around like he has been coming here way long. He fit so perfectly. Looking around our home, I saw an approving look on his face.

Me: We will have to chill in my room just so we don't bother Zoe. "So we would fuck perfectly" My subconscious says.

Africa: Oh your sister, she seems rude like you.

Me: We are not rude, stop labelling us.

I say going to the kitchen to get snacks and some soda.

Africa: yea right

He quickly took the sodas and snacks from me, making me smile at his caring nature. I climbed the stairs first all the way to my room and he followed after me. I can fuck Africa now; I am no longer in initiation. God knows I had wanted to fuck him a long time ago. He is that type of man I am attracted too sexually, I bet he can fuck and I hope I won't be disappointed. We settled in my room on top of my bed while eating the snacks and talking.

Me: So how come you are here? You now even drive uber and not a taxi. What an upgrade. Who is driving your taxi back in the village?

Africa: Well the taxi was never mine, it was my fathers and I have two or three uber this side Me: The Uber is yours

Africa: All AC uber are mine

Me: Oh my God I love them, I always go for AC they have great service to think I never thought AC is for Africa Cele. Oh wow, well done Mr Cele

He smiles at me shaking his head.

Africa: So what trouble were you getting up to tonight?

I almost chock on the soda I was drinking.

Me: What makes you think I was getting into some trouble?

He chuckled

Africa: Because you are always getting into trouble

I pout looking at him. He laughed and bends over to kiss my nose so occasional like it something he normally does, I blushed at the gesture.

THIRTEEN

NOMASWAZI

I had invited Africa over because I wanted him to fuck me; I wanted him to fuck me brainless. I wanted to forget about all that has happened. But I ended up talking with him throughout the whole night I don't even know when I fall asleep but as I wake up his arm is wrapped around my body, I am only few inches away from his lips, every part of my body is on fire and he is looking down at me smiling his so not pretty but pretty smile. It makes him look younger, handsome and make my heart melt.

Me: Jeez oh my God what time is it?

I am still wearing the clothes I had worn last night and he's also still fully dressed. I yawn as I got off the bed looking at him still smiling.

Me: Why you smiling jeez please make your way of shame out of my house.

Africa: No breakfast in bed, no wash your face at least? Nothing I am just getting kicked out.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: Haibo Africa, don't you have people to drive around.

He chuckled his voice vibrating making me smile.

Africa: Ai okay beautiful.

He stood up and walked up to me, my stomach literally went in knot. I look up at him, he placed his hands on my head while brushing gentle his eyes penetrating on mine, making my body shiver with desire. I bite on my lower lip hoping he will kiss me but he just smiles down at me as he examine me.

Africa: I am going downstairs to your kitchen to make us breakfast.

He said before kissing my forehead and walking away. I chuckled as I watch him leave the door, barefooted with his socks only. I am really being tasted. I took off my clothes and went to take a bath then changed into a dress before going downstairs. Zoe is sitting on the kitchen high chair while Africa is busy frying eggs on the stove.

Zoe: If you gonna make us breakfast every morning then I don't mind having you around.

Africa chuckled not used to such people who are way too hyper.

Zoe: You are much better than Brandon gosh I hated his skinny white ass. And guess what he hated me back; I am just glad he dumped Swazi

Me: Geez bitch!

I said walking further in the kitchen.

Zoe: Oh hey ...Africa I will be in the lounge watching TV when you done making breakfast.

She says climbing off the chair then blew me a kiss as she walks past me.

Africa: Your friend is ...

Me: A bitch, who told you to make yourself comfortable in my own house.

Africa: You were not offering me breakfast so I thought why not.

He says coming towards me, I stood my ground and didn't move. Africa is such a teaser shame. He stood so close, making my body heat up.

Africa: You look beautiful

He says then bends over like he will kiss me; I even parted my lips but he just bends and sniffed my neck.

Africa: And you smell good

I chuckled shaking my head because again I was so looking forward to him kissing me.

Me: And you smell bad, you should consider taking a bath.

He laughed out loud; I couldn't help but grin at him. Has Africa always been like this? I think I have even forgotten how he was like back in the village. All I know is I used to be annoyed by his brother who is an asshole

Me: Why are you always everywhere? Like wherever I go you are there.

Africa: Ever thought it because you and I were meant to be.

I rolled my eyes.

Africa: Breakfast is served madam

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">He had dished up three plates with eggs, steak (Mimi's steak), Russians and sliced tomatoes. I haven't had a proper breakfast in a while.

Me: Umm

I say as my mouth watered, i try to pick a sliced tomato from the plate but he hit my hand

Me: Ouch!

Africa: Zoe breakfast is ready!

He called out as he set the plates on our small dining table, Zoe came in running.

Zoe: Arh thank you, I am so hungry.

Me: Wow.

Africa: Bring us juice and bread please madam

Zoe: I would like a wine madam!

I rolled my eyes and got the bread and juice together with three glasses.

Me: It too early for wine.

She groaned while rolling her eyes.

Zoe: Yes mother

Africa looks at me still smiling, clearly proud of himself for making breakfast uninvited. We all had our food in total silent except for Zoe who kept morning and complimenting the food.

Me: Food was nice

I say wiping my mouth and taking a sip of my juice.

Zoe: Food was delicious thank you Africa, come back again tonight.

Me: Haibo!

She shrugged her shoulders as she stood up clearing the table.

Africa: Well thank you ladies, I also enjoyed breakfast with you.

He says staring at me. I stare back matching his amused stare.

Me: Don't you have somewhere to be?

Africa: Could we please go get my shoes.

His phone rang from his pocket; he takes it out check the caller then put it back in his pocket.

Me: A wife?

He groaned. A prink of jealous at a thought of him having a wife rushed in on me, I sigh pushing the thought from invading my mind.

Africa: How about we get those shoes.

I almost rolled my eye but chose against it as I stood up, he followed after me. I was limping a little due to the wound on my thigh. Once he has put on his shoes, he turned to me.

Africa: Why you and your friend have scars? What happened?

I quickly avoided his eyes.

Me: I think you should leave now.

Africa: Nomaswa-

Me: Just go please.

He sigh and came towards me, I was still avoiding his eye contact. His arm hooked on my waist bringing our bodies together and my heart started racing.

Africa: I will call you

He said then kissed my forehead before grabbing his wallet and car keys then walked out gently closing the door behind him, I let out a deep breath that I didn't even know I was holding.

FOURTEEN

NOMASWAZI

It dark, my hands gripped on the steering wheel, the car have one broken light. It keeps swerving on every side of the road; the rain is busy pouring hard, it's too dark I can't see anything, and I am the only driver, there are no cars around. I am so scared my heart kept on racing out of my chest as I try swerving the car bringing it back to the road as it swerve out of the road, my hands are even sweating regardless of the rain that is busy pouring hard blinding my vision, thunder started roaming loudly as lightning strike in front if the windscreen blinding me. I tried putting my focus on the road as I grip the steering tight and try swerving it on the right path. A shadow of a human came out of nowhere, she raised her eyes facing my direction it a woman but when our eyes met it Mandla. Terrified I lost control of the car, screaming as it went out of the road.

I jump up my eyes shooting open as I suck in some air and screaming. I am in my room, it a bit dark, and so cold. Freaked out I look around the room only to realise the window is open and it raining hard outside, quickly I ran and closed the window.

My whole body is covered in sweat and I am actually cold, quickly switching on the light, I put on my gown and left my room, going straight to the garage. The last thing I will do is losing focus on what needs to be done. Mimi wangles his tail as I come in, Zoe had changed the candles, we are supposed to keep the candle on the whole night and don't light them during the day.

Me: Hey Mimi, come here boy.

I said as i walk towards our sacred place, I burned the candles and kneeled with Mimi next to me.

Me: Mimi I need you to get me Zikhona's dirty underwear, do you think you can do that boy?

He made a sound while wangling his tail.

Me: Good boy, then chock her again.

Before he leaves for his mission I gave him a raw steak to motivate him. I want to deal with Zikhona once and for all.

After sending Mimi on his mission I couldn't sleep, I kept tossing and turning that I ended up waking up and cleaning the whole house. By the sun rise I was dog tired and sleeping on the couch.

Zoe: And then you now sleep on the couch, haibo you even cleaned

I woke up and stretch myself.

Me: Fuck what time is it? My neck hurt

Zoe: Are you okay?

I nod my head while nodding.

Me: I just need a nap.

She also looked terribly. Like she wasn't sleeping well

Me: How are you holding up?

She dramatically threw herself on the couch next to me.

Zoe: I am not coping at all, I can't sleep I toss and turn all night.

I sigh opening my arms for an embrace.

Me: I know I am suffering too.

Zoe: Guilty will be the death of me.

Me: It was a mistake; we should report your car missing.

Zoe: They will look for it and who knows they might find then find the dead body in the boot.

Me: Then we don't know anything about it. Look if we report it and it happens they find it and find Mandla we would be safe,

we will claim we don't know anything and that we did report the car missing but if we don't report it and by any chance someone find the car, call the police boom your ex-husband's dead body inside your boot will get us in boiling water.

She thought for a while then sigh.

Zoe: I hate this.

Me: Not more than I do and today I have clients coming over. I don't know if I will be able to communicate with my ancestors. I am even thinking of cancelling.

Zoe: Yoo that hectic no you shouldn't cancel; let them come over and see what happens.

Me: Honestly I am so scared.

Zoe: Me too, we will be fine though. When are we paying Zikhona a visit?

Me: Today after I am done with consultation. Last night I sent Mimi to get me her dirty underwear.

Zoe: Euw ...disgusting!

I rolled my eyes.

Me: I want worms to come out of her pussy.

Zoe: Oh my God no!

Me: Oh yes

Zoe: Bitch you so bad, I fucking love you. Wait were you taught all this at the initiation school?

She asks with her eyes popped out.

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Not really, this is more like a project I started embarking on after Lisa's death because I knew I wanted to revenge her death one day.

Zoe: Remind me never to mess with you.

I laughed.

Zoe: No like serious remind me to not mess with a traditional healer, I don't even wanna date one.

Me: But you are friends with one.

Zoe: It different, you are the bone of my heart, keeping me strong and loving me.

Me: Ah you go girl bone of your heart.

She laughed then went quiet.

Zoe: Remember when you caught me and Sbusiso about to fuck.

I roll my eyes and didn't respond.

Zoe: You said you wished it was me who died.

My heart literally stopped beating for a second, I didn't mean that. Surely Zoe knows I did not mean it like that.

Zoe: Sometimes I also wish it was me who dead, I know I am the reason Zikhona is in our lives, and I know you have been going an extra mile for things that doesn't even involve you. Honestly I have thought about taking my life again, I'm just too scared you will hate me forever.

I pushed her off my embrace and made her face me.

Me: I love you, and I wouldn't want you to die. Gosh I didn't mean that, I was out of line and I am sorry. Having you here is the only thing keeping me sane. Zikhona is not your problem, she's our problem the moment she messed with you; she messed with us.

Zoe: I messed up a lot Swazi; I just want to get my life together right now.

Me: And I will be here helping you get your life together. But Zoe what going on with Sbusiso, do you like the guy or what?

She sighs and lay on my thigh, facing the ceiling.

Zoe: I don't like him like that, kissing him and almost sleeping with him was a terrible mistake. Sbusiso was there, I was down, I was in so much pain and so emotional and him being there reminded me of how they used to be like with Lisa and he is broken Swazi, the poor guy is shuttered, he no longer even

goes to church or even believe in God. He is even drinking now, he is just a mess. Last year he went at AA support group for his alcohol addiction.

Me: Woah how come I don't know that?

She chuckled.

Zoe: You had your head up in your ass

I hit her face with a cushion.

Me: Hey!

She laughed.

Zoe: It was bad, he wasn't even working at least now he is back at work and he is no longer drinking.

Me: Shame he really did love her.

Zoe: He loved her so much and her death almost ruined him.

Me: We should go check up on him one of these days.

Zoe: That would be nice.

She said giving me a weird look.

Me: Why you looking at me like that?

Zoe: Like what?

Me: Like that bitch.

Zoe: I just missed you, I missed this, I missed talking with you and having you caring about someone else. I just missed my bitch.

I rolled my eyes.

Me: Bitch please rest!

Zoe: So how do you feel about Africa, our Africa, our country the Zulu man?

She says laughing her ass off.

Zoe: Thee Shaka Zulu himself.

We both laughed.

Me: Mind your own business bitch!

I say pushing her off me and walking away.

Zoe: Come on! You have to give it to him; he is so sweet and perfect for you.

Me: Leave me alone!

I say and left her laughing and shouting "I knew you like him"

FIFTEEN

NOMASWAZI

I walked inside isgodlo (my ancestors hut) I am more scared so scared of interacting with them, I am not sure if I will be able to communicate with them after everything that has been happening, I just hope they haven't neglected me. I kneel down before them and light the candles then burned the incense and poured snuff besides the candles. My heart drumming out of my chest, taking a deep breath I started doing ukuphahla.

Me: Nkosi! Ndlangamandla, Mtungwa! Mawandla KaNdlela!
Nina baseMandlovini! Mlotshwa! Siwela! Mphazima kaLanga.

I called upon our clan names.

Me: I call upon my great grandfather Skotshigilibethe, Gogo Mampandlane; I bow before you, humbling myself and kindly asking you to gather everyone. Ma MaNkosi ntombi yako Langa Ndlangamandla, Baba Buyani please I have sin, I have wronged you but it had to be done. Please forgive me. I have clients

coming over today, please guide me, and talk to me your child Nomaswazi. Please do not forsake me.

I always feel my ancestors right on my shoulders, that where they sit making me yawns loudly. Having them and feeling their presence is the best thing about my gift. I love feeling their presence, it always reminds me that they're here still guiding me and protecting me. Once I am done with the vengeance I am working on I will then get my life together, do the consultations full time while making a living out of it. I am kind of person who is financially smart, so I want to invest my money in several different investment so my future will be secured. I sat there on my hut, cleaning and dusting everything while humming a song.

Zoe called me out to eat; she has prepared lunch of chicken biryani.

Zoe: Are your people still coming?

Me: I hope so

I say devouring the food, it actually tasted so good.

Me: This is good, I had forgot how you such a good cooker.

Zoe: I know right, I haven't done any cooking in a while. I used to appreciate home cooked meals a lot.

Me: You were the best, still the best.

Zoe: Mandla used to love my cooking.

She says looking sad. Honestly this might be worse for her, especially because she used to care for Mandla so deeply, she couldn't even move on after their divorce so I cannot imagine the pain she's going through right now; she will forever have to live with knowing she had a hand on her ex-husband's death.

Me: Let take this as Mandla resting, he has been going through a lot with that witch but now he's finally at peace.

She wiped a tear that managed to escape.

Zoe: Yea

She says taking a deep breath.

Zoe: All should be fine.

We sat there both lost on our own thought till an intercom decided to interrupt us, both excited and terrified I turned to Zoe.

Me: They are here.

I say panicking as I got off the chair.

Me: Please let them in, I will be in the hut getting ready ...and wish me good luck.

She smile sweetly

Zoe: You don't need good luck, you going to nail this. It in you

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in your blood and you are the best healer I know.

Amused by her kind words I gave her a tight hug and a kiss on the forehead then ran off to the hut where I put on my consultation clothing, the moment I started burning the incense I could already feel my ancestors.

Me: They're here, please come through for me.

I beg as I burn the incense.

I heard footsteps outside, I took a deep breath and kneel comfortable. I was so nervous you would swear they were my first clients. I kept hoping I don't mess it up.

Zoe: Knock Makhosi, you have guest.

I almost laughed at the way Zoe referred to me but I held myself then cleared my throat.

Me: They can come in.

They thank Zoe and walked in, it a lady probably in her early 30's and a man probably late 30's.

Me: Please close the door behind you.

They took off their shoes, the man closed the door once they are inside and the moment they walked in I felt the lady's cries,

her pain and sorrow. I started having a massive headache the kind of headache that is worse than a hangover, I yawned loudly with tears rolling down my eyes. They both settled on the mutt while looking around, clearly amazed by such glamour.

“Thokoza Makhosi”

The man greeted but I wasn't fully aware of him as the lady's sorrow was weighing on me too much that I could feel my stomach twisting in pain then I would hear a loud voice of a woman laughing. I shake my head trying to get rid of the feeling, my tears kept rolling down my cheek, my head kept pounding so painfully like it blinding my vision then my stomach would feel like someone is stabbing it from inside giving me hard time to breath properly.

Me: Ayi! Yo! Yo! Ayi!

I said as everything weigh on me, feeling someone's pain and seeing it is never easy, it drains you. I haven't even started consulting for them but already I could feel it. Looking at the guy all I could see is a lap dog with a long chain around his neck. I took insizi (a powder herb) and licked, it taste so biter but it helps with a lot of things.

Me: Here lick this

I say referring to the lady. She looks at me then back to the man beside her. Me: Come on I don't have all day.

She crawl to me and I poured the herb on her hand, she licked it and made a disgust face.

Me: Sir would you come and lick please.

I said politely. He also crawled to me and licked. I then took a dragged deep breathe. Me: Are you married.

“No just engaged”

The man answered, I nod my head, while lighting the candles.

Me: I see, so what can I do for you today?

They both look at each other. “We here to consult Makhosi”

This time the woman answered; I was honestly starting to think she cannot talk. I nod my head again and hummed a song.

Me: Please light my candles with a coin.

The man took our R2 and crawled up to me, I motion for him to place it on the floor once done he crawl back to the mutt next to his fiancé. Me: *Singing* Ngehawukele Thongo lam'

We thongo lam' ngehawukele We thongo lam' ngehawukele

Nami angizenzenga ngenziwa

Abaphansi.

SIXTEEN

NOMASWAZI

I kept on humming on the song as I prepare for consultation; already I am feeling it going to be a great one, my ancestors seem to be coming through for me.

Me: What your surname?

I ask as I put some of snuff on the floor.

“Gumede”

The man answered. I blocked everything else and put my energy on doing ukuphahla as I call upon my ancestors and their ancestors.

Me: Zindlondlo ezinkulu, Makhosi amakhulu ngikhuleka kunina bo Ndlangamandla, oNkosi abakhulu nina bo Mphazima kaLanga. Ngithi khanyisani mathongo ami, vulani iminyango nivule izindlela konke kukhanye ngihamba nabantwana baka Gumede, oQwabe, oYeye. Ngicela nina Mathongo ami, nihlangane nikhulume nami. Khulumani nami zindlondlo ezinkulu, kwenzenjani emzini wako Gumede, kwenzenjani ko Qwabe, yine lengaka engenile.

I did ukuphahla while begging them to communicate with me.

Me: Khulumani Zindlondlo ezinkulu ngilalele. Ayiii! Yooo!

I say yawning loudly as I felt their presence. The whistle started, telling me everything I need to know.

Me: Emakhosini! Siyavuma! Zindlondlo! Siyavuma! Kunjalo baba! Kunjalo.

I took ishoba (The goat tail) and started hitting my shoulders with it while yawning loudly. Once the whistler stopped, I yawned one more time before turning to them.

Me: What does your mother wants from your fiancé?

I ask directing my question to the man

“I beg your pardon?”

Me: Your mother is evil, she’s a culprit to all your suffering. She’s the reason why she miscarried your second born, the reason beyond her stomach cramps, the headache and the reason beyond you getting irritated by her most of the time.

“I don’t understand, are you saying my mother is bewitching me and my fiancé”

The man asked and the lady just cried.

Me: Does it sound better if you say it?

I hate slow people; you tell them something they say it back to you.

Me: Your mother in law hates you, and she will do anything for you to leave her son.

“But why? What did I ever do to her?”

She asked crying; I took a tissue and handed it to her.

Me: You didn't do anything my love, she just want her son all to himself. She thinks you are busy chowing his money, so she wants to chow all the money herself. I don't understand such mother in laws; do they want to fuck their own kids too?

I chuckled in an unbelievable way.

Me: Your mother always asks you to not drain your bathing water after bathing, why is that?

He looks thoughtful for a while.

“Because she always washes the sink after I am done with bathing”

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Is that what you think or is that what she tells you?

“That what she tells me Makhosi”

Me: She uses your dirty bathing water to fulfil her evil deeds, to have a control over you. Remember the first time you laid your hand on her?

I asked and he looked down clearly ashamed.

“It was a mistake”

Me: Your mother put you up into it, didn't she?

“She did kind of suggested”

Me: You are like a dog, your mother has a chain on your neck, controlling you, telling you what to do and one of these days your fiancé will leave and she will leave and never look back.

I chuckled and shake my head sideways.

Me: Your mother is something else; you have a kid, right?

They both nod their heads.

Me: He is old enough to go to the toilet if he wants to take a shit, right?

“Yebo Makhosi he is five years”

Me: But he once visited your mother's house and came back with pants full of shit.

The lady nods while sniffing and wiping her tears.

Me: Why? When he can go to the toilet and release himself.

“I also never understood, I thought perhaps he ate something that made him have a running tummy”

The lady answered in between hiccups.

Me: No dear, your mother in law put a spell on you so that her son would hate you, you disgust him sometimes and you are a nuisance most of the time.

“Oh my God what have I ever did to this woman, I am crying because everything you are saying it all true”

Me: Is it?

“Yes sometimes he won’t even touch me, he won’t even eat my food, and he would just get mad and start shouting at me for no reason”

She says in between hiccups.

Me: Is that true sir?

He nods his head as he bow down clearly ashamed and shocked.

Me: Well this is what you asked for.

“What now Makhosi? What do we do now?”

The lady asks.

Me: You my lady need cleansing; I need to cleanse your womb and strengthen you and for you Sir eish ...it worse your mother ruined you. I am not going to sugar-coat anything, she ruined you, she's evil and she won't rest so we need to go to a water fall, where you will need three white candles, a black chicken and a white goat with no any colour. Then I will cleanse you; and get rid of all this shitty things she has done to you.

The lady took the guy's hand and they held hands.

Me: Right now though I will give you herbs to steam, vomit every day for a week once you are done you can come back and the cleansing will began.

They both nod though you could tell the guy was so lost.

SEVENTEEN

NOMASWAZI

Lisa and I are in the middle of the forest, it's so dark, and I am trying to find my way out. Lisa is busy giggling as she run away; I can only hear her giggles but I can't see her. I called out for her, her giggles kept getting faint and faint till I couldn't hear them no more. The forest got too quiet, the only thing I could hear was creepy sounds, and I kept running around calling out for Lisa as I am getting more terrified.

Me: Lisa! Where are you! Lisa! Lisa!

I kept looking around as I run looking for a way out of the forest. Suddenly I fall into a dark deep pit hole going down with all my body force, I screamed as I wasn't reaching the ground, my heart literally beating out of my chest, I tried screaming loudly but my voice wouldn't come out, my breath felt like it literally leaving my lungs and my feet felt numb, still I wasn't reaching the ground. I kept trying to pray while screaming, yet my tongue felt like it tied I could pray proper.

I suddenly jolt up from the bed, panting and sweating. My door burst open and Zoe rushed in.

Zoe: Are you okay? What going on?

She asked panicking and looking around with a heel on her hand. I couldn't help but laugh, it started as soft laughs as I try catching my breath till it burst into loud laughter. She looked at me confused as I wipe the sweat off my face then laugh at the same time.

Zoe: What the fuck bitch

Me: If there was an intruder were you going to hit him with a heel, a heel Zoe? Out of all things you could grab, a heel?

She's wearing her tiny pyjamas with a red heel on her hands, the intruder would've been just too intrigued by her yellow exposed thighs and just help himself with her. She looks at the heel on her hand then back at me then shrugged her shoulders.

Zoe: It was the only thing I could find

She huffs and threw the heel on the floor and crawl in bed with me.

Zoe: Bad dream?

I nod my head and lay back on the bed, my heart is still beating abnormal.

Me: It felt so real Zo Zo, I felt like I am falling into a deep dark pit hole, I couldn't reach the ground that how deep that hole was, I couldn't cry or pray or even move like every part of my body was numb yet falling.

Zoe: Yoo that sounds terrifying

I took a deep breath and turned to her as she lies next to me.

Me: I heard Lisa's giggle, I couldn't see her but I could hear her laughing.

Zoe: What could that mean?

Me: I wish I knew.

Zoe: Well you can ask that old village lady.

Me: You are right; I will call her first thing in the morning.

Gogo used to emphasise how important dreams are and how I should always take them serious because they always have a message behind them; so I really think calling and enquiring about my dreams of lately would be wise, though I kind of have a feeling what these dreams might be about.

Me: But I do think they have something to do with ...you know who

She sighs

Zoe: Well maybe, I also can't sleep sometimes but for me I just think about him a lot then I end up dreaming about him.

Tonight I dreamt like we were at our house and he was holding a kid that wouldn't stop crying, I was also crying asking him to shush the baby.

Me: Yoo that fucked up

Zoe: Guilty would be the end of me, I wish there was something to erase the guilty

Me: This is something we will have to live with for the rest of our lives.

Zoe: We are screwed.

Me: For life!

We both sigh and just laid there

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both lost in our own thought. One thing I never master back at the initiation is dream interpretation; I honestly don't know how they work.

Me: I have some sleeping pills.

I said getting off the bed to get them, we both took the sleeping pills and cuddled each other till we fell asleep.

By the time I woke Zoe was long up, I guess the pills knocked me out, checking my phone time reads ten in the morning.

Me: Damn

I had so many missed calls mostly from Africa; sometimes I honestly forget I own a phone. Some missed calls were from numbers I didn't recognise. I decided to call Africa first.

Africa: MaNkosi

No one has ever called me by my surname before, and how the fuck did he know my surname I don't remember telling him.

Me: Baba Ndosì you called.

I could literally feel his widen smile over the phone, he chuckled and I burst into loud laughter as I got off the bed.

Me: Oh my God I can never be those women, it sounded so-

Africa: Good, I wish you could address me like that all the time.

I laughed at that.

Me: Never, not even over my dead body; what's up I saw your missed calls.

Africa: Iyoo you such a difficult woman, why you never pick my calls.

Me: Africa I am a busy woman, I have a life and a demanding job.

Africa: Well I almost came over there.

Me: To do what exactly?

Africa: To talk to you, I want to talk to you so I will be coming over.

Me: Talk to me about what?

This guy should be asking me out on a date but here he is; wanting to 'talk to me' yet coming to my house.

Africa: You will know when I talk to you, so I am coming today.

He is not asking, he's telling. I rolled my eyes; he's such a man!

Me: Are you asking or telling.

Africa: Woman I don't have time for games. I will see you

Me: Don't come.

I said and dropped the call, argh who does Africa think he is. He should be asking not telling, I am not some sucker he can just control and tell what to do and when to do it.

As I go through my closet I came across Brandon's clothes deciding I am not done with him, I want to teach him a lesson to never dump a black chick ever. I packed his clothes nicely in a bag, took a quick bath and got dressed on my yellow revealing

dress. I took some of Gogo's special herb (ntangazibovana) together with Brandon's clothes.

Zoe: And then where are you going?

Me: To make peace with Brandon'

I say popping a grape on my mouth as I found her eating some on the lounge while watching the tv.

Zoe: You? Peace, those two things don't miss. What are you up too?

I faked being hurt.

Me: Oh my God that so not fair, I am very good hearted, matured lady who wants no drama in her life just peace.

Zoe: Nomaswazi!

Me: What I am really going there for peace.

I say smiling.

Zoe: I know you are up to something, and whatever it is I don't care he deserves it.

I kiss her cheek and walked toward the door while chanting I love you. I really hope he is home as it Saturday. I want him to know I am not one to mess with; he should've waited for me to break up with him not the other way around.

EIGHTEEN

NOMASWAZI

Brandon's house is only a few houses away from mine; he has a very nice huge double story. So I walked there on my 5inch heel and a blazing hot sun. I pressed on his intercom and a lady answered.

Me: Hi is Brandon home?

"Yes who is this?"

By her perfect English I could tell she's white and probably the new girlfriend.

Me: I'm Swazi ...a friend

I didn't know if I should introduce myself as a friend or as an ex. She didn't respond back, I stood there for few seconds before the gate slid open. I walked in through his drive way before I could even knock he opened the door, topless displaying his skinny four pack.

Brandon: What do you want?

Me: Woah ain't going to invite me in?

"Yes Brandy ain't you going to invite HER in"

She emphasise the last part, she is definitely white and she's definitely the girlfriend. He sigh and motion for me to come in. this girl is skinny, like so tin worse she's wearing a jean bum short with a white cropped top; she's nothing compared to my thick fat ass, my beautiful average boobs and not to mention my beauty.

Me: Thank you, I am so sorry to interrupt. I should've called; I just didn't know you have a guest.

Brandon: What do you want?

He asked again, clearly not interested in anything else. I look at the lady as she looks at me up and down. I bounce my ass as I walk towards the couch where I settled comfortable, they both followed after me and sat opposite me.

Me: I am here to bring you these.

I say showing him the bag.

Me: And to apologise for the way things ended.

The lady look at me, Brandon raised an eyebrow.

Brandon: You have never apologised for anything.

Me: I know (I took a dramatic faked sigh and made a sad face) ever since we broke up my life has been a mess, you know how Zoe screwed me up right?

He nods.

Me: Well after the stunt she pulled I haven't been getting clients, you were right about her you know. I do everything for her but she just never appreciates me, instead she sabotaged me.

Brandon: Well I did tell you, so what now?

Me: My life is so hard Brandon, I am so sorry for ever mistreating you, for all the awful things I have ever said to you. I just recently found out from my initiation teacher that I have this dark cloud hanging over me. I know you are white, you probably don't believe these things but I assure you they're real and worse she said whoever I have been intimate with also got affected and you the only guy I have been intimate with.

The girl scoff, I pretended to wipe the tears.

Me: Look you of all people know how proud I am ...I wouldn't have come here if it wasn't important.

I say opening the bag and taking out the herb.

Me: This herb you have to use it on your bathing water just to cleanse yourself off the bad lucks I affected you with. If you don't cleanse yourself all your relationships won't work out, you will always be fighting over nothing.

They look at each other.

Me: You don't have to use it if you don't want too, but I was just trying to make amends. I am truly sorry please find it in your heart to forgive me, I wasn't myself, I am possessed with evil spirit and I need cleansing.

"Is that thing verified by a qualified doctor?"

The bitch asked looking at the herb with so much disgust.

Advertisement

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: This is a traditional herb and it safe to use otherwise I wouldn't have suggested it.

I say giving her a stern look.

Brandon: Look I hear you bu-

Me: You know what I shouldn't have come, I am sorry and you don't have to you use the herb it your choice I just hope you won't blame and hate me when your life get fucked up.

I say standing up.

Me: Here are your clothes, you are a good man Brandon and any woman would be lucky to have you.

Brandon: It fine you can leave the herb ...I will use it.

I mentally high five myself

Me: You don't have too

Brandon: I want to use it

Me: Well then good luck, I am so sorry I interrupted you. Enjoy the rest of your day

I say so politely you would swear I meant it.

Brandon: Should I use it all?

He asked as I was about to walk out.

Me: Yes prepare boiling water, put the herb inside the water then on the sink and bath your whole body.

Brandon: Okay, sure

He says, the fucking pink pig said sure to me. I smile and bid them good bye again as I walk away smiling to myself.

The moment I walked in the house, I was tired the shoes were killing not to mention the sun did a number on me. Zoe is sitting on the couch with Africa; I rolled my eyes as I took my shoes off and join them on the couch.

Me: So you decided to come anyway

I say settling down.

Zoe: How did it go?

I smirk.

Me: Well all I can say is I am good now.

I say smiling widely, I know what I did is childish and stupid but I had to do it.

Zoe: What did you do?

Me: Umm nothing, we sat down had a drink and that was all.

Zoe: Bitch you tripping.

I gave her a look then turned to Africa who couldn't keep his eyes off me.

Africa: You look beautiful

Me: Thanks Brandon thought so too.

I say watching his reaction closely; he just scoffed while shaking his head.

Africa: Can we talk?

I don't know who this guy thinks he is, he's just being a nuisance right now. I don't like it when someone is always up on my face.

Me: What do you want Africa.

Africa: To talk I just said that

Zoe: Can you do your talking in your bedroom; I have a show to watch so I won't be moving.

I sigh and picked my shoes then walked away. He whistles as I climbed the stairs with him behind me. I quickly turned to him.

Me: No whistling under my roof!

I scold.

Africa: Okay sorry, awu suka sambe wentombi, ngichazwa ulaka lwakho nje we sphenaphala.

Zoe laughed and started ululating. I rolled my eyes really charmed but not wanting to show it, Africa is so rural.

NINETEEN

NOMASWAZI

Honesty speaking being in love has never been on my category even now I got my life too occupied I doubt I have a room for love and I know Africa is here because he wants love, something I cannot give him. Though I wouldn't mind to fuck him because at the end of the day I really need to get laid, it good for my health. Like a confident big man that he is he walks in my room like it his room then sat on my small couch and stare up at me with an intense look.

Me: Unzip my dress I need to take it off.

I say giving him my back, the thought of him touching me heating up my body already.

Africa: Ah...

Me: Just unzip me Africa

He blew off some air before gentle touching me and unzipping my dress, his cold hands feeling so good against my burning body. Once the dress is unzipped he slowly grabbed my waist bringing me closer to him, opening his legs for me to stand in between them. I turned my neck looking down on him as he sits

on the couch, he stare back, my pussy kept itching, and I really need this man to fuck me. I have wanted him to fuck me for so long; I think it safe to say I am sexually attracted to him. His hands caressed my body from my waist all the way to my shoulders where he pulled down the dress. Finally was left topless with just my bra as the dress settles on my waist.

Africa: You can take your dress off now I have unzipped you.

He said in a husky voice, obviously affected as I am. I swallowed some saliva as my mouth watered at the thought of a man touching and grabbing me. I bite on my lip as I look at him, his face clouded with longing and lust. Smiling to myself as I look the other way I slowly took off my dress, pulling it down while bending over and giving him my ass mind you I am wearing a thong.

Me: Thank you for unzipping me

I say on my own voice that is filled with want, I was about to walk away when he grabbed my waist and made me sit directly on his hard dick.

Africa: What are you doing?

He asked caressing my body.

Me: Just taking off the dress

I say in a whisper because my voice wouldn't come out, his dick directly on my itching pussy, Africa is taller than me so as I am sitting down on him he's still tall but we almost the same height as we are both sitting. His hand caressed all the way up to my neck where he grabbed it and made me turn to him, he smashed his lips on mine making me moan in appreciation and pleasure, making me shiver as I feel goose bumps all over my body. He also moaned and moved his hands to my boobs breaking the kiss while moving to my neck; I lay back on him while moving my ass against his rock hard dick, he moaned his voice vibrating through my body making my breath to escalate. He unhooked my bra and threw it aside then grabbed on my boobs squeezing and twisting while planting kisses on my shoulder my boobs fitting so nicely on his strong manly hands.

Africa: You so beautiful.

He moaned out as he moved his hand back to my waist then made me turn to look at him, I love how he is in control. He buries his face on my boobs as I stood before him, then he moaned and sucked on my boobs while squeezing my ass. I also wanted to feel him skin on skin so I pulled up his t-shirt, he finished taking it off then stood up while lifting me up, my legs wrapped around him as his hands grabbed on my ass then our mouth found each other as they dance together in sync, accompanied by our soft moans.

He walks to the bed and gently laid me there as he leaves my mouth for my neck then my boobs at the same time taking off his tekkies then he stood still looking down at me with so much admiring as he bite on his lower lip, my pussy is crying tears of joy and wanting to be touched so badly to smooth the itching. It like he read my minds as he quickly takes off his pants together with his boxer short his hard dick spring out

looking so big and good with veins popping on it, I wanted to touch it so badly just so I would feel how is actually feels against my hand. He bends over and sucked on my boobs, plants kisses on my stomach all the way to my pussy where he sniffed making me giggle. Then he grabbed my thong and took it off, I could feel my entire body shake with so much desire as he kisses me from my thighs all the way to my well shaved pussy then he started rubbing on my clit as it dance with so much joy making me twitch and grab on the bed covers.

He plays with my clit rubbing gentle with his dick lying on my thigh, I tried moving my hand to grab it but he inserted his fingers on my pussy making me gasped and grabbed on him, my nails digging on his back. He plants kisses from my stomach going up to my boobs then my mouth, while his fingers are

busy doing the work on my pussy but they were not enough I needed him to fuck me right now.

Me: Fuck me already.

I say between the kiss and through my hitched breath. He kisses my cheek and moved into biting my earlobe gentle.

Africa: Do you have a condom

He whispered directly in my ear, his voice so deep and husky.

Me: Left second draw on my dressing table

As he got off me to get the condom I felt like screaming for him to not go, though I still enjoyed the view before me; his tight ass and his beautiful dick that I am really hoping he can use. I am so dripping wet and needing to be touched so while he comes back with the pocket of condoms I slide my hand down there and started touching myself, moaning at the pleasure as it feels good but when he was the one touching me it felt out of this world. Opening my eyes I found him staring down at me with a pockets of condoms on his hand while the other hand is grabbing on his dick and stroking it nicely, I sat up on my ass and snatched the pocket from him took one foil and threw the pocket aside, he neared me, looking directly on my eyes. I wasn't shy at all; I am not ashamed of wanting him. I grabbed his dick on my hands, surprisingly it couldn't properly fit, I stroked it up and down while biting on my lip and appreciating

what God gifted him with. He snatched the condom from me and opened it before handing it back to me. I grabbed the condom and gently inserted it on him, rolling it all the way up to his balls.

He pushed me on to the bed and I lay down with my back, he grabbed my legs and made sure I am on the edge of the bed, his eyes fixed on mine, he didn't even hold his dick as he directed it on my pussy, it rubbed on my clit making me shiver then it settled on my entrance as he slowly inserted it so gently, I could feel it filling me full and I moan out his name while panting. He slowly started moving in and out, I met his slow stroke as I arch my ass towards him. His grip tightens around my thighs as his stroke starts being fast.

He fucked me hard fast and so perfectly good, within few minutes I exploded moaning his name out loud, the explosion definitely sending me to some cloud nine kind of ish, he gave me few more strokes as I pant and twitch then he exploded but didn't stop, he took off the condom, his dick still rock hard, he rolled up another condom then lay on top of me kissing me so gently before inserting his dick back on my pussy, this time he is so gentle yet so perfectly good, he bites on my every part of my body as he moves in and out, making me feel like I am in

heaven. Sex is good and Africa is the chief of sex, have never been fucked this good. He actually didn't fuck me, he made love to me. My nails dig on his skin as I feel another shock of wave burst through me making me scream his name while panting breathlessly and trembling underneath him, leaving my body feeling so exhausted yet so thoroughly fucked.

I honestly needed this after the hell of the week I had.

TWENTY

NOMASWAZI

You know you have been thoroughly fucked when you wake up with an exhausted body yet so refreshed, when you can feel the pain between your legs yet you smile because it was worth it. When the moment you felt awake all you could think about is the epic night you had, not all men are good in bed, reason why when you find that one man with a good dick game you become too clingy but that won't be me. I slowly opened my eyes with a smile planted on my face. The sex God look down at me with a smirk on his face looking so fucking handsome.

Me: Morning handsome

He laughed and stroked my cheek.

Africa: Morning beautiful

He says brushing my lips gentle, I open my mouth and suck his thumb then bite it a little harder. He laughed taking it off making me to laugh too.

Africa: Are you trying to have me for breakfast

Me: I would love too but my nana wouldn't take it anymore, which makes me wonder are you drinking mpendu or what. We were at it the whole night.

He laughed.

Africa: You kept asking for me, I couldn't say no

I got off the bed butt naked and grabbed a gown and wrapped it around me.

Me: You need to get up and leave; Zoe and I got somewhere to be.

Africa: Wow kicking me out again.

Me: We got somewhere to be, so get dressed and leave

Africa: Iyo okay

He got off the bed quietly got dressed and grabbed his staff.

Africa: So ain't we going to talk about this whole thing.

Me: No I really need to get ready.

He huffed and put on his tekkies then walked out with no glare back. I sigh dramatically and lay back on the bed, facing the ceiling while thinking about last night.

I walked downstairs busy humming a song as I woke up happy, Zoe stood on the kitchen entrance and look up at me with her hands on her waist.

Zoe: Brandon was here looking for you

My smile widen, oh boy I wonder how he looked.

Zoe: What the fuck is wrong with you?

Me: Umm excuse me?

Zoe: You can't go around screwing people's life, what you did to Brandon was uncalled for.

Me: Woah he screwed me first I had to teach him a lesson.

Zoe: What lesson exactly? Was he supposed to stay in a relationship where he wasn't happy nor appreciated?

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: He should've waited for me to dump him.

Zoe: That stupid and you know it, what the hell is wrong with you? I don't get you sometimes, what you did to Brandon was so wrong, did you see the poor guy? He had to go to the hospital, his skin is a mess, and you ruined it.

Me: It was just a harmless herb he will be fine.

I said walking past her, I don't even know why she cares she never liked Brandon.

Zoe: That not the point! You screwed him for no reason and that stupid and childish, grow the fuck up Swazi

She snaps; I quickly turned to her.

Me: Why do you suddenly care for Brandon? Are you fucking him too?

I wasn't ready for the slap that landed across my face.

Me: What the fuck!

Zoe: You listen here girly just because I almost fucked Sbusiso that doesn't mean I will go around fucking your ex-boyfriends. I want you to acknowledge that you were wrong; he broke up with you because he doesn't want you anymore. Accept it and fucking move on

Me: Just like you moved on after Mandla dumped your ass?

I fired back; Zoe and I are exactly the same. We got a mouth for days, we end up saying some hurtful words to each other which I think one day would be the end of us, and our big mouth will ruin us. This is the kind of situations where we needed Lisa's calming nature before we kill each other.

Zoe: Don't dare me Nomaswazi I will fucking slap you again!

I rolled my eyes and walk away while clicking my tongue.

Me: Nx, buzz off my business

Zoe: So it likes that now?

She asked following after me.

Me: Just leave me alone Zoleka.

Zoe: No I am going to tell you exactly what you don't want to hear. You have a fucked up life, stinking attitude and it not attractive at all, it quite irritating if you ask me. Whenever someone steps on your toe, you stab them and that will get you in deep shit one day. Sort out your fucking attitude because I am fed up.

She says and walked out, leaving me mad as hell and actually I wanted to say something hurtful back but decided against it, she told nothing but the truth and we all know the truth hurt. Now I regret doing Brandon like that, it was stupid, I am fucking stupid.

Zoe and I went to the police station still not talking to each other, we reported her car missing they didn't even give us a hustle we just stick to the lie that the car went missing in our house, we don't know who took it or when it was taken.

TWENTY ONE

NOMASWAZI

I am in a strange unfamiliar place, all by myself, I could spot a house from afar. I have no idea how I got here, the road is gravel and too dusty, the sun is blazing hot, I am thirsty as hell and so dog tired. I used my hand to shield the sun from my face; my face is oily as I am sweating. Out of nowhere two pit bulls dogs stood just a few metres from me looking so scary as they make rumbling sounds with their tongues out dripping of saliva. Already I am terrified as I feel my heart beat really fast. I don't even have energy to run as I am so tired and not to mention the hot sun, I look around in hope I will see someone but there was no one just the pit bulls, I kept tip toing backwards as they stood there looking at me and ready to attack. Once they started barking out loud no one told me to run for my life, I ran like I have never ran before while shouting for help.

Me: Help! Fuseg! Fuseg! Go one! Fuseg!

I shout as I run with them right behind me barking, suddenly I heard Lisa's voice laughing.

Me: Lisa! Lisa! Help, please help!

I shout looking around; the street is so wide with no cars or people around, just the pit bulls, me and Lisa's laughter that kept echoing through my ears.

Me: Lisa! Lisa! Help! Fuseg!

As I wasn't paying much attention on the road since my focus was distracted by Lisa's laughter, the barking pit bulls behind me I fell into what seem like a hole, going down full force yet not reaching the ground, I could still hear the laughter and the barking, my breath felt like it leaving my lungs, I kept screaming for help.

I jerked off the bed panting and sweating with my heart beating out of my chest, as I try to register my surroundings I heard a dog barking scaring the shit out of me. The door bursting open almost got me shitting myself.

Zoe: Did you feed Mimi?

I couldn't answer as I am still under trauma.

Zoe: It was your fucking turn now he is barking waking up the whole neighbourhood. Feed him!

She says and walked out again slamming the door hard making me jumpy. I buried my face on my hands and screamed.

Me: Fuck! Fuck!

I really think I have an idea what these dreams means, they seem to be warnings probably about how I am getting myself into some deep dark hole. It probably got to do with Lisa's revenge, I had made a vow to revenge her death, I wasn't gonna give up till her death is revenged. I made a promise and I intend to keep that promise. I try pep talking myself as I get the steak for Mimi who by the way is still barking making so much noise through the whole house, I walked in the garage and he shut up and wangled his tail.

Me: Hey Boy, you hungry

He wangles his tail while growling reminding me of the pit bulls in my dream. I took a deep sigh and collected myself. I need to be in control for this mission

I cannot afford to lose focus.

Me: Come on boy, catch.

I threw the stick and he jumped up and catches it then devoured it like there's no tomorrow. I fed him three steaks before grabbing Zikhona's dirty red GrandMa Panties that Mimi got as instructed. I wore cleaning gloves before grabbing it and putting them on a plastic.

Me: You are such a good boy Mimi.

I say brushing him gentle before taking off the gloves and walk out towards my room. We have been postponing paying

Zikhona a visit but we has decided tomorrow is thee day. I put her panty in my bag and tried going back to sleep with no luck, I kept tossing and turning.

I am not sure when I managed to fall asleep but when I woke up it was already morning, I took a quick bath then rushed downstairs where I found Zoe sitting on the Kitchen high chairs having cereal. I didn't even greet, I just grabbed my own bowl of cereal and made some for myself then settled next to her. Pride preventing me from admitting that I was wrong and she was right.

Me: You ready for meeting up Zikhona?

I try to break the ice.

Zoe: Yep

She said giving me a lousy one word. I sigh and sigh again.

Me: Fine I was wrong; I shouldn't have done what I did to Brandon. Now I realise it was indeed stupid and so childish.

Zoe: Finally she wakes up.

I roll my eyes at her.

Me: I was really out of line with him, you were right.

Zoe: Good so what you planning to do about your stupidity.

Me: Nothing honestly, I don't think there's something I could do to make up for what happened. It probably best I stay away.

Zoe: Good.

We requested an uber which firstly dropped us in town. I needed to see this other Indian man I met on Facebook who was willing to help with bewitching Zikhona's panty so worms would come out of her pussy. I followed his directions he has provided till we got there, his sacred place is creepy with so much candles surrounding him as he sat on the circle of them. It was going to cost a little more than I had expected but it was all worth it. The Indian guy kept asking if we were sure about what we asking him to do. We had to assure him ten times that we were sure.

"You must know mina yazi faka, ayi khipha"

He says for the hundred times.

Me: Will you just faka, that what we want, that why we here so please do it.

He takes the panties from me and started doing some crazy shit while speaking in languages I didn't understand. The candles started flicking on and off on its own like they would go off but they never did, he sat like he was doing yoga as he kept talking in foreign language then took the panty and started rubbing

some weird smelling staff before taking a small five litre bucket, opened it and the stinks alone almost killed us. Zoe and I look at each other with disgust face before holding each other's hands. He put the panty inside the bucket, stir a little then closed the bucket again then handed it to us.

“Every after three days open the bucket for only two minutes”

Me: Will that make worms come out of her vagina

“Yes you pay me half now, pay me half after you see progress”

We both nods our heads looking at the five litre bucket that stink so badly, we paid the half he asked for then left going straight back home where we placed the bucket at the garage.

TWENTY TWO

NOMASWAZI

Zoe and I had to start home to leave the bucket before we went at Zikhona's workplace. I wasn't nervous at all; I couldn't wait to make that cocksucker pay. She has gone too far and I am sure Zoe is boiling beside me, after all Zikhona has taken a lot from her. We walked up to her offices, same offices that used to belong to Zoe's parents, where Zoe used to work. The moment we entered the building we spotted her, talking with a police officer as they walk towards us.

Zikhona: It so unlike him to just go, I am really worried. I just have a bad feeling about this.

She says staring at the officer.

Officer: Do not worry Ma'am we will try by all means to find your husband.

Zoe and I look at each other; I could see the panic on her face so I extended my hand and held her hand in assurance.

Zikhona: Thank y-

She stopped when she spotted us and look over us.

Zikhona: And then.

I composed myself and stood tall.

Me: We here to see you

Officer: I will find my way out.

He said walking past us.

Officer: Ladies.

He greet and walked out, Zoe took a deep breath.

Zikhona: Come through

She says shaking her small ass going towards her office, the same office that used to belong to Zoe's father. Once we walked in I closed the door behind us, Zoe and I settled opposite her.

Zikhona: What are you doing here?

Zoe took out the papers her father left her before he died; she laid them on the table.

Zoe: I am here to claim what is mine.

Zikhona looked from me then to Zoe then she laughed.

Me: Zoe owns half of this company and the house you living in at morning side.

Zoe: And I demand you move out with immediately effect.

Zikhona: That bull shit! This is my company.

Zoe: No bitch it mine and you must be out of the house before month end.

Zikhona: I am not going anywhere, these papers are fake.

She says looking at them. Zoe and laughed.

Me: Oh no bitch we will leave you with these papers for you and your lawyer to look over them otherwise it was good seeing your pathetic ass.

She looked at me with so much range and hate.

Zikhona: You are such a lap dog.

Me: And I love being the lap dog.

Zoe: Bye sweetie

She says blowing the kiss; I also blow a kiss as I stood up fixing my dress, leaving her fuming with anger.

The past few days have been amazing for Zoe and I, especially me. I have more people who come for consultation, meaning I make more money. Zoe is more like my assistant since I am kind of not a phone person anymore so Zoe takes bookings for consultation. Oh yes you book before you come, you don't just

show up like it your mother's house, the way things are going I am even thinking of opening offices in town. I said it, you heard right. I want my own offices where I will conduct consultation, it easy my ancestors can be anywhere I want them to be. Oh and I am still getting dreams every now and then, and I haven't spoken with Africa since the day he fucked me, I ignore his calls, and when he came over this other day I told Zoe to say I wasn't around. It nothing personal I just don't want to get too attached on him or better yet I don't want him to confess his feelings for me. I just want to live my single life the way I see fit, and of course fuck whoever I want to fuck. Reason why Zoe and I are going to the club tonight, we both have been on a dry land for a while now so we need some action. I got dressed in a black short dress, with a short slit by my left thigh, completed my look with a heavy makeup and a long weave then red 5inch high heels. I looked hot, so hot like smoking hot kind of hot. Zoe walked in my room

she is dressed in a red short, silk dress with black high heels with a short bomb weave; damn my friend is so pretty.

Zoe: That my friend, hell you so beautiful. Oh my God you so hot! Look at that ass, oh fuck you so beautiful.

Me: Hell have you seen yourself, bitch you pretty! Oh hell you so sexy, damn you hot!

We laughed as we complement each other in a singing mode.

Me: Tonight we drink, we celebrate and we forget about our problems.

Zoe: Tonight we dance like a fish.

Me: Did you feed Mimi?

I asked fixing her makeup.

Zoe: yep he won't be a problem.

Her phone beeped.

Zoe: Uber is here!

She says fixing my hair a little.

Zoe: Come on giving me some sugar, give me some sugar.

She pouted her lips, I planted a kiss then we hugged each other as we go down stairs all the way out to the uber, which drove us straight to the club Lisa and I used to work at. The moment we got there the vibe was on, music was pumping. I couldn't recognise most of the workers, it seems like the boss has hired new people. I haven't had fun in a while, I mean like I haven't parted in a fucking while. I need to get wasted and dance and probably kiss a stranger, I want to have so much fun. We both ordered five shot each before moving to the VIP section where we ended up meeting with some four guys and two girls, we

don't even know their names just like they don't know our names we just here to get drunk and forget about the world. The guys ended being the ones who bought us drinks, we got drunk, we danced and we had too much fun. And yea I did kiss a stranger, he is so damn handsome and he been checking me out ever since we got here so one thing led to another we ended up kissing and now I am dancing on his lap and he is busy grabbing on my ass. Zoe is also having so much fun, she is not drunk as I am I think she's cutting a little on her drinking, ever since we chilled with these strangers she has been so cosy with some guy, the guy she's with is the only one who is not drinking among his friends so Zoe is just sitting on his lap and laughing occasionally, and as for me I am too wasted with my wasted guy, the other girls are busy dancing too.

I was giving the strange guy a lap dance when I was suddenly yanked roughly from him.

Me: Heey!

I say fixing my hair to check the person pulling me like this.

Me: Africa! My Africa ...Guys this is South Africa without South.

I shout then laughed my ass off. He looked so grumpy; the guy didn't even smile as he looks at me.

Africa: Come on let go

He whisper

Me: Whatwhy ...the night is still young. Why you so grumpy?
Wait what are you doing here? ...come on let dance!

I shout through the music as I tweak my ass on him almost falling on my face. He held me with his strong arms and brought me to him then lifted me up, I giggled as he walks away with me with Zoe following behind us. Once we were outside he tried putting me on my feet but I almost fall from the shoes so he lifted me up.

Zoe: Thanks for fetching her.

Me: Wait what? You called him?

I say too drunk to keep my eyes open.

Africa: Thanks for calling, are you coming with us?

Zoe: No go home kids and be good, okay?

Me: Zo! Zo! Don't leave me, Zoe ...Zoe! Don't leave me.

I was busy shouting for her as Africa put me in the car, as he drives off I felt so dizzy even my stomach felt the dizziness.

Me: I ...I ...stop ...

I couldn't utter the words I wanted to say i threw up right on his car seat. Africa: You got to be kidding me.

That all I heard before I passed out.

TWENTY THREE

NOMASWAZI

I am in my old flat, all alone and the flat is empty, like there's no furniture or anything else. I look around confused as to where the furniture is, before I could make out what is happening something started strangling me. Choking me till I couldn't breathe, I tried pushing it off me but it kept on pressing me against the wall, I tried screaming but my voices wouldn't come out, I tried moving my legs but they wouldn't move, they felt numb, I tried praying but my voice still wouldn't come out, though that didn't stop me from praying. I swear was so closed to death when I suddenly jerked up, looking around I am in a strange room. I quickly jump off the bed and ran for the door which opened easily, my heart is literally pounding out of my chest as a possible thought of being kidnap invade my mind. I run through the small whole way as I hear voices coming from the other side of the room, I firstly poke my head only to see Africa with some old woman in a kitchen. I let out a relieved breath and walked further in finally feeling the pounding headache. The woman looked up at me, she's busy making breakfast and Africa is just sitting on a chair sipping something from a mug.

Africa: Oh MaNkosi nice of you to join us.

I had my hand on my forehead as it hurt so badly, the woman just looked at me strangely.

Me: Africa!

I say kind of confused. And the strange woman kept looking at me up and down.

Africa: Go put on some clothes Nomaswazi, are you seriously meeting my mother naked.

Looking down on myself, I am only wearing a t-shirt, probably Africa's t-shirt it around my thighs, too short and I sure look like a mess just like I am feeling like a mess. I quickly tried pulling the t-shirt down as I am feeling so embarrassed.

Me: I ...ah

I couldn't even utter a word, I quickly ran back to the bedroom I was in then closed the door and lean on it while taking a deep breathe. I don't even wish to know what that woman in there think about me right now, I am half naked, probably got to her house in a middle of the night, drunk and I woke up not even knowing where I am.

Me: Why the fuck am I naked!

I asked no one but myself as panic kick over, I checked myself as in checked my pussy. I am still wearing a panty and it not painful down there as a maybe proof that there has been some penetration. Taking a deep breath I tried collecting myself.

Me: Okay I didn't have sex

I say moving my legs making sure I am not feeling any pain; the door suddenly opened making me jump up as it startled me. He stood before me looking so not please at all; his straight hard face scares me.

Me: Why am I here? Why am I naked?

Africa: You puked on my car and that tiny dress you were wearing so I had to take it off.

I look away from him avoiding his intense stare.

Me: Well ...how ...how did I get here?

I say completely looking away from him, embarrassed I was too drunk to know how I got here. He huffed and walked further in the room towards his wardrobe.

Africa: You were drunk, your friend called me to pick you up from some shebeen.

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align:

baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Zoe is a fucking bitch! Out of all people she called Africa.

Me: It not a shebeen it a club.

I mumbled.

Africa: Doesn't matter they all sell alcohol.

He threw some sweat pants at me.

Africa: Wear this; I don't know if it will fit.

I grabbed the pants and look at them, they are black in colour and hopeful they will fit as they have an elastic waist. Still avoiding his eye I pull on the pants, they fit on my waist but they're too long for me.

Africa: Do you always get that drunk?

I wanted to have some smartass come back but my embarrassment didn't allow me.

Me: Where is my phone, did you see my bag?

He chuckles but not in an amused way.

Africa: I don't know, come have breakfast.

He says and walked out before I could tell him I would rather go home instead of having breakfast with him and his mother. I huffed in frustration and settled on the bed, his room is so clean and so neat. Has white tiles, a double bed with a black

headboard and a matching wardrobe; It a nice cosy room, not too small both not too big. His shoes, tekkies, flop and sleepers perfectly lined by the wall. I wore his blue slippers and walked out. Before showing my face again I took a very deep breath and tried by all means to avoid the headache. The food his mother is making smells so divine.

Me: Hello Ma

I say so shyly that I couldn't believe myself; I was just too embarrassed to be anything but humble. She looks at me up and down with my oversized clothes then back to Africa.

Her: Africa why is your friend still here? She is not even wearing appropriate.

Africa: Ma please, this is Nomaswazi

I bite on my lip really not wanting to be here and judged.

Me: Could you please like borrow me your phone.

Her: heeh ayi

She says clapping once. And I couldn't help but beg Africa with my eyes to borrow me his phone. He could tell I desperately needed the phone, he sigh and took it out, punched a password then handed it to me. His son is the one on wallpaper, looking so cute.

Me: Thank you

I say as I quickly rush out of the kitchen towards their small lounge where I dialled Zoe's number and made a call.

Zoe: Hello

Me: Please request for me.

I say the moment she picked up.

Zoe: Where are you?

Me: Africa's house, you have to request for me please.

I beg.

Zoe: Okay, okay send me your location.

I quickly dropped the call and used Africa's WhatsApp to text Zoe the location.

I have never been this embarrassed!

TWENTY FOUR

NOMASWAZI

I had just got back from Africa's house, he tried to get me to stay for breakfast but I wasn't having it. So the moment I got home I quickly rushed to making myself something to eat while drinking the juice from it jug, I was so thirsty, hungry and sick. As I am busy flying my food someone knocked, frustrating me even more. I ignored it hoping Zoe will at least open but the girl was busy in her room doing God knows what with the man I don't even know.

I let out a frustrated groan as I walk towards the door.

Me: What?

I snapped as I opened the door, two officers stood there staring at me, I quickly composed myself.

Me: Officers ...hi, can I help you?

I am still wearing Africa's clothes and I haven't even washed my face I sure look fucked up.

Officer: Hello, we looking for Zoleka Shange, is she home?

I literally felt my inside turning as the fat officer explained.

Me: Umm what is this about?

Officer: About her husband Mandla Shange

I swallowed a lump on my throat and tried to stay in control regardless of my pounding heart.

Me: Ex-husband ...he is an ex

Officer: Are you Zoleka?

Me: No ...no. aahs please come in men in uniform

I say opening the door wide and making a way for them then ushered them to sit on the couch.

Officer: Thank you can you get Zoleka now please.

Me: Would you like something to drink.

Officer: No thank you

The fat officer is the one doing the talking while the other one is just quiet.

Me: Okay I will get you Zoleka.

I say leaving them as I rushed to climbing the stairs then knocked on her room.

Me: Zoe! Zoe!

I called out knocking; she has a guest so I didn't want to walk in on some love making morning glory kind of shit.

Me: I am coming in

I say opening the door, the bitch is just lying on the handsome guy's chest showing no intention that she was going to open the door for me.

Me: Hi I am Swazi and I am so sorry to burst in like this I really need her.

I say standing before them on the bed.

“Nice to meet a sober Swazi”

He says smiling at me, I rolled my eyes. He must not try being all buddy on me.

Me: Zoe it matter of death

She threw the blanket aside as she get off the bed butt naked then grabbed a rope and pull it on and followed after me as we leave her room with me leading the way to my room just to brief her a little.

Me: The cops are here.

I quickly say as I closed the door.

Me: It about Mandla

She started panicking.

Zoe: Oh shit! What do I do?

Me: You take a deep breath and go down there, and tell them you haven't spoken with Mandela for over two years now. Tell them everything before that day, do not even by a mistake say you have talk with him this year.

She nods her head repeatedly as she takes several deep breaths then walked out. We both walked down the stairs and settled opposite the police officers.

Zoe: Hi I'm Zoleka you were looking for me?

She says extending her hand that was definitely holding a dick few minutes ago but they don't know that as they gladly extend their hands for a handshake.

Zoe: So what can I do for you?

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">The fat officer sat straight up, looking from me to Zoe.

Officer: I am officer Philani and this is Officer Sokhela we are investigating the disappearance of your ex-husband.

Zoe: What?

Me: Wait Mandela disappeared?

We asked sounding so confused.

Officer: Umm yes he has been missing for about two weeks now.

Me: Holly shit

Zoe: Oh my God what happened?

Officer: We hoping you can share us some light.

Officer Sokhela took out a small book and pen.

Zoe: What do you mean by that?

Officer: You and your friends were once arrested for attacking him and his wife.

We both laugh at something that wasn't even funny.

Me: That was like two years ago

Zoe: Imagine and we paid dearly for that.

The officer gave me a look before his attention turned to Zoe.

Officer: When was the last time you spoke with him or seen him?

Zoe: Umm If I am not mistaken I haven't talked with Mandla for over two years now after our divorce we just went our separate ways.

Officer: According to my understanding he left you for another woman, your cousin.

Zoe: The son of a bitch did

Officer: And you were angry?

Zoe: Of course I was who wouldn't be? And that why I beat up his cheating ass

Me: And we got arrested for it.

Officer: So you telling me your husband betrayed you to a point of marrying your cousin and you just let it go.

Zoe: Look officer I don't know what you are implying or what is your angle here but let me tell you something you didn't ask. Mandla cheated, I went to the hotel beat up his ass then got arrested for it, right? Then after that he divorced me and during his marriage with my cousin I was too busy mourning for the death of my best friend to care about what they were doing, then from there on wards I have been mourning the death of my friend because it hit me hard so I didn't have time for what Mandla was doing with who so tell me after all these years why would I kidnap him or kill him or whatever happened to him now?

Officer: Because it was going to be too obvious if you did it back then.

I chuckled thinking to myself how did they come to such sick conclusion.

Zoe: I am not crazy, okay? We broke up, got divorced and moved on with our lives, and I am too pretty to be going after a man who personally divorced me even now as we speak you interrupted me on some awesome morning glory. I mean like look at me, I can have any man I want at any time.

Me: Mandla probably got tired of his witch wife and decided to run away.

The officer looked at me again.

Officer: Well So you haven't seen nor spoken with Mandla for over two years?

Me: Hebana that what she said.

Zoe: Actually I have seen him.

I quickly looked at her, thinking to myself is she fucking crazy.

Zoe: I was meeting up with Swazi and a friend of ours at a restaurant few weeks back that where I saw him with his wife but I dint pay much attention to him as I was hurt thinking my best friend Swazi was now friends with my cousin only to realise it was a misunderstanding.

I let out a revealed breathe.

Officer: I see, well thank you ladies for your time.

Zoe: I hope you find him; he is a good man and please let me know if I can help with anything?

The officers nod as they stood up.

Officer: Of course, keep well Miss

He says shaking our hands then they both walked towards the door, the moment the door close behind them we both took a deep breathes

Zoe: Oh my God I am literally shaking.

We sat there both lost on our own thought, as far as I am concerned Zoe gave them everything they needed and I doubt they will be coming back for more. Honestly there's nothing linking us to him unless if they find the car then we screwed.

TWENTY FIVE

NOMASWAZI

The sun is blazing hot, Zoe and I are sitting by the pool well I am sitting with my feet inside the water and Zoe is busy swimming. I sip on my juice and place back beside me then just sit there looking at Zoe swim.

Zoe: Did you cook something?

She says swimming towards me.

Me: No why, are you hungry already?

Zoe: Something is burning.

She sniffed. I also did but heard no smell.

Me: Umm ...

Zoe: Something is burning Swazi, can you smell that?

I started looking around about to mock her but my eyes caught a smoke coming directly from my hut. Isgodlo is on fire, the smoke is busy going up. I screamed while running towards it with Zoe behind me.

Me: Oh No! oh No! please no! oh God no! please!

I cried as I run towards it about to open the door but Zoe held me back.

Zoe: Swazi! Swazi No!

I screamed asking her to let me go.

Me: Water, water!

I say pushing her off me and grabbing a bucket so I would get the pool water but I tripped and fell and when I tried getting up I couldn't stand up, I couldn't move, my legs were numb. And my mind immediately drifted back to when I was using a wheelchair, I screamed so loudly yet my voice wouldn't come out.

I jerked off the bed sweating and panting, opening my eyes I am in my room. I must have been dreaming again and the dream felt so real that I immediately touched my feet and stood up then sigh so glad they are working as I try to come myself something burning invaded my nose. Like a lightening I spring out of my room towards the back. It an early morning so it a little cold outside as I run out of the door past the pool I saw the smoke coming out on the roof, indeed the hut is on fire.

Me: Oh no! Oh no!

My heart literally stopped beating for a second, my knees went weak and I didn't even have a voice to scream, tears just rolled down my eyes, my whole body felt too heavy to carry me. I just went on my knees and started praying while crying.

Me: God no please, please let it be another dream please ...please.

I have no energy, I am literally shaking.

Zoe: Oh my God what happened? Swazi!

She called out running towards me. I couldn't talk, nor did I have energy to look at her as she run towards me all I could do is cry.

Zoe: Let me get the water pipe

I could hear her footsteps running away from me, my stomach is knots, and I feel like I am losing my mind as it start spinning. I have no idea what is going on with me, I feel too defeated to do anything except crying. One moment I was looking at the smoke going up and suffocating me the next moment it was just light out for me.

Before I open my eyes I hear a beeping sound, which kept beeping repeatedly. Slowly I opened my eyes only to find Africa

staring down at me. I am in hospital with some tubes connected on me.

Africa: Hey MaNkosi

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hey take it easy

He says as I try to get the tubes off my body, suddenly as everything comes back rushing my heart started racing.

Me: Oh my God Africa I wasn't dreaming ...I was then ...I wasn't oh my God ... oh father God did my hut burn into ashes? Where is Zoe?

Africa: Calm down please.

Me: I want to go home ...I want to go home

I say getting up the bed, sitting with my butt and taking the tubes off me, I am still wearing my short pyjamas. Africa tried pushing me back to bed gentle.

Africa: Come on please; just wait for the doctor at least.

Speak of the devil the doctor walked in.

Me: Doctor I want to go home, I want to go home. I have to go home.

I really needed to be out of here, I need to see how much my hut burned.

Africa: Doctor, can she go home?

Doctor: Oh Well she suffered some shock I would love to keep her overnight just to make sure she's fine.

Me: No I am going home, Africa I am going home, tell the doctor I am going home.

Doctor: I am sorry I can't discharge you as yet i-

Me: No I can't stay here

I say looking at Africa with tears streaming down my cheeks.

Africa: She's going home

Doctor: Sir i-

Africa: She is going home.

He says giving him a stern look, the doctor backed off and nods.

Doctor: Right aah ...I will get you your discharge forms.

He says raising his hand in surrender then walked out. Africa gentle took the tubes off me and held me to him; I snuggle on his chest while crying.

Me: Why? Why me? What happened? That hut is my everything Africa, it my everything.

Africa: Shh it going to be okay, it going to okay.

He says squeezing me to him, I held his t-shirt tight while I cry.

Me: I just want to go home.

I really need to see the damage.

Africa: We going home now.

He says pushing me off him then took off his jacket and made me wear it. The nurse walked in with the papers to sign after signing Africa held me close to him as we walk towards the parking. I am so anxious, I have no idea how bad it is and why is Zoe not here with me.

Me: Where is Zoe?

Africa: She has to stay behind to address the police.

I nod my head and lean back on the chair, the police were also there.

I couldn't help but worry so much yet Africa was driving so slow, my mind keeps drifting back to the smoke and the smell. Then the dream I had popped in making me quickly move my legs to see if they are working and indeed they were working; funny cause I walked by myself out of the hospital to the car. I took a deep sigh at least I can still use my legs.

TWENTY SIX

NOMASWAZI

Ever been in a point in your life where you felt like you have lost part of yourself. Where everything that meant the world to you just vanished right in front of your eyes; for the first time in my life I had something I cared about, something I connected with, something that meant the world to me. Losing something that meant dearly to you makes you feel like it the end of the world, like your world has been crashed and your dreams are shuttered. I remember how I never wanted this gift, how I never wanted anything to do with my ancestors, right now I wish they never gave me this gift, I wished I never fell in love with it.

Having a spiritual gift is terrifying, the thought of it alone makes your skin crawl but I swear once you start with your journey things just change, the journey alone changes your perspective about life, it changes the way you view yourself and helping someone with their problems is just a cherry on top, it makes you feel relevant. I love every part of my spiritual gift, and I really appreciated how my ancestors were okay with my lavish

life, how they didn't force me to live a life I never wanted, a life that would've required me to sacrifice and settle. I am the kind of person who has always wanted to go out there; be extraordinary and do extraordinary things. all has been good until now when I lost it all, no one knows what started the fire they just assume I perhaps left the candles on and even if I did nothing was going to burn, the candles were on the floor far from anything that can caught fire and most strange thing is the roof didn't burn, the only thing that burned are my herbs, incense, the candles, my sangoma clothes including the one that is made of beads that I usually wear when consulting. It all burned into ashes. The pictures on the wall didn't burn, the cabinet that had herbs only burned a little, my goat skin that I normally sit on is also burned into ashes.

I kneel before the ashes by the altar, tears just rolling down. I have always been the kind of person who normally didn't care for much of things, the kind of person who has been longing for belonging. I have been so angry most of my life, angry because people have screwed me over and over, I have always had my guards up, always ready to attack and quite honestly I am still like that but I will like to believe I am changing; I have been changing but then Zikhona decided to fuck up with my best friend now I am back to square one, hating and hurting

everyone who step on my toes. Deep down I know it wrong but I can't help it, I feel the need to defend myself even when I don't have too.

Zoe: Swazi please say something.

I have been so lost on my own mind that I had forgotten she's also here. I wiped my tears and turn to her.

Me: It over

I say and walk out, my heart feeling so heavy.

Zoe: It not, we can buy other staff, we can replace whatever has burned. Right?

I shake my head she doesn't understand, it did not just burn there's a message behind it, which is why I need to contact Gogo.

Me: I need to make a phone call

I say walking back inside passing by Africa who sit by the couch but by the moment I walked in he stood up, I just walked past him all the way to my room where I took my phone and dialled Gogo's number, my hands shaking as I didn't know what she will say, this woman still scares me till this day.

Gogo: Thokoza Makhosi

Me: Thokoza Gogo, how are you?

Gogo: What did you do this time?

She knows I have done something, she knows I wouldn't call unless I have done something wrong and she knows I always get myself in trouble because that just me. I never seem to stay away from trouble.

Me: Umm... Gogo

Gogo: I am listening Makhosi.

Me: Isigodlo sami sishile Gogo

Gogo: Nomaswazi mtana wako Nkosi what have you done.

Me: Gogo I ...

Gogo: I have told you multiple times to stay away from trouble, I begged you to not do anything stupid, to not do anything that will anger your ancestors.

I bite on my lower lip as she continue to scold me.

Gogo: You don't listen, you never listen you are always getting yourself into some trouble. I no longer know what to do with you

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you are an old woman with brains yet you don't use them.

Right now I feel insulted.

Gogo: I am not getting involved, whatever you did to anger them I hope you can get yourself out of it before it too late.

Me: But Gog-

Gogo: Goodbye Nomaswazi

She says and drops the call, frustrated I almost threw the phone against the wall. I took a deep sigh then went on my knees.

Me: Nkosi, Ndlangamandla all I am asking for is a little patience I almost done with Zikhona, I need to see this project through. It very important to me and I would never forgive myself if I give it all up now after all the planning and scheming I have done, a little patience please.

Another thing to know about me I am stubborn, way too stubborn if I made up my mind about something I always want to see it through which is why I normally learn my lessons the hard way. I am willing to sacrifice everything for Lisa. I am willing to give it up all for making anyone who had a hand on her death to pay; I do not care what happens to me afterwards, as long as those who took her life also suffer. I will deal

with the consequences later. I have made up my mind tomorrow I am going to PMB to get the soil from Lisa's grave. This is it, there's no turning back now. I wipe my tears and took a deep sigh before walking back down stairs. Africa and Zoe sat on a couch; both seem to be lost on their own thought. As I climb down the stairs they stare at me, Zoe quickly stood up coming towards me, concern written all over her face.

Zoe: Swazi, are you okay?

Me: I am okay

I lie as I rub her shoulder gentle.

Me: I just need to talk with Africa.

She nods, I know she knows I am not okay and she's just choosing not to push.

Zoe: I will make you something to eat.

She says walking towards the kitchen, I walked towards Africa and sat beside him, we both went quiet suddenly everything I wanted to say I couldn't find the words to use.

Me: Africa I ...

I swallow a lump on my throat.

Me: I just want to thank you for coming through for me.

It still puzzles me why Zoe always calls him to save me.

Me: I really appreciate that.

Africa: I want to be there for you, I want to take care of you.

Those words kind of find a way in my heart and settled no one other than my friends who has ever wanted to be there for me.

Me: Thank you ...I really appreciate that.

I say wiping a tear that wanted to escape.

Me: But right now I am not in a good space ...a lot is happening with my life, a lot that I need to fix and I don't want to complicate things by adding you on the equation.

Africa: That nonsense, I love you Nomaswazi and though you are wild, rude and crazy I just can't help but love you. I have loved you for a while now, you are just perfect for me, I love the way you fit perfectly on my arms. I want you with all your problems and imperfections. Though I don't like it when you go to these shebeens and wearing those tiny dresses, I still want you, I still see you as my future.

He chuckles.

Africa: I love a woman who is as strong as you, a fearless woman who doesn't fear anything all I am asking for is for you to let me love you, let me give you a soft life, let me treat you right.

Now tears rolled down.

Me: I ... (I sniff and blew some air) you have to let me fix my life first then after that we will see.

Africa: I am giving you one month MaNkosi and after that it you and me.

He says and made me face him; he took my chin into his hand, made me look him in the eye.

Africa: I am here if you need me, just call, okay?

I nod my head as I couldn't trust my own voice. He wipes my tears and kissed my forehead making me melt.

Africa: I know you are strong but sometimes you just have to let people be there for you.

Me: Oh Africa...

I say as I snuggle on him, squeezing him to me wishing I could stay like this forever.

TWENTY SEVEN

NOMASWAZI

If you have never lost someone you love dearly through witchcraft you would never understand the pain of seeing people who had a hand on their death living their best lives, going about their business and experiencing life. Yet the person they killed is no more, she will never live her best life, she will never experience life. It such a shame how Lisa worked so hard for her future, went as far as sacrificing the last cents she earned in order to secure a bright future with a qualification. All she ever wanted was a good life for her and for her Granny; she had so many dreams to live for. But they took her too early, they robbed her of her dreams and the lavish life she ever wanted and they rob us at a chance of growing old with her.

Zoe: Hey you so awfully quiet, it worrying me.

I turn to her and faked a smile, hoping she buys it.

Me: I am just tired.

We are in a public taxi on our way to PMB, Zoe just think we going there to visit Lisa's grave she doesn't know there is more to it, I did not tell her because I have no energy to do so.

Zoe: You really scaring me.

I lie on her shoulder and sigh.

Me: No need to worry, I am fine.

Zoe: Okay, but I know you not.

I huffed and decide to not let her drag me into this conversation. I am far from being fine, how can I be fine when I have been stripped off something I dearly wants and someone I dearly loved so I certainly have nothing to lose anymore.

By the time we arrived at PMB it was already late, we were going to sleep at Aunt Busi's house, when I called her this morning she was just too happy to accommodate us. She's a real sweetheart unfortunately late last year we lost my grandmother, my father's mother. Though I am not close to them it still hurt so much, Aunt Busi has been a sweetheart though, she has cared for me, she shown so much love and I really do appreciate her it just when we met I was already old, I didn't need her so we are not that close she only calls if there's something that require family gathering and I only call when I need something from her, usually accommodation. Even Aunt

Judith died right after Lisa's death. I never attended her funeral. I had no reason to attend it. Pops is still alive and kicking, living his life with his family, after performing my ritual after my initiation I did a ceremony of introducing my ancestors to my house back in Durban then I never had to come home for anything, I haven't seen them over a year now.

Aunt fetched us in town; she's busy chatting our ears away as she drives to her house.

Aunt Busi: The kids are at varsity it just me and my husband home. It gets so quiet without them.

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She asked checking me out; I am really not in the mood for people.

Me: I am fine Aunt just so exhausted; public taxis are not so comfortable.

Aunt Busi: Oh I am so sorry love what happened to the car you girls usually use.

We both look at each other.

Me: We were hijacked and we lost it.

Aunt Busi: Oh man thieves you should be more careful. I will borrow you one of the cars to take back with you.

Woah a whole car!

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Aunt Busi: Yes darling it the least I can do for you

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Aunt Busi: It not new and I still need to talk with my husband but I am sure he won't mind.

New or not I really appreciate her giving me a car, rich people are so strange they just give. We arrived at her huge beautiful mansion, she showed us to the spare rooms. Sometimes I really wonder how rich she is because wow, her house is exquisite. The kind of house I would love to own one day.

She has a live in maid that is so kind and sweet, she made sure we settle well then we joined them for dinner. The husband is a nice man, very kind and funny. He kept telling jokes at the table.

“Nomaswazi your Aunt tells me you don’t have a car?”

Me: Oh yes malume and public taxis are just too much.

“I never had to use public taxis in my whole entire life, tell you what I will make some calls. We will get you a brand new car”

Me: No way. Aunt smiled and gave her husband a kiss.

Me: A new car, oh my God.

Zoe: Oh wow you are so kind.

Me: Thank you, thank you so much.

“Don’t mention it; we are family and family look out for each other”

I could feel tears at the back of my eyes; no one has ever gifted me with something as big as a car.

Having Aunt Busi in my life have given me the feel of how it like having a family, I love this feeling. It so amazing and I hope it last; I just hope I do not screw it, because I am just that person who can’t help but screw everything.

TWENTY SEVEN

NOMASWAZI

If you have never lost someone you love dearly through witchcraft you would never understand the pain of seeing people who had a hand on their death living their best lives, going about their business and experiencing life. Yet the person they killed is no more, she will never live her best life, she will never experience life. It such a shame how Lisa worked so hard for her future, went as far as sacrificing the last cents she earned in order to secure a bright future with a qualification. All she ever wanted was a good life for her and for her Granny; she had so many dreams to live for. But they took her too early, they robbed her of her dreams and the lavish life she ever wanted and they rob us at a chance of growing old with her.

Zoe: Hey you so awfully quiet, it worrying me.

I turn to her and faked a smile, hoping she buys it.

Me: I am just tired.

We are in a public taxi on our way to PMB, Zoe just think we going there to visit Lisa's grave she doesn't know there is more to it, I did not tell her because I have no energy to do so.

Zoe: You really scaring me.

I lie on her shoulder and sigh.

Me: No need to worry, I am fine.

Zoe: Okay, but I know you not.

I huffed and decide to not let her drag me into this conversation. I am far from being fine, how can I be fine when I have been stripped off something I dearly wants and someone I dearly loved so I certainly have nothing to lose anymore.

By the time we arrived at PMB it was already late, we were going to sleep at Aunt Busi's house, when I called her this morning she was just too happy to accommodate us. She's a real sweetheart unfortunately late last year we lost my grandmother, my father's mother. Though I am not close to them it still hurt so much, Aunt Busi has been a sweetheart though, she has cared for me, she shown so much love and I really do appreciate her it just when we met I was already old, I didn't need her so we are not that close she only calls if there's something that require family gathering and I only call when I need something from her, usually accommodation. Even Aunt

Judith died right after Lisa's death. I never attended her funeral. I had no reason to attend it. Pops is still alive and kicking, living his life with his family, after performing my ritual after my initiation I did a ceremony of introducing my ancestors to my house back in Durban then I never had to come home for anything, I haven't seen them over a year now.

Aunt fetched us in town; she's busy chatting our ears away as she drives to her house.

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TWENTY EIGHT

NOMASWAZI

After Lisa's death I have never been to her grave, I just never had the courage to go there. Even right now I am not okay; my heart is in so much pain, I feel like crying. Zoe is also up in her feelings, we just woke up today and took a bath then Aunt borrowed us one of her cars. We firstly started at the mall where we got flowers for her, and then we bought some few things for her granny as we were planning on seeing her after visiting Lisa. I was the one driving Aunt's fortune, I kept holding the steering wheel really tight as I drive, I am so nervous. I shouldn't be visiting her grave; I should be driving her big beautiful house where she has invited me for a tea, driving to her grave feels so wrong in many ways, and I couldn't help the tear that escaped my eye. I hate death so much, I hate Zikhona even more, and she definitely has to die.

When we got to her grave, it was so clean like someone just recently came by and cleaned it. We both kneeled beside it, my heart so heavy and my throat feeling like it closing in on me. We placed the flowers and just set there.

Me: We have to get her a tombstone

I say in my breaking voice, It the least we could do. Zoe nods probably not trusting her voice to say something.

Me: I will contact Sbusiso too, he would probably also love to do something nice for her.

Again she nods; I sigh and took a plastic from my jacket then grabbed a handful of the soil.

Zoe: I miss you so much Lisa

She says with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Zoe: And I am sorry, I am so sorry

I put the plastic with soil back on my pocket and gentle rubbed Zoe's back.

Me: I am sure she has forgiven you.

I say because I have forgiven her, and Lisa was the sweetest one she forgave way too easy.

Zoe: I miss her Swazi.

I know how she is feeling right now, because I am also feeling it.

Zoe: This is not fair, it not fair that she's gone. She should be here with us living her best life.

I wanted to tell her it okay, but I couldn't say that, because it not okay it will never be okay, she was robbed of her life.

Me: We have to go, it about to rain.

She sniffed and wiped her tears then stood up and walked away leaving me still kneeling.

Me: I haven't forgotten the promise I made to you, I want you to know that no matter what I will stay true to my words. I don't care what happens to me, I will stay true I will revenge your death.

I sigh as my heart heaven and the rain starting to drop.

Me: I love you baby, rest easy.

Honestly speaking it really hard to think Lisa is really gone, I used to find myself trying to call her then I would stop and just cry. She's missed so much. I sigh and ran back to the car as the rain start to pour. As we drove to Lisa's house the rain was pouring hard, we were both not saying anything to each other. Once we got to her house I took out the soil and put it inside my bag then Zoe and I grabbed the plastics we bought for Granny and rushed inside running away from the rain.

Gran: Oh Mantombazane ami

She says standing up from the couch and approaching us as we enter.

Zoe: Heey Granny yoo this rain is pouring hard

Gran: Oh I missed you so much.

She says as she open her arms for a hug; we placed the plastics on the floor and went for a group hug, suddenly feeling guilty for not coming to see her.

Me: How have you been Gran?

She just sweetly smiles at us.

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Gran: Ayi let me make you tea, you must be cold.

Me: Oh no granny you sit down I will make the tea, we brought some goodies

She smiles genuinely looking happy.

Gran: Thank you my girls, unpack everything. Okay

Zoe: Okay Gran

We picked the plastics and walked to the kitchen where we unpacked everything, while Zoe was finishing up with unpacking I made coffee for me and Zoe then tea for granny.

Me: Gran are your yummy cookies around!

I shouted poking my head from the kitchen, she laughed lightly.

Gran: I always bake; check them on the top Tupperware.

Happily I checked for the cookies, placed some on the table and served them.

Gran: I am so happy you girls came.

Me: We so sorry we took so long, we just have been dealing with a lot.

Gran: I was so worried about you; the two of you were so devastated at the funeral.

We both didn't respond to that because during the funeral we were just too lost.

Gran: It okay she's in a better place now, I am just happy to see you looking this beautiful.

I forced a smile that is definitely covered with sadness.

Zoe: How have you been holding up Gran?

Gran: Oh my child I have been fine, Lisakhanya's death left me devastated I keep going to her grave every now and then.

Me: Oh Gran

Gran: Do not worry I am not so lonely, I have a girl I live with she's my niece and she is very sweet.

She says but you can hear the sadness on her voice, no one can ever replace Lisa, no one at all. And Gran loved Lisa so much losing her must be very difficult for her.

Gran: Oh I have something for you girls.

She says and stood up walking away.

Zoe: She's still hurt.

Me: I know I feel bad for not checking up on her.

Zoe: Me too.

My heart was so heavy and this day is definitely one of my worse days, I wish there's something I could do to take away Gran's pain. She shortly came back and handed me a piece of paper.

Gran: I found that letter on her clothes, it some sort of a will.

Zoe: A Will?

Gran: Yes I have been hoping you girls will come a long time ago but you never did.

My hands literally started shaking. Slowly I unfold the paper.

Zoe: Read it out Swazi

She says so impertinently. Swallowing the lump on my throat I handed her the paper I couldn't bring myself into reading it.

If you reading this then it means I am gone! As in dead!

Damn I can't believe death caught up with me, honestly I used to think I am too pretty for death. And this certainly means I died first! Holly motherfucker Zoe and Swazi are still alive! Heey bitches, how is the heartache you must be missing the shit out of me.

Anyway this is my WILL; don't judge I can't afford a lawyer so this will do.

I am leaving every cent I have to Gran, be strong my old lady. I know you still alive because I haven't updated my WILL. If you got to read this please excuse my language, you taught me better but Zoleka and Nomaswazi corrupted me. lol I am joking come on take a joke or you will die young. Thank you for raising me, I died with only one regret; I couldn't give you the life you deserved.

This is my pin: ****

You are loved so dearly. Girls please visit her occasionally; I know she will be lonely.

Swazi and Zo! Zo! Do not kill each on my absence. I know you two have loose screws I will hate to wake up from death and scold you, behave and stay out of trouble for heaven sake.

Well I am leaving you with my clothes, that all I got anyway. You can wear them or give them up to charity I don't care as long as someone is wearing them.

Oh and I can assure you heaven is boring without you, do not be too devastated life is too short be happy and live your dreams, do it for me.

And thank you for being loyal and for loving me, I will try to send through lotto numbers on your dreams. *wink*

Sbusiso well I guess I am gone; you came in my life when I needed you the most. I know for a fact I died happy because of you. After I am gone please live your life, all I want is for you to be happy. I love you handsome!

Side note: writing this shit hurt, I am even crying! Just the thought of my death scares me.

Ps: I hope I don't die, but then I am dead that why you reading this, right? Screw death!

I lived y'all! Peace out!

TWENTY NINE

NOMASWAZI

I couldn't help but feel sad and at the same time happy and angry and just miserable. She is silly; I kept reading the will over and over. Loving her sense of humour that both makes me sad and happy. I am smiling yet I am crying. Her death was definitely a huge mistake; she should have lived a little longer. I wish I was the one who died instead.

Zoe: She's crazy

She says wiping her own tears.

Gran: Do not cry girls, she was amazing but we have to let her go.

Zoe: She was amazing Gogo, she didn't deserve death.

Gran: No one deserve death, it was just her time we have to allow her to continue resting.

Me: Excuse me.

I say and walked out to the rain as I am feeling so hot, tears wouldn't stop gushing out. I sigh and faced the rain letting it hit

my face and cool me down. After few seconds I ran back to the house, a little wet.

Gran: You are wet nana I will get you a jacket to wear.

She says rushing off; I just stood by the door.

Zoe: She's something else.

I nod my head.

Me: I wish her death was a long nightmare that I will eventually wake up from then tell her about it and have her laugh her ass off because she would definitely think it ridiculous because she will never die; pretty people don't die.

Zoe chuckles

Zoe: That sounds exactly like something she would say

Me: I guess pretty people die after all.

Gran came back with Lisa's jacket; it used to be one of her favourite.

Gran: I washed it, I washed all her clothes. You can take them with you when you leave.

Gran even helped me undress from the wet jacket, and then help me put on the one that belongs to Lisa. I love the feel of her jacket on me maybe the fact that I know it her jacket is the reason I am feeling some sort of comfort.

By the time we left Gran's house it was already late; we even got to meet the little girl she's living with, we cooked for her and had dinner at her place then left with the promise to visit her soon, taking a luggage with Lisa's clothes with us. one thing I know for a fact I wasn't ready to go through her clothes, to even give them up to someone, it feels wrong, it feels like I am writing her off which is wrong. I didn't even bother to pass by home and greet, they didn't care about me so why would I care about them. We just drove straight back to Aunt Busi's house. Who was very disappointed we won't be eating dinner, she had prepared a fist just that we were already full as we had eaten at gran's house. And all I really wanted was to be alone in my room and just cry because I could feel the tears burning my eyes, wanting to come out. So I bid goodnight to everyone claiming I was tired and they brought my story. I retired to my room where I cried myself to sleep; I even slept on Lisa's jacket.

The next morning when I woke up everyone was already up. The husband and Aunt didn't go to work because they wanted to bid us goodbye.

Aunt: You finally up, check this out. She says throwing car keys at me. Me: Is this what I think it is?

I asked with my eyes popped out, Aunt giggled and her husband joined her.

“Your reaction is priceless if you get this happy to gift I might just gift you everyday” Aunt laughed.

Zoe: Come on let check it out.

We both quickly ran to the garage, a red Toyota Yaris with it ribbon parked there.

Me: You bought me a Yaris? Oh my God! Oh my God thank you

I say jumping up and down then I hugged them both before Zoe and I popped in the car taking it for a spin. I doubt I have been this happy. I kept hooting and shouting.

Me: Wuuh hooo! Aphi ama hater!

I know at this fancy neighbourhood they probably think I am crazy but hell with them I own a car that is personally mine. Zoe joined me as we both shout; they will most definitely call the cops on us if we keep on with the noise. We drove back to the house. Where Aunt and her husband gave me the car papers, it written in black and white that the car belong to me, they said they will be paying the car bond including insurance. My Aunt is definitely a god sent.

Zoe and I will be driving back in a brand new car; boy I am so happy.

THIRTY

ZIKHONA

I hate losing control; I hate not being in control it so frustrating and make me sick. Everything is just crumbling down, without Mandla I am as good as nothing. Someone is coming for me, gunning for me. And this stupid old hang I call my grandma is useless, she's stupid. How can she not find out who is behind all these stupid dreams where I get struggled; isn't she powerful, her job is simple giving me the answers I need when I need them, getting the people I want dead, dead!

Me: Do you even realise what will happen if they found Mandla first? Mas'khahlela if you don't fix this, if you don't find Mandla before anyone else does it over with my life.

Mas'kha: I will find him mzikulu just give me time.

Mas'khahlela is my grandmother, the one who taught me an easy way out of life; I have no respect for her because she is just a stupid useless old woman.

Me: You better fix it, because when they find him first they will find isipikili on his head, they will find the razor cuts on his body

and everything I worked hard for will vanish and I would not allow that, I will not let you mess with my life. Better get off your ass and get me back Mandla and send this thing that is always chocking me back to whoever sent it.

I say and walk out of her room, feeling so uncomfortable as something kept tickling on my pussy, in a weird strange way the moment I got in my room I slide my hands inside my panty trying to scratch the uncomfortable tickle only to grab something slippery, soft.

Me: Jehova.

I say taking my hand out only to come in contact with a larva, still moving looking as clear as white and disgusting. I screamed my lugs out while calling for my grandmother.

Me: Mas'khahlela! Mas'khahlela, we Mas'kha! Are you deaf?
Are you deaf?

I settled on my bed while taking off the panty and opening my legs wide too scared to touch myself. She quickly got in my room, breathing heavy

Me: I called for you, are you deaf? Are you fucking deaf?

Mas'kha: Hau Zikhona I am an ol-

Me: Ai fuseng! Check me down there I found a maggot.

She blinks a few times without moving.

Me: Mas'kha you trash!

She walks towards me and bend next to my open legs.

Mas'kha: Nkulunkulu wami! I have never seen something like this Zikhona.

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: What? What is it?

Mas'kha: You ...you have maggots slipping out of your vagina I literally screamed my lugs out while getting off the bed and running to the bath room where I filled the bathing sink with water and immediately got in, washing my vagina thoroughly while seeing the maggots dancing on the water as they come out. My heart is definitely leaping out of my chest with so much fear, firstly I am getting chocked on my sleep by some weird looking dog, and then Mandla went missing. I do not know how because I control Mandla, he does what I tell him to do which is why I believe his disappearance got to do with someone and now maggots are coming out of my vagina. Not forgetting that fucking spoiled brats Zoleka coming to me demanding things that belong to me. She's not getting a cent, and I am not leaving this house. Over my dead body!

She could be the one behind all the things that have been happening but on the second thought I know she is not; she doesn't have it in her, she's just a pathetic spoil brat who even to this day thinks I messed up her life and her hoe friend the sangoma; she's nothing but fake, she just wants fame and she's using sangoma clothing to get that fame which is stupid if you ask me. These two girls are nothing; all they know better is running their mouth. I killed one of them before I can kill another one again, if they don't stop with provoking me. I will show them the real Zikhona.

Knock *knock*

Mas'kha knocked on the bathroom door, interrupting me from the train of thought.

Me: What?

I asked irritated.

Mas'kha: I just wanted to check if you are okay?

Me: How can I be okay Mas'kha, I have worms coming out of my vagina

Mas'kha: Come out I have mixed some herb you could drink, it will clean your womb.

Me: You better retaliate; who ever made me like this deserves the same fate.

Mas'kha: I will try my best, come out babe.

I sulk while getting off the sink wet as I am, I took off the dress I was wearing and wrapped a towel around me but not before I checked myself again and they seem to have stopped. I threw the dress I was wearing on the floor, the maid will clean that her job. Before draining the water I look at the maggots as they move around the water, feeling so disgust I drained the water and walked out.

Me: Where is the maid? Tell her to clean here.

I say dragging my feet walking out of the bathroom towards my bed; Mas'kha followed after me and sat beside me.

Mas'kha: I will tell her, just drink this first.

I took the mug and gulped it down, it tasted so bitter then I lean on her while crying.

Me: I will make whoever did this pay. I swear Gogo they will pay; they're messing with the wrong person.

She just gentle rubbed me.

Mas'kha: Oh my baby trust me, they will pay.

THIRTY ONE

NOMASWAZI

There's nothing as sweet as revenge, Zoe and I couldn't stay long at PMB because we have Mimi to take off. Then we had the stinking bucket with Zikhona's panty. The bucket stinks really badly, if you opening it you must wear a mask to protect your mouth and nose. The mixture inside the bucket has worms moving around, it literally makes me so sick. And I am hoping where ever she is worms are just pulling out of her vagina, God I want her to suffer so much.

Zoe: Mimi ate all the meat we left for him, he is so unbelievable.

She says walking in the kitchen.

Zoe: And I doubt I will be eating anytime soon, the bucket stink bra how long do we have to keep it.

Me: Just few more days then we will dispose it.

Zoe: Good because wow Mimi is much better than the bucket.

Me: Tomorrow we should pay Zikhona the visit.

Zoe: I was thinking how about we start at police station, report her then go the house with the police that way they will kick her out.

I bite on the carrot I am chopping.

Me: Good idea, what you going to do with the house.

Zoe: Sell it, there's no way I am going to live there. We can sell the house and renovate this one. Maybe expand here and there.

Me: Good idea

I just can't wait to bring Zikhona on her knees. All I have to do now is work on the soil then just chill and watch the whole thing unfolds.

Later that day Africa called me inviting me to his shisanyama/car wash open night. I wasn't gonna go there all by myself so I invited a plus one; Zoe. I wanted to look pretty but not too much, I wanted to go for a more natural look. So I settled with a very light makeup, knowing the shisanyama is at the hood; at Umlazi. I had to wear something not too fancy, something very accommodating so I settled with a peach tight dress, which was just around my knees, with a backless back and my black high heels. Zoe just wore jeans with a cropped top that showed out all her boobs; boy she looked hot. After we

were done getting ready we left in my brand new car, truth be told I am a bit sceptical about driving my car to the hood; what if we really get hijacked this time.

Upon our arrival the place was already so packed, I even struggled to find a parking space.

Zoe: Wow this looks like a vibe.

The place it totally not what I expected it to be, it beautiful, definitely amazing; made of woods with a chilling place outside if you ever choose to be not inside, it has an African touch, looks kind of fancy but not fancy. It gives you the Friday chillas kind of vibe absolutely amazing.

Me: He out done himself, this is amazing.

After parking the car we walked inside, admiring the place. Already there are drunken people outside on the chairs drinking, dancing and talking too loudly. As we walk in guys turned heads; yes that how hot we are we turn heads, some whistle and some tried their luck of course, typically hood men they never miss a skirts. Then you will find those guys with cars, belly pot, a t-shirt tagged on their pants who just sit there with their car key on display to lure the girls. And if you look at them they would wink and invite you over, and you should bear in mind that they're probably married with twenty kids. You will

be nothing but their ride for a night. Such man makes me sick. I rolled my eyes at them, as we walk further in the man I hate with all my life walked up to us busy drinking savannah.

Maqhawe: Ladies mantombazane welcome, welcome wuuh you looking so pretty.

Zoe laughed.

Zoe: Haibo Africa are you drunk?

Me: Maqhawe ...

I say in a not so please voice, he looks at me up and down for quite some time before a realisation hit his face.

Maqhawe: You again, ah man ah man not you again, nx

He says and walks away.

Zoe: Woah wait is that the rude brother?

Me: The one and only

Zoe: He should wait till I am drunk I have a lot to dish him.

Me: Don't he is quite unstable

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let end today with no drama.

She groaned and we continue walking in, passing the drunken people who are busy dancing and having good time. My eyes

wondered around looking for Africa whom I spot standing by another door which I'm assuming it leading to his office, he is with his father and they seem to be talking so I decided not to interrupt and beside that man scares me shame. Zoe and I walked up to the bartender and settled on the high chairs before ordering a wine for Zoe then juice for me, I wasn't planning on getting drunk today as I am driving.

Zoe: Where is Africa, how can he invite us and not host us.

Me: He's behind you with his father.

Zoe quickly turned and looks over them.

Zoe: Holly shit his father is hot

The music playing loud outside since the Dj has set up outside, inside it loud on a minimum level not too loud. As Zoe turn back to me Africa spotted us, he whispers something on to his father and they started walking over to us.

Zoe: He looks like those tough love kind of dad, I wouldn't mind to shove my tongue down his throat

Me: Zoe!

Zoe: I know, I know he is old enough to be my father-

Me: Shut up

Zoe: Relax it not like I am going to ask Africa's father to fuck me, I am just saying that he is hot.

Oh God bury me

Africa's father: Well I am glad you won't

Zoe split the drink on the table counter with her eyes popped out.

Zoe: He is behind me, isn't he?

I nod my head with a tight smile because I wanted to laugh so hard.

Zoe: Why didn't you tell me?

She says looking so embarrassed and I was enjoying every part of it.

Africa: I am glad you came.

He says walking towards me and hugged me, his father also walked and stood in between Zoe and i.

Africa's father: So we meet again?

Me: yes sir

Zoe: I am going to the loo

She says and quickly ran off before anyone could say anything, I really tried to stop myself from bursting into a loud laughter but I failed I ended up laughing hard.

Africa's father: Your friend is-

Me: She's just drunk Mr Cele forgives her.

Africa's father: I see, and well have fun kids. Africa!

Africa: Cele

He tap him on the shoulder and walked away towards a table I haven't noticed, it by the corner and your typically hostel men are sitting there looking at everyone like they are animals but before he reached the table he held Maqhawe with his neck and whisper something, then Maqhawe looked over us.

Me: Why you didn't tell me your brother would be here?

Africa: He is my brother of course he was going to be here and don't worry he won't be a problem.

Me: Well he better not, the last time he stabbed you.

He just ignored that and kissed me on my cheek before whispering on my ear.

Africa: You look so beautiful; I hope I don't get to break someone's jaws today for even looking at you.

I laughed softly.

Me: I could point a few who are looking at me with thirsty eyes, please deal with them Magaye.

He look down at me, our eyes locking as he smile widely then bite on his lip to stop himself from grinning.

Africa: Who is looking at you MaNkosi?

He says planting a kiss on the tip of my nose before looking back to the people.

Me: Him

I pointed at a guy who has been checking me out ever since we walked in; actually he is undressing me with his eyes. He is on a table not far from us with other two guys who are just busy drinking and minding their own business. Africa looked at him then turned to me, missing the guy's wink and blow kiss directed to me.

Africa: I am going to deal with him; he will learn to keep his eyes off my woman

He says as he grabs my cheeks and plants a kiss on my mouth.

Me: Your woman?

Africa: Yes

He says as a matter of fact then walked towards the guy. Leaving me stunned.

THIRTY TWO

NOMASWAZI

I am not sure what he is saying to the guy as I couldn't hear them but he doesn't look friendly at all. The guy tried matching his no pleased expression but Africa just held him up with his neck then said something before putting him back down; he fixes himself and walked out. His friends just sat there and kept on drinking like their friend wasn't almost got beaten. Then my Africa, the Africa walked back to me.

Africa: Well who else.

Me: You didn't break his jaws

Africa: I still need to use these hands to grab your beautiful body so I didn't want to get them injured.

Me: Oh is that so?

Africa: Oh yes, oh and one more thing please behave tonight.

I gasped in a dramatic way.

"Africa"

A lady I know pretty well tap his back, Africa slowly turned to her.

Me: Aah such a small world, what your name again?

She looks at me for a while clearly confused as I have done a lot of change from how she knows me.

“This skak again Babakhe”

I think I will need a drink after all; I grabbed on Zoe’s drink and gulp it down.

Africa: Sphehlehle not tonight.

He says more as a warning.

Sphehlehle: Why is she here Babakhe? Is she the drunken skak Mama was talking about?

Me: Magaye you better put a tight leach on your dog before I kick her ass.

(Magaye by the way is a Cele clan name; Cele, Ndosini, Mangaye ...)

Africa: MaNkosi please behave

How the fuck is he telling me to behave when his baby mama is the one coming at me?

Africa: Sphehlehle go to my office I will come and talk to you.

Go to his office! Hai wait is Africa okay upstairs, why did he invite me knowing his baby mama will also be here. I was really

getting worked up and I really didn't want to start drama tonight but here I am being tested.

Sphehile: No she should leave, go why you still here. Africa is mine, he has always been mine and now he has paid my lobola meaning me and him are traditionally married so leave, you are not even his type.

Paid lobola, fucking asshole

Me: Bitch please even if he has put a ring on it I would still fuck him, hard and enjoy.

Africa: Could you two please stop.

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">I have realised Africa doesn't know how to deal with women, with men it easy he can just punch them on the face but us women we run our mouth like a water fall on a heavy rain and he just never know how to shut us even back at the village he just didn't know how to stop me and this same bitch when we were at each other.

Sphehile: You are such a cheap hoe

Me: Call me all kinds of names you like but do not forget that he your husband has fucked me, no, no we made love dear while you were at the village where you belong on your white nurse clothes, Africa was here breathing heavy on top of all of

this, and boy did I not enjoy. He sure does know how to satisfy a woman.

Sphehlehle: Stay away from my man you hoe!

Africa: Okay! Okay in my office, both of you. Now!

He grabbed us both and walked towards his office, opened the door and ushered us in then closed the door and started pacing while me and Sphehlehle were busy giving each other dead stares. She's wearing tekkies with a jean and a white t-shirt looking like someone who definitely lack style.

Sphehlehle: Africa i want this woman out of here right now, she's disrespecting me; mother of your kid and wife. She must go or I will.

For the fact that she wants me out, I am not going anywhere.

Me: Then go because I am not going anywhere, you didn't invite me here, you don't get to tell me to go bitch.

Africa: Can we just be civil, sit down and talk like adults.

I know Africa and I are not dating, like officially dating but I feel like he should've told me he is getting married. Men would always be men; fucking selfish and assholes.

Me: Actually

I say shifting my look to Africa, who stood there with his hands on his waist.

Me: I do not fight for a man, it will lower my standards, and you need to get your act together Africa because I will not be your side chick. And secondly how the fuck did you not tell me you are married.

Africa: Nomaswazi i-

Me: No don't even explain, I am going to leave and when I walk out of that door I don't want you ever contacting me or coming over my house.

Africa: Oh come on ...

Me: No I am not done, I don't know which game you trying to play here but I won't be part of it. I have far more important things in my life right now that needs my attention. I do not have time to be busy arguing about a man who clearly cares about no one but his dick.

Africa: Now you being ridiculous why you don't let me explain.

Me: Explain what? How you have been cheating on your nurse with me? How I am your side chick? How you invited me on your launch knowing your nurse would be there? I don't want to hear anything coming out of your mouth. You know I was falling for you; I don't know what it is about you that I just can't

help but fall for you. I was this close, so close into letting you in my life. Right now I am glad I didn't.

I walked past him towards the door.

Me: Goodbye Africa

I say before walking out with him calling my name behind me.

THIRTY THREE

NOMASWAZI

Getting Zoe out of Africa's shisanyama proved to be a problem. She didn't want to hear none; she kept dancing with some girls and drinking not forgetting the meat they kept eating.

Me: Zoe come on let go

Zoe: Will you chill, I am having fun.

I was really getting so frustrated yet I couldn't leave her here in a strange place full of strangers I need to make sure she's safe though she's not too drunk I still need to look out for her just like she looks out for me.

Me: Zoe Africa's baby mama is here I want to leave.

Her eyes popped out.

Zoe: He has a baby?

She shout as I drag her out; Africa and his baby mama are still in that office doing only God knows what a part of me wants to go back in there and claim him because her bitch have wings. On our way back home Zoe kept talking about how she doesn't

believe all along I didn't tell her Africa has a kid and a typical dramatic baby mama.

Me: Oh come on let it go

Zoe: No I can't believe you, how can you hide such from me? I was starting to like Africa, I was starting to think he is good for you and he will tame you just a little but all along he has a whole human.

Me: Oh well too bad because I do not like him for me.

She rolled her eyes.

Zoe: As if! I have seen the way you look at him, how goofy your eyes get and right now I can see you through the 'I don't care mask' you trying to pull. You like the guy more than you would like to admit and it so cute seeing you actually falling for someone.

Me: I am not falling for him!

I defend myself.

Zoe: We both know you are and arguing about that won't change a thing. God I can't believe a perfect guy like him has a kid, a dramatic baby mama/wife. Fuck! He even made me call him whenever you get in trouble, I thought it was so cute but all along he is playing me. I am so heartbroken.

Me: Wait he made you do what?

Zoe: That guy knows you always get yourself in trouble so he told me whatever you get yourself into some trouble I should call him first.

Me: Son of a bitch, that why he is everywhere lately.

Zoe: It was cute before I knew he is cheating on his baby mama/wife. I am calling him.

Me: Zoe! Zoe! Do not

I was too late the call was already ringing and I could not snatch it as I am driving.

Africa: Zoe is she okay?

Zoe: How dare you? How could you break our heart like this? A whole baby mama/wife

Africa: Zoe listen I will explain.

Zoe: No! South Africa you don't get to explain, we hate you right now and Swazi is hurt, so hurt. She's trying to be strong but she's dying inside and it not fair, you made me like you then boom you hurt me. I hate men, you all the same, I hate you so much you might as well just sleep and never wake up.

Zoe is drunk so she would probably not remember half of the things she's saying right now.

Zoe: Why come in our lives promise us the world then just hurt us? Who told you that okay?

She questioned crying.

Zoe: You are an ass Africa! You Mandela and every human with a dick! Nx

She says and dropped the call, I wasn't in so much pain but yes I was hurt. What hurt me the most is the fact that when I left his office he did not run after me, meaning he sat there and calmed his wife; probably told her sleeping with me meant nothing, that I was a mistake. I do not mind casual fucks as long as they're just that; casual but Africa and I it wasn't just casual. And it wasn't a mistake; he told me he wanted to take care of me, that he loved me. Was that a lie? Mxm why do I even bother, he can go to hell with his Shaka Zulu face I don't give a fuck, I can have any man; cute man.

But they would never be him. My subconscious reminded me.

Screw men! Right? Zoe ended up sleeping so when we got home I had to wake her up then feed Mimi and sent him to deal with Zikhona. I honestly don't know if it just my eyes or Mimi is growing, the cat is way bigger than he was; his teeth seem to be longer and sharper. I really think this thing is growing.

I couldn't sleep; I kept tossing and turning thinking about how I let a man get to my head. And how perfect our life could've been together and how I think I like him. I am screwed I have never been to this point and I am not letting it go, I am going to tell him exactly how I feel, I will not keep it to myself. I want Africa and I won't let some village bitch have him

I want him and I am going to tell him I want him. Before I could talk myself out of it, I got off the bed put on my sleepers and took my phone and ran down stairs while checking if he is still at the Shisanyama, the shisanyama is a 24hr kind of thing, according to the post on social media he was still there. I grabbed the car keys and drove back to the shisanyama, a little nervous and mad at him. As I drive I realise I am wearing pyjamas; long pyjama pants with a long sleeve top; It kind of cold so I had to put on long pyjamas.

I shrugged at the realisation.

Me: Well I don't care.

I drove in speed, wanting to not give myself time to change my mind. I am not the kind of person who beat around the bush, and I definitely got no time for games. Right now I am feeling a little threatened by the nurse and if I don't tell him how I feel exactly. He will never know, after parking the car I sat there for few seconds taking a deep breath and collecting myself. I might get rejected, and I doubt I would recover from that. After I was

sure I was ready I got off the car and marched inside, people kept looking at me; probably for wearing pyjamas at a public place. As I walk in I stumbled around drunken people while trying to locate him with no luck. I couldn't find him, there were too many people going up and down. It's just too chaotic so I got on top of the chair and still didn't locate him, I got on top of the table but still no luck, and I am getting so frustrated right now by everything; the music and these drunken people.

Me: Africa!

I started shouting on top of my voice, some few people look at me.

Me: Africa! Africa!

Suddenly the music stopped and everyone else turns their head to this crazy girl standing on top of a table shouting for a man.

Me: Africa!

I shout again while looking around, firstly I spotted his father as he stood up from where he was sitting with his hostela friends; he looks at me as if I have grown horns.

Me: Africa! Where are you, Africa!

Africa: Nomaswazi!

He says coming out of his office, he better not be with that hoe in there.

Me: Africa

I say more softly as now I am so nervous with the amount of eyes staring at me, including his eyes.

Me: I ...

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath then opened them again, our eyes met as he look at me quizzical.

Me: I love you Africa ...God I love you ...I have never felt the way I feel for any man, I love you Africa, and gosh I love everything about you. You are the man amongst men, the only man who has been able to handle me in any way, to satisfy me sexually. I am not perfect and you out of all people know that and I am not willing to change, I don't want to force change maybe one day I will change I don't know all I know is you are the kind of man I want to wake up next too every day, the kind of man I want to fuck ...I mean make love too every night. For as long as my heart stop beating for you.

He has walked over to me he stands right next to the table I am standing on and being taller than him right now makes me smile. He just quietly look at me, my heart started beating a little faster than it should. What if he rejects me in front of all these people? He stepped on top of the chair. My stomach is in

knot right now. Though I am still taller than him as I stood on top of the table and him on top of the chair we almost the same height and he looks so perfectly fine from where I am standing.

Africa: MaNkosi

Me: Ndosi

He sighs and hugged me, wrapping his strong arms around my waist making me feel all kind of feelings at the same time.

Africa: Ngiyabonga mama (Thank you)

He says his arms tightening around me, and all the nerves I were feeling they just shot through the roof. He let go of me and look back up, staring straight on my eyes.

Africa: I love you MaNkosi, this heart right here; only beat for you no one else, just you from the day I saw you.

I swear I did melt, those were the sweetest words I have ever heard, and everyone started clapping while ululating and whistling and the DJ just had to play my jam.

Kelly Khumalo – Ngathwala Ngaye

THIRTY FOUR

NOMASWAZI

Being in love feels amazing; no let me rephrase that; being in love with Africa feels amazing, very fulfilling. I love how my heart would escape a little every time he looks my way, how his eyes just make every part of my body shiver and how his cute smile just melt me. Everything about him gives me butterflies and it the best feeling ever. I never actually paid much attention how amazing it is having a tall man and you look up at him and he look down on you and see all the things he make you feel. I found myself just staring at his eyes that were full of warmth and love, his lips dancing with a smile of happiness and eager to touch mine. My whole body just burned up as he was so near me I could literally smell his fresh breath as he looks down on me. All I could feel were butterflies chasing each other all over my body.

He opened his arms and squeezed me into a hug, did I mention how he always smell so heavenly; making my head go dizzy and wanting to hold onto him forever, god his hugs are the best thing after alcohol I have ever experience. My cheeks hurt so much from all the smiling I have been doing, my heart leaping

out of my mouth from the overload happiness I am feeling inside and all I wanted to do was just curl up in his arm and just lay there with him holding me, god I am sure I would sleep so soundless like a well fed new born.

I always sleep better when he is holding me into his strong, sexy arms.

Africa: You made me the happiest man alive.

Me: Is that so Mr Cele

He smiles and plants a kiss on my mouth. We are in his office, just the two of us.

Africa: Yes, feel how my heart beat

He says putting my hand over his heart and boy I loved having my hand on his hard body and feeling his heartbeat, making me a little dizzy.

Africa: You have no idea what you do to me.

Me: Well why don't you show me what I do to you instead of having to explain

He looks at me with a huge smile on his face then bunt over and French kissed me making me moan on his mouth as it felt so good.

Me: I think we should bless your office Ndosi

sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">His hands moved to my ass and he grabs it hard bringing me closer to him, his hard dick pressed on my stomach.

Africa: I love the way you think MaNkosi

He says taking my mouth back to his mouth, I pushed him slightly.

Me: Ummm wait ...lock the door.

He bite on his lip and groan before letting go of me, I walked up to his desk and sat on top of it while taking my clothes off and leaving nothing but my thong as he turned from locking the door I was sitting on top of his desk in nothing but my bathing suit. His eyes dance around my body with too much desire and hunger.

Me: Come take what is yours.

As he walked up to me while taking his own clothes off I made a mental note to get him proper office furniture. The guy has a desk, his chair and one chair only, his office is just too plain it needs some few touch ups here and there. I gasped as he grabs my thigh opening them wide for him to stand in between. Then he started kissing me while grabbing on every part of my body,

his touch so strong making me feel all kinds of butterflies dancing and chasing each other. I love the way he makes me feel, I really do.

He moved from kissing my lips to my neck, my boobs then my stomach. He took off my panties, all the way down and I took off his boxer short. From his wallet he took out a condom and rolled it up before making me get off the table and bend over. He did so quickly that I got so turned on and my breath hitches in anticipation. Once I had bent over he slap my ass a little making me giggle then he shoved his hard dick in and started pounding inside me hard and fast. I screamed, moaned his name as he kept going in and out; hard and fast. I was just grateful to the music and the noise otherwise all those people in there would've known what is happening here. It's just a quickie after all so we both exploded with him wrapping his hands tight around me and kissing my back. I never knew sex could be this good. We were still holding each other and catching our breaths when suddenly a knock sounded on the door.

Me: Oh shit!

I say panicking a little and giggling, the person tried opening the door but luckily it locked. Africa seemed to be so chilled as he kiss me one more time before pulling on his clothes. I also

quickly pulled over my pyjama pants without the panty then my top. Once Africa was dresses and I was also dressed he went to get the door.

Africa: Cele

He says to obviously his father and all I could think about is; Africa can't let his father in, this whole place reek of sex not to mention the condom lying on the floor, I quickly grabbed it and threw it on the bin before taking my panty and shoving it inside Africa's draw but luckily he walked out to talk to his father.

Africa: I will be back.

He says staring back at me then winked. I couldn't help but smile like an idiot.

I am in love with Africa!

THIRTY FIVE

NOMASWAZI

Love is just the most beautiful thing that I have ever experienced, it makes my heart melt and I can't help but smile whenever I think about last night. For someone who has never been in love before I sure have fallen hard for Africa, I never get how it like to be in love, or why people cry after breaks ups but right now I understand. The thought of Africa leaving me doesn't sit well with me which is why I am dragging confronting the nurse issue. I want him to personally handle it without me being a nag; I want him to prove his love for me without me nagging him to prove it. And I am not even going to demand he explain the nurse issue to me, I want to see if he cares enough for me to give me the explanation. I honestly do not want to be that girlfriend that is nagging and demanding I will leave that for the nurse so Africa will gladly leave her. When you woke up on a right side of the bed you find yourself feeling like you're high on something.

I have made one hell of English breakfast for Zoe and i. even went as far as setting up the table with flowers stolen from our

white neighbour's garden. I am busy humming a song while I finish setting up the table.

Zoe: Woah!

She says walking in the kitchen, her eyes popped out.

Me: Morning sweet pie

Zoe: Umm ...

Before she could say anything my phone rang on my apron pocket, I quickly took it out and smile before picking up.

Me: Ndosi

Africa: MaNkosi

The smile just automatically appears on my face, it like he knows which button to press.

Africa: How did you sleep sweetheart.

I started twisting and smiling and blushing

Me: So well Ndosi how about you?

Africa: How was I going to sleep when you were busy running through my mind.

I laughed sweetly. Zoe has her hands on her waist as she looks at me, the disbelief on her face so visible. I had to turn and give her my back.

Me: Stop being cheese

He chuckles his voice vibrating through the speaker.

Africa: I was wondering if you have time today, I would love to talk to you about something?

Me: You can come over tonight.

Africa: Good, cook papa I will bring some meat.

My eyes pop out at the request, already he is ordering me around. Jeez typical Zulu man and demanding. I should address the issue of being ordered around.

Africa: Have yourself a good day, I love you.

I bite on my lower lip as I blush.

Me: I love you back.

Saying it out loud kind of feels strange in a good way.

The moment I dropped the call Zoe clapped her hands.

Zoe: Heehh

She claps again.

Zoe: Heeh did I hear you right or did I hear you right?

I rolled my eyes as I settle on the table still smiling.

Me: Sit down and have your breakfast Zoleka

Zoe: Spill it bitch and then when did we get to 'I love you back'

Me: Eggs?

Zoe: Fuck the eggs, spill the beans.

I smile at her and she just couldn't believe it herself the way my face is glowing.

Me: Okay fuck the eggs.

I say as I settle nicely and filling her on what happened last night.

Zoe: Oh my god you literally declared your undying love in front of people with his father there!

Me: I know! I know it was epic. Next I am asking him to marry me.

Zoe: Nomaswazi!

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Ai girl there's no going back now. Let eat and go to the police station so they would accompany us to kick out that bitch.

She huffed.

Zoe: Let me eat before I lose my appetite.

Zikhona is really that one person who could spoil your mood just by just thinking about her.

After we had breakfast we got ready and drove to the police station. I honestly do not like how we have become frequent police station visitors. The fat Philani officer who once came in our house to question Zoe about Mandla is the one who handled our case. He took about an hour to check if the papers that we had brought with us were legit, after everything is confirmed he agreed to go with us, him and another police officer got in the van and followed after us as we drove straight to Zoe's parents' house in morning side. Upon our arrival we ring the intercom and the house maid let us in after explaining we here with the police to see Zikhona. She even let us in the house before kindly telling us she will go get the madam. Zoe's parents' mansion is breathtakingly beautiful, sometime I just forget how rich Zoe is actually is. The girl had it very easy financially growing up. The madam walked down stairs with a short silk rope wrapped around her, her face turned stormy same time as she saw us sitting on the couches waiting for her.

Zikhona: Who said you can let them in?

She questioned the maid that looked so terrified next to her.

“I am sorry madam i-

Zikhona: Just go, leave.

She rudely dismissed her before walking up to us.

Zikhona: Officers, have you found my husband?

Officer: No ma'am we here on different circumstances

Zikhona: They know where my husband is, why you don't question them. I bet they know what happened to my husband.

The fat officer huffed and served Zikhona with papers.

Officer: We here because Zoleka is kick you out of her house that she inherited from her parents.

She looked from us, to the police officer and I couldn't help but smile.

Zikhona: What? That bull shit this is my house.

Officer: Do you have papers stating it yours?

Zikhona: She was disowned so everything they had they put it under my name.

Officer: This house and 50% from the company still belongs to her. It stated here in black and white so I suggest you pack your

bags and leave or we will be forced to drag you out. And I must let you know I do not have the whole day so please.

She's breathing fire the way she is so angry.

Zikhona: Fine, but this is not over! I am going to fight tooth and nail for my house and my company.

Me: That is a threat officer

She gave me a nasty look and stood up walking away.

Me: Pack your rugs and get the fuck out!

I shout after her laughing, my eyes popped out as they shift to the couch she was sitting on there are maggots moving around.

Me: Oh My God Maggot!

I say loudly with a disgust face while mentally I am like "Thank father" everyone checked where I am looking before we all turned to her as she stood midway the stairs before running off. We spent almost the whole day waiting for her, finally the maid started going down all the way to garage with bags, then the witch grandmother that I am about to deal with also came down stairs with another bags before the hoe came down.

Zikhona: I still have my things that need to be packed.

Zoe: The house key please, I will get someone to pack your clothes. Oh and the gate password.

She says sitting back on the couch like a fucking boss that she is. Instead of providing Zoe with what she wants she called out for the maid who came in running.

Zikhona: She will be coming here tomorrow to pack all my belongings.

Zoe: Officers thank you for accompanying us, I would also like to open a case against her for forging my parent's signature to get a house in PMB and shares at my father's company.

Zikhona:

Zoe: I request a thoroughly investigation to be done.

The other police officer huffed before rolling her eyes.

Officer: You will have to go to the police station for that and while the investigation is on-going we will kindly ask Ma'am Zikhona to not move to any of the house she's being accused of scamming and she will have to step down from the company, actually the two of you won't be allowed anywhere near the company till the investigation is complete. Right now I do not have time for this; I believe our job is done here; if you opening another case against her come to the police station.

He stood up and nods his head to us.

Officer: Ladies.

He says before they walked out, leaving Zikhona mad as hell as she stormed out; the maid kindly gave us the key and told us the gate password. Zoe gave the maid her numbers so she will contact her when she's coming to pack up everything that belongs to Zoleka. By the time we were done I was so tired and hungry; Zoe changed the gate password before we drove to a restaurant where we ate, celebrating our first victory.

THIRTY SIX

NOMASWAZI

When we came back from Zoe's official house I was dog tired so I decided to take a nap before I wake up and cook the papa my man wants. Then I would address the issue we have; him demanding me. I am not his wife even if I were his wife I wasn't gonna allow him to boss me around, he has to know it 50/50 I provide financially, he also provide. I do the house chores, he also do them. If one day he or I decide to propose to him, I want us to be on the same page. I lay on the bed ignoring the alarm that I had set, groaning I hit the bed a several times before sitting up while stretching myself and yawning. Then I slowly opened my eyes, everything is a little blur, like I couldn't see a thing. I rubbed my eyes and look again but still it blurs. I quickly got off the bed and tried walking to the mirror but I knocked myself on the wall and fell on the floor as I couldn't see it.

Me: Holly shit my eyes!

I say out loud and rubbed them again, still everything is so blur I couldn't see proper; it like something is blinding me. I stood up

from the floor where I had fall and tried feeling everything around me with my hands but I knocked something down and it fell. Panic kick in as my heart start pounding super hard.

Me: Zoe! Zoe!

I screamed for her while looking around and rubbing my eyes at the same time.

Me: Zoe!

I say as I walk towards the door but I tripped and fell. I heard the door opening.

Zoe: Jeez what the f ...woah did you just fall?

She asked laughing her ass off. I could hear her but I couldn't see her, I went from seeing blur to not seeing anything at all. It was all so dark and my eyes hurt from the rubbing I kept doing. I stood up from where I had fallen and again I started touching everything around me with tears now rolling down my eyes as I realise I couldn't see.

Zoe: Haibo Swazi are you okay

She says finally rushing to me; I push her off and rubbed my eyes again.

Me: I can't see ...I can't see anything. It all dark, Zoe I can't see

Zoe: What are you talking about, your eyes are open.

Me: But I can't see anything

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I can't ...I can't

I couldn't help but cry like a new born.

Zoe: Okay, okay sit down we will figure this out.

She says taking my arm and walked me then helped me sit on top of the bed.

Zoe: Okay Uhh... open your eyes I am going to wave my hand in front of you.

She says and I nodded my head and opened my eyes.

Zoe: Can you see my hand?

I shake my head.

Me: No ...I can't see anything, it all dark ...ouch!

I say as she pokes my eye.

Zoe: Oh shit you can't see! Oh damn you can't see.

I could hear the panic on her voice.

Zoe: Okay aah I will take you to the hospital.

She said helping me off the bed.

Zoe: Let me get your jacket

She says and rushed off leaving me standing. I walked a little while busy trying to touch anything so I wouldn't trip; my heart right now is literally beating out of my chest. Suddenly I saw a very bright light, I closed my eyes shut and slowly opened them again only to come in contact with my mother's angry face; she's wearing my sangoma clothing and she looks so angry. Seeing her made my heart skip hard I tried talking but she just pushed me and I cried as I fall on the floor.

Zoe: Oh my God Swazi!

I could hear her as I start shaking uncontrollable, my eyes rolling back and every part of my body harden then I saw an old woman, my mother and an old man who look at me with their angry expressions and then turned their back and walked away. I tried shouting for them as Zoe is busy pressing on me while calling my name and trying to get me up, everything happened too fast, I am having a seizure and I can't see anything except the back of the old woman, my mother and the old man walking away then saliva is just coming out of my mouth as I am trying to shout for them. I could hear Zoe panicking calling an ambulance yet I couldn't do anything except jerking, I could feel my bones cracking in a weird way as they strengthen with every kick I am making with my body. Every part of me hurt so badly, not to mention my heart that kept pounding hard like it will just leap out of my chest.

THIRTY SEVEN

ZOLEKA

I am literally shaking, as I pace up and down the hospital waiting area. I am so scared and in so much pain tears are just rolling down my eyes; I would sit down and tap my foot on the floor impatiently as no one is coming to tell me what happened. And right now my head is just racing. I quickly rushed to the nurse on the front desk for the fifth time since I brought her here.

Me: Sis please, how is she? How is she doing? Can't you find out for me please?

I say pleading and crying almost going on my knees.

"I told you the doctor will come to you once she's done so please back off I am trying to work here and you are frustrating me"

She says rudely dismissing me.

Me: Please

I plead with tears.

“Yoo sis back off, go sit down and wait”

Defeated, I slowly walked back to the hospital waiting area and just buried my head on my hands as I cry.

“Zoe! Zoe where is she? What happened?”

I raised my head and look up at a sick worried Africa. I couldn't talk, I tried but my lip started trembling as tears just gushed out.

Me: She ...I don't ...she

I just couldn't help but cry, the thought of losing Swazi is breaking me. I can't lose her, I really can't. how will I survive losing her, she is definitely all I got, I have no one like literally no one, I can't lose her too. Africa settles next to me and tried shushing me. And I also tried really hard to calm myself.

Africa: What happened?

He asked after a while, I sigh and wiped my tears, my heart so heavy.

Me: I don't know what happened.

I honestly didn't know.

Me: and the doctors ain't telling me anything ...she had a seizure and I was scared ...I don't know if she's going to be fine

...I really can't lose her ...I can't lose her Africa ...what am I going to do? How will I survive? I can't lose her.

Africa: Shh calm down okay, I am sure she will be fine just calm down she will need you when she wakes up. She's a fighter she will pull through.

He says more to himself than to me, he's also worried I could tell by the frown on his face, the way he kept rubbing his hands together and blowing off some air. We both sat there silently

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my mind was busy thinking how I wouldn't survive losing Swazi, I am still suffering from Lisa's death how will I deal with another death, there's no way I would survive that, I would rather die. I will most definitely take my life if Swazi doesn't pull through.

We had been sitting there for hours still no update on Swazi, the more we wait the more I worry, and Africa has even stood up from where he was sitting. He's leaning on a wall; he seems to be far with his own thought, for a strong man like Africa to worry who am I not to worry. Finally I spotted the doctor coming towards us. I quickly stood up same time as Africa rush to her.

Africa: Doctor how is she? ...Nomaswazi how is she?

Doctor: Sorry are you family?

Africa: Don't fucking tell me about family, just tell me how she is?

It was my first time seeing an angry Africa and he indeed look murderous and so scary in a way that the doctor also swallowed some saliva fear written all over her face.

Me: It okay Doctor, just tell us. I am family, Zoleka I am the next of kin.

I say as I am so eager to know if she's okay.

Doctor: Right, umm... it seems like Nomaswazi suffered what we call epilepsy which is brain disorder characterised seizure. Right now she's unconscious but seems to be responding well to the treatment

Me: What caused the seizure? She never suffered any seizure in her whole entire life. What could be the reason for that epilepsy whatever?

Doctor: It could be emotional and physical stress or loss of sleep, over hydration, imbalance of the chemical neurotransmitter in the brain ...

Me: Okay ...whatever that is will she be okay doc?

Doctor: Right now we will be running more tests just to be on a safe side and treat her for something that we are sure of, if

indeed she's suffering from epilepsy I will prescribe her an anti-epileptic medication

Me: Oh God ...

I say as everything the doctor is busy saying sounds so strange and scary. Africa is busy pacing a little while scratching his head.

Me: Huuh?

I asked with my eyes popped out.

Doctor: I'm sorry; we just have to wait till tomorrow so we will see the blood result before I put her on anti-epileptic.

I couldn't stop the tears that kept rolling down, Swazi wouldn't survive this; it will crush her, how can God be so evil. I let out a cry as I sit back on the chair. The doctor walked away leaving me still too stunned to move, I don't know what happened to Africa, he's no longer around here.

THIRTY EIGHT

ZOLEKA

As I was about to leave the hospital with my ugly face ruined by the tears I bumped into Sbusiso coming in for his shift. I just threw myself on him and he held me tight while rubbing my back and asking what going on. I cried on his arms ruining his clothes.

Sbusiso: Hey ...hey what going on? Are you okay? Is Nomaswazi okay? Talk to me

I wailed even more, he ushered me into his small office where he closed the door and got me water.

Me: It Swazi, she ...she just had a seizure and I ...I am not sure if she will make it ...I am just not sure. Everything is a whole mess I am so scared I don't want to be all alone on this cruel world.

Sbusiso: Hey she will be fine; she's the strongest person I know. Do not worry much okay? She will pull through. And you will never be alone.

He says taking me into his arm and squeezing me on him. I lay on his shoulders as I cry my lungs out all over again.

Sbusiso: Hush now she's going to be fine, okay?

He says still rubbing my back so gentle till I calmed down. Then I moved from his arms, breaking the embrace and look away as I am so embarrassed, not forgetting I haven't talk nor seen him in a while.

Sbusiso: it going to be fine just stay strong for her. She will pull through for you.

He says and checked his time on the wrist.

Sbusiso: Look my shift is about to start, I would love to sit here and be here with you but I am already hanging on a tin thread.

Me: It ...it okay I will leave.

I say standing up while wrapping my hands around my arms as I suddenly feel so cold and lonely.

Sbusiso: Do you have a ride back home?

From my pocket I took out the car keys and showed him.

Sbusiso: Will you be able to drive?

I nod my head.

Me: Yes thank you.

I say and immediately walked out, suddenly regretting breaking down on his arm, as I drove home I realised how lonely I am. How I have no one, if I lose Swazi I am going to be losing it all. The tears couldn't help but roll down; my heart is in so much pain. I don't know what I should do; I don't know how to help Swazi. The moment I got home it was so late, I drag myself into my room where I lay on top of the bed and just cried, though the tears were no more the pain is still there. So much pain that I couldn't even bare.

I am not sure when exactly I fall asleep; I woke and took a bath then handed to the hospital without even eating breakfast. I had to be there for her, I had to hold her hand till she wakes up. When I got to the hospital the doctor told me I can see her but she told me Swazi suffered some blindness much might have been affected by her epilepsy, I was so scared seeing her in a situation that I wasn't gonna survive myself.

Me: Swazi

I say softly as I held her hand

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trying so hard to hold back the tears. She slowly opened her eyes and tears just gush out. I don't understand how she can open her eyes yet couldn't see.

Me: Swazi

I couldn't really stare at her; I couldn't even hold my tears. She tried talking but she couldn't talk, her tears just started streaming down. I hold on to her hand squeezing it. She is not the Nomaswazi I know

Swazi: I can't see Zoe, I am blind ...I can't see anything.

She says crying making me cry too.

Me: It okay, it going to be okay

I say holding on to her hand and crying with her.

The door burst open and Africa walked in followed by a nurse and a doctor.

Doctor: She's not ready to go; we need to keep her here.

Nurse: Sir! Sir I suggest you back off now

Doctor: Get the security! Me: What going on?

I asked as Africa walked further in ignoring the nurse and the doctor. Africa: We taking Nomaswazi with us

Me: What she's still sick, we can't do that.

Africa: The first mistake you made is bringing her here, she need traditional attention not these stupid machines connected on her.

Me: Are you fucking crazy, I will not let you take her. She needs doctor's attention. Africa: Don't be stupid

He roared loudly. I stood my grounds as the security walked in.

Me: Get him the fuck out of here.

Africa: Don't be stupid, Nomaswazi will die and it will be on you!

He says pointing a finger at me, which got me shaking though I still believed the doctors, can do a better job than those traditional healers, then is clicked when Nomaswazi couldn't walk they were the ones who helped her.

Doctor: Security get him out of here.

Africa: Touch me and I will break your neck with my bare hands.

Looking at his face I knew Africa would do that without thinking twice. I was so confused I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what right for Nomaswazi and I honestly wanted to do the right thing for her and right now everyone is screaming at each other and Africa is busy fighting the security, it all a mess making my head spin. And Swazi just lay there crying, breaking my heart even more.

THIRTY NINE

ZOLEKA

I hardly slept the previous night again; I was so worried about Nomaswazi that I didn't even know what to do to help her. I felt so helpless; I am not the type that is best at dealing with emotional pain. Lisa and Swazi are way stronger than I am, I always had them to support me and if Lisa was still alive I bet she would know what to do right now. This early morning I was woken up by Mimi; I had totally forgot about him, I don't even know what to do with him now that Swazi is not well; I never had to deal with this, all I did was feed him then leave the rest to her. This whole witchcraft thing is freaking the shit out of me, not to mention that this cat is now big and the more it grows the scarier it looks. Swazi has to pull through and get rid of this thing, it has come to a point where it really freaks me out, what if one of these days someone sees it, and how will I explain a cat, dog to people.

Someone banging the door startled me; I almost split the coffee I am drinking all over me. I cursed as the person kept banging on the door.

Me: You will fucking break the door you moroon

I say as I walked up to the door to open only for an angry Africa to burst in, I was about to say something really out of character before I saw his face. He is breathing fire, an angry Africa look so damn scary. He looks exactly like Shaka Zulu when he was ready to cut off people's head.

Africa: You are going to go to that hospital and sign papers to allow Nomaswazi to be discharged.

Me: Excuse me?

Africa: Right now.

He says as a matter of fact, making me wonder how Nomaswazi deals with such a controlling son of a bitch.

Me: Firstly you are not going to burst in here and tell me what to do and when to do it.

I say opening the door.

Me: Who are you to-

Africa: Hey ...hey I don't have all day, what is your plan? You want Nomaswazi to die? Is that what you want? We both know whatever is happening with Nomaswazi doesn't need these western doctors; it got nothing to do with medical doctors. She needs traditional help, something you should've think of before throwing her in that shitty hospital unless you want her dead.

Me: Of course I don't want her dead, what the fuck

Africa: Then fucking gets her out because if she dies it will be all on you.

Me: I am just trying to do what best for h-

Africa: What best for her is not in that hospital god damn!

He snap

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making me jump a little. He took a deep breath, brushed his head then tried addressing me again.

Africa: Look you know her better than I do, and I know you care for her and I know you wants what best for her and you surely want her to pull through. So I am telling you Nomaswazi needs traditional intervention, we can take her to Zanzele's mother the woman who trained her.

I took a deep sigh and lean against the door as tears roll down. She wants helped her, what if she can do it again. I want Swazi to live, to be fine and go back to being the Swazi I know and love.

Me: Okay

I say nodding my head repeatedly.

Me: Okay ...I will go and sign off the papers then we can take her to the village.

He took a relieved sigh.

Africa: Oooh good ...I will arrange the transport, pack few of her things that she will need then I will come get you.

I nod my head, a part of me really not sure about this whole thing. But that old woman help her walk once, I am sure she can help her live again or so I hope she help her. While I rushed to Swazi's room to pack her clothes, Africa rushed off to organise a transport that will be convenience and more comfortable for Nomaswazi. I packed few of her clothes, making sure to take only dresses then I packed my own clothes and rushed down stairs to wait for Africa.

It didn't take long for Africa to come back; he helped me wheel our bags out.

Africa: I thought I said few things.

He says taking both our luggage, I had packed two full luggage since I didn't know what to take and what not to take and then I had to make sure we had warm and cool clothes. I followed after him with my purse only. While I lock, he was taking the bags to the car as I turned to him my eyes popped out.

Me: Oh my God you got a caravan

Africa: Yea it will be comfortable for her.

I love how he is so thoughtful, I quickly ran to the caravan; it so damn beautiful inside, had a small kitchen with a dish sink, a small bar fridge that is stocked with food then a two plate stove. There's also a very small couch that looks so comfortable then a bed. Though the bed is way too small it still looks so comfortable, everything about the inside of this caravan looks amazing and too cosy, though it could use a little touch here and there.

Africa: Let go shall we

I nod my head as I settle on the small couch and look out the window. I could use some wine right now while I sit here. He got off and closed the door before going to the driver's side and starts the car. The doctor gave us a hard time before allowing us to take her, even a supervisor was called and I signed that I won't blame nor sue the hospital if something happens to her. Beside Swazi also wanted to leave the hospital though they said they won't take her words since she's just a patient.

FORTY

NOMASWAZI

I feel like I am between a rock and a hard place, all I could think about right now is how it would be like to be dead. I hate how I am stubborn; I know I should've listened. I know and my stupid self didn't listen, I should've stop. I don't know what wrong with me once I made up my mind I hardly change it. I always have to learn the hard way, because I don't listen. Everyone was right, I do not listen and I always get myself in some trouble. Right now I can't see; I can't see anything and it frustrating. Not to mention I am in pain, every part of my body hurt so much, and I have a massive headache that is pounding so hard and painfully.

Zoe: Want something to eat?

She asks probably for the hundred times. Apparently we are in a caravan, how I wish to see it. I never knew how blind people feel till this day. I find myself wishing to see the little things that never mattered before, even the view as they drive; I wish I could see the colour of this caravan. I wish I could just see

Africa's face, I wonder if he looks as worried as he sounds. I really wonder what is the colour of this flee blanket. Being blind is more frustrating than any other thing, I hate it so much.

Zoe: We almost there

She says fixing the blanket. I hate how she's being weird. I want her to be Zoe, say something so inappropriate. I don't need her to feel sorry for me. I got no one but myself to feel sorry for. We had been driving for hours now; I am hungry and tired of lying on this so not comfortable bed. I don't want to tell Zoe I am hungry because she will have to feed me as I doubt I will be able to eat on my own.

Zoe: Oh finally my ass hurt.

She says as the car come into a stop. Then a door open.

Africa: Hey you holding up good back here.

Zoe took a deep sigh.

Zoe: She has been quiet, I'm worried about her. She doesn't even want to eat something.

Me: I am blind not deaf.

Africa: hey beautiful, how you feeling.

I groaned, because I felt like he is also feeling sorry for me.

Africa: We here

He says touching me gentle and all I wanted was to scream for him not to touch me, I am more anxious of what will Gogo say; she will most definitely kick me out.

Africa: I am going to pick you up okay, we here now everything is going to be okay. All will be good babe I promise.

He says taking me into his strong arm, I just snuggled there and cried. I wish he never found out what I have been doing, or why I am like this now. I wish he never get to know my deepest dark secret. I could feel the cold air as he steps out of the caravan with me. And all I could wish right now is to stay on his arm forever because everything seems better on his arm. My heart is literally pounding against his chest as he takes long strokes towards the house.

Africa: Knock! knock!

As he knock I could feel my stomach in knot and I figured if I pretend to be super sick or just pretend to have another seizure Gogo will go easy on me. I didn't even think twice, I started jerking on Africa's arm.

Africa: Nomaswazi!

He called out, with so much fear in his voice as he held me tight.

Gogo: What going on, put her down. Sambulo get the mat

I continue to jerk off while rolling my eyes hoping they roll back like I am dying. Africa immediately placed me on the matt where I started jerking even more, twisting side by side and pretending to be biting on my lip. Someone is busy pressing down on me.

Gogo: hee (She clap once) hee! I am being tested, stop with your stupid tricks Nomaswazi, they won't work with me.

Africa: What do you mean Ma? Do something please

Gogo: Hey ...hey there's nothing wrong with Nomaswazi, she's pretending, just acting up.

I felt my body flash as I hear her say that but I still tried not to stop jerking.

Zoe: She's not ...she had a seizure back in the city too; you need to help her please.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Gogo: She's not having a seizure, I know a person who's having a seizure. They don't do all these ridiculous things, jumpy jumpy Nomaswazi is busy doing. My late husband suffered from it for years, I know how it like.

She says making me want to pee myself. I still continue with jerking as I feel Zoe's soft hands hold me down together with Africa.

Zoe: She's not pretending! Okay ...she's not

Her voice is shaking, I bet she's crying. A hot slap landed on my thigh, followed by another one making me jump to the other side.

Me: Ouch that painful!

I screamed out because it was really painful.

Gogo: Ehhe what did I tell you.

I groan and lay back with my back while rubbing where she slapped me on my thigh as it pains.

Zoe: Swazi

She says more in disbelief. I kept groaning as I feel so irritated and stupid at the same time for being caught faking seizure.

Gogo: Some things would never change.

Right now at this moment I am glad I can't see, how on earth was I gonna face these people, especially Africa. Yoo! I wonder how his hard face looks like right now.

Zoe: Fuck you Swazi! Screw you! Nx

She says clearly mad at me.

Gogo: Take her out of my house, I do not want her here.

Me: Gogo please.

I say literally pleading.

Me: Please I need you.

Gogo: I told you before you left this house to stay out of trouble. But no you don't listen to anyone but yourself.

Me: Gogo please.

I could feel tears rolling out of my eyes.

Gogo: Your crocodile tears won't move me Nomaswazi, you brought this upon yourself, fix it. I need you out of my house right now!

Me: I am sorry.

Gogo: You are a rotten child, hot headed and very stupid, you are evil and I won't help you. I will never waste my energy on you ever again. I am done with you Nomaswazi, you are rude and corrupt. You started it, you fixed it. I told to never mess with your ancestors, I told you to respect them at all time but because you think you know everything you went on and did exactly what I told you not to do. I will not help you this time and I hope you stay blind for the rest of your life; it should be a lesson to never mess with ancestors.

Me: I had to do it, I had no choice. I made a promise to her, I promised her.

Gogo: And you made a promise to your ancestors to serve them and respect them. They gave you a gift of healing not destroying; they don't associate themselves with evil. Get the hell out of my house young lady.

Zoe: Please you ha-

Gogo: Africa take these girls out of my house right at this moment.

I could hear him huff before he pick me up, I don't wish to see how angry he is right now. Zoe: Please Gogo, pl-

Gogo: Out right now!

She snapped, Africa walked out with me and marched back to the caravan where he placed me on the bed and I just curled up in a ball. Zoe: Where you going Africa?

Africa: This is fucked up! Nomaswazi is selfish, how can she pretend to have a seizure, she's sick in the head. She's doesn't think for anyone but herself and I am not going to be part of her sick games. Zoe: Africa! Africa! Don't go.

It seems like Africa left as I hear Zoe curse as she shut closed the door.

FORTY ONE

NOMASWAZI

It's an early sunny morning I am saying that because I could feel the sun brazing through the window of the caravan. I am just lying there feeling sorry for myself and hating that I can't even see so I would at least end this pathetic life of mine. I have accomplished what I wanted to do, I took care of Zikhona the best way I know how, and now I have nothing to live for if I am going to live blind. Even Africa gave up on me, and perhaps had I had a chance at love I would be living for something. I wonder how one ends their lives when they're blind. I feel so hopeless, and I hate feeling like this.

The door opened, I heard footsteps moving around.

Zoe: They're up I am going to beg the old lady to help us, wish me good luck

She says sounding so near me, I know Gogo well enough to know she won't change her mind. It doesn't matter what Zoe will say, to her I messed up and disobeyed her therefore she won't help me.

Me: Zoe

I say as I hear the footsteps moving away.

Zoe: Don't worry I got this, we going to be fine. I promise.

Me: Zoe ...wait

I took a deep sigh.

Me: I have been thinking

One thing I am grateful for ever since I am blind is not being able to see people's reactions when I say something stupid.

Me: It just me and you now. We are all we got and to be honest we messed up this time, I messed up. And I am so tired of fighting and trying I just want to shut down and not feel anything. Ain't you tired? We have been fighting all our lives and it never seem to end; we have lost everyone we ever love. It only just us now, we ar-

Zoe: Hey it okay, I know we have been going through a lot

Me: We even have blood on our hands

Zoe: I know

She says blushing my arm gentle.

Me: I think this is it, I think we done now. We have reached our destination, we have lived our lives.

Zoe: Swazi

Me: Think about it, let be Romeo and Juliet.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Eeh ...

I took a deep sigh as I could feel her eyes on me.

Me: All I am saying is we got nothing to live for.

Zoe: Swazi ...

I quickly say.

Me: think about it, we can just drink some pills and just die

Zoe: No shut the fuck up, you talking bull. We still have a life ahead of us; we still got a lot to live for. I know we have screwed up big time but it still can be fixed. We can still sort it out, just stop with your fucking sick thought. Just fucking stop I am sorting this out, you have never been a quitter so don't start now.

She says and started walking away leaving me fuming with so much anger as the door closes behind her.

Zoe been gone for hours now or maybe it not hours just sitting here doing nothing makes me feel helpless and stupid. She's not updating me on what is happening and I just lying thinking of ways we can easily end our lives pain free. As I was so busy lost in my own thought the door opened.

Zoe: Guess what?

She says cheerfully. I didn't even entertain her.

Zoe: She agreed to help us on one condition.

I still didn't ask the condition.

Zoe: She said she will only help us if we change the way we live, especially you. She said you have something special yet you don't know it so she wants you to ...

She trail off a little.

Zoe: She wants you to move back here.

Me: What?

Zoe: It a very small price to pay, she wants you to help her out here in the village, she wants you to do your consultations here but well that still depend on whether they forgive you and grants you back your gift or ...

Me: Woah Woah ...I am not moving back here, this place has no life, there's nothing for me here.

Zoe: oh come on there's Africa, there's so much peace and some quietness.

Me: I don't want quietness, I want all the city noise, and I want all the city fun. This place is not for me, it has never been for me. I would rather die before I move here.

Zoe: Can you fucking stop being selfish for one damn minute? It so fucking irritating I am trying here. If you want to fucking die then I will leave you here all by yourself then you gladly die nx!

She says and walked out, slamming the door behind her.

Frustrated I screamed and tried to move but fell face flat on the floor.

FORTY TWO

ZIKHONA

The past few days have been worse, instead of the worms to stop they're coming out even more, it so irritating and itching. I have stopped going to work not just work but going out altogether; Mas'kha has gone to consult since she failed to help me, nothing she suggested ever worked. All my life she has been the master of which craft, we or let rather say I have never encountered being bewitched before, Mas'kha and I always did the witching and we way too strong for anyone to bewitch us back. Or I guess we used to be, because right now I am sitting in Zoe parent's house with my legs wide open so the worms would come out to floor. After Zoe kicked us out of my house we came here in PMB. I am feeling so disgust with myself. Who wouldn't, this thing is busy itching and irritating as it leaps out. I even hate myself so much, whenever I walk I just see them moving on my legs, when I am sitting they will definitely be left on the sit when I move. And the past few days have been worse than other days.

My phone rings besides me; I am hoping it Mas'kha telling she has found whoever is screwing me. My fear is perhaps it Mandla but how? It definitely her, I immediately answered the call.

Me: And then, is it Mandla?

“Hi this is Lonwabo, I am so sorry to inform you the owner of the phone has been involved in a car accident, please come to King Edward hospital”

Me: What? Is she okay, what happened?

I asked panicking.

“Ma'am I can't give you such details over the phone it would be better if you come to the hospital”

Me: I can't come there damned I am not in Durban.

“Oh sorry I didn't realise, well unfortunately she didn't make it. The hospital will be shifting her to the mortuary where you would need to come and identify the body”

I literally dropped the call as my hands started shaking suddenly I felt some cold chill down my spine.

Me: Oh my God it definitely Mandla. He has turned against me.

I felt like I could feel his presence in the house, it didn't help that thunder and rain started outside. Making me so scared as I

wrap my hands around myself. Losing Mandla means I will lose everything I have accomplished and if where ever he is dead he will still come for me and kill me personally. It over with my life; the deal with Mandla was using him to get to Zoe's parents, then use him to make my riches once I had access to Zoe's parents asset but with him gone it mean all my riches would be gone. It over, I might as well die and follow Mas'kha.

ZOLEKA

I hate how Swazi has given up on her life, it makes me mad and so sad at the same time. I hate how I can't be strong for her like she has always been. I love Nomaswazi and I most definitely want her to live

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ye she has her mistakes but her heart is always in a good place. I am the weak one, the one who has always thought death was an only way out. Not Swazi. She's strong and phenominal. I just have to do anything to get her eye sight back even if it means forcing her into taking Gogo's offer.

My phone rang disturbing my thought, I sigh as I take it out. I am sitting under a tree just looking around this dull place that is definitely not a place I would live at.

Me: Zoe hello

“Hello Zoleka this is officer Philani”

I felt my inside turning, my body went cold same time.

Me: What can I do for you?

I ask in a whisper.

Officer: We received a complaint from your neighbours about a dog wolf that bark every night and they say the barking comes from your house.

I closed my eyes and took a deep sigh, MIMI! Fuck. I cuss silently.

Me: Umm I don't know anything officer, I am not even home. I'm on a vacation.

Officer: Oh we tried knocking on your house with no response and your sister's phone wouldn't go through.

Me: Oh sorry officer about that, we on vacation, getting a retreat and just forgetting all about the drama that been

happening in our lives lately. Regarding what you calling for I don't know what you talking about we don't even have a dog.

Officer: Okay aah sorry to disturb you, we will do some patrol around the neighbourhood and see what might be the problem.

Me: Okay officer have a great day.

I say cheerfully before dropping the call and ran back to the caravan where I found Swazi on the floor crying.

Me: Oh Shit Swazi

I help her up and help her sit on the bed.

Me: We have a problem, Mimi!

I say panicking.

Me: What do we do with Mimi?

Swazi: I ...I don't know

Me: What the fuck you mean you don't know, we have to get rid of him.

Swazi: I don't know how!

She snaps frustrating me even more.

Me: The fuck you mean! We must get rid of him, the same way you got us involved with him and right now I am taking you to

uGogo to sort you out perhaps help you see again then you going to find a way to get rid of him because the police are sniffing around.

I didn't give her a chance to think twice as I help her up and hook her arm around my arm before we slowly walked out. I could tell she's irritated but screw her I am also irritated.

FORTY THREE

NOMASWAZI

Gogo had to consult for us first before she could help me, she kept shouting at me and all I wanted to do was scream for her to shut up! it not like I don't know I messed up, and for her to keep saying one and the same thing isn't helping at all. She made us blow on her bones bag then called upon the ancestors before throwing the bones. I can only hear them as they land on the floor.

Gogo: Heeh Nkulunkulu wami, Nomaswazi what have you done?

I didn't say anything, I had nothing to say.

Gogo: You were supposed to cleanse your grandfather's house for the shame your mother and father did. You were supposed to do it right after completing everything but you didn't do it.

I forgot, I'm human I'm allowed to forget

Gogo: And this blood on your hands.

She clap once clearly not believing whatever she's seeing.

Gogo: Yini loyifuye endlini Nomaswazi.

I swallowed a lamp on my throat, now she's touching the most important part. How to get rid of Mimi?

Me: Eeh ...Gogo we need to get rid of it, please help me.

Gogo: How when you and that thing are one?

Zoe: Can't we just kill it.

Gogo: Ntombazane, your blood and that thing's blood are one if you kill it you both will die.

I felt my heart escaping with too much fear as I realised this is way bigger than I had thought.

Zoe: Oh my god.

Gogo: You have gone too far Nomaswazi I doubt your ancestors will even forgive you.

Me: Please Gogo do something please, we will pay you. I will do whatever I need to do just please help me, please. I promise to change; I am willing to change even if change means moving back here. I will do anything.

She claps once in disbelief.

Gogo: We have to move fast before people discover that whatever thing.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: Does that mean you will help me.

Gogo: Do I have a choice; you are my child and you have already dragged me into this. We firstly need to cleanse you off the blood in your hands tonight.

Me: Ngiyabonga Gogo.

This one may be hard on me sometimes but she always comes through for me, I am starting to trust he, she's the kind of person I can rely on.

We didn't have much time Gogo had us but two black chickens, a white candle and yellow we then went to the river. Zoe had to walk me slowly to the river, it helped that I was a little familiar with the path leading to the river. Gogo burned incense and cleansed us with chicken blood while we were talking that all bad luck, dark cloud must be left in the river as we washed them away. The water was too cold but for a better life I would do anything, Zoe then had to take a taxi first thing in the morning back to the city to feed Mimi while we were figuring out what to do with him, though Gogo doesn't seem too interested in the Mimi part. While Zoe would be going to the

city, Zenzele will drive Africa's caravan to PMB where I had to burn incense and apologise then do the ceremony of cleansing of which I was going to take the bile and cleanse pop's home, I had already called him and asked for a permission and also asked him to get me two goat. Which were required for apologising and cleansing the Nkosi household for the shame my mind and father did though they didn't know. As soon the strong woman such as Gogo got involved I felt like this issue could be resolved. Maybe it was too bad after all. That night I slept with so much hope and with a promise to never disappoint Gogo ever again, I am making a vow to make her proud for all that she has done for me.

GOGO

Nomaswazi is a young classy woman; well a child to me, being her gobela makes me her mother meaning whenever she needs something I should be there helping in a best way I know how. Yes she may be the most difficult child I have ever met but I like her spirit, I like how strong she is and I like how she stands up for herself only if she could do it in a more respectful manner. She needs lot of guidance because she has been wondering around with no guidance. She needs an elder in her life who will straighten her, she need tough but soft love. I will never tell her this but among all the trainees I have ever had she's my favourite putting aside her stinking attitude, if she gives herself

enough time and credit she can accomplish greater things; it really pains me how she has gone out of her way and practised dark magic regardless of what I told her. Most of the time she's frustrating but there's something about her, something so deep and beautiful. When she loves, she loves hard, she go out of her way for her friends. She put them first, she protects them, and her love for them makes her so pure and just amazing. And it not her ancestors who blinded her, I did. I wanted to save her from herself, from the love she has for her friend. And I wanted her to always come back to me, to know that she needs me. I still have izinkamba zakhe which I use to make sure she doesn't leave and never come back. I want to have a hold on her, I may go a wrong way about it but just like her my intensions are pure. I am saving her life, had I not took her eye sight she wasn't gonna stop and eventually her ancestors were definitely going to turn their backs on her just like they burned the hat, it was only a matter of time before they do. I am not going to let her go; I am going to manipulate her ancestors for as long as I can if it means keeping her in check all the time. And I know better, I know I am playing with fire as this might backfire but I am willing to go for it and break the rules for her and for my benefit.

FORTY FOUR

ZOLEKA

Arriving back at the city firstly I had to feed Mimi then dispose the stinking bucket with worms. The Indian guy said we can now dispose it, which I was really glad because I am so sick and tired of this. I had to drive to Inanda dam where I disposed the stinking worms then threw the bucket and drove back home where I took Mimi and put him in the boot before driving off again. We needed to figure out what to do with Mimi; we cannot keep it out of the question. On my way back to the village I called the funeral people to arrange a tombstone for Lisa. She deserved something of an upper class, doesn't matter the price I am selling the house my parents left for me and I am selling my shares in that company because quite frankly I don't want anything except money. We will build Lisa the tombstone that she deserves then upgrade our house to be some top class notch. Things are looking up now I just hope Swazi get better; I just hope she will be able to see soon because I need her.

NOMASWAZI

I, Gogo and Zenzele drove to PMB in a caravan. I was a little bit nervous but glad to have Gogo by my side. Upon our arrival the two goat were there waiting on us, I would like to think the ceremony went all though I still woke up blind. Gogo said it might take a while before they even consider forgiving me. I have doubted Gogo before but I would not do that mistake again.

Me: how I wish I could see already.

I whine as we were about to drive back to the village. Pops and his wife treated us good. Though I still wasn't close to them I still appreciated them for coming through for me in such cases.

Zenzele: Not this again

He says sounding so bored

Me: Fuseg!

Zenzele: We should be planning an outfit for your friend's tombstone unveiling

Me: Stay out of it.

Zenzele had to accompany me earlier on to see Lisa's gran so I would tell her about the tombstone. She was so happy yet so sad I couldn't see. Either way I had hope that Gogo apologising for me only means I will get to see eventually.

We drove back to the village, it an early morning so we will probably get there by the afternoon. Zenzele kept having unnecessary stops complaining about being tired by the time we finally got back at Gogo's place it was apparently late, I don't know I couldn't. Once Gogo has climbed out of the caravan another footsteps walked in.

Me: Zoe is that you, how did it go?

It went quiet for a while before someone cleared his throat.

Africa: It me

He says in a horsey voice.

Me: Africa ...

I say softly, ever since he abounded me here never came back to check up on me.

Africa: How you feeling?

I groaned loud enough for him to hear me

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I really thought him and I were an item.

Me: Like you care.

He huffed.

Africa: Actually I am here to get my caravan.

I couldn't believe my own ears.

Africa: I thought you are more matured, I really thought you the kind of woman who knows what she wants, who doesn't go around playing games but clearly I was wrong.

Me: Excuse me!

Africa: Shut up!

He snapped, his voice commanding me to shut up.

Africa: For someone so smart you can be so stupid, I want you to know I am too old for your sick games. I won't sit around here and watch you play me in the name of love. Go ahead and screw your own life just don't drag mine into it. I am going to take my caravan and you will never hear from me ever again, whatever this is, it not for me. I don't do games

Instead of feeling anger I was hurt, so hurt that his words felt like they were stabbing directly in my heart.

Africa: Fix you damn life and stay the hell away from me.

Tears just found their way out, I wanted to beg him to not leave me but I couldn't bring myself into begging a man. I had no come back either. I just let him do the talking as I felt so much pain deep within my heart.

ZIKHONA

Tears kept streaming down as I stood on top of the chair with a rope half loose around my neck, my throat so dry as I kept trying to water it with my saliva. I am shaking, but have no choice but to do this. It the only way to end my miserable pathetic life; with Mas'kha gone I am all alone and I won't survive without.

I took one last deep breath before closing my eyes and fastening the rope around my neck then kicked the chair and hanged there on the basement rook. The rope started choking me really painfully; I tried bragging it with no luck as it cut on my skin. As I hand here I am starting to regret this. I tried shouting for help but my voices wouldn't come out, I couldn't breathe I kept kicking as my eyes kept rolling back. I could feel the pee dripping down my legs followed my own shit, saliva started coming out of my mouth, this is it I am gone. I kicked a few times before it was light out for me.

The end of Zikhona!

FORTY FIVE

A MONTH LATER

Life is strange; it could show you flames one moment then treat you like a queen living in an island the next moment. It change everything you love and admire the most, even if you were a scientist with PhDs one thing you would never figure out is life. Then there's love, I never thought being in love with someone who doesn't want anything to do with you could hurt this much. To top it up today it finally Lisakhanya's tombstone unveiling on the other hand I am still trying to get over Africa who is getting married tomorrow. Zoe and I had spent the whole weekend with Gran helping with the preparations, now that the day is finally here I am both sad and happy.

So happy that I got to know an amazing person such as Lisa; I had the privilege of spending most of my time with her, loving her and watching her grow to be the best version of herself. She did live her life to the fullest, though it has been stolen; but she did live and did all the crazy things then loved so fearlessly and I really hope where ever she is; she has no regret. For this

particular day we had invited everyone who knew Lisa for Lisa. Though there are too many people whom I know for a fact didn't know her that well. I am just so happy I, Zoe and Sbusiso are here. I know Lisa would want us to be here. And I wouldn't choose to be anywhere but here today.

Me: Her soul is finally in peace.

I say as I place flowers on her tombstone that is already covered in flowers.

Zoe: She's probably watching down on us while sitting on Zakewu's lap.

Me: Perhaps she got the big fish Jesus himself.

We smile at each other as we hug while looking at her grave, my heart in so much pain; everyone is now leaving to the main reason for being here, food.

Sbusiso: Thank you for making sure I was part of this, I needed it.

He says his eyes full of tears.

Me: She would want you to be happy.

Sbusiso: I know, I read the letter.

He says before finally placing the flower on her grave.

Sbusiso: She had good friends in you two, what you did for her today is beyond my own words. It makes me understand why she always put you first. I am glad I got to meet you.

He's making me feel so emotional.

Me: Argh come here.

I say opening my arms for a hug, we all hugged while crying on each other's shoulders. Eventually we stopped.

Me: Could you please wait for me in the car.

I wanted some alone time with Lisa, Zoe and Sbusiso walked off leaving me behind.

Me: Hey girl, it done. I did it, we did it, she has been buried they found he rotten with worms coming out of her, she died like a dog that she was, I hope you rest easy wherever you are knowing the person who stole your life is no more. I love you so much, with all of my heart.

I say as a tear roll down my cheek.

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sans-serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">Me: I love you girl and now I just wants to live my life. I know that what you would want me

to do, and hell I will not let Africa marry that hoe. I have made up my mind even if it means causing chaos at that wedding.

I say so determined that I will not let the guy I have fallen madly in love with to just slip out of my hand just like that. Me, Zoe and Sbusiso drove back to Gran's house where we ate, and then Sbusiso drove back to Durban while Zoe and I were left behind helping Gran clean up the house.

Zoe and I have been living at the village for a whole month; I enjoyed being there with Zoe. We would complain about everything, everyday but it was really cool that the trainees did most of the work. Gogo made us to take care of Mimi, we feed him and he has grown to be a big scary dog. She said it what we will get for not listening to her, I think it more like a lesson. I had grown a lot living with Gogo, and I am ready to go back to the city and start my life again. Even Gogo said so herself, she personally said I can now go back to the city and do things my way. The only reason we are not going back is because our house is being renovated, into a much bigger better house.

Me: We will come and visit Gran I promise.

I say as Gran is saddened by us leaving, she loved having us around.

Gran: Please come soon, this is your home. I want you to come as you please always, okay.

Me: Okay Gran

Zoe: Once our house is done please come and visit us back in Durban Gran.

Gran: You will have to fetch me; I am too old for taxis.

We smile at her as we promise to come and fetch her once the house is done. After bidding goodbye to her we then drove back to the village, it was already late so we will probably get there in the middle of the night. I haven't told Zoe about my intentions of crashing Africa's wedding that was being held at the local hall, rolling eyes, a wedding in a hall at this time of the year; pssh.

Zoe: Okay where your mind at, I have been calling you for hours now.

Me: Umm what?

Zoe: Bitch.

Me: Okay

I say taking a deep breath as I grab on the steering wheel.

Me: I am going to tell Africa how I feel about him

Zoe: What? Wow

Me: Is that all you going to say?

Zoe: I ...uh I don't know what to say, you ...being in love makes you ...

Me: Makes me what?

Zoe: Makes me see the side of you I never thought I will ever get to see, seeing you fall in love is incredible and so beautiful. Like serious if you really love this guy then all I am saying is make things right, I will support you every step of the way. I really love it when you go for what you want. You make me admire you so much.

Me: Just say I am your role model.

Zoe: Mxm

She says rolling her eyes.

EPILOGUE

On our way back to the village we were busy singing, and laughing. I was finally at peace; I could feel my heart swimming in love. The smile on my face wasn't forced. Whatever Africa says tomorrow won't matter, as long as he knows I love him. By the time we arrived we were both dog tired, it was exactly the middle of the night. We just got in our small round hut and slept soundlessly till we were woken up by chickens in the early morning. When I woke up Zoe was still sleeping beside me, I got dressed and walked outside, everyone was busy up and down preparing to go to Africa's wedding even Zenzele himself who by the way is the one who told me Africa is getting married. I just ignored them and went about with my business; apparently Gogo spent the night there at Africa's house.

Zenzele: It a pity he's not marrying you.

He says as he's busy showing me different outfit as he couldn't decide which one to wear.

Zenzele: Should I go for mustered or maroon

Me: Just whatever.

I say and walked away.

Zenzele: Don't be bitter, you had your chance and you blew it.

Zoe and I let everyone go before we prepared to go there. We wanted to get there before the ceremony start, boy I was so nervous. My hands kept sweating and as for my heart; eww it kept beating hard. I really hoped Africa doesn't reject me in front of people, my heart wouldn't survive that.

Zoe: Relax will you.

Me: Easy for you to say

Zoe: Just go in there already you will be fine. I will be by your side no matter what.

Me: No matter what?

Zoe: No matter what.

She says grabbing my hand and squeezing it, warming my heart and giving me the courage I needed. We both got off the car and walked inside the hall, soft music is busy playing, we know the bride hasn't walked in because we have been standing outside for a while. Before we walk in we both stare at each other as we held hands, we took one last deep breath and walked in. Everyone is sited waiting for the bride to walk in. my eyes immediately shot to the alter where Africa was standing in his fine black tuxedo with Maqhawe before him. My head just went dizzy for a moment, as we walked down the aisle with Zoe holding my hand my eyes met with Africa and I blocked out

everyone else as they stare at us, making me more nervous. I have never been one to shy away from attention, I wouldn't start now. I kept my eyes on Africa as confusion crosses his face. He looks so fine, like the type of man I want to spend the rest of my life with. And I know I am looking smoking hot on my red, long gown with a slit by my left so long it reaches my thigh and every time I walk on these long ass black heels it opens and show off my damn sexy thigh, Zoe is wearing a similar dress but different colour. Our hands sweat against each other as we finally reach the alter with everyone giving us strange looks.

Zoe: You got this.

She whispers before letting go of my hand, the hall went dead quiet as everyone now stares at me. I took one last breath with a mentality 'if I die, I die'

I cleared my throat and look away from Africa as I face my fine ass shoes.

Me: Africa

I say so softly that I doubt I even heard my self correctly.

Me: Cele

Ndosi!

Magaye,

Khumbuza,

Nkomisengwilele ngoba mayimile iyakhahlela

Vico akagezanga wabuya nensila emfuleni!

Dubandlela!

Mkhokheli kaLanga,

KaZwana, KaSodi

KaNqumela, KaNyambane,

Mande, Zibula,

Mbutho Cabhashi,

Manzolwandle, Cilo owahlala ehlangeni qede umhlanga
wathoba.

I say his clan names so gentle then stop and took a deep breath
as I stare up at him.

Me: Inkosi ayiqedwa, S'thole esihle esimdludlukazi. Baba,
sthandwa senhliziyo yami. I love you, all my life I have never
fallen for a man like I have fallen for you. And I will never
forgive myself if I let you do this today; I want to spend the rest
of my life with you. I messed up, I always mess up but I love
you, I am not perfect but I love you. Isn't my love enough?
Before you marry her, I wanted you to know that I love you.

The tension in the hall was so thick, it could be cut by a very sharp knife, he stare down at me with his eyes dancing with so much love and his lips dancing with a smile warming my heart even more

Me: This is all of me, take me as I am. But if you love her then it fine.

I say as he was just staring at me with so much love that I caved and I really wanted him to just wrap his arms around me and shower me with his love.

Africa: Nomaswazi, Nokosazane emhlophe efana nezihlabathi zolwandle. You are the only woman I ever want to marry, the only woman who set my heart on fire. I am not the one getting married. Me: Eeh

He laughed as he takes a step closer to me; I could hear gaps and whispers from the crowd I had totally forgotten about.

Africa: Maqhawe is the one getting married

He says with a wide smile as he was so amused with my disbelief face. Me: You say what now?

Africa: Say what now is; I love you and I want to make you my wife. Me: You not getting married?

I asked still confused, he strokes my cheek gentle before planting a kiss on my forehead.

Africa: If I was getting married you were going to be the first to know as the bride.

Those words melted my heart as I wrap my arms around him, his body comforting me and warming every part of my body.

Cele: This girl never ceases to amaze me!

I hear his father say somewhere in the crowd.

I wouldn't have chosen any other man other than him, I love him! Africa, my man!

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

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