



THE WRATH OF WOLVES

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ABOUT;

Deep in the Kingdom of Lesotho wolves exist two types of hybrid wolves, wolves born with animal instinct and wolves infected with animals instinct. They all bow for the one true Alpha, Lupus. The god of wolves who can only summon the power of the *wrath of wolves*.

PRELUDE

PRINCESS ORATUWE MOLAPO

ORA

It's the sound of a howling wolf that opens my eyes. I feel cold, heavy and out of place. I'm way far from home and I don't know how I got here.

Up above my eyes the first thing I see is darkness. It's dark, too dark that it creeps the shit out of me. My skin is dressed in both shivers of fear and cold. I'm scared and disorientated but I manage to wake up and crouch myself by....a tree. Behind me is a strong tall tree. Up above I send my eyes with the tree and this time around I see that there are different branches with dancing leaves up in the sky.

Now sense is slowly coming back and I realise that I'm in a forest. I don't know how I end up sleeping in the middle of a forest. It looks like I'm right in the centre of the dark forest because I'm surrounded by trees. My only source of light is the bright full moon marrying into the night.

"Auuuuuuu!!" that howl comes again and I squirm, pressing my back hard on the tree as if it would envelop me in a hug and make me feel safe again,

A gust of wind comes out of nowhere, leaves fall on me hindering my sight. I close my eyes and wait for it to pass. I'm praying this is my twin brother playing a sick joke on me.

When the forest calms down I slowly open my eyes but this time around the forest is dressed in thick dense fog that hinders my sight more.

I want to stand up and run for my life but the fear in my heart doesn't let me. I'm shaking like a leaf as I sit by the tree,

"Auuuuuuuu!!" the howl of a wolf is much nearer now. I follow the sound and there.....right within the thick forest dressed in dense fog I see a pair of eyes. I know wolves. My brothers are wolves, I can attest that right there is no human eyes. That's a pair of wolf eyes and it's staring right at me.

Another thing I'm sure of is that it ain't any of my brothers. None of them have dark greyish eyes.

"Auuuuuuuu!!" it howls again,

"Auuuuuuuu!!" and again,

I'm shaken but not as scared as I was when I woke up. I'm trying to look deep in its eyes so I can make sense but.....the hell!

"Aunt!! Aunt!!" I'm wet and I have my six year old nephew standing by my side of the bed with a jug of water,

Once again I'm lost and confused,

"It was a dream" he say. His name is Lerotholi Molapo. My eldest brother's second born,

"What are you doing in my room and why did you pour water on me?" I'm an aunt, strict but I can never be strict with him.

I'm a twenty seven year old but believe me when I say a six year old of my brother scares the shit out of me.

He is collected. Doesn't even flinch at my tone but he hands me a towel to wipe my wet face,

"Don't ever look in his eyes" he say when I'm done cleaning my face,

I frown,

"Who?" I question,

"Amaruq" he looks deep in my eyes making me squirm like I'm some five year old girlfriend of his,

"Who the hell is Amaruq Leroy?" I exasperatedly question him again,

"Lerotholi please aunt" such a boy! He hates nick names,

"Amaruq is the wolf in your dreams aunt" bold he stands like a man who knows his business,

"How do you know about my dreams? Lerotholi act like a child please!" I snap, this child is not going to scare me not when I just had a very weird dream,

"Have some sleep aunt. This business stays between the two of us until I say otherwise" he looks deep in my eyes for emphasis and somehow scares the shit out of me with that look on his face,

I swallow the sudden fear gripping my throat,

"Great! Sweet dreams my only aunt" short like a child he is he walks out of the room leaving me stunned. What in the royal Baletsane is happening?!

CHAPTER 1

THE BIRTH OF BERENG SEEISO MOLAPOII, WOLF AGAR PART I

Royal names are mostly a repetition, most especially male names. When a son is born in royal houses, their names are derived after the past fallen royal men of the house. And for little Bereng making his way into the world inside Moletsane's modern hut, he inherited himself two royal names. After his late grandfather and after his father.

His late grandfather who was a phenomenal king in the kingdom left a word that; Seeiso his last born son should name his first heir after him, Bereng.

Seeiso did as told, he honoured his father but because he is Seeiso, and Khwezi vowed to never carry a human being in her womb for nine months ever again he fought for his name to be represented as well. The little fellow now inherited his father's name as well. BERENG SEEISO MOLAPO he is and shall always be known even in history books of the royal Baletsane.

INSIDE THE HUT Khwezi is aided by Mabereng; mother to the late king Bereng Molapo and Mamajara; wife to the late king Bereng Molapo. Moletsane is present as well in the hut. It's his duty as the healer, seer and trusted advisor of the Baletsane to see life through the yards.

"MaMolapo give me one last push my baby, he is almost there" Mabereng begs Khwezi occupying the spot between her legs,

“Mme i.....i....can’t” she say between sobs, they have been at it for hours,

“I know his star, one last push and all will be fine” Mamajara begs buttering her with how her husband calls her. My star is what her husband calls her,

“I’M NOT HIS STAR! I HATE SEEISO! I WANT HIM DEAD!” birth! We all hate them when we push those big heads, don’t we? She shouts, looking vicious and ready to behead her husband,

“I’m going to kill him” Ntate Moletsane offers his word brushing on her belly. He is just saying to calm her down but his words does the opposite, tears well up in her eyes again,

“I DON’T WANT YOU TO KILL MY HUSBAND! I WANT MY SIS0!” ntate Moletsane catches bullets, now the two old women glare at him as well, he is destructing her

“I won’t kill him” he takes his words back

“PUSH KHWEZI!” Mabereng shouts,

“AAAAAHHH!!!! MINA I CAN’T, I WANT MY SIS0!!!!” she pushes but nothing happens, everyone in the hut is slowly growing worried, they have been at it for hours,

“I’m here my star, give them a push baby! I’m begging you my love!” Seeiso screams outside the door. At first he was adamant that he is going to be part of his son’s birth. And he did join but only for the first thirty minutes or so. When things started getting real he fainted only to be thrown outside the hut. He joined back in an hour later after he

woke up but his place is been outside the door since, there is no way he is getting inside again,

“Push Khwezi!” Mabereng pinches her inner thighs. There is no time to beg her now, she has to push,

“Siiiiiiiiiiiiisooooooooo!!!” she gives her best push, things tear apart down there..... her screams chases Seeiso from the door, it sounds painful and scary,

The two women between her thighs share looks, they throw a look at ntate Moletsane. She is dilated and all but the baby is just not coming,

“Mme....i’m....tired” she is losing strength, this girl better not die,

“MaMolapo!!” Moletsane pats her cheeks, she is falling asleep,

“Don’t sleep MaDlomo, look at me!” she tries, fighting fatigue to keep her eyes on ntate Moletsane,

“Here!” he gives her one root of their ancestral tree, “Chew and spit, call your clan names okay!” she nods, laying legs apart on the reed matt,

“ODinangwe, oMkhabe.....”

“A.A” Moletsane interjects her, “You’re a Molapo now MaMolapo, we paid your father what is due to him, call our clan names” she knows, she is just too weak and her brain is failing her

“Bataung, Baletsane, Batho bamodisa phohole.....” She knows them, she recites their clan names while Ntate Moletsane lays another reed matt next to her. He throws his bones with a sigh and ask aid from their ancestors.

Something is not right for Bereng to hold his mother like this.

The room stills as everyone inside the hut wait for him to inform of what is happening. He groans and moans praising the elements of his ancestral bag before him. His entire body looks like it has been possessed by a snake. He curls like a snake twisting his neck,

“BoMoletsane shhhhhhh!” he hisses clapping hands down the bones scattered on his matt,

“Keya utlwaaa. Hae shape fatshe, haaaiii!” (I hear you. Apologies, haiiiiii!) He burps loud before he heaves a sigh and look up the roofing for a while,

“Ntate Moletsane what is going on?” Mamajara worriedly asks after he composes himself from his episode. He doesn't offer her a word. He takes his mirror jar from his ancestral bag, place it on Khwezi's belly and look. His focus is directed right inside the clear liquid that fills the bottle. The image he sees brings him to gasp!

“LEROTHOLI!!” he exclaims,

“What is happening?” Mamajara asks again reading the worry on his facial expression. He collects his things shaking his head in disbelief,

“Ntate Moletsane what is going on?” Mabereng also asks

“Lupus' pup, Aragorn has implanted in him” he say in a whisper for Khwezi not to hear, the two old women look at each other confused, they don't know what he means. He

walks to the door to call Majara, he needs to get his son here and Seeiso has to clean up his mess.

OUTSIDE THE HUT.....

Seeiso goes to stand by his brothers and the hysterical Mabataung a safe distance from the hut. She was with Khwezi when she started experiencing labour pains. Khwezi's screams and the hut situation awakened memories of how Lerotholi came into the world in a hut as well and now she cannot believe she is pregnant with triplets and going to go through the same shit again, or worse, three wolves means triple the pain,

"Mama Tlotla please calm down!" Majara begs his crying wife who sits on the chair under the tree. He is on a knee before her. Puso is fanning her for air,

"Papa Tlotla how could you? You put three babies in my womb and now I'm going to go through the same pain again" she knows what the prophecy say, the last triplets are in her womb and she might pop anytime as well "I don't want to give birth!" pregnant woman drama!

"I'll give birth for you" Seeiso say joining the three,

"A coward who was thrown outside the hut unconscious will give birth for you?" Puso jabs at Seeiso, he is not going to forget it in a while with Puso around,

"You'll give birth for me?" Mabataung holds Puso's hand looking up at him. His big mouth got him in trouble, now he has to promise her that he will give birth for her,

"Aaah ausi Lwa....i mean....MaNgcobo....."

“EY!” Seeiso spanks Puso’s head “Yes or no, you’ll give birth for her?” Seeiso asks content with how nervous Puso is,
“I think I’ll be too busy.....”

“He’ll be too busy to give birth for me!!” she is hysterical all over again, this is the one pregnancy that turned her into a lunatic. She wasn’t this messy with Lerotholi, and with Tlotla no one can exactly say but this one, they sure have witnessed the crazy side of MaNgcobo and they all cannot wait for her to give birth,

“I’ll give birth for you my person” Majara promises his wife when Puso refuse to stretch for his wife,

“You will?” tears stops like a tap switch on her face

“Anything for you rato laka” (.....my love) she smiles,

“I’m not going to go through that, right?”

“I’ll do all the screaming and pushing and the babies will come out of my.....” Where exactly would they come out of? He trails off trying to think of where he would push the babies from,

“Your ass, he’ll push them out of his ass” Seeiso is quick to think but that sets them back, Mabataung throws daggers at him with a trembling lip, if they are not careful she is going to cry again,

“I don’t want my babies to come through the anus” her tone trembles,

“No no baby. They’ll come through my vagina” Majara is quick to say gaining himself a grin from his wife. His brothers behind Mabataung are holding in their muffled laughter’s, he just admitted to having a vagina,

“I love you Papa Tlotla” Mabataung beams, there is no man that she loves more than this one who is going to give birth for her,

“I love you too my person” he gets off his knee to peck her lips,

“Now stop crying” there is nothing he hates like seeing tears on her beautiful face. He cups her face and wipe off the tears with his thumbs kissing her countless times,

“Where is MaMolete?” only now that she is back from the pregnancy hormones world she remembers that she was with Lerato when Khwezi started having labour pains “Please go check on her” she say to Puso suddenly feeling sad for her. This must be painful for her.

The hut door opens “MAJARA!!!” ntate Moletsane calls him, “Get your ass in here!” he barks,

“I’m not the father” Majara thinks he made a mistake calling for him,

“MAJARA!!!” Moletsane hisses. Majara let’s go of his wife’s hand with a sigh and goes inside the hut. Seeiso is left unsettled with Mabataung,

“Do you think there is a problem ausi Lwa?” he stares at the hut door where Majara and Moletsane disappeared, Khwezi hasn’t stopped crying and screaming

“No. They probably just need the wolf to scare her so she pushes” Mabataung say whatever comes from her mind, she also doesn’t know why Majara would be needed in Khwezi’s birth but she doesn’t want him to panic,

Seeiso frown looking down at her, this pregnancy is really making her lose her mind “Don’t you want to sleep?” its best she sleeps, her mind is escaping her when she is awake,

“I do but I’m too tired to walk to the house” clearly! She is too huge and lazy, carrying three is no child’s play,

“I got you” Seeiso carries her in his arms to the house,

“My husband’s got stronger arms than yours” she say in his arms, ungrateful pregnant woman

“Do you want to walk?” he threatens,

“No thank you, yours are strong as well” better

IN THE HUT.....

Majara is alarmed. The minute he walks in the hut, the look in ntate Moletsane’s eyes says it all. Something is going down,

“Your son implanted!” Ntate Moletsane presses him to the door whispering, he can’t afford the frail Khwezi to panic on top of what she is going through already,

“NO!” Majara denies in a whisper as well, “It can’t be! He is six years old!” he barks

“He did! Touch her belly” Majara swallows staring at Ntate Moletsane “We didn’t see him because he is one of Aragorn’s pack, your son is creating his own pack and he implanted in his cousin. Get a name from him or else MaMolapo is going to lose the little strength she has left!” Majara pops his eyes,

“That’s not all” ntate Moletsane add mid his astonishment,

“BoMoletsane wants the King’s first born home” this is definitely shock Majara day!

“She doesn’t know!” Majara argues in a whisper so Khwezi doesn’t hear it,

“He is a king. He had plenty of time to be honest to his queen. MaMolapo is not going to die because of his dishonesty!” Ntate Moletsane continues to hiss,

“Get Lerotholi in here and get the princess within the yard before dusk. Lerotholi will talk to his wolf to hold on a bit” He nods, though with a heavy sigh and have one look at Khwezi before he shifts out of the hut. Vulamasango would go rogue if anything happens to his daughter. This needs him to handle before the sun sleeps.

He is out of the door in a shift, there is no time to reason this but they’ll sit down about it after MaMolapo is free. He is thankful there is no sign of Seeiso outside. He would have seen right through him. In a shift he is up in the cinema room where he finds Peete, Tlotla and Lerotholi.

His eyes bore exactly at the one he wants, Lerotholi his son, wolf Aragorn in wolf form. Lerotholi is a weird child, not much of a talker but a good listener and observer. He feels his father’s eyes on his back and turn to hold his stare. He is that child that will look deep in your eyes and not be ashamed or afraid, for a minute it’s a staring contest between father and son. Tlotla and Peete are oblivious to the two as they are focused on a deadly movie they are watching. Peete has always been the one to not stand deadly movies

but of late he is joined in the crew, something is really wrong with this children,

“Lerotholi!” he finally calls him, the two are startled,

“Eish papa Tlotla, you scared us” Tlotla say,

Majara doesn’t say a word, he is focused at this young fellow making his way up to him,

“Papa” Lerotholi stands before him, young like a peanut but strong as fox in character. His observations skills are epic,

“Follow me!” Majara order him walking out of the cinema room,

Lerotholi obeys tailing his father to stand right by the door with his little hands pushed inside his pockets just like him. For a minute Majara have no words, his is stunned by this little him,

“Molapo!” he say glaring down at him,

“Moletsane!” Lerotholi responds back with the same effort, sometimes it doesn’t feel like he is six. It’s like there is an old soul harbouring him.

“You’re creating your own pack?” Majara asks a six year old like he speaks to an adult, he knows that he is one boy that hates being babied with everything in him,

“Yes father!” so formal! Another thing he should have seen as a sign, he is always too formal for his own age. This only means he is an alpha of his pack same as he is of his own pack. Two alphas in one kraal,

“Who did you implant on?” Majara asks,

“Peete and Bereng” just great, even Peete is now a wolf as well

“Why?” Majara questions his son,

“The end is coming and it will not be the end of my bloodline” his father frowns,

“My boy you’re a damn infant to involve yourself in my battles”

“I’m a wolf! Lupus offspring with witchcraft magic running through my veins” Majara is rendered speechless all over again. He looks up at his father, no guilt or fear in his eyes. He knows what he is and what he is doing. And he doesn’t have any regrets,

“Oh father! My pack name derives from my name Aragorn. Peete is wolf Rorn and Bereng is wolf Agar” Majara is still stunned, he stares at the little man in disbelief,

“Go on father, I cannot lose my wolf all because you didn’t call his wolf name” he say and walks back inside leaving his father stunned, but he is quick to compose himself and shift back to the hut.

Khwezi doesn’t look good by now. He gets on his knees and touch on Khwezi’s swollen belly, his eyes take the red Lupus form as he stares at her. Indeed she carries a wolf implanted on by his own son. He is exactly like Lerotholi, a wolf tainted by darkness,

“Agar, the first of your name and the blood line of the great Lupus” he brushes on her belly “I carry a message from your alpha, he asks that you hold on a bit, your sister has to be brought home first. Please Bereng Seeiso Molapo the heir to

the throne and second wolf of wolf Aragorn” Khwezi stops moaning in pain when he frees his hands from her. He share looks with Ntate Moletsane before he gets on his feet,

“And now?” Ntate Moletsane asks him a safe distance from the women attending Khwezi,

“I’m going to get the princess. She’ll be here in an hour” she is in two district away but that’s just nothing to Lupus,

“Make it before dusk. Seeiso will clean his mess after his son is born”

CHAPTER 2

THE BIRTH OF BERENG SEEISO MOLAPOII, WOLF AGAR PART II

PABATSO

It's sad that children have no choice in who mothers and fathers them. Little Bohlokoa is one child that is a meal ticket to her mother. It was better when her grandmother was still alive because she genuinely cared for her and didn't make her feel like her walking talking wallet.

Bohlokoa is a daughter to Pabatso. A girl who happened to be a one night stand to the now king a decade ago. The little nine year old Bohlokoa is the result of the one night her mother shared with the king. The end product that unlocked her mother's soft life that she is living now. That one night turned her into a royal secret baby mama and she is enjoying the benefits of giving birth to royal blood.

She was bought a house in the suburbs of Leribe, two districts away from the palace. The king needed to make sure she plays far away from the queen and she is been playing in her lane except when she needs to use her daughter for her own benefits.

It's a lazy Friday afternoon. Pabatso is in a pool in her double storey mansion just lazing around and enjoying some cocktails before she dolls up for the club. Getting herself serviced every now and then doesn't hurt anyone because all she is, is just a baby mama to the royal house. It's not like

King Seeiso will waltz in here any day and claim her for the second wife position. He is made that very clear that she can live her life any how she likes with whomever as long as her life doesn't disrupt his princess.

At first things weren't this jolly between the two. She offered him to be his second best but he denied. She threatened to run away with Bohlokoa but he encouraged her,

"Please do Pabatso. Go hunt the world with my daughter and we'll see how far you'll get" he said. Seeiso is an easy bubbly person. She takes advantage of that at most but in that moment she knew that, that was not the bubbly Seeiso speaking but a King who'll not shy away from eliminating her from the face of the world in a space of a minute. She knew then that the man will not see her as anything but a very long one night stand.

Her last card was threatening to contact the queen and telling about her secret daughter. She knew she could find a way to get to her even though she walks around with crazy security this days, one might actually think she is the Jesus' wife the way they make her look so important. Yes it's hard to get to the queen but as an ex roommate she can throw a stone or two to get to her.

Well that card didn't play out beautiful as well. One look from the King's eyes when she put that one hand on the table had her swallowing the drums produced by her heart beat due to fear. He offered her the boundary look. She knew that that's the line she better not cross if she values her life. It sickens her that he went all out to hide even his daughter just so that Khwezi cannot find out that they knew each other between the sheets. Yes he could have hidden her as

the mother but to hide his own daughter as well, that's the lowest low for him.

"Fill up my glass Flora" she raise her glass to the presence behind her, not turning to confirm if it's indeed mme Flora. Mme Flora is her personal maid. There are three maids in this house. Lelo is Bohlokoa's maid, Flora hers and Dino is just an extra she is not sure what she does because there is also chef Kamo who is responsible for the pots. Those are just about the people who she bosses around in the house except an army of security rolling outside the house.

There is whole lot of perks that came with giving birth to a princess and being kept a secret,

"FLORA!" she snaps when she doesn't hear her footsteps walking towards her.

"I don't fucking pay you to lazy arou....." her words falls short with a gasp when she finally turns. She had a talk with Seeiso, he can bring anyone but not this brother. Not this scary inhuman brother. Something about him is authoritative and commands respect. She is not even sure he knows what smiling means or even know how to. Not once even in pictures had she seen his set of teeth. He is always this cold stone creature that looks like a human while one can actually see that he is far from being human.

She swallows, feeling goose bumps cover her entire skin. Even the hairs at the nape of her neck has stood with fear,

"My....my prince!" she cannot bring herself to get out of the pool. She is half naked and the scary prince is just standing there.

She doesn't know if its disgust that she sees from his face but one cannot exactly tell with this one. For a moment he just looks at her with a look she cannot hold. She shamefully drops her eyes not knowing what exactly she is ashamed of

"The princess is coming with me, she'll be back when I bring her" oh he speaks, finally! He say not letting her off his stare. She wants to ask when is he bringing her but this is the eldest brother, it would have been better if it was Puso,

"Yes my prince" she cannot afford to look him in the eyes, something about his look is very unsettling,

"That's all!" he turns on his footsteps leaving her. How did he even find Bohlokoa? Why is he wearing a blanket in this hot weather? If it was anyone she would have asked but this is Majara Molapo. The one and only Lupus that some call The great gray.

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MAJARA

As his name say, Maraja, he will always be the anchor of this family. He will carry his brother's burdens and make them his no matter what. He quickly gets decent in the wolves' quarters they built at far back of the palace mainly for this purpose. Being a wolf is amazing and annoying at the same time. When one transforms they lose clothes. This man's hut they built and stocked it with clothes and booze for when they have to get proper after taking a wolf form.

“Princess! Princess Bohlokoa! Wake up my baby!” he gently whispers in the princess’s ears whom he laid to sleep so she doesn’t see that his father is a wolf,

“Papa Tlotla!!” She squeals, waking up from her wolf induced sleep. It pains him that Seeiso is hiding this precious soul all because he is afraid of losing his wife. She wraps her little arms around his neck and he embraces her as he hurries up to the palace with her in his arms,

“Where is my papa? I want to see him” she is a little talker just like his own daughter,

“He is here my baby, you’ll see him”

“And I’ll sleep with him? I want to sleep with my father. Mama doesn’t want to sleep with me” at nine poor thing longs to sleep with any of her parent. From a mother who cashes on her and a father who hides her. She doesn’t deserve any of that,

“You’ll sleep with me, don’t you want to sleep with me?”

She laughs hiding her face “No papa Tlotla, you snore” that brings laughter to his face as well,

“I’ll try not to snore my baby, why don’t you go find aunty Ora or grandma” he say setting her off his arms. He puts her down,

“I want to see my papa, where is my papa?” she asks again,

“I’m going to fetch him for you” that brings a smile on her tiny little face. He watches her run up the stairs into the house before he hurries to the hut.

It was said that the king's eldest daughter should be within the yard, now that she is home hopefully the queen will be released from labour pains.

Seeiso is now back outside the hut. He hurries to meet him half way when he sees him,

"I thought you were still inside, what is happening? Is my star going to be okay" Seeiso shoots him with questions,

"She is not okay, but she'll be fine. Step out of my way"

He does as told with a sigh "Please tell her I love her and I'm right outside the door" Majara nods already on his way in.

Khwezi is not looking good. Moletsane is got a damp towel on her belly gently brushing on it while Mabereng is fanning her for some air and Mamajara has her head on her lap.

All their eyes spark with hope when they see him. He nods to assure them before he falls on his knees right next to Moletsane,

"Is she here?" Moletsane whispers to him,

"Yes. Let me free her" he keeps his tone low as well and touch on the queen's swollen belly

"Wolf Agar free your mother son!" he calls out and something urges Khwezi to push harder

"Maaaaaaa!!!! Mama! Maaaaa!!!!!!" she screams so loud for the one she wishes was here and it's all it takes, just one push. Mabereng hurries between her legs. The little man came out with just one single push.

Everything she has been through is all worth it when she hears that little voice fill the hut. He is here and he is crying. It's all a new mother wants to hear. Majara crouches back to the wall digesting what just happened. He needs a meeting with his own son,

"Welcome to the world again son" Mabereng holds the new born baby boy. She is the mother to the late Bereng. This little man is going to take her son's name hence her choice of words,

"He is perfect makoti, you did great" Mabereng puts the little fellow on his mother's chest after they have cut in the umbilical cord,

"My star!!" Seeiso calls from the outside,

"Moletsane" she responds with his clan names, her tone is carried with emotions, the love she has for this man on her chest surpasses what she feels for Seeiso. This is the one man she would leave her husband for,

"Does he have a penis?" it's his way of asking if he is indeed a boy. Khwezi chuckles, laughing is hard because down there is still a mess that Moletsane and the two old women are busy with,

"Yes daddy" she responds drawn by the little perfect crying man in her arms,

"Does it look like mine?" Seeiso and his tongue! Everyone between her legs stop what they are doing to look at her, they want to see her answer more than hear it,

"My star, does his penis look like mine?" he repeats his nonsense questions when Khwezi hesitates with the answer

“I don’t know” she doesn’t, she is still taken by his little cute face to inspect his manhood,

“You don’t know? If we were not here you would have told him exactly what he wants to know” Mabereng say and Mamajara agrees with her with a head nod,

“Don’t worry mommy, I’ll compare it myself” that one he will do, unfortunately Seeiso is a nut case, what he say he does,

“Does he have my nose?” this one Khwezi can affirm, she smiles running her hand on his nose. He inherited the Molapo sharp English nose like all of them,

“Yeah” she say

“I love you mme wahae!” (.....his mother!) Seeiso confesses outside the door,

“I love you ntate wahae!” (.....his father!) she reciprocates with a smile

CHAPTER 3

A WOMB IS NO DEFINITION TO A WOMAN

PUSO

It's been five good years since I wifed her up, Lerato Khotso. I don't regret a damn thing or long for another, she is all I have, all I need and all that makes Puso Softy Molapo a man amongst men. The first year of our marriage was the most painful one. I have seen her heal with time but one thing I know for sure is that the scar will always be there to remind her, both physical and emotional scars. From her experience I learned that we never really heal as humans, we just learn to live with our pains.

She didn't only lose our child for loving me, she lost her womb as well.

In my eyes she is the strongest woman I know alive. The one who survived the most gruesome ordeal and still choose to be with me when she could have left me because truly speaking, I'm the one responsible for her not having a womb today.

I knew my ex-wife. I knew how volatile and unstable she was but I still brought this beautiful soul in my life only for her to pay for my sins. Life did her really bad. I wish to undo all that let her to having this emotional pain.

I carry her pain in my spirit, I feel the ache in her soul as I stand by the door watching her with nothing but love. It scares me of how much I love Lerato Khotso. She came into

my life and became the peace I needed in my life. I wanted to name her MaKhotso when I married her but my family refused. They named her MaMolete after the great grandmother of this house.

They gave her the name because of what she went through. I thought I had lost her when she didn't wake for months but my seer assured me that the spirit of Nkgono Mamolete was with her, I knew she was going to survive from that day.

It may be five years later but she is still deeply wounded from being stabbed almost to death by my late first wife and losing our child while at it. I know there is no mending the wound in her soul except for me to just be here and hold her through the pain,

“Ntata Peete” She feels me standing behind her,

She smiles, a painful smile turning to look at me.

I had been silently standing by the door. This is one of the things that confirms that I found my one on earth. Mamolete is in tune with my soul, I don't have to announce my presence in the room with her. She just simply feels it when I'm with her,

“I didn't see you come in” she adds, trying hard to mask the pain in her eyes and tone,

“Come here” I reach out my hand and she comes for my hold,

“Let's have a moment” she doesn't fight me when I lay us on top of the bed. I want to look in her angelic eyes and see through her pain,

“How are you feeling?” I ask holding her for dear life, a lone tear paces towards her ear and I catch it with my thumb,

She breathes, closing her eyes to shut the pain,

“It hurts” she say opening her eyes. I see it in her eyes that it hurts,

“I’m a woman with no womb” I cup her beautiful face, allowing her the time to let it all out,

“I’ll never give you a child Molapo, it hurts seeing other women become mothers, I wonder if we would have been blessed with a boy or girl? I wonder if they would have looked like me or you” a little smile forms on her lips as I smile

“But I would have loved a girl” she adds with a sad smile, I would have loved a girl too,

“She took life from me. I’ll never be able to know how it feels like to bring life in this world, it hurts so bad Molapo.....it’s not that I’m not happy for Khwezi and Mabataung but it hurts, my only mistake was loving you and I got punished so bad that I lost my womb for it in the end” she breaks apart and I hold her tight to my chest,

She will never heal from what Mapeete did to her and I don’t expect her to. Mapeete is the first and the only woman I wish to resurrect from the dead and keep killing over and over again. That bitch deserves to dine with the devil, she was a she devil in a wolf skin,

I still remember the day she stabbed my beautiful peace just like it was yesterday. We had focused on Kotiza after she found out she lost both her grandparents.

The Dlomos are one of our strongest allies. We had to be with them and hold them through their time of need and that’s

when my late wife lured Mamolete to our old house asking her for a sit down so they talk.

I was prepared to wife them both and I thought MaPeete had accepted her, but boy was I wrong. She made a complete fool out of me and everyone.

She stabbed her in our old house and ordered wolf Akela to finish her off. That's how cruel my late wife was. She wanted my baby's stomach to be my second wife's grave. She had a perfect plan I have to give her that but her mistake was thinking she could command a wolf while she was just a mere human.

No wolf takes orders from just simple mortals. One must be of the high power to command a wolf.

At age two my baby girl did the undoable. Tlotla unleashed wolf Akela on her. She wasn't about to feast on her vile blood, she killed her with just her stare. A wolf's wrathful stare is penetrative, it can wound one and break every bone in their bodies with just a look.

Mapeete found herself under Akela's vicious stare. She held her with just a look until she gave up. Blood came out of her ears, nose, mouth and eyes. She was cold by the time neighbours flooded in.

Akela howled deep after finishing her off so the neighbours could flood in to help MaMolete. She took a hiding herself so not to be seen by people.

Was I ever furious at my baby girl for doing what I couldn't do? Never. Mapeete had long outplayed her time in my heart. I was keeping her for my son. She was the mother of my son regardless, and Peete deserved her in his life.

The neighbours were astounded. They had no words. People were just stunned. Some said they heard a wolf howl but there was no wolf in the house when they arrived. They only found one unconscious woman and one dead woman.

Everything was clear that Mapeete had stabbed Lerato. She had the bloodied knife in her hand. What stunned people was what killed her. No one could exactly say what caused her death but us the Wolves of the South knew. We knew she was killed by one of us but we didn't think it would be our little baby Tlotla.

When she appeared after the audience had left we knew right there and then that the next generation of this house is going to be one of the strongest wrathful generation of their time. Tlotla wasn't supposed to have her first kill at two. But she did and manoeuvred it so well leaving no evidence behind.

My first wife's death will remain a mystery and I have no regrets. It's only in days like this when I wish it had been me to eradicate her from the face of the earth. Maybe seeing her take her last breath would have taken all the guilt of me.

It eats me up that I brought Lerato in my life and she paid with her womb. She can never have children and it's all because of me. I'm responsible for her not being able to bring life into this world.

"Molapo" her sweet melodic voice brings me back from my burdened thoughts,

"Don't cry please, you break my heart more when you cry"
she wipes a lone tear falling down my eye,

I can't help myself but chuckle at my weak ass heart. Her pain will always be in my heart. I carry it with her.

I bring her hand for a peck and look in her eyes,

"I'm sorry my peace. I'm sorry you'll never know what it feels like to be a mother all because you loved me"

She smiles,

"You know what's funny?" she asks,

I shake my head no,

"I think even if I knew that I would have to lose my womb to have you, I think I still would have taken the risk" she warms my heart, this is why I cannot see myself without her,

"Please look in my eyes" I ask,

She does, she sets her eyes right in mine and that feeling is still here five years later. That unexplainable feeling I only feel for her,

"A womb doesn't define you. Your woman enough for me and shall always be, you hear me?"

She smiles, reaching to plant a soft kiss on my lips,

"Don't ever doubt my love for you all because you cannot give me children. I will love you now and till the end of time" I add,

She beams. It's all she wanted, assurance,

"Thank you husband" I pull her closer and smooch her soft lips. She breaks the kiss when I try to deepen it,

"Stop. I have something planned for us tonight" she is got that dirty smile on her face,

“It’s going down tonight” I cannot hide my excitement. I love how spontaneous and kinky she is. It’s refreshing to have a generous wife, woman are very stingy with the wound,

“All the way down?” I wink,

“I bought another red lace number you’re going to love”

“WOMAN WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?!” she giggles, escaping my touch as I try to kill the wound. This is all I wanted, my happy wife. No womb can define her, she is still woman enough for me and shall always be.

CHAPTER 4

SECRETS

KHWEZI

I have seen some crazy fucked up shit in my life but this one takes the cup. Like the hell! I swear this child is trying to gain me some grey hairs,

“LEROHOLI!!” I shout, sitting up straight and glaring at him. When did he even walk in here?

I just woke up to find him holding Bereng in his arms naked. How does a six year old do that?

He glares at me, no fear visible in his eyes from the couch he sits across the bedroom with my son. How did he even take him next to me on the bed? I slept next to my son and I sure as hell know that Seeiso left us still in bed in the morning,

“He hates clothes. His fur itches when you clothe him” he say glaring back at me,

A frown kicks anger of my facial expression, now I’m lost as hell,

“Whose fur?” I question

“Agar’s fur” this child!

“Who is Agar?” he glares at me, like I bore the hell out of him

“I have to go mother, please let him loose once in a day. Don’t clothe him all day long” I jump off the bed to meet him halfway as he steps down the couch with my son in his arms. He is six and my son is a week old,

“Have a great day mother” he hands me my son with a smile leaving me.....so weird!

“You okay my baby?” I speak to my son, trying to forget the weird emotion his cousin left me with,

“You promise to be a good boy while mommy makes the bed and clean-up” I need to have a talk with my husband. I know exactly where I’ll find him, in the study,

I hope this one behaves. I’ll be quick about it. I need to make my bed and wash up. I need to ship him to Lavo. I haven’t checked on her since I gave birth. I have been too busy adjusting to motherhood this week that I forgot to check on her.....

“Koko Khwezi!” I’m interrupted by Tlotla walking in with Bohlokoa, she is already in before I can even say come in,

“Dumelang Mme MaMolapo!” Bohlokoa humble and respectful as ever greets me first. Tlotla is already on the couch next to Bereng where I laid him while I make the bed. Tlotla calls everyone as we call each other. We failed her from a young age, no one corrected her from calling her elders with names and now she is eight and calling us as we come. I’m Khwezi, my husband is Seeiso, abuti Puso is just that and her mother is Mabataung. It’s only her father that she calls Papa Tlotla but at times she goes with abuti Majara,

“Hello baby” my eyes are on my husband’s secret daughter but I’m quick to look at the unruly one trying to unfold my son’s fist so that I don’t make her uncomfortable. I honestly don’t know how Seeiso thinks he is hiding such a photocopy from me, Bohlokoa is a female version of him,

“Your son is ugly Khwezi” Tlotla

“He is a baby, he’ll be fine when he grows” Bohlokoa rescues me. At least I have two guards now, I can wash up in peace without worrying about him,

“Why is he so white?” Tlotla asks looking at me,

He is a new born, he hasn’t outgrown the baby skin,

“Babies skin are like this, he’ll have a normal skin in a week or two” Bohlokoa seems educated about new borns’, did my husband’s secret baby mama have another baby or what?

“How do you know so much about babies Hlokoa?” Tlotla beats me to my question, by now they are not even paying attention to me. They are besties. Bohlokoa is older but one cannot tell with Tlotla’s body. She is still very much fat unlike Bohlokoa,

“My other brother was like this” she say

“Other brother? How many do you have?” Tlotla continues to ask,

“Two. It’s Pitso and him” she comes low when she say him, she points at Bereng next to Tlotla,

“You never talk about Pitso, where is he?” I can’t help but chuckle as I disappear in the bathroom, now I’m eavesdropping on children,

“I don’t know. Mama gave him away I guess” that’s something Pabatso would do. But why would she give the child away except.....no no no...I don’t even want to think about it. I would burn Seeiso alive if he dared cheated on me with Pabatso.

Bohlokoa's situation is different. She was born before I came in the picture but if there is a second child that one is something I'll not forgive. I need Lavo and Ora. Mabataung is still a messy preggy, right now we hide things from her because she is a mess.

Honestly Seeiso takes me for a fool but he doesn't know he is the biggest fool. He thinks I don't know about Bohlokoa being his kid. I know and I'm not going to do shit about it until he grows a spine and tell me to my face that he is got a nine year old daughter with Pabatso.

I found out five years ago before I buried my grandparents. He came home with Bohlokoa and lied when I asked him about her telling me she is his aunt's daughter but I overheard him talking to his brother asking him to accompany me home for the funeral. He had to see Pabatso and talk to her about their mystery child.

Sure I wasn't happy about it and I wanted off but my mother knocked some sense in me. He joined in the funeral later and I didn't ask him questions. But from then I put my lawyer mode skills to use and kept my mouth shut.

I know he bought Pabatso a house and she is living quite a lavish life but I don't care. Quite frankly I'm thankful that he is handling that witch without involving me. I only feel sorry for Bohlokoa who is caught in his father's lies but before he mans up and owns up to his shit, I'm not getting involved.

I'll play the naïve woman who knows nothing and make sure guilt eats him up every day as I tell him how proud I am to be the first woman to make him a father.

One thing he disregarded in this is that I'm a lawyer by profession even though I'm not practicing. I can see a lie right on a person's face. I learned it at school and I don't know how he thought I couldn't find out about him lying to me for years,

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SEEISO

Secrets. Secrets are heavy. They weigh down the mind, body and soul. Secrets can consume you in a way that they change your whole character. Never in my life did I think I would have a secret life. I have turned out to be something I'm not because of the one secret I cannot bring myself to tell. The sad thing is that my baby girl is suffering because I'm afraid of losing the woman I love for her. I feel like such a fucked up father, which I know I am.

Bohlokoa is nine years old but she is still my secret child. My wife doesn't know about her and with years going by it's getting harder and harder to come clean.

I didn't plan to keep her a secret. I found out five years ago that I have a baby with a one night stand which I barely even knew or remembered. I was going to tell my star and come clean. But the day I found out about my girl my wife lost her grandparents.

I was shattered for her. I wasn't about to break her heart and tell her that I fucked up with the one girl she hates the most and had a baby. She was already going through a tremendous shit of emotions with her grandparent's death. So I postponed telling her the truth. I thought I would tell

her after we had buried her grandparents but boy was I wrong.....

Then MaPeete was dead in my family. Another hurdle that made me postpone coming clean. Then Juju was having his traditional wedding at last. Then we were getting married. She was at her happiest and I wasn't about to shatter her once again. And when I thought I could confess at last she was pregnant.

How do I even start to tell her that I'm already a father when she is always so excited and reminding every chance she gets that she is the first woman to make me a father?

She wanted a girl so bad because she knew just how much I love those little traitors. Yes I wanted a girl with her but I already have Bohlokoa so I was praying for a boy and I got one. My cute bunch of joy.

Now five years later I'm still carrying a secret. I honestly feel like I should hala Usher Raymond. We need a sit down to write confessions part 4 about me. I can already see the lyrics going something like

'This is my confession, I, Seeiso Molapo, I have a baby with another woman that I barely even know. I have kept them a secret and it's eating me. Please forgive me.....'I swear it would make a hit,

"Ntata Bereng" don't I grin like a fool when she walks in with that little man of mine. I have thrown myself in paper work to avoid the guilt eating me up. I would like to be next to her all the time but my secret has consumed me so bad that I feel guilty whenever I'm around her, I'm worse when

Bohlokoa is in the house. She knows her but she knows her as my aunt Bohlokoa's daughter. Pabatso named my little girl after my own aunt but it wasn't intentional, she didn't even know she was mine. I guess it was just the gods.

"Mme wa Bereng" I shut down the laptop and jog around the desk to occupy a seat next to hers on the other side of the table. She hands me my son when I'm seated and looks at both of us with a smile,

"How proud I am to be the only woman to make you a father..." she says, content written on her face and I gulp my nerves. Where do I begin to come clean about my daughter?

"I am the only mother of your child, right?" where the fuck is this coming from?

"Of course mommy, give me a kiss" I lean over to peck her lips, I just want her to forget this subject,

She has that smile I never understand when we pull apart, it comes off as sneaky but this is my wife, my innocent star, she can never be sneaky about anything,

"We need to talk Say" I regard her, kissing my little man and looking at her at the same time, there is nothing ever good with a woman telling you that 'We need to talk'

"Are we okay Molapo?" she questions, intently staring at me and I know where that question comes from. I'm always distant when Bohlokoa is here, guilt eats me up,

"MaMolapo we are fine mosadi waka" (.....my wife)

She heaves a sigh, chuckles before she glares at me again,

“Seeiso I know you, I know us and lately you have been here but somehow it’s like your drifting from us, from what we used to be” women and their zillionth senses!

She is right though, ours was always based on truth and transparency and for the past years I cannot exactly say I have been truthful to her,

I secure Bereng in my arms and reach for her hands,

“Khwezi we are fine. I’m just stressed about the inauguration coming next month” I’m only getting inaugurated in the coming month, I was young when the throne duties befell on my shoulders. Some council members felt I wasn’t fit enough and requested a time frame of at least five years before I fully take the throne. Now I have all their support and they are ready to place me in my rightful chair of power,

“Say you’re not keeping anything from me, right babe?” she asks,

I swallow a bubble of guilt and shake my head no to assure her, I cannot bring myself to tell the truth,

She sighs,

“Maybe its motherhood, I feel like something is off with us and oddly I feel like this when Bohlokoa is here” fuck!

I choke, feeling like my lungs took in too much air or I don’t have air at all,

“Hey! Here” she is quick to help me with a glass of water,

“Don’t try to die on me, your only son and I still needs you” nervously I smile, drinking water,

“Your hormones are still all over the place, you’re feeling things that aren’t even there”

She sighs again and nod sitting down,

“Anyway, I also needed to tell you that I’m going back to the shelter on Monday”

“A.a Khwezi!” I emphasise my refusal with a head shake,

“Bereng is only a week old” I add,

“And I love what I do Molapo” she is a queen. She had to get herself involved with the people for them to accept her and stupidly I opened a shelter for her but that was my biggest mistake. She is too involved and spends all her time down there helping out,

“You can love what you do and still be a mother Khwezi, you’ll go back to work after three months like we discussed and that’s it”

“Molapo please!” she begs,

“No” I’m adamant,

She glares at me, I don’t know what she is thinking in that cute mind of hers but I can tell she is cursing. At times I wish I had Juju’s powers to read through my woman’s mind,

“When are you telling my father that you damaged me?” now she sure wants me dead. Her father doesn’t know that we have a baby. It’s all her fault. When we got pregnant she begged me not to tell her parents ‘I’ll tell them myself’ she said but three months pregnancy turned into six months and six months was nine and now our son is a week old and his maternal grandparents don’t know about him.

To be honest his bully father scares the shit out of me. That man is going to kill me and I'm not ready to deal with his wrath. The only thing he asked me when we got married was not to sleep with his daughter.....like really, how do you marry someone and not sleep with them? Sometimes the zulu in that man is way too loud,

"I can call him now" I'm scaring her,

"No no no!" she holds my hand when I reach for the telephone

"I'll tell him" yeah right! We both share a light laughter that is interrupted by a light knock,

"Come in!" I shout for whomever is on the other side of the door and my daughter walks in. Fuck! All my follicle hairs stands for attention but I try my best to keep my composure. One thing about my baby is that she is a cutey. Even half a decade later I still find it hard to believe that a soul so perfect came out of Pabatso's womb. She doesn't deserve neither Pabatso nor myself as parents. We both keep failing her,

She shyly smiles at my wife who smiles at her back. I think she loves the girl to be honest, I just lack the balls to come clean. I never planned to keep my baby a secret but with time passing by she ended up being a secret,

"My papa!" Bohlokoa turns her attention to me. That's how she calls me. My papa. Khwezi is never found anything odd with it because she knows how much I love baby girls,

"My baba!" that's how I call her, my baba. I don't look at my wife even though I feel her eyes on me. I know she is just

curious because she is always curious of how close I am with this baby of mine,

“Nkhono said I’m going home tomorrow, can I please not leave? I don’t want to go back to mama” (Grandma.....)
Ey! This child!

Mamolapo is studying us,

“Why don’t you go find aunty Ora and I’ll go talk to nkhono”
(.....Grandma) honestly I just want her out before she say more incriminating things in front of Khwezi,

“Okay my papa” it tears my heart watching her walk out of the room but I still cannot risk coming clean. Her mother is the main reason why I have to keep her a secret from my wife,

I only breathe when she is out of the room,

“Why don’t she want to go to aunty Bohlokoa? Your aunt is a sweet heart” my wife asks as soon as she is out of the door,

“Aaah! Maybe she just likes it here” I just want us to forget about her,

“I see” I don’t know what she sees but I cannot afford to look at her face now, I busy with my son. Secrets are heavy people.

CHAPTER 5

MY NEW CAVE FRIEND

ORA

Yet again I wake up hyperventilating from another weird dream. I have been having these dreams constantly since my secret talk with my six year old nephew. He is here once again, holding a bottle of water out for me. Now I'm sure this kid doesn't sleep.

"You didn't look in his eyes, right?" he asks after I have taken a sip of water and took a moment to breathe,

I nod,

"Good. Let's go" little fellow is in his pyjamas, there is no way in hell I'm following him so I glare at him,

"It's time aunt. He is getting stronger for me"

"Lerotholi what are you talking about" I ask, sometimes I think I'm crazy for having this kind of conversations with a kid and actually keeping them a secret like he asked, in fact he didn't ask, he commanded

"I don't have time to explain aunt but I need to keep you safe from him, you're not his. He just wants your blood"

"I don't understand"

"You'll understand soon enough, now I need to protect you please. I'm the only one who sees right through him and I can see his intentions. He is an ancestor of wolves and he only wants your blood to strengthen himself and his pack"

why am I believing what's coming out of his mouth even though I don't understand shit,

"Please aunt. We have to be by the caves before dawn, he'll not get to you there" he hardly begs, for him to say please and actually clasp his hands before me touches something in me

"I'm going to ask you one thing, I need a solid answer. If you answer me right I'll not question you on any journey you take me" he nods, looking in my eyes,

"Am I going to come out alive out of this?" I don't know why I ask that but it's what my gut tells me to ask,

"If you follow me and listen, you'll come out alive and a happy mother out of this" I could laugh if I wasn't so terrified. Something is happening to me and I can feel it, I don't know what it is but the dreams I keep having of the wolf staring at me spikes something in my soul, it's fear yet an awakening of some sort.

I step down the bed and find my gown and sleepers. I hope they keep me warm wherever we are going.

"Take my hand so no one see us" he gives me his little hand when I'm done, I don't hesitate holding it and allowing him to lead us out of the room,

"How are they not going to see us?" I whisper up above him as we head for the elevator. It's still early in the morning. Only the servants and guards are awake at this times,

"You don't have to whisper aunt. No one will hear us"

"How?" I ask in a whisper once again as the elevator closes in on us transporting us down stairs

“I don’t belong in this world, I have my way of manipulating humans” sigh!

“I hope you’re not manipulating me” he laughs, which he hardly do,

“You’re my favourite aunt. I’m protecting you”

“Your only aunt you mean” he smiles, I think he loves me in his own weird way,

“Don’t let go of my hand. No one will even spot us if you hold on tight to my hand” he reminds before the elevator opens delivering us to the busy isle of the house.

Hand in hand we walk out passing the employees of the house but no one sees us. Even outside the guards are pacing up and down the yards but we just pass them like we are invisible.

It’s morning, the air on my skin is cold and shivering but I don’t back down. Right now as we walk out of the gates I’m more eager about where he is taking me done worrying about home we are living behind.

I’m an adult in this but right now I feel like a child to him. I’m holding on his little hand for life in witch hours of the morning keeping silent. I don’t even question when we find Tlotla and Peete waiting on us down the road. They are both still in their pyjamas.

Tlotla is a busy mouth fat little girl. She always have something to say but not today. Today she is too serious and focused on whatever mission they are on,

It's creepy dark and quiet, and somehow my voice is lost its power too. I'm watching in bewilderment as they hold a little meeting right in my presence. I can see them talk but I don't hear them. I don't know if it's fear or what but I feel like I have no voice.

He nods at the two after their meeting and pull me back a bit. Both Tlotla and Peete jump up and transform before my eyes. I'm stunned by Peete, when, how....but still I have no voice, he offers them a nod before they spree free running into veld like wild animals they are. They disappear right before my eyes and I'm left squinting them hoping to see two white wolves in the dark,

"When you wake up, you'll be safe where he'll not get to you"
Lerotholi down beside me disturbs my search,

"Huh?!" oh my voice is back. I didn't hear him properly,

"You'll be safe now aunt" he throws something like powder right in my eyes and my vision start to blur, I try to blink the blurriness away but darkness is coming. The next thing I feel my knees weaken before they totally fail me, but I don't hit the ground as I fall. Someone or rather something catches me. It's hairy and I feel like I'm laid right above it. It's too huge to be my six year old nephew's wolf. It could be one of my brothers I hope.

The only thing I hear is muffled howls before I feel like I'm flying.

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Opening your eyes to find that you're inside a cave can't be good. I'm trying to retrieve my memory to remind me of how I got here but the only thing I remember is riding something like a wolf.

My body complains as I sit up straight. I don't know if it's because I slept on hard bare rocks or because it feels like I have been sleeping for way too long. The aches in my muscles is unbearable but I hiss and flinch trying to find balance,

The cave is built like a hole. Above me is a huge hole that provides light. The sun comes too bright that I'm thinking it's probably midday.

It's cold in here. I'm shivering from both cold and a bit of fear. I'm not that scared because my nephew promised that I'll be safe here. I'm just shaken about waking up in a cave alone.

I force my aching body under the hole where the sun shines. Maybe I'll warm up. I hope they didn't throw me in here the way my muscles are complaining.

Where the hell is he anyway?

"LEROThOLI!!!" I shout, looking up the hole hoping he'll show,

"LEROThOLI!!!" I call out again,

Something like a shadow appears above the cave. I cannot see it clearly because of the sun so I put my hand above my eyebrows to provide shade so I can see it clearly,

It's no shadow. It's a huge dark furred wolf I'm not familiar with. Immediately I regret calling for Lerotholi. Slowly I cower

back to the shade hoping it will leave me be but it jumps, landing right before me and I let out a shrilling scream

“SEEEEEISSSSSO!!” I call for my twin. He is my go to guy and the one that always take care of any troubles bothering me,

I’m not scared of wolves, I grew up with them but the one that I don’t know I sure as hell am scared of.

My skin is covered in shivers of fear. Slowly I keep cowering back and I pray not to hit the wall. With every step I take it takes a step forward as well. This is one wolf I have never seen in my life. There is nothing kind or human about it. It’s pure animal and with the fangs hanging out looking like it’s ready to behead me for lunch,

How does one call out a wolf?

“Fotsek, haiye mona!!” I pick a stone, threatening to hit it like how I would do a dog but it ducks and keep stepping closer to me. At least that little act of mine didn’t infuriate it but why does it keep coming to me

“I’m sick please don’t eat me” I hope it hears me like my brothers. No animal would eat a sick person, right?

I stumble but don’t fall, I walked into a different face. I’m quick to steal a glance behind me and see that we are both walking into another room of the cave. It’s darker than the round cave I woke up in. I didn’t even see that there was a hallway in this cave,

Dark white eyed black furred wolf is still at me. Now I’m sure I’m not up for lunch, it feels like it’s trying to transport me into another room.

When I see light again I'm quick to steal a glance. We are indeed stepping inside another room. Blue luminous light shines bright in the room. It's warm in here. It stops right by the entrance when I'm inside.

I glare at it, I don't know what this means or what it's trying to say. Our eyes lock, there is no danger I see or feel in its eyes. It just stand by entrance looking unkind. This is a real wild wolf I can tell.

"I hope you don't eat me girl" I hope it's a girl. I let go of our stare and turn around the room.

A frown gathers on my face when I see a fountain there at the corner with hot water falling inside something like a small pool. I would call it a Jacuzzi if there wasn't a stream of hot water appearing up above the cave,

I walk closer to the hot stream and see a green bar sunlight and a towel. There is a huge blue seal Vaseline next to the soap. Someone definitely put this for me to bath but who? Lerotholi?

Yes, the first thing I thought of when I saw this stream was to soak myself in but.....

"Are you a girl?" I hope I'm not losing my mind, I'm talking with wolves,

There is no answer, it just stands there where I left it by the entrance,

"If you're not a girl, close your eyes please" if it keep its eyes open I'll know it's a girl.

I strip myself off my night wear and soak myself in a hot cave bath tub. This is amazing. The water is just how I prefer it.

It doesn't run cold because there is a stream of something like a waterfall transporting water right in this tub. It's clean and soothing to my skin.

I close my eyes and enjoy the feeling. Whoever baths in here every day is boss. It's better than real human baths. I should invent this one day when I become an engineer.

When I open my eyes my new cave friend is nowhere in sight. I'm grateful for that. I take this time to quickly wash up and step out of the water that is still very much hot. This is my forever hot bathtub.

Just when I apply Vaseline my new cave friend comes back. She holds something like an animal skin with her fangs. I stop everything and stand gloriously naked staring at her come towards me. She gestures with her head that I should receive the item gripped with her teeth.

Soft the cloth feels in my hands. It's a wolf skin dress. It's beautiful but not my style,

"Your style sucks babe, I'll wear my pyjamas" I have made up my mind that she is a girl. I'll scream if I find out otherwise,

I give her back her weird dress and dress up in my pyjamas again. She is just standing there watching me and for some reason I'm now comfortable around her. Maybe it's because I have convinced myself that she is a girl.

Whoever organised this for me forgot that a girl needs fresh panties and toothbrush. I'm all fresh but with no panties and unwashed mouth when I'm done. I washed my panties and

hanged them by stone. I swear I'll be a cave girl going forward.

"I'm done" I turn back to her,

She doesn't show no emotion but bow before me and walk out.

I follow her. Another dark passage we fall to but this time she is leading, I can already see another blue luminous light like the one from the bathroom as we eat up the dark cave way. I call the previous room a bathroom because it only occupied that steamy hot fountain.

This time we walk into another different cave with a small table and a single chair. There is food on the table. Brewing and making me swallow my saliva. Again she stands by the door. I wait for no invitation and throw myself on the chair. Its hot soup and bread. I don't know who made it because there is no way a wolf could cook but I enjoy the food,

"This is amazing, you want some?" I don't mind sharing with her. She is nice because she haven't eaten me so I'll be nice back. And I want her full so she doesn't have any ideas of eating me,

I'm crazy because I know she'll not respond me but I keep talking to her,

"I feel like we didn't properly introduce each other. I'm Princess Oratuwe Molapo and you are?" silence,

"Where is my nephew?" silence

"You don't talk, do you?" she is going to bore me with her silence but other than that I don't think being a cave girl

suck much. I just hope Lerotholi comes back soon before my new cave friend starve.

CHAPTER 6

RANDOLPH THE WOLF IN OUR YARDS

MAJARA

One thing about us the royal Baletsane is that breakfast is compulsory for every member of the house. You can miss any meal of the day but not breakfast.

As usual we have gathered around this long ass dining table with a chandelier at the centre of the table up above the ceiling. It's a beautiful morning with laughter shared here and there but my eyes fail to leave my son who is only fucking six years old but holding his nine year old sister with a stare like a new born in his eyes,

“LEROTHOLI!” I call him out. He only lets Bohlokoa of his stare at the sound of my voice to glare at me,

“FATHER!” little fuck nuts! Why can't he say dad?

“Why are you staring at Bohlokoa?” Now we sure have the entire table at us. His mother thinks I'm too strict on him because he is a boy but she doesn't know the story behind our boy,

He doesn't afford me an answer but enjoys his meal. My eyes follow Seeiso who is also frowned as I am, we both pray that he better not be thinking what we are thinking,

“When is she coming home my King?” My king is Seeiso. He asks when we think he is let go of Bohlokoa. One thing about my son is that he is formal with everyone. He have his own way of calling us unlike the other children of the house,

Seeiso chokes, suddenly coffee went down the wrong pipe to the king,

“Soon!” Puso jumps in for the choking King,

“It better be soon. I need to implant on her and I cannot do that if she keeps coming and going” how old is this boy again?!

Silence stretches around the table as everyone who understand what he just said eat it up,

“Molapo why do you need to implant on her as well?” Ntate Moletsane asks something I want to ask so bad,

“I told father that war is coming and my bloodline will not end. The next royal baletsane generation is mine” maybe Moletsane will understand, he always speaks in riddles and way above his years,

“What war my baby?” My mother MaMajara who is aging so gracefully questions,

“I’m not my baby grandma. Malome Tshepo is not resting, he wants father to avenge him” gasps fly around the table. There is no way he knows Tshepo because he was barely a year old when I buried my best friend alive,

“Father is stronger than him. He deceived him. And now he is coming for my aunt because he want to be stronger than father” he adds,

A deep frown gathers on Seeiso before he asks,

“Speaking of Aunt, where is Ora?” Seeiso questions running his eyes around the table and only now we all realise that Ora is missing breakfast,

No one affords an answer but we all look at each other,
“It’s unlike her to miss breakfast” Seeiso adds turning to the servants,

“Kitso!!” he calls for Ora’s help and she quickly shows in the room with a bow,

“Where is princess Ora?” he asks,

“She wasn’t in her room this morning when I went to clean it up my lord” the girl responds with her head kept to the floor,

My mother joins in Seeiso’s worry. It’s unlike Ora to sleep out because Oratuwe is a straight child. She is twins with Seeiso but the baby of the house. We have managed to chase everyman looking in her direction and turned down all the royal houses that asked for her hand. I’m a proud brother to admit that my sister is a 27 year old virgin because of me and I want her to die that way. No man should touch my Oros.

“It’s unlike her, you think she slept out” my mother asks Seeiso who worriedly takes his phone out to call her,

“Slept out to who? Why didn’t she tell me?” I don’t understand how twins operate but one thing I know is that Seeiso always stresses the most about Ora, maybe it’s the twin fluids they shared in the womb for nine months

“My star she didn’t say anything?” he asks Khwezi when her phone doesn’t go through. She is also closer to Khwezi,

“No” Khwezi shakes her head,

“Let’s not panic. Ora is very responsible we all know that, she’ll come home” Puso calms them down, I also agree with

him. That girl is not dating and we are all to thank for that. Her last serious relationship was about five years ago and it didn't even last, the moment we heard about it we all joined her and her weak ass man on a date and the man never called her again. He knew from our presence that hell will break loose if he ever showed his snoker legs next to our little sister,

"I'll go ask the guards outside" Seeiso will not rest until he knows where his twin is, no one argues with him as he walks out,

"Lerotholi you say Tshepo is dead?" My grandfather Tlali decides to go back to the matter that makes me a little uncomfortable. Only my brothers and wife knows what I did to Tshepo. I buried him alive for sleeping with my wife.

"Yes grandfather"

"I still don't understand how Tshepo is dead!" my grandmother MaBereng say almost in a whisper, everyone thinks Tshepo just left. I'm the only one who knew he is dead because I buried him alive where only I know but now I guess everyone knows,

"Yes. He rides alone. He'll only cross over after father have avenged him" eyes curve back to me,

'I'm sorry Molapo' I hear my wife say in my head. We still read each other's minds. I don't dare look at her. I know she is apologising for Tshepo's death which I made clear that it's a piece we must forget in our story. I don't want to remember that my best friend fucked my wife, if that was even a fuck. Maybe the correct word is just penetrate. He penetrated her

and came to his senses but it was too late anyway. He had what's mine and there was no way I was going to let him lose. One had to pay and it wasn't going to be the love of my life,

“Nna atseba Lerotholi you surprises me every day, how do you even know Tshepo? Boy you wore I diapers when we had Tshepo around this quarters” my grandfather Tlali asks,

He turns his eyes back to me,

“Father you have a visitor” this boy!

“What visitor Lerotholi!!.....” I snap....

My words are interrupted by guards flying into the house. We all turn to look at almost everyone one who works outside the house run inside almost falling on each other. They all have abandoned their posts and it better be for something really scary for them to run like they are being chased inside the house,

“My...my king!....My apologies!” Fox bends a knee to the table catching his breath,

“The king is not here, speak up!” Puso commands and only then Fox raise his head to us,

“There is a wolf running around the yards” the hell! He reports, almost out of breath

“A wolf in our yards?” I'm the first to kick off the chair in search for whatever wolf. Seeiso better not be going rogue for Ora's disappearance, I don't even think she disappeared, the girl probably went out,

The wolf in me sniffs right in the direction of the foreign scent in our yards. Right by the gate stands a rufus red wolf, the one and only Randolph. The protector of the bloodline of wolves in Oves. The one who used to be a friend to Lupus in another life. And here I was thinking its Seeiso,

“Is that Randolph?” Puso asks right by my side,

“What the fuck does he want?” he adds bewildered as I am,

“I’ll go find out, you keep the family safe” we both stand up outside the balcony watching Randolph the wolf run down the road into the nearest forest. He is definitely here for me,

“FATHER!” when did he even tail us? Down behind us stands my son with his hands shoved in his pockets,

“That’s your visitor” he say when we both turn to him,

“He is truthful” he adds looking in my eyes like he is trying to relay some message before he turns back to the house

“Let’s just admit, our son is a freak!” I hate to say it but I agree with Puso,

I nod in assurance to him before I head down the gate. I need to hear Randolph out. I’ll transform when we are both out of sight.

He waits for me far from human sight. At least he knows to protect our kind from human knowledge. I have transformed. White furred Lupus I stand tall before a grey furred Rufus.

He draws the green grass with his paw and raise his tail and I know that’s signal that he comes in peace,

“Lupus the great!” he bows,

“Randolph the protector!” I bow back,

“My time is limited. I’m here to wash your eyes” wolf to wolf we communicate,

“You were deceived. Amaruq the shield blinded you. He made the love of your life betray you so you could mate with Leia”

“I don’t follow” I need clarity

“He put a spell on your wife when he had her under sleep. He knew she wouldn’t betray you in her right senses. He created the snow storm and blinded your wife and best friend so they could mate. He knew that you’d need a little pushing to mate with Leia so he could have your pups in Oves but you still didn’t play to his hand”

“The fuck!” I growl, I killed my best friend for a trap,

“He knew you weren’t going to agree to mate Leia so he thought if he made your wife betray you, you might actually fulfil your purpose in Oves”

“Since I never fucked Leia I take it he is got another plan” I ask,

“Yes. Now he is coming for something more precious to you” I can feel my nose sniff wrath, blood is about to spill,

“The princess” in his eyes I stare for elaboration,

“Princess Ora. He wants his seed growing in her womb. She is your blood and that means her blood can hold a wolf in womb” in Oves he can continue to dream,

“Your sister is his next target” he adds. My blood warms up, I feel my fangs itch for blood,

“For clarity. Amaruq made my wife betray me, made me kill my best friend and now he wants my sister” I need him to serve it straight before I unleash my wrath,

“Yes”

“Tell him to line up his best pack. He is just awakened the Wrath of Wolves in the south” this is war,

“He is got no living pack. His pack is the army of the dead wolves. All wolves in Oves bends a knee to their rightful king. Your bloodline. I’m here as a messenger from all the wolves in Oves. In battle we’ll stand behind our king, King Aragorn the wolf”

“My son?!”

“He is a shield. The king Oves have been waiting for. Wolf, witch and human. You know he doesn’t belong here” Lerotholi? I’m stunned about my son. I know he is strong but is he strong enough to rule a world of wolves?

“I’ll go back now that the message is delivered. Bring our King and we’ll stand with you” An army of dead ancestral wolves Vs living wolves, that’s sure a war of survival but no bloodline of mine will end.

I’m back home. Back in my human form and now panicking about my sister. Amaruq better have not got to her. I’m pacing up in hurry to the house after dressing up in our little wolves quarters when I meet my son halfway behind the house. It seems he is been waiting for me,

“Now you know father” he say when is I stand before him,

“Do you want it?” he may be strong but he is still my boy

“I don’t have much of a choice father. I belong in Oves”

“What about your chosen?” he is wolf, he can survive there but I don’t think Mhambi would survive in a different world

“That’s why she was given powers. We’ll both rule Oves side by side”

“So it’s indeed her, not her sister” for a moment we didn’t know which one was his, the twin sister or Mhambi as the prophecy had said

“The sister is not mine to have. She is going to stop aging after her 18th birthday to wait for her demonic serpent chosen” I’m stunned but....

“I hear you son and we’ll talk about it but now I need to find your aunt”

“She is safe” I stop on my tracks as I was about to pass him,

“I have been searching for all legends of wolf bloodline to prepare for the war coming. I found another shape shifter family of the witch tribe” say what now?

“There is more of us here?” I thought we were the last Wolves of in the south,

“Yeah. It’s only one man though, his father died. He is left with his mother who is a witch. He is a hybrid of witch and wolf. His late father was a wolf” damn this boy!

“How did you find him? Where is he?” I question,

“He is your sister’s keeper. Amaruq will not find aunt under his protection” okay, I’m a proud father people,

“He’ll not do anything to my sister, right?” I need to be sure of that one,

“I’m a wolf king father, him and every wolf bends a knee to me. My word is final” well I guess when the King say keep her safe, you keep her safe. Ora is safe.

CHAPTER 7

A CRY FOR LOVE

LERATO

I don't know if she is pretending not to hear this painful cry or she is just playing ignorance. Or better yet, pretending to be mute. Bohlokoa's cry is painful, it hits right to the heart and I just couldn't ignore it.

I love my girl but she needs to be called out. I know if the old women were here they would have backed me up on this one, but they are out in one of their helping out adventures. Mabereng and Mamajara are the true definition of excellence. If they are not in the house showering us with their undying love they are out there sharing the love they have with the people of the kingdom.

My girl borrowed me Bereng for the day. The aim was to look after him while she sleeps but his sister's cry just disturbed all that. I was in my room when I heard Bohlokoa's painful cry fill up the corridors of the house.

I know why she is crying. Everyone knows why she is crying but we all play dumb at the child's emotions because her parents refuse to step up for her.

I'm heading to her room with Bereng in my arms. He is a sweet boy. He is not fussy and makes looking after him easier,

"Hlokoa" I gently push the door in her room open, she has her head on her father's lap as she cries. Seeiso annoys me

with what they are doing to this child, what's hard with coming clean so the child can be happy like all the other kids
"I'm so sorry my baby, you have school tomorrow" he is gentle, trying to soothe her brushing on her relaxed hair,
"I...i....i don't want to go papa" Bohlokoa manage through the hiccups.

She have to go back to her mother. She always cry like this when she have to leave,

"Baby girl you missed the entire week of school last week" he is trying to make her see reason but she is not having it. She is been here since last week and today is Sunday,

"I have to drive you baby, I'll come fetch you again on Friday" he say

"I don't want to leave papa, I want to stay with you"

He sighs, finally lifting his eyes to me. It's clear he doesn't know what to do while he knows exactly what he has to do,

"Hlokoa!" I call out and she lifts her teary eyes to me

"Mme" her tone is wobbly,

"Why don't you go ask Rethabile to make you some ice cream, I need to have a word with daddy" she smiles, a painful smile getting of her father. I love how humble she is, she is nothing like her mother,

"My papa I'm not leaving akere?" she asks standing by the door before she walks out, she needs assurance,

Seeiso sighs and say "Yes my baby"

She smiles at her father and walk out,

“Don’t look at me like that” to be honest I like Seeiso. Behind the burdens of the throne on his shoulders, he is a gentle soul,

“Have you ever asked yourself why she always cry like this when she has to go back to her mother?” I ask lowering myself next to him on the bed,

“Bohlokoa loves us, she just wants to stay with us but we cannot give her that, she has to go back to our aunt” in his head he thinks I don’t know, everyone knows but we all turn a blind eye

“Why not?” I ask

“It’s complicated MaMolete” I’m no mother but I want to be a mother so bad. It pains me seeing what Seeiso and Khwezi are doing to this child. I know Khwezi is going to hate me for this but I’m doing this for Bohlokoa, this child deserves better and we all have been dancing around her issue trying to protect someone who already knows about her,

“She knows” I confess,

He frowns “She knows, who knows what?” he knows what I mean but he needs it straightforward,

“I know that Bohlokoa is your daughter, Khwezi knows as well and we also know that her mother is Pabatso” he glares at me, nothing but shock I see on his face

“And no, your brother didn’t say anything to me, Khwezi told me. She found out five years ago when you found out as well” I fully confess before he start thinking ntata Peete told me.

Abuti Puso is just as secretive as him, he is been helping him hide this secret for five years,

“My star would never do that” denial, women will burry men alive one of this days,

“Why would she not when you did it as well? It wasn’t her place to tell you that she knows, it was you who had to confess but you failed for five years and now your daughter is suffering because you both don’t want to come clean”

“Lerato are you sure I have been depriving my daughter of my love trying to protect someone who already knew and she is been quiet about it this whole time?” for him to call me Lerato I know I struck a nerve. I have always been MaMolete to him since his brother married me,

“You failed your daughter first. Don’t put the blame on anyone but you. I’m sorry for meddling in your affairs but I needed to open your eyes so you could do right by your daughter. And please give me today to confess to Khwezi that I told you before you confront her” he doesn’t say a word but just look at me as I get off the bed,

“You can leave him with me” he say when I try to take Bereng from the bed where I had put him,

“Mamolete” he calls out with a sigh when I reach the door,

I turn to face him “Thank you” at least he is not furious, I hope Khwezi takes it like him

“I hate to see children suffering, I did it for Bohlokoa” he nods,

“I know, and I’m very thankful. I’ll have an honest talk with my wife and you’ll never hear Bohlokoa’s cry ever again” that’s all I want.

It seems she is really sleeping. I have called her twice since I walked in here but there is no response. I walk towards her bed to shake her awake because I really need to confess before Seeiso speaks with her. Oh she is not asleep,

“Hey” she say taking off her headsets. She is got headsets on,

“Where is he? Is he troubling you?” she thinks I’m here for Bereng,

“No. He is with his father, sit up I need to talk you”

“Thank God Bohlokoa stopped crying, did you hear her cry” this is why she had headsets on, she heard that painful cry but ignored it as we all did always

“You do know why she was crying, right?” I start,

“Of course, she doesn’t want to go back to her mother”

“Have you ever wondered why? Would you cry like that when you have to go back to your mother?” she eyes me, suspiciously. We have grown very close, it’s safe to say we are friends. Now she sees where I’m going with this and she doesn’t like it,

“Lavo please. Not today. I’m not the bad guy here. That child is got a mother and father who keep failing her”

“Khwezi you can step up and be the parent she needs. I don’t know what is happening with her but something is there

Khwezi. Please mother that child, she needs one parent that will put her first and it could be you”

“If she wasn’t Pabatso’s child. I’m not doing it, forget trying to convince me” she so stubborn,

I take a deep breath and drop beside her on the bed

“I have to tell you something”,

“Can it not be about Bohlokoa, please” I’m afraid it’s about her,

She rolls her eyes with a sigh and look at me,

“First I need you to understand why I betrayed you. Bohlokoa is a child and she is hurting. She needs a parent who will step up for her but I didn’t see that happening with you and Seeiso playing this game you’re playing”

“What did you do?” she is got a frown on her face,

“I told Seeiso”

“Told him what?” her tone comes sharp

“That you know about Bohlokoa” she pops her eyes,

“LERATO! JESUS! WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU DO THAT?” she snaps

“This child is hurting Khwezi”

“Hurting my foot, it wasn’t your place to meddle. Seeiso had to come to me and confess, not you meddle in my business with issues that don’t concern you” she is livid

“It’s been five years and he didn’t come, have a heart girl”

“Lerato I have a heart. My heart is just perfect. What my heart doesn't appreciate is you betraying me like this. You do know whose child this is, right?”

“Khwezi Bohlokoa is not her mother. Don't punish a child because of their parents”

“DAMN IT LERATO! I didn't want to deal with that woman and now you went and opened your mouth, Seeiso is going to bring that child home”

“What's wrong with Bohlokoa coming home where she belongs?” I ask. Silence stretches between us, she can never be ugly even if she tried but I do see anger visible on her face,

She takes a deep breath, calming down

“You don't understand. Seeiso might have another child with Pabatso. And if that's true and she does have a boy child older than mine, he is going to marry her. No Molapo male child can grow out of the yards” say what now?

“Bohlokoa is not the only child?” I'm in this belief

“I'm not sure as yet. I overheard her talking with Tlotla that she is got two brothers. Bereng and Pitso. Apparently her mother gave up the child or is hiding him, I don't know Lavo” she is shattered,

“Oh girl, I'm so sorry, I didn't know”

“You shouldn't have said anything Lavo. Pabatso was okay at a distant with her children kept a secret that she is”

“But that's not fair on the children. And I speak for Bohlokoa because she is the child I know. Why can't you do for this child what your step mother did for you?”

“Don’t call my mother a step mother!” she snaps,

“I’m sorry but I’m trying to make you see reason. If your mother had rejected you.....”

“My mother would never do that. Stop bringing her in this. This is different” I’m angering her

“Khwezi how is this different. Your father had you before your mother came into your life. Same as Seeiso. He didn’t go out and cheat, this child is older than your relationship. Stop being a hypocrite and letting your hate for Pabatso make you hate a poor child”

“I DON’T HATE HER” she shouts, we are back to square one

“Then what do you call what you’re doing? Love the child please. This child is crying for love. Give her what your step mother gave you and stop making excuses”

“It’s easy for you to say. You don’t have a vile baby mama that will make your life a living hell once you claim their child”

“You forget too soon friend. My husband’s baby mama left me with no womb but I still love her son like he is mine” it’s best I leave before we say things we might regret,

“Lavo I’m sorry” she say when I’m a door way

She said nothing wrong. I need a walk alone in the garden. It always pains me when people who have this precious gifts toy with them. Children deserves nothing but love no matter who mothers them.

I have got a thing for nature. I find sitting on green pastures doing nothing so soothing. Every time I need to calm down you'll find me on green grass just lazing there.

I'm heading to my mother in law's garden at the back when I hear Rethabile's voice call out behind me. She is my help. Every woman of this house is got their own personal help,

"My lady!" she bows in respect when she catches up to me,

"You may speak Thaby, what's the matter?"

"Your mother is here my lady" I can't help but frown,

"I allocated her in the ladies lounge my lady, I hope that's okay"

"Thank you Thaby" I smile at her before I head to mother.

I love my mother and have always loved her but since I got married to the royal house our relationship have taken a curve I never thought it would take. She is more invested with in my marriage than my well-being. I think it's the fact that I'm married to a whole prince that got in her head.

Every time she is here she gives me herbs that will apparently 'make me fall pregnant'. I had to open up to her and tell her the real reason why I'm not falling pregnant hoping she'll slow down on making me a mother but that didn't work. She became more determined and reminds me every time that this royal man will take another wife if I don't fall pregnant,

"Mommy!" I greet finding her in the lounge, it's just the two of us

“Lerato la mme wahae” (Mama’s love) she opens her arms to embrace me and we hug. She is not all that bad to be honest, well except when she goes all baby talk on me,

“Give mommy some good news” here we go again. She say scanning me from head to toe with a smile on her face.

Last month when she was here she gave me a snuff mixed with something green and said I should stuff it in my vagina before sex. She said it would help me fall pregnant. I threw the thing away and never used it. I don’t know who lied to her and said snuff will make me grow a womb back. I have no womb. Simple as that,

“Mama I’m still not pregnant” disappointment strikes her face but she is quick to mask it with a smile,

“No worries my baby. Let’s have a sit, I have a solution to our problem”

“Mme I don’t.....” she doesn’t let my words see day,

“Lerato don’t give me that. Do you know how proud I am to have a daughter married to the royal house? Ngwanaka you’re just a commoner. If you don’t fulfil your wifely duties he’ll marry a royal woman that will give him children”

“He is got a child. He says I’m enough with his son” I defend my man,

“All men say that. I have a permanent solution to your problem” sigh!

“I had a talk with your sister” I wonder where she is going with this

“She agreed to carry a child for you”

“WHAT?!” I’m stunned,

“Yes. She is willing to fall pregnant for you and give you the child afterwards”

“Surrogacy?” I ask,

“Yes. She’ll carry it full term, wena just steal your husband sperm” wait, she was coming okay until,

“Let me stop you right there.....Why steal? I can just speak to my husband and.....”

“LERATO! LERATO!” she interjects me once again,

“You’re a commoner child. You’re already here by luck. Don’t let him know that you couldn’t give him a child. Be his luck, give him a miraculous child when everyone thinks you cannot have one”

“And how am I going to do that?”

“Steal his sperm, let your sister stay with me and carry the child and wena pretend to be pregnant this side”

“I married no fool mama. I sleep next to that man every night. How am I going to fake a whole pregnancy?”

“Your sister said woman do it all the time. There are pregnancy cushions that women buy to.....”

“You know what, thank Keletso for me mother. If my husband and I decide to go ahead with the surrogacy, I’ll talk to her personally and there will be no sperm stealing. My husband will know everything from day one”

“Lerato don’t be stupid my girl” this woman,

“Mama there is a seer in this quarters. A very strong man who sees beyond the eye, you think he will not see me pushing a fake pregnancy for nine months?” that seems to get her thinking,

“Now like I said, thank you for speaking to Keletso. I’ll have a talk with her if my husband and I agree on surrogacy” I’m not going to be another woman who becomes vindictive and liar to him. My husband is been through so much with the women in his life. From a vile stripper mother to a wife with a cruel heart, I’m not going to be another woman who brings him pain.

CHAPTER 8

CONFRONTATIONS

KHWEZI

I thought he wasn't going to come to bed, not because I don't want him to but I thought he was too mad to look at me. He wasn't present at the dinner table as well. He walks in with Bereng in his arms and heads straight to the cot. For him to put him inside the cot means he wants to talk. He hates his son sleeping in there, he wants him between us.

I don't know what my boy ate the entire afternoon because his father disappeared with him and Bohlokoa. I think they were accompanying her home because she also was missing at dinner. I don't know what Lavo's confession means for us but I'll boldly own up for my part if he admits he was wrong. What I'll not do is take the blame as if I'm the one who hid a child for freaking five years.

Honestly I don't have a problem with Bohlokoa. It's her mother that I'm salty about and with good reason at that. Bohlokoa is a nice girl but I prefer her as she was, at distance. Bringing her in my circle means dealing with Pabatso and lord knows how much I hate that witch. And now with the possibility that she might have another child with Seeiso I definitely don't want Bohlokoa anywhere near me because he'll own up to fucking around and then I'll be forced to take that child as well,

He pulls an occasional chair in our room after putting Bereng to sleep in his cot. I watch him drag the chair to sit right beside me on the bed so he looks right in my face. I hate it when he gets so serious because ours was always easy and honest, but somewhere along the way we lost all that. Five years down the row we both knew about the child but we both still failed to do right by her,

“My star” his tone is carried with a sigh and pain,

Our eyes lock, I can see his chest rise and fall as he takes in much needed breath. He is hurting and I see it, I have seen it for five years but I turned a blind eye as he did,

“MaDlomo I’m sorry” he starts and I see he means it. At least the start is okay, my defence was up there because I thought he was going to put the blame on me,

“I’m sorry mosadi waka for keeping my child a secret to you. I could have handled the situation better but I was afraid. I was afraid of losing you. I know your past with Pabatso is not rosey and having to tell you that I have a baby with the one woman you despise the most was something I couldn’t bring myself to do. I can do just about anything in this world but I cannot hurt you Khwezi” (.....my wife.....) despise is very nice for what I feel for that woman. I was almost raped in my final year because of Pabatso.

I can look past Pabatso hating me for no reason but I can never forget her inviting Teboho Serui the journalist guy who was obsessed with me in our apartment and locking me with him in the room. That guy almost raped,

“I have centred my life around you in a way that scares me and I don’t want to think of you not being part of that circle.

I thought you would leave me if you found out that I have a child with Pabatso. I kept postponing telling you thinking it would get better with time but it only got harder and harder and the next thing I know it was five years later and my child was still a mystery to you”

“And now it’s easy to hurt me?” I ask,

He shakes his head no,

“It’s not. Believe me this is the one thing I wish to not do but we have to talk it through and stop pushing it under the carpets”

“Please tell me, if Lerato hadn’t said anything would you have grown the balls to finally admit that you have a child with Pabatso?”

He huffs, leans closer to me and I regret my choice of words immediately,

“Let’s back the fuck up a bit, is that how you talk to me?” the gentleness in his tone has vanished,

I breathe “I’m sorry” he glares at me, I need to hold my anger breaks a bit,

“I’m sorry Molapo, okay? This is Pabatso’s child. You know my history with Pabatso.....” I take a moment to breathe,

“I don’t want to deal with Pabatso” I add,

“You’ll not deal with Pabatso. I have been dealing with her and I’ll continue to do so”

“By dealing with her you mean buying her a mansion with an army patrol?” I glare at him and he clears his throat,

“I’m not proud of myself” he drops his eyes,

“Are you sleeping with her?” I ask,

He looks at me with a frown “Hell no, why would you think that?” because she has another baby that I pray it’s not his, Sigh! “What do you want Molapo?” I intently divert the conversation because I’m not sure I want to know that he fucked around with Pabatso again,

“I need you to openly accept my child so she can come home to me”

“And if I don’t?” he doesn’t afford me an answer, he just glares at me giving me exactly what I thought, his mind is made up regardless of my feelings towards Pabatso

“Molapo you forget how conniving Pabatso is, I don’t want anything that has to do with that woman” I add,

“But this is my child MaDlomo. I have done her so bad for so long and this time I’m not letting my child go. You’re going to have to find a way to look at my daughter as she is. She is not her mother”

“You do remember what that witch did to me, right? I could have been raped if you didn’t get there in time” Pabatso did everything in her power to break us up. She locked me in a room with Teboho and went to call Seeiso so he could find me with a man naked in a room. In her head she thought he was going to jump into conclusion and dump me thinking I was cheating but my man knew better.

I don’t know whatever happened to that Teboho and quite frankly I don’t care. Even if he fed him to the wolf in him I don’t care. I guess he spared Pabatso because she is his baby mama,

“I can never forget what Pabatso did to you my love and you have every right not to want her anywhere near you but we are speaking of an innocent child here mama, please don’t punish my daughter because of her mother”

I can’t help but chuckle, “I’ll deal with her myself as I have been doing. All I ask is that you accept my daughter and she comes home to stay with us”

“As you have been dealing with her so good that you both had another baby behind my back” that slips, it’s my worst fears

“Excuse you ausi!” he looks horrified,

“Who has another baby with who?” why is he so shocked?

“Don’t fool me, I know you both have another child”

“Nna? Seeiso Molapo? Another baby with Pabatso? Whose been filling your head with nonsense?” why does it look like he knows nothing about this?

“So you don’t have another baby with Pabatso?” I ask,

“As far as I know I’m a father to two. Bohlokoa and Bereng. My double BB. I have no other child with Pabatso. The only woman I want to carry more of my children is you, not anyone else” okay I’m relieved but.....

“I overheard Bohlokoa telling Tlotla that she is got two brothers, one called Pitso and the other one called Bereng” I say,

“Did she say it’s her mother’s son?” he is trying to make sense,

I nod,

“Well this is the first time I’m hearing of this, I’ll ask Bohlokoa but rest assured my star, the only child I have outside is Bohlokoa” I guess this is what happens when you eavesdrop, I’m glad the child is not his and I hope he is not lying,

“So?” he questions,

“Seeiso can I at least think about it?” I’m hesitant,

“You had five good years to think about it. My daughter is home and she is not going anywhere”

“So you don’t care about my feelings?”

“I do but this time I’m putting my daughter first. You’ll learn to love and accept her as time goes by. She is not going anywhere and that’s final” wow!

“MaDlomo don’t you dare, we are still talking” he pulls off the covers as I try to slide through,

“Talk about what when you have made it clear that it’s final”

“Baby I need us to talk about this and reach a conclusion together”

“There is no reaching conclusions together. You have already made up your mind. Bring your daughter home if you want and leave me out of it”

“So you’ll never accept my child?” he asks,

“I didn’t say that. I hate her mother, simple as that”

“And I’m telling you that I’ll deal with her!” he shouts

“Okay fine, bring her home but make sure to keep that thing she calls a mother far away from me” he glares at me,

“Khwezi do you still love me?” lord where is he going with this,

“Seeiso what do you want from me? You want to bring your child home and I’m telling you to do it, what more do you want?” I snap,

“You don’t mean it. It doesn’t come from your heart, you just want this conversation over and done with” sigh!

“Tell me. Every night Bohlokoa left, you watched me go through emotions and battling to sleep and this whole time you knew that I was longing for my daughter” he better not, “You had to come clean Seeiso. Don’t blame me for not owning up your business”

“I’m not blaming you Khwezi, I’m just..... I guess I thought you loved me enough to not watch me go through pain when you could do something about it. It’s what I do for you. I love you so much that I hurt my own daughter for five full years just so you couldn’t hurt. I put you above anything and everyone else and it seems I’m alone in that. You watched me hurt for five years and said nothing, Khwezi”

“When did this be about my love for you? You made a fool out of me for five years Seeiso”

“I wasn’t making a fool out of you. Khwezi I was scared of losing you. I thought you would leave”

“What if I leave now? Are you not scared of losing me now?” nang’muntu

He chuckles “How did I miss this? When did you become this woman?”

“When did you become a liar Seeiso? Five years? We were always transparent with each other but out of nowhere you became a liar, lied to me for five years”

“And I did that out of love, out of respect. I didn’t want to lose you over something that happened before you even came into my life and I take full responsibility that it was all me. I did that to myself and my daughter and I’m going to correct that starting today”

“Bohlokoa is not going anywhere anymore. Tomorrow I’ll fetch her birth certificate from her mother and enrol her here next to me” he adds glaring at me for a reaction and I don’t afford him one,

“She will be staying here for good” he repeats

“Say something”

Sigh! “Okay Seeiso”

“You know what, be grumpy all you want but Bohlokoa is not going anywhere. She is not something new to you, you have known about her for five years and had time to deal with your anger. Honestly there was a part of this conversation when you could have come out a victim but you lost that card when you decided to keep quiet and pretended to not know. So now we are going to talk as two people who know about my daughter. Bohlokoa is staying here and that’s final” the look in his eyes says it all,

“Oh, and to add on that my daughter wants to sleep with me and she will be sharing a bed with us”

“Now you’re just straight up pushing it. Bereng is barely a month old, we cannot sleep with two children on the same bed” I argue

“This bed is too huge. Bohlokoa will be on my side and Bereng will be between us”

“What if I say no Seeiso?”

“Then I’ll go sleep with my daughter and let you be”

“You know what? Go sleep with your daughter. First night about her we are already fighting. Go on and forget about your son” exactly what I feared. Seeiso is a different male species. His goal child is a girl child. I knew that once he claims Bohlokoa he’ll forget about me and my son all together.

CHAPTER 9

SKYE THE WOLF

MAJARA

At some point in my life I didn't know what sleep means and why I had to sleep but now that I do, I actually enjoy it and I don't appreciate be woken up so fucking early in the morning. And what the fuck is that smell?

"MABATAUNG!!" I growl, sitting up straight from the bed to find her in some tight and my t shirt,

"What in the hell are you doing?" this woman needs to give birth today, I have had it with her,

"Cleaning, this room is too dirty"

"Woman it's freaking four o'clock in the morning and your cleaning?" I know she is a witch but even witches are asleep at this time, they just got back from their busy night shifts

"Good thing you're awake, you'll pick that bed, I need to mop under it" if she wasn't pregnant I would leave her alone and go sleep in another room. I still need my sleep and I'm not picking beds at four in the morning, there are people hired to clean in this house if she feels the room is too dirty for her,

"Papa Tlotla what are you doing? You can't go back to sleep we need to clean" I ain't cleaning shit nna

"HAIBO Molapo! Wake up!!" she grabs the covers when I try to cover myself up,

"MaNgcobo don't, please"

“The room is dirty, we are cleaning” I’m never getting her pregnant ever again,

“Okay, come here” she glares at me, she knows me too well,

“I just need to kiss my boys good morning before I get off the bed and help you clean” that does the trick, she comes holding that furniture spray that smells like rotten cockroaches and a dusting cloth,

I grab her and throw her back on bed tickling her and I know she’ll be tired when I’m done with her. Her laughter is music to my soul. I love seeing her laugh and hearing it,

“Okay...okay.....please! Please!” she pants begging me to stop and I do

“Jesus! You’re going to kill me” she say catching her breath, she is exhausted, there is no cleaning now,

“Wake me up after ten minutes, we really need to clean” she snuggles on my chest dosing off, I’m not going to wake her. I need my own sleep,

“I’m hungry.....” I’m not waking up to make food,

“Papa Tlotla I’m hungry” eish!

“Mommy let’s sleep please, you’ll eat when we wake up” I beg,

“I’ll not sleep when I’m hungry, you used all my energy and now your sons are sucking me for dear life”

“MAJARA!!” we both frown at each other at the tone of Moletsane calling out for me on the other side of the door,

“MAJARA!” he calls again,

“I’m coming!” I’m annoyed as hell but I help my wife off my chest and lay her on bed,

“I’ll come back with your food”

She smiles,

“And a cup of ice cubes please” that one she is not getting from me. Now she eats ice cubes, like who does that?

“When are you getting married?” I’m annoyed. My question is directed to Ntate Moletsane fastening up my gown when I’m out of my bedroom,

“Here” he doesn’t regard me, he gives me a small plastic with some white powder inside,

“Pour this in her drink today. She is giving birth today” oh thank you BoMoletsane but.....

“What’s this?” I’m no witch, I ain’t sprinkling my wife’s drink for no reason,

“That wolf ancestor your in battle with is looking for a window to take your pups. He cannot find Ora anymore and now he is working on spiritually taking your children after birth and I’ll not have that in my grounds, not when I’m still the seer of this house. That is something that will make your sons not hear his call when they are born” Amaruq is proving to be more powerful,

“He intends on using his ancestral powers on my sons?”

Ntate Moletsane nods,

“But he’ll not win this one, not on this grounds. BoMoletsane hase potele e kgwathwang ka lehlaka” (.....Your ancestors are not the ones to be tested),

“Maybe if you were away from home he would win, but not here” now understand why he was so adamant that I bring my wife back home when we found out she was pregnant

“Thank you” I shove the powder in my pockets. I’ll make her tea just now,

“And Majara, don’t wear any belt today. She is giving birth to triplets, I want it to be smooth and fast”

“What does me wearing a belt have anything to do with her birth?” seers are shocking creatures,

“You’ll fasten your children”

“Fasten them how?!” I’m astounded

“Do as I say please. No belt today” no more children, now I have to walk around with pants hanging on my ass like some wanna be basketball player.

It’s clear that Amaruq is fucking with me and I’ll not back down and wait for him to fuck me up. I’m coming for him in every angles as he has me.

“Joy!!” I walk in on my ‘Chinese son’s room as my family thinks. He is taken a teenage Chinese boy body so to fool my family,

“Tell me we are going home” he doesn’t sleep, who he is doesn’t afford him the luxury of sleep

“You said the only breed of Amaruq you sense is right here on earth, right?” I ask

“Yes” he is hesitant with the information,

“Find me the location. I need the boy”

“He hates his father. He wants nothing to do with Amaruq, don’t involve the boy in battles that has nothing to do with him. You want Amaruq, get him straight, leave his family out of this battle” Joy advices and it just passes by my brain not making any impact,

“He involved my family as well so I’m also coming for him for everything that has his blood”

“The boy is innocent. He is living his life alone in the caves because he didn’t want anything to do with that cruel father of his. Please leave him be”

“When did you grow such sensitive heart for outsiders?” the only people that touch him are of this family, other than that he is just a creature as I am or worse

“You don’t understand, he is the princess’s keeper”

“Which princess?” I know but he better not be fucking me right now,

“He is the shape shifter that Aragorn took the princess to. He is Amaruq’s son that hates his guts, we both knew he wouldn’t think of looking for her there. This is the one son he is been looking for but can’t find. Aragorn and I knew that he wouldn’t find the princess if she was under his son’s protection” Joy is the seer of the house of wolves, he’ll not lie to me no matter what reason, unlike my own son

“Lerotholi said the boy’s father died” I say,

“Which is true. Amaruq is dead, he is an ancestor. He didn’t lie, he just omitted some information because he is trying to protect his aunt and help you defeat this ancestor wolf here. We are dealing with a powerful and dead creature wolf here, Lupus. He is got powers we don’t and we need to be smart about it”

“What I don’t understand is that, Amaruq is got a shape shifter son, which is what he wants from my blood. Why does he not take his son and do whatever he wants with him?”

“He thinks the boy is dead. The boy’s mother is a witch, she put a protective spell under the cave she keeps her son just so Amaruq could not find him. So your house as the only shape shifter house of this time is his next target”

“So if I give this bastard his son he’ll leave my house alone?”
I question,

“Yes but that’s not you. You wouldn’t just sacrifice someone to protect your own. They call you the great gray because you protect and fight for everyone that needs saving. The boy needs saving as well, he is been living in a cave all his life hiding from his father” sigh!

“Let’s go for a run, I need to think”

“Shouldn’t you be making my mother tea with Moletsane’s potions?” I can’t help but laugh, Moletsane knows what he is and it’s safe to say the two don’t stand each other

“I know for a fact that she is sleeping again right now. Let’s go for a run so I show you boy”

“You do know I combine you and exceed you, right? Human, wolf, vampire. Three breed characteristics in my blood. No wolf can out run a vampire” fool! The smirk on his face,

“And on top of that, I’m 421 years old Lupus, I’m no teenage boy, don’t be fooled by this body I’m borrowing”

“You brag like you wear skirts, let’s go. I need my muscles lose for this day, I’m about to be a father once again” I cannot wait to meet my three pups, hopefully they turn out like their sister unlike the alpha son I father.

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ORA

My neck hurts. My entire body is once again in knots as I wake up the second day in the caves. At least last night my wolf friend accommodated me in a warm cave with a wolf matt to sleep on. Even the blanket I can tell it’s made out of wolf skin. For sure she is a real wolf, everything about her is wolf. I hope she eats other wolves, that would eliminate me from being possible dinner to her.

So far I know my way around the bathroom, dodgy kitchen and this room she led me to last night. I’m pressed as I wake. I need to use the loo seriously. I don’t even know if she have a toilet in this cave.

I stretch my aching body to chase fatigue away and nicely fold my blanket. It’s one warm blanket. I had it only with my pyjamas but I didn’t feel any cold last night. I slept like a baby. My body is only complaining of sleeping on the floor.

I walk out to find my friend when I'm done clearing up my sleeping zone. I would call it a mattress if there was one but its just two blankets. One at the top and one for the mattress, it's definitely a sleeping zone.

I hope she understand me when I explain that I need to use a toilet.

The passages of the cave are dark. It's the rooms that glows in blue luminous light. First I pass the dodgy kitchen which is empty and I proceed to the bathroom. I can tell that she is in there because I can hear movement from the bathroom cave. I wonder if she baths as well.....

“THE FUCK!!” I didn't mean to say that out loud. I find myself frozen in one place at the sight of a man. I mean a very human being man. I thought I was the only human being in here....i mean a very manly man all chest up in the bathroom. It looks like he just came out of my bathtub,

He is also startled when he turns to find me standing by the door. At first he frowns but then stare at me. We stare at each other. I would say we are both astonished because he is also just standing there with a towel hanging on his shoulder. He is got only some long lose track pants like trousers on his waist. His chest is uncovered and very appealing to watch but.....who the hell is he?

He grabs a toiletry bag on the rock besides him and walks towards me. He is got a toiletry bag. He smells divine and I want to ask him to borrow me his toothpaste but I can't seem to find my voice. I find myself staring at his back as he pass me. I think he said something, 'Hi or Hm' I heard something

between those lines but I'm still too stunned to think of what it was properly,

"Gosh who was that man?" he is long out of sight. I even forgot that I needed to use the loo,

"How come is he here? Could he be a friend to Wolfy? How is he here?" Lerotholi needs to come back and explain some things to me. I shouldn't have trusted a six year old. Now I'm trapped in a cave with a wolf and a man I don't know.

One thing I'm sure of is that I'm not getting inside that water until wolfy shows. What if that man comes back when I'm deep in water naked? I'm not taking that risk, wolfy will protect.....oh she is here, thank god!

"Girl you didn't tell me you have a hunk strolling around in here" I know it's insane to think I'm talking to a wolf but I think she hears me,

"Who is he?" she is standing by the door

"Please don't go anywhere, I need to take a bath and I'm not comfortable around that man" she hears me. She sits down and only then do I strip again under her stare,

"I gave you the name wolfy, I hope you like it" poor Lord's animal is just staring at me

"You remind me of my man....." She growls. Startling me that I turn to look at her. My man is my twin brother. That's my guy, unfortunately my dating history is a mess. No man stays with me because of my brothers. They even deny every letter that asks for my hand in marriage,

“My man is my twin. You have vibes like his. Something about you is soft and tender while there is danger too. I understand the danger comes from you being a wolf. But you’re a nice wolf friend” she is nice because I’m still running my mouth, I know if it was any wild wolf I think she is, I would be swimming in her stomach as faeces right now, she would have long ate me for dinner last night

“Tell me is that your man?” I swear I’m losing my mind, I don’t know why I keep holding conversations with a wolf but I think it’s what keeps me sane or else I’ll lose it and drown to depression,

“I’ll take your silence as a yes. Can you please tell him to borrow me a toothbrush and toothpaste?” it’s been two days since I last washed my mouth, I feel like I stink.

You see why I know she hears me. She just left, if she comes back with a toothbrush and its soap I’ll be sure she hears me. I quickly wash up the places that needs to be washed while she is gone. I like her and I’m comfortable around her but I still cannot wash my lady part under her stare,

She is back. Her fangs holds the two items I asked for. Now I’m definitely sure she hears me,

“Thank you wolfy” she bows and goes back to her post by the door. The two items are definitely not new, she took from her man,

“I hope you don’t mind me using your man’s toothbrush” it’s disgusting but two days with unwashed mouth will have you forgetting hygiene,

“You know wolfy, I wanted to ask you to take me to the toilet, do you know what’s a toilet, right?” I ask busying with my task and she is still just sitting there

“It’s a place where I poop. You see, I eat and it comes out” I show her how I eat from the mouth and take it out of my butt so she really sees what I mean,

“You get it right?” no answer. I hope she got it or else I’ll shit on myself,

“Hey! Where are you going?” I shout as she leaves her post. Now I sure need to get the hell out of this water before that man walks in here.

At least I have a clean underwear today. Lord he saw it! I left it here to dry and he obviously saw it when he was taking a bath. It’s uncomfortable to think about it but wolfy will keep him in line if he dare tries anything stupid.

I follow an aroma of that nice soup when I’m done cleaning up. It leads me straight to the kitchen.

There is definitely a lot of people in this cave. I’m once again stunned standing by the entrance watching an older woman pouring soup into a mug and plating bread. It looks like she came with them from the lunch boxes she is placing aside,

“Oh, it’s you Skye’s friend” she say with a smile when she turns. Her smile transforms into a frown as she really looks at me,

“Dumela mme” (Greetings mam) I greet, finally walking closer to her but she is still just shocked staring at me,

“Princess Ora?!” Oh I see what stunned her,

“No need to call me that, you can call me Ora mme”

“SKYEEEE!!!!” she screams. In no minute that tall, dark, muscled man shows up from the entrance. If he wasn’t wolfy’s man and I wasn’t in a pressing situation I would offer him to deflower me, I swear I’m going to die a virgin with the brothers I keep

“THIS IS THE PRINCESS OF THE KINGDOM IDIOT! YOU SAID IT WAS JUST A FRIEND!” the old woman shouts,

“She is my friend” he say with a tone that doesn’t match the womans’. He is very much relaxed and staring at me in a way that.....why am I getting hot,

“She calls me wolfy, we are very good friends” the fuck! My mouth drops in horror. There is no way, my family is the only shape shifters this side, he cannot be a shape shifter,

“Wolfy?!” my tone is barely a whisper

He smirks,

“Yes friend, eat up so I can take you to the loo” I need my brother’s whisky, this cannot be.

CHAPTER 10

MY DAUGHTER IS MY PRIDE

PABATSO

He is a king to be. He is not supposed to go anywhere without his detail. They follow him around wherever he goes but one thing he always makes sure to abandon when coming here is the royal SUV with sirens that alerts the public that a royal member is about to pass. He makes sure to be as discreet as he can be and for the past five years it has really worked.

My mansion is in the suburbs of Leribe. Two districts way from Maseru. Everyone here minds their own business, no one is ever asked how I afford such a soft life. For all they know I'm an ex-wife to some military superintendent with all this soldiers patrolling in my yards.

Seeing his Audi R8 Coupe gracing my yards so beautifully and his two security detail, Fox and Letha, I just know that my baby daddy is home. He drives himself when he comes here and his details drives behind him to avoid prying eyes.

I wonder how long he is been here for. I need to proper my look before I make my way inside.

“Mike” Mike is my driver. He just picked me from a party I went to last night. I like it when Bohlokoa is not here, she just cramps my style always trying to be a baby wanting to sleep with me. Girl is nine years old but you would swear she is two months. Say spoils her too much, that's her problem,

“Yes mam” he kills the engine outside my yards looking at me through the rear review mirror. I’m on the back seat,

“Give me your coat”

He pops his eyes,

“That’s an order Mike, be fast about it” I can’t have Say seeing me like this. This dress is too short and if I still have hopes to be a second wife one day I need to be always proper around him.

One of the soldiers on patrol takes my door for me and I step out wearing Mike’s coat to hide the skimpy dress beneath. I nod to the one holding my door. I don’t know them all, they are just too many for me to know their names.

My focus is on the two men standing by my doors, Fox and Lethabo. I offer them the biggest grin my face can afford.

“Hey guys” I’m happy, I’m always happy when baby daddy is home. Unfortunately they don’t return my excitement, they are always so stone cold one would swear they get paid for looking mean,

“I take it my man is inside” nothing, they just stare at me and I give up. The first thing I’m going to do when I become his wife is get rid of this two, they are too cold for my liking, I leave them looking like they sucked lemons and make my way inside. Right in my gigantic lounge he sits. He sits by the sliding door staring at the beautiful view at the back of our house. He doesn’t see me, I have his back to view and I take my own sweet time to appreciate his beauty.

God really knew what he was doing when he sculptured this muscular man. He is a bunch of temptation with just his presence. I want to lie on those broad shoulders of his and not wake up. I swear he could have been the basketball player with just his looks alone, even if he didn't have the talent his statue would have gained him access to field.

"Baby daddy" I finally make my way to him. He is got a glass of whisky in hand which he gulps and hiss at the sensation burning his throat before he turns to me. And his eyes, his got the panty dropper eyes, the lazy stare nigger that will make you open your legs with just a look. I swear he is going to make the finest king in history of kings,

"Pabatso" he acknowledges me, standing off the chair and towering the room. I wish he could sweep me of my feet and spin me around with his strong firm arms,

"We need to talk" he points me back to the lounge passing me. He had been sitting just by the balconies looking outside.

I follow him after taking a much needed breath. This man doesn't know the things he does to me. If he could give me one chance I would give it to him so good that he forgets that ugly zulu frog and send it back home,

He takes a sit on the couch and I follow him attempting to sit beside him but he stops me with a glare. One thing I would change about him is this cold demeanour he is got going on. He used to be such a playful sweet man back in the days but now.....

I drag myself to the couch opposite his and I'm happy with the view. His legs spreads so manly I almost see his manly things decorating between his legs,

"When you're done sexualizing me, please do say so we can have a conversation" Lord! He saw me,

"Nxa!" he grunts and gross his leg over the other leaning back to the couch rest,

"I'm taking Bohlokoa" he say glaring at me,

"Taking her, as in she is now going to stay with you?" I ask,
He nods,

"Yes" I don't have a problem with that but....

"Why now?" I ask,

"That one doesn't concern you sweetheart, what I need from you is her birth certificate. I already asked her help to pack all her stuff" that explains the suitcases sitting down the stairs,

"I don't have a problem with her staying with you" I mean it's minus one problem for me, I'll not have to look after a grown ass girl trying to be a baby,

"But I need to know why now? I mean she is been a secret all this years because you were afraid of what the council would say" well that's what he told, he said he would take her in after he is throned but now he is still not on the throne and he suddenly wants to take Bohlokoa,

"Or was it that zulu frog you call a....."

“You fucking leave my wife’s name out of your dirty mouth if you know what’s good for you” Jesus! Can he breathe, he looks so scary and sexy as hell,

“I just.....”

“You just nothing Pabatso. My wife is off limits, not even your mouth I’ll afford to call her name, capish?” Urgh!

“I’ll go fetch the birth certificate”

“Not yet, we are not done” I hate it when he so serious, right now I wish Bohlokoa was here because he is always playful and joking around when she is here,

“Tell me, why Pabatso?” why? He leans over to glare at me. My blood rush, the look in his eyes looks unhuman. Why? Why what?

“I SAID WHY?” he roars. I shake, feeling all my follicle hairs vibrate in fear. I swear that Bohlokoa child is such a big mouth, I begged her not to say a word, clearly she couldn’t wait to run her mouth to daddy,

“I can explain Say. It was once and I kicked him out. He is never been here ever again” he remains cold, no emotion or anything on his face

“He didn’t do anything, he just touched her but she screamed” he frowns, deep frown like he knows shit of what I’m explaining

“PABATSO!!” it comes as a warning,

“Say I swear he just touched her, you can ask Bohlokoa I took her to the doctor to confirm that he didn’t penetrate.....” it happens like a shift, in a second I’m

floating in the air battling to breath. His eyes change colour, they are green and the stare is deadly.....

“SA....SA.....” my lungs loses all the air, I feel myself lose weight in his angry grip, my lungs are tightening up and my eyes are growing darker. He throws me back on the couch when I think I’m going to pass out and turns to the wall. He punches the wall so hard my flat screen that takes up almost the entire wall comes down crumbling. I’m battling to keep air in my lungs. I swear I have never seen death until today,

His detail comes running inside the house, it must be the sound of my tv breaking that alerted them. He turns to them, seething,

“Gather everyone I employed on this house this very moment” I don’t know what that means but they quickly nod at him and walk out,

“Who the fuck is he?” he is glaring at me,

“Pabatso I better not repeat myself or else I’m going to lose it”

“He was just a friend of mine....” My throat burns as I speak

“I swear to you Seeiso, he didn’t do anything, Bohlokoa screamed before he could do anything” I swear that child sold me out. I begged her not to tell her father, it was supposed to be just our secret,

“Pabatso you’re such a bad mother you’d hide your daughter almost getting raped by your own boyfriend. What kind of a woman are you? What’s with you and rape, do you perhaps

have a degree in getting people raped” it was supposed to be a secret,

“I need a name!” he seethes, visibly angry and annoyed with me,

“Phelang..... Phelang Koena” there are lot of Phelang Koenas in Lesotho, I hope he doesn’t find him. He is Pitso’s father.

He chuckles, producing his phone and shortly typing on it before he looks back at me again,

“And just so you know, I was asking why my daughter hates you so much as her own mother. She didn’t sell you out but I knew something was up for her to not want to be anywhere near you. And now that I know, all this is going up I flames” he gestures pointing his finger up in the air,

“I want you out of this house today!” NO!

“Say you can’t. I’m still Bohlokoa’s mother and.....” he interjects

“My daughter will be staying with me from now on. All this was for her. Wena grab anything you call clothing and leave my daughter’s house”

“You bought me this house, you can’t do this to me” he cannot be so cruel to me,

“I bought this house for my daughter. It’s in her name” he can’t, I cannot go back to my late mother’s four room house in the village, people are going to laugh at me,

“And as for you” he stoops down to me on the couch,

“You’re about to experience my wrath. I don’t do death. Death is too easy and simple. I believe in sweet revenge and

when I serve it, you'll not know what hit you. You should have wondered what happened to that fool you tried to make rape my wife. Your about to be co-workers once again"

"Seeiso please"

"My daughter Pabatso?!" his tone trembles,

"You let a man touch my daughter and then beg her not to tell me?"

"It was a mistake, I was drunk, I didn't hear him walk out of my room but I swear I heard her scream"

"You disgust me, anything coming out of your mouth is just a bunch of crap",

His details walk in with all the soldiers and everyone working on this house. He looks at the one soldier that he always talks to when he is here,

"Max, my daughter was almost raped with you and your man employed right on this grounds, what the hell am I paying you for?" he shouts,

The Max guy looks shocked, he didn't know

"You're all fired, take your man and leave my grounds" he barks,

"My king....." Max tries to reason but Fox stands before him and gesture him out with his head,

They all walk out. Even the chef and helpers, wait were they soldiers as well?

When they are all out it's him, Fox, Lethabo and I in the room.

"I'm going to leave. There is a Phelang Koena I need to hunt down" my stomach growls,

"Seeiso please don't do anything to him, he is my son's father" he turns to with a chuckle,

"So you do have another child?" that little brat told him everything,

"Where is he?"

"With his father, please, Phela apologised and promised that it wouldn't happen again"

"No one touches my pride Pabatso. My daughter is my pride and that fool you call baby daddy number two is about to be beheaded for lunch" his eyes are deadly, I see nothing but darkness in them

"When she is done taking her clothes grab the birth certificate from her and lock up the house" he looks at his detail,

"Seeiso please" he doesn't even regard me

"My king" the two man nods in unison and he walks towards the door,

"SEEISO!" I call out. He turns to me standing by the door,

"Buckle up for your punishment baby mama, I serve it sweet and long" he'll not do anything to me, I'm the mother of his child. I'm going straight to the police station.

CHAPTER 11

HIS WRATH

PABATSO

I knew he was mad but this is another level of cruel no human is supposed to be. Who leaves an innocent unarmed human in the middle of nowhere?

All I see is just trees and a long road ahead that just goes up in the mountains. Since his detail left me here I haven't even seen a single car pass by. I swear Seeiso is the devil himself.

At first I was packing my clothes in my room as per his orders. His detail locked the house as he had requested and I was dropped at my mother's house with my clothes. I was scared as I still am, his threats didn't sit well with me so as soon as they left I requested an uber and headed straight to the police station but my uber never made it to my destination.

Somewhere along the way my uber driver stopped in the middle of the road to two cars blocking both lanes. He opened the door trying to find out what was going on but he was knocked out with a gun by one of the guys with masks on who came out of the cars. I tried to run but someone grabbed me with my weave. I know for sure it was his orders. There was definitely change in orders. They threw me in the boot of the car and drove off. I don't know what this place is but they just dumped me here with nothing on my name. No cellphone, no wallet, simply nothing. All I have is my skimpy dress. I wish I still had Mike's coat but I got rid of it as soon as he left,

My mistake was going to the police station. I wish I had my phone so I can call him and tell him that I'll never go to the police.

I swear I'm the correct definition of stupid. I should have waited longer before going for the police. Clearly I was still under his surveillance.

I'm scared. The woods look like they have eyes even though I see nothing. For some reason I feel like there is eyes on my back but when I turn it's just an empty road covered in long woods of trees.

My feet burn. My skin feels like just a layer of cold on top of me. I have been walking ahead by the road hoping to find something or anything but it all just keeps getting darker and darker.

For all I have walked I haven't felt like I'm alone. I'm shaking in fear and cold because I can feel that something is harbouring inside the trees. I don't know what's going to happen when it gets real dark but what I feel is that this might be the end of me. I'm about to be eaten by forests night creatures,

Jesus never abandons his children. There are lights of a vehicle approaching from the back. I throw myself on the road and wave. I swear I don't care if they run me over, as long as they end this fear reeking off me.

The car stops right before me. The flashing lights are blinding me, I try to look as I hear the sound of the door opening but I don't see. All I hear are footsteps.

Something like a bag is thrown besides me. It's too huge to be just a bag. Something wiggles inside it and I'm staring at it before I see Seeiso come besides me. He is the driver of the car,

"Seeiso!" I scream,

He ignores me, squats down to unwrap whatever is in the bag,

"Sir please....." Phelang?! I'm stunned. He is unwrapped from the bag begging for his life. He is a mess, he looks dealt with in a way that no human can do. He is covered in scratches and blood. Whatever cat dealt with him must be one mean cat,

"Sir I'm begging you, I was drunk....it was a mistake" he kneels before Seeiso, clasping his hands

"You'll be joining you friend up there" he say glaring at me pointing at the back. I look back to see lights from a house far away from us. It's a bit of a distance,

"You both need to run for your lives for me to spare you" his green eyes radiates in the darkness. This is not Seeiso my baby daddy, this is something I don't know. From the woods one large white green eyed wolf comes out. My world stops. I feel stuck and in disbelief, my eyes follow the wolf approaching us and him. His features are still human but he is changing right before my eyes. Things like this don't happen. He is growing larger and larger with his clothes ripping on his giant growing physique,

“RUN!” he seethes through gritted teeth, his teeth hang like that of a vampire and I don’t wait to hear it twice. I fly. I fly like an airplane on wind. I don’t look behind me but run for my life to the one destination. The house ahead. I don’t hear anything. The only thing I feel is my contact with the wind and land. Only the sound of my feet hitting on the ground encourages me to run faster. Only when I stumble on the door of the house banging it do I feel the stench coming from my behind. I shit on myself,

“HELP! HELP!” I bang on the door. I don’t see a sight of Phelang as I breathe behind the closed door.

The door opens. It’s the shiny expensive shoes I see first before I look up the expensive suit to find....is this our minister of health? I want to say something but my chest is too painful and my voice is too croaky. I’m trying to gain my balance. He holds a torch that he flashes and wave in the dark night. There far at the road the car lights flickers and the car turns offering us it’s behind red lights,

“Sir.....” he grabs my arms, dragging me inside and we walk into some sort of a brothel. The air in here is thick with smoke from cigars and the smell is heavy with alcohol scent. This is no house, it’s a brothel. Every dirty man there is in this world enjoys himself in here,

“Gentlemen I have new meat” he tosses me to the stage, my heart is beating out of my chest as I look at all this wealthy men preying on me. It’s about only ten of them. They roar in applaud raising their glasses,

“She is got a bit of situation in our favourite hole, let’s get her cleaned up before we start” my ass, I shit on myself

“QUEEN!” he calls and behind the curtains comes....TEBOHO?

Is he wearing a g string? I’m staring at his firm butt as he drags me back stage. What in the hell is this place?

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KHWEZI

He is here. Doing what he did last night. At first he was going to sleep with his daughter but then he came back to grab Bereng. Clearly I was the problem, but not for long. In the middle of the night he walked back in our room with some mattress which I don’t know where he got from and laid it on the floor. He put Bereng and Bohlokoa on the bed and grabbed me with to his mattress. He didn’t say a word but just held me to sleep and somehow we slept.

He was gone when I woke up in the morning. I had Bohlokoa following me everywhere I go today. He wasn’t here to play father of the year as he is so adamant to be.

Mabataung gave birth to three boys today but he was nowhere to be found with abuti Puso. Papa Tlotla was looking for them but no one found them.

And now he just walked in here with his daughter in his arms. He puts her on his side of the bed. She is asleep.

He lays that mattress again and come for me. We haven’t talked and today he looks worse than yesterday. He stoops to kiss Bereng’s forehead next to me and grab me off the bed, I hate this,

“Seeiso!” he doesn’t say a word. He puts me on the mattress and disappears to the closet. I guess I’m sleeping on the mattress once again.

When he comes back he is in his pyjamas and he slides right next to me. I try to look the other way but he doesn’t allow me, he holds me tight staring in my eyes and I see pain in his eyes, he is not looking good. Regardless of everything I love this man, I can never love any other but him and seeing him like this doesn’t do justice to my heart,

“Are you okay?” I ask,

He shakes his head no,

“You wanna talk about it?” I ask again,

“It’s about Bohlokoa” well I don’t want to know about it anymore,

He sighs when I just glare at him. He knows I don’t want to hear about it,

“I hate what is happening to us Khwezi” and here we go again,

“Don’t roll your eyes, I need us to talk about this. Tell me, what do you want mosadi waka?” (.....my wife?) he is calm, he is not shouting

“You don’t want Bohlokoa?” this conversation is getting exhausting but maybe I need to be honest with him,

I nod,

“Why?” he asks, the pain in his voice is not hard to miss

“She is Pabatso’s child. I cannot see myself raising and loving that monster’s daughter” he nods, blinking and I see he blinks the tears away

“What do you want me to do with her?” he manage past the pain in his voice,

“Take her back to her mother. I know about her, she can come visit you whenever she wants but don’t force her down on me. Let me get used to her, maybe with time I’ll change my mind but now all I see when I look her is Pabatso’s child” he grabs both my hands and kiss them,

“Baby I can’t. She was.....”

“Then there is no point in having this conversation” I interject,

“MaDlomo if you can just listen to me, please!”

“What?!” I snap,

“She was..... al al almost rararaped under her mother’s care” say what? I’m shocked. For him to stutter I know he is not lying. He only stutters when drunk, angry and very sad,

“WHAT?” I’m in disbelief,

“Her other bababy daddy.....i don’t know if he actually didid it, he said he just touched her and Pabatso said the same thing but I I I I want to ask my daughter and I don’t know where to start. I’m not exactly sure if he really didn’t dodo it, pabatso can say anything to save herself”

“Oh Molapo I’m so sorry” I hold him to my chest, his eyes glows with tears,

“I failed her soso bad and I cannot bring myself to do it again, please understand that, I’m bebe begging you” Jesus! What kind of a woman is Pabatso?!

“I’m really sorry my baby” I hate seeing him like this,

“But that doesn’t change my mind” I still have my own wounds when it comes to her mother,

“You still want me to send her away regardless of what I just told you” he is in disbelief

“She can stay with you for her safety but like I said, don’t force her down on me. I’m angry at that child’s mother and I don’t want to end up taking out all my anger on her. That’s why I want her away from me, can you understand that?” he nods though I see he wants to say something but he chooses otherwise,

“Do you want me to take her back to her room?” he ask,

“She is already asleep, but don’t bring her back in here tomorrow, give me time with her” he nods again,

“I’ll make sure she plays far away from you” he doesn’t have to be so mean about it, I just need time

“Tomorrow I’m going to call your father” he adds turning his back on me, he is hurt but he’ll get over it, I’m being honest for myself

“What for? Baby we just fixed things and now you want to start another drama” my father is going to flip,

“I need to do right with my children”

“Molapo I’ll.....”

“No” he interjects,

“I gave you a whole nine months to tell your parents but you didn’t, I’m calling your father first thing in the morning” I hate it when he barks orders. I’m not ready for my father’s tantrum.

CHAPTER 12

BIG FAT PIG

SEEISO

It could have been just a dream but I know better than to take as easily as that. My twin sister and I have always been connected in our own unique way. We called it a twin thing because no one is ever found the correct term to describe it.

Mostly when something bad is about to happen to her, I see it in my dream and feel it in my bones before it happens to her. Same as her, she feels danger towards me before it even happens.

I have just been woken by a weird dream of her with a woman holding a knife at her back next to her. I cannot exactly say what place is that because it looked like a cave of some sort. It was too dark to see clearly but the woman is smiling at her face holding a knife at her back. And what was more strange was my father's angry face that I think I saw right when I woke up.

Bereng is dead and sleeping. He's got no business to haunt me but with Ora, I know he'll come for me for his daughter. I have to find Mjay. He assured me that she was fine and safe but this dream just took me back to wanting her here where I can see her.

I had set a six o'clock alarm but I might as well wake up. It's already heading there anyway.

I prop myself on my pillow to admire the beauty sleeping next to me. In sleep one would think she is an innocent

gullible woman but she is not. She is proven to stand her ground and I cannot be mad about that. As much as it hurts me that there is a possibility that she might not accept my child, I still don't see myself letting her go.

I'm the root of all this mess. Had I came clean in the first place maybe we wouldn't be here but I'm hoping with the time she asks for she'll come around.

"Hlokoa! Baby girl!" she doesn't want to wake up,

"Wake up baby girl, you have to get ready for school" it's her first day at her new school,

She nods, grinning and stretching her arms,

"Good morning daddy!" I would give Pabatso the credit for raising our girl so well but now I know better. This is all Mme MaPabatso's doings. She did an amazing job with my daughter and I cannot thank her enough, may her soul rest in peace,

"Morning my baba, how did you sleep?"

She smiles,

"Okay I guess. The bad man wasn't in my dreams and I didn't pee on the bed" some perverts deserve their own special place in hell,

"Okay, go to your room and shower, daddy will be right behind you" she kisses Bereng sleeping next to her and jumps off the bed.

I check the bed and it's indeed dry. She wasn't a child that wet the bed but since she is been having nightmares of a bad

man in her dreams and wetting the bed, this tells me that she was violated recently.

I haven't really asked her what happened because I was afraid that I might kill the Phelang fool. I'm about to be inaugurated in a month and I cannot spill blood no matter what. Only until then I can do as I please but for now my hands have to be clean but still, I don't roll like that. I want to see someone suffer and gradually die, piece by piece until they finally give in to death. Quick death is not my style. I believe in killing someone's soul before I kill their body.

Pity that Phelang fool is somewhere dancing in Hugo's belly. Hugo had a feast of him because he was slow, he didn't make it to the brothel like Pabatso.

Pabatso's soul will be rejected even in hell when I'm done with her. She is only serving her beginner's sentence.

I grab my wife off the mattress and lay her next to Bereng on the bed before I follow my daughter. I need to make sure she is in the shower before I have a shower of my own,

This girl is making the bed instead of being in the shower, we had left it unmade last night when we moved to my bedroom,

“Bohlokoa?!” I question,

“Aunty Lelo said a girl must make her bed first thing in the morning before anything else” Lelo was her maid. She speaks more of her than her own mother. She works for Max. They are all from the military. I had deployed them to guard her because of guilt. Somehow I thought if she was

surrounded my soldiers she would be safe and my conscious would let me sleep but that wasn't enough, she was still violated right under Max's team,

"See! Done, now I'm going to shower"

I smile and watch her get out of her pyjamas. That little body is like a green banana. Nothing to salivate for, who even gets enticed over such little body? It's like looking at a green banana that hasn't ripped yet. She is so young and shouldn't been touched like that but this other gender of mine.....we men are indeed dogs,

"Eish daddy!" she is brushing her head,

"I don't have a shower cap. You'll hair dry me if I get my hair wet?" hell no!

"Stand right where you are, I'll get you one" I'll borrow my wife's,

She is all washed up and ready. I took a moment to shower as well while she cleaned up. The only thing she is struggling with is that hair,

"Do you want daddy to help you?" I don't know what she is trying to do but she is struggling,

"Yes please daddy. I want two puffs" that should be easy enough. Divide chunk of hair into two, right?

"Daddy you're supposed to separate my hair with a line, you don't just separate it with hands" eish!

"And the line is supposed to be straight" she adds. I feel like I'm back in Math class,

“Give me your ruler so I can draw the line” she pulls back and glare up at me,

“A ruler my papa?” she is shocked,

“Yes a ruler my baba, how am I supposed to draw a line”

“You have a comb in hand” exactly, it’s a comb, it combs hair

“I think I’m better than you, I’ll do it myself” if she wins, she is been at it for a while

“Come here sweetheart, let’s leave the hair a bit. Daddy wants to talk to you” I settle her on my lap as we sit on her bed,

“Please tell Daddy about the bad man in your dreams?” she drops her eyes,

“Daddy want to chase him away and he cannot do that if you don’t tell him what happened” I urge,

“Mommy said she’ll give me away like Pitso if I tell daddy, I don’t want to disappear”

“I promise you, I’ll not tell mommy that you told me. It will be our own secret”

She sighs,

“You promise?” I nod,

“Pinky promise” I intertwine my small finger with hers and she is satisfied,

“The bad man is mommy’s friend. He came into my room and touched me here” she touches her chest,

“And touched my nana and said I’m a big girl and he wants to do big things with me. He said he’ll give me money if I don’t tell anyone” dear lord! See why I want people to suffer for their sins, death is just too easy for assholes like this,

“But I screamed and mommy came into my room and chased him out. And every time I sleep since that night I wet my bed because I see him in my dreams” my poor daughter

“But I don’t wet my bed when I sleep with you. You chase him away” I wish I did,

“Daddy wants to permanently chase the bed man away so you don’t have to sleep with daddy forever, and that means I have to take you to the doctor” I say

“But I’m not sick”

“Yes, you’re not sick but your mind is sick. The bad man is in your mind and the doctor will talk to you and chase him away”

“Really?” she asks,

“Yes”

She smiles,

“That would be much better, I don’t like sleeping with you, you snore” oh my little birdy, I can’t help but laugh

“I’ll take you to the doctor when you come back from school, right?” she nods,

“Go finish up, you’ll find me in the kitchen” I’ll go check if they have already prepared their breakfast but I need to make a short left to Mjay’s room first.

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MABATAUNG

I'm exhausted and sore. I cannot believe I pushed three cute boys out of my body yesterday. They are healthy and males. All I needed to complete the house of wolves. Now I'm done with birth, if I ever fall pregnant again I swear I'm going to cry. This was the hardest pregnancy but I'm glad it's over and done with.

My hand voluntarily touches the perfect face sleeping next to me. A damn beautiful bastard I married. He stirs at my touch and I regret it immediately but it's too late,

"My person" he murmurs, his tone is still croaky and drugged in sleep

"I'm sorry" I apologise for waking him, kissing his dry lips to soften him,

"Don't worry, you were once my alarm" we both chuckle,

His eyes finally open and I fall in love every day when I look in those, he is perfect,

"You okay?" worry lines draw between his eyebrows as he really looks at me,

I frown, I don't know where that comes from,

"You were restless last night, you kept talking in your sleep and calling MaMolete" now I deeply frown to his explanation. I remember the dream, it's been haunting me for a while but I don't remember calling Lerato,

"I called Lerato?" I question

“Yeah. She is the only thing I heard, the rest was just mumbled and I couldn’t make it out clearly” that’s strange,

“Is it the same dream?” he asks

I nod,

I have been haunted by a dream of an old disabled woman inside the forest holding a child. She looks like someone from another life in the dream. She always comes holding a child I cannot see but I do see that there is something wrong with her arm. She always complains of her arm in the dream, telling me that child is too heavy to carry. That’s all I always remember when I wake up.

At some point I thought I would give birth to disabled kids because of this dream. But Ntate Moletsane assured me yesterday that all by boys are okay,

“Don’t worry yourself much, the dream will reveal it’s self with time as Moletsane had advice” he say when I fall into worry and I smile at him, I hope he is right. Ntate Moletsane did say that,

“Can I please go wash my face and do couple of kilos for the boys strength” I laugh, he promised to be hands on this time around. And just yesterday he couldn’t do it when I rest.

My mother in law took over the boys for a night, she offered me a night of rest before I start with them. I was too exhausted to lift even one yesterday,

“Wait, we haven’t talked names” he sighs. I like their wolfs names better than their royal names, wolf Adal, wolf Adol and wolf Adul

“I told you, Tumane, Mohlomi, Masopha” such horrible names

“But I like Omario, Mario and Rio better” he is not having it, he glares at me and shakes his head

“No child of mine will inherit such fucked up names, what the hell is Omario?” he storms to the bathroom talking to himself. I guess I’ll never have my dream of naming my children with American names.

I’m almost falling asleep again when the door opens. Papa Tlotla long left for his run, it’s his daughter. I just know she wants money so I pretend to be asleep,

“Mama Tlotla! Tshoha hlee Mabataung” (Mama Tlotla! Please wake up Mabataung) I don’t even stir,

“Your son slipped off my hands and fell”

“WHAT?!” I pop my eyes,

She laughs, this child!

“What do you want Tlotla?” I ask with a sigh looking at her. She scared me,

She is in her school uniform, it’s Monday morning,

“I have a problem” I honestly don’t know what a seven and half old’s problem could be so early in the morning but with my daughter, one never really knows.

She produces an envelope from her blazer inside pocket and give it to me,

“It’s a letter, it says I should bring a parent with to school today” she read it. I’m reading it and it actually says that,

“Tlotla what did you do?” she exhaust me,

“I beat up four boys in my class” that she can do and I’m not shocked,

I glare at her,

“They called me a big fat pig mama” obviously she took after her grandparents, I don’t have a thick bone in me. She is the only child of mine that went all thick. Lerotholi is a bone like me and with the triplets I’m yet to see,

“What did your father say about all this violence Tlotla? You don’t beat up other children for being mean to you” this not her first letter, her father always handles this but he was fared up the last time,

“What do I do when they call me a big fat pig?”

“You report them to your teachers, you don’t fight” little missy rolls her eyes, I swear one of this days I’ll fasten her to the bed and beat the hell out of her

“The teacher just tells them to stop calling me that but they do it anyway, so I handle them myself” sigh!

“So are you coming mama?”

“No. I’m tired” I just gave birth yesterday, I have no energy to listen to angry mothers,

“Go give it to your father” he should be back before they go to school

“Mama No! He is going to shout at me” I wish he would beat her up,

“Go Tlotla maan, I want to sleep” yerrr!

“Your babies are ugly” she folds her arms with an attitude for days,

“So is their bully sister, get off my face”

“I’m not their sister, I hate them” I don’t care. I think I’ll hear the slamming of the door but she doesn’t, she is still standing staring up all out trying to invite tears

“Mama why do you hate me so much? I wish my husband was here” Jesus! I cannot wait for Mkhonto to come collect her,

“I know he’ll take care of me and make all my troubles go away!” fake tears! They move me though.

“What do you want child?” I sit up straight with a sigh,

“I need you to come, I cannot tell Papa he’ll be mad”

“Why don’t you go ask your favourite uncle to come with you” that would be Seeiso, she gets away with everything with him. And it actually does the trick, she grins, the tears are gone

“Your right mama, thank you” I expect her to walk out but she is still standing,

“And now?” I ask

“Pocket money” when is she getting married again?

“I cannot wait for you to get married!” I say, struggling out of bed to get my wallet. She is the only one that bothers me with pocket money, my son comes back with money if I gave him one

“I’m already married mama, I’m only waiting for him to come fetch me. He’ll beat everyone who calls me a big fat pig” that he’ll do,

“I had a dream about him last night” one thing you shouldn’t do with Tlotla is start a Mkhonto conversation, she doesn’t stop

“We were in Disneyland together and kissing” if I wasn’t used to this talks I would need a wine after this,

“I don’t know if he will like my kisses, I have only kissed my father, you, nkgono.....i think I should kiss a boy to practice” (.....grandma.....) my tiny little whore,

“You’re someone’s wife baby, you cannot kiss another boy. You have to kiss him only” I offer my two cent,

“Unless if you want him to kiss another girl as well” she heats up, her facial expression wrinkles up and I almost want to laugh

“I would kill her. I would set Akela free and eat those lips kissing my husband” that, my bully daughter would do,

“Here” I give her a ten rand note and she sulks

“Tlotla Molapo get out of my face!”

“Mama we have two breaks!”

“Exactly, five rand per break”

“You’re so stingy!”

“Go scam your husband, I’m not your husband”

“I wish he would come today, you’re all abusing me” at least she is leaving.

She is met by her favourite uncle when she opens the door,
he was about to knock,

“Ntate waka, my daddy” she bribes him with sweet names
and he laughs,

“What do you want?” he squats down to her,

“See, I need you to come to school with me. The teacher said
I should bring a parent” she gives him the letter,

“I bit up four boys” she adds,

“Why?” he asks

“They called me a big fat pig”

“High five!” he can’t encourage her

“Seeiso!” I call out. He laughs,

“Go eat breakfast, I’ll come with you” she squeals, running
out of the room

“I’m driving them, it’s Bohlokoa’s first day” he explains
walking into the room,

“I’m looking for Mjay, where is he?”

“He went on his morning run”

He huffs, blowing out some air

“What’s the matter? Is everything okay” he looks worried,

“It’s Ora. I had a very disturbing dream about her, I need to
make sure she is okay” twins! I’m sure Ora is fine but since
she is his twin,

“I’m sure it was just a dream” I explain,

He shakes his head no,

“I have this feeling, you’ll not understand. She and I are connected in a way”

“What feeling is that?” we both look up behind him trying to find the old voice that asked that but.....

“Down here mother and uncle” it’s my son, he is behind Seeiso also in school uniform. I swear there is an old soul living in this boy,

“Ow boyzen!” Seeiso squats down to him. He hates baby names but with Seeiso he doesn’t have much of a choice, he calls him whatever he wants,

“Since you’re the master mind behind all this. I saw a woman holding a sharp knife behind her back and since then I just couldn’t sleep. I feel a shift of sadness towards her”

“The only woman with her would be Skye’s mother but Skye wouldn’t let anything happen to her” Lerotholi,

“Who is Skye?” Seeiso asks

“Her keeper”

“Well, listen Mr. Keeper. You better go check up on my twin to that dungeon you took her and make sure she is okay because my feelings towards her are never wrong, are we clear little winny man?” Lerotholi huffs

“Crystal”

Bohlokoa passes by behind her father and I call her in, she is cute in her uniform,

“Hlokoa!” she comes back, looking down

“Dumelang Mme Mabataung!” I swear Tlotla is going to learn a thing or two from her, so humble!

“Who did your hair?” she touches her two puffs. Her hair is beautiful. It’s relaxed and it falls out,

“I did it” Seeiso is proud, he beams

“It’s nice, right?” sigh!

“The line is not straight” the puffs are held firmly but the line dividing them is going elsewhere,

“What do you mean?” he frowns looking on her head,

“It’s supposed to be a straight line. Why didn’t you ask Khwezi to do it?” I hold out my hand for Bohlokoa to come to me and tell her to get a comb in the bathroom,

“She was sleeping. I didn’t want to wake her up” he explains,

“Okay. Let’s see here” her hair is neat and easy, it doesn’t take a minute to hold her neat puffs,

“Thank you Mme Mabataung” so sweet,

“Your welcome baby, go on and have breakfast” Seeiso is staring at them as they walk out with Lerotholi, he adores his girl,

“It’s okay, you’re doing great and she’ll forget everything with time” I say

He sighs,

“I hope so. By the way it’s good to have the not pregnant you back” I laugh, apparently I was a mess

“Please tell Mjay to call me ASAP when he comes back. I have to warn him that Dlomo is coming tomorrow”

“Vulamasango?” I ask,

“Yeah, I just called him and he said he’ll be here first thing in the morning” oh feel sorry for him,

“Good luck!” he shakes his head leaving the room. That man is going to bury him alive.

CHAPTER 13

LOVE IN THE CAVES

SKYE

In all the time I have graced the earth I think her face will be the reason I fight for more from life. For all I am I have been just Skye. A secret hybrid cave man. I didn't choose this life but it chose me and somehow I learned to live with who I am and be comfortable with it....well I thought I was comfortable with it but the past week I have had her in my space has proven that I want more.

I want more to life and I want more with her, for her, for us. It's crazy to feel this way about someone I barely even know and just met but I feel like her being here was the gods giving me my better half right before my eyes, and lord knows I don't see myself letting her go,

I know she is a no go area as per Aragorn's wishes but I think I finally felt the crazy crazy love that drives humans insane. Not once did I think I would feel like this for a human but boy I was so wrong.

She is simply radiant and she captures me without doing just a damn thing. I like everything about her, her smile, her face, her skin, her little mini frowns she does at everything like it's all new to her. She is just amazing.

I think she is shy by nature. She was so comfortable and talkative with 'Wolfy' because in her head she thought she was just an animal that couldn't respond, but now knowing

'Wolfy' is actually a he that I am she is grown back into a shell.

Since the embarrassment of two moons away she haven't even attempted a word with me. I catch her staring here and there but she doesn't say anything like she talked with 'Wolfy',

I don't know how many times I have paced down the passage stopping myself from going inside her cave just to stare. She is perfect in every way a woman can be. I know I'm kind of a pervert for deceiving her into thinking I'm a she wolf but I don't regret a damn thing. I fed my eyes and I wish I could feed more of her but I know I cannot mess around with her, "Look at you smiling alone!" my mother exclaims finding me standing by the firebase

"She is not just a friend, isn't she?" she pry and I let her be,

"You brought food" she holds containers of food,

"Is she special to you?" she drops on the single wood chair by the table,

I nod,

"Where did you meet her, I don't understand"

"She is here for protection, nothing else but I have caught feelings" she raises an eyebrow, I'm not always brutal with my feelings but there is nothing to hide here,

"She is the princess, you do realise that right?" I nod,

"How do you know her? You haven't answered my question" she is on investigative mode but I don't fall into her questions,

“Your father is after her, isn’t he?”

“Don’t call that thing my father!” I sneer,

“Tell me something then, I’ll stop speculating and making you angry”

“Amaruq wants to bed her. She is royal blood and she can carry his seed. That’s all he wants from her but we both know what exactly he is going to do with the pups, right? You wouldn’t have hid me all my life if he had good intentions”

“So this girl can buy you the freedom you need?” I don’t like the look in her eyes,

“Not at her expense. I cannot sacrifice her”

“Why not?”

“Mother I love this woman. I have never felt like this for a human, you know I have always been into my kind but her.....” words fail me to put into words how I feel about her

“Nothing happens to her. She is here for protection and protection is what we’ll give her” that’s final,

“Unfortunately for you that’s a royal girl. You can love her and she can love you too but she’ll always know her duty. That girl will marry a handsome prince chosen by her family one day and you Mr. Love you’ll still be stuck here living like a cave man. All I was trying to make you see is that she is the key to the freedom you always longed for. Give her up and then have your life, we’ll only pack up and start elsewhere where the royal house wouldn’t find us”

“Mother thank you for the food, I’ll make sure she eats” this is me freeing her of her duty. She doesn’t stay here, she stays in the village. She only comes here every morning to bring me food which is mostly bread and soup. That’s all I can stomach for human food. Mostly I hunt, I prefer my food raw and dripping with red juices,

I don’t like us fighting because she is had my back since day one. She fought for my survival and did everything she could to make sure that I reach this far. I’m here today it’s all her but this time around she is wrong. My wolfy may be a princess but.....lord the thought of her with another man!

“Hi, can I come in?” she is laying on matt staring up,

She finally wore the dress I gave her the other day. I wish she could stand so I see her properly in it,

“Yeah” her tone is almost inaudible,

I try my best not to look at those yellow thighs, I swear she baths in custard,

“I brought you food and some staff” she receives the containers and paper bags

“Thank you” I wish she could be as comfortable as she was with ‘Wolfy’

“Can I keep you company for while?” she looks up at me, definitely not sure but she shrugs,

I take a sit beside her anyway. She is looking through the paper bags first. I went out to buy her some clothes and toiletries in the morning

“THE HEIR?” she picks the book, I thought she could read to pass time

“What is it about?” she continues to ask

“The last cannibal man who is an heir to everything the cave men left behind” she is not impressed, I see it in the way she raises her eyebrow

“Who is the author?” she turns the book to look,

“Matumelo Ramadieletse, not popular but her work is promising” I say

“Thank you, it will definitely keep me busy” she doesn’t mean it,

“Why don’t you like it?” I see she is not impressed but trying not to be rude

“I’m a girl, you could have bought Romeo and Juliet. I love romance, romance that is known not some book about a life of a cannibal heir. Do those people still even exist?” I can’t help but laugh,

“Yeah they do”

“So they eat people?” her first question is what everyone always ask,

“Used to. They are people like us. They have a past like us but theirs is always portrayed like they are monsters. Read the book and ask me this questions afterwards” she sighs putting it aside to look inside the bag again,

“I still wish you bought romance though” she murmur

“There is romance in the book. Motlejoa falls in love and.....”

“Romance of known authors. I don’t like authors I don’t know because I don’t easily relate to their style of writing” she is definitely a book worm,

“But thank you, it was thoughtful and I’ll enjo.....” she gasps picking a set of panties inside the paper bag,

“They’ll fit right? I bought small” she is not exactly tiny but she is that woman in between small and medium,

She opens her mouth to say something but words fail her,

“You can eat now” I take the paper bag off her hand and put food containers on her lap, she looks flushed

“Thank you” she is back to her shell, she cannot even lift her head to look at me again

“Ora!” I hate it when she retreats inside her shell,

I take the food of her lap and set them aside so I have her full attention. I pick her chin up so I look right in her eyes. I love how she cannot hold my stare but try her best to look anywhere but me,

“Please look at me” she can’t, she is trying but she cannot

“I know you don’t know me and I’m probably not your type but my heart ausi, you have taken all over my heart and all I see it’s you. Be it my dreams when I’m dead asleep or my dreams when I think of the future, your just there my wolfy and I’m asking you to look at me this way, look at me and see you’re wolfy as well. Please be mine princess” as I look in her eyes I see love, it’s there but she is scared

“Please say something. Tell me you feel this as well, tell me I occupy your dreams as well. I know I have nothing to give you but.....” she closes her eyes, biting on her lower lip to

wet them up and I know that's just bold 'can you kiss the shit out of me'

I lean over, cupping her face before I divulge her tender lips. She soft. Soft and tender in a way that makes my blood rush. Excitement clouds me and I almost feel the animal in me fighting to take over but I groan and pull away from her tender soft lips,

She is shy once again, dropping her eyes but I pick her chin, "Your my wolfy?" I ask,

This time she awards me her perfect smile and nods

"Thank you, that's all I need to hear today. We'll figure the rest as we go" she nods again

"Now eat so I can take you into the journey of Motlejoa the heir" she rolls her eyes and I laugh. No wonder humans are so crazy when in love, it's a crazy feeling that cannot be put into word.

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SEEISO

She is in here, hiding in our bedroom when she should be out there greeting her father. Dlomo arrived about an hour ago but his daughter hasn't come out to greet him.

She is very nervous. I see it on her face just walking into the room,

"My star"

"Say no" I almost want to laugh but I hold myself,

“Don’t smile Say, that man is going to kill me” she adds as I sit on the bed

“Come here” I pull her leg and settle her astride me,

“Dlomo will have to go through me first to kill you, we are both in this together, okay?” I assure her, pecking her lips and she awards me with a deep sigh

“He is been here for an hour now and now he asking about you. I told him you were bathing”

“You haven’t told him?” she asks and I shake my head no,

“I’ll do it after lunch. Now we going to have lunch with him and after that I’ll steal him to the study and tell him why he really is here” she sighs again,

“Where is mama?” she asks

“She is not here, I haven’t had time to ask him about her but she didn’t come” she hides on my chest,

“That’s the one person who could have saved us from him”

“It’s okay baby, let’s get it over and done with” I peck her lips again and she sulks

“What?” I ask

“You don’t kiss me this days”

“And risk getting aroused only to find a tampon filling you up” she rolls her eyes,

“Get your sexy ass dressed, I’ll be right here waiting for you” she pecks my lips and gets off me.

I’m disturbed by a buzzer from my phone as she disappears into the closet. It’s Minister calling me.

‘Lebona’ I keep my tone way down low checking the coast behind me

‘My king, how are you?’

‘Lebona get to the point of this call, I have no time’ I hiss

‘I found a buyer for your girl under black market’ he informs

‘What did you sell?’

‘Her heart, kidneys and blood but the transaction will be next week, my men and I are still having fun with her for now’

‘Great, keep me in the loop. Call me when her body is just empty with no organs and soul’

‘Damn she did you bad, what do I do with the money?’ he asks

‘Do as you please. Donate the money to charity or something and.....’ my star comes back as I was about to tell him to keep the body for me when they are done,

“I don’t look like a mother, right?” I laugh

“Come, let’s go, Dlomo is going to know that you’re a mother anyway” I can feel her drag herself as we head to the dining hall. We need to do this no matter how scared she is,

“Babe....”

“No Khwezi, we are doing this” I know she is just trying to get me to change my mind. I don’t even look in her direction but hold her, I know she’ll bribe me with those eyes,

Everyone is all seated having lunch without us the guest of honours. Dlomo gets off his chair to embrace his daughter when we walk into the room,

“Princess!” he hugs her,

“You look fat” he sets her off his arms to look at her from head to toe

“Ukahle mtanami?” (You okay my baby?) He continues to ask,

“I’m okay baba”

“I see Seeiso is taking good care of you, you gained weight” he say as they both take seats,

“She’ll lose weight, its baby fa.....” Khwezi coughs hard disturbing my mother as she almost burst us. She doesn’t know that Dlomo is not aware that he is a grandfather,

“Where is mama baba?” She asks sipping on water,

“She couldn’t come, she is busy with the baby. She is still too young to travel” say what, I pop my eyes,

“You have another baby?!” my star asks horrified,

“Don’t be stupid. It’s Sakhe”

“Sakhe?” my star questions

“Your brother got Milani pregnant. Your mother is taking care of the child”

“WHAT?!” someone pour water on me,

“I know. That fool made me a grandfather, do I look like someone’s grandfather?!” Jesus! How do we break our own

news when he looks so frustrated about being a grandfather? If only he knew he is a grandfather for two, “Siphosakhe is a father?” my voice is barely a whisper as I ask this,

“A father my ass! He made the child and now it’s my wife’s responsibility, and you know what’s fucked up?” Mjay is in stitches,

“That fool of mine named his daughter after my mother. Who calls a little girl Ndlovukazi? And then he guilt drips me by saying ‘Mama is looking down at you not taking care of her return’” Sakhe is making him age more,

“Are they not in varsity?” I ask

“They are, all of them that’s why my wife is taking care of the so called mini ‘Ndlovukazi’ this is a mess,

“I swear that better be the only child to call me a grandfather or else I’ll explode. I’m not about to have human beings call me grandpa. I’m too handsome to be a grandfather. I was telling all your useless brothers to look up to you, my daughter is married but she understand that I’m not cut out to be a grandfather. A grandfather like me, just imagen” I need something strong! My poor wife is drinking water like it will ease her fears,

“Anyway princess, I’m throwing you your second version of umemulo?” he continues to say,

“I’m married baba, what is a second version of umemulo?” my star asks

“It’s the part where I finally give your husband permission to bed you. He is respected me so far and I just want to rub it

on your brothers. I want them to know that my daughter respects me, your married but still pure mtanami. Those three are like hyenas. They fuck everything with a skirt on” I definitely need a whisky to break the news.

CHAPTER 14

THE BRUTAL TRUTH

KHWEZI

I can almost hear the sound of my heart beat out of my chest at the tone of his voice. I'm sitting right next to my husband in the study. I thought Say would change his mind hearing how pissed he already is at being a grandfather to my brother's kid but he is still adamant. As promised he asked him aside after lunch and grabbed my hand with in here. He wants this done and over with and lord knows I'm not ready. I just know that man is going to flip. He is going to leave this place sour, that one I'm sure of,

"You okay?" my husband whispers besides me and I nod. I can almost see how my father is going to react in my head.

"Don't worry much, I'm the one he is going to burry six feet under, not you" for a moment we get lost in each other smiling only to be disturbed by a clearing of throat. It's him, he had to take a call and said he'll find us in here,

"Molapo this better be good" Say squeezes my hand in assurance as he stride to take the couch before us.

One thing about my old man is that he is aging gracefully. His beard has grown greyish and it's neatly kept, it looks good on him,

"I'm all sat and awaiting you Moletsane. Why am I here?" he stares at us, his eyes burrowing right into my heart, I almost feel like he sees right through me,

“Mkhabela I appreciate you coming at my request” my poor baby can’t even look in his eyes. He is squeezing his hands together,

“Look at me Moletsane, man to man, why am I here?”

Say reaches beside the couch and picks a bottle of Royal Salute whisky. He puts it on top of the small table separating us and I’m as shocked as my father. This bottle is one of the most expensive bottles of whisky,

“I know you love your whisky neat and ancient, and I thought this might help you calm down” he say,

“So I’m going to need something to calm down?” my father asks

“Yes sir” silence stretches in the room as he looks at us. Say at least manage to hold his stare but me, I drop my eyes when he looks at me,

“I’m listening Molapo” he urges

Say nods,

“Before that sir, I ask that you receive this gift from me. This is me saying Dlomo I wronged you and I apologise for spitting on your name” this man came in here prepared,

From his coat he takes out a medium jewellery box and puts it on the table. This one has my father grinning as he looks at them,

“I asked one of our best designers at Molapo Diamonds Manufactures to design this cufflinks particularly in your honour”

“VD?” my father is impressed, he asks inspecting the cufflinks in his hands,

“Vulamasango Dlomo. I asked that they engrave your initials on them”

“You have me at the palm of your hand Molapo. I appreciate this, thank you” Say nods taking in a much needed breath

“Dlomo I know there is no amount of gifts that will make you forgive me for the things I did but I can only hope that you lend me an ear and hear where I come from” my father nods, collecting himself to look at us,

“Mr. Dlomo let me start by saying I made your daughter a step mother before anything else” what? Why is he confessing that?

“You cheated on my daughter?”

“No sir. I found out that I have a daughter with a one night stand of about a decade ago that I barely even remembered”

My father sighs, he looks at me for a brief moment but then takes into Say again,

“Okay, so your both parents to your child, where is the child?” he asks,

“She is here but now she is at school”

“You’re a man Molapo, owning up to your shit. I’ll wait and meet my granddaughter even though I don’t want to be anyone’s grandfather” we share a light chuckle,

“So I take it your both okay with this new development in your relationship?” my father asks and I feel Say’s eyes on

me at the question. When I fail to answer he looks at my father and say

“We are okay sir”

My father sighs reaching for the whisky on the table and pouring in two empty glasses for him and Say,

“This is not bad news Molapo. Things like this happen. Our past catches up with us when we least expect it, what’s important is how we accommodate our past into our present. This is me saying thank you for telling me yourself. Things like this are best hearing from the horse’s mouth” he passes him the other glass after filling them and they both gulp,

“To think I came here thinking you knocked my daughter up. That’s why I mentioned that memulo shit” Say gulps the rest of his drink and hiss at the sensation,

“Slow down Molapo, this shit is too strong” my father reprimands

“Mr. Dlomo my daughter is not the only reason I called you here” a frown gathers on my father’s face

“Sir you’re a grandfather, we have a baby” there, he puts it just like that

“Who has a baby?” my father asks

“Me and your daughter”

“Who is me and your daughter?” Jesus!

“MaDlomo and I” he is bewildered. For a while he just stares between us with nothing but shock written on his face. I hide my face behind my husband’s shoulder when he really looks

at me. He says no words but grab the whisky on the table and gulp it down straight from the bottle. Now Say and I are shocked staring at him gulp the shit he called strong as if it's water,

When he stops the bottle is almost empty. He burps and gets off the couch,

“FUCK!” he curses, producing his phone and making a call,

Say and I watch him pace up and down burning in range,

‘My heaven’ he called my mother

‘Your daughter is pregnant!’ what? Say and I look at each other

‘I got here and she is all fat and I asked what is the matter and she said nothing. Now Seeiso is telling me they are having a baby’ my husband said we have a baby, not we are having a baby

‘This is not funny! Why are you laughing? Why am I given whores in my house? I swear god gave me bunch of little whores to call kids, none of them want to take after me, when I was thirty I was still a virgin’ this is embarrassing, Say looks at me like ‘Your father was a virgin at 30’

‘MaDlomo I’m losing my mind. I’ll probably make it back home tomorrow. I’m going to need to sleep here because I just drank half a bottle of Royal Salute at one go’

‘I don’t want to calm down, I’m no one’s grandfather mina’ I wish I could hear what mama is saying

“Here, your mother wants to talk to you” he throws the phone at me,

“I cannot believe you’re just another whore in my house. I’M TALKING TO YOU!!” he shouts when I put the phone on my ear. Now I don’t know what to do, mama is saying hello on the phone and her husband is shouting,

“Mr. Dlomo you misunderstood me, I said we have a baby. The baby is here, he is a week old, he was born last week” Say adds salt to wound. My poor father drops on the chair in defeat, he grabs the last content of the bottle and drink it up,

“I want my wife!” oh poor daddy!

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He had to take a nap after drinking an entire bottle of Royal Salute alone. It was supposed to be just a nap but I guess he slept the entire afternoon away because he is only waking up now and we are about to have dinner once again.

He called this man besides me and asked that we bring the child to his guest room. I’m nervous once again. What if he is got a gun in there and the minute we open the door he shoots my husband and son,

“You need to calm down my star” Say props us outside his door to calm my nerves down. He holds Bereng in his arms,

“The worst is over, he just wants to see his grandson and be angry one last time” we both chuckle,

“How did he sound like when he called you?” I ask,

“He sounded like a pissed grandfather” we lightly laugh,

“Come here” he grabs the small of my back and pulls me up a little with and kiss my nose,

“I love you, you know that right?” I flush,

“I love you too”

“Nothing is going to happen, believe me his fine now.....” he teases the tip of his nose with mine buttering me up when the door opens. We both pull apart but it’s too late,

“NXA!” now he is definitely pissed,

“Busy doing adult things when my daughter is supposed to be pure, this is how he got you pregnant Khwezi and he’ll knock you up again if you keep smiling to his shit” he barks walking back in the room,

“Grandpa!” eish Say naye! He grins holding Bereng to him,

“Someone wants to meet Grandpa!” my father’s face. If looks could kill,

He drops on a couch in his room and prop his hands to receive his grandson,

“Bereng Agar Molapo, say hi to grandpa Dlomo” he say putting him in my father’s arms,

Annoyance on my father’s face is swept away like wind washes top soil. He grins, kisses my little man with nothing but love,

“Hello Dlomo. You could have chosen another mother, not my daughter.....hmm? Do I look like a grandfather to you? Hmm?.....Yebo Moletsane who you smiling with? I’m your main boy, not your grandfather, you hear that? This two are

making me suck as it starts, I'm supposed to bring you something but I wasn't told....you know why? Because someone didn't tell even her own mother that she was pregnant" that's straight up bullets my way, even his eyes glares at me for a brief second

"Welcome to the world Moletsane, your main boy will be with you every day of your life, you hear that?" he kisses his forehead and hands him to me,

"Sit him on the bed and you both sit down!" he'll not kill me, now I'm calm. I lay my son on the bed and walk back to them sitting by my husband,

"Molapo I'm disappointed in you. How do you impregnate my daughter for nine months and fail to say anything to me?" now he is addressing us

"Baba it was me I....."

"I'm not talking to you wena, I'm talking to your husband" he interjects throwing daggers my way,

"Do you know how difficult pregnancy is? What if something happened to my daughter?" he continues to fry him,

"I have no words for myself than to say I apologise Dlomo and something like this will never happen again" Seeiso

"You sure are right about it not happening again, I'm not about to be someone's grandfather ever again. That boy on the bed better be the last you put inside my daughter" I'm with him there, I don't want to see myself going through labour pains again,

"Not even two'nyana....."

"Molapo don't annoy me" my father interjects him

“My apologies Mr. Dlomo. Other than that am I still your favourite son in law?”

“Tsek! Busy pumping my daughter with a boy that looks nothing like me and you ask if you’re my favourite. You couldn’t even let my daughter represent me, he had to look just like you from head to toe?” they both laugh,

“Excuse us a bit Molapo. But call your jeweller and tell them you want a necklace engraved MD as well, MaDlomo Dlomo. You have to apologise to my wife as well”

“Mr. Dlomo you’re leaving tomorrow, it’s short notice”

“Make it happen Molapo. And while at it, fill up my car, full tank and make sure it’s washed” Say opens his mouth to say something but decides otherwise

“Yes sir”

“Good” Say shakes his head leaving the room

“Don’t forget another bottle of Royal Salute” My father adds just as he walks out the door

“Yerrrr!” we both hear him mumble and we laugh.

Now it’s just me and my old man. He is staring at me and making me feel nervous. It’s just nerves of him knowing I have a baby, I’m no longer scared,

“Princess I cannot believe there is a whole human that came out of you” we disappoint our parent but they love us anyway

“Baba!” I drop my eyes

“Why didn’t you say anything? Even to your mother?”
honestly I don’t know,

“Baba it all happened to so fast. I was going to tell her and then she was burying her father. I thought I let her heal first and I would come clean, then I was six months pregnant and I was scared that she is going to be just as pissed and I kept postponing until he was born”

“So you were already pregnant when we buried Ntate Tau?”
I nod

“Why didn’t we see you?” like he would. My mother knows nothing about pregnancies, she didn’t see a thing but Mhambi.....that little girl kept brushing my tummy and I actually ran away from her the entire funeral

“I was three months pregnant then” he sighs shaking his head,

“Your mother is hurt. She is the person you speak to almost every day and you failed to tell her that your expecting” she has every right to be, we talk almost every day but I didn’t say anything

“I’ll make things right” he nods with a sigh,

“Let’s talk about your step daughter, how are you finding that?” I shrug,

“Khwezi. I know you mtanami, you my brat. Tell me” sigh!

“I’m not really connecting with the girl” I confess,

“Why?”

“She is Pabatso’s daughter” I add

“And I’m supposed to know who this Pa.something is?” sigh!

“Remember that roommate of mine that almost got me raped?” he nods

“She is the mother of this child and lord knows baba I cannot look past that and accept her child. She looks like my husband but knowing who her mother is, I cannot open my heart” he leans back on the couch and glare at me,

“I ruined you baby girl. You don’t have a heart” I frown at him

“Do you know why Mhambi had to be reborn?” he asks,

“Because she didn’t make it when Mkhonto was born” she was supposed to be Mkhonto’s twin

“You know why your mother lost her in the first place?” I shake my head no,

“Let me tell you something about a woman with a heart. Your mother bought people to stab my wife. My heavily pregnant wife. They stabbed her and she lost the other twin which was Mhambi” what? I can feel my blood freeze,

“Now did my wife ever not loved you because you’re the daughter of the woman that killed her own child?” I’m quick to shake my head no,

“Did she ever make you feel otherwise or she loved you regardless of what your own mother did to her”

“My mother loves me” that one I know, I don’t long for any other mother and I don’t care to know what ever happened to my birth mother because I have a mother who loves me completely,

“That’s what a woman with a heart does Khwezi. You love even when you’re not supposed to love. Sure this kid’s mother hurt you but this is a child. Where is your heart in that? Children are angels. You can hate anyone but not a child mtanami. Don’t be that woman. Women are founders of life, they love and nurture everything with life in it and that’s children” I have no words for myself, I can’t look in his eyes

“I knew it the moment Seeiso mentioned a step child that it can’t be good because I know you my baby. You’re a spoilt brat and it’s all my fault really because I was raising the bar too high so all your life I can be the only man in your life but you mother came into our lives and changed that. And I’m grateful she did because you would have ended up hating me for not being able to keep a man, no man was going to measure up to daddy and it’s what I wanted for you. To always be my girl”

“But you’re a woman now. A mother while at it and you have a young man who worships the ground you walk on. Seeiso is the lover in this union everyone including me sees that. He is willing to let you even strip him of his honour as a man just so he has your love. That’s what people who really love does. They see no life other than you. It’s what your mother has for me. That woman will love and forgive any of my bullshit as long as she wakes up next to me but I cannot say the same. If my wife ever cheats on me, that’s it. But not her, she’ll forgive me even if I cheat because that’s just how much she loves me. She is lover and I respect her for that and love her back as well.

Seeiso is that for you. He'll do anything for you Khwezi and don't be a fool to play with his love because even as a lover, he'll find someone who'll love him with his scars and you'll cry. I salute that man for putting up with you. You're my brat but you need to wake the fuck up and smell the coffee. This is not home where daddy will always be there, this is marriage and when you're in it, you love your partner with their scars and his scar is his daughter, are you listening to me Khwezi?" I nod

"No other man can put up with you baby. Keep that in my mind when you're busy pushing your husband away"

"I don't mean to make you cry baby but you need to hear the brutal truth every now and then. Be a woman my baby, not your father's daughter you hear me?" I nod

"Now come here, stop crying" he opens his arms and I fall in. I fall apart more because I wasn't aware I was that bad,

"I'm sorry baba"

"You don't owe me no apology. There is a little girl in this house longing for your love. Open your heart and love the child. It's what I want for you my baby, have a heart, you hear me?" I nod in his arms

He kisses the top of my head and cups my face to wipe tears,

"Now stop crying. Let me show you Gcino pictures"

"Who is Gcino?" I ask

He rolls his eyes,

"Mini Ndlovukazi, I called her Gcino because I thought she was the first and the last grandchild of mine kanti your busy spreading legs this side" the bullets!

CHAPTER 15

USELESS

MABATAUNG

I'm a mess, mothering three new-born infants is not a child's play. The pregnancy was difficult but this....i swear I'm losing my mind. They all cry at the same time or one just wakes the rest when they cry. And on top of that I was blessed with a useless husband. He promised to be hands on this time around but not Papa Tlotla. Yes he was hands on but only for the first day, since then he is what he is, too occupied to lend me hand. This is what we fight about the most. I don't make this babies alone, I want his full support and to help take care of them.

I don't know why he can't be like Seeiso. Seeiso is always carrying his son around the house, one would swear Khwezi is not a new mother because she is always free. But me, I have a useless man who left me to take care of all his kids on my own,

"Koko, can I come in Mme Mabataung?" its bohlokoa, the door is left ajar so I nod at her,

"Dumela Mme Mabataung" she greet standing by the door

"Hello Hlokoa"

"Can I help you please" even a nine year old is willing to help because this kids are crying but not their father. She is still in her uniform, it's clear she was passing to her room,

“Please my baby, you can sit on the couch I’ll give you one to feed” she nods and drop her school bag by the door. I’m holding one when two are crying on the bed. I know their names are Tumane, Mohlomi and Masopha but I still cannot differentiate them. They are identical twins. One copy multiplied by three is what they are,

“Thank you mme, why are they crying?” she asks receiving one with his bottle. I wasn’t going to breastfeed free babies. They are all on bottle,

“They are always crying nana, I don’t know why” I’m pacing around the room with one in my arms hoping he’ll fall asleep so I can pick the other one on the bed,

Bohlokoa seems to be managing. She doesn’t even give him a bottle but he is shushing in her arms while she sings,

There was a mother who had a son and her son was called Hlomy, H.L.O.M.Y, hlomy was his name..... the song thing is working.

I’m stunned because she is just been in here for two minutes and the little dude is sleeping. I have been on my feet for almost an hour but none of them was sleeping.

She continues to sing putting him on bed. He is asleep. She takes the other one after putting.....wait,

“That’s Mohlomi?” it’s embarrassing that I cannot differentiate the product of my womb but a nine year old can,

“Yes and this one is Masopha” meaning I’m holding Tumane, sigh!

She starts her song again,

There was a mother who had a son and her son was called Sopha, S.O.P.H.A, Sopha was his name..... the song doesn't take long before Masopha drift off to sleep.

I take Masopha to lay him next to Mohlomi and give her Tumane. She is really good with babies.

"Where did you learn to hold babies?" I ask sitting on the bed staring at her while she hums for Tumane,

"Anty Lelo taught me when we were taking care of Pitso for a month"

"Who is Pitso?" she shrug. I take it she doesn't want to talk about Pitso so I don't push,

"How was your second day at school?" now I catch a smile,

"Much better, I didn't look like a new girl because I had the same uniform as everyone today" she smiles,

"And Tlotla came to my class to threaten everyone who made jokes at me yesterday so no one said anything mean to me today" Bohlokoa is in grade 4, two classes away from Tlotla but I trust my daughter to do that,

"Where is she?" I ask of Tlotla,

"She hurried to take a bath and change" a bath?

"Why?" they just got back from school because Bohlokoa is still in her uniform

"She said her father in law is in the house so she has to look good" I'll repeat again, I gave birth to a wild cat,

"Is it true that she is married?" Bohlokoa continues to ask

"She said that?" she nods

“Yes it’s true”

“Why? Is she not young to get married?” how do I put it into words?

“Ask Kgono to explain it to you, she’ll tell you” she nods,

“Here, Tuma is sleeping” such an angel!

“Thank you baby” she smiles at me and pick her school bag where she left it,

“I’ll go change and do my homework now” she just gave me a break, I’ll take a nap now,

“I’ll tell ausi Palesa to bring you some snacks” she nods again and walk out to be met by Tlotla walking in.

She is indeed bathed and in one of her favourite dress,

“How do I look mama?” she irons her dress with her hands. I’m going to need wine way faster than I anticipated,

“You look okay Tlotla, why are you all dressed up?”

“I don’t want to look okay, I want to look beautiful. Why didn’t you tell me that my father in law is coming?” Dlomo arrived yesterday but they didn’t see him because they had already went to school when he arrived and he was asleep the entire afternoon. During dinner the children weren’t present, we usually don’t eat with them when we have guest so she is only seeing him today,

“I forgot” I need her to leave so I can sleep, I’m really tired,

“You hate me, can I borrow your perfume”

“Go ahead Tlotla and leave my room” she scurries into my dressing room.

Just as I push off my sleepers another disturbance by the name Lerotholi walks in. I’m pissed that I’ll not get enough sleep with all this going in out they are doing in my room. I glare at him to say his peace so he can leave as well, definitely he is got something to say because he is just standing by my door with his little hands dropped in his school shorts pockets. He didn’t even change. He looks like a Scotland man with those socks raised beneath his knees,

“Lerotholi Molapo what do you want?” frustration is written on his little face and I don’t want to deal with them today, I’m already dealing with the babies alone,

“Why are you useless?” say what now?

“What did you say young man?” I better be hearing things,

“I asked why are you useless mother?” and he repeats it. My own product of my womb calls me useless,

“Useless is what you’ll be when I’m done with you!” I grab my sleeper on the floor and rain it on him. For a minute he is just stunned ducking my hit. I don’t usually hit them but damn! I have had it today!

I grab him with one hand and hit him harder. Now he is feeling the heat. He tries to jump and escape but I don’t let him loose,

“BLOODY SWINE CALLING ME USELESS! HMM! LEROTHOLI! I’M USELESS!” it’s going down, all the anger I have been bottling today I pour it out on him,

“Mama I’m sorry!” I don’t care what he is, he is a kid to me and he’ll behave like one. Who knew he could cry so loud? Always acting like a mature man when he should be a kid

“YOU’LL CALL ME MAMA EVERY DAY WHEN I’M DONE WITH YOUR USELESS WOLF ASS!”

“MAMA!” and this one! Konje she was in my dressing room, “ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL MY BROTHER?” Tlotla questions,

“DO YOU WANT TO SWAP PLACES WITH HIM?” I don’t look at her but continue with my screaming prey in hand,

“I’m going to tell my father your killing us!” run daddy’s girl! She is met by her father running into the room just as she walks out,

“MANGCOBO!” his strong hands grabs me off his son and that’s how he is spared,

“I’LL KILL YOU WENA IF YOU EVER CALL ME USELESS AGAIN, YOU HEAR ME?!” he nods, wiping his tears

“Mama your mean!” Tlotla say brushing her brother’s back,

“Do you want me to handle you too?” I threaten,

“No thank you, your very nice” exactly

“Let’s go Roro, I’ll make you tea and.....”

“WAIT!” the useless father finally speaks, he was still stunned to word,

“What happened, why are you killing my children?”

“HE CALLED ME USELESS. I’LL NOT HAVE A SON OF MINE CALL ME USELESS!” my voice is shooting the roof, I’m still mad as hell,

He glares at his sniffing son,

“Lerotholi!

“Mama I’m sorry, I’m too angry to speak Papa” he can thank me later, who knew he knows how to say papa as well,

“ANGRY MY LEFT FOOT! DON’T TELL ME ABOUT BEING ANGRY OR ELSE I’LL REPEAT YOU”

Molapo sighs,

“Mama you need to calm down” he begs,

“I’m not going to calm down!” my emotions are all over the place and still very much high

“No son of mine is going to call me useless. And you know what?! He should have called you useless because you’re the one walking around the house leaving me to deal with your kids as if I spread my own legs alone to make them and.....” he interjects me

“Okay! Kids your excused!” he say to the two interrupting me,

“Mama why did you spread your legs when you made us? I thought you said you saved us from Tsunami” fuck! I need to breathe,

“Tlotla! No one spread legs to make babies, babies are saved from Tsunami, that’s how we have you. Now take your brother and leave. You promised your father in law tea and

biscuits” I’m thankful he is here, he usually doesn’t repeat himself with Tlotla,

“What’s wrong my person?” he bends a knee before me when they have left the room,

I’m teary, everything is just a mess with me I don’t know what exactly is the matter,

“You left me. You left me to deal with your kids on my own. You promised to be here this time around but you’re not”

“It’s only been two days mama. Dlomo is in the house and.....”

“I don’t care if Dlomo is in the house with superman powers. You promised to be here and you’re not and it’s not only from yesterday”

“Baby I’m seeing the mines deal through, you know I’m trying to secure this mines so all my children can have a legacy of their own. I swear after I have bought all the five mines I’ll be available for you” he won’t!

“I don’t know why you can’t be like Seeiso. Seeiso is always.....”

“Seeiso works around the house. His council house is just across the yard. You cannot compare me with a king who is got about 50 People at his disposal at any time of the day” he argues,

“I don’t care if he is got 1000 people, what matters is that he is there for his wife. Do you know where Khwezi is today?” he glares at me,

“She went to do her hair. Her husband booked the entire Hair eSCALA salon so she can be pampered any how she likes. But not me, I have three screaming infants on my neck by myself!” he sighs, getting off his knees and kicking off his shoes,

“Let me put you to sleep, your tired” damn right I’m tired,

He spoons me and kiss the nape of my back,

“I’ll take the boys with me so you can rest. I think your suffering from after pregnant stress” he is very sure, he sounds concerned but I’m too drowsy to tell him it’s not called after pregnant stress. This is what I wanted, him to be here. I don’t know why I have to scream and hit my son for him....

“Papa Tlotla”

“Hmm!”

“Aragorn won’t eat me, right?” he laughs,

“Go to sleep, nothing will happen to you” I hope so.

CHAPTER 16

THE WOLVERINE

MAJARA

My first stop is to the help's lounge. I'm trying to find the one woman that I know my wife trust with her children.....oh there she is,

"Palesa?!" I call her over, they all didn't see me by the door and somehow it seems I startled them. I step aside so we hold a conversation away from prying eyes,

"Sir....my prince" she still never really looks in my eyes,

"How are you?"

"I'm fine my lord" I nod,

"When last did you speak to Mabataung?" I ask

"We haven't talked unless it's about Tlotla and Lerotholi"

"And the boys? She hasn't assigned you to them?" She is my wife's help, I expect her to be of help whenever she is needed,

"She refused my help and said she'll do it on her own" or she thought she'll do it but she is failing miserably

"Listen, my wife is a proud woman, if she turned you down she'll not come back and tell you she is failing. I want you to choose any servants you trust to help you with the boys. It will be added to your duties so that your workload can be decreased" she nods,

“Thank you sir, I love working for ausi Lwa and there is no need to decrease my workload. I don’t really do anything unless just monitoring since I got promoted”

“You got promoted?” I ask

“Yes. Mme Ntshebo is putting her tools down and she appointed me for her job. I’m the new head of staff”

“Congratulations” she beams,

“Meet me outside my bedroom door in less than fifteen minutes” she bows

“With two girls you trust to help you” she nods again

“Your excused” she bows and turns leave.

Now I have that big headed son of mine to deal with. My son is everything bad there is in this world but he is never disrespected his mother like that. I want to find out why he would call his mother useless. And it better make sense because he is getting his ass whooped again. He is not going to insult his mother and get away with it just like that.

My little fellow is laying on his stomach on the bed. I bet it will take a while before that ass heal. She dealt with him.

“Roro sit up straight so we can talk” I say resting on his bed,

“Don’t call me that father” only Tlotla can apparently get away with the name Roro, and I’m back to being called father,

“I cannot sit straight, my butt hurts” damn right it should hurt!

“I’m sorry that mama hit you, but why did you call your mother useless?” I ask,

He breathes,

“I didn’t mean to say it like that but I was just so frustrated to guard my words”

“I hear that, but why did you call her useless?”

“Mother is a powerful woman. The last of her kind and she can help us greatly if she channel her powers. It frustrates me that she depends on your protection for everything. Now if she could channel her powers and find her essence, I wouldn’t worry about aunt Ora”

“I thought you said Ora was safe with your guy?” this one alarms me,

“She is but nate Moletsane said I shouldn’t disregard the King’s feelings. He feels that something is about to happen to his twin and I’m told he is never wrong. But I cannot see anything. Clearly whatever is to fall on aunt Ora can only be seen by a white witch because they cannot be blinded in anyway. Now if mother was practicing I wouldn’t be so frustrated. She would see danger before it even hit. I hate not knowing what’s going to happen”

“I hear you son, but don’t ever call your mother or any elder useless, you hear me?”

“I hear you father, and I’ll apologise to mother” good,

“Now let’s talk this danger that’s about to fall on my sister, don’t you think it’s time you stepped aside and let daddy handle it” I gave him a chance as he had asked,

“This was supposed to be my fight father”

“It’s not yours, you inherited my enemy Amaruq because your my son and you threaten to take his place in Oves”

“But how am I going to be respected if I let my father fight the one battle that would have gained me respect from my wolves. How are they going to bow to me as their chief alpha when I take over?”

“Look at me” he sighs, struggling to sit up straight with that aching butt,

“Your six years old, you haven’t gained all your powers, you haven’t had your first full moon transformation, you haven’t lived 102 years like Amaruq to fight him. The little you have done I’m proud of you and your wolves are proud. They all cannot wait to put you in your place where you belong with them. Amaruq is an old wolf like daddy. I have lived with him and I know all his tricks. Take a back sit and let daddy do this one, no one will know that daddy fought for you” stubborn little man,

“I feel like such a loser”

“You’re no loser. You’re just still too young to fight that ancestor wolf. Let me take over, you did your best” he nods with a sigh

“Fine father, but I’ll still be hands on”

“Definitely. Now about Ora, do you think we should remove her from your guy?” he shakes his head no,

“I’m chief alpha of Oves, I see and feel any malicious thoughts of my wolves. Skye is got her best interest at heart and he.....” he trails off clearing his throat,

“He what?” I ask,

“Nothing, I just meant to say he’ll not put her in harm’s way. I see his feelings towards her are transparent and there is no danger I see. But somehow with the king’s feelings I also feel like I’m missing something or there is a third party I haven’t considered” this is like a puzzle

“Tell you what, take me to the cave and.....”

“NO!” and why is he shouting now,

“Why not?” his little eyes dance away from me,

“Lerotholi I want to survey the cave and sniff around for any foreign scent” I explain,

“You’ll just flip when you learn what is going on”

“We need to be transparent for me to help you boy, what exactly is going on?” he sighs

“My aunt is old” and where is that coming from? I frown at him,

“She is almost 30 and she is never been in a relationship because of all of you”

“I’m not going to take my sister’s dating advices from a six year old. Ora will die single. No man will touch my sister as long as I live”

He breathes,

“You see why I don’t want you near that cave. You’re going to ruin things for her and she is very happy” my ears better be deceiving me,

“Lerotholi Molapo you took my sister to a cave man that’s going to fuck her?” he pops his eyes. Sometimes I forget he is a kid,

“She deserves to be a mother as well and Skye is.....”
That’s it, I’m not hearing any more of this nonsense,

“Dlomo is leaving tonight, after I see him off, you’re taking us straight to that cave. The fuck is wrong with you?! and for your sake and that fucking Skye’s sake my sister better still be intact or I swear to god I’ll fuck up the both of you so bad even hell will deny you” yerrr! I’m done with this conversation,

“That’s a lot of swearing there and I’m going to tell mother you said the f word too many times to me” he screams behind me as I leave the room,

“Says the swearing son that insulted her!”

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And then there is this one. A bloody king acting like a king in my brother’s house. He has his head rested on the couch rest and his feet on the table,

“Sniper when are you leaving? I have had it with you” he laughs

“Jealousy doesn’t look good on you”

“And what the hell is this?” the table is too occupied,

“Makoti ordered me to sit like this and relax” Fuck!

“Now she is going to fill up juice while we continue with our conversation” he adds with a smug I want to wipe out so bad,

“Honestly I cannot wait for my Tlotla to kotiza in my house”
nxa!

“Get your big feet of my table and sit up like a man!” I hiss and he cracks

“Oh you should see your face right now” he knows how to get me

“Listen, before makoti comes back I need us to talk about something” he leans over so not to be heard

“That wolverine woman, is she.....what exactly does she do to all of you there?”

“I don’t follow, what exactly are you asking?” I need him to be clear

“I could be wrong but MaDlomo thinks she did more than just teach to Mkhonto”

“Be straight up Dlomo, what is more than teach?”

“You know when he got back he was supposed to be normal and in tune with what he is but he is anything like that. First he asked that we sent him to Germany to finish his studies and make something for himself” I nod

“And that I understood and didn’t argue with it because his brothers were five classes ahead from him” I nod again

“But now he is back to his own shell. He doesn’t come home, he hasn’t come to see Tlotla and when my wife flies up there to see him, he gets furious and somehow she always finds that wolverine woman there”

“Dlomo the wolverine is not supposed to be in touch with us outside the world. It’s us who go to her when we need clarity on something. Why didn’t you tell me this?” this is very suspicious,

“Honestly I thought MaDlomo was just being herself, extra caring and stuff but nstate Moletsane called me to his hut when you left”

“And what did he say?” I ask

“He tells me to be careful of the powerful old woman lurking behind my first son’s shadows. There is no powerful old woman behind Mkhonto except that wolverine woman” a moment of silence settles as we eat up Moletsane’s information

“Could she be channelling my son’s powers to her own advantage?” he asks,

“I don’t know but I have known the wolverine to be a straight honest woman. I’ll look into it. Why is she following him across the world like some sick love puppy?” it doesn’t make sense but what if.....

“Wait, do you think.....” He interjects me,

“Don’t say it! I’ll lose it if that woman took advantage of my son like that”

“But if they are together in Germany it means Mkhonto is well aware of what he is doing?”

“That woman is four decades older than my son. She is penetrated thoughts and lives of things that we think don’t exist in this world. Definitely if something is going on she took advantage of a fourteen year old student” this is really fucked up!

“I guess Mkhonto is got you a 60 year old daughter in law” I mock,

“It’s not funny Majara. Mkhonto’s heart and loyalty is supposed to be with Tlotla, no one else”

“He loves someone else?!” oh my baby, my daughter’s trembling tone asks standing by the door. As much as I hate the idea of her having a man I know hers and Mkhonto is different, it’s a must and it needs to happen. I was just pushing Dlomo’s buttons, I didn’t think she would walk in,

“Baba Khonto doesn’t want me to be his wife anymore?” Baba is Dlomo, she is looking at him with a tray of juice and biscuits

“Come here baby” Dlomo pulls her to his lap,

“Mkhonto is your husband. He still wants you to be his wife. Papa and I were just playing” I hope my baby buys it. My mother and grandmother have groomed her so well to know she is not meant for anyone but her husband,

She looks at me for assurance and I nod. Now she breaks into a smile,

“When is he coming to fetch me? This people in this house hate me, I want to be with him” that one tickle Dlomo,

“As soon as he comes back from the mountains he’ll come fetch you” she thinks he is still up there in the mountains,

“I can’t wait!” she jumps off Dlomo’s lap and grab her tray of juice with biscuits,

“Drink baba and relax” the smirk on Vulamasango!

“What about me baby?”

“I’m not your daughter in law papa, I only make my special juice for my father in law” I’m always demoted when Dlomo is here and I have made peace with it.

CHAPTER 17

BOHLOKOA'S EPISODE

KHWEZI

Today I'm pampered and well waxed in all the right places. My husband shut down the entire salon so I could be pampered alone. I'm very clean with no hair in his favourite place, pity we are not back at the sex stage as yet because I pushed a whole human being out of my vagina. I don't think I'll be ready for sex anytime soon and I'm grateful he hasn't brought the 'When is it healing question?' I sure as hell know that my healing maybe in a three months' time, I hope he understands, labour is not child's play that's why I'm adamant that I'll not be making other babies, my son is enough. That birth scene is traumatic, if I ever go back there I swear I'll demand that my face be captured somewhere with legends, maybe the Hollywood walk of fame, just for giving birth the second time around.

I'm opening the covers preparing for bed when he walks in. He is got Bereng in his arms. I think my son is going to be a daddy's boy, he always have him in his arms around the house,

Truly speaking he disappointed me a great deal, I thought my son and I would come second in his life now that he is got his daughter but I was wrong. I still don't feel the pressure of taking care of an infant alone. Sometimes I sleep and forget that I have a new-born to look after, he is always there

“Finally” he say in a whisper putting Bereng inside the covers,

“Finally what?” my tone doesn’t match his. He puts his forefinger on his mouth for me to shush. I watch him gently lay his son to sleep. He is very good with him.

“Finally! Larobala lepantsola” (.....the crook sleeps!) He jogs around the bed to come to my side when he is done. His arms captures my waist bringing me closer to his body

“And finally your father left” he adds and we both laugh,

“I couldn’t even kiss you and tell you how beautiful you look” he brushes my new weave cupping my face. When I arrived we had to have dinner and see my father off, we didn’t get time to be alone,

“You look beautiful Mrs. Molapo” don’t I flush? I love it when he compliments me,

“It’s all thanks to that big fat wallet of yours Mr. Molapo” I stand on my toes to meet him halfway for a brief kiss

“My big fat wallet is going to be very slim when your family is done with me?” I raise an eyebrow in confusion,

“Your father apparently took pictures of his cufflinks and showed them to your other father” oh lord!

“Now your yellow father called me telling me that you come from two scrotum and he wants something better than what Dlomo got” I laugh, that one I know my guy would do,

“He dropped the call leaving me stunned only to call five minutes later and tell me that he wants his own watch engraved his initials as well” I laugh

“Wait for it, he demands that his initials should start with The Great MD” he releases an exhausted sigh,

“I swear this people are trying to bankrupt me!”

“You’ll be rewarded nicely Mr. Molapo, there is no need to cry” I promise

“Really now” why is that bushy eyebrow raising in a suspicious way?

He secures me with his one arm and the other hand wonders down my butt trying to pick beneath my dress,

“Is it healing?!” Men! As I was praising him, I guess I spoke too early,

“I wasn’t talking about sex!” I yank his hand off my butt. He laughs, too hard pulling us to the bed,

“Let’s sit a bit mama” he settles on the bed, I’m on this lap

“Listen, tonight it’s you have to look after Sj alone. Mjay, Ruler and I have to go somewhere tonight” I frown at him,

“We going to see Ora. We’ll probably be back in early hours of the morning because we don’t know how far the cave is”

“You going in wolf form or.....” He shakes his head,

“We are driving that’s why we’ll be long, we don’t want to lure Amaruq” I nod

“So relax and sleep, daddy we’ll not be here tonight” as if there is any difference, even if he didn’t tell me I wouldn’t have known because he still sleeps with Bohlokoa.....thinking of,

“What are you going to do about Bohlokoa?” apparently she still can’t sleep alone,

“I’m going to talk to MaMolete to sleep with her just for tonight” it doesn’t sit well with me, Lerato already knows too much because I confide in her. Now she’ll be all up in my business again about Bohlokoa,

As much as I have been a difficult wife I appreciate my husband for having my back. No one in this house except Lerato who knows about my situation with Bohlokoa. He kept that to ourselves because it’s our problem and we’ll solve it alone,

“You can bring her in here, you don’t have to go ask Lerato” he looks at me suspiciously. I haven’t told him about my talk with my father and I’m not going to tell him, I don’t want him to think my father can get through my head because in future he will tell my father every damn fight we have hoping he’ll make me see reason,

I listened to my father and I heard him. He made me see things from a different perspective. I see Bohlokoa as I young me, my mother could have hated me for being the child of the woman who killed her daughter but she didn’t, she loved me regardless and not even in a single day did I feel like she loves me less.

But what is different in this situation is that I’m not my mother. I don’t know how she did it. I don’t know how she felt but one thing I know is that it wasn’t simple for her as well. I have this feelings that I just can’t switch just so I accept the child. I still see her as Pabatso’s daughter and I still hate that her mother is Pabatso.

I'm not going to change my mind about taking time to accept this situation. What I'm going to do is open my heart and try. I'm willing to try. Lord knows before I had the talk with my father I wasn't even willing to try and open my heart to Bohlokoa. I know she is not at fault with anything but the main problem is the owner of the womb that carried her. I'm in a trying stage and she better cooperate or else I'll wash my hands and label her, her mother's daughter,

"You don't have to do this baby" he is still trying to read me,
"Molapo I'm trying, bring her in here if I change my mind I'll call Lerato myself to come and fetch her" he is not sure, I see it in the way he looks at me

"I don't want to put pressure on you, you said you needed time and the last thing I want is for you to feel like I'm forcing my daughter on you again"

"I still need time. Just because I'm going to sleep with her it doesn't mean tomorrow I'll wake up automatically okay with the situation. I'm taking baby steps about this whole situation and I'll see how it goes" he sighs! Pulling me over to peck the side of my shoulder,

"Fine but please call MaMolete if you feel like you cannot go ahead with it" I nod,

"And she sleeps with lights on, when its dark she thinks the man will walk in the room" that's terrible,

"How is she doing with the therapist?" I ask,

"She only had two sessions this week. Unfortunately I can't attend with her as per the therapist's request but I would

say she is getting there because she is getting lighter and starting to talk like I know her” I hope she gets the help

“And the wetting the bed situation?”

“It only happens if she sleeps alone and suffers an episode in the middle of the night” eish! I hope she doesn’t have any episode with me,

“You don’t have to do this” he say seeing the hesitation in my eyes,

“Stop trying to convince me otherwise.....”

“SEEISO!” we are disturbed by abuti Puso’s voice outside the door,

“Let’s bounce motho, we waiting on you” he say

“Go ahead, I’ll find you all in the bunker I’m finishing up in here” Say responds and we hear abuti Puso’s steps fade way into the passage

“Let me fetch her but please baby if you feel.....” I shush him with a kiss,

“Stop thinking too much, we’ll be fine” he throws me on the bed and that’s how Bereng wakes, just great!

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I can tell she is shy or reserved around me, I don’t know. She is not as open as she is with Mabataung or MaMolete. She jumped on the other side of the bed and took focus on playing with her brother. She haven’t said a word since her father left her in here and told her that “Tonight you’ll sleep

with Mme MaMolapo I have to go somewhere' she only nodded and played with Bereng since.

"Is he sleeping?" I ask dressing up. I took a quick shower leaving her with Bereng. She is good with babies,

"No Mme, he is still playing" Seeiso did me bad! Bereng is going to be a problem, usually when he wakes at this time he takes forever to fall asleep again,

I take my side of the bed and she takes her father's side. I have to put this little one to sleep. I feed him, forcing my nipple in his tiny lips but he giggles, playing with his food. Bohlokoa is watching. She laughs staring at Bereng fighting not to sleep but when I look at her she composes herself immediately.

"Bohlokoa!"

"Mme" she doesn't look in my eyes,

"Why do you do that? Why don't you look at me?" I ask,

"I don't want to make you sad" I can't help but frown,

"Make me sad how?" I ask again,

"Every time you look at me you become sad" am I that obvious?

"Am I sad now?" she still a glance at me and shakes her head

"You don't look sad now I guess" because I'm not sad,

"Listen, you don't make me sad sweetheart. Don't ever think that, one day I'll tell you why you felt like I'm sad around you but not today okay" she nods looking at me though she still drops her eyes when our eyes meet,

“So I didn’t do anything wrong to you?”

“You did nothing sweetheart. Let’s just say you remind me of someone I don’t want to think or talk about but it doesn’t mean you make me sad. I’m working on my feelings and soon we’ll hang out together” I hope she understands that,

“You’ll make me look like you, your very beautiful Mme MaMolapo” ncooo!

“And I love your hair. I want my hair to be long like yours” she adds gaining herself laughter from me,

“This is weave baby, it’s not my hair” I’m always from one weave to the next. My hair is long but it doesn’t come close to hers. Her hair is long and natural. She is as hairy as her father, Seeiso cuts hair week after week,

“I think I want weave too, it’s beautiful” she doesn’t need this,

“Listen, I’m going to switch the lights off just a little so this one can sleep, then I’ll light them and we’ll talk all night long” she nods. I know Bereng will easily sleep when it’s dark. I’ll quickly switch them back on as soon as he sleeps.

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I’m woken by movement. There is some muffled shuffling going on inside the room but I cannot tell where it comes from. I’m still heavy in sleep and disoriented but I do switch on my bedside lamp.

My son is sleeping right beside me. I don’t know when sleep consumed me but Bohlokoa..... bohlokoa is not here, she is not in bed,

“BOHLOKOA!!” I jump off the bed to the wall to switch on the main light,

“BOHLOKOA!!” I hurry to the bathroom to check but there is no sign of her

“BOHLOKOA!!” where the hell could she be? It’s the middle of the night and.....wait! I hear some muffled sobs coming from the walk in closet. I take gentle steps in the room, they get louder as walk in. I see her before I even switch on the lights, she sits crouched behind her father’s shirt rack with her head beneath her knees,

“Bohlokoa!” she is not talking, she rocks herself hyperventilating like she ran a marathon,

“Bohlokoa look at me baby” she jumps and scream when I try to touch her,

“NOO! PAPA!!!” Jesus!

“Baby it’s me, please look at me” she doesn’t want to open her eyes, they are tightly shut. I’m not going to win this one, her breathing is scaring me. She sounds frightened but the way she breathes its sounds like she is having a difficulty breathing and might stop anytime,

I rush back to the bedroom and find my phone. I dial Say and rush back to the closet hoping he picks up. It rings for a while but he finally pick up when I’m about to lose hope,

‘Baby.....’ I don’t wait to hear him out,

‘Please say something to Bohlokoa, she is having an episode!’ I put the mobile phone on speaker

‘HLOKOA!’ he sounds alarmed

‘HLOKOA BABY, IT’S PAPA HE IS NOT THERE’

‘I saw him....papa I saw him.....he wants to touch me!’ her eyes opens, she looks at me with teary eyes and trembling lips

‘HE IS NOT THERE MY BABA, HE IS IN YOUR HEAD, PAPA IS COMING OKAY’ I open my arms and she falls in. She is wet with sweat, from head to toe. Her entire body is shaking in fear,

“I’m so sorry baby girl!” How did I sleep? I was supposed to switch the lights back on

‘HELLO, HLOKOA!’ Say screams through the phone

‘We are fine now, she is crying normally’ I say taking the phone off speaker

‘Please keep the lights on, I’m on my way’ I drop the call after assuring him that we’ll be fine once again,

“Please look at me sweetheart” I beg putting her on the bed,

“He is not here okay” she nods still trembling,

“I’m not going to switch off the lights again and I’m going to hold you in my arms, he’ll not touch you again” I assure her and she nods. Bereng is going inside the cot, I’ll fetch him when Bohlokoa sleeps. I need to hold her in my arms and keep assuring her that the man is not here. Men really deserves a special hell made just for them only. They are so cruel.

CHAPTER 18

WHAT IF TONIGHT IS ALL WE HAVE?

ORA

It's safe to say I'm a fool for love. I have never felt this way about any other man before. There is something I can't put into words about him that just keep drawing me in and I feel like I want to dive deeper into his love.

He is probably the only man that ever laid his love for me and got accepted just like that. The thing is I know what I want and I want it with him. I don't want to waste any time because I don't know what is going to happen when I get out of here. And I sure as hell know that with the brothers I keep, this might be my only chance to experience this love thing that people are always raving about,

I know I have bullies for brothers who managed to chase every man away from me. I know chaos will erupt as always when they find out. I want to have felt all of this feelings with him by the time they force us apart.

I'm almost falling to sleep when I see him walking in my cave. He stands by the entrance and just stare. And how do I say no to that? Just in the way he looks at me I feel things I have never felt before,

"I hope you don't think I'm forward" I love his voice as well, it sounds like sweet love to my ears,

"Why would I think you forward?" I prop myself on my elbow so I look at him properly,

“For inviting you in my bed” what? I pop my eyes,

“Not like that I swear. I just feel guilty sleeping on a comfortable bed knowing that you’re sleeping on the ground when there is something I can do about it now”

“And something you can do about it now is?” I ask

“You’re my girl now, we can share a bed” I laugh. He stretches out his hand and I take it. He helps me and throws me on his shoulder like a sack of potatoes,

“If I fall.....”

“Not in my arms. I would never let you fall” it sounds more than just a promise,

This cave is far too big than I imagined. It goes deeper and deeper leaving me in awe. When we get to his room I want to ask how he fit a bed in here but I’m taken into the walls of his cave bedroom. The entire cave is designed like a library. A shelf of books makes the whole cave walls with his bed right in the middle,

“You sure as hell read!” he laughs, watching me as I run my fingers through the shelves

“I cannot have a television in here so reading is my escape” that explains it,

“And your clothes? Where do you keep your clothes?” it’s just a bed only in here,

“The cave opposite to this one is my closet”

“So you really lived your entire life in here” I have walked past the shy stage, now I want to know more about him,

“Yes. Let’s get in bed” all my life I have never shared a bed with a man. His chest is all bared up and making me feel some type of way. He doesn’t wait for my response but scoops me in his arms so quickly laying me on the bed. He is on top of me and I’m having trouble breathing, not that he squashed me but Lord I never thought a man’s chest is some sort of a sex appeal,

“You okay?!” and there, he drops a kiss on my forehead making me feel more than just a princess, I feel so special when he kisses my forehead,

“Yeah” my voice is barely a whisper

“Now we can talk” he pulls me over to snuggle on his chest,

“So you have lived here your entire life?” I’m back at that,

He gets me comfortable on his chest chuckling,

“Something like that. I went to school staying with my mother in the village and I guess then I had a normal life until my eighteenth birthday” I raise my head to him in posing a question,

“I transformed for the first time and that’s how my life changed, my mother moved me here and I never went back there. The villagers called me a demon and demanded that I be banished from the village”

“So you only have grade 12 as your highest qualification?” he nods above my head,

“I don’t mean to be intrusive but how do you survive? I mean you seem to be doing well and someone would take you for

a well accomplished man, well not that you're not it's just....." Jesus I hope I didn't offend him,

He laughs,

"Relax my princess, I hear you" sigh!

"My way of life is not black and white at all. I steal for the thieves for a living. I call it taking back from the scammers" my ears better be deceiving me,

I get off his chest so I look direct in his eyes,

"You're a thief?" horror is loud on my tone,

"A thief to the thieves" he is not even ashamed to admit it,

"I'm a princess! I cannot get married to a thief, do you know the backlash my family would....."

"I'm glad to know you're thinking that far as well because I'm not going to let you go. This thief ass wolf is stuck with you for life" I didn't mean to make that loud but,

"Skye you're a thief"

"I steal from those who steal from the poor, taking back what's not theirs"

"But....."

"But what was I going to do when the only highest certificate to my name is grade12? And I have a mother who is been looking out for me all her life. At some point I had to be the bread winner and build her the house of her dreams so those villagers who banished her son can see her still flourish"

"I'm not judging you, I just think you could have done something"

“Believe me there is nothing I could have done. I have a father who was also part of the reason my mother hid me here. He was everywhere and if I had forced myself into a normal life, I would be dead”

“So the only way was.....”

“The only way was to be a hidden hybrid wolf and make a living for myself at night. I didn’t know there were many of us out there and I couldn’t risk being seen by any of the villagers” I shrug,

“I hear you too but I still think you could have done something than to steal” he laughs as I rest back on his chest,

“So how do you steal?”

“I guess you’re not shy after all” I want to know the devil I’m getting myself involved with,

“Tomorrow when we wake up go to cave next to this one and you’ll get your answer” again I sit up to glare at him,

“You’ll not go hungry with me princess, rest assured” hmk! The things we overlook for love, this is red flag but I’m looking past it

“And girlfriends?” it comes bitter out of my mouth, I don’t want him to have any girlfriend except me.

This one he laughs, too hard that we both end up laughing. He pecks my lips while we still laughing but I deepen the kiss. I don’t want him to stop,

“Ora” he moans a reprimand in my mouth but I don’t let him go, I want this. I have never wanted a man like I want this one, what if tonight is all we have? What if tomorrow I have to go back? I know what going back means, it means the end of this feeling I cannot put into words,

“Wolfy what are you doing?” he gently pulls me off him with the last strength he has, I can see he doesn’t want to break our passionate contact as well,

I laugh at the name wolfy,

“I brought you in here to sleep comfortable, not to dive in each other”

“What if tonight is all we have?” he sucks in breath, closing his eyes

“I told you I’m not going anywhere, whether you have to go back I’m willing to face Lupus’s wrath to be your man” his words brings a smile to my face

“Skye I want you” he freezes

“I want you now, tonight when we are still like this, please” I know no man whose ever stayed after seeing my brothers, especially the eldest. He’ll run for his life as well and I’ll be left wondering,

“Or.....” I don’t wait for his response, I’m in the perfect position because I’m still on his chest. I kiss him again, much harder this time and we both get lost in a world of sensations. His hands are wondering all over my body and it’s all I need, his touch is enough to moist the sacred places in me

“NO!” he abruptly stops everything, flipping me like a pancake that I end up beneath him. His chest rise and fall as he catches his breathing,

“Time to sleep!” it comes as an order. He forcefully spoons me, forcing me to look the other way as he holds me from behind. A smile draws on my face as I feel the effect of that heated exchange on my butt, he pushes it between my thighs and I gasp,

“Listen to me when I say it’s time to sleep” I’ll not argue with that, what the hell is that thing?

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INSIDE THE CAR TO THE CAVES

They have been on the road for a while now. The one who got to the parking lot late is their designated driver for a day. He is been complaining since they left the palace. They let him rant alone but his choice of radio station in the car makes them regret putting him behind the wheel. The two bullies choose the back seat of the car so he is alone in the front and doing as he please with their ears,

“Eish, I lost my virginity to this song!” Seeiso say increasing the volume jamming to the melody, he is preparing to hit the note

‘You see when two people are together.....’ He gets in it but only to be disturbed by Puso,

“It says usually when two people are together” Puso correct him,

“Don’t correct my lyric content, I sing what jams with my tongue and note. And what fuck do you know about Tamia wena?” Seeiso questions him from the rear review mirror with frustration laced in his tone

“I should be asking you that, you’re from the Rihanna generation. Nna Tamia was the ‘it girl’ in my time. I lost my virginity to ‘who do you tell’, eish that song! I’m from the Tamia generation, I don’t know what you know about still” still by tamia is the song playing in the background that Seeiso supposedly lost his virginity to

“Who was your first anyway?” Puso continues to ask the one abusing the lyrics from the front,

“You know what’s fucked up, I don’t even know her name. All I remember is that it was the two of them and they stripped for me because of my name. I was fifteen by the way”

“Tell me it wasn’t in one of the family functions?” Majara asks horrified,

“It was. They came to my room and took off their panties, what was I supposed to do?”

“You fucked two girls as your first?” Puso

“Yes but the one I started with is the one that took my virginity, the second one didn’t count”

“No wonder you were such a manwhore!” Majara exclaims

“Look who is talking, who took your virginity by the way” Puso poses the question at Majara besides him,

“I was never a virgin” the two laugh

“I always knew you were born damaged, not pure at all”
Seeiso

“Olady gave birth to a manwhore, straight from the womb”
Puso

“My first was a stripper!” the car comes to an abrupt halt at Majara’s confession. Seeiso wants to question him but he feels that he hit something,

“Did you all hear that? I think I hit a person” he pops his eyes looking outside the window but he doesn’t see anything

“DRIVE” Maraja commands,

“And leave who ever I hit just like that?!” Seeiso,

“SEEISO DRIVE! IF YOU STOP YOU’LL BE MAKING HEADLINES TOMORROW!” Majara

“I would rather make headlines, I’m not leaving a person to die alone on the road”

“SEEISO!!” he is out of the car before the two can stop him. They remain in the car watching him walk to the front. When he squats down they both look at each other, he definitely hit something,

“It’s a baby” Puso say to Majara staring at Seeiso. Whatever he hit is quite small because it fits in his arms, they don’t see it properly from where they sit,

“A baby at this time of the night? Ke thokolosi” (.....it’s a goblin) Majara,

Puso pops his eyes, he is not a fan of witchcraft and everything related to it,

“I want to go home” he whispers to his brother who glares at him

“Stop being such a pussy!” Majara sneers

Seeiso finally walks back in the car. He still cradles his victim,

“Is it dead?” Puso asks as soon as he takes back his prior seat,

“No she is fine, she is just unconscious, I hit her leg” Seeiso

“IT’S A BABY?” Majara is alarmed, if it’s a baby then it’s definitely a goblin

“No it’s a cat. I broke her leg”

“WHAT!!” the two both exclaim from the back seat,

“Here, please hold her carefully I’ll take her to the doctor when we get home” Seeiso hands the cat to Puso who barks,

“Get this thing off my face!”

“Fuck it! How am I going to drive if you don’t want to hold her?!” Seeiso snaps,

Majara props his arms, Seeiso is hesitant putting ‘her’ in his arms but he does. As soon as he is got the cat in his arms he opens the window and throws the thing outside. It cries meow hitting the ground!

“YOU’RE CRUEL, YOU DON’T HAVE A HEART!” Seeiso barks leaving the car to look for his cat,

“He is not going to leave it” Puso say with a sigh as they both watch him look through the bush for the cat,

“He is too fucking sensitive, that’s why they choose him to be a king. He is got a heart” that he has, they both know that he’ll not leave his victim of a cat

“I guess I better take the wheel because there is no way I’m holding the cat and I sure as hell know that you’ll not” Puso

“Now you’re talking but.....it sounded like he hit something bigger” Majara say to Puso lost in confusion,

“I honestly thought it was a person as well, that sounds was too loud to be just a tiny cat” Puso

“I FOUND HER!!” they are both disturbed by Seeiso screaming outside. He comes back to the car with her. Puso swaps seats with him taking the driver sit and Majara moves to the front with him,

“Bloody racists, she is just a cat” Seeiso say holding his cat tenderly as the car moves

“I think you broke her ribs as well when you threw her out of the car” he adds inspecting her,

“But at least she is now awake”

“How do you know it’s a girl?” Puso asks behind the wheel driving through the night,

“I just feel it”

“Check it” Puso

“Haibo! What’s wrong with you? You want me to violate ngwane emong and touch her in her privates, I’m telling you that she is a girl” (.....to violate somebody and.....) Seeiso

“And she is ngwana emong? It’s a bloody cat seeiso and you’re not bringing that thing to my father’s house” Majara snaps

“My house you mean. It’s mine and she is coming with. I know Tlotla will be happy to help me raise her” Tlotla is an animal person. But this is moving too fast,

“You’re keeping it?” Puso,

“What do you want me to do with her after she heals? Arrogantly throw her out of the window like someone who doesn’t have a heart? She is a new member of the royal house and I have a perfect name for her” he is in love with his new friend, he is tenderly brushing on her kissing her broken leg,

“I’m sorry Bobby!”

“Bobby is a dog name!” Majara

“What do you know about dog names when you’re a dog yourself? Her name is Bobby, finish and klarr!” Seeiso

“Bobby who?” Puso gains himself a glare from Majara,

“She must have a surname, your right....” Seeiso

“Let it be Bobby Brown please or better yet Bobby Motaung. There is no way some bitch ass cat is getting my father’s surname” Majara roars

“Bobby Molapo, I’m so sorry Moletsane e motle!” (.....beautiful Moletsane!) Majara is exhausted, he looks out of the car planning to murder the new family member.

CHAPTER 19

CAREFUL OF SURPRISES, THE SURPRISE MIGHT BE ON YOU

AT THE CAVE

The ride to the caves is much longer with Bobby as the main subject. Majara couldn't wait to jump off the car when Puso kills the engine. He is the first to touch base on the hard mineral formation making a cave underneath. He takes in the surroundings stretching his legs. He is no longer used to long rides because mostly he just transforms to eat long distances, but this time his son was clear that they shouldn't transform at all. Amaruq is on to their wolves, he would have sensed them and followed them here.

Puso eventually joins him and stand by his side, he also stretches,

"This place is beautiful" Puso,

The only source of light they have in the middle of the night is the car light that shines to the far end of the plain limestone surrounding that looks nothing like a place in Lesotho. Lesotho is mountainous and covered in forestry but here, one would think it's desert of some sort,

"I wonder how this guy is been living alone here all this time"
Majara,

"Obviously he is got help, maybe that help is who is the problem" Puso speculates,

“From what Lerotholi tells me the only help he has is his mother, if Lerotholi claims him as Ora’s keeper I don’t see his mother being the problem” Majara

“Let’s see how it goes. You’re the Alpha, you’ll sniff him and sense if he is got any malicious motives of Ora, and if so, he dies” Puso is straight forward,

“We’ll find another option to keep Ora away from Amaruq” Majara agrees with him,

“Let’s hope it’s not him because today might just be his last day” they both agree on that with a fist bump. Puso steals a glance at the car and releases a heavy sigh,

“She needs to die” He whispers so Seeiso cannot hear them,

“Don’t worry I have a perfect plan. I’m going to ask Tlotla to bring Zoe over. Zoe will eat her cat ass and we’ll never have to hear about a cat named Bobby” that’s quite a plan but is not Puso impressed,

“So we are taking that thing home with us?” Puso

“What choice do we have? It’s his house after all”

“But that thing could be a witchcraft cat, I don’t think taking it home with is a great idea” Puso is uneasy about this whole cat that waltz out of nowhere in the middle of the night,

“And it’s a fucking black cat! Maybe if it was white and cute I would actually forgive it and consider taking it home with us” he add exasperation loud in his tone,

Majara laughs,

“Relax, Moletsane will know if it’s witchcraft cat” that seems to cool down Puso

“Done discussing Bobby?” Seeiso finally joins the two,

No one affords him an answer,

“You can both relax, she agreed to stay behind. Where are the caves?” they are on a flat limestone ground with no formations,

“The cave is beneath the surface, there is our entrance” Majara points a distant dark circle that the car lights reaches

“No transforming remember!” he reminds the two who nods

“Good. Let me run the surface and see if I pick any foreign scents?” they let him do his thing, the two stand by the car waiting for him,

Seeiso spits on the ground,

“If this spit dries up and you’re not here, I’m changing Bobby’s name to Lupy” Seeiso,

Majara glares at him, he gets rid of his jacket and throw it on his face

“NXA!” the two are left in stitches as he shifts before their eyes, he definitely hates the cats,

“Tell me you’re not serious about taking that thing home with” Puso tries to change his mind while they wait for Majara

“What do you get a woman you have bought almost everything for?” he deliberately changes the topic,

Puso frown in confusion,

“What are you on about?” Puso,

“My star. I bought her a car when she graduated, I bought her a vacation house when we got married. Now I have to buy her something to thank her for my son but I’m fucking clueless. I have been cracking my skull but I come out with nothing” Seeiso explains,

“You bought her a house for what?” Puso is shocked,

“You two belong in the palace, that’s your house and there is no way you think.....”

“Key words ‘Vacation house’ Puso Molapo, I know I can never leave the palace. It’s a house we use only when we need get away from everything”

Puso sighs, he missed that part,

“Have you bought her diamonds? Women love diamonds” Puso suggest,

“I did. She wears an eight carat diamond ring on her finger and she inherited a family heirloom chest of diamond pieces as the woman to take my side on the throne, so diamonds are out of the equation”

“How much do you spent on this woman?!” Puso is astounded,

“Anything for my star”

“Well, get her a pair of socks, what more can you get her?” Puso

Seeiso glances at him with a sigh, he defeats him.

Majara appears like a gust of wind before them. He took longer, his spit situation has dried up.

“Bobby is going to be Lupy going forward” Seeiso informs him as he dust himself,

“I’ll snap its neck, don’t test me” the two chuckle at his evident exasperation,

“We are clear, let’s go”

They tail him as he leads to the dark circle that makes an entrance of the cave. It’s too deep and too dark standing on the top,

“Jesus! It looks like a hell pit” Puso exclaims,

“We are jumping in boys, Ora is right inside this pit” Majara,

Seeiso don’t wait to be asked, with Ora he’ll jump even hell pits for. He is the first to throw himself deep inside the dark hole. Majara follows him and Puso is the last,

They all walk around in silence surveying the dark room. It’s just a hole until Seeiso sees rays of blue luminous light streaming through the rock. He knocks on the rock and sees that it’s just a cover-up rock, there is an entrance behind it,

He blows a light whistle so the two can come join him. Talking is out of options. They want to catch whatever is threatening Ora by the element of surprise. They cannot risk being heard. They know that they are walking to a one man cave but with Seeiso’s dreams showing that there is danger larking around Ora, they want to catch it by surprise.

Seeiso force the rock out of the way and they are indeed welcomed by a passage with blue luminous lights dying further into the cave.

As soon as they step into the cave the luminous blue light reflects red colour. They all borrow each other looks in confusion. Majara signals with his head that they should continue, he doesn't sense any danger so it must be just an alarm for the owner.

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ORA

At first I thought I was dreaming, not just a dream but that one where you feel like something heavy is pinned you down. Yes, someone heavy is got me pinned beneath him kissing me wherever he wants. It's not a dream, its Skye,

"Skyee" my tone don't come as stern as I would have liked it to come, he is kissing me on my neck and it's making me really really weak,

"I'm sorry by beloved, I tried holding it in but I can't" his tone on my neck skin infects my entire body with goose bumps of pleasure,

"I tried to be a gentleman but you're too hot to just hold to sleep" he cups my face staring right in my sleepy eyes. I think I found my weakness, my weakness is a man I barely even know,

"What do you want?" I know what he wants, I know what he woke me up for but I want to hear him say it,

“I would like to make love to you my beloved” one of this days men will kill us with their sweet tongues,

“My beloved?” I’m a blushing mess as I question,

“Yes, Oratuwe waka” (.....My beloved)

“Make love to me my wolfy” we both share a grin.

He kisses my forehead for a while before he moves back to my lips. I have never made love before but I feel like I love this kind of kiss. It’s slow and effortless. I feel everything he feels through the kiss,

He streams out of my mouth to my chin, then my neck...I swear necks are pleasure spots of some sort. I can feel my blood rush as he works my neck. His hand slips beneath my pyjama top, his got my nipple in his hand grabbing and squeezing. His long, strong fingers plays my boobies like a guitar. I don’t know what song is this but I want more of it.

I’m left panting as he suddenly stops. He ceases everything to just look at me,

“What are you doing to me?” he also can barely breathe. I don’t know what exactly I’m doing to him so I just look right back at him,

He takes my top off and step down the bed. I cover my bare breast but he shakes his head no,

“I want to see every piece of you” he has his lower lip pressed tight in his mouth. He grabs the ankle of my pyjama pants and pull them off me. His eyes still don’t leave me as he takes time to look at me. The look is more than just staring at a naked woman, I feel like his prey,

I hear him expel a heavy sigh as he comes back for my panties. His fingers reach my panties, he runs his thumb around the elastic, pulling them down slowly like he is savouring the moment.

Now I'm utterly exposed and it's all for him. That look he has on me is sexy as hell, I feel like he is touching me but he is just standing there staring and breathing like a bull.

We are both disturbed by blue luminous light of the cave reflecting with red,

"What's that?" I ask, panic not hard to miss on my tone

"It must be wild animals sniffing around" he doesn't look as spooked as I am,

"Wild animals?"

"No human beings can enter in here, unless they are of the high power like you. Only my mother can give entrance to this cave" Jesus I collect myself,

"Jesus! Lerotholi, what if it's him?" I can't have my nephew see me naked

"It's not him" he leans over to look at me,

"He is been in here before, the protection spell wouldn't alarm me if it's him. It's just wild animals sniffing around, believe me" he assures me and I finally breathe,

"Let me have my taste and stop panicking" he gets off the bed and stand aside again,

I follow his hands as he touches the waist of his pyjama pants. He only had them on. My mouth drops like his pants

as he drops them to the floor, what the hell is that thing?
That is not a penis, that's a monster,

“You want to touch it?” he holds it in his hand, playing with it,

I'm quick to shake my head no to his question,

He chuckles “He doesn't bite unless you're a very bad bad girl, what kind of a girl are you?” what kind am I?

“Good” I think,

With one swift he pulls all of me with my leg to the edge of the bed where he stands. He leans over me, his hands on either side of my shoulders. I'm uncomfortable with the monster pushing somewhere on my inner thigh, it's already coated with precum

“Are you okay” he is right on my face. I nod,

“Good because I'm going to fuck you for having such a little pussy that wakes me in the middle of the night” our eyes meet, I see it in his eyes that I'm in trouble,

“But I'm a good girl” he laughs

“Good girl's pussies behave, this one wants to be fucked and I'm going to do just that” I swallow, feeling my heart pound in a way that alarms me,

He distract me with that emotion exchange kiss, I'm lost in his pleasure once again. He caresses my thighs spreading them further apart making enough space for him. I'm lost in his touch and pleasure. His one hand paces slowly to my inner thighs. He takes me by surprise when he grabs me right in there. I'm really wet and it invites a smirk on his face as he breaks our kiss,

“Guess I have the same effect on you” he is caught his prey and he is going in for the kill,

“I love you my beloved” I’m taken by his words as he positions himself properly inside me,

He drops his forehead on mine and I feel him work his way in. He is circling his head around my opening making me feel all nice and ready until he tries to plunge in,

I pull myself back with a cry, what the hell? It felt like being stabbed,

“Or...” he is got a frown on his face. He holds his monster in his hand. He looks at it, then back at me on the bed,

“Are you....is there something you want to tell me?” words finally come out of his mouth. He looks at me expectantly. I’m trying to find the correct words but I’m struggling

“Babe tell me, what’s this?” he points his monster coated with a bit of redness on the head,

“I didn’t think it’s important” I cannot look in his eyes

“You didn’t think it’s important? Ora you’re a virgin damn it! You could have told me” it’s not a big deal, I just want this over and done with,

“I’m sorry” he sighs, pulling me with my leg back to him on the edge of the bed

“I’m already guilty as charged, I might as well finish the job” he grabs my knees and spreads them apart. I’m once again exposed for his eyes. He leans over me again, I gasp as he repositions himself

“I’m going to try my out best to be as gentle as I can be” I’m quick to nod, I wish it would remain there, on my opening circling me up like he is doing,

This time he is slow. I feel him push in bit by bit and breaking me apart. He holds me tight when I try to wiggle out of his touch,

“Ora I’m not letting you go” I believe him, I believe his love for me. He stands halfway in and wipes the tears falling down my cheeks. This shit is painful as fuck. I’m not screaming but I’m crying,

“This is the only way I’ll ever make you cry, you hear me” I nod,

Again he hovers me and sinks gently in me. He is watching me intently, deep in my eyes assuring me of his love. The pain is there but I focus in his eyes, the love I feel and see overtakes the pain. When he smiles I find myself asking,

“What?” I can barely recognise my voice

“Thank you, I’m in” oh! I steal a glance at our painful intersection and I don’t see any of his monster

“I’m going to move now, if you cannot take it let me know, okay” I nod again,

He is gentle, I feel all the carefulness in his pace. It’s still very much painful but he seems to be enjoying himself,

“Oh my beloved!” he falls on my forehead, still taking careful strokes inside me

‘NO!’ we both freeze looking at each other, that ‘No’ didn’t come from either of us

“SKYE!” he is frozen on top of me. I want him to pull out and check who is in here,

“They are behind me” he whispers for me to hear. Behind him I check and there stand abuti Majara and abuti Puso by the entrance. This is when I wish the world can really open up and swallow me.

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The cave is really complex. They have been checking every room they come across but they are all just empty. It’s starting to feel like a dead mission until they hear something like a cry,

“That’s Ora” Majara say in a whisper,

“She is crying” Puso adds,

“That’s not a cry” Seeiso knows his twin. She always cries to him and that’s not how she cries,

“It sounds more like a sexual moan” he explains. The two throw daggers at him,

“Just because you were once a whore doesn’t mean my sister is one too. Clean that corrupt brain of yours!” Majara hisses down in a whisper and follows the direction of the cry,

“A moan? Sis maan!” Puso is disgusted by his choice of words, Ora their mother’s last born cannot know what a sexual moan feels like, he follows Majara,

Seeiso is behind them. He knows what he heard and something tells him they are about to walk into a surprise of their lives,

“Seeiso!!” Puso hisses at him, he is dragging feet

“Guys I really think we should just call her name” Seeiso suggest failing to keep his tone lower

“NO!” Majara is sure at the front. He stops when he hears something,

‘OH MY BELOVED!’ that one is definitely a man’s voice moaning in pleasure. The two hurry inside the cave but only to freeze right at the entrance,

Seeiso maintains his backseat, he doesn’t want to see it,

“ABUTI MAJARA!!” that is definitely Ora. The surprise is on them, they caught them red-handed

“ABUTI MAJARA PLEASE! ABUTI PUSO!” she begs, naked trying to cover her nakedness with the sheets. The man on top of her is just immobile. She hasn’t seen her twin who chose to stand outside. She can see that Majara and Puso are about to cause havoc on her man,

“I LOVE HIM, HE DIDN’T.....” it all happens so fast. In a blink of an eye Skye is pulled of her and he finds himself floating in the air. Majara is choking the life out of him,

“NOOOOO!” Ora cries,

Majara throws Skye to Puso who receive him with a kick sending him to his wall of books. The books fall over the ground. In a shift they are both on top of Skye, taking turns over turns as they beat him up,

“NOOOOOO! ABUTI MAJARA NOOO!” Ora’s painful cry touches her twin outside. He finally takes steps in. He knew shit was about to go down and he didn’t want to see her like this,

“SEEEEEISOOO!” she runs in Seeiso’s arms. He receives her taking off his coat and wrapping it around her,

“PLEASE THEY ARE KILLING HIM!!” he always joins in beating up her boyfriends but this one feels different. He can see in her eyes that she is really taken by this one. Every kick Skye receives on the ground stabs right into her soul. Seeiso feels the pain in her heart. She squirms and cry louder with every kick,

“MAJARA! PUSO!” Seeiso finally speaks. It’s the way he called them that makes them cease finishing up Skye. The command and authority in his tone is not that of Seeiso their youngest brother,

“LEAVE THE MAN ALONE” his stern tone takes the room, not because he is roaring but it comes commanding and coerce,

“ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?” Majara is pissed, he cannot pull a king mode on them when they have to solve a man who took advantage of their sister

“THAT’S AN ORDER” Seeiso adds, stern and taking them for prisoners. He looks right in their eyes. They are royal men, they understand the king’s word and what it means,

“HE WAS RAPING YOUR SISTER!” Majara hisses. It’s the only thing that makes sense, there is no way Ora would have sex in his eyes

“SHE IS CRYING!!” Majara adds. Yes she was crying but not because she was being violated,

“I’LL NOT REPEAT MYSELF” Majara and Puso are in disbelief, they know the consequences of going against the king’s word,

“YOU’RE BOTH EXCUSED” Seeiso barks another order. They need to go cool down so they can do what they came here to do. Puso deliberately bumps his shoulder when they walk out, they definitely hates his guts,

“Thank you!” Ora throws herself on him when the two have left the room,

“Tell your boyfriend to get proper, we’ll be outside. We need to talk to the both of you” Ora nods on his chest,

“I can’t believe you made me bark orders at my brothers, now I have furious grown men as brothers” he say smiling at his twin,

“Are you okay, though?” he looks down at her,

“I have never been happier” Ora

“Yeah right, you’re having sex akere”

Ora laughs,

“I’m sick worried about you, are you sure you’re okay Oratuwe?” he needs to be sure so he can be at ease,

“We have never been apart this long, this is you missing having me around, I’m fine” she assures,

He sighs “I really hope you okay Ora, tyma is not giving me rest I see him in my dreams pissed asking me where you are?” that one also alarms Ora

“Maybe he’ll see that I’m fine now that you came to see me”
Skye weakly coughs on the ground, Ora rushes to him

“Let me go cool the two down, make sure you both get proper
and come out” Ora nods down helping her naked man,

“SAY!” she calls just as he is about to walk out,

“Your phone is ringing” it’s in the coat he offered her. He
receives it with a frown, it’s his wife,

‘Baby.....’ she immediately interjects him, Bohlokoa is
having an episode. He needs to rush home.

CHAPTER 20

THE MOMENT YOU STEP OUT OF YOUR FEARS, THAT'S WHEN YOU'LL LIVE

MABATAUNG

I feel like I slept longer than I should have or is allowed. Every muscle in my body complains of ache, ache from sleeping too much. A human body is one complicated structure. If you tire yourself out and don't rest the body complains, if you rest a lot and do nothing the body still complains.

I stretch out my arms with the last strength I have in me and lazily open my eyes only to be hit by beautiful morning sunrise shinning right on my face.

I cannot have possibly slept the entire yesterday afternoon and night. It looks like its morning already. Where are my babies? Besides me rest the one big boy of mine. He doesn't sleep with me and I don't even remember how or when he got in here,

"Lerotholi?!" I shake him awake,

He is naturally a light sleeper so it doesn't take long for him to wake up.

He yawns,

"Good morning mama" mama? I'm surprised,

"Morning my baby"

"Am I late for school" late for school? It's definitely another day.

I check time on my phone on the bedside table and see that it's just few minutes after five o'clock in the morning. They prepare for school about six, so he is still fine,

"No you're not, where are your brothers? And why are you here?" not that I don't like sleeping with him but with him I know it's different. He is been an independent soul since he was born so seeing him this clingy on me alarms me,

"I slept with you mama" he snuggles closer to me and I'm more confused,

"Did you have nightmares?"

He laughs. My hand is caressing his little head as he lie on my chest. Moments like this I cherish, I don't want to take anything for granted when it comes to him because I know in a blink of an eye all this might turn out to be just a vague memory,

"Not really, I couldn't sleep because I disrespected you yesterday and I wanted to apologise for what I said to you but you were asleep so I slept with you hoping you'll wake me up but I guess we both slept the entire night" my heart is full of joy. As much as it hurts me that it took whooping his little ass for him to cling on to me like this, it also warms my heart. Now I understand why I'm mama, he is trying to get back in my good books. I should whoop this little ass more often,

"Don't smile mama, I cannot sit on my butt" oh my little man!

“I’m sorry for whooping your butt my baby” this day is starting so perfect, I hope I do great today,

“But tell me, why did you call me useless? You know you can never say that to me, right?” I set his head off my chest so I look properly in his eyes. I don’t usually hit him, in fact yesterday was the first time he earned himself a beating from me. Tlotla is the one that almost getting whooped every time,

He sighs and sit up straight,

“Mama why don’t you practice?”

“Practice what?” he lost me,

He breathes,

“Mama, do you know how powerful you are? Do you know how many people you can help? Including the members of this very family and you have the right person to help you channel your powers and guide you but you’re just too comfortable with just being the great Lupus’s white witch wife whose aim is just to see the prophecy through. Mama you can even change that damn prophecy with your powers if you wish”

I sit up as well,

“First of all, I’ll still whoop that little ass if you’re not careful of your tone with me” I threaten,

“I’m really sorry mama. I’m just frustrated that I had to crawl to my father for help like a scared little boy”

“And you are a little boy and you did great asking aid from your father. He will solve everything for us”

“Is that why you don’t want to do anything?” my husband will always be here, that I know even in my dreams,

“What if he dies?” this child!

“LEROTHOLI!!” I reprimand,

“No mama. What if one day the great Lupus is not there and you have five wolves to raise by yourself? What will you do then?” sigh!

“Son I’m not ready for this. It scares me. I don’t even know where to start with this gift everyone keep saying I have. It scares me that it might be too big or be nothing at all. I’m scared of finding out” I can’t believe I’m opening up my chest to my little man,

“What if it’s too big and you still can handle it? No one in this family is ever given a burden too heavy for them to carry. Mama I’m six but I know my purpose in this house and I’m ready to see it through. Wena you’ll be forty soon but you’re afraid of something you haven’t even tried to experience” I stare at him. He makes sense but.....

“Mama please do it for us if you can’t do it for yourself. I’m growing up. I have witch instinct in me but I cannot use that them because the one I inherited them from hasn’t unlocked hers. Do it for Tlotla, Do it for Tuma, Hlomi and Sopha. We are not normal kids and one day in our lives we’ll need our mother’s powers. Do it for the people who need your help, please”

“Baby where do I even start?” I’m not even sure I’m ready for this,

“The first step is seeing Ntate Moletsane. You have the best seer of his time right in this yards. Knock on his doors and ask for aid. I know he’ll be more than happy to help you where he can”

“Okay. I’ll go see him” I catch a smile, which he hardly gives, “You promise?”

“Yes. But I have a single tiny condition for you” he frowns, looking like that husband of mine I miss so much,

“You’ll never call me mother. Your father and I are mama and papa and that’s it”

He laughs, jumping off the bed,

“I can call you mama because you don’t make a big deal out of it, have you seen your husband when I call him papa?” I can’t help but laugh. Molapo grins like a child having a bowl of ice cream when his son calls him papa,

“I have to go get ready for school”

“Wait! Where are my babies?” he is almost by the door when I ask,

“They are in the nursery with ausi Palesa!” he is already out. I feel all my follicle hairs stands at the mention of that name. What the hell!

She sits on the chair with one of the boys in her arms when I walk in. I don’t want her anywhere near my babies. I grab the one in her arms without even as much greeting,

“My lady!” She quickly gets off the chair to greet. We are back to square one,

“Who gave you permission to take my babies?”

She looks down,

“My prince. Mr. Molapo asked that I look after them while you rest” I said him. I didn’t ask him to go look for a nanny,

“Don’t ever touch my babies Palesa. Leave!” I cannot believe papa Tlotla right now,

“Ausi Lwa if I may ask, what ever happened to us?” she asks standing by the door. I cannot bring myself to answer that. I blink the tears of guilt away not turning to look at her,

“Palesa just leave please” my tone is softer. I know I don’t hate her. It’s safe to say she was the only friend I had but I fucked up so bad that I cannot bring myself to be in the same room with her. Guilt is eating me up and my paranoid mind tells me that she knows and one day we’ll avenge her man,

“I wish you can tell me what I did so I can fix it. I miss you ausi Lwa” her words stabs right in my heart. I miss her too but I fucked up so bad I cannot see myself laughing with her when I did her that bad.

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My sons are well fed and sleeping again. I sent them to their grandmother, she is the only person I can trust with my babies in this house but she is hardly around. She is given herself to helping around Khwezi’s shelter. Mabereng on the other hand is too old. She is seen time. The only thing her hands carry is that walking stick she now use.

I take a very deep breath outside Ntate Moletsane’s hut. I never thought I would do this but my son’s questions

haunted me the entire morning. I decided right in the shower that I'm doing this for them. What if one day my husband is not there? How will I cope with five wolves when I'm just a useless mother who depended on her husband for everything?

"Mabataung I don't have all day!" this old man! I forget how transparent he can be,

He shouts inside as I stand outside his door wondering off. I know he already knows why I'm here,

I take another deep breath and open the door after taking off my shoes. He sits on the couch, sipping some brewing beverage like he is not a seer. This hut shocks me every day. I remember when we had to sit down on the reed matt but now he pats the free space on the couch beside him,

"Mabataung I have served three kings of this house. There is no way I was going to have the same hut I had when I first walked in this yard" he gets right in one's head,

"Dumela Ntate Moletsane" I greet sitting beside him and he nods,

"Tea?" the tea pot sits on the glass table before us but I'm too nervous to have anything,

"Relax. This is just the start nothing is going to happen" I nod to his advice. He doesn't ask what I want here because he already knows,

"Now before we start I have to ask you one question that will determine your journey" I nod. He sips his tea like this is just a walk in the park for him,

“Why do you want to do this now?” Why? He intently looks at me,

“Think carefully before you answer. This is the one answer that will determine how deep you want to see your gift through” he adds holding me with his stare,

So this is the make or break question. Why do I want to do it now? Because I want to be able to help my children when they need me. That’s why I’m here, my son begged me but deep down I know I always wondered. I know who I am but I don’t know the two people who brought me to this world. I always wonder what they looked like, if my mother looked like mam Jabu, if my cruel father was still alive beneath the river, which river was it?....I know who I am but I always wonder,

“You have your answer. Say it to me” Ntate Moletsane urges looking in my eyes,

“I’m ready to know who I really am and embrace it” it’s my truth, I know once I start here I’ll be able to fill up all the missing pieces of my life and know how I got to have this gift,

He smiles and nod to me putting his mug away

“Take that jar on the table and hold it” he instruct still calmly staring at me,

There is a closed jar that is filled with clean water on the table. I grab it and carefully hold it as he instructed,

“Now give it to me” he rubs his palms together before he receives the jar from my hands,

He brings it closer to his eyes. It looks just transparent where I stand but he seems to be reading quite more inside. He keeps nodding, turning it around like he is looking for more.

My eyes remain on him when he puts it down.

“I see a dream that keeps bothering you” he said everything will reveal it’s self with time the last time I told him about the dream,

“That dream is the core essence of your gift. If you can help this one person close to you, that woman in your dream will guide you to the ones who really hold your gift”

“The old disabled woman inside the forest?” I ask,

He nods,

“Who do I help and where do I start?” I ask again,

“The dream is clear. It’s an old woman carrying a child. She complains of the child being heavy to carry right?” I nod,

“The last time you had the dream whose name did she call?” he looks deep in my eyes,

I frown,

“Lera..MaMolete!” my voice is barely a whisper,

“What’s the one thing MaMolete wants but cannot have” I cannot believe this,

“A baby”

“Now the rest is up to you to fill in. This is as far as I can go”

“Ntate Moletsane I don’t understand” I say,

“Your dreams Mabataung. Allow your dreams to carry you the realm of life essence”

“How?”

“You’re excused. I cannot say more than this, the rest is for you to prove yourself to those who hold your gift” he points me out of the door and I know he’ll not say more even if I continue to pester him,

“Thank you Ntate Moletsane” he nods to me as I walk out. I came here for answers but instead I got a task. So the child the old woman in my dreams is holding is MaMoletes’. She is the first person I have to help to unlock my gift? But why her and how do I fetch a child in my dreams?

CHAPTER 21

NO ONE CHANGES FOR NO REASON

ORA

For all my life all I can remember doing as laundry is my underwear. That's as far as washing I know. I have never washed my own sheets since I was born but today I'm washing a man's sheets. If this is not love then there is no love in this world. His cave bedroom was a mess. My blood all over the sheets and his all over the room. My brothers did us dirty. I had to go lay him down in my room so I can clean up his.

My poor wolfy can barely open his eyes. He is bruised all over his face and ribs. The last number of his injuries is that forehead swelling that appeared after abuti Majara knocked his forehead with his head when he was sniffing him.

I honestly didn't want to go out to them after they beat him up but he insisted that we go hear them out. I know Say will always worry about me but I wish he had come alone and left those two bullies. Abuti Majara is the biggest bully of them all.

When we got outside he didn't even say a word but sniffed my man and knocked him out. That fucking strong Lupus head needs to be chopped off one of this days. Nxa!

My twin at least explained their reason of appearing on me in that compromising situation while the two bullies remained in the car. They needed to be sure that I'm safe

and abuti Majara wanted to sniff my man up to sense if he'll not put my life in harm's way.

I swear I don't ever want to see them again. Who walks on people having sex?

"I thought you left" behind me his tone appears startling me a bit. He is still as fucked up as I left him on my sleeping matt. He should thank his dark skin tone because it hides some of the bruises well but that forehead swelling stands out,

"You're awake?" I wipe my damp hands on my dress before I touch on his swollen forehead. He is a vegetable I don't want to lie,

"Yes, I thought you left me" he wraps his arms around my waist pulling me closer,

I left him in my room sleeping to clean up his. And now I'm outside hanging his sheets and our laundry.

The cave is formed in an odd manner. The hole entrance of this cave is the first entrance. Here at the back is another entrance which comes out on top of the mountain. This is the entrance we use that doesn't require climbing to go outside. It appears at the back of the mountain facing a forest. It's really a place one wouldn't think even exist but It's so chilled.

"I would never leave you" it's my honest truth. He captured my soul and made it his and there is no way I'm having a day where he isn't part of it,

“And I refuse to let you go. Even with your bully brothers trying to kill me I’ll hold on to you still” I get lost in his words, his eyes and his love. For a moment we just stare at each other with no words but emotions speaking loud,

“I was just cleaning up your room and doing a bit of laundry” I break our cute moment,

He looks at it and smile,

“Next time leave it to me” bathong! Appreciation e kae?

“I washed okay! The blood stain was hard to come out” it’s not my fault that the white sheet is still hugely stained on the line,

He laughs but quickly contains himself touching on his ribs,

“You could have just changed the bedding, let’s go I’ll sure you the closet” he doesn’t wait for my response but grab my hand in his and lead the way back inside the cave. I remember he said he has a cave specifically used for closet purpose,

“I’m really sorry my brothers beat you up like this” it really doesn’t sit well with my heart,

“It’s not a big deal. I told you to stop apologising. At least they beat me up imagen if the eldest one had gone all Lupus on me? one thing I know for sure is that I would be history” it’s not funny. I hate that he laughs about it,

“Why didn’t you fight back?” he could have done something than to just take the beating like a child,

“No matter what, you don’t fight the men you’ll beg to receive your cows so you can have their sister for life” don’t I blush.....he knows how to make me melt,

“You still could have punched them back though. That thing of beating up my boyfriends end with you”

“Because I’m your first and last vele. And I’m glad they beat up all the nonsense you were fooling around with so they couldn’t touch what was specifically mine” I roll my eyes,

He laughs,

“Speaking of what’s specifically mine, when are we continuing where we left of?” continuing? I have to admit that people lie shame. That thing is painful. I wish relationships didn’t have to include sex. Now that I experienced it all I can think of is the pain that comes with it.

My little lady was on fire. She became better after I took a bath and thinking of going back there is definitely something I wish we could forget.

“It will get better if we try again today” he adds when I fail to respond him,

And he says today?! I’m not ready for that pain again,

“If you wait too long it will close up and you’ll be in pain all over again when we do it” he is very persistent, he must have enjoyed that ball of pain,

“We’ll see but not today” I finally say not looking at him. I’m really not sure about sex anymore,

“Hmm!” he say. That ‘hmm’ sounds like he is disputing what I’m saying,

“And here we are my beloved” I love the name my beloved, it makes me weak

“Wow!” I exclaim as we stand by the entrance of what is definitely a closet. This cave is something else. So far I cannot account how many rooms it’s divided into,

“There is bedding rank. Take one and dress the bed” and everything is nicely folded,

“In the main time I’ll be taking a bath so I can go find us something to eat. It looks like my mother is not coming today” he kisses my cheek and pick his toiletry bag and towels leaving me,

I’m still baffled at how he is got everything a house consist of in his cave but a kitchen. We literally depend on his mother for food. If she doesn’t bring food that’s when he only goes out for food and lord knows I’m tired of her soup and bread. Sigh!

I pick the first bedding I come across and leave the room. Walking inside his cave I remember our yesterday conversation. He said I should check the room next to his to assure me that we’ll never go hungry.

I leave the bedding on top of the bed and head back.

Standing by the entrance of the room next to his it’s just an empty cave. I don’t even know what I was hoping to find. Or maybe behind that rock is..... I almost scream as the cave opens up into two before my eyes. I stepped on a stone that opened the cave into two when I walked in,

Now what I see before my eyes is something I would call a dream of money. To say I'm shocked is an understatement. I know that he is a thief but who does he still from? The entire walls of the inner cave is stocked in bricks and bricks of cash.

This is not the kind of money one gets from robbing another thief as he had said. This is the kind of money you get from robbing a bank,

"What do you think you're doing?" His mother's tone appears right behind me,

She stands by the entrance,

"You have no business being in here, get out of my son's safe" I have summed up that I'm not really her favourite person. She talks to me for the sake of her son. At first I thought it was just still shock of who I am but with days passing by I can tell that she tolerates me.

She steps right on that stone I mistakenly stepped on and the whole cave closes up appearing just like any normal empty cave.

She glares at me when I enter Skye's room. It's too late to even go back, it's obvious now that I'm not just a friend,

"Where is he?" her tone is closed and doesn't leave room for a chat,

"Bath....."

"I'm here dimamzo!" his tone appears down the passage interjecting me. He loves his mother. That I cannot take away from him. His always at his happiest when she is around,

“I thought you weren’t coming” He is wrapped in a towel. His chest is all wet and dripping a bit. I find it sexy and somehow looking at him I want him like that again but sex.....gosh I swear sex is complicated, maybe I should give it a second chance before I write it off,

He stoops down to kiss both her cheeks,

“SKYE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?” she looks at his face, his green skin at the side of his ribs.

He is a dark man but one can still see through his skin colour that he was dealt with,

“Prince Majara and Prince Puso beat me up, can you believe that?” he passes his mother laughing and disappears to the closet,

I don’t miss his mother’s icy stare on me as she stands right by the entrance,

“Beat you up for what Skye?” she is fuming. Her cold stare on me says it all,

Her son cannot see her because he speaks from the other room,

“For taking their sister and making her mine” this woman is going to murder me. Her stare says it all,

“No one touches my son!” she seethes, in a low whisper so not to be heard by Skye,

I see it in her feisty stare that no one touches her son and gets away with it.

I swallow. It’s the way she looks at me that has me frozen in fear. I’m like a piece of shit before her eyes. She looks

because eyes will look even if you don't want to but deep down she wants to spit right on my face,

"Dimamzo are you still there?!" I'm saved by Skye screaming from the other room,

"Yes. I brought food" I'm not eating that. Now I wish my brothers could come fetch me. This woman is going to finish me I can tell.

I let go of my chest releasing a breath I wasn't even aware I was holding in when she disappears into the passage. Now I can tell that my life is in danger and I definitely want to go home.

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KHWEZI

He is home. That one I know even though I didn't exactly see him. I felt him kiss my cheeks in wee hours of the morning. I was too sleepy to wake up. He took Bereng with and left me to rest.

Last night was a very long emotional night for me. I didn't sleep at all after Bohlokoa's episode because it also scared the shit out of me seeing her so traumatized. I honestly don't know what I would have done if Say didn't pick his phone.

I find myself in Bohlokoa's room. I woke up to go fetch my son from his father to feed him but when I passed Bohlokoa's room I ended up in here standing by the window in her bedroom.

I'm wrapped in all kinds of emotions after last night. I feel like such a monster. A little girl is already going through shit

and I made her welcome difficult on top of everything. It breaks my heart knowing that she saw that I wasn't welcoming of her even though she thinks I was just sad towards her.

Now I see what people mean when they say sometimes you have to be the bigger person. Put your feelings aside for a while and look at the bigger picture. My hate for this child's mother is going to turn me into something I'm not. Lord knows I hate that woman and I would have liked to not be involved in anything that has to do with her but after last night I don't see myself turning a blind eye on Bohlokoa.

I want to sleep with her more often. I want to assure her that she is safe with me. I want her to run to me. I want her to cry to me. I want her to laugh with me. I want to be her grown best friend that she can tell anything.

The door opens midst my scattered thoughts in Bohlokoa's room. I'm standing by the window lost in thoughts. I thought it's Say but it's not, it's Lerato.

We never really patched thing up after our fall out. One thing about me is that if I lose trust in you, that's it. She betrayed my trust. Went behind my back and coughed things I told her in confidence to my husband. I don't care what intention she had but for me that's betrayal, so I'll never trust her like that ever again,

"Hey" she greets,

I force a smile and nod staring at her,

"What are you doing in here?" I ask,

“Oh! I bought Bohlokoa this” she take out beads and ribbons from her paper bag,

“I want to do her hair when she comes back from school” she adds happily placing the beads and ribbons on the dressing table,

“There is no need for all that. I made an appointment at the salon for her to do her hair. I’m taking her when she come back from school” I haven’t made any appointment but I’ll make it just so she stays away from my business. Bohlokoa is now my business and I want her far away from my business,

“Oh!” she looks really disappointed but I don’t care,

“Yeah!”

She sighs,

“Khwezi I’m sorry about telling Seeiso your secret. I really did that for Bohlokoa, not to hurt you” at least she knows where she wronged me,

“It honestly was from a good place. I wanted you two to talk so Bohlokoa can have a proper love from his father” she adds

“Lerato I don’t care whether it was from your heaven heart or golden heart what you don’t do is go cough up the things I tell you in confidence to my husband” she betrayed my trust. It’s simple as that,

“I was doing it for Bohlokoa!”

“You could have sat me down and talked to me. Girl we talked about everything. I made you see reason when you wanted to leave your marriage when you found out you could never have children. I sat you down and talked with you.

Which is what you could have done but instead you let the horse kick your chest and spill my beans, to my husband nogal! That's a no for me and we are not coming back from that one"

"What are you saying Khwezi?" the attitude!

"What I'm saying is that in a month's time, I'll be Queen and it's high time you treat me as such!" we are levels apart now, I can't be making friends with people who are ready to stab me in the back,

She chuckles, shaking her head,

"I feel sorry for Seeiso. I hope he realises soon that his star has actually turned to his hell. You have changed so bad I can hardly recognise you. You're not a sweet beautiful girl you once were. I hope you don't destroy the poor guy on your cruelty path. Just when we rest from the likes of MaPeete and you decide to be one. You don't have a heart Khwezi"

"I don't have a heart?" my ears better be deceiving me,

"I? Khwezi Dlomo don't have a heart? At least I didn't break another woman's home to have mine. Says the homewrecker walking around here playing a victim that I don't have a heart. A heartless woman is you sesi who broke someone's home" now we are square. She is not going to say hurtful things to me and think I'll just listen. She goes low, I go even lower,

"I feel sorry for Bohlokoa, she doesn't deserve a cruel step mother like you" she spits,

"Come back and tell me about being a cruel step mother after you have had your own children" that should get her off my

face and it works. She blinks tears away and storm out of the room. The nerve! She just messed my mood for the entire week. Nxa!

CHAPTER 22

LIKE A FLOWER, ONE BLOOMS WITH SEASONS

MABATAUNG

For what I discovered today I find myself knocking in Lerato's room. I hope she buys the lies I come with. I don't know how I'm going to go about this whole thing but Lerato is my start. I have to find that old woman and I'm hoping she is related to her in some way and can tell me a thing or two about her.

"Come in!" She shouts from the inside and I enter.

She is ironing. She is a wonderful wife than I am. For the life of me I cannot even as much iron a single shirt for my husband. Not that I'm lazy but since I became a wife in this quarters I let the help do their job except taking care of my children,

"You shouldn't work yourself out, there are people hired for that in this house" I say resting on her bed,

"I clean and do stuff to destruct myself when I'm not okay" her mood is down,

"Is everything okay?" I ask,

"Yeah" she breathes,

"How are the boys?" I guess she doesn't want to talk about it,

"I hardly rest. Today Mme MaMajara is home so I can actually breathe" she laughs,

"And why don't you use the same help as well?"

“I only trust Mme with my babies” lies, lies.... I cannot exactly tell her that I slept with the head of staff’s man and now I’m paranoid because I think she is got all this people working here under her snap. I think she’ll avenge her man by killing my babies. Tlotla and Lerotholi don’t stress me like the young ones. Those two I know can protect themselves but my little men still need mommy to protect them from her sins,

“You can call me too, I don’t mind” she did cross my mind but I didn’t want to come as insensitive. Now that I know she doesn’t mind I’ll definitely hala her,

“Are you okay? I need to talk to you about something” I came in here for my investigation but it doesn’t look like she is in a good space right now,

“I’m fine, what’s the matter?” I feel like shit for doing this, I can see she is not okay but I really need to find that old woman in my dreams,

“Okay, so you know when a new king in this house is about to take the throne the history books of the house are updated adding new family members under his leadership, right?” she nods,

“Yeah, Papa Peete did tell me that the king’s secretary will come to me for my biography”

“Well, the secretary of the house asked me to do it. He is busy with other stuff. He asked that I collect your biography and Khwezis’ and send it to the editors” I hope she falls for my lie. It’s not exactly a lie but it’s not my job to collect information,

“You and Khwezi are the ones to be added because you both joined the family after the passing of ntate Bereng” I add

She nods,

“No problem at all mama Tlotla, where do you want to start?” thank lord! I cannot exactly tell her the truth because I don’t want to raise her hopes. What if I fail? I don’t want to disappoint a woman who is already going through a lot for not having a baby,

“Since I know everything about you, we’ll skip the basics” she nods,

“Do you have grandmothers?” she frowns,

“Yah but how are they part of my biography?”

“It’s everything about your life, including your family” I see it in her eyes that she is hesitant but she doesn’t say anything,

“Are they still alive?” she laughs,

“I don’t know why you shoot straight to my grandmothers but to answer you, one is alive and the other one passed away” I nod,

“The one who passed away, was she your maternal or paternal grandmother and was she disabled in any way?” this one tickles her,

“Disabled? Mabataung what are you asking me?” at least she finds it funny,

“None of my grandmothers was or is disabled” It’s all I wanted. This means the old woman in my dreams is not related to her,

“Maybe you should go formulate your questions properly and come back” I nod getting off the bed

“Or better yet, ask the king’s aid. I know he wouldn’t say no to you” that she is right about,

“I’ll ask him when they come back”

“They are back” I stop on my tracks to look at her,

“He came straight to the house and said Papa Tlotla and Papa Peete were getting drunk in their mens hut” getting drunk? My husband is not a drunkard,

“What? Why?” she laughs,

“Apparently they are drinking trauma away”

“What trauma?” she shrug,

“I don’t know but I went down there to check on them. And all I found was two drunk men crying over Ora’s name” ORA?

The door burst open midst my shock and I’m rendered speechless.

They are evidently drunk but Puso is the worst. Or maybe this one I call my husband is just pretty cool even when drunk. They both can hardly stand.

I don’t think he sees me. He is looking at me but his mind is elsewhere. He holds Puso’s arm. Puso looks like he is spinning, his coat is worn inside out,

“We’ll never have sex, wautlwa?” (.....You hear me?) oh he does see me,

He say staring at me with eyes that look like they are heavy with sleep

“Why?” I’m confused. I want to have sex, lots of it,

“I’ll call that gynaecologist of yours to stitch it up, we are not having sex ever again!” sizani!

Puso staggers out of his hold towards Lerato who quickly switch off the iron and meet him halfway before he falls,

“It was deep inside mama” he sounds like he is about to cry,

He say cupping Lerato’s face who is just as confused as I am,

“Deep inside man, kahare” papa Tlotla adds passing me and throwing his body on top of Puso’s bed,

“Phakathi!” Puso cries holding Lerato

“Phakathi inside” he shakes his head,

“I’m never going have sex in my life!” the one on the bed groans

“Sisters should be killed for having sex!” Puso finally let’s go of Lerato and throws himself on the bed as well. Lerato and I share looks. We are just stunned. What in the lord’s name happened?

“I think you should collect your washing and come with me, I’m not waking a drunk man. He’ll sleep in here” hopefully when he wakes up later he’ll be sober and able to tell me what exactly transpired.

I sent Lerato to go help mme with my babies. That will distract her since she is not okay. I'll finally join my babies when I'm done with this task for a day.

I'm trying to find Say to fish for some information. I know he can never say no to me.

Walking in his study I knock once and allow myself in. He is with two gentlemen and it looks like he is in a meeting,

"Oh gentlemen, my apologies, I'll come back later" I say looking at him but he shakes his head,

"Straight down the corridor, there are refreshments served on the balcony. You both can grab something to eat, I'll join you in a minute" he gets off his chair excusing the two old men who seems more than pleased to be let off, I have heard that he is become such a slave driver,

"My lady!" they both sing in respect passing me and I offer them my smile accompanied with a nod,

"You didn't have to pause your meeting" I say throwing myself on the couch one of the old men sat on,

"I'm starving, I needed us to eat anyway" I nod,

"What can I do for you?" he is in tune with who he is. It's true that people grow up when they want to. The old Seeiso would be the one drunk with his brothers but he is not, he is here in his formal attire carrying on with his duties,

"What happened to my husband" he laughs, his crazy laugh that fills the entire study,

"O jwang?" (How is he?) He is still consumed in laughter as he asks,

“Drunk. He and Puso passed out talking things that don’t make sense” he continues to laugh,

“Serves them right!” he is not going to tell me what happened, he is enjoying that my husband is traumatised,

“Anyway I need a bit of information from you” he collects himself nodding,

“I’m trying to channel my powers and somehow there is an old woman in my dreams that I have to free first before I can finally practice” he frowns but nod in understanding,

“Okay”

“Problem is that I don’t know who this old woman is and where to start to find her” he nods again,

“I want to ask about the old women of this house. Did you guys have any disabled grandmother in your past generations?” he nods and my hope peaks,

“Yeah. Nkgono MaMolete. The one Lerato is named after” and there is the connection I needed,

“She was disabled?” I ask,

“Yeah. She had what we call.....” he trails off thinking,

“I forget what they call the condition but her other arm was shorter than the other one....oh yah, it was called limb length discrepancy” he adds. It makes sense, the old woman Lerato is named after is the one who wants to give her a child,

“Who in this house is exactly from her bloodline?” I ask,

“Us. She was my great grandmother”

“Meaning she is ntate Tlali’s mother?” he nods

“Ntate Tlali was the only child from his mother?” I ask. He bites on his lower lip with a frown. It looks like he is thinking,

“He grew up alone but if I remember correctly he had a sister” it doesn’t look like he is sure of the information,

“What happened to the sister?”

He sighs,

“I don’t know. I don’t remember that story quite well”

“How did she look like?” he laughs,

“I was young when she died. Maybe your husband might remember her or better yet, you can go to monna moholo straight” (.....grandpa.....) that’s a no. Ntate Tlali is not one to hold a conversation with, he will start from the beginning of the Qifaqane war and lord knows I don’t have that time,

“But I have something that might also help you with information about her” he adds,

“Please if I could have that” he smiles getting off the couch and strolling to his desk. From the drawer he pulls a key and hold out his hand for me. I get off the couch and reach out and we both exit the study dying into the passage,

“Where are we going?” I ask,

“The library” I’m a bit excited, I have never been in there.

It’s not far. Right at the end of the aisle is two double doors locked with a padlock. It’s secured, it stores history books

and essential items of the kingdom. He easily works the key and lead me inside. I take a moment to admire everything in while he walks to the books aisle,

“Touch with ease, this is more of a royal museum than a library” he advises when I touch on the gold vase that looks really beautiful,

“That was a gift from Queen Barolong herself to Moshoeshoe the first” he explains not even staring at me. He is looking for something by the books,

“It’s really beautiful” he doesn’t respond, he seems busy,

“Is this real gold?” there is gold bars that eats up the left wall,

“Yep” wow!

“And here you go!” he say pulling one huge book from the row,

“This is the life book of Queen MaMolete Molapo. Everything you want to know about her is right in here” and it’s indeed her. The first image on the cover page is exactly of the old woman in my dreams,

“Thank you say say wabantwana” he laughs

“Let’s get out of here. I’m a married man, my wife shouldn’t hear you call me that”

We met by Khwezi as we walk out of the room. It looks like she was on her way to the study,

“You see, staff saka ke see” (.....this is my staff) Seeiso reaches his hand out to her and grab on her waist while he closes the library,

He pecks her forehead when he is done,

“Missing me already?”

She laughs,

“Not even, I’m looking for my main man” she say,

He laughs

“Demotion. I have been demoted” they are both smitten, they make such a great couple,

“I had a meeting earlier so I send him to his grandmother” she stands on her toes to kiss his lips,

“Keep the book safe and return it to me as soon as you’re done” I nod,

“I’ll see you in an hour Mrs. Molapo” he kisses her one last time and free her.

I might as well go with her because I want to check on my babies before I start reading this bible,

“Are you okay?” I ask as we both head to Mme’s room. I haven’t really checked on her because I have been busy with the boys,

“Yeah, you?” I nod,

“Do you think I have changed?” she asks and I laugh,

“Where is that coming from? You’re a mother now Khwezi, you can’t be the same person forever” I say,

She sighs,

“Thank you. I needed to hear that, someone said I’m cruel”

“That someone is smoking weed. Cruel and you don’t make it in the same line” she laughs.

Entering Mme’s room we find Lerato sitting on the chair rocking one baby in her arms. On the bed all the triplets are sleeping, so it must be Bereng in her arms.

In a space of a second Khwezi grabs the baby from Lerato’s arms. I’m as stunned as Lerato,

“Don’t ever touch my son again” she hisses on Lerato’s face, Lerato sighs and shakes her head walking out but I stop her, “LERATO!” she doesn’t turn but remain by the door,

“Come back here, what’s going on?” Lerato turns with a sigh. There is tension between them. No one says a word but they just stare at each other,

“What is going on?” I ask again. Clearly something is up but I definitely don’t know what,

“I betrayed her and she still mad at me” Lerato,

“So now you’re going to open your mouth to her about my business? You want the whole palace to know my business now Lerato? Haven’t you done enough” Khwezi hisses,

Silence stretches in the room. I’m looking between the two of them and it doesn’t look like any is going to say a word further,

“This is my advice. As the senior wife of this house I demand that you both tell me what is going on and we fix it here or you choose to shut up and I call a hearing on the both of you”

“You wouldn’t do that!” Khwezi,

“I can and I will. What is going on?” I ask,

Khwezi breathes,

“I hate saying this but as the queen to be of this house I order you to stay out of it. It doesn’t concern you. I hope as a senior wife you understand not to question the queen’s word, right?” she raises an eyebrow to cement her words. This has to be a dream, I’m perplexed,

“Thank you” and she leaves me as stunned as I am. Lerato shakes her head with pity looking at me before she also leave the room. Never in my life did I think Khwezi would disrespect me like this. Who do I call to put her in order? Boitmelo or the women council of this house? I’ll not be disrespected by Khwezi. Not a child who grew before my eyes. Never!

CHAPTER 23

A MOTHER WILL ALWAYS LOOK OUT FOR HER OWN FIRST

ORA

It's been a week since my brothers 'Baptised' him. His swelling is slowly coming down and his bruises is also healing though his mother's hate for me is becoming more and more extreme with each passing day.

He can see that I'm not okay. I have never been in a relationship that I can actually call a relationship. All my relationships are relationships by name but we never actually have relations. I don't know how to act or react towards his mother's hate for me. Now I know she has a valid reason for hating me because my brothers beat up his precious son. That's why I'm not eating her food.

That look she threw at me a week ago still haunts me. I'm not a fool that's about to eat food from a woman who looked at me like that.

He thinks I'm being a spoilt brat, which I'm not. I just don't want to come between him and his mother. That's why I choose to eat what he buys me. I haven't ate his mother's food in a week.

"I honestly don't know why you're suddenly acting like a princess" he snaps. It annoys him, I see it in his eyes,

He gives me the brown foodie bag he just arrived with. I hate that he has to go out every day just to buy me something to

eat, but I'm not going to risk eating his mother's food anymore,

"Thank you" the least I can do is appreciate his efforts. It's late at night, he went out for my meal,

I'm starving, I don't pay attention to him but dig in my food immediately. He is staring at me, at first he is annoyed then he smiles,

"You look like him" he say staring at me,

"Him who?" I'm confused,

"Your twin. He is a beautiful man" I laugh, if he knows how annoyed he gets when people say how beautiful he is,

"There are handsome men out there, the likes of myself then there are beautiful men, the likes of your twin. He is not the type to leave with your girl alone in the house. I'm sure he must have been a player in his days" I like that he gets mad at me for a few seconds then we are okay,

He sits beside me on his bed,

"He was. Girls used to throw themselves at him but once he met his wife, he stopped all that. But let's talk about you, who lied to you and said your handsome?" I'm pulling his leg. He is not a very handsome man but he is a man

"My beloved princess" I blush. The way that 'Beloved' comes out of his lips sounds like a certain love language I can only hear,

"We owe each other an orgasm" I almost choke on my food. When or how did we drift from beauty conversation to orgasms?

He is laughing,

“On the real my beloved, we didn’t do anything. I can’t have you thinking my sex game is a wack” gosh!

“Don’t you want some meat?” I’m trying to divert the conversation,

He laughs but his laughter is cut short by the lights of the cave reflecting red. By now we both know what this means. I look in his eyes, when I see panic and a slight frown I know who ever is in here is not welcomed,

“It cannot be my brothers again” my voice is almost a whisper,

He shakes his head,

“It’s not. Stand behind me no matter what!” with the last words he grabs the food of my hands and shove me behind me. We are now standing waiting for whomever is disturbing our peace to walk in.

In silence and fear we wait. We both can hear their steps become more and more alive down the hallway. The closer the steps grow, the louder my heart beats.

I’m standing behind him. I can almost see the movement of his broad shoulders rise and fall beneath his vest. I can tell that he is ready to attack and I wish I had a knife or something to help out. He touches me behind me to secure me in place when we hear that the intruders are much closer.

The first thing we see is his mother appearing at the entrance and we almost sigh in relief but all the relief we had is

immediately replaced by fear when that wolf in my dreams stand right next to his mother.

I'm shaking behind him. Him on the other hand seems more relax if I may say so. The first few minutes he is staring at his parents in silence. I don't know if this is the first time he is meeting his father but I wish I wasn't part of this reunion,

"Mme!" (Mother!) He finally speaks, glaring at his mother,

"I'm sorry my baby. It was either you or her" her voice trembles,

I don't buy her lies, she went and fetched her baby daddy to come for me. He is indeed an ancestor beast wolf. I cannot even look at it. His fur is as dark as Skye's fur when he is transformed. It's the only thing I can see. My eyes refuse to look in its face. He is a true beast of the wild that I can tell,

"He is not touching her!" Skye seethes,

Behind him I see his vest burst up like it's been bombed. I take gentle steps backwards seeing him grow larger and larger altering into a wolf. Every vein in his muscles pop out and his skin starts growing dark fur. I wish I could see his face but I'm at his back,

He growls out loud standing on his feet and twisting his neck sniffing up in the room. Both his hands have changed to front feet when he lands on the ground. He is my wolfy. Standing before his mother and father,

He roars, marking the ground before him with his paws like he is drawing some boundary lines. I wish I knew what that means,

“Skye don’t!” his mother reprimands. That line he drew definitely means something,

The combat ancestor wolf gives no damn about drawn lines. He walks towards Skye and I keep cowering back. I still cannot look it in the eye. My eyes remain on its feet. On the other side of the line it stands, sniff up Skye like he is nothing. He draws another line right on top of Skye’s line,

I shatter on the ground when I hit the wall. There is no escaping for me. Skye roars but his mother steps forward and stab his tail with something like a feather. Immediately he groans in pain and fall on the ground,

“I’m sorry my baby. You’ll forgive me” she sits next to the fallen Skye and brush on him.

I know I’m doomed. Crying is not an option. Screaming is not an option. The least I owe myself is looking at the one to end my life right in the eye. Maybe he’ll remember me. Maybe I’ll be the one kill he’ll not forget. Maybe I’ll haunt his soul.

With the last ounce of strength I have left in me I finally lift my eye to Amaruq the ancestor wolf. He is right before me. His eyes are not meant to be looked at by human being. Everything in me freezes in terror as he captures me with his stare. It’s cold and terrifying. He hasn’t touched me but I feel and see death in his eyes. They are dark, past the darkness I see eyes, human eyes bleeding and past the darkness I hear screams, human screams begging for their lives. Then there is wolves. Dead wolves lying in a world I don’t know, everything is laid right in his eyes,

“Thank you Mapakiso” and he speaks! Speaks in wolf form. He is indeed an ancestor wolf. There is nothing he cannot do,

It only occurs to me that I never really knew Skye’s mother’s name. Her name is Mapakiso. The old woman that sold me to her baby daddy,

Mapakiso nods with a smile staring at him. He looks back at me and I feel like nothing. I feel like just dust in his presence.

With two steps forward he is stands right before my face. He twist his neck, growl out loud and bare his fangs out. I can see them sharpen as he growls. I let a shrilling scream when he sinks his fang right on my arm and throw me on his back. His fur is magnetic. I feel glued to him no matter how much I try to fight myself of his back. My arm is bleeding. I feel it numb all the way up inviting sleep to every muscle in my body. My eyes also welcome the heavy sleep before they totally shut down.

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SEEISO

He can finally bring Bobby to the family. He left him in capable hands of Moletsane when they arrived with him a week ago. Moletsane finally cleared Bobby today. He said he’ll let him know when the time comes for Bobby to take over his shadow.

He had to make an entrance. He is the last to arrive on the dinner table holding the ugly black cat in his arms,

“Oh my lord!” Tlotla screams putting her little hands on her mouth,

She is an animal lover,

“Please tell me she is mine, oh I love you so much my favourite uncle” she jumps down her chair to him. She is jumping up and down as he gives the cat to her,

“Careful with his leg, he is injured” Seeiso advises

“Oh she is a he? What is his name? He is so beautiful!” She is gushing over the cat brushing it in her arms,

“His name is Bobby Lupy Molapo!” Majara groans in anger,

“Papa do you want to see him? He is got your name!” Tlotla

“Get that thing off my face!” Majara roars before she could even come close to him,

“What’s that? Are we witches now Molapo?” Mamajara glares at Seeiso in question,

He smiles, pulling his chair next to his wife and kissing on her forehead,

“Family, meet Bobby. When you see him down the passage please don’t kill him” he introduces the cat in Tlotla’s arms

“Is she a he now?” Puso questions him,

“Ntate Moletsane did the examination. He assures that Lupy is a man” he grins staring at Majara,

“Tlotla when is Zoe visiting you?” Majara asks his daughter. The table laughs, they know who Zoe is. She is her snake friend and unfortunately for Bobby he is of food chain to Zoe the snake,

“Papa stop being mean. You want my friends to fight now?” she is already friends with Bobby,

“Is he what I think he is?” Ntate Tlali looks between Seeiso and Moletsane for an answer, they both nod,

He beams,

“Kopu-kopu madi atlatswa phuwaneng! Rona bo modisa phohole!” (Praises) he rounds the table to shake Seeiso’s hand,

“You did great son! You’re the true heir to the throne!” Seeiso laughs patting his grandfather’s hand holding his,

“Bereng made no mistake leaving his horn for him. You’re the true leader of this house” Moletsane

“When and how did you find him?” Ntate Tlali takes back his seat questioning Seeiso,

“I hit him with a car a week ago. At first I thought I hit a person but when I checked it was a black jaguar”

“IS THAT A JAGUAR?!” both Majara and Puso exclaim in shock,

“I knew it that he hit something bigger” Majara adds,

“Why is it a big deal? What’s the purpose of a jaguar in this house?” Puso,

“It’s for his throne. Some things he cannot share with you because it’s for the throne. You both need to respect that and stop questioning his decisions. Seeiso is to take the throne, he will not put this family in harm’s way no matter what. That jaguar coming his way was a test from his

forefathers and he passed it with flying colours. Soon I'll perform a secret ceremony between him and the jaguar and then it will disappear" Ntate Moletsane explains

"This is unbelievable. Seeiso are you aware what this means?!" Ntate Tlali is ecstatic

"I still cannot believe it either. I kept him for a week thinking he'll change but no. He keeps pointing at his shadow" Ntate Moletsane holds a conversation with Ntate Tlali,

"To think even Bereng wasn't honoured with a shadow. We haven't seen a king with a shadow in a while" everyone on the table is lost expect the three

"If you can all please include us in your conversation we'll highly appreciate it" Majara

"I'm still stunned about us celebrating cats in this house" Puso

"When does it become a jaguar anyway because it's just a cat in my eyes?" Puso sarcastically asks,

"He takes form for the one he is brought for. Wena relax and know the Hugo is the only beast under your name" Moletsane shoots back at him sipping his tea,

"That's very mean Ntate Moletsane" Majara and Seeiso laugh at him

"Hlokoa do you want to hold him" Seeiso ask his daughter but she quickly shakes her head,

"Never!" Tlotla smiles. She jumps off her chair, Bohlokoa sees her before she even gets to her. She runs for her life being chased by Tlotla with a cat,

“Why is this table so quiet?” MaMajara looks between the women of the house. One would swear that they are not present on the table,

“Mabataung!” Ntate Tlali looks at her. As the senior wife she should talk for her sister wives if there is something wrong. She is the one expected to know and put fires between the wives if there is any,

“Everything is fine Ntate moholo” she mutters,

Ntate Moletsane observes them. One by one he looks at the three women. He starts with Mamolete, then Mabataung. Mamolapo is the last he looks at and his stare lingers on her for quite some time. She squirms, clears her throat feeling a bit uncomfortable being subjected to that powerful look. One thing about Moletsane stare is that it’s soul capturing. He can see beyond the eye with just a look,

“Ntate Moletsane!” Her husband will come to her rescue no matter the cost. He glares at Moletsane backing him off his wife,

“MaMolapo what happened to your mother?” odd. Uneasiness rises on the table,

“Your biological mother I mean” he adds. Seeiso wraps his arm around her and kisses her forehead,

“Tell him, he is probably seeing something” he calms her down speaking on her forehead,

“My father said she left” Mamolapo say,

“Left as in dead or left, left you behind?” Moletsane,

“The latter” Mamolapo

“I see. Come see me soon” he smiles to dilute the tension rising on the table,

“My king you’re bleeding!” Lerotholi points out Seeiso’s nose. He sends his hand to his nose for inspection and it comes coated with blood

“Babe!” Mamolapo panic beside him. She grabs napkins and press them on his nose,

“Look up. You never bleed, what happened?” Seeiso is a bit confused until it hits him,

“ORA!!!” he roars getting on his feet,

“Jonna ngwanaka weee!!” Mamajara put her hands on top of her head,

She is their mother. She birthed weird twins. When one is hurt to a point of bleeding wherever they are the other one nose bleeds.

By the time it clicks to the other members of the family Shadow has taken form. His clothes has torn apart decorating people’s food. His growl fills up the entire house. His fang drip in drool ready to spill blood,

“GET MY DAUGHTER. I WANT HER HOME” Mamajara barks staring at Majara and Puso,

Shadow is long gone. Ora will always come first to him. Ntate Moletsane stomps his walking stick on the tiled floor sending a force to protect Shadow’s image. He cannot risk the staff seeing him in wolf form.

“MAJARA!” Mamajara calls for him when they are about to disappear the room,

“REEEV!” she summons Lupus in Olve. She is the one of wolf bloodline. She understands wolf language.

CHAPTER 24

THE QUILEUTE TRIBE

ORA

“Awhuuuuuu! Awhuuuuuu! Awhuuuuuu!” the sound is so far yet so close. My memory is a bit vague. I cannot exactly say where I am or how I got where I’m at. I feel too restricted. I cannot even as much flinch. The sound keeps getting louder and louder though my eyes are still blinded by haze.

I battle them to open. They feel heavy and blinded by dust. I cannot exactly see anything with all the dust but eventually they slowly open.

The first images to my sight are a bit vague. I cannot make out anything because of the dust surrounding me,

“Awhuuuuuuu!” the growl comes right in my ears. Chasing sleep off my system and I’m instantly wide awake,

“Awhuuuuuuu!” the follicle hairs on my skin ache, my heart threatens to stop beating at any minute. This is no place for a human being. This is no place for my kind. I shouldn’t be here. Everything about being here traps the human in me. I’m breathing though I feel dead already,

“And my bride wakes!” the voice right in my ears. It’s that of the one and only Amaruq the wolf,

He blows, gently blows out air right on my face and the dust settles. Now I have the clear images. I’m tight to a pole right at the centre of wolves. I cannot count them, they are far too many. I squirm looking around only to find that I’m surrounded by different wolves in all directions,

“TO THE RISE OF THE QUILEUTE TRIBE!!” Amaruq roars standing firm as an Alpha right beside me,

“TO THE QUEEN OF THE QUILEUTE TRIBE!!” the pack sings back in praise. They all speak. Speak human language. This is impossible,

“WE, THE ANCIENT SPIRIT WARRIORS’ TRIBE WELCOME OUR QUEEN. OUR QUEEN MOTHER TO BIRTH US SHAPESHIFTERS BLOODLINE. TO THE QUEEN OF THE QUILEUTE TRIBE!!!”

“TO OUR QUEEN OF THE QUILEUTE TRIBE!!” the pack sings back once again,

“FEAST! REJOICE AND LET’S CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF OUR QUEEN WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE FULL MOON!” he raises his tail high up in the air and waves it around,

The pack growls all at once in response. They surround us running. I take it this is a sign of celebration. Dust rises again. I don’t see who or what cuts the ropes tying me to the pole but I fall right on his back. I’m coughing my lungs out as I ride right on top of him. The pack all stop running and make a way for us,

“Awhuuuuuuu!” they growl all at once bowing to Amaruq as he enters the deep forest surrounding the place. The sun brightly shines right on that centre where there is no grass. Inside this forest is too dark and too scary for a human being,

“They’ll not do anything to you my bride. Those are all the dead wolves’ spirits” he speaks of the whispers I hear as we

ride into the forest. I can hear whispers and feel like I'm being touched though I don't see anything but dark in the forest.

Past the darkness I see a bit of light once again. We step out of the shadows of the forest into what looks like a small grass village. There are wolves again that all stop strolling around to bow at us,

"This is the female pack. All the males are the ones we left at the altar. Females are not allowed in our altar" he explains moving along the small grass like structures,

He stops outside another weird grass like structure that would home a dwarf.

"This is home now my queen" home? Home my left foot!

His back legs crouches and I easily slide of his back. It feels weird standing on both my legs in this land. I can tell that this is a no two legged standing land,

"You may go in my queen. The pack will hunt a springbok for you to feast for dinner" I don't want to go in, I want to go home. I don't even eat a springbok,

"I want to go home!" I find my first words in a world I don't know. Tears threatening to fall down my face,

"This is home!" a wolf speaks to me. It's freaking unbelievable and terrifying,

"I want to go home!" I repeat. Now tears bracing my cheeks like Maletsunyane water falls,

"THIS IS HOME!" he glowers. His facials changing and I realise that I have angered him. He is been calm since I woke

up but now he is back to that big bad wolf that took me from the man I love,

He blows out air in my direction and a force pulls me inside the small grass structure.

I find myself seated inside the grass house. There is nothing but grass inside. He consumes the entire entrance as he stands right there,

“Please kill me!” I beg to be killed. It’s better than being in a world I don’t know, I hope.

“Not before you birth the shapeshifters for my tribe. Pray for full moon to come tonight so I can fuck you and fill your womb with my pups” so he cannot fuck me unless it’s full moon. I hope my ancestors come through for me. There will be no full moon until my brothers come for me. I know they will come,

“Why me?” I can barely recognise my voice the way I’m so frightened. I don’t even know why I want to know,

“You’re the last female with wolf gene that can birth shapeshifters”

“You have Skye. He is your son, he can give you shapeshifters”

“He doesn’t carry royal blood like you do. My pups with you will be what your brothers are. Royal shapeshifters. It’s what I want”

“Skye and I can have babies and give them to you if it’s what you want” I don’t even know what I’m saying, I’m just hoping I strike some sort of deal with him,

“Oh pretty little thing, your mine to fuck. I have to be the only one to fuck you for this to work. The only rod that’s supposed to open you is mine” I cringe,

“If you’re not pure you’re useless to me. That fool didn’t touch you right?” I’m quick to shake my head no. I can see that I might end up as dinner in his eyes if I tell that I’m no longer a virgin. I can only hope that my brothers come for me before full moon,

“Relax and catch your breath for full moon. I’m going to fuck you until you pass out” I’m rendered speechless. He means it, I already hate sex, if it makes one pass out I might as well die.

I wait for him to walk out. I sink my nails inside my open wound where he bit me. It was drying out but blood starts pouring once again. This is me sending message to Say. I know he’ll know that I’m hurt because he’ll also bleed.

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AT THE CAVE

He is the first to arrive at the cave. Today his manner of approach is not as calm as when he first came in here. He is not up for communications. All he wants is to see his twin, unharmed and alive.

He jumps down the oval cave entrance. The rock that closes the entrance is moved today. His feet hurriedly carry him straight to the room he knows pretty well. He doesn’t care what he walks into as long as his Oratuwe is unharmed.

Mapakiso sits on the ground with Skye in wolf form on her lap. She hums a melody that would be sweet if it wasn't today. Gently she brushes on her son praying that he forgives her when he wakes up. He injected him with a dragon feather to induce him to sleep. It's supposed to knock him out for at least 24 hours. She is the last witch to steal hold powers of such an extent, or so she thinks.

The cave doesn't report any sign of an intruder because she left the entrance wide open. It didn't occur to her to go close up after Amaruq and his bride.

She stops brushing on Skye when she feels her blood rush...For a witch, blood rush is an alert for danger.

She knew the royal house is of werewolves even though it's a secret not many know. What she didn't know is that they are shape shifters. Meaning they can change anytime of the day at their own will. Shape shifters don't need full moon to transform like werewolves. She thought she would have long escaped by the time royal werewolves came for her and her son.

The wolf standing at the entrance is that of the royal house. She feels it in her blood. His presence is heavy and commanding though there is still that royal power it carries along.

She cannot exactly say which one is this one but one thing that is clear from the sharp fang bared out of his mouth is that he is thirsty for blood.

It passes the cave. It would be a great time to escape if Skye was awake. She would die for her son than to just leave him.

When he appear he is in human form wrapped by a cloth. It's the king. He wanted to hide his nakedness. He knew he was going to be bare for the old woman after he transformed to human form,

"Where is my sister?" Calm, he clenches his fist in question towering above her,

Mapisko doesn't bother even offering him a look. She continues to brush on her son,

"Little girl, where is my sister?" now he is straight up provoking her. She is far too old to be called a little girl by a boy that is almost her son's age,

"I'm no mate of yours!" She sneers,

A smile draws on his face. Gently he takes steps forward. He had been maintaining the entrance all along,

"I'm glad you speak. But unfortunately today I'm not up for communication. The only happy words I want to hear from you is an answer to that question of mine but then again I think taking you as my map would be far more pleasing" he squats down and look deep in her eyes,

She swallows. His pupils resembles that of a wild cat. There is something really deadly in his eyes,

"You're a king to be, you wouldn't harm your people" mapakiso dares him,

"You think?" his question is carried with a smirk,

She frowns. She stops brushing on Skye looking at his feet transform. Only his limbs take form. Sharp claws shoot out of his paws,

He runs his claws on her pretty wrinkled face,

“A mother who would do anything for her son” he comments,
She trembles feeling the sharpness of his claws bruise up
her skin,

Just when she thinks he is going to stab her, he stabs the
sleeping Skye right on his thigh. Skye only moans but still
doesn't wake,

Mapakiso screams,

“PLEASEEEEE!!!” She begs

“Now be a good little girl and take me to my sister or else I'll
claw his torso. We both know what will happen to him” that
could kill him

“Amaru...” he shushes her by putting his index finger on his
lips,

“I. SAID. TAKE. ME. TO. MY. SISTER” he seethes, pausing
after every word to make a statement,

She quickly nods with a trembling heart,

“Good. And if you try your witch shit with me, he'll not see
tomorrow” this is no ordinary wolf. He is another Amaruq
kind. She thought she would be dealing with normal
werewolves but it seems not. It's best she take it to Amaruq
so they kill each other and leave her and her son alone.

She kisses her son and cover him with a duvet before she
lead the way for the cruel king. Just as they walk out of the
room they are meant by that other prince. He is naked, he
covers his genitals for the old woman not to see,

“Where is Mjay?” the cruel King asks his brother,

“He said he is fetching his demon friend” puso

“Demon?!” Seeiso asks shocked,

“Yeah! He said something called an incubus demon. Apparently where we are going is a place for the dead wolves”
Puso,

“He is right. Even I can only show you the way. Amaruq is an ancestor wolf. A dead spirit that harbours through a living wolf. Where he lives is a place for the dead. Only a demon or soul can enter in there and come out alive” this should make him think otherwise. She stops walking looking at him thinking he’ll change his mind

“Let’s get going!” he is still not shaken, this should make him abort this mission but he is still determined “Faster hlee manana! Hurry up!”

CHAPTER 25

MAPAKISO'S STORY

“A.a, Mmentu wabona nou o dlala ka rona, what do you take us for” (No, doll now you’re making a fool out of us,.....) everyone stops. Seeiso exasperatedly questions Mapakiso seeing that they are rounding in circles, They are not familiar to this forest, she is their guide to her baby daddy’s place but she is taking them for a fool,

“Say monna you need to calm the fuck down, you’re wasting time” Puso sees nothing wrong,

“We have been here before. We are rounding in circles. Mmentu here is buying time with us and I’m close to losing my shit with her!” Seeiso barks

“That’s not true!” Mapakiso argues,

“Look carefully” Seeiso urges Puso to study their surroundings,

A frown sweeps Puso’s facial expression. He surveys the thick forest they are in and it occurs to him that they are indeed rounding in circles,

“Bona Magogo, this is your last warning. I will eat you if you keep trying to be smart with us. Right now I’m shit exhausted and starving, when I transform the wolf in me will feast on you and leave not even a bone to bury. Don’t piss me off, what the fuck is this?!” (Look here granny,.....) Puso loses it,

He towers down at Mapakiso pointing a trembling finger at her,

“I told you!” Seeiso,

Puso grabs her by the neck,

She gags floating in air trying to loosen Puso’s grip on her neck,

“Akere o smart wena magogo. So It’s best I switch off your smart ass because you’re making a fool out of us domkops” liquid runs down Mapakiso’s legs, blood rushes in her eyes as Puso squeezes the life out of her. The grip is indeed life ending and she can almost see her life switches off before her eyes,

“I’m no domkop nna” Seeiso argues,

“I...i.....i.....” words fail to come up her throat. She begs with painful tears bracing her cheeks,

“Ruler that’s enough!” Seeiso stops him. It’s not a cute sight-seeing an old woman peeing on herself,

He lets her go and she falls on the ground,

Everything in her is painful. She is a bit dizzy breathing in enough air to keep her lungs alive. That wasn’t a choke. That was death. She almost saw heaven gates, if it was heaven,

“Hurry up Mmentu hle, you have wasted enough of our time!” by now Seeiso is also annoyed. He just want Ora home,

“I’m....i’m sorry!” she finally manage few words past her aching throat,

“EY! We don’t give a shit about your sorries!” Puso roughly grabs her off the ground,

“This is your last warning” he roars on her face,

“The correct path this time around. If you make a fool out of us, you’ll end up in my stomach, you hear me?!” Mapakiso quickly nods,

He throws her ahead and she falls again but quickly gets up with a trembling heart. Something touches Seeiso’s sensitive heart. She is wrong in so many ways but this woman is too old for them to be roughing her up like this. Looking at her closely he realises that she is just a mother who put nothing but her son before anything else. She is willing to die for that wolf son of hers, that’s what decent parents do.

She is frail. Life hasn’t been rosey to her. The wrinkles on her face shows that this is a woman who is held it on her own for so long. Even in aging time when she should be relaxed and paving her way to heaven by being a devoted Christian like her age mates, she still have it hard. Her son first then her. She is just a mother who never had it easy,

“Don’t be so hard on her” Seeiso whispers next to Puso only for him to glare at him,

“Are you fucking kidding me right now?” Puso

“You already choked her. Mmentu is an old woman” Seeiso

“An old woman that sold your twin to her baby daddy! I swear this king shit has messed up with your brains”

“This king shit you say gives one a heart. That old woman did nothing but protect her son at all cost. She is a mother who would do anything for her son. Something I know you

would do for your son as well. We are not killing her for giving out our sister to protect her son, yes I'll make sure she is punished but keep Hugo's empty stomach away from her" Seeiso

Puso huffs,

"Is that a fucking order from my king?" Puso is exasperated by now,

"However you want to take it Bro, let's keep up!" they had been standing in argument,

He leaves Puso behind clenching his fist trying to control his anger,

"Mmentu are you sure that's the correct way?!" Seeiso asks Mapakiso when she reaches to her,

She nods, by now she is trembling. It's not a pleasing sight to see an old person so messed up. She peed on herself and by the stench coming behind her, she might just shit on herself if she haven't already,

"Look Mmentu mmentu, no one is going to harm you. All we want is for you to show us where Amaruq is. I understand that you just wanted to keep your son safe but unfortunately you gave out my twin sister to do so. I'm mad at you for that but I understand your reason because it's what any decent parent who loves their children would do. So all I ask is that you show us your baby daddy's place and we'll take it from there" he is calmer, trying to get her to calm down as well,

"I'm sorry" Mapakiso say with tears flowing down her face,

“It’s okay mmentu, let’s just go and stop crying please” he puts his arm on her neck to calm her down,

“Do you know how powerful your tears are?” Mapakiso chuckles wiping her tears,

“I know. Unfortunately this kids of today don’t understand the bad lucks they bring upon themselves when they make elders cry” she is calming down,

“By this kids you mean my brother?” Puso is keeping a safe distance from them, he annoys him when he starts being caring and shit,

“Forgive him. He is extremely mad as I am but what I’ll not do is harm you. But unfortunately Skye will pay the price for your mistakes if you don’t cooperate”

“Is that why you stabbed him”

He smiles,

“You worry a lot about him. But yes. He will be healed by the time you go back to him. We heal faster when in wolf form. Don’t worry about the wound” Mapakiso sighs bringing Seeiso to a gentle laughter,

“I can see that you would do anything for your son. Harming you will not bear fruitful endings but harming Skye makes you jump” he adds

“Your good my king. You read me too well” he smiles,

“And your very beautiful my king. You look like my daughter in law” Seeiso laughs. He has a thing for old people,

“I take it your daughter in law is my twin” they converse walking along,

“She is very beautiful. I hope she forgives me, I wasn’t really nice to her. I know my son is going to hate me when he wakes up”

“You’re just a mother who would anything for her son. I understand that, hopefully your son will understand too. But make me understand Mmentu, did you actually go fetch your baby daddy to come have my sister?” asking this he should be livid but something is instilled in him. He is for the people before anything else. His royal instinct is never wrong, he can feel it in his bone that this woman is just a victim as they are to Amaruq,

Mapakiso sighs,

“I can’t say I liked your sister. You see my king through everything I have been through it has always been me and my son. Just the two of us. But then this princess comes out of nowhere. She is not just any princess but the one that could buy my son his freedom. I kept him away for so long. She was the one opportunity for my son to have a life I always wanted for him but stupid boy makes the worst mistake by falling for his ticket to freedom. I’m not proud to admit it but yes, I broke the protective spell I had put on Skye so that his father can finally find him. I knew that once he saw who he had Skye wouldn’t be his target any more”

“Now you understand why we are so pissed at you. You sold one of our own to save yours. But as a king I’m compelled to listen to both side of the stories and deliberate before I totally punish one. I understand your reason even though I don’t like it”

Mapakiso sighs,

“I know I was wrong. Seeing Skye mark his territory before that Amaruq bastard really touched me. He marked her as his territory but Amaruq didn’t even respect the treaty. He also marked roght on top of his line” Seeiso gasps. The treaty of wolves in the south states that once a wolf marks his territory line, one should respect that and back off but Amaruq did the opposite,

“Akere he is an ancestor wolf so he gets away with almost everything”

Seeiso sighs shaking his head,

“Do you think you can kill Amaruq my king” Mapakiso asks,

He shakes his head no,

“Unfortunately I can’t. I wouldn’t even try taking him on because I know the end product would be me dead on the ground. But I have a brother who can kill him I hope”

“Lupus?” she ask,

Seeiso smiles,

“You know him?”

“He is very famous in the dark world. As a witch myself I know a thing or two about dark warriors” Seeiso nods with a smile,

“Can I ask a favour my king?” he nods,

“If anything happens to me, please make sure that my son is safe and protected”

“Nothing is going to happen to you. You’ll protect him like you have been doing but please don’t ever sacrifice anyone to your baby daddy mmentu” Mapakiso laughs,

“It will never happen again my king. I give you my word” he believes her, she is really sincere,

“Tell me. How did you end up having a baby with a wolf?” she smiles,

“The man I fell in love with wasn’t Amaruq. Amaruq possessed the body of the man I loved and slept with me giving me his seed” she explains,

“Sounds fascinating, I’m all ears if you don’t mind sharing Mmentu Mmentu” Mapakiso shakes her head with a smile. He is effortless, he is just one of those that are simply easy to love,

“Before I tell you my story. I want to give you my hand and tell you that you’re wonderful and I can tell our kingdom is going to flourish again under your grace” they shake hands,

“By the way, I’m Mapakiso Mojake my king” she adds with a smile,

“Nice to meet you Mme Mapakiso but I love Mmentu mmentu more” they both laugh continuing with their journey

Mapakiso sighs before she starts,

“You see my king I come from a village deep in the heart of the kingdom. Down there we saw things happen, supernatural things but we turned a blind eye. Amaruq has always wanted royal blood. He is always been obsessed with royal blood even in the beginning of time. He used to possess

powerful chiefs and sleep with their wives hoping they'll birth his offspring but most humans he possessed died and the wives never got pregnant. It's very rare for a pure human to carry wolf gene and actually give birth"

"Which village is this?" Seeiso asks,

"I haven't been there in a while and I'm not even sure if there is still a village but it was called Tsokung in Mokhotlong" he makes a mental note to look it up,

"So you and your baby daddy?" Mapakiso giggles shaking her head before she continues,

"I was dating a chief in my village. I handsome young man who would sneak me in his rondavel every night so people couldn't see us together. It was a secret affair because I was just a commoner witch" he nods in understanding,

"One night I visited my man like I always did. He was a bit too rough with me that night. The way he touched me, the way he kissed me, the way he penetra....."

"Don't explain the sex mmentu, I get it" its gross thinking of old people's sex,

Mapakiso laughs, they started on the wrong foot but he rubs on people

"He did me as he pleased until I passed out. I don't know what happened but when I woke up my chief lover was dead beside me. Amaruq the wolf was standing tall in the rondavel waiting on me. He thought I was a royal wife. He told me face to face that my chief was weak. That his body couldn't hold

a wolf spirit for long so he died. He told me that I'm pregnant. That he is going to come for me and his son. And just like that he disappeared,

I ran. I couldn't risk being found with a dead chief. I ran for my life and started in another new village. The first thing I did was try to have an abortion after I had settled in my new life but killing wolf gene is almost impossible. I gave up and decided to raise my son and I was actually relieved when he came out human. But that all faded again at his 18th birthday. He phased.....”

“Phased?” Seeiso interjects her in question,

“Transformed as you call it. He transformed for the first time. He had a fight with this boy at school. The rush and excitement activated the wolf in him and he transformed. He was banned from the village. I had to find a place for him. I was going to send him to the city to live his life but then Amaruq came for him after all those years. Apparently he couldn't sense us until Skye transformed. That's how he found us and he wanted to kill my son. He just wanted to drink his blood leaving him with no life. I couldn't have that. I put a spell on him when he wasn't looking and it trapped him. That's when I took my son to the cave and gave him a life of a cave man”

Seeios sighs,

“So you're telling me that Amaruq only wants a shapeshifter blood in all this?” Seeiso questions,

“No. He wants an army of shapeshifters” Seeiso urges her to explain with a look,

“Back then he used to think that if he drank any shapeshifter blood, it would mix with his and he would be able to create an army of shapeshifters himself by just asking his pack to suck his blood, that’s why he wanted to kill Skye. He wanted to drink all of Skye’s blood to replace his then he, in turn would ask his pack to suck his for them to have shapeshifting abilities like you and your brothers” Seeiso nods in understanding,

“But with time he learned that shapeshifting doesn’t work like that. Even if he drank a shapeshifter blood, he still wouldn’t be able to seed his pack. That’s when his motive changed, he sought a royal woman with wolf gene, to sleep with and give birth to shapeshifters that he’ll sacrifice to his pack to drink up so they can all turn to shapeshifters” Seeiso is a bit lost,

“I don’t get it, Skye is a shapeshifter right?” he asks,

“Yes he is but he is not of royal blood. His blood is not strong enough to pass on shapeshifting genes to werewolves. But your sister’s pups on the other hand can give him exactly what he wants”

He nods with a sigh,

“So in all this. You say every women he slept with couldn’t get pregnant. What made you different to be able to conceive a wolf hybrid?”

She sharply takes in some air,

“To be honest I still don’t know how. The only explanation I give myself is that maybe I’m of the wolf line. Maybe my parents or great grandparents had wolves in their line, I

don't know. And unfortunately I cannot exactly ask them because they all have passed"

Seeiso heavily sighs and ask,

"Have you ever thought about finding....."

"What the fuck is this?" he is rudely interrupted, by a tone he knows too well,

"Mjay" Seeiso turns with a sigh,

"Why the hell is she still breathing and what the fuck are you wearing?! And where is Puso?!" he is livid, when he is like this no one can really reason with him.

CHAPTER 26

AN ALPHA WILL UNITE HIS PACK FOR EVERY WAR

“What the fuck is this?” he is rudely interrupted, by a tone he knows too well,

“Mjay” Seeiso turns with a sigh,

“Why the hell is she still breathing and what the fuck are you wearing?! And where is Puso?!” he is livid, when he is like this no one can really reason with him.

Puso was just behind them. Seeiso looks past a very good looking guy who is definitely not a demon he was told Majara was fetching,

“He was just here” He says with a sigh failing to keep his eyes of the man beside his brother,

“Sorry for looking at you like this grootman but I was told that he is fetching a demon and you look more like that movie guy than to be a demon” the man smiles,

“I’m Seeiso by the way, and you are?” he pulls out his hand for a shake,

“Oh I know who you are” the man say shaking his hand,

“You can call me Kg but after I have transformed you can call me Rifer” he adds,

Mapakiso stands behind Seeiso, that angry looking Lupus is about to feast on her, she can tell with the way his nostrils flared up that he is sniffing on her to feed,

“So you are the demon?!” Seeiso is still stunned by the guy, he is far too good looking to be a demon,

Kg nods,

“Where are your horns? I mean I thought ketlo bona satane himself but here comes a man I wouldn’t leave my wife with. And where is your father? O mora satane right?” (.....I’m going to see the devil himself.....? You’re the devil’s son right?)

Majara would laugh if he wasn’t so pissed with him for keeping Mapakiso. He can feel Kg groan to the last question,

“My father hase satane and I’ll make sure that the day you meet him I tell him you called him the devil” (.....is not the devil.....) Mohale will haul insults at him,

“EY!” Majara snaps through clenched jaws,

“I hate to break your freaking first date but, where. Is. Puso?” Majara seethes glaring at Seeiso,

“I swear he was right behind.....”

“I’m here!” Puso announces behind them carrying a wild pig on his shoulder

“I was starving. I had to go hunt” he explains dropping the half eaten pig on their feet,

“Hunt for what when there is our meal?” Majara points at Mapakiso who remains behind Seeiso,

“What the fuck are you two wearing?!” he is at it again,

“I feel like I’m watching two grown ass men in diapers” Kg explains,

Seeiso shared his sheet that he wrapped himself with from the cave with Puso. They had no clothes and they weren't going to walk with a grown woman dangling their manhood out for her to see. It's how they wore their sheet that exasperate Majara. They both wore it like diapers,

"You look hungry, don't you want to eat?" Seeiso wants take his mind off Mapakiso,

"Yes I would like to feast and you know what I feel like having?" he points behind him,

"I feel like witch blood" he adds exposing his fangs out,

Mapakiso cringes behind Seeiso,

"You still remember what happened the last time you ate a witch right?" Puso reminds him,

"So you're in on not killing this wrinkled witch?" he glares at Puso who raises his hands in surrender,

"That you can ask our dear king there who is all buddy buddy with the witch. Nna I want her dead, not eaten. But wait. Where is the demon?" Puso questions,

"Ola. Who are you, are you like podi ya sehlabelo or something?" (.....sacrificial lamb or.....) Puso passes his hand to Kg who smiles his question off,

"It's clear I have to do everything here!" Majara charges towards Mapakiso but Seeiso shield her shaking his head,

"Mjay no!" Seeiso

"Don't you dare? Get the fuck out of my way!" he barks,

“I ain’t doing shit. You’ll not touch her!” Seeiso,

“Is that an order?” Majara

“No. That’s a fucking command and you’ll back the fuck off and calm your ass down. Do you really have to kill anyone who crosses you?” Seeiso barks back,

“Yes. This old whore sold my sister to her baby daddy!”
Majara,

“For a reason. A reason that I know even you the great Lupus would do in a heartbeat. You would do anything for your family and it’s what she did for hers. Sometimes listen to the reason behind before you just kill abuti Majara. One of this days these souls of the people you kill will come to haunt you down, what do you think happens to these souls?”
Seeiso tries to make him see reason,

“I blame Moletsane for all this. You spend too much time with old folks lately and it has affected your reasoning. They go to hell Seeiso!” Majara roars,

“He is actually right. No one goes to hell if it ain’t their time”
Kg takes Seeiso’s side,

“And I guess you would know that because hell is your second home right?” Majara roars at Kg,

“My first actually. I love it more there. It’s so peaceful!” odd,

“So you are the demon!” Puso is in disbelief,

“Who is that?!” the demon asks looking behind them,

Everyone turns. Majara finally smiles in this dark day when his brothers are testing him,

“That’s my son in law. Hopefully he carry more balls than all of you here advocating for this fossil not to die. And that’s how a hybrid shows to a fight. Strong and confident, not hiding behind diapers like a month old baby ready to shit himself” Majara praises as Mkhonto approaches.

He is his father’s son. Strong and well build with broad shoulders that carry his stature. He execute fine and glass but dangerous at the same time. It’s quite evident that he is growing to be a young fine species. The tattoo that eats up half of his shoulder and arm is hard to see but it looks like an amour. He wears it like his skin. He is really a grown fine young man.

“How old is he again now?” Seeiso’s tone is almost a whisper,

“21. I feel traumatised thinking that he is my 7 year old daughter’s husband. That’s fucking 14 years difference” Puso’s tone comes as traumatised as he say,

As hybrid themselves they are not freaked out by his member dangling out like that but when did he grow so much? He was just 14 years yesterday.

“WHAT?” Kg looks at the two thinking they’ll say they are joking,

“We need counselling as a family, this is disturbing” Seeiso

“I agree. I’m mentally disturbed. Now seeing this grown ass 21 year old man and thinking he is going to ride my 7 year ol.....”

“Puso o tla nyela! O nyela so bad that you use your oesophagus as another shit pipe” (Puso you’ll shit on

yourself! You'll shit so bad....) the three laugh at Majara, his forehead shines with instant sweat when he thinks of his daughter,

"No one is going to touch my daughter!" he adds, adamantly staring at Mkhonto as he approaches,

"But he is her husband" Seeiso enjoys torturing him,

"I don't give a shit. My daughter will die pure and that's it!"

"I feel sorry for you. You'll be traumatised for life when Tlotla comes home carrying little predators as your grand babies" Puso,

"PREDATORS?!" Kg asks in shock but he doesn't receive any response because Mkhonto is here,

"The great gray!" Mkhonto shakes Majara's hand first before he goes to the other one,

"I didn't think you would make it" Majara,

"When the alpha calls for his pack one must always respond" they nod shaking hands with smiles,

"Germany is treating you fine!" Majara comments, more like investigate something and he gets his response when Mkhonto dramatically coughs,

"I had to finish school and make something of myself as well the GG" he fails to hold Majara stare, which only gives him away

"I see" Majara seals it with that. This is not the time but lord knows he will kill him if he sniffs around his daughter when he still smells like the wolverine's fuck toy,

“I can’t say I’m happy your this grown, it means your close to taking my daughter away from me” Mkhonto grabs his bottom lip between his teeth to avoid blushing in front of his father in law. Unfortunately his downwards member misses the memo,

“Is that an erection? Are you getting an erection at the mention of my daughter?!” Puso’s mouth can be loose at times,

Mkhonto is quick to grab his member in his hands hiding it,

“NXA!” Majara huffs. This is definitely piss Majara dark day,

“I’m Rifer, you are?” Kg passes his hand to the boy. Something about him is intriguing and impresses the demon in him,

“The Predator. They call me every man’s worst nightmare” Mkhonto shakes his hand with a smile on his face

“I know you” he adds not letting go of Kg’s hand,

“Your one of the wolverine’s finest soldiers” he explains. The three, Majara, Kg and Mkhonto are from the wolverine school of the supernatural. That’s where Majara and Kg met, they were from the same era there,

“And?” Kg urges him to say more. He can feel that he is not a wolf like the others, what he is more of something that belongs to hell like he does,

Mkhonto shrugs, that’s all he knows about Kg,

Kg sighs,

“I have a feeling our paths will cross one day. But it’s an honour to meet you the predator” Mkhonto nods and move on to Puso

“Ntate wa Peete!” he shakes Puso’s hand,

“I hate your tattoo” Puso comments shaking his hand. His shoulder and arm is consumed by the italic words ‘TLOTLA MOLAPO MY QUEEN’ with a drawing of the Predator in him,

“Unfortunately it’s my favourite part of my skin. The words drawn by the ink are my motivation”

“You bastard!” Mkhonto laughs letting him go to Seeiso

“I don’t know if I should say my King or Ntate wa Bereng!” he say taking Seeiso’s hand,

“Ntate wa Bereng is just fine but please tell me, you think you’re going to marry my daughter with all this grown man dick dangling between your legs?” Seeiso,

Puso laughs much to Majara’s displeasure. Mkhonto is naked. He had to transform to make it here in time but he took back his human shape when he saw them, everything is all out there,

“Unfortunately we are already married and I cannot wait!” Mkhonto dares them laughing,

“You cannot wait to do what?” Majara barks

“Nothing. Nothing at all The GG. How is my bride by the way?” Puso and Seeiso are holding in their laughter, it’s tickling to see Majara get so worked up over just a simple question about his daughter,

“Don’t ask me shit Dlomo. I didn’t call you here to ask me shit!” exasperation is not hard to miss in his tone. He takes in much needed air to calm down. Being a father to a girl child is not easy.

“Is there anyone we are still waiting for or we should continue?” Seeiso asks after Majara has calmed down,

“This is the pack I’m taking with to fight for my sister, except that thing behind you” He points at Mapakiso,

“This thing behind me as you say, got us this far. Do you know where to find Amaruq?” Seeiso glares at him in question,

“Because if you did, we would have long attacked that bastard and killed him but if I remember correctly even the great Lupus cannot sniff him. So please tell me how do you expect us to find Amaruq if you kill Mmentu Mmentu behind me?” sense crawls in. No one could find Amaruq that’s why they waited for him to attack first. If Mapakiso is their only way to Amaruq, maybe she can live for that long,

“Let’s think please. You got here by following our scent, not because you know your way to Amaruq’s hiding place. Mme Mapakiso will be spared and she redeemed herself by taking us to Amaruq” she will live only that far. Majara doesn’t see himself letting her go just like that,

“We heard you king, tell your witch to lead the way” Majara barks,

By the time they make it over the mountain that Mapakiso pointed as Amaruq’s place its right in the middle of the day.

The sun shines direct on their heads. They have been on the road the entire night and morning. It was late at night when Seeiso went to the cave for his twin. He and Puso took Mapakiso on the journey for an entire night until morning when Majara finally joined in with his ally.

Everyone stops as they all stand on top of the mountain said to be Amaruq's home.

"Down there....." she points a forest that looks too thick standing above the mountain,

".....Is another realm of the dead wolves. He created his army of the dead and living. That's where Amaruq lives" she explains,

"How do we get in? Do we just jump?" Puso asks,

"Nah!" Kg shakes his head. He knows hell when he sees it,

"This is wolf hell. Only I can get in there without being seen. There is no way five of us would fight an army of dead wolves and the living. I can go in there and get your sister and we all leave unharmed"

"I'm not going anywhere without Amaruq's head" Majara,

"How do you get him to come to you when you want to talk to him?" Majara asks Mapakiso,

She pulls a strand of hair from her greyish hair,

"I throw this down there. He always sniffs me above the mountain and come to me" she explains,

"Simple. Throw your hair and he'll come out and we'll chop his head" Puso

"And Ora?" Seeiso

“Kg will get her” Puso

“Unfortunately it’s not that simple. If he created his pack that means he can summon them in head just as I do all of you” Majara clarifies with a sigh,

“Don’t include me in your pack situation” Kg is not of his pack, he is a friend helping a friend out,

“So if his pack come for him all that bunch of dead and living wolves will be all up in our asses and we all know the end product will be death for us because we are outnumbered” he hates losing. In his head today was the end of Amaruq,

“Where is Joy? Maybe he can help” Mkhonto asks,

Majara shakes his head,

“Joy is a vampire hybrid. We cannot bring him to such fights because he’ll only infect the wolves with his venom and they’ll resurrect stronger than us. He is fine fighting humans because he just sucks them dry and kill them but animals it’s another story. The minute he sinks his teeth in them he automatically infect them” Majara explains,

“So what do you need for us to deal with this fool once and for all?” Seeiso asks,

“I need an army. I can take Amaruq out but I can’t do that when I have to fight another army of dead wolves as well” the living wolfs that makes Amaruq’s pack doesn’t scare him at all. He knows Hugo, Shadow and the Predator can take them out. Rifer can handle the dead ones but it’s still not enough if he is got an army of every wolf that ever lived,

“Maybe we can be of aid!” a voice comes behind them. Majara slowly turns with a sigh, he hopes his ears are deceiving him,

Behind them stand Skye leading a pack of wolves. He doesn't talk, he is in wolf form,

“Skye....” Mapakiso's tone trembles. Skye growls out loud in anger. She knows not to step any closer to an enraged wolf,

“This is not the time to talk to him. Your part here is done. Go” Seeiso frees her when everyone is still staring at Skye,

“LEROTHOLI!!” Majara shouts. He knows his son's voice. It cannot be Skye who spoke because he is in wolf form,

Amongst a pack of wolves Lerotholi appears in human form naked like a hybrid that just transformed back to human form,

“I had to get Olves to come help you father” he explains before his father even asks,

Majara sighs and squats down to him,

“I appreciate this son but I told you, I don't need you here. Amaruq will capture you and distract me down there. I need you to go home and look after the family” Lerotholi nods with a smile to his father,

“I know. It's not my time to fight” Majara pats his shoulder and kisses his forehead,

“GO!” Lerotholi transforms to Aragorn and disappears the scene. He stand up to look at the pack his son brought. It's a pack but with Olves dying, every wolf in Olves is weak as fuck. They can fight sure but he cannot see them winning this fight with this weak ass pack from Olves. Maybe he

should release his son sooner because Olves really needs a dominant alpha,

“And?” Kg asks standing beside him,

He sighs,

“It’s a pack but....”

“A weak pack” Kg finishes for him,

“Well, maybe I can help as well” Seeiso grabs the attention,

“Seeiso stop being special, Shadow is definitely going to help!” Majara snaps at him. He is annoyed that now he is got Ora’s fuck boy in his pack and Seeiso let that witch go,

“I’m not talking about Shadow brother” he takes a stand away from them. Everyone is looking at him,

“I COMMAND YOU OUT BOBBY!” he say staring back at them. Everyone is lost until he turns. His shadow has separated with him. It’s standing in place looking like him until he say

“TAKE FORM!” he barks a command to his shadow and it transforms to something he is definitely not,

“Is that Shadow, the wolf in him?” Mkhonto’s tone is barely a whisper as he asks,

“Wolfs don’t take over shadows, that’s not his wolf” Majara

“Bobby. His cat, that’s his jaguar” Puso explains in disbelief as they watch Seeiso squats down and talk to his shadow transformed into his wild cat.

They cannot hear him. He almost mumbles every word for him and the jaguar to hear only. When he stands and look

ahead shielding his eyes with his hand so he sees properly they all follow his stare. At first what they see is dust. A cloud of dust fills up the air as something roars inside it. They cannot see exactly what's inside the dust until it gets closer and closer to them. The dust settles like a wave when he raises his hands. Before them stands a prowl of black jaguars. They all bow for the one who commands them,

“Is my help sufficient enough brother?” he turns with a smirk to his astounded brother

“I love you. I love bobby. You can call him Lupy” Seeiso and Puso laugh,

“Let's battle brothers!”

CHAPTER 27

I'M THE MAIN ALPHA

The greatest battles are won with discipline. Discipline comes with training which produces obedience. Obedient dogs are wrathful and dangerous because they carry command. They attack at once not falling astray. The only goal they have is that of the leader. That of the drawing board.

Now that they sat and analysed things it was time to feed. The wolves in them were starved. They needed to make sure that they are fed and full before they transformed. Transforming and staying in wolf form for a while requires energy more especially to the hybrids because they live most of their lives in human form.

Feeding wasn't a struggle either. Chasing through the wild coupled times they came back with five Oxen to feed.

Kg was set to go first after feeding. The plan was that he as a demon should jump down the wolf hell forest and scan the place for them. Above where they stand no one can really see clearly. The only thing they see is that thick forest that almost look like just a layer of darkness laying beneath the mountain.

They have all taken form except Rifer. What he is doesn't necessarily needs feeding before fights. It feeds through souls, not food necessarily. As a result he is the last to transform when everyone is well fed and ready.

Transforming to Rifer he becomes to huge almost giant like. He takes a step backwards towards the hill so his wings doesn't sweep of the pack and prowls when he takes form, Every pair of eyes is now on him. Some animals were still not sure what exactly he is because he had been in human form dressed like a normal man all this while.

One might call it show off or bragging but it's really not. He is been a loner creature all his life and he does things on his own.

He had been in loose track pants and vest all this while. The first thing he lets off his stone strong muscles is the vest. If there were women in this group of dogs screams would have been awarded for his chest, shoulders, arms, torso...he is a drug to women eye. A man to drop jaws on with your man right next to you,

"If Mamolete was to cheat on me with that guy I would hang myself" Hugo... (Puso is hugo in wolf form)say in thoughts glancing at Shadow. They communicate in thoughts when in wolf form. They are able to communicate telepathically but they can also control what they share. An individual can still shut others out of his thoughts and have a mind of his own. But then again, their bond as pack is so strong that they hear each other's thoughts even from miles apart,

"Bro! There is no coming back from that. I would even leave a suicidal letter for my broken spirit" Shadow agrees with Hugo (Seeiso is Shadow in wolf form)

Lupus groans at the two. Even in wolf form they give him grey hairs,

Before them they watch Kg tuck the waist of his track pants with his thumbs and pull them down. He neatly fold his clothes and place them aside. It's taken years of practice for him to remember to always get out of his clothes before he transforms because they rip apart,

"You all can learn a thing or two from him" Lupus comments as he frees. The wolves don't think. They just transform and rip off their clothes and they end up having no clothes when they come back to human form,

"I'm not interested in his undressing skills, are you all seeing that?" Shadow

"And you were all up in my package all this while, is it even allowed for a man to have so much dick?" The Predator joins Shadow's dirty thoughts

"Close your eyes!" Hugo raises his forward leg to shield the predator's sight,

"This is child abuse, you're young" he adds only for the predator to grab his leg off his face,

Watching a human transform into a demon is one of the most astonishing sight. His eyes change colour. Red almost like Lupus eye colour. Then he grows, like a plant that grows within a blink of an eye he grows larger and larger before their eyes. He stands a tall giant when his skin starts growing fur with his fangs coming out to play. The fourth transformation is the horns on his head. Now he is a demon and it doesn't get any better than this,

"Satane straight!" Hugo exclaims

“He is not done!” Lupus informs with something like pride from his tone,

“Is that a snake?!” the predator,

“No that’s his tail” Lupus clarifies,

Something like a snake grows behind him slithering on the ground like a snake. Just as they thought it’s enough the ground shakes. There is suddenly wind blowing behind him, and then they are there, his wings flapping gently not to through them way.

“Tell him I’m sorry if I ever wronged him, this man is real hell on earth” Shadow finally speaks. Every animals on this scene is bewildered except Lupus.

“See you all in a sec brothers!” And he speaks. That’s just a bonus they wish they had. Now he is Rifer the demon. He flies down the hill leaving every animal astounded,

They all chase down the hill to see him fall but he is out of sight in a blink of an eye,

“WOW!” wow? None of the wolf pack said that but they heard it. It came from.....

“BOBBY!!” the wolves exclaim

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TWO DAYS LATER

Rifer’s first task was to check the surroundings and find them a landing spot where they wouldn’t be easily seen. As

a demon he can move in any realm without being seen. But things didn't happen as they had anticipated. He is been gone for two days. Two days they have been camping up the mountain with no word from him. Lupus is growing impatient. The longer they wait, the less chances they find Ora alive,

"I think they killed him" the predator shares his two cent as they watch Lupus pace up and down before them. He sits with Hugo and Shadow,

"Did you see what he turned into? I doubt something like that can easily be just killed" Hugo,

"But where the fuck is he? It's been two freaking days for crying out loud. What's so long about surveying the grounds?" Shadow is as impatient as Lupus. His concern lies with Ora,

"Or he went rogue on us" the predator

"I doubt. I don't know his relationship with Lupus but I know Lupus wouldn't associate himself with creatures he cannot trust" Hugo

"OKAY! FUCK, WE ARE GOING IN!" the three are interrupted by Lupus announcing loud to the pack that they are jumping down. It's risky, they don't know what is going on down there. Their plan was perfect with sending one to find out what is going on down there and where exactly they can land. What if they land right in the middle of the village?

"PATIENCE LUPUS!" a creeping tone come up the hill before the see him. It's him, Rifer. He flies up flapping his wings

and land before them. His wings are strong, they are all shaken by the wind emitted by his wings when he flaps landing,

“What took you so damn long!” Lupus barks as soon as Rifer stand firm,

“You lack patience old friend” Rifer stand before the pack and prowls,

“What we see down there is another realm. It’s not as easy as jumping down as we see it up here. It took me a whole day flying down there and another day flying up here. It’s a long long fall down there” uneasiness attacks the animals’ minds,

“What are you saying Rifer?” Lupus questions,

“The realm down there is another space and time different from us up here. If it took me a whole day to fly down there, it’s going to be tricky for all of you to jump fast. The gravity down there is different from up here. It pushes you up instead of down, though once you reach the grounds you can easily walk. I don’t know if we’ll all make it down there, some might be thrown back up by gravity. But other than that, I say we are set to attack and I found a perfect spot for us to land” silence stretches amongst the pack and prowls. Questions and uneasiness consumes their minds until the Alpha speaks.....

“My warriors! Time zone doesn’t change anything. Those who still wish to join me please jump with me. We’ll execute our plan when we get down there. For now let’s take this hiccup as a road trip to our final destination. I don’t know how long

it will take for us get down there but I know we will. Who is ready to ride with me?” the pack howls out loud in agreement

Shadow look at the prowls, they claw the surface as a way of showing that they are still in,

“Lead the way Rifer!” Lupus turns to Rifer when everyone agreed to still be in,

Rifer bows and takes the stage,

“Okay here is the deal. We’ll jump one by one. I go first to lead the way, then individually you all follow my way. I promise not to fly, it will be a straight fall so that we all push through the gravity and make it all at once” Rifer informs and they all nod,

“How do we go about this jump?” Shadow asks,

“Once I disappear down the dark layer down there, the next wolf or jaguar behind me should jump. We’ll form a straight line to the forest I want us to land in” they bow in understanding,

“Who is behind me?!” Shadow stands behind him, followed Hugo and the Predator. They all form a straight line ready to jump one after the other. Lupus takes the end line so to make sure everyone jumped,

“Once I disappear down that dark layer you jump and so on and on” Rifer reminds Shadow behind him before he takes the jump,

“Clear!” and like that they take a travel to another realm.

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ANOTHER TWO DAYS LATER

Right in the middle of the darkest forest they all landed. It took them two more days for all of them to safely land in this creepy forest. It was quite a long complicated fall down here, but fortunately they all made it in one piece.

The forest they landed in is thick and creepy. There are wolves' souls trying to grab on them but they can't because they are all just souls. If they were in human form one would describe this as a scary forest.

What surprises them again is the gravity in this world. Mapakiso did mention that its different realm but they didn't expect this. It's like stepping into a different time zone. The pull under their feet is a bit different. And the time dramatically changed with the fall. Up above the mountain was broad day light but now stepped into the night of a different time they cannot put into words,

"What's this?" Lupus communicates with Rifer. Rifer the demon can also communicate telepathically with other animals,

"Hell. Wolves' hell. It's deep beneath the earth, hence the change" Rifer explains,

"Are we ready to attack?" Lupus communicates to his pack. They bow, howling would wake their enemies,

"Let's go kill this bastard and take my sister home!" he commands but his command is responded by an evil laughter that fills the entire forest. Up they look but cannot see anything,

“LUPUS! LUPUS! FINALLY! YOU CAME TO DADDY LULU MY BOY!” there is disrespect then there is arrogance. When they are combined in a wolf’s character it’s annoying as fuck. Amaruq the wolf’s tone echoes the entire forest angering Lupus by undermining him to his pack,

“WELCOME ALL. UNFORTUNATELY THERE IS NO GOING BACK FOR ALL OF YOU!” the voice continues to say though they still cannot see the owner,

“COME OUT OF THE FORESTS CHICKENS. I’M SURE YOU ALL WANT TO SEE DADDY!” Lupus growls in anger. He cannot wait to kill this bastard.

A force pulls the branches of the tree apart, making way for them to see the bastard wolf standing firm right in the centre of his altar. His pack surrounds him with Ora tied right next to him. Skye had been quite all this while. Right in that moment he loses his cool. He attempts to charge but Shadow restrict him with his leg,

“Not now!” Shadow say to him.

They are all forced to the left side while Amaruq takes the right side with his pack. The bloody bastard speaks. He looks too pleased to be at war,

“You finally joined me lulu my boy!” he looks right at Lupus, “You wanted to see me fuck little princess here to comma?” he is so full of himself,

“How is the wife? The one you failed to do the one thing I needed you to do for? We wouldn’t be here if you had fucked Leah. She fucked on you with your best friend but you still

couldn't fuck on her!" his having a field day with him. It takes everything in Lupus not to attack right there and then. He knows when he is being provoked for a trap,

"It must suck being faithful to a woman who couldn't close her legs to your best friend. I regret that one the most, I should have made her fuck me, not that useless friend of yours who couldn't make you jealous but worry not Lulu my boy, princess here we'll feel my wolf dick all the way up to her throat and I'll fill her with my seed making sure she gives me beautiful little chickens like you"

"When you're done being a dick tell me so we can hold a conversation. I owe you at least that before I chop your head off" Lupus is beyond annoyed with this evil wolf,

"Chop who? Lulu my boy you've got jokes" he exposes his fangs in anger. No one is ever called him Lulu my boy until today,

"Your narrow mind thought you could sniff up in my playground and I couldn't hear you. Boy I made you. I made all of you. Well except that devil bird standing next to you. That thing next to you is the only one that scares me, as for all of you.....well let me show you than tell" he howls out loud looking up the half-moon that provides light for this night,

When he drops his head back his eyes have taken colour. They light in green through the night. He looks right at Lupus and his pack,

"I command every wolf to stand by me, the alpha of the alphas, the king of the living and the dead, the ancestor wolf!" right in Lupus' face he spits,

Hugo moves to the side of Amaruq's pack, then the predator, and lastly all the pack behind him. This is not happening, "Did they just go rogue on us?" Rifer questions standing by Lupus who is just appalled,

"I told you I'm the main alpha lulu my boy!" Amaruq proudly announces though he is a bit unsettled staring at Shadow who didn't fall for his command,

"SHADOW I COMMAND YOU!" he hisses in Shadow's face. Shadow is not moved, the compelling force that changed the other wolves mind don't affect him,

"I gave you all your powers wena seriti. I made you a real wolf. I made you who you are and you'll bend a knee to me!" (.....you shadow.....) He gave them wolf powers to bribe Lupus, made them real wolfs thinking Lupus would do anything for him in return but Lupus didn't fall for his tricks,

Shadow is still not moved, he glares back at him as he barks. Amaruq finally sniffs Shadow when he realises that his ancestral powers don't work on him,

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU!" he is no wolf. Outside he is a wolf but inside he is another dog he cannot quite put his head around,

"ke ngwana boreneng. Ke tlotsuwe ka madi a borena. I bend no knee to no one, not even creatures like you. The knee is bend to me, not the other way round!" (I'm the king of the kingdom. I was bathed in royal blood. I bend.....) the words comes in Amaruq's head. He feels them. The vibration of his wolf blood inside affirms that this one is a no his to command,

“PROWLS!” Shadow shouts in command still face to face with Amaruq.

Amaruq glares at the forest surrounding them when they shake almost in vibration. The leaves fill up the scene. When they settle another form animals that can actually fight wolfs stand behind Lupus, Rifer and Shadow,

“Bend a knee to me creature of the kingdom!” Shadow commands him. He doesn’t bend a knee to no one but as the only rightful king in the kingdom, the knee is bend to him.

Amaruq fights it. The compelling force he carries is greater than his. He howls fighting to bow to the little wolf he made but his protectors are far too stronger than his.

CHAPTER 28

A KING IS BORN, BUT A QUEEN IS CHOSEN

KHWEZI

It's been a week since they left. I feel like my mental screws are weakening. I want my husband home or else I'm going to explode. His son isn't helping the situation either. I have heard of a mama's boy but mine is a daddy's boy.

Bereng is restless and suddenly a nagging baby since his father left. Now I realise that he made this whole experience of motherhood much easier for me. I hardly felt the burden that other mothers feel of looking after the baby on their own. He was always there and my job was just to feed his son.

Now I definitely need help. This child is showing me flames and his grandmother is never around. She does help when she is here but she is also in her head when she is around. She is worried about Ora the most. It's been a week since we last heard from them. We survive on Moletsane's word, he assures us daily that they are fine and that there is no death in the family. That's what keep us going.

And thinking of Moletsane, I try my best to avoid him at all cost. I never went to see him like he had asked. I don't know if I don't want to hear what he has to say or I'm not ready to deal with his truths. One thing about Moletsane is that he is that man that will see even things you wish to take to grave with. I'm not sure I want him to inspect me like that.

My husband is supposed to be inaugurated in four weeks. Distant family members are starting to pour in the palace. It's becoming a tad too crowded with every passing day. I want this inauguration done and dealt with.

There is this group of old aunts called 'basadi ba Khotla'. They were the first to arrive. I was told that starting today I'll be having daily sessions with them so they teach me how to carry myself as a queen. A waste of time I don't need honestly.

But before that I apparently have to pass their silly tests. I have to prove myself that I'm worthy to stand next to their king before they can groom me. I don't know what grooming I need but I'll do it because Mamajara assured me that it's just standard procedure. She told me not to worry and be myself.

I leave my room after preparing this crying little man to look for someone to take care of him while I do this court women thing. My mother in law told me that it's tradition. That she also went through it. She told me that the aim is to win those oldies heart or else they'll get a main maiden from a place called 'Mokhorong wa baroetsana' who is supposedly well groomed to take my place next to my husband.

I don't even want to think that my husband could be with someone else. I would burn this place down if they think of replacing me. I don't know why I have to prove myself that I'm worthy to be their queen. I'm a princess from a royal house. That automatically qualifies me as queen to any king. But they say different houses, different rules. This side you have to prove yourself before they allow you to stand by their

king. My life is going to be under surveillance by this old aunts who cannot even load airtime. I just hope they play fair because I honestly would explode if things go otherwise.

I hold Bereng in my arms as I walk in the ladies lounge. I was actually hoping to find them in here. Mabataung and Mamolete.

“Hey. Can you please look after him, I have to attend that aunt’s class in 15 minutes” I ask Mamolete because she is free. Mabataung in holding one of the triplets,

She raises an eyebrow glaring up at me,

“Me?!” shock hovers her as if I asked that she goes to the moon,

“Yes, you Lerato. I have to impress this women and I can’t go in there with a baby” hau!

“Now you trust me with your son?” Some people can be really petty. This is why I want my husband to come back, I wouldn’t be grovelling to Lerato

“Mamolete there is no one’s child in this house. They are all our children and you’ll help Mamolapo. Take the baby” I would kiss that old granny right now. Mabereng tell her. She is sitting in her favourite couch by the corner knitting. Age has taken a toll on her,

“I’m sorry nkgono I’m not going to do that. This woman told me never to touch her child and I will not!” (.....granny.....) sizani! Really right now?! Lerato spits glaring up at me,

“Mamolapo would never say something like that!” Mabereng defends me fixing her spectacles

“Mamolapo did you say that to your sister wife?” Lerato is trying to spite me honestly, now I have to lie to save myself,

“No. I would never say something like that” I say,

A chuckle comes from Mabataung. There is sudden tension amongst us as Mabereng looks at us. Mabataung is the first to walk out with the baby in her arms. Lerato follows due. I feel like they formed a tag team against me. Now I have nkhono Mabereng’s glare subjected on to me,

“What was that MaMolapo?” Lerato I know why she is acting out and quite frankly I don’t care. The person who surprises me is Mabataung. That little altercation we had wasn’t something to write me off about. She stood her ground and I stood mine. She told me she is a senior wife and I told her I’m the queen. I honestly don’t understand why she is being childish about the whole thing,

“I don’t know mme. Can I leave him here? You’ll call me when he starts crying” I pull the phone closer to her. I know the only thing she can lift is her walking stick and those knitting needles of hers,

“Where is your help Mamolapo?” eish! I fired her. She had eyes on my husband so I let her go,

“I’ll ask Palesa to assign me another one, she never came back since she went home” she nods with a sigh,

“Find Palesa before you attend your classes to bring someone over. You know I’ll not be able to hold him when he wakes up” I’m quick to nod placing my son right by her side,

“And MaMolapo!” she calls just as I leave the room,

“This thing happening between you and your sister wives I don’t like it and I’ll not have it in my house. We are going to have a sit down about it and talk it through” sigh! Exactly what I was afraid of, now everyone will be all up in my business,

“We’ll fix it mme. It’s just a misunderstanding” I don’t want it to go that far. I hope she really doesn’t make a big deal out of it.

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Okay. I thought I was walking into a group of just old woman but boy was I wrong! This is that virginity testing with just a look group. I politely knocked and one screamed that I should come in. I offered my greetings and they nicely responded. But now I have been standing by the door for almost ten minutes because I don’t know what to do.

They are just glaring at me. Sigh!

“Can I have a sit?” I ask. None of them have even attempted a word with me since the greeting. They just shoot daggers at me sitting in circle inside a rondavel,

“Do you look proper Mamolapo?” do I look proper? I scan my dress. It’s a seshoeshoe dress that sits beneath the knee as Mamajara tipped me. I have the blanket around my shoulders as well, as she tipped me again and my head.....fuck! I curse under my breath realising that I forgot to put the doek on,

“I’m sorry bomme” I drop my eyes not to look at them,

“Go get proper and come back!” yerrr! Do these women know how far it is to go back to the house just for a damn doek?

“You expect me to repeat myself Mamolapo?” the one who looks like the leader continues to say as I remain by the door. I fight the urge to curse at her but stomp out. This is the shit I didn’t sign up for. Why do I have to proof myself to them? nxa!

I guess now that I have a doek on I’m good enough for them when I come back again. I stand by the door again, right now I’m annoyed as hell but I’m trying my best to keep my cool. That talkative one points me to the centre. There is a laid out sheep skin mat on the centre,

“Who said you should sit?!” I honestly feel like they already hate me. What did she point me to the centre to do if not to sit? She asks just as I try to sit.

I sigh and remain on my feet. They are all glaring at me. I can feel their stares penetrate the deepest of my skin, like they are trying to find something faulty with me.

“Mampheng!” the leader of the gang finally say when they are satisfied with just glaring at me,

The so called Mampheng gets of her chair and comes to me. She is warm and a bit younger than the rest. I catch a bit of smile on her face as she cups mine. I want to ask what they are doing but Mme said only to answer what they ask and ask when I’m told to speak.

She cups my face, squeezes my breast and then ask,

“You just gave birth right?” I nod,

“He is a month old now” I say and she awards me with a smile before she moves to my waist, then my thighs and lastly my feet. I feel like she is taking measurements with just her hands,

“You can sit down” she finally say when she is done and goes back to her chair. She has a book and pen that she jots down in as she sit,

“Done?!” the gang leader asks staring in Mampheng’s direction,

“And?” she continues to ask,

“She is perfect” Mampheng responds and I feel the tension in the room subsides a little,

“Mamolapo Molapo!” the gang leader grabs my attention,

“Why should we call you queen in the kingdom?” I love my mother in law, she tipped me and guided me of how to answer their questions,

“Because I love my people. I opened a shelter to home every needy child in Lesotho. The purpose was just to help with giving out food and clothes to those in need but with some sleeping on the streets I took them in and build rooms for them. I’m yet to expand so we can accommodate almost everyone” there are smiles on their faces, this is just like taking candy from a baby,

“We heard and we are yet to go see the shelter. You’re doing a wonderful job Mamolapo” I nod in agreement. The heavy tension I felt earlier is slowly dissipating in the room,

“In your own words, what does it mean to be a queen?” Yerrr! What does it mean vele? It means I’m the she boss. Why didn’t MaMajara tip me with this one? I feel like I’m in a miss world beauty contest challenge where they ask those questions you don’t expect. This one really just caught me off guard, I don’t know what it means to be a queen but I’ll try,

“I would say it means being for the people before anything else” silence, this one I’m definitely sure I got a huge wrong on it. They don’t say anything but borrow each other looks, “Mampheng did you get that?” the leader asks the writer who quickly jots down again. Why do I feel like they are going to jot down every wrong answer I give?

“What qualities should a queen of this kingdom have?” I swear I’m back in school,

“A queen of the Basotho kingdom should be fierce, compassionate and humble” I got that one right, it doesn’t go to the writer,

“Can you say you’re all of that?” of course, I’m the sweetest thing after honey,

“Yes mme. I’m strict where I need to be but I love even when I don’t have to and as for humble everyone close to me can advocate that I’m very down to earth” they smile,

“We hear you Mamolapo. Tomorrow we’ll be talking to your sister wives about you. We’ll have another session with you on Friday” those two better not throw me under the bus.

“Do you have anything to ask before we set you off and deliberate?” she continues to ask,

“Eya mme. Why am I going through this? Did Seeiso.....”

“EYYYY!” they all exclaim cringing like I just cursed,

“You call him like that?” eish! Mamajara did warn me not to call him with his first name in front of this gang but my tongue Jesus!

“Mampheng you got that, right?” the leader asks Mampheng who quickly nods. Just when I thought I passed I mess it all up for myself. Now I can tell they are not pleased at all,

“What was your question?”

“I wanted to ask why am I going through all of this?” I no longer mention the last part, I wanted to ask if husband went through this very same examination,

“In our words we say a king is born but a queen is chosen” what’s that supposed to even mean? I look up to ask more but she is back to that no nonsense face.

CHAPTER 29

CHAOS IN THE PALACE

MABATAUNG

It's true when they say our children don't always turn out the way we wish they would. I know the hands that moulded Khwezi, she is a disappointment to the people that raised her. One would think she was going to turn out perfect because she comes from greatness but that just didn't happen. She is her own person and it's not cute to watch her turn into what she is slowly becoming. She is going to be her own downfall. That I see it coming and somehow I'm hoping she makes a turn before she hits rock bottom.

I haven't really addressed her about disrespecting me the other day. I chose to keep my peace and distance hoping she'll come and we talk things through when she realises her mistake but that hasn't happen and it's been a week already. This only tells me that she sees nothing wrong with how she spoke to me and that's a problem. It's one thing to disrespect an elder unaware trying to make a point. But once you realise that you could have chosen better words one should apologise. That's forgivable and I was hoping we'll reach that. Her going on as if nothing happened tells me she doesn't see anything wrong with how she spoke to me.

She goes on like she didn't disrespect me. I thought of calling Boitumelo but as a mother I don't want to ruin the image Boitumelo has of Khwezi in her head. She is so proud she is planning on coming to see her grandson. That's what I would

wish to hear about my Tlotla, only greatness. I don't want to be the one to break her heart and tell her that her daughter is becoming a she devil.

I have so much faith in Khwezi that I don't want to believe that this is really who she is. I want to believe that she is going through something and it shall pass.

I thought of reporting her to the old women of the house but still I don't want to ruin the image they have of her. She is the sweetest thing in their eyes and I want it to remain that way. I know those women. They love and hold their own down but they are strict as hell.

If she doesn't come and apologise I'm going to have a talk with Seeiso. Seeiso will protect her at all cost. I know he'll sit her down and make her see that I'm not her mate for her to throw her queen title at me when I was just trying reconcile her and Lerato. Even today Mamolete never told me what really happened between the two of them.

She is really not my favourite person at the moment but I don't want us to bury her. Part of me still have faith in her. I don't want to totally write her off. I'm hoping that soon rather than later she'll come around and win our hearts once again. Boitumelo would be so disappointed if she saw what her daughter is slowly becoming.

"You do know that this is not her, right?" I say to Mamolete beside me.

We are on our way to attend a meeting with basadi bakhotla. We know why we were called. To talk about our queen to be

and advocate for her if we feel she is right to be next to Seeiso on the inauguration day.

Just as I said, I don't like Khwezi at the moment but that doesn't mean I don't see her fit to be queen. I want to make sure that Mamolete is with me. I want to make sure that she doesn't throw her under the bus when we get in there,

She breathes,

"I know mama Tlotla. The girl I met in varsity was the sweetest and most humble thing on earth. You'd want to eat her up the way she was so perfect. I don't know if this is growing up but she is not the Khwezi we all know" she say, I know but I believe in chances. Chances more than twice. Some people give up because they had no one believing in them. Sometimes we have to constantly forgive even when they don't deserve it.

"I agree with you, she is not our favourite person at the moment but we both know she belongs next to Seeiso. Seeiso would be miserable without his star. At least do it for Seeiso if you cannot do it for Khwezi" I hope she gets me,

She nods with a sigh

"With what she is now, I think Seeiso deserves better but hey, I'll save your girl. You don't have to worry about me" that's all I needed, us to iron that before we enter this rondavel.

I'm glad I was never and will never be queen. Being of that high power means constantly dancing to the elder's tune. This old women are not here to play. They scanned us from

head to toe when we came in and pointed us to the sheep skin mats laid on the centre. Sitting within them you can tell that they are reading us. We both keep our heads bowed until the speak,

“Mabataung, Mamolete” I know her. They call her nkhono Kholu. She is the supreme chairperson of basadi ba khotla. Strict as hell but a marshmallow once you get to know her, Mamolete and I both smile in response,

“We are here to ask about Mamolapo” we nod,

MaMajara told us we’ll all be interviewed about her,

“This is a safe space. Whatever you say in here we’ll not be used against you in any way or mentioned to her that who said what” she assures before she starts and we both nod,

“Good. Now what do you think about Mamolapo? What kind of a person is she?” and she starts,

Lerato looks at me, I know she is giving me this one to take,

“Mamolapo is sweet, kind and humble” I say,

“Do you think she is fit to be our queen?” nkhono kholu ask
I nod,

“Eya mme. She is perfect”

“And why do you say that?” hai! I look at Lerato trying to give her this one to take but she looks the other way. Sigh!

“I actually know her from when she was just a child. She comes from a great house we all know that” they nod

“She owns a shelter that is doing so well” they nod again,

“And she is just made to lead. Even in the house we both can attest that she carries herself like a pillar of this house. She is never one to destroy. Whenever there is a quarrel she always brings us together and make sure we talk things through, so for me I say she is perfect to be queen” I’m awarded with smiles. I should try acting, this is an Oscar winning role,

“Mamolete you haven’t said a word. What do you have to say about Mamolapo?” I hold my breath as the questions move to Lerato,

“She is amazing. Just like Mabataung said, she is simply perfect” thank god!

“That’s all you have to say about her?” I don’t know what nkhono Kholu is pushing at but one thing I can tell is that she is a good read of character,

“Eya mme. I cannot find more words to describe her” nkhono Kholu raises her eyebrow,

“You do know lying to this council is an offence, right?” Lerato steals a glance at me and I close my eyes begging her,

“Eya mme I know. I wouldn’t lie to you. Mamolapo is radiant, she just glows in everything she does and there is no words to describe her perfection” nkhono Kholu is not convinced but she doesn’t press her,

“I hear you were both house mates while in varsity. What can you tell us about her then?” nkhono Kholu asks Lerato

“Mme that’s not what we do. We don’t enquire about her life before she was married in this house. We only care of how

she carried herself since she is been in this quarters” that’s nkhoano Kutloano. The others agree with her in head nods,

“What I suggest is we move to phase two” nkhoano Kutloano continues to say and the other nod,

“What does phase two entail?” I ask,

“Phase two means you, mamolete and mamolapo will be sharing a room with me and nkhoano kholu”

“Sharing a room how?” I’m appalled as I ask and they laugh,

“We’ll be sleeping together. We want to feel our queen’s radiant energy that you all speak highly of. And see how you all carry yourselves. But for now she is the main subject” this is a bad idea. The only thing loud when we are in a room is tension, not a good one for that matter, angry bad tension. I’ll have to make sure we all reconcile before this night,

“When is this supposed to happen?” I ask,

“We’ll start on Monday” perfect. It’s Friday today, meaning I have two days to make sure that we are all okay before then,

She smiles,

“You’re both excused” We have to fix things before Monday or else it’s going to be a disaster.

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Getting back to the house someone is eagerly waiting on us in the ladies lounge. I just know with that look on her face that she is about to spit fire. This is why I still think something is really wrong. This is not Khwezi. Khwezi is soft

like a marshmallow. You just want to eat her up, not this dragon waiting to spit fire on us,

“What did you say about me in there?” she is so much like my daughter when she is angry right now. It’s so out of character for her. She is stomping her feet on the floor with her arms folded glaring at us,

“We said nothing Khwezi” Lerato affords her an answer. Unfortunately I have no energy to deal with her right now. I’m thinking of the journey I’m about to take today. I came here to relax a bit while I wait on mme Mamajara,

“I hope so for both your sakes, especially you” especially you is directed to me,

“What are you on about?” I find myself asking,

“If you dare betray me the whole palace will know why you suddenly distanced yourself from your bestie Palesa and what happened to poor bhuti Tshepo” my ears are deceiving me!

“WHAT?!”

“Don’t scratch my back and I’ll not scratch yours. Tell that friend of yours to keep it together as well for your sake!” she barks and stomp out before I can even attempt another word. I’m still stuck in how she knows. Lerato is laughing,

“I know as well” she say passed her laughter,

“Know what?” she composes herself and sigh,

“About you and abuti Tshepo. These men are best friends before brothers’ mama Tlotla. Papa Tlotla confides in his brothers and unfortunately this men share everything with their partners. We know. Only the oldies don’t know. Stop

being hard on yourself and forgive yourself. We know it wasn't you but the old gang will not understand that. We kept it because we know you wouldn't do something like that willingly" I need water! I cannot believe my ears,

"She will not tell on you. We didn't throw her under the bus but being honest I think she is bipolar" Mamolete adds rubbing on my back,

"Who is bipolar?" Mamajara steals on our conversation walking in,

"Oh this girl on this movie" Lerato quickly thinks except that the tv is off,

She raises an eyebrow on us but eventually shakes her head and rest on the chair. She's got a monitor in hand,

Dragon fire walks in again and consumes all the light energy in the room. I still say something is really wrong. This is not the child I know,

"What's wrong?" Mamajara asks feeling the tension. This is what those old folks will feel. The tension is just too loud when we are in the room together,

"Nothing mme. Are you free? Can we go?" I asked her to clear her day to look after the boys. I have somewhere to go,

"Yes I came back early to look after the boys"

"So you came early to look after her children but you can't look after my son?" dear lord! I shut my eyes. There are things you can get away with from anyone but not your mother in law. Khwezi glares at Mamajara in question. Mamajara's jaws are sweeping the floor,

“You’re wicked. You love her children more than mine” she continues to bark with an attitude that is so not her. Something is up, I’m going to ask Seeiso to take her for a mental evaluation,

“MAMELA MONA HEE AUSI!” this is it! Mamajara throws the monitor on the table and glares at her,

“I DON’T KNOW WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE BUT YOU’LL NOT SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT. I WASN’T THERE WHEN YOU WERE BUSY SCREAMING SEEISO EKENYE HAHOLO. I TAKE CARE OF MY GRANDCHILDREN EQUALLY. I CLEARED MY DAY BECAUSE MABATAUNG ASKED ME TO BECAUSE SHE HAS SOMEWHERE TO GO. SOMETHING I WOULD DO FOR YOU AS WELL WHEN YOU ASK. BUT SINCE YOU HAVE A BIG MOUTH TO TALK TO ME LIKE I’M YOUR MATE. I SUGGEST YOU CALL YOUR PARENTS AND TELL THEM YOU HAVE JUST BEEN FINED FOR DISRESPECTING YOUR MOTHER IN LAW” (.....screaming Seeiso push it harder.....) this just escalated way too fast,

“Mme I’m sorry....” Now this is Khwezi, the tears glistening in her eyes says it all, she is really sorry,

“SHUT UP! NO WORD TO ME UNTIL YOU REACH OUT TO YOUR PARENTS!” Mamajara angrily grabs the monitor and leaves the room.

“Khwezi nawe!” I move closer to hold her. She is crying,

“You don’t talk like that to your mother in law, especially Mamajara of all people. This women is been holding the queen title for this house since ntate Bereng passed. She

holds so much power Khwezi. Now she just fined you” I hate doing this but I need her to understand what she just did,

“Do....i.....have to...pay money?! Say is....going to beso pissed!” she can barely manage a word. Not that I like the crying her but right now I feel that I have the Khwezi I know on my chest,

“Usually a fine is paid with animals. She’ll communicate with your father. Wena you just have to tell your father what you did and that she fined you” she falls apart and I hold her tighter,

“My father is....going to.....be....so disappointed.....again....” she was crying but suddenly she pulls off my chest wiping her tears. This is definitely a multiple personality disorder. She is glaring at me with that look she looked me with when she told me she is queen,

“I’m the queen of this house. If I don’t want to pay her damn fine I’ll not pay it” my jaws drop as I watch her stand and walk out,

“She is bipolar that one” Lerato say shaking her head after she slams the door

CHAPTER 30

THE JOURNEY TO MEKHOANENG

MABATAUNG

Is it okay to say I don't know where I'm going but I know. I don't know the exact destination I'm driving to but I know I'll know it when I get there. Seeiso helped me a lot with that book. I'll return it when they get back. I'm not even worried about them, I feel my husband. I know I would feel it if anything happens to him. Our connections has always been impeccable.

Somehow I'm glad Papa Tlotla is not here so I can do this without him worrying about me. I know his protectiveness of me comes from a sincere place but sometimes being cared for a lot is not good. I got too relaxed with my life knowing that he'll always be there. But that ended there and then. Since I started on this journey I can feel it in my bones that there is no going back for me.

“So we are not going to talk the whole drive?” Lerato asks beside me,

I have been driving for more than an hour being in my thoughts. I took her with because this journey is about her. It was said that I have to help her first to unlock my gift,

“I just need to focus” somehow I know I'm following something though I cannot see it but feel it.

The book said Nkhono Mamolete was from a place called Mekhoaneng. Once I figured her birth place she came to me

again in a dream. This time inside a burnt rondavel. She was still holding a child and she kept telling me that the child is heavy,

“Who do you know in Leribe district?” she really wants to talk,

“We should have not dodged our detail. I have a bad feeling about this” she continues to say and I laugh,

We have been so kept I almost hit the wall when driving out of the palace. I cannot remember when last I drove a car until today,

“There is nothing wrong with this, we are just used to having security detail everywhere we go. We’ll be fine” I assure her focusing on the road.

I don’t know if it’s her if it’s her disturbing my focus but I feel that I have lost a path. I drove ahead on the crossroad we passed and I feel that I’m getting lost. I pull on the side and step out of the car to think and look. I know I’ll see it.

I’m glad she doesn’t say any word. Scanning the beautiful green pastures I see it. The pure white dove flying in circle above the crossroad. It has to be it. My guidance to the unknown. I murmur my thank you and jump back in the car. Lerato is still sitting in silence. I appreciate her silence right now though I don’t like how she suddenly steal glances at me.

Reversing back to the crossroad I follow the white dove that takes the left turn. I don’t know where it leads me but I believe it’s been with me in this journey. We don’t drive long

before it takes another left turn to a gravelly road. Now I'm glad we took a ford ranger. Small cars wouldn't have survived this road. It gets worse as we dive deep into a village that looks abandoned.

It's so outdated here everyone walks out of their small houses to look at the car passing by. Now I'm glad we have no detail with because we could have been seen. The royal house is visiting the villages. I can already tell the headlines.

My white dove friend stops right on top of a rondavel that stands alone a distant way from the village. I kill the engine as well,

"Where are you going?" I don't miss the fear in Lerato's voice as I jump off the car,

"Stay in here" my eyes remain on the white dove sitting on top of the rondavel grass roofing,

"Mabatuang that's a burnt rondavel what do you think you'll find in there?" she screams behind me but I'm far gone. I don't know what she means by burnt. This rondavel is complete. It looks nothing like the burnt one I saw in my dreams.

I knock once and the door opens. I take that as my welcome.

And I'm welcomed by a face that is constant in my dreams. She sits right in the middle of the rondavel holding a child. I know her. From my dreams and from the book. She smiles,

"Finally!" she say looking right in my eyes as she rocks the baby in her arms,

"Sit down" her voice is soft.

I drop beside her and immediately pick on her warmth. She is warm.

I peek on the baby in her arms and I get to see a naked little girl in her arms,

“She is beautiful” I say failing to hold my hands. Maybe it’s a mother thing but I find myself running my hand on the cutest thing’s forehead and forcing my index finger inside her tight little fist,

“May I?” I prop myself asking to hold her and she doesn’t deny me,

“Of course” she place the baby in my arms. I look at her perfectly. She is an effortless soul. Her eyes keep you in. Her eye contact is so strong though she is just a little baby girl,

“Where is her mother?” she asks,

I know very well who her mother is,

“She is in the car” the beautiful old woman awards me a smile. I have to steal glances at her because I cannot keep my eyes of this precious soul,

“Thank you so much Mabataung for uniting mother and daughter. You’re indeed mme wa bataung” I’m flushed,

“I have been in this rondavel since I died keeping her safe for her” the died part should scare me but I guess not today,

“Your gift as a white witch is going to bring many things that were done in darkness to light. You undo what your fellow sister did to harm people” I hate that witches get to be called my fellow sisters but I guess I cannot escape it,

“What happened to you nkhono Mamolete? How are you here?” I ask rocking the baby in my arms,

“I was killed in the most brutal way with my three months old daughter right next to me. She would have been a sister to your grandfather Tlali” I stare at her in shock, Seeiso did tell me that she is Ntate Tlali’s mother and she had a daughter that they are not sure what happened to,

“We were just a small family then fighting for what was rightfully ours back then. Witchcraft took a lot of us before Moletsane joined our house” the book did say she was burnt inside the rondavel by the community because they thought she was a witch,

“A witch framed me for everything she did to this village. I was burnt alive with my daughter. The villagers didn’t care of the child. They burnt me to ashes right in this house and I died but my daughter survived. Through the fire she remained alive. She is been this wonderful soul and I have been holding on for her since then. I haven’t been able to join my forefathers. My spirit looks after my living daughter but now I can finally leave because her mother is here. She took my name and the rest of my responsibilities I couldn’t fulfil fell on her. Including my precious baby here. She is hers to raise. A gift from me and I know she is going to be phenomenal”

“What’s her name?” I ask,

She smiles

“I called her Oarabile molimo Molapo. I conceived her when I thought Tlali was the only child to come from my womb. In a creepy miraculous way I found myself pregnant to this

precious soul. But you will not share that name with anyone. Her mother will give her a fitting name. Everything of mine stopped when I died. Mamolete the second will name her accordingly. She'll carry my name and responsibilities with pride" (I called her The lord has answered my prayers Molapo.....)

"How come she didn't die inside the fire" she smiles,

"This is the next Moletsane of the Molapo house. She is an ancestral child. Witchcraft fire burnt me but not her. The witch that framed me knew that my daughter was powerful. She convinced the villagers that I had given birth to a goblin. I was burnt and found myself trapped in here all my life but now thanks to you I can finally rest and pass on my responsibilities to the one who carries my name" I smile,

"I'm glad I could help"

"You took time but it's okay. I have to give you this" she hands me a white feather,

"What's this?" I ask,

"I just know it had to be me you help first. Those who have your gift will now come. They asked me to give you this when you finally come"

"Who are they?" she shakes her head no,

"Unfortunately I cannot say. They'll come to you. Mind your dreams" sigh!

"MABATAUNG!!!" the door burst open,

Lerato appears with all her eyes shooting out,

“THIS RONDAVEL IS ON FIRE! GET OUT OF HERE!”

Mamolete smiles staring at her. She looks really crazy, I don't know what is burning in here, I don't see any fire,

“WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR ARMS!” she is really spooked,

I look at Mamolete the first beside me,

“Unfortunately she cannot see me. I wish she could but only people of your calibre can see me. Give her the child. I have to go, this time my soul will burn and I'll finally join my forefathers” I don't want her to go but somehow I'm only starting to feel the heat now. There is suddenly smoke that feels up the house,

“Go mme wa bataung. It was nice meeting.....” her voice fades, the smoke is suddenly too much that I cannot see. Something pulls me. I don't know what it is but it's strong. It's Lerato.

I don't know when she grabbed the baby from my arms but she holds her on her chest pulling me out of the burning rondavel. Now as it burns it becomes exactly what I saw in my dreams. I look at it burn until it's just smoke. None of the villagers came to see what is going on but we can almost see them from a distant. This is what the journey to Mekhoaneng brought. Another addition to the family. The baby!

It get off the ground to Lerato. She is staring at the naked baby in her arms. Words fail her, tears are bracing her cheeks. She is really the mother. This is love at first sight between mother and daughter,

“I love her Mabataung!” I see it, her bottom lip trembles as she kisses the little perfect being in her arms,

“Molimo o arabile lithapelo tsaka!” (The lord has answered my prayers!) this is what we call fate, I pop my eye in shock,

“What’s her name? I want to call her Oarabile Molapo” she is a mess of tears, I find myself smiling. I guess she was always going to be Princess Oarabile Molapo.

“What’s that on your head?” she steals a glance on my head. I touch and come out with the feather. Thank lord!

CHAPTER 31

THE WRATH OF WOLVES

In every war, the best is saved for last. Even human entertainment films portrays that victors are always savaged first before they finally triumph. This is the moment that could have broken Amaruq the wolf. Bending to a human king. Not even Lupus his kind but a mere human hybrid wolf that he gave powers.

He is never been so grateful with forming allies with the heir of the house of cannibals.

His tone floats freezing the moment just when he was about to lose his last strength and bend a knee to a mortal king. That would have been a disgrace to this existence. This mortal man king holds a power he didn't see coming. Compelling him, who rule the dead and living of the supernatural creatures of the earth is truly another level of remarkable power he wishes he had.

“I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!” the thickness lying in the atmosphere is almost a blanket. Every animal present on this battle field ground feels it. The words comes just as Amaruq was about to drop his head and fall for Shadow's command. His last of the best saves him,

It's almost impossible to find the owner of those words because those came from a human. A mortal man if correct,

“Show yourself!” Lupus commands,

Amaruq is still trying to find his breath after that compelling soul sucking command he was subjected to by Shadow. He groans in pain feeling his entire wolf body ache like it was stabbed by thousands of needles. Past the pain he crawls back to his pack, no one stops him on the right side,

Amongst a pack of wolves fighting for Amaruq appears a man. A normal man holding princess Oratuwe at knife point. He presses it right on her neck,

“And who the fuck might you be?” Lupus growls. It’s been quite a day and he is had it with surprises,

“FUCK!” the words tumbles out of the demon friend standing beside him as he mutters under his breath,

A damned smugness captures the man’s face. He doesn’t afford Lupus a response but hold Ora at knife point looking at them like ants before his eyes,

“Wouldn’t you like to know Lupus” the smirk accompanied by this words is disgusting,

“They call him the heir. Motlejoa limo kholo” (Motlejoa the cannibal) Rifer affords Lupus his friend clarity

“Unfortunately I’m well acquainted with this one” he adds with a sigh not believing that he is going to meet with this fool once again,

“Rifer! Rifer! Rifer! So good to see you again old buddy” Rifer’s nose flares up in anger. He is no friend to this fool,

“And we yet again meet, in opposite sides once again!” Rifer seethes. His chest bounces up and down as he charges his body to kill,

“You thought you’re the only one with strong allies Lulu my boy” Amaruq barks finally able to breath,

Lupus shakes his head and look on his left and right hand side

“I’m sick of this, let’s eradicate this fools” he orders the last two still standing by him,

“We are outnumbered” Shadow,

It’s only his prowls that still remain behind them because every wolf fell for Amaruq’s command,

“I wasn’t named Lupus to be defeated by useless souls like Amaruq. Trust me that this one we are taking home” he sees it in his eyes that this is a piggy battle for him,

“Now here is our new plan. Rifer you take out Amaruq the soul and that buddy of yours and secure my sister. That’s your fight goal for the day” Rifer nods to Lupus command glaring right at his opponent.

Amaruq is a soul that possessed a strong wolf. He’ll divide into two and try to save his soul when he feels Lupus kill the body he possess now,

“Shadow. You and your prowls attack right at the pack souls. Focus on the pack souls and I’ll focus on Amaruq” Shadow agrees but he is worried of something Lupus seems to be forgetting,

“What about the wolves pack” Amaruq’s pack is that of the living pack and the dead. If the prowls focus on the dead, what about the living pack?

“They will stand by their god!” confusion hovers Shadow and Rifer. Before they can ask Lupus takes a step forward from them.

He sniffs the air, the smell of blood already clouds the atmosphere. Up looking above the skies as he howls out loud twisting up his neck. Every animal witness the clouds roaring and covering up in darkness at his howl,

“I, the god of wolves, seek the power of the wrath of wolves!” the words comes in the mind of those that still belongs to his pack. Rifer and Shadow borrow each other glances,

Lightning strikes right on Lupus back but he remains standing. Instead he grows larger and larger before them.

“WHAT THE HELL!” Shock hovers Amaruq

“Amaruq, I have never joined losing teams, what the fuck is that?” Motlejoa asks his accomplice as they watch what was once clear blue skies dress up in heavy thunder storms clouds that almost look like the form a creature just like Lupus within,

“He.....can.....not....be!” fear grips Amaruq’s tone. He cowers back gently as he sees what he is up against. This cannot be, he is in disbelief,

“Ey! Ntja, what the fuck is this!” Motlejoa lets go of Ora and grab Amaruq’s neck pulling him in place, (Ey! Dog,.....)

“You said he is nothing, does this look like nothing?!” the wolf just grew larger before their eyes,

“I.....i.....didn’t.....” the cockiness in his tone is now gone,

“STOPS STUTTERING SHIT. AKERE YOU SAID YOU’RE THE MAIN ALPHA!” Motlejoa

“Lupus is the god. He summons the Runic sacred power of wolves called the wrath of wolves. Only a god can do this” words suddenly come so humble from him,

“And you made me go against a flipping god?!” Motlejoa raises his hands in surrender, this is not the shit he signed up for,

“Help me take him out and we’ll take that power and share it. I’ll make you my right hand man” Amaruq is still naïve even seeing that they face the great gray god,

“Haa! I’m no fool. This is the end of you Amaruq and I’ll not stand with you” Motlejoa picks Ora on the ground and gently scoop her in his arms. Hopefully this god of wolves will spare him,

“What are you doing?!” Amaruq growls as he walks to Lupus side with Ora in his arms,

“Saving my ass. I’m not about to poke gods”

The three stand tall on the other side watching him bring Ora to them. Lupus stand a step up front with Shadow on his right side and Rifer on his left side. Before Lupus Motlejoa bows and place Ora on his feet.

“I know death when I see one. I was told you were just a wolf, not a god of wolves. Spare me and I’ll fight for you” the smirk on Rifer’s face almost warm up the entire atmosphere. He goes way back with this one and to see him humble himself before another creature is truly heart-warming,

“Keep my sister safe and you’ll be spared” Motlejoa bows again and takes Ora off the battle scene.

Lupus glares at his opponent. Now he is clearly shaken but still stupid to think he can take out Lupus. His red eyes sees the fear in Amaruq. As the alpha of his pack, he subjects his emotions to his pack. The entire pack is almost all shaken, Lupus looks up and summons a lightning that strikes between the two packs.

Now compelled or not, the wolves know who is god.

He looks at the pack behind Amaruq.

“What’s mine shall come back to me!” Shadow and Rifer gasps in shock. He spoke. Out loud like Amaruq. This entire time he had been speaking in thoughts.

With those words his pack comes back where they belong. Amaruq is left with his prior pack of wolves,

“Traitors!” Shadow mocks Hugo, the predator and Skye as they shamefully stand back on their side,

Lupus look up the roaring the clouds and howls,

“IN THE POWER OF THE GODS OF WOLVES. I ASK THAT YOU GIVE MY PACK THE STRENGTH OF THE WRATH OF WOLVES” Another lightning strikes down. Lupus pack feel heat radiate beneath their feet. It ignites their blood with wrath they cannot understand. Larger and stronger they feel themselves grow. They have grown bigger than their normal size and strength in them feels unnatural. They are driven by an adrenaline that spikes them with power beyond their normal power,

“YOU KILL THEM ALL! BUT AMARUQ IS MINE!” Lupus command his pack after they have all accepted the power of the wrath of wolves.

Just as he thought Amaruq divides into two readying for a battle. He stands a wolf and soul. His pack divides as well. He formed a pack with dead wolves possessing living wolves. They all also unleash the souls in them to stand a wolf and soul each of them,

Lupus glances at Rifer and Shadow. Plan just changed but he doesn't need to say it. They know what to do. He only wants Amaruq's head from this battle

“ATTACK!!” Lupus commands and it begins.

It's wolves against wolves. Prowls against souls of wolves. Rifer against Amaruq the soul and Lastly Lupus against Amaruq the wolf.

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WOLVES AGAINST WOLVES

Carrying the power of the wrath of wolves is a gift that wolves wish to have even just for a day. It's their ultimate goal. Being a badass even just for a moment will make a wolf go down in history as one of the best.

As Lupus' pack now carry the ultimate gift of the wrath of wolves, wiping out Amaruq's pack is like taking candy from a baby. Their strength is impeccable. They are larger and stronger than the other pack which favoures them in battle field.

PROWLS AGAINST SOULS OF WOLVES

In a world full of strange supernatural beings, there is a species called Jaguars. Smart as hell type of wild dogs. Mostly they mistaken for cats though they are much bigger and smarter than cats.

Jaguars are the true dogs of the jungle. No human being in their right senses has ever even thought to pet a jaguar. They are wild and they take orders from no one but those of the high power.

Being bestowed by the gods to be the king's shadow is the only friendliest Jaguars can be to humans. That's the only relationship that can bound them to humans. Other than that jaguars kill anything in their way.

Now in about 10 decades later, there comes a King to be named deep in the heart of the Kingdom. Small his country is but strong he'll make his name known in all the parts of Africa. Those who appointed them to his shadow called him the king of the heart of Africa.

His gods bargained Bobby 'His the first of his name and he shall rule not only the kingdom but the heart of Africa'

The heart of Africa was it for Bobby the Jaguar. This is the one powerful king he'll take his tribe to stand by. He is what Jaguars associate themselves with, power.

They distanced themselves from leaders of the world for about 10 decades. They didn't carry the blood and the bone to command a jaguar, but this one.....

Now being the ones bestowed by the most powerful gods of the earth to keep the one King who carries the heart of Africa alive is their only goal. This battle they have to win to remain the trusted beings by the gods.

Their only goal today is to come out victorious. Bobby is leading them to that victory. They suck the life out of the souls of wolves with their claws and fangs and throw them deep in the forest of the dead nearby. That's where they belong, with the dead.

“And with fire the souls shall be burned” Bobby the kings' shadow sets the forest on fire. Even for animals their hell is set on fire as a final destination of life.

RIFER AGAINST AMARUQ THE SOUL

Amaruq's biggest mistake was forgetting to strengthen his soul. His soul is weak as hell and this actually exasperate Rifer.

He likes a fair fight but this one feels like whipping at a child. The thing is not even trying to stand up and fight. He escapes Rifer every chance he gets,

“You might as well burn with your friends, I don't even need to waste any energy on you” Rifer grabs Amaruq the soul and throw him deep inside the burning forest.

As his soul burns up, the body he possessed also lose strength.....

LUPUS AGAINTS AMARUQ THE WOLF

Now this is the battle. Two vicious strong wolves against each other. Amaruq knew that one day he'll fight this creature. He choose to possess the body of the greatest king of the Quileute tribe. The fallen king was one of the greatest warriors of wolves. He took it knowing the strength the king possessed and made it his own.

It's indeed the wrath of wolves. One great warrior against another. None between the two intends to fall today.

"You ain't having my head today Lupus!" Amaruq growls trying to capture Lupus in his grip and claw his heart out,

"Your problem is that you talk too much!" In a split second Lupus is right on top of him, he throws Amaruq away so he comes charging in rush at him,

Just as he thought Amaruq comes for him. He jumps on Lupus ready to take his head out but he lands down empty handed. His body is suddenly weak and he cannot feel his heart.....there is sudden ache he cannot explain as he stumbles on the ground,

"This is for my sister, for my best friend and for my wife" Lupus' words comes as the last in his mind. He hold his heart dripping with blood right in his paw. The mother fucker ripped his heart out when he jumped him,

"And even in hell, don't you ever call me 'Lulu my boy' ever again" that thing killed his spirit. His never been disrespected like that ever before.

They say don't kick a dog when it's down but Lupus is doing exactly that. He kicks the fragile Amaruq down and force his fangs open so he eats his blood dripping heart.

There is no strength left in Amaruq so he swallows his heart quickly so he sees Lupus face when he tells him that even in hell he will have the last laugh,

“It’s an honour to die by your paw old friend but what is more of an honour is having all of you here trapped for the rest of your lives” he saved his last strength for that smug sentences that leaves Lupus in question.

He throws the useless body in the burning forest and walk towards his Rifer who is eating his nails sharpening them. This was one ABC fight for him,

“How do we get out of here?” he asks Rifer,

Rifer frowns,

“Huh?”

“You heard me” it didn’t occur to any of them,

“Well I can fly. I flew in and out of here. I don’t know if wolves and jaguars can fly as well”

“We are trapped. That fool just had to have the last word!”
Lupus,

“We can’t be. I have a wife waiting for me at home and I have to take the throne in a couple of weeks” Shadow’s tone comes behind them,

“We all have wives. And as for the throne I guess they’ll stay put until we find a way out of here”

CHAPTER 32

FORGIVENESS PART I

LERATO

I wonder what is taking so long. I feel like I'm losing my mind sitting outside here not knowing what they are even doing to my baby. I know we couldn't just waltz in this yards with a new baby without getting approval from the house advisor hence why I didn't argue when Mabataung suggested that we bring the baby straight to nate Moletsane's hut when we arrived. But now they have been at it for quite a while and I'm starting to feel a bit anxious.

I know it's a crazy feeling that I'm feeling but even I cannot account it for words. Holding my beautiful Oarabile in my arms fills the void I always had of having a child of my own. I never knew how it felt to be a mother but with that tiny soul I miraculously feel like I know what is it to be a mother and I feel it in my bones that she is mine to love.

"You can stop chewing on your nails, the door is opening" thank god!

Old habits die hard. I have been chewing on my already nothing nails with train of thoughts since they took my baby and shut the door. A lot is running through my mind. What if they deny me to mother her? What if they say she cannot be part of this family?

Mabataung didn't tell me anything about how we came to drive to a different district to find a baby but one thing I know for sure is that after I felt that undying strong bond I

felt with that little girl in my arms, I would lose it all just to have her. The marriage and everything can go down the drain, but not my little baby.

“Let’s go!” I’m already out of the car when she speaks, Ntate Moletsane waved us to him by the door. We had been in the car all this while waiting on their feedback.

“If they don’t welcome her I’m leaving this marriage” I whisper to Mabataung as we stride to the door where Ntate Moletsane stand.

Mabataung doesn’t say a word but chuckle and shake her head. I still want to know how she found the baby and why she insisted that I go with her but it doesn’t look like she is going to tell me. All she said was that I now have what I always wanted.

“Ntate Moletsane” I’m the one to greet. My voice is a bit rocky because I’m anxious.

“Mamolete you can breathe. Your daughter is a Molapo and we welcome her home” I heave a sigh of relief to Ntate Moletsane’s words,

“You both can come in” he adds,

Mabataung and I both abandon our shoes by the door. We enter hand in hand inside ntate Moletsane’s modernized hut. It’s always astonishing for me every time I come inside here, which is seldom. Ntate Moletsane only summons one in his hut once in a while and I always make sure that I come when he calls me.

The last time he called me was to warn me about my mother's actions of helping me conceive. I know I have no womb so drinking my mother's so called 'miracle baby' herbs would have been stupid of me.

He told me to be patient. That motherhood doesn't mean one should know the labour ward. That it will happen in its own time. That's why I didn't give up on the idea of being a mother. I knew it would happen even though I didn't know how. I honestly thought he was talking about surrogacy or adoption. But now I know what he was talking about.

"First I want to commend you on this one. You did great and you're still to flourish if you allow your dreams to lead you more often" Ntate Moletsane holds Mabatuang's hands after we have settled down before him.

My eyes don't leave Ntate Tlali who occupies a couch with my baby in his arms. He looks so emotional and so taken,

"Thank you Ntate" Mabatuang,

He lets her go and holds my hands,

"Welcome to motherhood!" I beam. My heart swells with joy and I can't help the tears falling down my cheeks,

"Thank you Ntate, do you think you can help me with something that will generate milk?" he finds it amusing. He smiles shaking his head but brings a small bottle forward.

"I just knew you would want to breast feed her" he is right about that,

"Inside here ke bese la tshwene. Drink this bottle tonight when you go to sleep, all of it. Tomorrow morning you will

wake up with swollen breast” (Inside here is a monkey’s milk.....) even if it was a dog’s milk I would have drank it.

“You’re both free to go. Mabataung, you did great! The one to fill my shoes finally made it home and it’s all thanks to you” she is amazing. I don’t know what I’m going to thank her with,

“Ntate Tlali” I want my baby in my arms.

A sad smile spreads on his face,

“Thank you” his hoarse tone say starring at Mabataung who nods at him with a smile,

Then he looks at me,

“The things that happens in this house amaze me. I don’t know if I should call you Mamolete my mother or just Mamolete my son’s wife” confusion takes all of me,

“Stop confusing Mamolete, Tlali” I’m saved by ntate Molestane,

I receive my princess in my arms. Her eyes now open. She was asleep since we found her. The beautiful tiny eyes makes me fall deeper in love. There is no greater loving than this. Papa Peete is going to have a surprise of a lifetime when he gets back.

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MABATAUNG

Now that Mamolete and I are done for the day I need a hot bath and my babies. I’ll go rescue Mme Mamajara of the boys once I have taken a bath. This day was long and wearisome

but it all came for a good cost. Mamolete is the happiest soul and I'm glad I could give her that. It makes me proud knowing that I did that for someone. I want to do more of that. Something in my soul feels lighter and flawless. I can feel that I'm going to have a beautiful sleep.

Turning corner to my room I'm met by Palesa. That guilt hovers me all over again,

"My lady!" she bows and drop her eyes not even looking in my direction. I have been a bitch to a person who did absolutely nothing to me,

"Palesa!" I stop her,

"Mme didn't allow me to touch them I swear....." she is already explaining because I made it clear I want her nowhere near my babies,

"Can we talk please?" I really hope she agrees. I need to make things right. I feel it that holding grudges and hate towards people will somehow hinder my journey. I need to be a transparent soul for things to be shown to me easily,

"If you are not busy of course" I'm quick to add seeing the hesitation in her eyes,

"I'm not. I'm just wondering what I did this time around"

"You did nothing. I owe you an apology and I have to tell you something" she is still hesitant but she nods after a while and follow me to my room.

Settling on my bed I take her hand in mine. This is me making my wrongs right. I just know that I have to take make right in the part I played in hurting her. Hating her for my sins is just straight up foolish of me.

I take in a much needed breath before I start.

“I’m so sorry Palesa” she looks at me,

“I have been treating you so bad because of guilt. You did nothing to me” I continue to add and she closes her eyes receiving my words,

“We were so close. I considered you a very good friend of mine regardless of you being my boss. Suddenly you changed on me and you didn’t want me close to you or your babies” I breathe,

“Allow me to explain” she nods,

“I don’t know how to butter this up or make it sounds less hurtful to ears but I know you deserve the truth and I need to ask for your forgiveness. Palesa I’m sorry to say this but I’m the reason Tshepo vanished on you” if there is one person Tshepo loved was her. What they were doing was wrong in so many ways but tshepo loved this girl,

She frowns,

“What do you mean?” sigh! There goes nothing.....

“Remember when I was induced in sleep and my husband tried everything to get me back?” she nods,

“When I woke up I was with Tshepo and we found ourselves in the middle of a snow storm up in the mountain” I take a pause to breathe,

“I was under a spell that Amaruq put on me and.....”

“Who is Amaruq?” how do I explain a big bad ancestor wolf to someone who might not even believe in such things?

“Let’s say Amaruq is Papa Tlotla’s enemy” she nods,

“He wanted to hurt my husband and he used me to do so” she nods again,

“He put a spell on me and made me sleep with papa Tlotla’s best friend” I feel sick even saying it out of my mouth,

Silence stretches between us as I allow her time to put the pieces together.

“You have been treating me like shit because you slept with my man?” she is livid. As she should.

I shamefully nod and she takes her hands off my hold,

“I’m really sorry Palesa” I have no words than to apologise. I cannot even explain that it was just more of a penetration than anything. It would just add salt to wound,

“You’re disgusting!” she spits

“Playing miss goody two shoes while you are nothing but a whore that fucks around!” I deserve all that, I’m not even going to call her out,

“Let me guess. Your big bad wolf killed my man, didn’t he?” she is been working here long enough and she was Tshepo’s girl. She might know a thing or two about what my husband is,

“Answer me damn it!” she snaps when I hesitate with the answer,

“Palesa I’m truly sorry” I cannot say more than that,

“Oh wow!” she chuckles, pacing up and down before me

“You had the nerve to treat me like shit. And all this while you’re the shit yourself. This is what is going to happen, you’re going to confess to your in laws that you sleep with your servants’ wena. If I can’t have Tshepo you also should lose something. I know Papa Tlotla will love you even if you’re nothing but a bitch that fucks workers. So maybe you’ll lose your in laws like I lost Tshepo. That will be fair, don’t you think?” that will be the end of me,

“Palesa I know I hurt you. You can choose to not forgive me but please don’t make me confess to my in laws” I beg,

“Then you’re not sorry enough” she walks towards the door. I guess I’ll give her time to calm down and try again,

“Lwandle!” the door creaks open as she stop by it,

“If you don’t tell your in laws I’ll do it myself” so much for trying to make things right!

CHAPTER 33

FORGIVENESS PART II

LERATO

It's a Monday night. The Monday that we sleep with the old women of the council. I just know this is going to back fire on us. We never ironed things out and now Mabataung also seems to be going through something. She is been walking around like a zombie and too jumpy for my liking.

When we got married in this house Khwezi and I were both addressed by her position in this house. Mabataung is a senior wife it was said. The questions regarding the wives of this house will be asked to her not Khwezi or I. It's her duty to sit us down and put out the flames in our battles if we fail to do so ourselves. She is the one that will take the matter further if it's something that is out of her hands.

I thought she would sit us down one last time and we address this tension between us before this sleep over but she didn't. Now it's going to be clear that something is up and this old women will not hesitate to force the truth out of us. Which is something we are trying so hard hide.

Bipolar is not my favourite person at the moment. I'll not shy away from that. But I know her past the manic disorder I think she is suffering from. For the girl I know before what she is now become, I think I owe it to her to fight for her as well. I'm going to try my best to fight for her and I hope she doesn't throw any nasty comments at me.

Mabataung was already in here when I walked in. And it seems she is already asleep.

There is three old women from the council with us. There is no sight of Khwezi and I hope she is still coming.

They chose one of the guest rooms and took out the furniture. It almost look like a halls with just flat mattresses. I don't even know what to say. I have been nervously holding my baby dishing out smiles just so to ease the awkwardness. Right now it's just awkward but I know once Khwezi gets in here it will be one heavy tension,

“Where is our queen to be?” If I remember correctly her name is nkhono Kholu. It's not hard to see that she is not exactly Khwezi's fan,

“I think she is still coming” I steal a glance at my phone and it reports to be past 22:00,

“This is unacceptable! We want to sleep” she barks! I wish to tell her that she can nicely sleep without Khwezi but I choose to hold my tongue so not to come out rude,

“I'll go see what's holding her up. Can I leave her in here?” I ask of Oarabile in my arms. She is a cute little thing. I started breast feeding her on Saturday morning. She sucks my breast for dear life and it makes me feel complete,

“Bring her here” that's nkhono Kutloano. She props her hands to receive my baby and I carefully place her in her arms. Nkhono Kutloano is nice. It's easy to see that she is rooting for Khwezi even though nkhono Kholu is a bit on the edge. Even Mampheng next to her is also nice,

“I cannot believe she has to be fetched as if she didn’t know!”
nkhono Kholu continues to bark,

“I’m sure there is a good reason nkhono” Mampheng is a bit younger than the rest. She say to calm down the already agitated nkhono kholu.

I scurry out of the guest room to Khwezi’s room. I’m only praying that she plays nice.

I knock twice before a soft voice tells me to come in. It’s Bohlokoa. She sits on the bed with Bereng in her arms. She is got a thing for babies,

“Hlokoa” she smiles at me,

“Mme”

“Where is Khwe....Mme Mamolapo I mean?” the last thing I want is to call her by her name and she goes all queen on me,

She points outside the wide opened balcony doors with her head. At least Bereng is wrapped in his blanket. That night air coming from the balcony is very mean.

I proceed to the balcony hoping to find her on call or something but she is crouched by the wall and there are muffled sobs escaping her mouth,

“Khwezi!” the way her sobs tugs at my heart I know I still care very much for this girl,

She is a bit startled. She tries to wipe her tears and compose herself but I have seen it,

“What’s wrong?” I ask,

“Nothing” she shakes her head getting off the wall,

“It doesn’t look like nothing. You can talk to me” I’m thinking she’ll clap back with how I betrayed her trust but she takes a sit on the easy chair and let tears pour out. This is very alarming. I haven’t seen this side of her in ages.

I pull another chair and hold her hands in mine. We used to be like this,

“Talk to me, what is wrong?” urge once again,

She bites on her bottom lip to prevent herself from crying out loud,

“I...i...almost burned Bereng” she chokes on the words and fail to contain herself,

“What? How?” my voice is barely a whisper,

“I...i...was bathing him just now..... I poured hot water only in his basin. I was ready to sink him in but Bohlokoa screamed. She could see the hot steam evaporates from the water sitting on the bed. I was bathing my son and I didn’t see all that. I burned my hand here because I touched the water first before I could sink him in” the top of her hand is pink. I cringe in thought thinking that could have been little Sj,

“I almost burnt my son Lavo. What is happening to me? Why didn’t I test the water first? I always use my elbow to check but this time.....” she falls apart and I pull her to my chest,

I don’t know much about this mother thing but I don’t think there is a perfect mother out there. We have all done some things to our babies, not intentional though. Mistakes go

with humans. We are bound to make mistakes and we learn greatly from them.

“Don’t be hard on yourself. You didn’t burn him” I try to console her,

“Look at my hand lavo!” I can’t even look for long, I only steal a glance on it. It’s just pink,

“It could have been my baby. If Bohlokoa wasn’t with me I could have burned my baby to death” oh lord what do I say?

“Listen. He is fine. You didn’t burn him. It was a mistake that I’m sure most mothers do. Bereng is fine giggling with his sister on the bed. Be thankful that Hlokoa was with you” I really don’t know what to say to make her feel better,

She sighs and rest back on the chair.

“My father just called” the sadness in her tone is not hard to miss,

“He said some really hurtful things as well” she adds looking sad,

“Do you blame him though?” I try my best to be gentle. I know no father wants to hear that their daughters disrespected their mother in law and now he has to pay a fine,

She shakes her head no,

“He said he is close to disowning me” eish,

“I’m sure he didn’t mean it. He is just disappointed. You’ll apologise to him for embarrassing him like that” she shakes her head,

“Lavo I know my father. I have disappointed him too many times and this time I think he is done with me” I hope that’s not the case. Khwezi adores her father,

“Listen. Why don’t we forget about all those we disappointed for a night? We have that night gathering with the old council women remember?” she pops her eyes,

“Oh my god!” she exclaims,

“It totally slipped my mind after I almost...” sadness eats up her words,

“Don’t say it. He is fine and we are going to show those old women who belongs next to their king” she smiles. A sad one that I don’t like seeing on her face,

“Lavo I’m sorry” I shake my head. I don’t want us to go there because it will be tension all over again,

“No, listen” she argues when I shake my head,

“I’m sorry for how I have been treating you lately. You deserve none of that. Yes I still stand by my word that you betrayed my trust by going to my husband with things I tell you in confidence. You’re my best friend. I don’t want to tell you half-truths because I have to be careful that you don’t tell on me. I want to leave everything to you as you do to me. I want to trust fully in you as you do in me. I could have choose better words to make you see that you wronged me. I could have sat you down and talked to you in a more appropriate manner than being a bitch at you. I know you were trying to help me and I’m thankful for that but it put

my marriage at rock bottom you understand that, right?" I nod,

Honestly I was just going to let it go because I didn't think we would get to this point once again,

"I forgive you. I was hurt by the things you did more than the things you said.. Snatching you baby like that in my arms really...." She interjects, that wounded my soul more,

"I'm really sorry lavo"

"I'll forgive you if you forgive me as well. I shouldn't have went to Say. I was wrong for doing that. I only thought of Bohlokoa and forgot what that could do to our friendship. I'm really sorry as well and I hope you forgive me too" she smiles and pull me for a hug. I missed this soul.

"We'll be fine" I assure her brushing on her back,

"Yeah!" her tone is not as convincing,

"Please do me a favour Lavo" she sighs as we break off the hug,

I'm quick to nod,

"Force me to go see ntate Moletsane tomorrow morning. Drag me if you have to but please make sure I end up in ntate Moletsane's hut tomorrow"

"You know he doesn't work like that. Once he summons you one must willingly go consult for him to help" she sighs,

"Don't you want to go?" I continue to ask

"I do. Like right now I do but sometimes I just want to hide from him. Sometimes he disgust me and I feel like he stink" that's just madness,

“The dirty old grandpa?” I ask in shock and we both explode high-fiving to it,

We used to call Ntate Moletsane dirty old grandpa. One wouldn't mistake him for a seer. He is so clean, so on point and he always smells divine. I know for a fact that Ntate Moletsane doesn't stink,

“That's why I say something is wrong with me. If Say had already bagged me I would think I'm pregnant again because I suddenly cannot stand some people. Like Mme Mamajara.....i don't even know how to look at her” she cringes,

“Your problems are bigger than a mountain. Let's go fulfil today's task. We'll fix everything together one by one starting tomorrow” she smiles,

“The first step is going to see Ntate Moletsane tomorrow morning, right?” she nods once again.

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Her relationship with Bohlokoa is beautiful to watch. They are both growing so close to each other it's unbelievable to even think that she once wanted nothing to do with Hlokoa.

Hlokoa adores her step mother as well. She grabs on Khwezi's gown not leaving her sight as we enter the room. She adamantly refused to leave her Hlokoa alone even when I suggested we take her to her grandmother.

“Dumelang bomme!” she greets. Bereng in her arms and Bohlokoa by her hip.

“Dumela Mme Mamolapo” Mampheng and nkhono Kutloano smiles greeting her back,

“I’m sorry for coming late. I had a little bit of a situation with this young man in my arms” the two nods in understanding,

“I knew there must be a reason. Your mattress is over there” nkhono Kutloano say pointing her to the empty mattress between Mabataung and I.

I gently receive my baby from nkhono Kutloano and go back to my mattress,

“You could have sent a word. There are many helpers in this house. You don’t keep your elders waiting” Nkhono Kholu barks as she takes the mattress,

“And what is the princess doing here?! Sent her back to her bed!” she asks of Bohlokoa who is clued on to Khwezi’s hip,

“I apologise for making you wait mme. It will not happen again. And as for Bohlokoa unfortunately with reasons I cannot disclose to all of you she has sleep with me”

“Well as your elder I command you to tell us why she has to sleep with you” kholu,

“Nkhono kholu!” Nkhono Kutloano calls her out,

“It’s no problem if a mother wishes to sleep with her daughter. This is actually commendable before my eyes. She loves her husband’s seed like hers” Mampheng agrees with nkhono Kutloano with a head nod,

“Sit down and rest Mamolapo, you must be tired” nkhono kutloano continues to say and only then Khwezi sits down with a sigh.

Bohlokoa sits by her side on the mattress,

“Sleep baby, you have school tomorrow” Bohlokoa smiles. She kisses Bereng in Khwezi’s arms and then proceed to kiss Khwezi’s burned hand,

“You’ll see the doctor tomorrow, right?” Khwezi laughs nodding to Bohlokoa’s question. She slides down pulling the duvet on her head.

Khwezi and I remain sited with our babies in our arms. We expect an instruction or speech but I guess not,

“I’ll say a prayer then we can all sleep” oh! Nkhono kutloano say and we both steal glances at each other. I thought something was going to happen or be said.

We all kneel and listen to her long night prayer. One thing about old people is that they can pray. She makes sure to touch everything with her prayer, including the king and queen.

“Amen!” we all sing when she is done but

“AMEN!” another ‘Amen’ from a young man that will be the death of us takes us by surprise,

“PRINCE LEROTHOLI!” the old women exclaim. He walked in on us praying and waited it out,

“MAMA!” mama? He drops on his knees to the sleeping Mabataung and shake her. For him to call her mama alarms Khwezi and I,

“MAMA!” he almost shouts but Mabataung doesn’t wake up,

“MAMA!” this time there is fear in his tone. Khwezi and I both crawl to his aid,

“MABATAUNG!!” we shake her. This is starting to scare us. Lerotholi storms out running as we try to wake his mother. The old women now kneel with us and we all try to wake her. Mampheng has collected the triplets who were sleeping beside her off the scene,

“CHECK A PULSE!” nkholo Kutloano advises,

Nkholo Kholu is the one to check a pulse. She stares at us with her eyes popping out of sockets,

“KHOLU!!” nkholo Kutloano loses it. She must say something,

She shakes her head no and say

“She is no more” no. We refused to accept that, we all borrow each other looks in terror,

The door flies open just as we are about to scream. Ntate Moletsane walks in with Lerotholi on his tail. He looks alarmed,

“OUT OF MY WAY!!” we all scatter off making room for him,

He squats down on her holding that horn of his. He knocks her feet with it, then her hands and lastly her forehead,

“COME BACK MABATAUNG! COME BACK!” he shouts a command in her ears and she sits up right gasping for air. We are all spooked! What in the actually fuckery is this?

“Breathe! Slowly!” ntate Moletsane helps her catch her breath. When she is finally calmed down he asks,

“What did you see?”

“They....they...are trapped” words are still a struggle to her,

“Who is trapped?” ntate Moletsane asks

“Papa Tlotla..all of them. I have to help them out” she gives ntate Moletsane her hand and he helps her up. She looks down at Lerotholi with a smile,

“Thank you my baby” Lerotholi hugs her legs,

“Come with me. Let’s go help papa out of that hell hole” she takes her son’s hand with and they walk out.

“And she leaves her infants just like that. The women of this generation of the royal house are bad mannered!” Nkhono kholu spits but nkhono Kutloano bites back,

“Bad mannered is you who announced her dead. Why did you do that?” I also want to know. We almost cried for her lies,

“I didn’t feel a pulse!” mxm!

CHAPTER 34

FATHER AGAINST SPIRIT

MAMAJARA

We were expecting him today. Him showing up with a goat that the boys have roped outside is not a surprise. What is surprise though is him showing up with a very light skinned beautiful girl and his brother standing by his side.

Palesa comes to announce their presence while they wait by the gate.

“Your highness” she bows before Mamajara who was already wiping her hands. She was in the kitchen making bottles for the triplets when she saw Dlomo and his brother standing by the gate.

She is got Bereng strapped on her back. His mother burned her hand and she ordered her to go see the doctor this morning when she realised that she burned her hand. That’s how much she loves her daughter in laws. Yes they fight like any other family but she wouldn’t even think of changing them. Her sons chooses their brides and it’s how she wants it to be.

“I already saw them Pally, thank you” Palesa smiles and bow leaving the kitchen but she stops just by the exit,

“My lady” her tone is a bit wobbly. She looks down as she speaks to the queen,

“Pally I told you to call me mme, what’s the matter?” it’s the way her tone came out that tells her that there is something wrong,

“Have you spoken to Mabataung my lady” Palesa asks still looking down,

“I haven’t spoken to Mabataung. I was told that she since left with Moletsane last night. Is everything okay?” Mamajara enquires,

“Everything is fine mme, let me not keep you waiting” she strides out before Mamajara could ask more questions.

Mamajara is left in confusion. That was very odd. She decides to ask Mabatuang about it when she comes back. Maybe it’s not even anything to worry herself about.

Ntate Tlali had already attended their in laws when she makes it down by the gate. The fine she demanded was just a goat and an apology from Mamolapo. Nothing hectic. She just wanted her to understand that even in future, no matter how pissed she is, she be careful with her words around her. She is the mother of her husband. That is enough for her to treat her like her own mother.

“Gentlemen” she bows with a smile,

“Dumela Mme Mamajara” Mtho smiles back. Dlomo on the other hand is eating lemons today. He cannot even as much fake a grin,

“It’s good to see you Mr. Dlomo, we don’t see you often” Mamajara say to the delightful Mtho,

“I don’t get along with wolves so I make sure to keep my distance” they both share light laughter,

“I’m sure ntate Tlali told you that we can’t let you in until Mamolapo is back. The apology must happen right and only then we’ll let you in” Mamajara explains to the gentlemen,

“We understand. Ntate already explained everything. He went to ask the boys to fetch the chairs for us” Mtho is still the one talking. Vulamasango is too enraged to even say a word.

“Who is this pretty little thing standing next to you?” Mamajara finally asks of the bowed girl,

Mtho smile fades away replaced with a heavy sigh,

“My daughter, Snenhlanhla” his tone suddenly sounds guarded,

“Oh she is beautiful. Come in young lady, you have no reason standing outside by the gate. You’ll wait for them inside” Mamajara tries to take her in but Vulamasango finally speaks,

“NO” his tone comes final. He leaves no room to be asked why. Mamajara glares at Mtho who somehow looks saddened.

“I’ll go ask the help to bring you some refreshments. It must have been a long drive from the zulu lands” Mtho offers her a tight smile as she leaves. Vulamasango is obviously angry. This is not going to how she planned. Things might get a bit out of hand.

“Is that Mamolapo’s father?” Nkhono Kholu sneaks on her while she makes way back to the house,

“Eya mme” (Yes....) she say with a sigh, she honestly doesn’t need her poking her nose today,

“Why are they standing by the gate with a goat? Did she do something? Why didn’t you tell us?” this is all happening at a wrong time,

“Mamolapo didn’t do anything. Her father is the one to apologise. He mistakenly called me by my first name the last time he was here” she lies. Unfortunately the women council know the tradition of the house. Apologies and welcomes happen right at the entrance before their ancestors.

“Oh I see” Mamajara hopes she stay out of this one,

“We’ll have a word with her father since he is already here” she adds with a smile that Mamajara also returns. In everything they are doing she understands because she also walked the same road but what she knows is that even if they find Mamolapo not fit to stand by their king, hell will break lose. There is no Seeiso without his star.

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KHWEZI

I’m a bit surprised coming back home finding my fathers sitting by the gate. I know why they are here but I don’t know what Sne is doing here. She has grown. She looks beautiful and radiant.

“You can drop me here bhuti Fox” I might as well remain here because I know the apology has to happen here.

He jogs around the car to get my door and bow. I offer him a tight smile as I take in much needed breath. I know my

father is pissed. Last night when I spoke to him he said he wishes I wasn't his daughter. It hurt me to hear my own father say that but I guess I deserve that.

I find comfort in babMtho being here. I know he'll calm my father down.

They haven't seen me. I sneak up behind them and blindfold BabMtho with my hand from behind. He smiles,

"My girl!"

"My guy!" he tries to hold my hands but I'm quick to remove the burned one. The doctor said it's really burned and it will take time before it heals.

I'm floating in the air as my guy embraces me. I hadn't realised I missed him this much. I cling on him for dear life before he finally set me free,

"Oh princess!" I don't like the sadness in his eyes. I know his happy self. Yes he is happy to see me but there is sadness in his eyes I cannot explain,

"BAFO SIT DOWN!" my father growls. It comes as a command that babMtho receive with a heavy sigh and takes his sit.

I'm too nervous to look at my father. Sne and I are not close. I think it's the age thing and me staying this side but we are still sisters at the end of the day so I hug her and she hugs me back"

"You have grown!" she smiles, dropping her eyes. I don't know if she is shy or she is trying to avoid eye contact with me but she is definitely older and I know nothing about her.

The last I have to greet is the bully father of mine. I wonder why mama didn't come. Maybe she is just as disappointed. She hasn't called but I know baba told her what I did,

"Baba" my voice comes wobbly. I cannot look in his eyes but I sum up the courage to do and I regret it immediately. Not because of the hate I see in his eyes but because of what looking in him just did to me.

The anger I have for this man stem from my blood. I hate him!

"KHWEZI!" he is on his feet calling behind me as I walk off,

"Fuck off Vulamasango!" I mean the words. I hate that man.

"I'm going to kill this bitch of mine" the mighty vulamasango calling his own daughter a bitch? I clap hands for him,

"Let's see you try. My husband is a wolf and he'll eat your ass up....."

"KHWEZIIII!!" babMtho calls me out. He is holding my father who is trying to escape his grip to kill me, as if he could. I roll my eyes folding my arms to my chest.

"Tell Vulamasango to behave. This is not his house. I'll go get Mme Mamajara so we can get this over with and he leaves me alone" babMtho is appalled I think. I don't blame him but he needs to put that little brother of his order. I'm the queen here and no one will tell me what to do.

The rush in my blood is unexplainable. I want to choke something or someone....i feel it who. I want her dead. So I turn back to her fuming husband,

"Where is mama?!" babMtho frowns as I come back,

“Where is that whore of yours vula.....” the words don’t all make it out. He jumped me. I feel myself block up in every way as my own father strangles me!

“VULAMASANGO!!!” babMtho is trying to get him off me but he is just too strong,

“DLOMO! NOT IN MY YARD!” ntate Tlali appears amongst the audience we acquired. He stomps his walking stick down and my father stops killing me.

My neck feels like it’s been set on fire. Now I’m adamant that I hate this man. Even trying to catch my breath I still want him dead,

“Mamolapo!” Ntate Tlali bends to me inspecting my neck,

“What’s wrong with you?” he continues to ask glaring at my father,

“My daughter is dead. That’s no daughter of mine”

“I’m not your daughter vele” I don’t even want to be his daughter. I want him to die!

“SHUT UP!” ntate Tlali seethes. He barks at me,

“That’s not how we carry ourselves here. This is your father damn it!” oh his taking his side now?

“Come inside Dlomo. This apology will not happen today. You both need to calm down and talk this through” Ntate Tlali suggest giving Vulamasango his hand,

“Let’s go inside Mamolapo!” he adds to me again

“THE SHOW IS OVER PEOPLE!!” Ntate Tlali shouts. Everyone had stopped to watch. I don’t care anyway. My only

regret is that Kholu writing in that book of theirs with a smile on her face. One would swear she won a lottery.

Mme Mamajara is staring at me with a sigh when we finally make it inside. I think she was watching from up here. Lerato is standing by her side. She shuffles towards me and try to touch on my arm,

“Are you okay?” she whispers. When did we become friends again?

“Don’t annoy me!” She pops her eyes, attempt to say something but I guess she sees it in my eyes that hell will rain on her.

“Everyone let’s sit down” ntate Tlali advises as we all settle in the lounge. He is the only elder of the house available. Ntate Moletsane and Mabataung went somewhere last night and didn’t come back. Nkhono Mabereng was said to not feeling well this morning.

He takes in a deep breath when everyone has sat down,

“Dlomo I understand you’re angry but this is not how you handle things. Let’s sit down as a family and talk things through. Not strangle one another”

“Ntate Tlali I appreciate what you’re trying to do but I’m beyond myself with that thing. I’m taking that thing with and I’m going to kill it myself” Vulamasango points at me with so much hate in his eyes,

“When you say that thing you’re talking about me?” I mean I’m no thing, not even to him,

“MAMOLAPO!” ntate Tlali is always shouting at me but not my father,

“You see what I mean? She is disrespectful, Ill-mannered and fucking little bitch that doesn’t deserve to stand by Seeiso on the throne” I can’t say his words hurt me, I sense jealousy. My own father jealous of me. sies!

“I agree with you on that one my king” the words comes from Kholu walking into a room,

“She is not fit to be our queen” she adds taking an empty couch by my father,

“Thank you nkhono. I agree with you. That’s why I brought a solution to this mess” Vulamasango better not test me,

“You wanted a queen from my house, right?” he glares at ntate Tlali who slowly nods trying to make sense,

“I have no girls in my house. They are all still so young. Princess Snenhlanhla Dlomo is the only one of age and who can fulfil this whore’s duties in this house and.....” the whore is me? He points at me. I allow them time to think they are taking me down. So this is why they brought Sne. She is stupid if she agreed to this nonsense,

“King Dlomo with all due respect the kingdom is capable of choosing their own queen” Kholu interjects him,

“We have a fine maiden at our house of purity. Her name is Keneiloe and I think she will be fit to stand by our king. Not another Dlomo hoot rat that might also show us flames at the taste of power” this kholu bitch!

“Hoot rat ke mao!”(.....is your mother!) gasp! My sotho is perfect. I needed her to understand that. I have spent enough years in Lesotho so speak Sesotho perfectly

“You see! That’s it” she claps her hand standing

“I’m calling them to bring Keneiloe. You can take all your brats king Dlomo” she produces her phone from her breast walking out,

“I don’t know if Seeiso will choose this Keneu girl or Sne here. But I cleared my entire week to stay here and solve this mess. I hope you’ll receive me while we wait for him to come back”

Ntate Tlali sighs shaking his head as Vulamasango storms out,

“Do you have black label in the house?” poor babMtho’s voice is spooked, he looks at Ntate Tlali,

“Whiskey?” ntate Tlali

“No. I want a beer. I need plug right this instant or else I’ll lose my mind. Black label beer is very efficient” babMtho

Ntate Tlali sighs,

“Let me introduce you to Maluti, I think it will do” they better share that Maluti with Vulamasango!

CHAPTER 35

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

MOLETSANE

He had to come back. He really wanted to hold Mabataung's hand on her new journey and guide her but his spirit pointed him back home. He knew shit was going down when his bottom lip kept trembling. For him that's a sign that he is going to shout.

He went straight to his hut so he sees through his crystal bottle what truly transpired. Everything was shown to him like a movie and all he could think of was poor Mamolapo paying for her father's sins.

This man is not aware of what he is become and unfortunately it has brought a blanket his whole house. This is the only reason he can think of because he cannot understand why bab Gumende can't see anything happening in their yards. The only reason has to be the king driven by darkness and that is Vulamasango Dlomo.

He knows Seeiso would do anything for the love of his life. He makes this phone call on his behalf and hope for the best as the phone rings.

'Ntate Kubeka!' Moletsane greets when Vulamasango's elder picks up,

'Ntate Moletsane, this is a surprise, how are you?' Uncle Kay joyfully asks,

'I can't say I'm fine ntate Kubeka' he releases an exhausted sigh

‘Your house has turned into souls playground and now it’s affecting my house’ ntate Moletsane continues to add,

‘I...i..i don’t follow ntate Moletsane’ uncle Kay stutters in confusion,

‘Dlomo killed again’ Moletsane utters the words that renders uncle Kay numb,

‘He killed again and now our queen to be is paying dearly for his mistakes’

‘MASENDE KAVULA!’ (Vula’s testicles!) Uncle kay curses in anger. Vulamasango was warned never to spill blood again but he went and did it,

‘Let’s not curse ntate but rather find a solution to this mess because Mamolapo is possessed by her mother’s spirit that was revived and made follow him when he killed the person he recently killed’

‘My apologies ntate Moletsane. Vulamasango pisses me off. He doesn’t listen. He knows that his children always suffer for his shit. Mkhonto is what he is today because of him and now my beautiful pretty please baby girl!’ he is beside himself. He holds a stifled laughter as he thinks of the ‘pretty please’ memories he has of that girl,

‘What can I do to fix the mess my son has created ntate Moletsane?’ Uncle Kay asks after he contains himself,

‘Please come. Bring MaDlomo and Gumede along. This needs to be fixed very soon before more damage happens in your house. The worst part is that it doesn’t affect the devil himself but his family’ Ntate Moletsane say,

‘What about the children? Won’t you need to see them and strengthen them against this souls you say lurk around the house?’

‘No. Gumede will do that. His powers will be restored once I have washed him. Right now he cannot see anything because he is blinded by this souls that the king brought in your house’ Uncle Kay heaves a sigh. At least the mess can be fixed but at what cost?

‘Thank you so much ntate Moletsane’ uncle kay,

‘Anything for our friends Dlomo. Please come here as soon as you can because we need to fix this mess before the inauguration’ Moletsane advises,

‘We’ll be there first thing tomorrow morning’ that’s what he wants to hear,

‘Malume zulu!’ he drops the call and take a moment to breathe before he finally goes to the house.

His peace was disturbed. He wanted to see Mabataung come out and claim what really runs in her blood. But here he is, mending walls after a grown ass man that was told never to kill again.

“Oh ntate Moletsane!” Mamajara is the first to see him walk through the doors. She sits with Mamolete and the shameful Mamolapo who cannot even look at him. She keeps her eyes at the baby in her arms and not look at him,

“It’s a mess!” Mamajara utters trying to pull him off the lounge,

“I know. Get them back in the house” Mamajara doesn’t ask because she knows that he already knows.

She sighs and walk out of the house to call them.

“Mamolapo” ntate Moletsane try to find her eyes as he sits down on the couch,

“Yebo” she doesn’t pick her eyes

“I know you wanted to see me this morning but I had other commitments. Do you want to see me now?” his head bends a little because he really wants to look in her eyes but she maintains eye contact subjected on the floors,

“NO”

Ntate Moletsane smirks. This is not Mamolapo but the spirit of her mother. Sometimes it’s her, sometimes it’s her mother. It just takes shifts with her. That ‘No’ is not from Mamolapo but the spirit denying her to see him.

“Khwezi you said you wanted to see ntate Moletsane today” Mamolete reminds her,

“Leave me alone!” she storms off with her baby in her arms,

“Let her be Mamolete!” Ntate Moletsane advises Mamolete who was trying to go after her,

“What happened last night that made her agree to see me?” she must have been herself without the spirit. Right now the spirit is all over,

“I...i..can’t say but she was really herself last night” Mamolete doesn’t want to betray her friend. Trust is already an issue in their friendship,

“You have to tell me ngwanaka. Whatever happened last night made her take power over the spirit possessing her. We can use that to pull her out of that spirit” Lerato frowns,

“What spirit? She is possessed?” she asks in shock,

Ntate Moletsane nods with a sigh,

“Spirits are funny. They take all of you. Your character, your personality, your behaviour and sometimes even your spouse. We all can advocate that Mamolapo hasn’t really been who we know her to be, right?” Lerato nods,

“This spirit has taken all of her. It reflects what it is through her. She is angry because she is possessed by an angry spirit of her mother. Now I’m telling you this to understand how important is it for you to tell me what happened for her to overpower the spirit, even if it was just for a night. I can use that to help her” Lerato finds herself in a position that’s going to test them yet again. Even the last time she was just trying to help,

She sighs,

“She almost burned her son last night. I think the horror of almost burning her son made her go through different emotions that took over the anger” Ntate Moletsane smiles,

“You’re a good friend. Thank you” she nods with a sigh though she is not sure of how her friend will react to her telling the truth,

“Tell everyone to come to the hut. I’ll be waiting on them”
Lerato nods watching him leave.

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IN THE HUT

Ntate Moletsane asked him to go fetch water with a bottle using his own hand. He didn't argue but did as told even though he doesn't understand why he has to consult for his daughter's unruly behaviour.

An exhausted sigh leaves ntate Moletsane when he finally opens his eyes. He had been praying if that is praying holding the water he asked Vulamasango to go fetch. All his suspicions are exactly as he had thought. Bab Gumede is really blindfolded by the mother of the son Dlomo killed. Darkness lurks behind king Dlomo.

"Dlomo do you know what you left the last time you were here?" Vulamasango frowns

"I left nothing!"

"You left a spirit. A spirit that is driving this house crazy"

"Your guides are misguiding you. I carry no spirits" Dlomo defends himself,

Ntate Moletsane shakes his head and continue to ask,

"Dlomo. What happened the last time you killed the man that tried to kiss your wife?" Vulamasango frowns stealing a glance at his brother. He is accompanied by Mtho and ntate Tlali,

"My son turned into a monster"

"And you were warned. You promised not to spill blood again. Especially now that your king. Do you know what happens when a king spills blood?" Vulamasango drops his head,

“I do”

“Then why did you kill the man you just killed recently?”
ntate Moletsane

“He was a son to the old woman that’s fucking up my son’s life. He didn’t want to give up his mother’s location so I killed him” Dlomo

ntate Moletsane shakes his head,

“And that’s your reason?”

“Yes! This woman has turned my son into her little prostitute!” he seethes,

“And this woman is very powerful. She owns a school of the elite supernatural of Africa. And wena Rambo with you knife you went and cut her son’s throat out. Do you know what the fuck you did Vulamasango?!” Mtho fails to hold his laughter. Ntate Moletsane hardly curse and seeing him so worked up really tickles him,

“Don’t laugh because you’re always your brother’s keeper and you keep even shit. Do you both know who the wolverine is?” Mtho contains himself,

“Did it ever occur to the both of you that Mkhonto is doing what he is doing willingly?” the two look at each other with frowns,

“Mkhonto would not do that. That woman turned my son into her little bitch that can’t say no to her” Dlomo,

“Did you tell Majara this? He could have helped you without angering that powerful woman”

“Ntate Moletsane in case you forgot. Mjay is my son’s father in law. Do you think Majara would still agree for his daughter to be married to my son after he finds out that my son was fucking his wrinkled teacher since he was 14? I handled that the best way I saw fit. She messes with my boy and I mess with hers. An eye for an eye. Pity her son couldn’t handle the dick knife I shoved down his ass” Dlomo spits with no regret whatsoever,

“Yerrrr!” ntate Tlali exclaims,

“You really shoved a knife down his.....” it’s cringing even thinking of it,

“Yes. And I slit her son’s throat and packaged it to her”

“Bona hee Rambo. That old woman you pissed is coming for you and she is coming for all your family, starting with your children. She is coming for them in order, starting with the oldest” Dlomo frowns,

“She started with your daughter” Moletsane adds,

“KHWEZI!” both Mtho and Vula exclaim,

“She went and fetched the one spirit that is connected to your daughter to come destroy her. She wants her to slit her own throat out after driving you crazy. Your own daughter is going to kill herself taking her throat out so you feel the same pain she felt” silence takes over the room. He really hadn’t thought that Khwezi is also suffering for his mistakes,

“Ntate Moletsane what are you saying?”

“I’m saying your daughter is possessed by her mother spirit that was brought on to her by the wolverine. You left the

spirit here the last time you were here. She brought every soul you ever killed in your yard. You're lucky you have a powerful baby girl who keeps fighting those things every night but that's all she can do for now. Mhambi is still a child. Six years old already fighting to keep daddy safe.

The wolverine wants to take everyone you love away from you. She wants them all to suffer before they slit their own throats right before your eyes" Vulamasango is lost for words,

"And not only that. Your seer is affected as well. The wolverine has blinded him. He can't see shit because his Rambo king decided to kill the son of the most powerful woman in the continent"

"Ntate Mole....." ntate Moletsane stops him raising his hand before him,

"I'm not going to help you. I'll help your family because they deserve none of the things that's about to happen to them. I need you to tell your uncle to bring soil from the grave where you buried Khwezi's mother" Dlomo and Mtho hisses,

"What?" Ntate Moletsane looks between them,

"Eish. Kasesotho we say remoleme, there is no grave!" (...we ploughed her,.....) Mtho explains

"WHAT?!" Moletsane and Tlali shocked!

"Tell me there is another way to help my daughter" Dlomo is close to tears as he begs Moletsane who shakes his head.

CHAPTER 36

SURELY BUT GENTLY, BEAUTIFUL RELATIONSHIPS SHALL BLOSSOM WITH TIME

IN THE HUT

“Please” the pain carrying that word is heart-breaking. It’s rare and definitely not an appealing sight for a man of Vulamasango’s calibre to beg like that.

“I didn’t think my daughter would.....” words fail him but he takes in a deep breath to collect himself,

“I didn’t think that my children will suffer for me trying to protect one of them”

Ntate Moletsane sighs. One thing about Vula, even when you want to write him off, you just can’t. He is a stubborn strong headed piece of work but one just can’t help to give him chances over chances,

“Do you know a man called Isaac Newton?” Moletsane questions,

Vula frowns,

“The school dude?” at least Mtho is got a clue

“You learned about him in grade 2” Mtho continues to add shocking ntate Moletsane and ntate Tlali,

“Which school did you go to?” Ntate Tlali asks shocked. He is a well-educated old man who was once a lawyer before the throne. He is shocked, thinking it must have been a private school, maybe they teach laws at grade two in private schools,

“Inkomazi primary school” that’s no private school, there is no private school that is called Inkomazi. They should have called it Milk primary school if they wanted to name it after milk,

“What does my grade 2 education have anything to do with everything? I’m too old to remember school work” Vula continues to ask. Mtho is bad influence, he is convinced him that Isaac newton was part of his grade 2 syllabus.

Ntate Moletsane chuckles shaking his head,

“I sure know that no milk named school teaches Isaac Newton’s laws at grade two but we are not there.....” the old man is mocking his education but he’ll give him a pass today,

“Sir Isaac Newton was a mathematician, physicist, astronomer the list is endless. But with your Inkomazi education I’ll say he was a very smart man that made a lot of things about the world as a whole make sense”

Vulamasango narrows his eyes, this one is sure looking down at Inkomazi,

“Why are we talking about some smart pants fool I don’t know?” at least he is asking the right question,

“I want us to dwell more on his third law. I love that law and I always use to make creatures like you understand that actions have consequences”

Vulamasango sighs, now he is reduced to a creature

“Isaac Newton’s third law states that for every action there is a reaction. I love putting it simple like that because it’s

easy that way but means everything. When you apply that law to life in general, it means that for everything you do, something or someone will react to it. It means that actions have consequences. Be it good or bad but for every action, there will be a reaction. Do you understand what I'm trying to say Vulamasango?" Ntate Moletsane emphasise staring in his eyes.

"I hear you ntate. I do but please tell what would you have done if you found out that a woman who was supposed to be a mentor to your son has been sleeping with him from the age of 14? 14 ntate Moletsane? Do you think my son consented to be sexed at 14? No. She basically raped him and made him think it was okay for her to....." He trails off, the rape subject is very sensitive for him,

Mtho touches his shoulder and continues for him,

"She turned Mkhonto into a sadist. Introduced him to things that made him think that pleasure means beating up your spouse. She did that to him because she wanted someone to rough her up and now....." words fail Mtho as well, Mkhonto's issue is just too heavy for them

"I hear both of you and I understand where you come from but killing people with your own hands is never the answer. Especially now that you sit on the throne. There are ways to kill people out there but don't let your hand be the one to take life. Send them to death but don't be the one to do it, do you understand that?!"

Dlomo nods with a sigh,

“Good. Now lets’ talk about Mamolapo. I’ll try my best to help even though it’s not going to be easy now that we don’t have the soil from her mother’s grave. I would have just used the soil to chase the spirit of her but now we have to resort to more drastic measures”

“Drastic measures?” Vula asks with fear written on his face,

“Yes. It’s not going to be easy. She is going to suffer greatly and she is going to need her father. I just learned that the spirit has taken over her mind and soul but not her body as yet”

“What does that mean?” Mtho asks,

“It means there is still a chance to save her. When a spirit takes over your mind and soul the chances of being saved are greater than when it completely takes over your mind, soul and body. Once it takes her body it will flee with her and make her do things she wouldn’t even do. Fortunately for Mamolapo it hasn’t gotten that bad. We just have to dread carefully around her and not anger her more because once she gets too angry, she’ll carry her anger and the spirit’s anger and that will make the spirit take control of her body which is something we don’t want to come at. She is fine now with it possessing her mind and soul only, and I can help her using Bereng, apparently is his mother’s weakness”

“Ntate Moletsane how do we get Zonke out of my daughter and how soon can we do it?” Vula asks desperation loud in his tone,

“I take it Zonke is her mother’s name?” Moletsane asks,

He nods with a sigh,

“You killed her in a cruel manner. She is one angry spirit that doesn’t even feel for her daughter. She wants her dead to spite you. So I suggest we dread carefully around Mamolapo. I saw what was happening but I let her be because we don’t want the spirit picking that we are on to it. It will flee with her if it picks that we feel it and know that it’s with her. Best thing to do is to pretend like we don’t see what is happening and wait on her husband”

Dlomo frowns,

“I don’t follow, wait on her Seeiso for what? Why can’t we drag her in here and take that thing out of her?”

Ntate Moletsane shakes his head,

“I know you’re her father and I respect that but she is also a married woman. Taking out spirits is very dangerous. It could kill her. I wanted both you and Seeiso to be present and consent to this before I perform the cleansing and separation ceremony” Moletsane

“I’m her father, I say we take the thing out now!”
Vulamasango,

Moletsane sighs,

“Okay Dlomo we can do it but I would feel more comfortable if her husband was here as well but if you insist, I don’t have a problem. The only hurdle we have is getting her in here without alarming the spirit. She must come in here herself and I’ll be able to help her. Spirits are smart. They hide beneath the persons’ soul. That’s why the person appears as who they are but act totally different from what we know

them to be. If we force her in here it might harm her and we don't want that"

"So how do we get her to agree to come see you?" Mtho

"We lure her in using Bereng. Apparently she almost burned her son last night and she was herself for a while. We can put Bereng in harm's way. Make her think she did that to her son. Hopefully she'll be filled with regret and sorrow like she was last night and that overpowers the anger in her. Right there we'll have our Mamolapo back and I can take out the spirit"

"I cannot believe we are going to harm my grandson. I haven't even bought him a pair of sneakers" Dlomo sighs,

"And I'll leave that to your malicious thoughts. Think of something as cruel as you do when you kill people" the sarcasm in Moletsane's tone, he even grins displaying his tobacco smoking teeth

"Now that is out of the way, Dlomo please clarify this for me, what kind of a man are you?" Ntate Tlali questions,

"Ntate Tlali what are you on about now?" Vula,

"To insult and strangle your daughter like that? Was that even necessary and bringing her cousin to take her place? If Seeiso was not satisfied with his wife he would let you know and only then you'd be tasked with giving us a fit queen. When did we say we are not satisfied with Mamolapo for you to just bring her cousin to replace her?"

Vulamasango sighs,

“Ntate Tlali I would strangle Khwezi again and again if she ever told me to fuck off again and call my wife a whore. She is my child and I’ll finish her if she thinks now that she is married she can disrespect me and insult me. Unfortunately I didn’t know she is possessed. I took the insults thinking they came from her and I retaliated back. I was honestly going to kill her, no one not even my own child insults my wife and sees another day”

Ntate Tlali sighs,

“Okay I hear that one but let’s fix the second one, do you realise the animosity you might have caused between your daughters? Why bring another one when we haven’t even complained of Mamolapo?” Ntate Tlali,

“Okay maybe I could have handled that better but ntate Tlali what would you have done when you heard that your daughter insulted her mother in law? I did what I think is best, remove the problem child that constantly embarrasses me to people”

“That’s bull and you know it!” Vula’s jaws drop when ntate Tlali barks at him,

“You owe Mamolapo an apology and please, with all due respect don’t ever touch my daughter in law like that in my house” ntate Tlali,

“It won’t happen again ntate Tlali”

“Good. Let’s all go have dinner. Sne is beautiful but I would like that she leaves with your family after the cleansing. I don’t want Mamolapo thinking we are considering replacing her with her cousin. Is that clear?” All parties involved nods to ntate Tlali,

“You are all excused. I have to start preparing on the herbs to cleanse Gumedede” Moletsane dismisses them out of his hut.

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KHWEZI

It hits her when she washes her burnt hand and dress it. It could have been her son. The pain she feels when she washes her burnt hand just replaces all the angry emotions in her and she is left feeling guilty and regretful. It hurts her so much that this could have been little Sj.

She stands right by the cot watching her little man play with his legs. He is quite a happy child even though he is a bit of a pain since his father left. She didn't know being a mother makes one feel this way but for this little man she would jump in front of bullets.

She is not sure what is happening to her lately. Sometimes she wants to struggle little Bereng when he starts crying. She is not sure where that anger comes from but now that she is herself she questions a lot of things she is been doing lately.

“I'm sorry baby” she kneels by the cot to touch the playing man inside.

He is a child. He doesn't understand the tears falling down his mother's face but he sure can giggle making her wipe the tears away. Now she is smiling past the pain in her heart,

“I bet your going to be the next Messi of the world” she playful say as she caresses Bereng who is kicking his little legs up in the air,

“Mama is really sorry my baby, I’ll never hurt you” hopefully he hears that she never meant to hurt him and will never even think of hurting him,

“I miss daddy so much, I want him to come home now” this is the longest she is been without her husband since they became husband and wife,

There is a slight knock on the door that she responds with come in after quickly wiping on her messy face.

The door gently creaks open. It’s the big sister. A smile breaks on her face as she watches Bohlokoa carefully walk in with a tray. She is a shy but radiant child. Easily gets under one skin. She is not sure when she fell in love with this little girl but now she is sure that her family wouldn’t be complete without her,

She gently places a tray of brewing coffee and a hot pie just by her,

“I made this for you Mme Mamolapo, why are you sad?” she can answer the other one later but this one has to come first,

“You made this for me?” Khwezi is a bit surprised,

Bohlokoa nods

“Why?” she continues to ask still surprised,

“You didn’t eat dinner Mme Mamolapo” another smile captures her. Yes she didn’t avail herself for dinner because

she doesn't have the stomach to look at her father at the moment and she wasn't about to share a table with Sne,

"Thank you baby, come here" she hugs her neck pulling her for a kiss on the forehead.

She wasn't even aware that she is hungry but now that the coffee's aroma and that chicken mushrooms pie hits her sense of smell. She sure feels her stomach complain of hunger,

"I know for a fact you didn't make this" she say biting into her tasteful pie,

Bohlokoa giggle hiding her beautiful face,

"I asked Nkgono to make the pie for me. I only made the coffee" she is cute,

"Thank you my baby, it's very delicious and I love the coffee more" Bohlokoa beams, she likes seeing her happy. She is very nice when she is happy,

"Why are your eye sad Mme Mamolapo, is it me?" guilt consumes her once again. It hurts her that Bohlokoa could see that she wasn't very welcoming of her even though she thought she just made her sad. Bohlokoa's arrival is not one of her proudest moment. She could have handled that better but she let her hate for her mother consume her,

"Listen." She puts down her coffee back on the tray and grab both Bohlokoa's hands,

"You'll never make me sad baby and I was never sad because of you, you hear me?" Bohlokoa is quick to nod with a smile

"Good. Don't ever think you make me sad ever again" she adds and Bohlokoa smiles nodding once again,

“Then why are your eyes sad Mme Malapo” she is very persistent, indeed Seeiso’ breed,

“I hurt myself while cleaning my hand. It was very painful” Bohlokoa cringes, her burn is really bad,

“I’m very sorry Mme Mamolapo”

“It’s okay baby. Please look after your brother, I’ll go put this.....” Bohlokoa doesn’t let her finish. She grabs the tray off Khwezi’s hands before she could even stand,

“I’ll go put it Mme Mamolapo” she gets off the fluffy carpet they sat on and walks towards the door with the empty tray but she stops just by the door and call her out,

“Mme Mamolapo?!”

“Hmm”

“Why can’t kids choose their mothers?” a frown gathers on Khwezi’s face though she is quick to dismiss it,

“I don’t understand baby, what do you mean?”

“I wish I was given a choice to choose my own mother” this is quite odd,

“I would have chosen you if I was given a choice” she adds on continuing to shock Khwezi,

“Would you mind if I ever called you mama?” somethings just catch you by surprise, not that you don’t want to hear them but they just shock to a point of feeling wordless,

“Please Mme Mamolapo, if you don’t mind” her voice comes really desperate,

Khwezi finally sighs and call her back over,

“Come here”

Bohlokoa walks back to her stepmother who pats a space she had occupied earlier next to her,

“You don’t need to ask permission to call me mama. I would be more than thrilled to hear you call me mama”

“Really Mme Mamolapo?” there is tears in her little eyes,

“100% sure. You’re my baby”

“Thank you so much!” Bohlokoa throws herself on her hugging her neck. This moment right here feels priceless for the two,

“I love you baby” Khwezi is just as emotional. She confesses brushing on Bohlokoa’s back,

“I love you too Mme Mamolapo” she doesn’t want to break the hug even though it’s starting to feel a bit more like a choke,

A light knock comes through the door that disturbs their little bonding session,

“Come in!” Khwezi shouts breaking the hug. Bohlokoa is all a mess of blush dropping her eyes. Khwezi shakes her head smiling back,

Mamajara walks in. She is always been a warm woman. Even now when she doesn’t have to be warm to her she is. Her grace just fills up the room.

“Hlokoa, give me and Mme Mamolapo some privacy my baby” she takes the couch in the room,

“Okay nkgono” Bohlokoa collects her tray and walk out,

“I’m glad you ate” Mamajara say to her trying to find her eyes,

She cannot even as much look in her eyes. She is not sure what came over her to disrespect Mamajara like that. She is nothing but sweet and treat all her daughter in laws the same. She doesn’t have a favourite when it comes to them,

“Can we talk my baby?” she wants her to look at her. Traditionally Mamajara is not supposed to even utter a word to her until she is apologised before their forefathers but she can see that this woman is going through a lot and she needs nothing but assurance more,

“I’m here for Sj and to clarify the dinner mess” she adds. She promised to sleep with Bereng until her hand heals,

“What happened at dinner mme?” Khwezi asks still not able to maintain eye contact,

“You weren’t there and I wasn’t happy with that”

Khwezi sighs,

“I’m sorry mme”

Mamajara shakes her head,

“Don’t apologise. I’m not happy because you had to miss dinner just so you can accommodate your fathers and cousin” it stings that her family already brought someone to replace her,

She bites on her bottom lip to prevent the tears threatening her eyes,

“Look at me” Mamajara commands and she does as told,

“You’re not going anywhere, no one is replacing you. You hear me?” she nods,

“Your cousin is nothing but that in this house. Our queen to be’s cousin. She sat on that dinner table because she is with your fathers. Not because we are actually considering that nonsense. When your father leaves he’ll take her with. If my son feels that he wants another wife, he’ll do it himself but he’ll have to go through me as well” Khwezi laughs. Mamajara never supported the polygamy nonsense. Even her husband died a man married to only her,

“Thank you so much mme” she needed to hear that. Somehow she thought they are actually welcoming Sne when she was offered a sit at dinner,

“Now stop sulking. No one is taking your place. Give me my grandson I want to go to sleep” Khwezi smiles getting up to pack Bereng’s bag but then she remembers,

“You’re going to sleep with the triplets as well?” Mabataung is still not back,

“Yes”

She shakes her head no,

“That’s too much. I’ll handle Bereng”

“Mamolapo that hand is really bad” Mamajara argues,

“I’ll be fine mme I promise. Plus Bohlokoa super sister is always happy to help with her brother” the two laugh,

“Okay, if you say so but please, If you feel you cannot handle him bring him” Khwezi smiles and stare at her until she is out of the door. She such an effortless soul.

There is some ululating happening outside. She was about to wash up and go find Bohlokoa so they can sleep but the joyful screams going on outside call her to the balcony. The palace lights shines too bright even in darkness. Her eyes are represented by that nkholo Kholu with a couple of girls walking towards the palace. She is brought her ‘maiden’ as well. She cannot see her clearly because she is covered with a blanket.

Right in that moment anger takes all of her once again. She can feel her entire body vibrate in anger. Her hands tremble aching to squeeze the life out of someone. Before she can question her thinking her body jumps. She jumps right on top of a group of girls accompanying their maiden.

CHAPTER 37

THE RESURRECTION OF A WHITE WITCHIES

MABATAUNG

This place is quite far. They have been on the road for an entire night and half a day. It doesn't help that they had to leave the car far behind by the road because they had to dwell inside a dense forest that couldn't accommodate a vehicle. She is only with her son on this quest. Ntate Moletsane had to go back but she still remember all his teachings in her head.

As a mother she didn't want to show Lerotholi the fear that attacked her when they parked their car just by his father's rover that was also parked outside the forest by the road. When they approached the forest she was happy to see her husband's car but the way her body shivered with chills when she came close to the car she sensed that something very foreign was in the car.

Lupus presence does nothing to her. It's her wolf, she is well acquainted with it but whatever was in the car with her husband belongs in hell. Now she is definitely worried of her husband's safety but she doesn't want to show her little man who is more than happy to be on this adventure with her. But then again she keeps assuring herself that she would somehow know if something vicious had happened to her husband.

Surviving out of the forest they walked another long distance to a mountain that almost looked like a hill from afar. But now that they are on top of the mountain, she realises that it's not a hill as she had thought. They stand right on top of the mountain and the forest that welcomed them now looks miles away from them. The forest stands miles away as if it's a separation from two different worlds.

Standing on top of this mountain the only thing she sees from up here is a dark layer beneath the mountain that looks like another forest of some sort. Lerotholi tells her that's where she'll find his father.

Questions haunt her of how her husband ended up in there but knowing the wolf she married, he'll go even in hell to save those he loves.

She stands in thoughts caressing her skin that is not welcoming of the mean wind dressing this place. She is waiting on her little man who promised to feed her. This journey wasn't planned so they forgot to pack some food and water but her mysterious young man told her not to worry.

Oh here he comes. He comes back butt naked. It means he had to transform and his mother sees why with the poor animal fighting for its life in his grip.

His father told him that his duty is to be responsible for his mother and family when he is not around. So he went hunting to feed his own mother when she complained of hunger. It should be the other way round but Mabataung is no wolf and she has no hunting skills in her. The wolf with her transformed and went for a hunt so they can eat.

“Here mama” the smile that captures her when she hears him call her mama, it hardly happens and she is going to savour this moments for life.

He give her a leaf that is folded to make a cone. The oval base of a leaf cone is built like that of an ice cream cone. Mabataung is a bit hesitant. She is human from head to toe, she is not about to eat some wolf things she knows nothing about.

“What’s this?” she takes the cone in question only to gasp grateful when she sees pure sparkling water fill the leaf cone. What a clever little boy!

She gulps, drink water from the leaf cone like her life depends on it. It actually do but hey.....

“Thank you papa, where did you get the water? I swear it’s the purest tasteful water I have ever had” a smirk forms on her son’s face. Now she is definitely worried. She could have asked before drinking that water,

“What if I say it’s my pee?” Lerotholi,

Mabataung pops her eyes in shock. He wouldn’t,

He laughs,

“You should see your face right now mama, its mountain water. The purest water with all the minerals needed in water” thank god! She releases a sigh of relief. Mountain water doesn’t sound like something nasty.

“Here! Dress up baby” she takes of her jacket to dress the young man. Obviously his clothes torn apart when he transformed,

“No mama, you need that more than I do. I’m very warm in this state” true. One of the shape shifters characteristics is that they have really high temperatures. He might be heating up, especially now that he had just transformed,

“Mama I suggest you sleep. Breakfast will be ready when you wake up” he is peeling the rabbit skin alive like he is just peeling orange. The poor animal is wincing in pain but there is no screaming coming from it. He is got its neck strangled in his strong grip restricting it from making a sound. This somehow doesn’t look fine in Mabataung’s eyes. Maybe if it was dead it wouldn’t look like a sin,

“Why don’t you kill it first?” Mabataung doesn’t see herself eating a rabbit that was skinned alive. He could have at least snapped its neck or something,

“It’s very tasteful when you roast it alive. There is some natural salts that comes from all the crying it did internally. The internal tears spices the meat inside making it more tasteful when roasted alive” Mabataung cringes. Now she is sure she is not going to eat the rabbit. He is too happy and so alive in the forest. He is even got a sense of humour,

“How are you going to make fire?” roasting meat needs fire,

“Don’t worry about. Please sleep mama, you’ll wake up fresh with fresh ideas. Breakfast will waiting on you when you wake up” Mabataung sighs shaking her head. One thing he is right about is that she needs to be well refreshed to channel her powers but she is not going to eat a rabbit meat that was skinned alive and roasted alive.

Sleep is what she needs before anything else.

She gathers herself on hard rock stones of the earth that form the mountain. Sleep might be difficult to come considering that she is not comfortable. But to her surprise she feels her eyes grow heavy and heavy with sleep like she is drugged.

Ntate Moletsane's teachings comes through her head.

“Don't let your thoughts consume you. Be in control of your thoughts even when sleeping to be shown” he advised.

Now that she is taken on this journey, ntate Moletsane told her that she will sleep every now and then. She should be able to differentiate between normal sleep to rest her body or gifted sleep to show her things. This one is definitely the one to be shown, there is no way she could fall asleep so fast on rocks and cold.

“When you sleep to be shown, be in touch with your body. Let it go where it supposed to be but still find your way back to your body when you have finished your task” he also advised again.

He was explaining the last night incident when she slept taking all her body and soul into the dream. Some gifted people never come back from that. It's important for one to be in tune with their original body even when in sleep.

She feels her soul travel out of her body. It's an internal experience only the gifted can understand. She is not dead but she can feel herself travel. She'll find her way back to her body. She looks at her body sleeping before she follows the dream taking her.

In her dream she finds herself in a dark phase. There is nothing but darkness that blankets the space where she is. She is not sure how she got here and what to do but she knows that she was brought in here for a purpose. Fear is not in her emotions. Ntate Moletsane was adamant about that one.

“The gifted don’t give into fear. We don’t know fear. Replace the emotion of fear with challenge when you’re in that state. Take what’s brought before you as a challenge not fear” he had advised.

She takes in a deep breath. Closes her eyes to chase all the fear out of her and look at this darkness as an obstacle she must conquer. Indeed fear leaves her be when she focuses her mind on this being a challenge. Now she is in tune and ready to find out why she is really here,

“Helloo!!” she calls out loud,

“Anybody here!!” she calls again but nothing comes for her response,

She sighs. On her neck she touches the white feather she was given by Nkgono Mamolete. She tied the feather to her neck piece because she didn’t want to lose it. She knew it was going to be needed somehow,

“I’m here, please show me the way” now she speaks to the feather in her hand. It’s a white feather that glows even in this dark surface she finds herself in. It doesn’t look like a bird feather, it’s too big and too radiant to be a bird feather,

“I don’t know who you are or what you are but I know you’re not just a feather and I ask that you guide me and show me the way” she continues to beg the soft light material in her hand.

A frown gathers on her face when she hears something like a horse neighing. The sound comes from a bit of a distant but it keeps getting closer and closer until she sees something that comes to her sight as a bright light approaching to hit her.

Her first instinct is to run but she knows better now. She stands her ground chasing the fear out of her and wait.

The bright light glows in darkness just like the feather in her hand. It keeps growing bigger and brighter with more space decreasing as the light comes closer to her. She still stands.

Now the bright light stands couple of feet away from her. It shines too bright close she cannot see what it is but it’s big. The neighing sound of a horse fills the space again. There is some flapping of wings as well that she cannot tell where it comes from.

Gently and carefully she walks to the lights. Her jaws drop in shock as she nearer the bright light. It’s a Pegasus. A white winged horse. It’s radiant and captivating. The feathers on its wings matches the one she is got in hand. It’s one beautiful creature she never thought she would see in life.

She stands stunned and in disbelief staring at the beautiful horse. She still doesn’t move as it rounds her neighing as if it’s calling out something. It’s a beautiful creature that lights

up the darkness. She still cannot tell where she is but now she feels surrounded by shine.

“Finally you honour us with your grace mother of wolves” the words echoes in a dark phase almost startling her but she knows better. She doesn’t let fear a room in her emotions. She looks around but she cannot see where the words comes from. The horse is still by her side neighing and flapping its wings,

“Who are you? Can I see you please?” she asks with a tone that comes short and careful,

“Unfortunately you cannot see us”

“Us?” it means there is more of them,

“Yes us, who hold your gift mother of wolves” the tone is different from the one that spoke first. There is definitely more people in here if it’s correct to say so but she cannot see anyone,

“Are you finally ready to resurrect the white witches through your bloodline mother of wolves?” this tone comes gravely but authoritative at the same time,

“I am ready to fulfil my task on this world” she answers,

“We thank you for your honour and agreeing to give our kind a chance to live again through your bloodline” it’s the same gravely tone,

“I’m honoured as well. If I may ask, what exactly is my purpose?” she asks,

“Yours mother of wolves is to bring what was done in darkness to light. White witches are nothing but pure. We shame those who took our powers and made evil things with it. We bring light to what witches did in darkest of nights. We are called white witches because light is in our grace. Anything evil we have the power to undo it. That’s all we are”

“Who do I save? Can I help anyone?” she asks,

“You can help anyone of your liking even though some journeys we’ll choose for you and show you who to help from where. After we have given this power to you, you’ll be able to undo anything that was done in darkness by evil. Do accept the power of the white witches’ mother of wolves?” she nods but she is quick to remember that maybe they might need to hear her voice,

“I accept”

“We thank you once again mother of wolves” the tone comes again,

“Before we hand over the power, there are few things we need to ask you” she keeps her silence so they continue,

“You are the last of our kind and the only one to pass on white witch instinct to the next generation. For our power to live on and not die with us, we ask that you pass it on to your daughter when she reaches the age 21. We know she is wolf but she is also human. She can pass on the power to her daughter and then we’ll live on through your bloodline”

“Why does it have to be her? I have boys as well” Mabataung asks,

“White witch gift doesn’t imprint in male species. It’s a female power and we want to keep it that way for reasons we cannot share with you right now. But you’ll see and understand why when you continue to serve as the last white witch” it doesn’t sound like anything creepy and Tlotla as her only daughter we’ll sure flourish with this gift,

“I agree” there is silence after she agrees to pass on the gift to her daughter when she reaches 21,

“We thank you once again mother of wolves” the tone finally comes once again,

“Next to you is Pegasus Grace. She is your keeper and your means of transport. She’ll take you to any realm you’re needed in a space of minutes. She is more than the word fast. She is a keeper of a white witch. We white witches don’t ride brooms, we ride the last greek stallions to ever grace the earth. Do you understand Grace’s purpose to you?” this means the winged horse is coming with her,

“I do”

“You’ll save that feather for when you pass on your gift to your daughter. Grace is now one with you. No one can see her but you. When you need her, day or night, you say this words; ‘Pegasus Grace, the last greek stallion of the earth, I call upon you’ she will come and you’ll ride her to your destination. No one will see you or her unless you summon her to show face. Do you understand?” now the drive in her vein cannot wait to test ride Pegasus Grace,

“I understand”

“We cannot thank you enough Mabataung mme wa boMolapo barollong baBoreneng” (Praises) a smile captures her face,

“Accept your gift and use it for its purpose” she nods.

“I’m honoured to be the one to resurrect the white witches” she says proud and sure of herself.

In the dark phase a cloud of white forms above her head. It looks thunderous and about to strike and it does before she can move. A flash of lightning from the thunder hits her right on her head and shifts her from where she was to where she slept. She wakes right by her son eating the rabbit. She is back and she knows what to do.

CHAPTER 38

BRINGING LUPUS HOME

IN A REALM OF WOLVES HELL

They haven't really figured how to get out of this phase. They are really trapped. Amaruq had to die with a mission. He did his evil things to be the only one who knows a way out. So far they only have Rifer who can fly out. He is still with them trying to find a way out of the realm of wolves' hell. He is their last hope. If they still can't figure a way out by tomorrow, they'll release him to go ask for help to Moletsane. Hopefully Moletsane the great royal seer can do a thing or two to get them the hell out of here.

They have been cracking their heads but nothing is coming to mind. For now they choose to wait the night out and patrol the place in brought daylight. Maybe they find some sort of clue that will help then get back to the world they know. But for now they are chilling and conversing away as gents.

"I miss my wife so much, I feel like I'm losing my mind" Seeiso is a piece of work. You would swear he is the only one with a wife the way he complains of missing his wife every second he gets,

"I hope you find her married to another man. Your annoying as fuck!" that would be Puso.

They sit surrounding a flame to keep themselves warm in the darkest of the night in wolves' realm of hell. Around the

fire they sit in their human form. It's the Molapos, Kakgo, Mkhonto and the odd Motlejoa.

Skye sits with Ora by their own flame much to Majara's annoyance. His eyes keeps them on the leash. He doesn't want them to disappear of his sight. That dark boy might drill his little sister like he saw the other day. A groan forces out of his throat as he revisits that memory. He wish it to be wiped off his thoughts.

"I swear you're going to kill that man" Kakgo say looking at Majara's devil eye on Ora and Skye,

"I want to shred him into fucking pieces" the group laughs, it clearly shows on his face that he is not a fan of Skye,

"EY! BOTSHO! I SAID KEEP YOUR DISTANCE" (Ey! Darky!.....) Majara shouts at Skye who is suddenly sitting too close to Ora in his eyes,

"He didn't even move. He is still sitting at the spot you showed him" Seeiso,

"I swear you're a fan of this fool" Puso barks. He is constantly fighting for Ora and her lover,

"I'm not a fan, I just think Oros is old enough guys. She is my twin, we are the same age. If I have a wife why can't she have a....." Majara interjects, he is not listing to this nonsense,

"Oros is going to America. She needs to study something to keep busy, she is just bored and wena 'mr I miss my wife' I hope you find her gone for advocating for this fool" he throws barks in Seeiso's direction,

“I have never been without my wife for so long so excuse me, I’m a man madly in love with his wife” Seeiso,

“How do you do that?” a question from Kakgo invites a frown on Seeiso’ face,

“Do what? Love my wife?” Seeiso is not sure he follow,

“Yes, how do you still love her from afar? I only love mine when I see her and I become so madly in love it almost makes me feel like I’m insane” Kakgo confesses shocking the gents, Majara frowns at him,

“You mean you love your wife only when you see her?” Majara asks, he is never heard of such madness before,

Kakgo is not ashamed to nod,

“You’re bewitched. There is no such thing. Even I the cannibal man know that love doesn’t happen when you see a person only. You love them even in their absence” the odd Motlejoa adds his two cents much to Kakgo’s annoyance

“And what do you know about love Motlejoa when you fuck everything with a skirt on?” Kakgo hisses.

It’s clear there is some love hate going on between the two but so far they have found a way to breathe and sit around one another.

After the fight the gang drilled Motlejoa with questions of how he got in here but his answers all led to the pain even in death Amaruq. Amaruq is the one that brought him in here and he was always the one to take him out. He is not even sure how.

“Okay fine. I’ll not mention love because apparently I can’t know anything about love because I fuck around. Your bewitched heee, that’s it” Motlejoa continues to poke him,

“I’m the devil. You think witchcraft would work on me?”
Kakgo,

Motlejoa shrugs,

“How long have you been married? Do you have any children?” Puso questions Kakgo,

“We have been married for a year now and I’m a father to my beautiful girl Mpho. She is the only thing I miss about my house. As for her mother I only love her when I see her”

“Is she your chosen?” Majara ask,

“No. My chosen died before I could meet her”

“Sorry to hear that. Maybe you just haven’t connected with her, it’s only been a year since you married” Majara advises,

“And you, anyone special in your life?” Majara moves on the question to their new found friend,

“Hell no! Why would I suffocate myself with one piece of ass when I can have more than I need by being a free agent” this one is definitely a player,

“If I was still the bachelor I was before I met my wife, I would fist bump you and call you my man” Seeiso say making Majara and Puso laugh. They both know of his then player ways,

“But what I can tell you brother is that, there is no better loving than loving one woman with every fibre in you” Seeiso continues to add making Motlejoa cringe,

“Thank you but love is not for all of us” Motlejoa,

“Where exactly are you based?” Majara subjects the question to Motlejoa,

“Lithabaneng HaMatala but I haven’t been home in a very long time. I’ll go back when I’m needed, for now I’m living abroad smashing anything delicate to my eyes” it’s sad. Even though he says it proud but one day he’ll meet the one and all that nonsense will not come out of his mouth,

“When you finally meet the woman that will flash in your eyes when you drop your pants for another, please call all of us here to see her. I think you’re a lost cause but I know you’ll meet the one in time” Majara say making the gents laugh,

“And you young man? Why are you so quiet? You don’t know your way around a girl?” Motlejoa subject the question to Mkhonto making him cough dramatically,

“But you look sly to me. You do know your way around pussy. I bet her name is that on your chest” he continues to add,

Mkhonto’s response is immediately leaving the group. He decides to join Ora and Skye. It’s suddenly too hot on this group,

“Will you relax?!” Seeiso pats Majara’s shoulder who narrowed his eyes at Mkhonto. They erupted in laughter the moment Motlejoa asked about Mkhonto’s love life,

“What did I say?” Motlejoa asks. He is confused,

“Let’s just say the predator is Lupus son in law” Puso explains,

“Oh my bad, I didn’t.....” he trails off as a bright light flashes up in the dark night skies. There is something like a shooting star coming their way,

“What the fuck is that?!” they all see it. They are on their feet watching a bright light approaching in hurry.

“Is Amaruq coming back as a shooting star??!!” Puso,

Everyone is stunned. They don’t know what this is and what it means,

“Everyone, be ready to attack!” whatever it is will not touch on them,

Ora is standing behind Majara. She fled her man to be by her brother. She trust him mre with her life,

“You know me now!” Majara hisses to her,

She drops her eyes but keeps her post behind her eldest brother.

Everyone is focused on the bright light that approaches like a shooting star. It hits right in the middle of Amaruq’s altar. The light forms a cloud that almost look like a calm tornado which circulate from the surface up into the night skies. Everyone turns to look at Majara,

“What?” he asks in shock,

“This is your kind of shit, akere you’re the god. What’s this?”
Kakgo formulates a question that is in everyone’s head,

“I swear I know nothing about this”

“Go” they push him forward, no one has the guts to go inside
a still tornado that shoots up to the dark night sky,

“Why me?” Majara is appalled,

“You’re the Alpha” they all almost sing together,

“I think we should send the demon, I mean he is.....”
Majara

Kakgo interjects before he can even finish,

“I know I might reunite with my chosen if I die but I’m sorry
I’m not risking my mother’s tears and my father spitting on
my grave for being the first to die in my family. I’ll fly and
leave you all in here” Kakgo,

“I didn’t take you for a daddy’s boy” Majara jabs him,

“I didn’t take you for a coward god afraid of a tornado” Kakgo
bites back at him,

“Then who is going because I’m definitely not.....” Majara
falls mid-sentence as a voice he knows really well comes in
his mind. It’s his wife.

“I’m here for you my Lupus” she say. They still can hear
each other’s thoughts though she asked him to back off a
little with time. It was nice at first but then it became
suffocating not having a mind of your own.

He is appalled. Yes he can hear his wife's thoughts but it has never happened when they are so far apart. He shakes his head in denial because he doesn't want to believe that it could indeed be his precious wife he left at home with the babies.

The base of the tornado becomes some sort of cloud when something heavy lands right on the surface. They cannot see exactly what comes inside the wave. It's too bright and glowing even in darkness.

“LWANDLE!!” Majara exclaims, voice coming out husky and in disbelief. He hardly calls her by her first name.

Seeiso and Puso frown at him. That cannot be their Mabataung. What they are seeing is unbelievable. The goddess riding a Pegasus before their eyes cannot be Mabataung. But Majara knows his wife. Even riding a creature known not to exist anymore he knows his wife,

Pegasus Grace is graceful in presence. The atmosphere feels blessed and holy in a way they cannot believe,

“Papa Tlotla” that's sure his wife. The beautiful extraordinary horse drops its front legs and Mabataung descends it.

Majara cannot find his legs to his wife. He feels frozen and out of body as he watches his wife come for him. If this is a dream he wants to wake up this instant. His wife is not a Pegasus rider. His wife is not this blessed goddess that stands before him. The touch and presence is that of his wife but there is a but that he cannot exactly wrap his head around.

“Papa Tlotla” Mabataung stands on her toes to reach lips which she still doesn’t reach until he wraps his strong arm around her and pulls her up a bit. Even in his touch she feels that she is shocked her husband,

“It’s me, stop staring at me like this” she kisses his dry lips, Majara still cannot afford his wife an answer though he holds her in his arms. This is her but she is different,

“Let’s go home. Your babies miss you and I miss you” Mabataung is trying her best to butter him up and bring him back but he seems to be having an out of body experience.

Mabataung sighs. The creature staring at her and holding her tight will need more than just buttering to come back,

“Say you all can go. Lerotholi is waiting for all of you above” she looks at Seeiso who is popping his eyes right by Majara’s shoulder just so he sees this different Mabataung,

“You’re glowing, do you use ponds radiance now?” Seeiso asks due to shock,

Mabataung sighs,

“Yeah, I’ll buy Mamolapo my new ponds as well” she knows he was going to ask that she shares her ‘new glow’ with his wife,

“Please do. Damn you’re killing it right now!” it’s her gift, when she is duty everything about her glows,

“So we just step inside the wave?” Seeiso continues to ask though he is also as shocked as his brother,

Mabataung nods,

“Yes. All of you. By morning you’ll all be back on earth” Seeiso would like to ask how but he right now what he would die more for is having his wife hold him like that. The ‘hows’ can be asked later.

“PROWLs!!” Seeiso summons his prowls. They are part of him and he’ll carry them to the moon and back,

“ORA!” he pulls out his hand for his twin. Not to undermine the boyfriend but he still only trust himself with his twin.

When his twin clings on to him and his prowls stands behind him. He looks at Ora to ready her and jumps inside the wave. The prowls follow due.

In a blink of an eye there is no Seeiso, Ora and his prowls. Everyone is shocked but they all follow jumping inside the wave leaving the shocked Majara with his goddess wife.

“Your excused Grace” Mabataung excuses Grace who is the only audience they have when everyone have left.

The stone cold creature holding her haven’t taken his stare of her. He keeps his confused, shocked stare right on his tiny wife inside his arms. Mabataung knows of only one way to bring him back. She must release the Lupus in him for the shock to leave her husband.....

CHAPTER 39

MARKED BY LUPUS

The stone cold creature holding her haven't taken his stare of her. He keeps his confused, shocked stare right on his tiny wife inside his arms. Mabataung knows of only one way to bring him back. She must release the Lupus in him for the shock to leave her husband.

"Claim me Lupus" the sweet words did exactly what they were meant for, awakening the wolf in her husband that can never get enough of her,

With one claw tearing from below Majara teared her dress all the way up leaving her naked and exposed. It doesn't surprise her anymore of how he does some things. He didn't even flinch tearing her dress into a robe.

She stands on top of his foot in her panties only. Staring at him with feverish lust that matches that in her husband's eyes. All the shock is vanished with, now Majara stands partially as Lupus in predator instinct ready to feed on his prey that is his beautiful wife.

Majara loses the tight hold he had on her when she picks her thigh trying to wrap it around his waist. He knew what that meant and he lost he senses. He wanted to feel all of her softness engulf his cock. He picked her like a ravaged dog he was and settled her on his waist. She wrapped her legs around him and her hands around his neck.

Her soft delicate hands brushed through his head. Maybe he is a pervert but she knows how much that head brush thing

drives him crazy. Only her hands on his head wakes the sexual desires of his animal.

Her panties suffered the same effect of claw ripping bringing her skin to skin in every way against her husband. The rush in his blood was out of control. He needed to taste all of her in every way. He could feel his fangs grave to feel the taste of her skin and blood but he exercised the little control he had to keep his animal instinct out,

His carnal desires over took him, he leaned down kissing her, hard and forgetting she was still only human even with the foreign scent to her that drove him crazy. He worshiped her mouth, taking her gentle but impatient at the same time.

The rush in his blood was getting out of control. It's what excitement and thrill do to wolves. His sharp fangs came out to play as well, biting the on the bottom of her lip in all so sexy way,

“Daddy now” she moaned, the feeling was too much to toy with now,

The cry of lust between her legs was as greedy and impatient as his.

She wanted him to worship her body with hard strokes of love. She wanted to feel all of him. She worked the ugly sweat pants that he had on and dropped them to his knee. The giant dick sprang free feeling all hard and coated with precum already. Her clit twitched as she felt the hardness of his giant on her navel.

He stepped out of the rest of his pants, grabbed his rock hard cock and directed it to her twitching clit. Her clit had a heartbeat of its own. It was beating in an abnormal way feeling the sweet big giant tease her folds,

“Baby keya o kopa” (Baby I’m begging you) it was almost a cry. When a zulu woman begs for sex in your language, you deliver,

With one hard, long thrust, he drilled deep inside her in a wild and possessive way filling all of his giant deep into her sweet cunt.

“Mhmmmm” she cried. An appreciative gasp past her lips. Making him only drill further inside her. She was as soft as he remembered.

Their skins welcomed goosebumps of pleasure as he continued to sink deeper and deeper into her. He is a big man that could not fit with just one thrust. He had to slide it in like a snake slithering in its hole.

The tenderness she was released the wildness in him. His tails wrapped her tight on his waist and he his hand ran free all over her body. Thrust for thrust he fucked her. Hard in a foreign world with stars and her wave lighting for them.

She moaned and arched into him, surrendering to the pleasure, smelling like lust as she wrapped her arms around his back and held on to him for more desire.

“Mmm Mami!” she swallowed his low grunts and growls as the ecstasy started washing over him to the point where he lost all control of his urges.

His climax was a few shallow thrusts away, leaving him so animalistic he didn't stop to think before he let his fangs grow long and partially shifted while inside her. He bit her without thinking, and he wasn't gentle at all. He sank his teeth in deep, right at the tender spot in the curve of her neck.

If he hurt her, he couldn't tell, because the bliss of their bonding was all-consuming. Her nails were sharp on his back as she gave in to the pleasure and climaxed around him.

"Daddy....baby!! MOLAPO!!!!" she trembled so hard almost shouting. He could feel her pussy clutching at his dick as he took her over and over again, until he had no choice but to follow her.

"AUUUU!!" he came hard as well. Violently howling in the midnight of the foreign world being claimed by his wife. No other piece of pussy could do this but her. He grabbed her ass, holding her tighter against him when his dick pulsed and swelled inside her.

Every bit of his juices poured deep inside her sweet pot of pleasure.

She gasped and trembled around him as he deliberately touched on her g-spot making her cum once again. A smirk of pleasure made an appearance on his face as he kept making him die in pleasure deliberately. She was a like a junky that didn't want it but kept begging for more,

"Okay daddy, you have marked me, I surrender" she begged. The pleasure was too much. She couldn't handle anymore climaxes.

He shifted back. The change had been subtle, his fangs, a little more hair and his tail. She was used to Lupus coming to join party by now but it still was shock every time it happened. His body was shuddering from the pleasure. He couldn't afford to word for a while. He could barely ease the tight hold his teeth had on her neck. When he did, he licked the wound and pressed fervent kisses against her shoulder because the bliss was still vibrant for both of them.

"God! Baby, that feels good" she was in too deep, bitten by her own husband. Instead of feeling the pain she said it felt good. She ran her fingers over his sweaty muscular shoulders. Her pussy clenched around his dick, making it obvious it was the way he swelled inside her that she was enjoying,

"Don't pull out" the swelled dick was enough inside her. It made them feel good in each other,

"Have you healed?" she had only given birth four weeks ago, only now his senses crawl back,

She laughed, not able to afford him an answer. She was enjoying their delicious sexual intersection,

"Are you back on contraceptive" husky manly voice came on her bleeding neck asking again. He was licking the blood on her neck. It wasn't a deep wound, more of a mark. He enjoyed marking her when they mated. It satisfied the animal in him tasting a bit of her blood.

She laughed again. He was back and only thinking after he had filled her womb up,

“I think we need to get the hell out of here because I need to rid your sperms inside me” she said brushing on his head as he possessed her bitten neck. He is animal more than human, he mates in season. It was highly unlikely that she would fall pregnant because it wasn't his season but it is still better to be safe than sorry,

“Or we can let them. Just because the prophecy said five wolves doesn't mean we cannot have more” this man was insane,

“Get out of me Majara. I'm not dropping any babies ever again!” she seized all the sweet brushing she was doing on his shoulders and back,

He laughed, hard melting before his wife. She had never called him 'Majara' until today. It sounded odd coming from her but it tickled him. This is the side that only his wife gets to see of him. He could fall apart and be just a man in love with her and she fell in love with him more in those moments,

“I love you Lwandle Ngcobo, you know that?” he confessed easing out of her, his tone assuring and making her blush as if it still the first time she hears those words,

“I love you Majara Molapo” she confessed back, though her tone failed her because it came weak and complaining as he broke their passionate bond.

Theirs was addictive. Even after being let inside her tender gates of pleasure he still wanted more. He was biting on his bottom lip eyeing her in thoughts of more things he wanted to do to her after he dropped her back on the ground,

“No. We have to go papa Tlotla!” she summed up the little courage she could find. She knew that look quite well. It was the kind asking for round two,

“We’ll make it sweet and short” he grabbed her back in his touch. Turning her around against his skin. His wet giant dick sat right on her spinal cord. He kissed her neck, grabbing on her boobs as he helped her to her knees on the ground. They were going all doggy in this one, her favorite style,

“Make it long baby” pleasure changed her mind. She didn’t want it sweet and short. She wanted it sweet and long.

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Five more rounds the two lovers were panting in each other’s hold. Majara held his wife close to his heart. Making her feel every beat of his heart. She should be proud that she does that to him. Make him feel like he ran a marathon while all she did was make him feel the warmth between her legs.

They laid under the light of stars and her goddess wave in the night of a foreign world. Majara smirked thinking that if Amaruq is watching this, then he is the one having the last laugh. He fucked right on his altar, in his secret world with the love of his life,

“Why are you smiling?” Mabataung could feel his smile though she wasn’t even looking at him. She was lying on his chest as he caressed her soft relaxed hair. He provided as bed for her,

“I’m a well fucked man, I have every reason to smile like a fool” consequences of giving Lupus good weren’t appealing. He had a weird sense of humor after good sex,

“We really need to go baby” she said with a sigh,

“Not before you tell me how you found me and how you became a Pegasus rider”

She expelled a sigh. She wasn’t sure how he was going to receive the news of her channeling her powers but she was sure he wasn’t going to be happy about it. He liked keeping her in a cage of safety and her being what she is meant he will have to let her fly a bit.

She would have liked that they discuss this at home but she knows the freak animal she married. He is persistent and impatient.

“A lot happened in your absence at home” she starts,

“I had to sit and do some introspection after your son left me with questions I couldn’t answer”

“Lerotholi?” Majara asks,

“Yeah. All I can say is that it’s shameful that my six year old opened my eyes. Right now in your arms I’m not just Mabataung your wife, I’m Mabataung the white witch who rides Pegasus Grace” she confesses,

Majara gently pushes her face of his chest so he sees right into her face,

“What are you saying Mabataung?” the sudden sternness in his tone confirms her fears,

She swallows, blink twice and look straight in his eyes,

“I did what I should have done a long time ago. I sought and found my way to those who held my power. They activated my powers. Now I can channel them and use them for good as it has always been intended”

“We talked about this. I cannot protect you when you’re out there saving the world. You’re my wife Mabataung, it’s my duty to keep you safe at all cost” great! His mood changed. He gets her off his chest and picks her dress that he torn and puts it on her. Loving is what he is even when he is angry with her,

“Abuti Majara I needed to do this for myself, for my children, for you and the people suffering because of what the witches are doing to them” he is getting dressed in only those ugly track pants that definitely don’t belong to him,

“Mabataung how am I going to protect you when you’re out there saving the world? Am I allowed to come with you?” she shakes her head no dropping her eyes,

“Exactly. So please tell me white witch, how am I going to protect you? I didn’t want you taking this thing because I knew what it meant. You’ll always be out there on quest on quests to saving the world. You think I’ll be able to live with myself if anything.....”

“Baby!” Mabataung interject closing the space between them,

She wraps her tiny arms around his waist. His bare chest is hot, it means he really is worked up than he is letting on,

“I received this gift just hours ago. I don’t have all the answers for you right now, but what I can tell you is that I don’t think I would be the last white witch and be given something that would put me in harm’s way. I think I’ll be fine. Nothing will happen to me”

“Mabataung I don’t want to take chances when it comes to your safety. I don’t want to leave your safety on fate. I’ll not be able to protect you when you’re out there, please return this thing baby” he cups her face trying to kiss her but she pulls her face back,

“You’re my husband. Lupus. I worry about your safety as well when you go out there on your fucked up missions but I would never ask you to not be Lupus. Don’t ask me to not be who I was meant to be all because you’re paranoid with keeping me safe. I’m a white witch and you’ll love me as I come. Let’s go!” she turns on her heels leaving him stunned.

CHAPTER 40

THE SURPRISE

MAJARA

There is a way his presence consumes the room. Walking inside a small diner they came across on their way home everything stills. Mabataung remained in the car. Because of anger and her improper dress code. She couldn't risk walking out with her torn dress so she send him to buy her food because she was starving.

At least he had those ugly track pants on. He covered his bare chest with his coat that he had left in the car. He was at least decent to show face to the public unlike his wife.

Everything froze for a while as he walked inside a smaller diner to the counter. It was like someone had suddenly pressed the pause button to life.

It was early hours of the morning. He was furious and didn't want to deal with people staring at him. He would have liked to drive straight home but the angry little bird in the car wanted something to eat.

They haven't talked to each other since their argument. He doesn't understand why she can't see that he is just trying to keep her safe. Not every gift is good. This one is big and might require her in missions far far away. He doesn't see himself letting her spread her wing that far. Maybe if they said she is to become someone like Moletsane that people come to he would consider it, but her having Pegasus to ride only means that she is a traveler.

“Good morning” he greeted the pale girl on the other side of the counter. He is used to females losing their ability to speak or even blink when his in close proximity with them, The pale girl could only drop her jaw and not even blink. She looked like she wasn’t breathing as well,

“Can I have.....” he trailed off bending his head a bit to look at the beautiful display of cupcakes and muffins beneath the counter. He wasn’t sure which to choose. He is not really a food person so he had difficulty in choosing,

“Can I haveee.....” he trailed off once again, more to himself trying to decide,

“Me”

“Hm?” confusion hovered him as he looked the person that said ‘me’. It wasn’t the pale girl. The pale girl was still rooted in one place looking like a starved vampire. It was another girl with a manager tag on her chest,

“You can have me” the girl clarified seeing that he wasn’t following,

“Have you for what?” he couldn’t help the frown that took his face,

“I can be anything you want my prince. Your side chick, your booty call, your bitch, anything you want. You can have me” well this one doesn’t happen every day. To say he was shocked is the least.

He glared at her. She was bold. All the females he ever came across could not even say a word but grow pale like this one who looks like she is about to drop dead,

He sighed to compose himself and looked at the counter once again,

“Can I have those coconut cupcakes and two cappuccinos, lite” he pulled out his wallet and placed the notes on the counter,

The bold girl received the money and placed his order,

“What about my offer my prince?” there are whores in this world, he wasn’t about to entertain a starved whore so he glared at her. Releasing Lupus look that made the girl cringe in fear. The forwardness vanished her. The pale one rolled eyes once and dropped on the floor. Now he had no one to serve him because the forward manage was suddenly frozen and growing pale like her employee.

He sighed and jumped the counter. He served himself and swerved to the coffee machine. He poured himself two cups of his choice of drink. He left notes that he didn’t he even count on the counter and walked out of the small restaurant. Right as he exit people sighed out loud. He shook his head smiling. He needs to start smiling to people.

“Took you long enough!” Mabataung grabbed the foodie bag,

“Why are you all smiles?” they were mad at each other, she was comfortable with him coming out of the restaurant with a smile,

“A girl just asked to be my piece of ass” he confessed, stealing a glance at her,

“Go back!” he was driving out of the place,

He laughed,

“I said go back and point that whore to me!” she was all worked up. He enjoyed the sight of her furious face,

“And you find it funny?!” she questioned, consumed by rage,

“I do. Akere my wife is a white witch, I might as well have myself a piece of ass when she is out there saving the world forgetting about me” he joked but his joke was dry, Mabataung didn’t receive it as he had thought. She looked out of the window, clearly hurt,

“Mama Tlotla” he grabbed her hand and kissed the top of it,

“I’m kidding” he looked deep in her eyes as he drove with one hand

“I don’t need no piece of ass. I have got all the ass that I need here”

“I’m not your ass” she smiled,

“You are. My ass, my freak wife, my goddess witch wife, you’re everything I need and more”

“But you don’t want me to be who I was meant to be” she said stealing a glance at him.

He sighed into thoughts. Clearly this was important to her. Mabataung is never one to argue, especially with him. For her to sulk all the way means she really wants to do this. If he accepts this maybe they reach a compromise. She can be what she want to be but at home,

“Let’s say for peace sake and for me to be at ease I agree but only if you go back to your guides and ask them to at least lead those who need your help to you, not go to them. I can only compromise to that because then I’ll still be able to keep

you safe and you'll also do what you need to do" he glanced at her squeezing her hand. He hoped they would at least agree to that.

"Hai! I don't know papa Tlotla, I see" she was clearly annoyed but wanted them to dismiss the issue,

"Don't forget to stop by the chemist and buy me morning afters" she added trying to chase the glare he had on her,

"And I'm doing the buying again?" he asked and she nodded,

"Imagen a whole prince sported in some chemist buying morning after pills" she laughed,

"We'll get someone to buy them for you when we get home, I'm not buying morning after pills"

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Getting home he glares at Mabataung in shock. The palace is bathed with familiar distant relatives' eyes. It's packed.

"The inauguration. It's in next week" Mabataung reminds him. He nods.

Miraculously Ora, Seeiso and Puso are sitting outside the gates. He kills the engine just by them to find out why they are camping out like street kids,

"And then?" he questions rolling the window down,

"Took you long enough!" Seeiso seethes. He is the most exasperated one.

They long got here but they weren't let in. Moletsane told them face to face that they'll not enter the yard before he

cleanse them. He understand that and he knew it would happen but what exasperate him is his wife not coming to see him. Mamolete came to kiss Puso and told him she is got a surprise for him, but him on the other hand he asked for his wife to be called but she hasn't shown and no one is saying anything to you,

“Why are you all lemons?” Majara asks,

“Mamolapo hasn't come to kiss him and we are actually waiting for you here” Puso explains walking towards the door,

“Moletsane insist that we all need cleansing before we enter the yards. And we have to do it at the same time. We have been camping here for your ass” Puso continues to explain,

“Yerrr! Moletsane and his cleansing!” Majara grunts opening his door and climbing out.

Ntate Moletsane approaches just as he opens Mabataung's door. To his surprise he is with Dlomo. They are all surprised. It seems his brothers also didn't know that Vulamasango was here,

“What are you doing here?” he directs the question to Vulamasango,

“I missed you” Vula snide. He smiles at Mabataung and Ora shaking their hands.

Seeiso is growing worried. Vulamasango cannot be here for the inauguration so early unless if he was called. Vulamasango doesn't want to look at him. Something is up for sure,

“You did great. Welcome home our white witch” ntate Moletsane takes Mabataung’s hand in praises,

“You won’t need cleansing, you can go ahead” Ntate Moletsane tells Mabataung,

Majara frowns,

“Why? She was right in there with us” she made an appearance and was fucked in that place, surely she also needs cleansing,

“White witches are pure, she doesn’t need cleansing” Moletsane

“Ntate Moletsa.....”

“EY! Majara let’s go! Down the river all of you. Mabataung go inside” Ntate Moletsane interjects him showing mabataung in. Majara’s protective ways when it comes to his wife are sometimes annoying,

“Ntate Moletsane are you sure she’ll be fine? I don’t want any dark spirits following my wife” Majara ask only to receive a glare from Moletsane.

Majara sighs and let it be. He kisses his wife’s forehead and release her. Moletsane is the seer, he cannot question him much. If he says Mabataug doesn’t need cleansing he knows what he is talking about.

“They are here Dlomo” ntate Moletsane turns to Vulamasango.

Vula came with to receive his family. Boitumelo jumps down before the car could even stop. She looks a mess. Still her crazy unbelievable beauty but a bit troubled,

“TELL ME YOU FOUND HER SANGO!” panic is written in her tone. She doesn’t even greet but glares at her husband in question,

“TELL ME YOU FOUND HER!” she repeats, almost shouting but Vulamasango is quick to grab her away from Seeiso. He can’t know as yet,

Bab Gumede, Uncle Kay and mam Jabu also climb out of the car. Now Majara is as worried as Seeiso. The Dlomos can’t pour all out before the inauguration like this. Something is really up.

“What is going on Ntate Moletsane? Who got lost?” Seeiso worriedly asks staring at Ntate Moletsane. Part of him suspects but he knows his position here at home. He must contain himself and not act like Seeiso Molapo the man but a king,

“Bonang boMolapo, let’s go get you all cleansed. Everything will be explained in the house” (look here.....) clearly Moletsane is also ignoring him. Seeiso is got a very bad feeling but he brushes it off. Maybe it’s nothing, he thinks.

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PUSO

They came back. The cleansing was just being poured by Moletsane’s herbs and getting dipped inside the flowing river water. He needs a very long hot shower before anything else.

Hence why he came straight to his room to wash up. They all did. Everyone went to their respective rooms to clean up before they joined breakfast.

He is a bit surprised walking into his bedroom to find a pink cot with teddy bears and some toys decorating it. If it was blue he wouldn't be surprised. There is Bereng, Mohlomi, Tumane and Masopha in this house. Mamolete was probably helping with one of them but none of those are girls. And they all own blue cots.

He steps on a pink baby toy that makes that sounds babies like. There is a pink pacifier lying on the bed, a pink baby blanket hanging on the cot and then more to his shock when he walks in his closet there is an entire row hanging small pink and white dresses, some are yellow and then there is a lot of baby clothes packed nicely under the hangers,

“What in pink baby world is this?” he touches the cute little dresses in shock,

He shakes his head and decide to get rid of the wet sweat pants and grab a robe to shower up.

“Good people what is happening?” Puso asks driven by confusion.

He just walked back in his room after cleaning up to find all his elders occupying his bedroom. Mamolete is with them. She is smiling rocking a baby in her arms,

“Mamzo?!” he glares at his mother. Mamajara is all smiles staring at him back,

“Sit down son” she points him to the couch.

Mamajara, Mabereng, Tlali and Moletsane all squash at the edge of his bed that faces the couch,

“I have sex on that bed just so you all know” they don’t pay attention to him,

Mamolete sits beside him on the couch with the baby in her arms,

“Who is this?” he peeks inside his wife’s arms. It’s actually a cute little baby girl,

“Your surprise” she murmurs kissing on the baby’s forehead

“Surprise yang? Did you adopt a baby in my absence?” (What surprise?.....) he is shocked!

“Son!” Ntate Tlali grabs his attention

“We would like to introduce you to Princess Oarabile Molapo, your daughter” this old man was coming okay with the introductions but he lost it at the end. He loves babies when they are boys. He is never fathered a girl child and he would have liked to keep it that way. Baby girls are just too precious and too cute for him,

He laughs, chasing the stares off him but everyone in the room is still very much staring at him,

“Baby did you adopt?” he lowers his tone to his wife,

She shakes her head no,

“Whose child is this?” he questions,

“Ours” she say,

He is defeated. He looks at his elders for an explanation,

“Can someone please say something believable? I can’t leave for a week and find my wife with a newborn” this people better not play him like this,

“Ntate Moletsane?!” he looked at him for an explanation when no one could afford him an answer,

“There is no better way to say this so here it is; Nkgono Mamolete your great grandmother gave Mamolete your wife her daughter to mother” Moletsane,

Puso huffed,

“Nkgono Mamolete is dead, try something else” Puso

Moletsane sighed,

“Give her the baby” Moletsane said to Mamolete,

“She’ll show him how she came into this world, give her to him” he urged Mamolete was hesitant of placing Oarabile in her father’s arms,

“If you dare drop my baby.....” Mamolete threatened her husband as she handed the baby over to him.

He held her but she was just a baby. He didn’t see anything,

“Moletsane I don’t know what I’m supposed to see but.....” ntate Moletsane interjected,

“In her eyes, look deep in her eyes” Moletsane urged him.

He looked. At first he is just staring at the baby’s cute eyes but when she locks her baby eyes with his. He feels himself drown. It’s like she pulls him deep in her eyes taking him in her thoughts. He is not sure how but his mind sees what the

little girl is playing in her own mind. He sees everything. Who she is, how she came about and how Mabataung and Mamolete found her.

This right here scares him. He never wanted this, a girl child. She is like a drug and he is already addicted. This is his daughter. He is defeated as he kiss the little girl in his arms. She is his own baby girl,

“Welcome home Bile wa papa” no one told him her name but he already knows it and shortened it. From Oarabile to Bile, He grabs Mamolete next to him and pulls her for a kiss she didn’t expect. She tries to pull back but he holds her tight and mumbles,

“Thank you mommy” through the kiss,

“Puso we are in the room” ntate Tlali reminds him,

“You’re all excused, this is my room” he doesn’t let go of his wife. Clearly things are getting out of hand.

Mamajara is the first to grab her granddaughter from the horny couple and help Mabereng up walking out of the room. Bile cannot be traumatized by her parents that are clearly hungry for each other. There is some moaning exchanged through the kiss,

Ntate Tlali and ntate Moletsane are still very much sitting. Call it shock but they sit eyes popped out watching the beginning of porn right before their eyes,

“I have missed you so much MamaBile” Puso mumbles through the kiss, laying her down on the couch

“I need to feel all of you Papa Peete” Mamabile’s response brings ntate Moletsane back to the living, they are really watching live porn.

“Let’s go!” Ntate Moletsane pulls ntate Tlali, clearly Bile is blessed with freak parents,

“I think for the first time in my life I can safely say I’m traumatized” Ntate Moletsane confesses to ntate Tlali who is still jaw dropped from what they have just seen as they stand outside Puso’s room. Puso’s hands were all over Mamote squeezing and grabbing on her as he liked.

“Don’t you have something we can drink to forget that?” Ntate Tlali ask. He really would like to erase that scene of his mind,

“I do. Let’s go” Moletsane is in hurry to forget, he cannot believe Mamote is all innocent kganthe she is a freak like that in the bedroom.

CHAPTER 41

WHERE IS MY WIFE

SEEISO

Getting in his room the first thing he did was go through his drawer to find his phone. It was nicely shelved and to his luck it had battery and was on. He called her but her phone rang inside the drawer of her bedside table.

Terror grabbed him once again but he didn't want to give in. Mamolapo was not one to part with her phone for long. It made him want to rip everyone who kept walking on thin ice around him instead of telling him where his wife was but he knew and understood his position in this house doesn't allow him to act crazy.

For a while he sat on his bed deep in thoughts. Many things came to his mind but he didn't want to jump in to conclusions. Where could she be? He wondered but the answer he desperately sought he could only get from those people avoiding his eyes.

Mamolapo doesn't have much of friends. The only friend he can think of is none other than Mamolete, so she cannot be at a friend's place. Maybe the shelter....he thought. Hope immediately took over the fear in his heart. She must be at the shelter, that's the only place she can be.

He called but still his call ended in disappointment all over again. They haven't seen her since she had the baby.

Now the only choice he had was to question those avoiding him.

Straight after his shower he searched for his son. He was sleeping in his mother's room under the supervision of one of the helpers. He took his son with. In his arms little sj slept away as his father stared at him wishing he could speak and tell him where mommy is.

Bohlokoa would tell as well but she was still at school. They arrived early in the morning.

To the dining table of people who don't want to tell him what is going on he went.

His appearance alone consumed the laughter and humor around the table. It was suddenly cold and weird. Which was very odd because they had guests on the table, the Dlomos. Their presence for scared him. He didn't even want to think about it but he knew something must have happened to his wife for her fathers to be here.

"My king" he is pulled from staring at his son in thoughts by one of the helpers he is never seen before. She stands right by his side, head bowed in respect,

"If I may please serve you my king" she drops her knees a bit holding a basin of warm water and a towel hanging on her arm.

Seeiso frowns glaring at his family. Did they hire new helpers? And since when do they get so close and personal?

"What's this?" he looks at his mother in question, surely if she hired new girls she must have told them how they should carry themselves and allocated them their responsibilities.

The only person that can get this close with him has to be Palesa. And that's because she is almost like a family member because she is been here long enough,

Mamajara shrugs looking the other way. Clearly she doesn't want to entertain the new girl,

"I'm fine ausi, you can go" he is not going to wash his hand from a girl he doesn't know. He'll question Palesa about this girl, as the head of staff she must know who she is and why she is in his space.

There is food on the table. He is hungry but nothing is going to settle in his stomach before he hears about his wife's whereabouts.

"Ntate Moholo" (Grandfather) he looks at Ntate Tlali in question,

Ntate Tlali sighs cursing under his breath. He hates that he is the oldest and has to be the one to be asked things he knows shit about,

"Where is my wife?" he asks. Tension elevates around the table. No one looks at him but he keep his fierce stare on them. This time no one will tell him to go wash up first. He is clean and he wants to know where his wife is,

"Why don't you eat first Say" now he is sure he is the only one kept in the dark. Majara's tone comes dressed in remorse. Clearly he was filled in, so is Puso who also can't even look at him as well,

Seeiso takes in a deep breath and look at them once again,

“I’m going to ask this one last time, calm and peaceful. Where. Is. My. Star?” with pause after every word he asks, staring at them looking like a poked bull

Ntate Tlali heaves a sigh after summing up the courage to be the bearer of bad news,

“Sebata something terrible happened in your absence” (Sebata-Clan names) he starts,

“Mamolapo.....”

“My king!” Ntate Tlali is interjected by that girl once again,

She stands next to Seeiso with a tray of food. By now he is got no more patience to give,

“Who the fuck are you?” Seeiso growls,

She is shaking, the tray in her hands is about to shatter on the tiled floors,

“Ke..kene..kene” and she stutters,

“Get the fuck out of my face” he barks. There is food on the table, he would have served himself like he always do if he wanted to eat. Since when does he get served by new girls he doesn’t even know?

“Ntate I’m listening” he glares back at Ntate Tlali,

“Motaung there is no better way to say this than to tell it like it is. I hate saying this but, Mamolapo ran away” ntate Tlali confesses gaining himself a frown from the king to be,

“I beg your pardon?” for some reason he thinks his ears are deceiving him. He is not sure what he expected but ran away wasn’t anything in his mind,

“She ran.....” ntate Tlali trails off trying to find better words, “Her mother spirit took her” he corrects himself but still Seeiso is still very much confused,

“Her mother spirit took her how?” he questions really shocked

Ntate Tlali looks at Ntate Moletsane to take this one, he’ll explain it better than he can.

Boitumelo is melting in tears besides her husband. This explains why they are here.

Ntate Moletsane heaves a sigh and looks at the king to be,

“Moletsane you remember when I asked Mamolapo to come see me the other day but she never came?” ntate Moletsane takes him back. He affords him a creased nod because he does remember,

“Well, I had sensed something heavy on her spirit but then I wasn’t certain. With time I came to realize that she had a spirit controlling her that belonged to her late mother hence why I was asking about her mother the other day” Moletsane explains,

“Okay, there is a spirit possessing her I hear that, but I still don’t understand why she is not here” Seeiso investigated,

“Eish, you see we were not supposed to anger her until I have taken that thing out of her. But something or rather someone angered her and she lost it. She jumped all the way up from the third floor, beat Mme Nkholu and one of her

maiden up and ran away” this is madness, Khwezi doesn’t even know how to lift a finger,

“Who angered her and why did she beat up Nkhono Kholu and her maiden?” he is really trying to piece the pieces together but they are giving him bits by bits,

“Her father and Kholu angered her” Moletsane,

Seeiso frown at Dlomo in question,

Vulamasango sighs before he defends himself,

“It was a misunderstanding Molapo. I didn’t know she wasn’t okay. She insulted your mother and I was called here to pay a fine but she was livid and we exchanged words and then the next thing I’m strangling her.....”

“WHAT?!” both Boitumelo and Seeiso are on their feet,

“KGAMA NYULA?!!” (Strangle Nyula?!!) Boitumelo is livid,

“I...she called you a whore, obviously it wasn’t her, I just didn’t know so I lost it” he defends himself,

Seeiso gets back down with a sigh. Clearly a lot happened in his absence,

“I’m going to strangle you myself, just because you have this big arms you think you can go around killing my children.....”

“Mme MaDlomo please” Seeiso interjects calming her down,

“Please sit down, I just need to get to the bottom of this so I can go find my wife” he beg

Boitumelo sighs throwing daggers at Vulamasango,

“Okay I hear all this, clearly a lot happened that I would like to hear about but what is of main priority now is finding her and bringing her home, right?” the table nods,

“I take it the guards followed her so you know where she is, right?” this time no one says anything or even react,

“People come on!” he is about to lose it, they are not really forth coming with the information,

“It was very late when Mme Nkholu arrived with your other potential, Fox and Letha tried.....”

“When you say my potential what do you mean ntate Moletsane?” he interjects in question,

“Eish....” Moletsane trails off, this one is surely going to piss him off,

“KITSO!!” Ntate Moletsane calls one of the helps close by

“My lord” Kitso avails herself with a bow,

“Can you please call Mme Nkholu in here to explain herself” Moletsane doesn’t want to involve himself in that one because Nkholu didn’t follow proper procedure and it’s what angered Mamolapo more,

“My king!” Nkhono Kholu appears,

“I’m told there is something you have to tell me” Seeiso urges calmly pointing her to one of the vacant chairs but she stretches her hand to the corner and that new help he doesn’t know appears and stand by nkhono Kholu,

“My king if I may remind you of our duty as Basali ba khotla in your house” Mme Kholu

“Nkhono Kholu I know why you are here but can we please get to the part where you are involved in my wife’s disappearance” he really doesn’t want to hear all the procedure because he knows the purpose of the women council,

“You see my king we found your wife unfit to stand by you on the throne” Seeiso gasp,

“So we called her father and told him, he brought another Dlomo brat but we weren’t going to have that. So we brought in a fit well-groomed maiden from the house of purity. She is still a virgin and.....”

“I’m waiting for the part where someone will say this is a joke” he glared around the table but no one said,

“Does ‘We’ include all of you?” he questions his family. He would be so disappointed if they did that to him,

“We is her and her council. We had nothing to do with that decision” Ntate Tlali explained

“My king as I was saying, Keneiloe here.....”

“Nkhono Kholu!” Seeiso hissed through clenched teeth as he got of his chair. He gave his son to Mamolete who was sitting closer to him,

He walked to stand before mme kholu and calmly said,

“I’m going to leave to find my wife mme Kholu. The woman that is going to stand right by my side you hear that?” Mme nkholu nodded looking down,

“When I come back, I don’t want to see this eyebrows on flick maiden of yours in my house and as for you and the council,

I better find all of you here. You all failed the royal house, did I say I want another wife?”

“No my king but.....”

“But nothing. Get your eyebrows on flick virgin out of my house. I’m going to deal with you and your council when I come back!” he walked out of the house dialing Fox and Letha.

“Let’s go!” Ntate Moletsane said to the men. They had to help him find Mamolapo.

CHAPTER 42

THE JOURNEY OF LESSONS

IN THE CAR

“I know there is something you all are hiding from him. You didn’t tell him the entire truth so I ask that I be filled in because I know someone in this car really fucked up for Mamolapo to have her angry mother spirit up her ass” Majara said as they drove behind Seeiso’s vehicle tailing him.

In the car he had Puso, Dlomo and Mtho. Ntate Moletsane took the other SUV with Tlali, bab Gumede and uncle Kay.

“Mjay I fucked up pretty bad” Dlomo confessed with a heavy sigh accompanying his tone,

“Ntate Moletsane suggested that we don’t tell him how I brought on the spirit to her for now” he continued to add,

“Well I’m all ears” Majara,

Vulamasango sighed preparing himself for his wrath,

“I killed your mentor’s son Mjay” Majara frowned,

“What Mentor?”

“The Wolverine”

He popped his eyes in shock,

“What son? The wolverine doesn’t have a son or children for that matter” Majara

Vulamasango shook his head,

“She did. He was living abroad away from his mother. I hunted him down and killed him” Majara is in disbelief. He is known the wolverine almost his entire life and not even once did she ever mention of having a family or see her pregnant,

“Okay, let’s say for argument sake she did have a son, why did you kill her son?” Majara continued to ask,

“I need your word on something before I tell you why I killed the wolverine’s son” Dlomo said staring at him,

“Okay” Majara

“I need you to promise me that you’ll not stand in my son’s way when the time comes for him to unite with Tlotla. What I’m about to tell you involves him and it might make you think otherwise of him” Dlomo

Majara sighed,

“I know Vula” he hated it as well

“How?” Vula asked,

“I saw right through him. He is fucking the wolverine” he sounded disgusted even saying it but it was the truth. Vulamasango didn’t give it to him straight the last time they spoke about it. He mentioned it as a suspicion.

“He couldn’t even look me in the eye and I honestly want to keep him just in my pack than to have him anywhere near my daughter but I know better than to tamper with fate. Mkhonto is meant for Tlotla. We all witnessed it and there is nothing I or anyone can do about it no matter how much we

don't want it" at least Majara used his senses unlike the other father,

"Thank you for that Mjay but I found out that it didn't all start as adults having sex. She introduced him to sex from the age 14 and did things that messed with his head. If you could see Mkhonto's apartment in Germany...." Dlomo trailed off shaking his head,

"To be honest this still doesn't make sense to me. The wolverine is a teacher, a mentor, a goddess I mean we all came from her capable hands and she molded us into who we are today and not even once did she ever cross a line with any of her students. I don't understand how she and Mkhonto came to be a teacher and student fucking" Majara was having a hard time believing that the wolverine really stepped a lines like that,

"It happened man. She is been fucking my son since he joined her school" Vula,

"I'll call her after we find Mamolapo and we'll see what she has to say for herself" Majara,

"I want her dead. I don't want to have conversations with her" Vula

"She is the wolverine. A very powerful connected woman, I'm not trying to make enemies with her. I'm trying to put out the flame you created"

"She is fucking your son in law. That's family for you. She and your daughter will know the same dick"

“Dlomo don’t try to anger me please” he is got this soft spot for the wolverine that he cannot even explain where it all root from,

“We are here anyway!” Majara pointed thankful for the car coming to a halt. He really doesn’t see himself being enemies with the wolverine.

Seeiso’s car had parked outside the vacation house he had bought his wife when they got married.

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SEEISO

The universe is really testing me. I should be home with my wife not looking for her. This is the house we have that I thought maybe she would run to when everything got too much for her but it doesn’t look like she was ever here. I have checked the entire house but there is no sight of her everywhere. I feel like I’m losing my mind.

“And?” I question at everyone as we all gather in the lounge defeated. They all come back from the search shaking their heads,

“Mjay why can’t I pick her scent?” I’m a wolf. I can sniff my mate’s scent from afar but nothing is coming to my sense of smell,

“The scent comes from her soul, not her cologne. If her soul is possessed by another it will be hard to pick her scent” that explains it,

“Now I’m terrified. If she is not here I don’t know” I admit. Feeling like shit for not being there for her when she needed me the most,

“We’ll find her” Mjay squeezes my shoulder,

“Ntate Moletsane is there anything you can do to find her?” right now I’m out of options.

There is a nervous glance they share with my father in law. I can see there is more to what they told me. Somethings were omitted. I’m letting it go for now because I want my wife found first.

“Yeah there is but I don’t think you’ll like it” he say,

I stare at him giving him a chance to explain,

“We can use Bereng to find his mother” my son!

“How?” I ask,

“I’ll need his blood”

“WHAT?!”

“Just a bit of it. I’ll just stab him a little and dilute the blood to increase it. His blood can lead us to his mother”

“Can’t you use his blood?” I point at Dlomo. I mean if he wants someone who shares blood with my star he is a better fit,

“No. The spirit will sense his blood when we get close to her and keep running with her. It knows him well but Bereng is part of Mamolapo, it wouldn’t easily sense us coming” my poor baby boy, sigh!

“I’ll make the call home” I hope he never remembers being stabbed but I trust Ntate Moletsane.

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I hate this. I don’t even want to watch it. Sj is already crying. We stand outside the house. Moletsane is holding my boy with that ugly knife of his. I don’t know why he had to use Stanley knife out of everything he could have used. It’s too sharp maan. He could have used a razor, not a knife.

“Hurry about it please Moletsane!” my boy is already crying and it’s not cute. Babies can tell when they are in danger. I think he senses that we are about to make him a sacrificial goat.

I make sure to look the other way when he opens my son’s hand and directs the sharpness of the knife into his little palm. I know it’s done when he shoots out a painful cry. Damn Moletsane!

“Moletsane my baby is losing all his blood, you said it was going to be a scratch” this cut is way too deep. I grab my little man from him after he collects the blood with a jar. Those two drops are too much!

“Askies Motaung” he cleans him and applies something that definitely bites because he cries harder when Moletsane applies it. At least it stops the bleeding.

“Daddy is going to feed Moletsane to Rifer the demon, I’m so sorry my baby” I don’t miss Mjay’s frown when I mention his devil friend. I have seen things before but that one, no maan,

“Or we can feed him to Lulu my boy” Ruler adds making me laugh regardless of the pain in my heart. Lulu my boy is burning. I can almost see smoke come out of his ears,

“Okay listen up boLulu my boy” Moletsane interjects

“I’m about to start. Seeiso and I will lead the way. This blood will take us straight to Mamolapo. We’ll make stops every now and then to pour the blood on the ground for directions. Is that clear?” everyone nods,

I hold my boy to my chest as we watch him get in touch with his people. Honestly Moletsane is the greatest. He puts the jar that holds drops of my son’s blood in the middle of the yard.

We all step back a bit to give him some room. There is two sides to him. Moletsane the advisor and Moletsane the seer. Now we are in presence of Moletsane the seer.

He claps his hands in a way that only he can do. His got his own ways of doing things. The jar sits right at the center. He circles it clapping hands. For a while he is just clapping hands circling the jar, then he stops out of nowhere groaning deep like something just stabbed his soul. His shoulders and neck move on their own. He is got no control of them.

Then he falls on his knees before the jar, clapping his hands again as he twist his neck like he is trying to fight fatigue,

“Libata tsa hlathe, lona boMoletsane barenang naha ka bophara. Rekopa tsela hongwetsi ya lona ere apesitseng kapela fahleho tsa lona. Rekopa tsela hoya ho mohatsa Morena Seeiso Molapo wa pele. Rekopa tsela ho maya

Bereng Molapo wa bobeli kamora Bereng Molapo wa pele ntata Morena wa rona. Reising hongwetsi ya lona bataung” (Lions of the jungle, the royal baletsane who rule the kingdom. We ask for a path to your daughter in law that was dressed and introduce before your faces. We ask for a path to the wife of our king Seeio Molapo the first. We ask for a path to the mother of our heir Bereng Molapo the second after his grandfather Bereng the first. Please take us to your daughter in law Bataung)

He goes back to clapping before the jar. This time he groans and burps as he claps his hands. There is some hissing involved as well. My boy has stopped crying to stare as well. I’m sure he must be thinking that he is a crazy old man.

He stops, dips his index finger inside the jar and drop a little blood on the ground. I don’t know when I stepped closer but the blood is rolling on the ground moving towards the gate. It’s too small to see but we see it,

“In the cars, let’s go!” we don’t wait to hear it twice but jump inside the vehicles. I’m with Moletsane in the first car as he had said. Fox is our driver. He is following Moletsane’s because now that we are in the car we don’t see shit. Only he sees the drops moving. The others drive are behind us.

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As a man I can only be strong for so long. Holding on to my son is the only assurance I have that I’m still with the living. My heart long broke when we drove into the dirtiest part of the city. I can feel myself tremble. How and why she is here,

shred my heart into pieces only she can collect and put into a whole. Why am I getting punished when all I ever did is love her? Why is God punishing me through the only star that shines in my life?

“Right here” Moletsane gives Fox instructions to stop outside the wrinkled building that homes the forgotten and abandoned of the nation. Street kids, drug addicts, every junkie of any kind stays here. How my star ended up here shatters me.

I want to leave my son in the car but Moletsane advises that we bring him with.

He sinks his finger in the jar of blood once again and drop blood on the ground. It leads us right inside the building that looks like it's about to fall any minute. I glance at Dlomo before we all walk in. He is just as broken as I am. I want to hold him responsible but then again I remind myself that he is only human. We learn after we have made mistakes. Hopefully this is a lesson for him.

No sane human being can live in this place. It's unhealthy. There is shit, puke...anything you can think of everywhere. The smell inside is unbearable. It's like a dog died in this house yet there are people living in here.

This is the part where we look at ourselves as humans. Where did we go wrong? How do we sleep nice in our mansions when some of us are abandoned like this?

Maybe my wife being here wasn't intentional. Maybe I had to see this place. Maybe I had to know that there are places like this in the kingdom. How do I call myself a proud king when

my people suffer like this? This is a journey of lesson. I know the first thing I'm going to do after I sit on that throne. No one will be a victim of circumstance in my watch. No one will..... oh lord! I feel myself freeze. It's too hot but I'm too cold as I look at what is left of my wife. Why her god? This is not fair. This shit is not fair. She deserves none of this shit!

"There she is" I manage to word past the pain in my heart. I don't think I can still hold my son. I'm so weak right now I might drop him to the floor. What I see is the little that is left of my wife.

"Where?!" Dlomo shouts. They haven't seen her. We stopped at the door that led us to a wide room with people all over the floor. Some are sleeping some I think are dead. This is no place for a person.

I shove my son in his arms. He is the closest to me at the moment.

I jump on bodies of people that I'm not certain if some are still the living or the dead as I go to my star curled by the corner. She is only in her nightdress. She looks like a haunted soul. She doesn't deserve this. Why her?

"Baby?" I squat down to her, I can barely recognize her. This is the shadow of her. In a week I haven't seen her she is turned into someone so weak and so lost. I cannot tell if she is just drowsy or drugged,

"My star, look at me please baby" I cup her face, still the most beautiful woman I have ever seen even in this circumstances,

Slowly she opens her eyes, the star she is I still see in her eyes even today. The pain in my heart elevates as she breaks into a lazy weak smile looking at me,

“Say” her tone is almost a whisper,

“It’s you?” tears braces her plump cheeks as she ask,

“It’s me baby” I can’t help but peck her dry lips cleaning off the tears on her beautiful face with my thumbs

“You found me” every word comes so weak,

“And I’m not letting you go, let’s go home baby”

CHAPTER 43

I REFUSE YOU TO SAY GOODBYE

SEEISO

“Let’s go home baby”

“I can’t walk Say, my leg is broken” I hadn’t realised but it explains the unpleasant smell of blood coming from her.

Her left leg is broken. It’s covered in with dry blood.

“This arms will carry you home my love, let’s go mamaSj”

She winces as I try to pick her. I mistakenly touched...her hand. How much did she suffer in this? I don’t know what happened to her hand but it’s purple. It appears burnt and untreated.

“What happened here mama?” I so hate myself for not being there for her,

“I.....” words die in her mouth. Her face transforms into nothing but rage. She is still my wife but the look she is now is not that of my wife.

I follow her stare. She stares past my shoulder where the shattered Dlomo stands. Before I can say anything I find myself kissing walls. She pushed me like nothing to jump on her father. How is she so strong?

I’m shocked. On my knees watching her choke the life out of Dlomo. She is suddenly so wrathful she is like a possessed beast.

“I HATE YOU!!” she say with a voice I have never heard before. I’m only glad my son is in Ruler’s arms,

She is strangling Dlomo who is not fighting back,

“I HATE YOU VULAMASANGO!!” that’s not my star’s voice,

I cannot believe she really is possessed. What kind of a mother gave birth to my star? And why does she hate Dlomo so much?

Mjay picks her off Dlomo and holds her tight to his chest. She is still fighting throwing shivering insults that would never come out of my star to her dad,

“YOU MURDER! YOU KILLED ME LIKE A DOG! I’M GOING TO KILL HER! YOU’LL NEVER HAVE MY DAUGHTER! I’M TAKING HER WITH ME!” the body that is my star affronts at Dlomo as she keeps fighting for a release. The body is hers but the soul and the words are not that of my wife.

She sinks her teeth on Mjay’s arm and she slips when he loosens the grip. In a blink of an eye she is got a broken glass in her hand. She keeps cowering towards the broken window.

“THIS IS THE BEGINNING VULAMASANGO. I’M TAKING HER LIKE YOU TOOK HER FROM ME” she presses the glass on her neck,

Something bites in me as I see blood flow down her neck.

“ZONKE I’M BEGGING YOU” Dlomo clasp his hands on his knees before the soul that took on his daughter,

The laughter that erupt from her is deadly and evil,

“THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THIS CHANCE SAID TO TAKE HER THROAT OUT RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. SHE SAID I SHOULD MAKE SURE YOU SEE HER DIE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME SEE ME TAKE HER FROM YOU. YOU KILLED YOUR OWN DAUGHTER BABY. GOODBYE”

“KHWEZIIII!!” the scream escapes my lungs as she stands on the edge of the window. I don’t know what compels me to grab Bereng from Ruler’s arms,

“Look baby, look at him please. He needs his mother. I need my wife. Please fight for him and I, please fight my baby” I beg like my life depends on it,

“It’s hard Say, I can’t. I have no strength” that’s my wife. The tone is that of my star,

“Look at me. Look at me Khwezi. Find your strength in me baby. Fight that goodbye baby, I refuse you to say goodbye. This cannot be our goodbye. Ours was written in the stars. This cannot be our goodbye. Your know your my soul, you’re the star that gives this kingdom life. Without you there is no me, without you there can never be a king in the kingdom. I refuse you to say goodbye Khwezi. I refuse you baby, don’t do this to me”

“Say please.....you can’t....”

Moletsane is taking gentle steps behind her. I’m not sure where he approached her from but she is not aware of him.

He rolls his index finger for me to keep going,

“You can baby. Look at me, look through my eyes. Fight through our love. I’m nothing without you. There can never be me without you. I depend on you. So much depends on you. There is no king in the kingdom without you. There is no Say without his star. I refuse you to say goodbye because I’m going to jump right after you with our son”

There is tears in her eyes, she is crying when Moletsane sneaks behind her and knock her out with that painful horn of his. She passes out and I’m quick to catch her head with my leg before it hits the floor. Ruler takes Bereng from me and I grab my wife I my arms. She is so innocent in my arms it’s hard to believe that there is a wrathful spirit inside her,

“Let’s hurry outside with her. Spirits are easily defeated in daylight, they like dark dirty places because they are stronger in darkness” Moletsane advises,

I hurry out with her. She is still out of it and I’m thankful she didn’t cut herself deep on her neck. There is blood but it’s not a deep wound. It’s barely a scar.

I don’t know where Moletsane grabbed the chair but he is got a chair that he shows me to put her on when we get outside the building.

“Help me to tie her up, find something fast before she wakes up” he instructs,

They tie her up with their belts. I only pray that they don’t hurt my poor wife while trying to take that thing out of her.

When he is sure she is secure he does something he is never done before. He pours out the contents of his ancestral bag right on my wife's head.

She wakes with a gasp. Like she is trying to breath under water.

“COME OUT SPIRIT!” Moletsane urges hitting her with that horn again. I cringe for my wife and hope she doesn't get hurt in any way.

That evil laughter erupt from her once again.

“I'M KILLING HER VULA BABY. HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW!” that's one version of a fucked up baby mama. The Pabatso's type.

“Oh not on my watch spirit!” Moletsane lashes her with his horn like he whops a child.

She winces, trying to escape but she is tight to the chair. He picks that ugly knife of his. I want to tell him to go easy on her but I know he is doing his job. He fights to hold her head and cut her right on top of her head making an incision.

She is fighting. She appears to be too strong.

“PUSO, MAJARA HELP ME OUT” he shouts. I guess Dlomo and I have to watch this one.

Mjay grabs her legs while Ruler grabs her upper part. She is trembling and shaking like someone with fits. They fight to open her palms which Moletsane also cuts in. Then they pick her feet and cuts beneath as well.

He pours black powder into the cuts. She becomes crazy. Growls and groans trying to fight the hold.

“COME OUT SPIRIT. I COMMAND YOU OUT GHOST”
Moletsane continues to knock her out with the horn almost everywhere.

Like someone who have just been injected with a deadly virus her head hangs dead as she stops all the movement,

“Call her!” he say to me

“My star, baby” I take eased steps towards her. Slowly her head rises. The rage in her eyes is gone, she looks so weak

“Say...” oh my baby

“Let’s take her to the hospital!” Moletsane advises as I free her of the chair,

“The spirit?” Dlomo asks Moletsane,

“It’s in here. I’ll give it to Gumede, you’ll both see what you do with it when you get home” Dlomo is evil to be honest. The satisfied smirk on his face tells me that he is already planning evil things to that fucked up baby mama of his.

CHAPTER 44

A MOTHER'S CRY

KHWEZI

I don't know how long I have been here or when I arrived but the event of how I ended up on this hospital bed are still very vivid in my head.

To be honest I don't know how to explain what was happening to me. One minute I'm myself the next minute I'm this angry person I cannot explain. I had this extreme violent anger I couldn't control, more especially towards my dad. All this I felt after he left the last time he had come to see us.

From what I went through I can safely say I wish my biological mother nothing but a cold night in hell. The woman definitely hated me from her womb. I don't know her, I cannot even tell what she looks like but the one chance she had to connect with me and make me feel her presence she choose to make me feel her anger that almost destroyed my marriage, my relationship with my father and my in laws.

Thinking of the things I have said and done I wish to disappear but I know better than to do that. I have to clean up my mess.

Mme Majara. The woman who is been nothing but a person to me I called wicked. That woman welcomed me with open arms from girlfriend stage to this date but I disrespected her in a way that none of her daughter in laws ever have. Sigh!

Mabataung. The things I said. The disrespect I showed her. Calling myself a queen just because I didn't want my shit exposed. I'm not even a queen but I was already calling myself one.

Lerato. A very good friend I have. She took a lot of shit from me. My mother must have not been a friend's person because Lerato is the one that rubbed me off the wrong way the most. There are times when I wished to push her down the stairs for no reason at all. And the horrible thing I said to her. I honestly need to ask all of them for forgiveness. Even if they don't forgive me I'll try and try until I earn their forgiveness.

But as for my late mother. This experience was an eye opener. She doesn't deserve to be called a mother. Even in death I don't wish her to mother any ghost babies if they do fall pregnant in hell. She was a terrible person. No child deserves that cruel being for a mother.

From what she made go through, I know I'm going to love Bohlokoa whole heartedly. She deserves the love of a mother because what she had was something like my mother. I wonder where Pabatso is. As much as I want to take her as a part that doesn't exist in my life I know Say and I have to have a conversations about her. I have pushed the things I should have handled like a woman behind only to be a terrible person to the people who didn't deserve the things I did to them.

I refuse to be my biological mother's daughter. I want her to look at me in hell and see me be something she couldn't make me be. I'm Boitumelo Motaung's daughter. That's the

hands that moulded this woman and it's about time I start acting like one.

The woman loved me like her own. Even now waking up she is still fighting for me and threatening to leave her marriage from me.

I must have woken up because of them. My own mother and father. My mother is giving her husband a piece of her mind. They are not even aware that I have woken up.

“We are here once again Vulamasango. Right back to square one” the pain in my mother's tone is very loud. I wish they had chosen a better place to have this conversation but then again I'm glad I hear all this because I'll fight for them not to part because of this.

My mother cannot give Zonke the satisfaction of rejoicing in hell. I bet she would throw a party if my parents parted because of her. I will not let that one happen, not when I can do something about it,

“My children always suffer because of you. First it was Mkhonto. Now Khwezi, do you understand the pain you put me through every time my children suffer for your killings?”

“Sthandwa sami I promise it will never happen again” my poor dad!

“You promised to do better last time but look at us. We are here once again. Back to the same shit all over again. This time my daughter is lying on a hospital bed because daddy refuse to listen”

“My heave.....”

“NO DLOMO!” she is livid. One thing about my mother is that when you come for her children you ask for colours of her no one wish to see,

“I said I’ll do the talking and you fucking listen. When are you going to learn mara? Hee? When we are all dead?”

“I have learned this time around my heaven”

She sniggers

“Don’t patronise me Nyula. You haven’t learned shit and you’ll never learn Vulamasango. There is always going to be someone out there who’ll piss you off and your only response will be killing them hobane wena o sgora vulamasango. Van damme wa South Africa!”

“Baby please”

“I’m tired Vulamasango. I’m too old to have a man who cannot do the one thing he was asked not to do a life time ago. I don’t have more children to risk”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m taking my children. You can be a killing machine on your own. I don’t have the energy or more children to risk”

My stubborn father chuckles,

“You’re not going anywhere Buthumelo. Be mad all you want but don’t you dare threaten me of leaving me. I’ll be the real killing machine if you dare walk out on the life we have together. I’m sorry I’m a fucked up man who doesn’t think twice but to eliminate anything or anyone threatening his family. I’ll not lose the love of my life for protecting my family. I’m sorry baby I went about it the wrong way. Be angry at me all you want but don’t you dare even think of leaving

me.....” he storms out. Leaving my enraged mother to curse behind him,

“SATANE YEE YA MONNA!!” she throws the empty bottle of water she had in hand at the door.

I know my father is a difficult case but I know what he is without his heaven. He is just a good man with no life. I love him too much to watch him lose the love of his life over me. He wouldn't survive it. He would turn into a true killing machine if my mother ever walked out on him.

“Mama” she turns. Her eyes pregnant with tears. I hate this sight of her especially when I haven't seen her in this long,

“Oh baby!” the tears fall. She engulfs me in a hug,

“Gosh I'm suffocating you. Are you okay my baby” she kisses my forehead,

“I'll go get the doctor.....” I grab on her hand before she could leave,

“Don't mama please” I find myself emotional with the little hug she gave me. I need her to suffocate me with her scent. My mother is one of those effortless souls that just pull you in. Something about her is always so calm and so sincere.

I find myself emotional as she crushes me with another sweet hug. I hate that her presence does this to me but I have missed her so much. More than I realised now that I'm in her touch.

“Oh baby, I'm so sorry!” I'm not sure what she is apologising for but I find myself chuckle in her sweet sweet embrace. She always does this, apologise for things she didn't even do,

“I’m really sorry baby” she cups my face wiping away all my tears,

“It’s that snake head father of yours, are you okay? Should I call the doctor?” I shake my head no composing myself,

“I missed you” I manage past the painful smile on my face,
She melts,

“I missed you so much my baby, I’m sorry I wasn’t here for you”

“You’re here now, it’s all that matters” she pecks my forehead

“I love you Khwezi, you know that right?” that I have never doubted,

“I love you too mama” she nods with a smile

“And I’m not letting you leave my father” I add,

She pops her eyes,

“You heard that?” she ask,

I nod

“Jesus! You were not supposed to hear that”

“I’m glad I heard it. Mama please” she knows why I’m begging,

She sighs taking a sit on the chair besides my bed,

“Baby I’m tired. You know your brother is what he is today because of him. I don’t have a relationship with my son because of him. I don’t know my own son because he turned

into a cold creature that only smiles to those he choose to because of him. I don't know my own son's favourite dish, his choice of drink, his choice of anything Khwezi. I don't Mkhonto because of his father"

"Mama!" I reach out for her hand. She is a mess of tears,

"Now you. Vulamasango doesn't listen. I don't have more children to risk for this love. Who is going to be next? Muzi and Zizwe?"

"Mama it will not get to that, he'll never spill blood again"

She shakes her head no,

"He said it before but here we are. At least you could be saved baby but Mkhonto" she shakes her head with a sigh,

"They said that school of his would help and he would come back a normal child but....." she trails off looking sad,

"But what?" I ask. Mkhonto's situation seems quite heavy on her,

"When last did you speak to him?" it's shameful that I have to fall in my head for thoughts to think of when I last spoke to my own little brother,

"You don't have a relationship with him, don't you?" she asks seeing that I cannot provide an answer,

"At least I'm not the only one. Seems he can't stand us the females of the house. When he is home he laughs with his father and every male but your little sisters and I he cannot stand. Every time I make an appearance in the room he

leaves Khwezi. I feel like my own son hates me and I don't know why" she falls apart,

I hate seeing her like this so I get off the bed to hug her. At least my leg is only bandaged.

"He hates me Khwezi!" my mother shouldn't cry like this,

"He doesn't mama" I need to call Mkhonto. I don't even know when last I spoke to him. He doesn't even stalk me on the socials,

"I think he hates me because I choose to be with a man that turned him into a monster" now this is heartache speaking. Mkhonto is just a complicated being, she knows this very well.

"Please look at me his heaven" she laughs past her tears

"Mkhonto doesn't hate you, you know that mama. Even I don't speak to him. He never calls or text or anything but I know Mkhonto would kill for me. His love is not as loud as Sakhes, Muzis' or Zizwes'. He is complicated being that does things his way but I know he is my brother and he knows I'm his sister. Believe me Mkhonto loves you, he'll always be your twebakie. He is just a really difficult soul that's almost like his father. Maybe he smiles with him more because they share their killer instinct, who knows" she laughs,

"You might be right yazi my baby"

"I have to be right. They are both the cold ones of the family and wena shame the angel....." we both laugh and it warms my heart that I can still make my own mother laugh,

"He loves you mama you know that, right?"

“I know baby. It just hits me sometimes but I’m not here to talk Mkhonto. I’m here for my little girl, are you okay my baby?” she is really concerned,

“I am now mama. I feel like myself and I’m ready to right my wrongs. I hurt a lot of people, including my husband. I wasn’t really the partner I had been to him but he was so patient with me mama. I don’t know how or where I’m going to start but I know I have to make things right” she smiles and grab my hands,

“You’re a conquer baby. You fell, made mistakes and took hit but you’re ready to dust yourself and try again. You don’t need to be difficult on yourself. It wasn’t really you. Stand tall and start with simple words ‘I am sorry’. Sometimes it’s all people really need to hear. Don’t beat yourself up. Your blessed with a wonderful family that I know for sure have already forgiven you. Don’t be hard on yourself. Conquer this like a great queen you’re going to be” we both laugh, at her last part.

There is an extra laughter that joins from the door. I break more into pieces of pleasure. I love the man with everything in me.

“I agree with you on that one Mrs. Dlomo. Conquer this like a great queen you’re going to be” he holds my little man in his arms. I don’t know who I love more between the two. I have too beautiful men in my life to call my own,

“Molapo” my mother gets off the chair to receive my son. I climb back on the bed failing to keep my eyes of my husband.

He pops his eyes at me in reprimand when my mother is gushing all over Sj,

“You know Khwezi, I was mad that you got pregnant and didn’t say anything but once I saw this little man. I understood why. Kore my baby you failed to represent oDlomo. You gave birth to a full Molapo that even got in your head and told you that nna I’m Molapo I don’t need no Dlomo to know about me” we all share a light laughter,

“I’ll disappear with my grandson because now mommy can’t get her eyes off daddy” eish this woman! She is got eyes on her back now?

“Mama it’s not like that” I shout behind her,

“Whatever Khwezi, don’t make me a grandmother again, I beg” Yoh!

She is out of the door, leaving my husband in stitches.

“Please lock the door” he composes himself with a frown

“Huh?”

“Lock the door please” I ask again. There is a lock shutter on the door.

He regards me suspiciously but goes to lock the door.

I pat my side of the bed when he comes back. I need a very special private moment with him. I have missed him so much.

He understands the assignment. His shoes goes off before he climbs the bed and get inside the covers with me.

We lie face to face in utter silence of love for a while. We don't speak but we are saying a lot with our eyes. I'm a blessed soul to have a man that would risk it all just to have me by his side.

"I love you Say" I confess, ready to talk

"I love you my star" he pecks my nose

"Please forgive me" a frown draws on his face as I ask for forgiveness,

"Baby you did nothing wrong, what are you apologising for?"

"I'm apologising for using the love you have for me to deny you a chance to love your daughter....."

"Khwezi....." he interjects but I don't let him

"No Say please listen to me. I need to say this. I'm the reason why you couldn't claim Bohlokoa. I know how much you love me and I used that to make you feel bad and not bring her home. I'm sorry I used the love you have for me to hurt you. I know how much it hurt you not to have her but I kept silent for five years watching you cry in silence when you came back from her. I could have done better but I chose my hate for Pabatso to cloud my judgement. I'm sorry for the part I played in denying you a chance to freely love Hlokoa"

He smiles, an emotional smile pulling me closer to touch me lips for lips. He keeps our lips locked for a moment and then pull back with a sigh,

"To be honest baby it's true. I couldn't bring my daughter home because I was afraid of losing you. I knew it would hurt you so I choose to hurt alone in silence not realising that I'm also hurting my little girl but in all this, I'm the culprit here,

not you. Don't ever apologise for my shit. I'm the one that broke our code; no secrets, remember?" I smile and nod. When we started we promised each other transparency but somehow things just went wrong when we started keeping things from each other,

"I need us to go back there. No secrets but a transparent love, you think you can find it in your heart to forgive me and take us back there?" he asks

"I long forgave you baby. I need us to start on a clean slate with our little family and that includes Hlokoa. I'm ready to mother her and stop holding back on her"

He beams, emotions written all over his face,

"Thank you mosadi waka. It's all I could ever ask for" (.....my wife.....) he brings both my hand to his lips and showers them with love.

"Where is she?" I ask, bringing him to sigh. He knows I ask of Pabatso,

"She is still alive though not for long. I wanted to rip her apart but my position doesn't let me, especially now that I'm about to be inaugurated. So I sold her to a group of men that enjoys certain kind of pleasure. What I can tell you is that she'll be sold organ for organ when they are done enjoying her"

"Make sure she is dead. Don't do it yourself but make sure she never comes in our lives again, please" I cannot believe I said that but when it comes to Pabatso I just go rogue,

“I’ll tell my contact to stop the fun and shred her into pieces and sell her organs” music to my ears

“Perfect. Now that, that is ironed, there is this small little kitten that also needs ironing” he gasps as I pick my leg and put it on top of him biting on my bottom lip,

“My star you are in the hospital and your leg is.....”

“Stop talking” I grab his hand and shove it right beneath my panties. I’m wet for him. I became wet the moment he stood by the door,

“Shit!” he hisses, I know no man who loves sex than this one. In fact I know no man besides him,

“Is she healed?” he mumbles on my lips as I undo his belt. He is already hard,

“She is wet for you” he curses ‘fuck!’ in my mouth. He is kissing me while his fingers explore my kitten. He knows how to play with it to ready it. He is taking his time, I want us to do this now. Someone might come to check on me,

“Say please do me now baby” he moans in my mouth. Pulls off the kiss and gets off the bed. He stands at the end of the bed and helps me off my panties. He is careful with my leg.

My clit throb as he spreads me out pulling me to his waist. His jeans have dropped only to his knees,

“This is going to be sweet and short Mamolapo, I don’t know when you turned into a freak” he turned me into one,

I strain my bottom lip as he circles his head right on my entrance. I’m too impatient. I want him to.....

“SEEISOOOO!” Jesus! All the sex in me switches to nothing but horror. I have never been so glad that I asked for doors to be locked,

“SEEISO WHY IS THIS DOOR LOCKED!!” my father is banging on the door.

My husband is glaring at me. Horror also written on his face.

“SEEISO I’LL KICK THIS DOOR DOWN IF YOU DON’T OPEN!” Yoh!

Say is quick to pull his pants up. He also picks me back to the pillow and covers me shoving my panties in his pockets. Then he gets the door after taking in a deep breath.

My father walks in followed by Papa Tlotla and abuti Puso who is already narrowing his eyes at us in a suspicious manner,

“Why did you lock the door?” my father question,

“We were praying. You know we don’t like being disturbed when we pray” my husband say with a straight face,

“Oh! Sorry Molapo”

“Praying?!” abuti Puso is quite inquisitive. There is a smile on his face that says he knows what was going down

“You can stop holding the door, it will not fall” he continues to say. My husband was hiding his erection by the door because he couldn’t zip his jeans.

“I’ll go buy some tea” he storms out, bringing abuti Puso to a loud deep laughter,

“You have no shoes on Say!” abuti Puso screams behind him. SIGH!

CHAPTER 45

MENDING WALLS

KHWEZI

Today I woke up with a mission. To mend the walls that I broke when I was still possessed. I was discharged days ago. We are two days away from my husband's big day. By now everyone that is expected to be here is here. It's packed and it shows that the rightful heir is about to take the throne.

I need to find my peace before all of that. The first thing I need to do is ask forgiveness to those I wronged. Starting with daddy dearest.

I would like to think that my dad and I are okay. We have talked, he hugged me, told me he loves me and I know that was him burying the issue.

I have a proud man for a father. I know it's hard for him to actually have this conversation proper with me but I need it to be done so I can be at peace.

Knocking on their bedroom door I feel a bit weird. I remember how I loved sleeping with them when I was young but now that I'm a married woman and I know what happens behind closed doors of a married couple I feel like I'm disrespecting their privacy.

"Come in!" my mother shouts before I think otherwise,

I shove only my head through the door,

“Good morning parents” this old people! My father is wrapped his arms around her waist. He is standing behind her. At least they are decent but I can only imagen what they have been doing,

“Come in Khwezi, why are you standing at the door?” my dad

“Can I have a word with you dad?” I ask, not able to abandon my current post

“Ngena Khwezi! What’s your problem?” (Come in.....) sigh!

I walk in, spotting my son on top of their bed. I woke up without him. I thought he was with his dad but turns out he is with the grandparents.

“How is your hand? Is it healing?” my dad asks. It’s the only thing that still pains. The leg wasn’t anything deep but you’d swear I broke the entire leg the way Say treats me. He is managed to keep me on bed for full two days claiming that I’ll strain my leg. I broke my leg when I jumped on those girls. I honestly cannot say what I was thinking but at least I fell on some of them. I didn’t hit hard on the ground. I don’t know what would have happened had I fell straight on the ground.

Honestly speaking I knew something was really wrong with me but I didn’t want to seek help. I wanted all that rage because it’s what the spirit wanted. Now that I’m okay I can see that I was really messed up and out of character. I mean I have been a coward all my life. I can talk my way out of fights but I have never fought my way out of a fight. I have never even attempted to lift a hand at anyone but I jumped

three floors because I wanted to beat nkholo Kholu and strangle my husband's supposed perfect queen, sigh!

"My hand is fine baba, can we talk?" he frowns but turns my mother and around and kiss her. Deep and hard. Bathong!

"I'm a kid parents, and I'm here!" I scream behind them. This is why I didn't want to walk into their bedroom. I think I prefer them fighting.

My father grabs my mother's butt squeezing them. I swear they are traumatizing me on purpose. And boitumelo is actually moaning loud for me to hear.

"BABA!" I exclaim,

They both break their nasty session in laughter. Jeez!

"I thought you were leaving him" I remind my mother who looks too happy for a woman leaving her husband,

"Girl bye!" she rolls her eyes at me and walk out of the door. My dad is got sparks of love in his eyes. He looks at the door where she disappeared with love written all over his face,

"I thought she is the one that loved more in this union" I remind him his words also. He narrows his eyes at me,

"Don't annoy me, what do you want?" I laugh, my dear dad

"Can we sit baba" he frowns

"What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine baba. I owe you an apology" the things I said to him!

"Baby I don't want us to talk about this. I'm ashamed of myself. I was ready to write you off, ready to give your cousin

your life. This thing makes me feel like shit and I want us to forget about it. I failed you so much it hurts me thinking about it. Can we please move on from this princess? Please baby?"

"We have baba I just needed to apologise to you"

"I forgive you and you forgive me, right?" I nod laughing. He is species of his own but I wouldn't change a damn thing about him.

"Now that is out of the way, I need a tiny winy favour from you dad" he frowns but glares at me to continue,

"I need you to make calls and buy me a golf 7 gti in black. I need it delivered before the naming day" his frown deepens. I want it for my husband. He always brags about how he missed owning that car even in his player days. I want him to be my king player who is going to drive me in a golf to our vacation house,

"You want a car?"

"No. I want to buy my husband his dream car a present for....."

"HELL NO! I'm not buying a man that sleeps with my daughter shit" shoo!

"Baba I'll pay for it. You're not going to spend a dime, maybe just your airtime. I just need you to use your contacts to have the car delivered here by tomorrow"

"I want my airtime!" dear lord!

“You have never bought me even socks Khwezi but here you are buying boys cars, where did I go wrong with you?”

“I love you baba. I’ll send the money in your account just now” I scurry out,

“Not even socks mtanami!” the parents we keep. I’ll buy him his socks,

“And I want my airtime Khwezi!” I hear him shout as I die into the passage.

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I’m blessed. I’m blessed with a wonderful soul for a husband. They say sometimes it takes being stabbed by a thorn to know that you had really taken somethings for granted.

I have taken him for granted too many times. I have toyed with his love because I knew and I still know how much he loves me but not anymore. I want to show him that I appreciate him. I want to show him that I appreciate the love that he loves me with. He is the best husband a girl can ask for.

He is two days away before his big day. I’ll be right by his side. He choose me still. No eyebrows on flick maiden could tempt him. Beautiful Keneiloe with straight line drawn eyebrows and her virgin ass couldn’t take my husband from me. I’m grateful. He showed her and nkhono Kholu where the exit points. Apparently I didn’t make it only in Nkhono Kholu’s books. The other ladies loved me and vouched for me.

He hasn't let me leave the bed since I was discharged. In his mind he thinks I'm in bed but I had to find my way to the kitchen. I prepared this lunch for him to just say thank you.

Cooking for him it came to my mind that I hardly do things for him. I need to work on that. I went on to think of the gifts and everything he is ever done for me and I couldn't even count to two of the things I did for him. It only proves that I have been taking him for granted.

I asked abuti Puso to design a watch especially made for him with his initials as his inauguration present. I'll pay for it myself no matter how much it dents my pocket. And the car he wished to have as Seeiso the player we'll be enough. I know he is going to love the car more.

A frown marries into his face when I open the door holding a tray. He puts the book he had in hand away and look at me suspiciously,

I laugh,

"What?" I ask putting the tray before him,

"Whose making you hold trays? You should be in bed" I don't entertain him but look at the food placing it before him

"Is this mine?" he is looking at the food,

"Of course, unless if your son now eats. It's only you with a big stomach in here" he steals a glance at me, smiles a bit and shake his head taking the tray to his lap,

"Is it lunch time already? Why am I eating in the study?" usually we gather around the table to eat but this one is a

special lunch prepared by me for my husband only. The rest of the house will eat what the chef prepared,

“Because this one is prepared by me for my husband” he is got this suspicious look on his face,

“Am not in trouble, am I?” this man!

“Say eat your food!” he laughs, unwrapping his cutlery to dig in,

“Thank you Mrs. Me” I wait for him to have the first bite crossing my fingers. I’m no cook, all my cooking skills are derived from YouTube or Facebook cooking videos. And calling my mother for her kind recipes. Cooking is not for everyone, some recipes will show you flames staring right at the instructions.

He is digging in, throwing bite after bite.

“This is delicious, what do you call it?” I’m happy he enjoys it. They called it Chicken Divan, it’s just chicken breast, broccoli, cheese and mushroom soup but he doesn’t need to know that.

“Baby” he looks at me as he continues to eat,

“Thank you” I add

He sighs and stops eating,

“I told you to stop apologising mama” he did but I need him to know that I’m really I appreciate him. Keneiloe was a beautiful girl apart from her straight line purple drawn eyebrows. He could have choose her but he still choose me, his star. His position allows him to have more than one wife but he told the council women that I’m the only queen in his life and will always be,

“I appreciate your love for me Say”

“Khwezi!” he is had it with all this apologising,

I laugh, raising my hands in surrender

“I swear that was the last one but I need a small tiny favour from you” he stares at me to continue,

“I need to apologise to the family and I kind need my strength by my side to do it” he sighs,

“After this apologising I’ll never hear you apologise, please” I nod with a smile

“Okay let’s go!” I hope they have all gathered for lunch

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Sometimes we run things in our heads and think they’ll be as easy as ABC but boy..... the nerves are starting to kick in. In my head I thought I would just come and say I’m sorry for how I have been behaving the past weeks but nop. Now that I’m here with my husband, I realise the importance of this. I have to do this from the bottom of my heart. Part of me wants to pull out but I’m thankful for the hand holding me.

The Molapo family sit on the dining table. My family included because they are here for the inauguration. They’ll only leave after. All eyes are on my husband and I. I can see the confusion in their eyes.

“Jesus! You two are pregnant, right?” Bathong abuti Puso!

He exclaims bringing the entire table to gasp. He is such a freak!

I can almost see sweat drop on my father's face.

"NO. JEEEZ MAN!" Say

"My wife is got something to say to all of you" he adds

"SHUUU!" My dad exclaims out loud inviting laughter once again.

I wait for them to settle down and hold on to my husband for support. A deep breath settles the nerves and fear gripping on me.

"I asked Say to stand with me here today because I need to apologise to all of you. The past weeks I have been nothing but an animal in this house. I said thing, did things and disrespected all of you in a way that shames me even thinking of it. I know I don't deserve your forgiveness as a family but I can only ask. I'm going to work hard to earn your forgiveness and trust once again. I'm asking for forgiveness boMoletsane babatle, please forgive me" I don't know what to say more,

The smile on Mme Mamajara's face warms me. She gets off her chair to come and embrace me in a hug,

"It wasn't you Mamolapo. We understand, and no one on this table will hold that against you, right?" she turns to ask around the table,

They raise their glasses with smiles in agreement,

"Come sit down and enjoy your lunch. No one on this table is perfect, I mean we have wolves here for crying out loud"

"Haaaa!" the wolves exclaim.

CHAPTER 46

THE INAUGURATION

MAJARA

The day is finally here. The day of the naming of KING SEEISO MOLAPO-THE FIRST OF HIS NAME.

All kingdoms of different regions poured out in numbers to witness the biggest day in the Kingdom of Lesotho. The naming of the one true heir born king to the throne. This day will go down in history as one of the most phenomenal days in the Kingdom.

To say I'm proud is an understatement. I sit here representing myself and my father. I know he is looking down on this day smiling. He choose well. Seeiso is always been the one for the throne.

He is sensitive. He reacts like a man with a head, which I cannot say for Ruler and I. That one is my nigger. We kill without reason but not the little brother of ours. He will question, reason and give one the benefit of the doubt. I hate it when he does that but what I know is that Seeiso is never been a wrong judge of character.

I'm proud to see this day and be a part of it. He grew right before my eyes. A player he was but he turned around and became a worthy man for the love of his life. They look great together up there and the people are loving them.

This day is the one for the nation. Us the royal house anointed and crowned him last night. He proved himself

worthy for the throne in front of the council last night. He is the one king after years with a throne keeper. Those who witness the last night combat know that he doesn't sit on that chair by chance. He was meant for the throne and he is going to thrive.

Everyone who worships the crown knows that Kings are named and anointed the night before. The day ceremony is just a celebration after the real anointing of the king in a sacred place.

Last night I witnessed my little brother become a King. He picked the horn, defeated the combat creature and called upon rain. That's all that was needed by the council to know that he is the true king. It all happened in our sacred royal caves. Not everyone is allowed there. Only kings, council members and one priest to anoint him take part in that sacred ceremony. He did it all and no one doubts him as he sit on his throne today for his people to see him.

He sits up there but for some reason our eyes lock. We have our way of communicating with my siblings. On my far left I find Puso also glaring at me. Now I know they are begging me for something.

Ora makes an appearance with that dark mamba of hers. I see what they are begging me for. I hate that boy. He is fine but I hate him for fucking my sister. She glances at me as well with a begging look. They can relax. I'll not do anything crazy.

“ALL HAIL, KING OF THE KINGDOM!” the priest anointing our King sing after crowning him and we all follow due,

“KING OF THE KINGDOM!!” the hall sing back standing

“ALL HAIL, QUEEN OF THE KINGDOM!” the priest crowns Mamolapo

“QUEEN OF THE KINGDOM!!” the hall sings again,

“I PRESENT TO YOU, KING SEEISO MOLAPOI AND QUEEN MAMOLAPO MOLAPOI” thank god it’s done. I’m not really a fan of churches. The anointing is a church thing though we are in a hall for this part of the ceremony. I still don’t feel at ease in the presence of all this men of the lord.

The ground is roaring in praises and applauding for the new king and queen. Now we’ll be transported back to the palace for another grin show. My cheeks are complaining from all this fake grinning I have been doing today. I need this day to end right this very moment.

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KING SEEISO

I’m exhausted. I would have liked that we retire straight to our chambers but I have my queen dragging me to the basement garage. It’s quite late. No one is really paying attention to us. People are dancing and drinking the rest of the night away. I wink at my first wife passing her in a very compromising situation with Skye. I’m glad he could make it. I know he is got nothing but good intentions of her.

“I think he is going to knock her up” I freeze. To glare at her and she finds me tickling,

“Don’t say things like that Mamolapo. Ora can have a man but not fall pregnant”

She finds me funny. She is pulling me further into the garage.

“Can I close your eyes?” dear lord! What have I gotten myself into?

“It’s a surprise baby” she explains seeing the reluctance in my eyes,

“Fine!”

And then she is too short. Even in heels she is down there. She can’t close my eyes from the back like she wanted.

“BABY!” hai!

I give her a piggyback ride so she be able to close my eyes. We don’t walk long before she ask me to stop walking. She is basically my eyes.

“SURPRISE!!” she removes her tiny hands of my face. A black golf 7 that I always wished to own is wrapped with a red ribbon. She is waving the keys before my eyes,

“What’s this?” I’m confused. I’m not exactly sure what is happening,

“I bought you your fuck car baby” I laugh

“You bought me what?”

“Your fuck car. You’re always raving of how you wished to have owned one of this back in your days”

“But I’m no fuck boy anymore”

“But I want my king dirty and freaky” she knows exactly where to tap me,

“Really now my queen” she smirks, biting on her lip

“And right now I kind of need you to be dirty and freaky on me. There is a second gift if you tap me quite good” well she asked for it,

“Let’s get you tapped good inside the car” I grab the keys shoving her in. This is going to be my favourite car.

CHAPTER 47

EPILOGUE

MABATAUNG

In the ladies lounge we sit only women of the house after the big day. It's nice for us to gather like this once again. I'm glad I didn't give up on Khwezi. She was going through a lot and we didn't see anything. She apologised once again on us. Lerato, mme and I and we still assured her that it's water under the bridge. Now this is the Khwezi we ordered. Not that ruthless aggressive one.

We are almost having a wonderful day reminiscing about yesterday, until Palesa comes in and ask for me. I can only sigh as I attend her. I know what she is going to say.

"You have ran out of time" she threatens as we stand by the corner away from prying eyes. If she knew and understand who she is threating now she would shake in her boots but I know better than to use my gift as a weapon to harm those I wronged,

"Palesa I'm sorry. I'm going to lose my family if I confess" I try to talk to her,

"I lost the man I love Lwandle. You couldn't keep your zulu pussy in your panties akere? Vele I want them to throw you back where you belong" wow!

She folds her arms to her chest,

"I don't want you here anymore lwandle. You have until dinner to do it or else I'll tell your family myself on the dinner table" she means it. I see it in her eyes.

She leaves me stunned rooted in one place. I can already see the disappointment in my family's eyes. I don't know if they'll forgive me stepping out on my marriage. I'm cold, weak and out of options. For a moment I'm just numb until I'm startled by a feeling of a presence.

I look behind me but there is no one. I almost sigh until the voice say

"Down here mother" Lerotholi. He stands with Peete and Tlotla.

Dark smoky black in his eyes. Green eyes on Peete. Blue eyes on Tlotla. I know what this means. They are about to transform,

"We can't have that, now can we mama?" Tlotla. For a moment I'm lost until it hits me,

"LEROTHOLI!!" I reprimand him, they follow his word,

"No one threatens the mother of wolves" Lerotholi's words makes me drop my jaws. He say with so much ease like he is not threatening on taking out their help.

I don't know why I don't say anything to stop him.

"Ausi Palesa?!" he calls her,

Palesa hurries to him. She is their help,

"My father asked that you drive us to the saloon yourself. All the drivers are busy" he lies. Straight face and I still don't say a word. Tlotla is always included in the boys haircut. She cannot grow hair. She hates a comb so she is one of the boys when it comes to her head.

Palesa bows,

“I’ll go get my bag my prince” she hurries off. I know the look in their eyes are those ready to kill. She’ll not make it to the salon. She is making it to her death. I guess I’m as cruel. I offer a nod at my three wolves and turn back to the lounge.

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“Don’t tell me she is still threatening you” Lerato asks when I join back inside the lounge. Mme has left. It’s only the three of us. I had shared Palesa’s threats with Lerato since they already know of my indecent moments,

“Who is threatening her?” Khwezi asks,

Lerato seeks confirmation to share with Khwezi by looking at me, when I nod she fills her in,

Khwezi chuckles,

“Why are you stressing yourself when she was also a side chick to bhuti Tshepo?”

I can’t help but frown,

“Stop letting that girl walk on your head mama Tlotla. Grab her at her lowest as well. Threaten her back. I’m sure her family didn’t know that she was sleeping with her husband’s sister, right?” damn! She is savage, why didn’t I think of this before?

I nod,

“Tell her that if she wants you to confess to your family, you’ll also go confess to her family 50/50”

“You ain’t a walked over queen, are you?” she laughs

“I have said it before, if one goes low on me, I go way down lower” that she does. We all burst, remembering the times when she was a painful being to be around,

“Well I won’t be dealing with Palesa anymore” I lean over to share the news,

“Lerotholi, Peete and Tlotla are dealing with mommy’s little problem” they drop their jaws in shock

“Yes girl. This wolves have to come in handy” Khwezi high fives me and we all laugh

My husband walks in right as we laugh. He glares at us. I make sure to shut my thoughts.

“I would like to smile as well” he say, trying to fish information but he can try next door,

“How can I help you baby?” he sighs,

“Can I have a word with you?” of course he can

I leave the ladies to stand just outside the door with him.

He sneaks his hand around my waist and pulls me way way too close. He makes me feel on his hard on that settles right on my stomach as we stand. He is way taller than me. I know a can of worms I opened when I let him between my legs. He wants it every day,

“I have to go somewhere with Dlomo. I need you naked on the bed when I come back” lord! I roll my eyes,

“Where are you going?” I ask,

“I managed to call the wolverine. We are meeting up with her to settle this fight between them” I appreciate that he is always been honest with me,

“There will be no fighting, right?” I ask

“There won’t I promise. They are both really good friends of mine, I just need to sit them down and make sure they apologise to each other” I nod

“Okay, hurry up”

“I’ll make sure to hurry so I can dive between your legs tonight” sigh!

“GO!” I push him off. He bites on his lips getting off me. I know it’s going down tonight.

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MAJARA

I glare at Dlomo. He needs to collect himself. I called the wolverine for this meeting because I need to put the flames between them. They have hurt each other. They both need to apologise to one another and let sleeping dogs sleep.

I can see that he is seething but he knows that he is not one to take on the wolverine. I honestly don’t understand why I can’t be mad at her. She is fucking my son in law. The boy that is married to my daughter. That is too personal for me and should make me damn as angry as Dlomo but not. I’m too calm to the news.

One thing about her is that she is a beautiful woman. Old or not she doesn’t look her age. The sound of her heel clicking on the floors makes an entrance before she shows.

Staring at her walk in I still don't find the anger in me. I thought seeing her would maybe make me feel what Dlomo is feeling. She is the side chick to my seven year old's marriage. Sigh! Such a fucked up situation.

"Calm down!" I whisper to Dlomo who is evidently failing to keep it together.

I ordered the entire Avani out for this meeting. I wanted it to be secret but then again in a public place to avoid spilling of blood.

Dlomo and I occupy the chairs on the other side of the table. She grabs one that face right opposite to us. Her long silky hair sits on her shoulders. She is disgusted. I see it on her face.

"Why am I here?" she looks at me,

"Why are you sleeping with students?" this shocked me to the core. I had never even once thought she would do something like that,

She chuckles,

"So you already picked side Lupus?"

"I haven't picked sides. I need to know why a woman of your calibre would do something so disgusting" I'm only glad that Dlomo is still calm in all this though I can see his dead stare on her,

"He needed an old soul to be tamed"

"THAT'S BULL!" Dlomo roars,

“THE ONE TO TAME HIM IS A SEVEN YEAR OLD THAT IS HIS DAUGHTER. NOT A WRINKLED WHORE LIKE YOU RAPING YOUR STUDENTS” Dlomo adds

“Raping?” she laughs, an evil laugh

“Man I’ll not explain the syllabus of my special school to you. The predator needs a woman of my class to be tamed and it’s what I gave him. That Akela wolf wouldn’t know how to handle him” she diss at my own daughter and I still can’t find a reaction in me,

“WHY ARE YOU SO FUCKING CALM? DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE JUST SAID ABOUT TLOTLA?” Dlomo roars at me. Honestly I don’t know why I’m still not mad,

“I didn’t know you have children” I say, asking something way out of context

She blinks. I would say she is nervous,

“It wasn’t your damn business!”

“MJAY WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU SO CALM?” Dlomo is looking between me and her. I don’t know why I’m so calm,

“YOU BITCH!” he exclaims, reaching across the table and grabbing something on her hand. She had something like a tail in her hand.

“YOU CONTROL HIM WITH THIS DON’T YOU?” panic is all over her face and I’m actually growing angry now that Dlomo holds that tail

“BRING IT BACK!” she seethes, trying to grab it but it’s too late

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO MY DAUGHTER’S LIFE?” I’m towering over her, it’s like I’m only discovering the news just now,

“ABOUT DAMN TIME! SHE IS FUCKING YOUR DAUGHTER’S HUSBAND” Dlomo adds fuel to fire

She is cowering back with every step I take towards her but I reach out and grab her neck. What fuckery is she doing?

“LU....PUS!” she chokes in my grip,

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?” I hiss. Releasing my claws to rip her apart

“Please....don’t.....kill....me.....we..we..... have a son together” she manage utter nonsense that makes me free her of my hold and she falls on the floor,

“What shit are you saying?” I question,

“HE WAS YOUR SON!” she spits shit from the floor,

“Excuse you” maybe I didn’t hear her,

“The boy he killed was yours. We had a son together and he killed him” Dlomo is appalled as I am,

“I don’t know if you’re crazy or you smoked weed, I have never touched you” she laughs, an evil laugh that fills the entire restaurant

“I have touched each and every one of my students. I have replica offsprings of all of you in hiding. The one he killed was yours” this old bitch is dripping,

“You’re lying. I cannot have a child with anyone but my wife. I have never touched you”

“I’m the wolverine. The teacher of supernaturals. I have my way of manipulating fate. I made Lupus. I made the predator. I made Rifer. I made all of you. All your demons dance to my tune. None of you will hurt me. But one day you’ll all meet the best version of yourself that I made with all my students. Pity he killed ours” she disappears, just like that. She is the wolverine, she is got powers as well but turns out she is used her powers on all her students to fuck them. Now I understand why I always had a soft spot for this whore,

“What did you do with the body of the boy?” I need to ID it. I cannot have any baby with any woman expect my wife,

“Eish Mjay, I asked Abongile to get rid of it” I refuse to believe this shit,

“This stays between us Dlomo. My wife cannot know this and you don’t share this with MaDlomo. I need to see that body”

He stares at me,

“You know, now that she confessed this. The boy did have Seeiso’s features” fuck!

“And you killed him?” I ask,

“I was driven by rage and I didn’t know”

“No. thank you. You did me a favour. I’m glad that thing she created with me died. I just need to see it to break the bond she created between us with that thing she calls a child. Then I’ll take full rage and eliminate her ass. A fucking rapist for a teacher, I cannot believe this shit!”

“Let’s hope Abongile was kind to it when he got rid of it” I hope he buried it so I can at least see it.

“How old was it? Was it actually a person?” I feel so disgusted right now,

He laughs

“I didn’t ask the age and he was a boy. A normal boy who didn’t even try shit when I took out his throat. I would say he was 20/21 I’m not sure” fuck! It’s possible. I was in that school 22 years ago. Fuck the wolverine!

THE END...