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TRAPPED BY THE VOW

PROLOGUE

It's in the North suburbs of Pretoria, a peaceful Saturday morning with sun out so bright, birds singing in a happy tune. It's going to be a great day with good weather.

Bongiwe, the first born of Sizakele and Thobani Nzuzza stretches her arms getting out of her queen sized bed to open the curtains and windows.

She stands by the window for a moment looking at her father's dogs chasing each other and smiles going back to her side of the bed and kneels down next to it holding her Bible that she places under the next pillow every night.

Bongiwe: (praying) Lord Jesus,

I praise you for the gift of another day; For your mercies new each morning; My eyes are open and my heart is beating;

Each of those means you have a plan for me.
I don't know every step of your plan for today,
But I'm confident that it will be for your glory.
May your love flow through me,
And may I embrace every opportunity.
To share your love with others.
Amen.

After the prayer she makes her bed and heads to the bathroom and takes a shower singing. She is done and dressed in the next 45 minutes and steps out of her bedroom to the kitchen, walking down the staircase and is welcomed by a mouth watering aroma from the kitchen.

That can mean one thing, Mrs Nzuzza is on the pots, no offence, their helper is good but the madam of the house knows her way around the pots. She hugs her from behind, her face beaming with joy when she sees what her mother is making.

Bongiwe: Good morning my beautiful mother.

Sizakele: Good morning my baby, I am making your favorite pancakes.

Bongiwe: I can see, what are we celebrating today?

Sizakele: Just being alive you know and affording this lifestyle we have. It's really God's grace.

Indeed it is, her family is neither rich nor poor. Her parents worked very hard for everything they have right now and she is following in their footsteps. Both of them are surgeons specializing in human brains, and headaches.

She took a different route and studied accounting and recently opened her own firm.

Nzuza: Princess...

He says joining them and she turns around to give him a hug.

Bongiwe: Morning dad, slept well?

Nzuza: Like a baby, where's your brother?

Bongiwe: Probably still sleeping, I'll go check him up.

Themba, her 2 years younger troublesome brother. There's nothing her parents didn't do for him, gave him so many opportunities but he kept on blowing them away, behaving exactly like last borns.

Sometimes she feels like her parents are too soft on him and spoils him too much. He gets everything he wants, including the car he's driving and has two kids from different mothers. Guess who pays child support? The parents!

She knocks at his door and hears some shuffling sound before the door opens. Themba stands in front of her rubbing his eyes, smelling like a brewery company.

Bongiwe: Sies marn! Wake up and bath, we are about to have breakfast.

Themba: Eix, can you tell them I'm sick or something? I came at 6am this morning, I really need to sleep.

Bongiwe: You know you can't use that line in the house of doctor's right? Chin up and join us for breakfast.

She leaves him there and goes back to her parents.

Bongiwe: He is going to join us.

Nzuzza: Great, how is business?

Bongiwe: Frustrating and slow but I am handling things.

Nzuzza: You know I'm here if you need help right?

Bongiwe:(smiling) I know dad, I'm going to shout if I get stuck.

Nzuzza: I'm proud of you, how dedicated and focused you are at 24. I wish your brother can grow up and start being responsible because we are not going to be here forever.

Bongiwe: Maybe you guys need to be more strict on him. Stop giving him everything on a silver platter otherwise he won't learn.

Sizakele: And then what? He starts acting like an abandoned child and then people will give us judgmental eyes and talks?

Nzuza:(clearing his throat) Bongiwe is right, if we don't give him tough love he won't learn.

Sizakele: I'm scared that will drive him straight to a loony bin. He stresses me so much. I'm going to drag him to church tomorrow so he can get prayed for.

Tomorrow is the big day at their church, they are hosting high profile pastors from other ministries and Bongiwe is tasked to be an MC.

Nzuza:Speaking about church, I cannot wait to see you host the guests, I miss hearing you preach.

Bongiwe:(blushing) Oh babawami kodwa!

Themba: Sanibona. (Good morning)

He greets joining them at the table looking very tired with his lazy sleepy eyes.

Sizakele: Yebo Themba. Sikhuluma ngendaba yakusasa esontweni kuthi kuza abafundisi abakhulu. (Yes Themba, we

were just talking about tomorrow that there's big pastors coming to church tomorrow)

Themba: You sound excited...

Sizakele: Yes, you are going to come right?

Themba: Ma, you know that's not my thing.

Nzuzi: Your mother is being polite by asking you young man. You are coming to church tomorrow.

Themba: But dad, I have plans...

Nzuzi: Does that plan include your child support payment that is due on Monday?

Themba keeps quiet and stares at his plate.

Nzuzi: That settles it then, don't show up and see what's going to happen to you.

Sizakele:(brushing Themba's arm) It's going to be nice, you will have fun you will see.

Ibrahim and his brother Abdul, both Arabic, step out of the black Bentley parked outside their casino and walk inside followed by their guards and head straight to the management offices.

The ladies they bump into in the corridors keep on glancing back at them because they are that hot and handsome in their elements.

Ibrahim is on his black Amaani classic Thobe Kurtha while Abdul is rocking his traditional white thawb and pink shemagh on his head.

Together the brothers own casinos, brothels, clubs, and other businesses that are both legitimate and not.

Abdul pushes the door open and walks inside, Ibrahim closes the door behind him leaving the guards standing outside.

Owen, the manager

quickly stands up from his chair and greets them.

Ibrahim: It's okay Owen, sit down.

Owen is a mixture of Indian and white breed, he is handsome in his own way. Ibrahim sits opposite him and grabs the cigar from its tube and leans back on the black leather chair. Abdul stands by the window with his hands folded.

Owen: I didn't expect you guys, how was Cape Town?

Ibrahim: Cape Town, well just the usual. Work. How has it been to you?

Owen chuckles nervously, Ibrahim is the oldest and he is always calm but he knows very well how ruthless he can be.

Owen: Well, business has been good, money is coming in.

Abdul: Is that so?

That question sends chills down his spine, Abdul can cause havoc anytime of the day, he acts in a blink of an eye. Owen swallows hard, he knows why they are here.

Owen: Yes.

Ibrahim drops the cigar on the ashtray and takes out his iPad, pressing it for a moment before pushing it to Owen.

Ibrahim: This doesn't look like it, Owen.

Owen: (breathing heavily) I can explain...

Ibrahim: Please do because I'm interested to know how you mixed the accounts.

Owen: It was really an error, you don't have to stress yourself about it. I will fix it shortly.

Abdul: That's not good enough Owen, people haven't been paid!

Ibrahim: Abdul, let me handle this.

Abdul: You better not be stealing from us, not after everything we did for you Owen.

He is breathing fire and it's understandable, Ibrahim is just downplaying the situation because it's in his nature to be calm.

Ibrahim: Mr Owen wouldn't steal from us, I think the workload got too much for him and he mixed the accounts. I understand, it's a lot. That is why I have decided on getting an accounting firm to assist.

Owen sweats, he can't allow that! An accountant will do maths and expose him!

Owen: Mr Ali, I can promise you that there is no need for that. I have everything covered.

Ibrahim looks at Abdul who doesn't approve and smiles.

Ibrahim: Okay Owen, you have until Monday to sort this mess, or else an accountant will walk through this door. Are we clear?

Owen: Yes, yes, I will fix it I promise.

How? He doesn't know but he really needs a magic to sort this one out before he loses not only his job but life!

Thapelo just finished doing the dishes him and his granny used when eating their lunch. He is now ironing and preparing his outfit for church tomorrow.

He goes to his grandmother's bedroom and knocks, she is seated on the bed reading her Bible. She's not that old, around her middle 60s, still very strong and does everything for herself and working as a domestic worker for some rich white people.

It's that money that put him through college for engineering. Now he is praying so hard for a job and does part time gigs that he gets, especially from church. He is part of the technical team and ensures that everything goes well there.

Thapelo: Koko, can I come in?

Lydia: Yes my dear, come in. What is it?

Thapelo: Nothing Koko I just wanted to find out if you don't have anything that needs ironing for tomorrow?

Lydia smiles warmly, Thapelo is her only grandson that she raised after her only daughter died from being shot by her boyfriend who was a policeman who also killed himself leaving the 2 year old Thapelo an orphan. If she was still alive she would be 45 years now.

Lydia: Oh my Angel, you are so sweet. I really pray each and every day that you find a good woman that is going to treat you right and make you very happy.

Thapelo blushes, he hasn't been lucky with girls. More like afraid of them because of his background. He is not poor but his financial status cannot afford him a wife at the moment, although it was prophesied at his church at the beginning of the year that he's going to get married.

He is a devoted Christian that takes his religious life very seriously and is committed to it. He believes in God to lead everything and if it is by his will that he has to get married this

year, then he is going to make a way. He's only 28, his grandmother needs someone to relieve her around the house.

Thapelo: You are always ironing at work so it's only fair that I get to relieve you when you are home.

He says completely ignoring the "wife" topic.

Lydia: Thank you my Angel but I am sorted out for now. Just make sure you get enough rest for tomorrow okay?

Thapelo: Okay koko, I'll go finish up.

He leaves her bedroom and returns to his where he continues ironing his outfit humming a song softly....

THEMBA

He is inside the changing rooms looking himself in the mirror dressed in an exotic men's cowboy costume uniform. His body

is shining and looking all kinds of sexy from the baby oil he applied on.

His abs and strong arms out in display to see, he smirks confidently putting the mask on around his face, revealing his eyes, mouth and nose only. A knock comes through the door.

Themba: Come on in!

The door opens and Pamela, his manager walks in, her stilettos making a sound on the floor as she walks closer to him. She stands behind him and can feel her eyes feasting on his sexy body.

Pamela: Your client is ready and waiting for you.

Themba: I'm good to go.

Pamela: I will go get the bouncer for you, make me proud!

She spanks his ass and he giggles picking up his coat and covers his outfit with. He hopes and prays that she's less fetishist and their session ends earlier so he can get home.

He doesn't want to piss his father even more by not going to church, although he will be sleeping throughout the whole service but what matters is that he will be there.

The bouncer leads the way for him to where his client is at and opens the door. Themba walks in and locks it behind him and looks around. His eyes lands on a white old lady seated on the bed with her legs wide open.

Her: Hello lover boy, come to mama!

To be continued.....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 1

BONGIWE

As expected, people pulled up for the service and what makes her even more happier is to see a lot of youth present, especially women. She has taken upon herself the task of being the girl's teen mentor and being there for them.

It's hard being a teenager, even harder when you don't have anyone to talk about what your growth and changes to. With everything that is happening in the world these days, she feels the importance of bringing young girls closer to God for protection.

She is not perfect, far from it but hopes that lending an ear to these young generations and guiding them through their different paths will make a difference and lessen the high teen pregnancy rate and them getting diseases on the way.

Dripped in her all black outfit, from her pencil skirt, penthouse, stilettos and blazer, she looks and feels confident.

The praise and worship team is warming up the house and session while she goes through her notes and prays silently that everything goes well.

After the first opening prayer, she takes the stage and sees Themba walking in and sits at the back. She sighs, at least he came, that counts for something. She greets everyone in the house according to their positions and positions herself to start.

Bongiwe: The day we all have been waiting for has finally come, I am so happy that today we are going to witness and feel God's presence in our lives, Amen.

I am happy that today we are going to be reminded that mercy never forsaken us Amen. Often I hear or read about people crying or rather complaining about the challenges they encounter in their lives daily.

They will question why a certain situation is happening to them, ask what they do wrong to experience that. Today I want to remind whoever has that lingering question in their mind that you are going through whatever you are going through because you have to.

Yes, you heard me. This brings me back to this one time where I was watching Khanyi Mbau's interview on TV and she was asked by the interviewer if she (Khanyi) would want her daughter to go or experience some of the things she(Khanyi) did.

Her response is what carries me through difficult and challenging times. She looked at that interviewer boldly and answered: " No, I wouldn't want my daughter to go through that. I crawled so that she could walk".

" I crawled so she could walk" those words stuck up to me so much. What does it mean?

I will break it down for you. Sometimes God is going to use you to end a general curse and to start a new chapter in your life,

family circle. You are going to fight battles so that the next generation after you would not go through them.

It's not easy I know, sometimes it feels so unfair but you must be prepared and train daily to fight the battles life throws at us.

Imagine you are about to run a triathlon, you know you have miles and miles ahead of you to run, swim and bike. It's going to be grueling, it's going to be tough and take every bit of your strength.

Of course, no sane person would go into this race without training for it. Working out trains your muscles to be able to endure the exertion of the race. The training is what makes it possible to finish the race

Think of prayer as a training program, prayer connects you to God and helps you in the training of your Faith muscles. As you tell God about the things you are concerned about and experience His comfort and peace, your faith muscle grows and draws you closer to God.

The experience of prayer trains you to trust God more with the details of your life. Prayer is one of the most powerful weapons God has given us, and looking ahead at 2022, I believe it has never been more important for God's people to be on our knees. But knowing how to pray is not always easy.

Jesus' disciples felt the same confusion. They were familiar with the oft-repeated prayers of the Torah. But Jesus prayed with a kind of authority and power they had never seen before — as though God was listening! So when they came to Jesus, as told in Matthew 6, they didn't say, "Teach us another prayer." They said, "Lord, teach us to pray."

2 Chronicles 7:14 says " If my people, who are called by my name, will humble themselves and pray and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from Heaven and forgive their sin and will heal their land"

I want us to close our eyes, let our heart have a silent conversation with God as I say this short prayer and allow the mother of this house to come forward.

Dear Father, thank you for the training program of prayer. Sometimes it isn't easy to pray and wait for your answer.

Help me to remember that my faith is being trained by the experiences of prayer. Give me the perseverance and diligence to stay in the program.

Amen...

IBRAHIM

His office door gets opened and Pamela walks in wearing jeans, flat Gucci sandals and a crop top. He smiles, relaxing his back against the chair looking at her walking towards him and sits on his lap.

She runs her sharp and long manicured nails around his beard, hair and face causing him to giggle...

Ibrahim: Stop it...

He says softly and smiles at her as she plants kisses on his mouth.

Pamela: I missed you baby.

Ibrahim: I did too, hence I came back.

Pamela: I was surprised when I heard you were back. Is everything okay?

Pamala manages the brothels and does a great job at it.

Ibrahim: Just a small problem but I'm sure it will be sorted out soon.

Pamela: You sure? You know you can tell me anything and I'll be happy to help.

Ibrahim: I know, you have done enough already. How is that project going?

Pamela: I am working on it...

Ibrahim: Okay, how is it coming? Tell me...

Pamela: I have few of these girls I scouted from Instagram. I have a meeting with them tomorrow (Monday) where I will brief and lay down the rules.

Ibrahim: Great, remember, they must be above 18. I don't want what happened last year to repeat again.

Pamela: Don't worry, they will be screened thoroughly this time.

Ibrahim pulls out his wallet and gives him his own personal card and Pamela grins widely unable to contain her excitement.

Ibrahim: Go buy something sexy for later...

Pamela: Do we have a budget or limits?

Ibrahim: It's unlimited, do your worst.

She kisses him hard

awakening his feelings and quickly pulls out from the kiss giggling.

Ibrahim: I'll get you for this...

Pamela:(blowing him a kiss) Later daddy...

She bumps into Abdul on her way out and he shakes his head walking in.

Ibrahim: You don't look okay , what's wrong?

Abdul: I have to go back to Cape Town, my wife called.

Ibrahim: Oh no, is everything okay?

Abdul: No, my daughter has been admitted to the hospital. I came to let you know that I won't be around for a while.

Ibrahim: It's okay I understand, take all the time you need. If things get worse, call me. I'll come too.

Abdul:(nodding) Appreciate it, I'll be heading to the airport then.

Ibrahim stands up and gives him a comforting brotherly hug and taps on his shoulder. Abdul's daughter is barely a year old but is always in and out of hospitals and this is causing a lot of frustration and depression to both of them. Adds up to Abdul's forever pissed off mood.

As soon as Abdul exits his office he receives a call from one of the men he worked with in the past.

Ibrahim: Isaac, what a pleasure my man.

Issac: I wish I could say the same, why didn't you tell me you have a financial crisis?

Ibrahim:(frowning) Huh, what financial crisis?

Issac: Your man was here and wanted me to loan him loads of cash. He clearly doesn't know of our relationship and it confuses me because you run a casino and gambling business. You are the one who gives me an injection when I run low.

Ibrahim clenches his jaws holding his fist tight and exhales.

Ibrahim: It was a misunderstanding, I hope you refused?

Isaac: I said I'll get back to him after running a background check on him.

Ibrahim: Thanks for letting me know, I'll handle it.

He ends the call and hits the table.

Ibrahim: Damn you Owen!

He brushes his hair back and pick up his phone dialing Pamela's number.

Ibrahim: Babe...

Pamela: Miss me already?

Ibrahim: I need to cash in on that help and you offered.

Pamela:What's up?

Ibrahim: Find me an accountant, or firm. A good one and do it asap.

Pamela: Okay, anything else?

Ibrahim: No, just that.

Pamela: I'll be back to you with the information, I might know someone.

Ibrahim: You are a lifesaver, thank you.

The call ends and he realizes how far people are willing to go to abuse his kindness. He gives people the benefit of the doubt too much and Owen is going to be used as an example.

THAPELO

He is laying on his bed after having his Sunday lunch his granny prepared before they went to church. It was a good day as usual, he enjoyed today's sermon and felt like the verses and theme was somehow talking to him.

He is browsing through YouTube looking for more sermons aligning with what was being preached at his church today when he comes across a trending video from this other famous church around Pretoria.

It's one of those churches that appear on TV, theirs is on that path too as they are growing. From this video it shows that some of the powerful pastors were gathered in this particular church.

What draws his attention is Ms Nzuza's sermon, wow yaze yakhuluma intombazana incane! He listens to her preaching and feels something move inside him.

He can't describe it or how he is feeling but he is sweating and running short of breath. What is happening? Who is this girl?

Lydia: Thapelo, yehheni nakhu ngizofelwa ingane?
Thapelo, what's wrong with you?

His granny says shaking up, he can hear but is unable to respond. This is strange and scary!

THEMBA

After church he locked himself in his room and slept the entire afternoon off. His body is tired and has bruises, that white magogo was freaky as hell.

She used whips and waxes on his body, well the money is good so he can handle the temporary pain. Thank God on Sundays he

is off because of family time. He knows that one of his kids is in the house and plans on waking up, takes a bath and drives out with her daughter to the mall.

Maybe he should surprise his parents and offer to pay the maintenance but it is going to raise a lot of questions as to where he gets the money from. He is not ready to answer that question yet.

He loves women, loves sex and exploring different sexual fantasies so he figured why not get money while at it? Hitting two birds with one stone right? Maybe he should tell his folks that he got a job in a club so that he can spend his money freely.

It won't be long before he gets his own place, he started working there a month ago after grooving and liking that place. These rich lonely women are generous and can cough out any amount for a good orgasm.

The good doctors won't like him working at the club but it's better than them knowing the truth right? His phone rings, he takes one glance and sees Pamela's name and curses.

What does she want because Sundays are his day offs?

Themba: Pam?

Pamela: Hey sweetie, listen I need a favor from you.

Themba: As long as it doesn't include me coming to work then shoot...

Pamela: No silly, you are off I know. My man is looking for an accountant and I remember in one of our conversations you mentioned that your elder sis is one right?

Themba: Yeah she is and pretty good at it.

Pamela: Great, please plug me with her contacts so that I can communicate with her. It sounds like an emergency and I don't have time to do research honey I'm at the mall shopping!

Themba: I know you very well, cool I'll forward you her business card.

Pamela: Thank you honey, see you tomorrow.

The call ends and he forwards her the number and decides to wake up. He fixes his bed, washes his face and dresses up in a top that covers the marks he got from his sugar last night.

Walking down the lounge he finds his sister playing with his daughter, and the baby mama is here too. Great!

Themba: Neo..

That's him greeting her and picking his daughter up.

Themba: B, someone will call you asking for your services.

Bongiwe: Ncooah, you sourced me a client?

Themba:(winking) You know I got you.

Bongiwe: Thank-you mntanesekhaya, I will buy little nusus here Pampers with the money I'll make.

Themba laughs while walking outside with his daughter in his arms. He can feel Neo following her outside and mentally

preparing himself for the long exhausting speech that is coming.

Neo is a good girl, pretty and a banging body that matches her great personality but then she is not what he wants or what she deserves. He can't give her what she wants at the moment. Commitment and matching outfits are kind of a relationship. He is 22 for crying out loud but already a father of two because these girls always try to trap him with babies.

That has taught him to be best friends with the rubber heron.

Neo: Can we talk?

He screams "no" in his mind but pulls out a calm face with a fake smile.

Themba: Sure, what's up?

Neo: What happened to us?

Themba: Neo...

Neo: No Themba I deserve to know, we were good, everything was going well and you just changed and dropped me. What happened?

Themba: Let's not do this, I want to bond with my daughter...

Neo: Did you ever love me?

Now her voice is breaking up, may the Lord Jesus come and save him now?

Themba:(calmly) I loved you Neo...

Neo:(wiping her tears) Then what changed?

Themba: You changed...

Neo: Me? How?

Themba: You became my mother instead of a girlfriend!My relationship with you started to feel like a prison, you constantly accusing me, checking and hacking my phone to read my messages.

Heck Neo you are 20, beautiful and sexy as hell but yooh, you are too much sometimes!

She swallows the lump on her throat while tears continue streaming down her face. You see why he hates these talks? Now he feels bad for being honest!

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 2

THEMBA

Neo is crying causing their daughter to cry as well. He rolls his eyes bored, what annoys him the most about this is the fact that the parents love Neo so they are going to blame him without understanding the whole story.

Themba: Can you pull yourself together Neo? This is not the end of the world nor does it mean that there is something wrong with you.

Neo: It hurts to see you move on with your life as if nothing happened to us, as if we are not sharing a baby.

A baby didn't stop him from leaving his baby mama, what made her think hers will do? It's even worse because he cheated on the mother of his son with her so she must rest.

Themba: I'm sorry, you are going to find someone who will treat you better. I need you to understand this for yourself. I'm not the guy for you Neo and I don't want to continue hurting you.

Neo: I know my actions pushed you to this decision but can we at least try again? For our daughter's sake?

Themba: I'm sorry I can't do that...

Neo: But why? Is there someone else?

Themba: No, but I will end up resenting my child if I continue doing this. I'm really sorry Neo.

She wipes her tears and snatches the child from him and walks fast back to the house. Wow! He follows back and finds her packing the baby's bag and Bongiwe offering to drive her back.

Nzuza: What have you done now?

Themba: Nothing, I have something to tell y'all.

Sizakele: Not another baby I hope.

Themba: No mom I promise no more babies now.

Nzuzza: Then what is it?

Themba: I got a job...

Sizakele: Oh wow, where?

Themba: At the club...

Nzuzza:(raised eyebrows) Club? What kind of club?

Sizakele: Does it matter? At least he's doing something...

Nzuzza: Of course it matters which club he's working at...

Themba: I know it's not your ideal dream job you have in mind for me but the club is legit and I'm making money. Finally I'll be able to take care of my kids and get my own place soon.

Sizakele:(smiling) I'm proud of you baba...

Nzuzza: Well done, but I'll have to check that club, give me a name. I don't want you returning in a body bag or worse, arrested.

Oh wow! Now he needs to talk to Pamela so that she comes out with a solution to this. His father will faint if he learns that the so-called "club" is actually a brothel.

THAPELO

He opens his eyes and finds his grandmother still next to him looking worried. He doesn't understand what was happening to him and it was the first time such happened.

Lydia: Thank God you are up. How are you feeling?

Thapelo: I'm alright koko, I'm sorry to scare you.

Lydia: What happened Thapelo because after this you passed out.

Thapelo: I don't know how to explain this but I was watching a sermon from YouTube where this girl was preaching and then something moved in me.

Lydia: Oh?

She says and looks away as if she has an idea or knows what this means.

Thapelo: Do you have an idea what it means?

Lydia: I could be wrong but I think you were convicted by the Holy spirit. Pray for more clarity okay?

Thapelo: Okay.

She brushes his cheeks and walks out leaving him even more confused. Maybe he should also talk to his spiritual father about this. He takes his phone and goes back to the video and watches it. He gets her name, Bongiwe Nzuzi.

The Google search engine comes back with loads of Bongiwe Nzuzi's on social media that leaves him confused as to which one is her. He puts his phone aside and sighs.

PAMELA

The black leather striped lingerie was surely made and designed for her. It covers all the right angles yet exposing everything else on the display.

She twirls around the mirror and tweaks a bit while taking a sip from her glass of champagne. Ibrahim will be here anytime from now.

Speak of the devil, the bedroom door opens and he walks in with his shoulders dropped, eyes puffy red. He's not okay. She attends to him immediately.

Ibrahim: You look so sexy...

Pamela: I know, are you okay?

Ibrahim: No...

He smashes his lips on hers, they are trembling and hot. Her hands quickly go above her head as her body gets pinned against the wall lifting her legs around his waist.

No foreplay, nothing, she knows when he's like this it's going to get rough. Her thoughts get disturbed by him entering her unexpectedly and hard. Thank God for the wine that made her wet down there.

His thrusts are quick and his breathing is heavy on her ear, while his hand suppresses her moans as it's choking her neck. He fucks her hard and rough that she feels her legs trembling.

He drops her from the wall and his waist to her knees and shoves his manhood deep within her throat causing her to gag while he presses her head on deep and releases inside her groaning.

She swallows with tears streaming down her face and he wipes them looking apologetic. She is going to need a long bath filled with sea salts after this.

Ibrahim: I'm sorry, I got carried away.

Pamela: It's okay, you needed that.

Ibrahim: Abdul's daughter passed away.

Pamela: Oh my goodness! I'm so sorry babe...

Ibrahim:(sniffs) We really thought she was going to pull through you know..

Pamela: Same here, she's been fighting since birth. May her soul rest in peace.

Ibrahim: I've booked a flight for tomorrow morning, I need to be there for my brother.

Pamela: Of course, I'll give Samantha a call. Geez this is sad I'll pack your bags.

Ibrahim: It's okay, I'll do it. You need to rest, did you find that accountant?

Pamela: Yes, I have her business card and address.

Ibrahim: Send it to me, I need to see her before I leave.
Hopefully she opens early.

Pamela: I can tell her to be at the office early for you.

Ibrahim: Please do babe...

Pamela: Okay...

BONGIWE

It's Monday morning, exactly 7am and she's already at her small office setting up her things for the day. Her normal hours for operating are 8-5 but this lady sounded desperate over the phone so she allowed it.

Just as she is making herself a cup of coffee to prepare for the day, a strong man's scent fills her nostrils and she turns around to find a tall Arab man standing behind her with his hands in his pockets.

Not so far from him, there's other men she concludes that they are bodyguards. Her heart beats so fast as if it's going to come out of her mouth. She pulls a brave face and composure and looks at this man.

Bongiwe: Good morning Sir, can I assist you?

Ibrahim: My name is Ibrahim Ali, my girlfriend made an appointment to see you on my behalf?

Bongiwe: Oh yes, she did. Please follow me to my office.

She says a short prayer for her legs to carry her to the office as the man follows her behind. He runs his eyes around and doesn't sit when she offers him a seat.

Ibrahim: Sorry, what's your name again?

Bongiwe: Bongiwe, Bongiwe Nzuzza....

Ibrahim: Okay Ms Nzuzza. Look, I don't have enough time here as I have to fly to Cape Town in the next hour. I need you to find me some missing money from my businesses.

Bongiwe: How much are we talking about?

Ibrahim: R800 000...

That's a lot of money! It's going to need some serious audit and investigation.

Ibrahim: Can you do it?

Bongiwe: Yes but it won't be over night and I'll need access to your accounts and some personal information.

Ibrahim: Of course, I needed to see you so I can know if I can trust you with the job. You look capable, don't disappoint me.

Bongiwe: Thank you sir...

What is he thanking him for? Yooh nerves! His hands come back with a USB. He places it on the table.

Ibrahim: Everything you need it's in here, passwords, login details Everything. I don't need to remind you about the importance of confidentiality because you look smart. All my details are there, send me your invoice and I'll attend to it.

Bongiwe: Wait, you want to know how much I charge?

Ibrahim: It doesn't matter, as long as you get the job done I'll pay you whatever amount you name.

Whooa, we are rich aren't we?

Bongiwe: Okay, I'll get started on it right away.

He smirks and walks around the table and stands behind her. His hot breathing is causing shivers down her skin.

Ibrahim: You have lovely and educated parents Bongiwe, I am sure they are proud of the woman you have become.

Wait, how does he know her parents because it's the first time they are meeting and why is this statement making her so uncomfortable?

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 3

BONGIWE

It's been a crazy long day trying to do the numbers from Mr Ali's accounts. From what she is seeing, now it makes sense why he made that statement about her parents.

Fucken unbelievable! So he was threatening her knowing there's shady deals in his businesses? That was his way of saying she shouldn't breathe a word? What an idiot!

It's unfortunate that she needs the money otherwise she would drop him like that and forget about it. She stretches her arms and steps out of bed.

Since she came home late last night, she's going to the office late today and wants to take her father out for breakfast and shopping since it's Father's day.

His father is already up and making his coffee when she walks to the kitchen.

Bongiwe: Happy Father's day babami...

Nzuzi: Oh thank you my Angel.

Bongiwe:(hugging him) You are the best dad ever, I'm glad to have you present in my life.

Nzuzi: I hope your intention is not to make this old man blush okay?

Bongiwe:(laughing) Not even, please change so we can go out.

Nzuzi: I'm being spoiled today, I will show you what your brother got me.

He looks happy and that what matters, he has made so many sacrifices for them and it's only fair to appreciate the efforts.

IBRAHIM

Abdul has his back against the seat of his car lowered down with his eyes red and face swollen. It's an emotional moment for them as a family.

Abdul: Today is Father's day, I am supposed to be spending time with my daughter and celebrating being a Father but here I am, arranging her funeral.

Ibrahim taps on his shoulder for comfort.

Ibrahim: She is in a better place now, free from all the pain and suffering. You need to release her so that she can rest in peace.

Abdul:(rubbing his eyes) My wife is a mess, I don't even know how to comfort her.

Ibrahim: Just be there for her, that's all she needs right now. Both of you need to mourn together and be each other's comfort.

Abdul: Yeah, tell me something else to get my mind off things.

Ibrahim:Well, you were right, Owen is stealing from us.

Abdul: I knew it!

Ibrahim: I got someone to investigate this and I'm hoping to get a report from her soon.

Abdul: Do you trust her?

Ibrahim: I do, she looks honest and new into this. I did something though, I kind of regret it.

Abdul: What did you do?

Ibrahim: I threatened her...

Abdul: Wow...

Ibrahim: I just needed her to know what's at stake when she tries something fun.

Abdul: Ibrahim, please focus. This is a lot of money we lost here.

Ibrahim: I am focusing!

Abdul: Better!

THEMBA

His phone rings under his pillow and he grabs it, answering without checking the caller ID.

Themba: hello?

"Happy Father's day baby daddy"

Themba: Samke?

Samke: Of course, who did you think it was?

Themba:(chuckling) I'm sorry I just woke up. Thank you for the wishes, truly appreciate it.

Samke: You are welcome, I know you are an ass but you are a great father to our son.

Themba: I try, with your help and my family's, I strive to be better. Thank you for making me a father, I knew I don't shoot blanks through you.

Samke:(laughing) You are so silly! Do you have plans?

Themba: Nothing much, why?

Samke: I was thinking of taking you, the kids to the park and have some little celebration there?

Themba: Kids?

Samke: Yes, your daughter too if it's okay.

He melts, after he made Samke so dirty, she still is kind and civil and the only one that doesn't give her drama.

Themba: It would be nice but I doubt Bianca's mom will allow that.

Samke: I understand, I was just reaching. Maybe I can send you a gift voucher or something.

Themba: We can still do the picnic, as long as it won't inconvenience you anyhow.

Samke: It won't

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besides this will allow you a chance to be with your son.

Themba: Thank you Samke....

Samke: I will pick you up in an hour.

Themba: Okay...

The call ends and he smiles alone checking his messages. His father, mother, sister wished him a happy father's day but Neo didn't. He views her status and he comes across an update that reads " happy Father's to me and all the single mother's out

there who are holding it down and raising their kids alone. You are strong and appreciated queens"

Wow, like really? He types a message telling her she's not a single mother but a single person but deletes it. Silence is better in this case although he feels attacked.

He cleans his bedroom and pulls up all the drip after taking a bath. His mother raises her eyebrows when she sees him. Why is she home?

Sizakele: You are looking good.

Themba: Thank you mama, Aphiwe's mom is taking me out.

Sizakele: Mhmm, don't make another baby.

Themba: Come on, we are not dating and it's just a picnic.

Sizakele: I'm just saying..I don't like nor trust that girl.

Of course, she loves Neo and can't even hide it. With Samke it was always difficult, one of the reasons that contributed to their break up. His mother doesn't like Samke because she

believes she's not a good girl mainly because she has tattoos, a lot of them, doesn't go to church and is a model.

In his own perspective, Samke is a hustler and chases what she wants, like him. He admires that about her.

Samke arrives and greets Sizakele who plays with Aphiwe a bit before Themba takes him and they head towards her Renault Clio 2 door white car. He straps Aphiwe on his baby car seater and they hit the road.

Samke: Your mom looked more welcoming today than the other days...

Themba: Argh, you know her, she is like the weather.

Samke: I know she doesn't like me but I'm glad she is trying for the sake of our son.

Themba: She loves her grandson Sam...

Samke: I know, so how has it been with you?

Themba: Well, what can I say? I'm trying. I got a job and now I'll be more responsible to my kids.

Samke: Oh wow, that's nice, where?

Themba: In a club...

Samke: Doing what?

Themba: Promise not to judge?

Samke: Have I ever judged you?

Themba: No. Okay, I'm a male escort.

She hits the breaks quickly and turns to look at him with her mouth wide open.

Samke: Themba!

Themba: I know, keep driving please.

Samke: Wow, I hope you are using condoms at least.

Themba: Always, I don't wanna die of Aids and leave my kids behind.

Samke: You better....

Phew, at least she's not judging him, that's a relief.

A FEW DAYS LATER

The office door flies open and the men in black suits badge in and grab Owen from his chair like a baby and out to the limousine.

Inside the car he finds Abdul and his intestines turn upside down! He gives him an evil smile.

Abdul: Mr Owen...

Owen: Mr Ali, what's going on?

Abdul: Ibrahim and I want to talk to you. Drive...

The driver moves the car and the trip is awkwardly silent until the car stops in a house he doesn't recognize. He knows Ibrahim's house and this is not it.

Owen: Whose house is this?

Abdul: Don't worry about that. Let's get in.

They walk inside and find Ibrahim seated on a huge round table with a laptop, papers and there's a lady dressed in formal clothes not so far from him.

Ibrahim: Owen, please have a seat and join us. Let me introduce you to the lady next to me, this is Bongiwe Nzuzza, my accountant.

Owen: Shit!

It comes out as a whisper but loud enough for everyone to hear it.

Ibrahim: Now that we are acquainted with each other, Ms Nzuzza, can we begin?

Bongiwe: Yes.

He's dead, Ibrahim doesn't look friendly today!

To be continued.....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 4

OWEN

Owen has stopped wiping the sweat that flows his face immensely as he is watching the laptop screen and listening to this girl explaining how he tried to make a fake deposit to the accounts.

That's why it took the Ali's long to notice that something was off because he made it look like he was depositing the money there. This lil bitch is good, he gives her that. Her parent's school fees didn't go to waste.

Ibrahim: Owen, do you care to tell us what you do with so much money?

Abdul: Telling us only that it won't be enough. What I'm interested to know is how are we getting it back?

Owen: Urhm, I..I'm sorry, I was in a very tight situation.

Ibrahim: What situation? Because you could have borrowed money from us?

Owen: It became a habit, at first I returned it but as time went by...

Abdul bangs the table and Bongiwe jumps frightened at that act.

Bongiwe: I think I should go, please don't kill him. I'll email my invoice to you Mr Ali.

Ibrahim: I'll make sure you get a bonus, thanks Ms Nzuzza.

She packs her things quickly and walks out of the office and leaves him alone with the two vultures hungry for blood.

Ibrahim: So, Owen, how are we going to get our money?

Owen: Please, don't kill me!

Abdul: If we kill you then where are we going to get the R800k?

Ibrahim: I have an idea...

Abdul: Yeah?

Ibrahim:(folding his arms and rubs his beard softly) Pam told me there's a shortage of exotic male escorts, especially for M2M experience.

Abdul:(smirk) Oh yeah? And our clients pays in dollars for that experience.

What are they talking about? Whatever it is, he is not happy about it!

Owen: Gentlemen, what are you talking about?

Ibrahim: We are not going to kill you as my brother mentioned already that will be a huge loss for us.

Owen: Thank you...

Abdul: Not so quick. You are going to work for us, but not as a manager.

Owen:(frowning) I don't understand.

Ibrahim: You will entertain our sadist clients.

Owen: What? No, Mr Ali I'm sure there is another way we can resolve this...

Ibrahim: Unfortunately, you don't have options and get to make a choice.

The thought of seeing another man's naked body makes him want to throw up, not especially when his mind expands to other details. What was he doing? Greedy got the better of him, I mean he had everything going well for him.

He was stupid to think that they won't notice, now he is about to be turned into a bitch as a consequence. Just when he thinks all of this is a joke, Ibrahim makes a call and puts it on speaker, he tells whoever is on the other side of the call that they have a perfect candidate for their "desires".

They are cruel, he knows that but to that extent? No! What is his family going to say when they discover this?

THAPELO

He walks inside the church where his spiritual father is at with his wife going through some church dynamics. The pastor's wife excludes herself, giving them some privacy. Thapelo sits down after exchanging greetings.

Pastor Sebata sees right through his face that he is troubled and gives him his undivided attention.

Sebata: What's wrong son, your spirit is troubled.

Thapelo: I wish I knew exactly what was wrong with me Pastor. It's been a couple of days now carrying this emotional burden. The more I think about it, the more confused I get.

Sebata: Sounds very serious, out with it.

Thapelo: I hope I'm going to be able to make sense, because it is crazy like that. It started off with our last Sunday's sermon. I carried it home with me because I was touched.

Sebata: Continue....

Thapelo: I decided to play worship songs and more sermons related to that from YouTube. I came across a video that was

shared or should I say trending at the time and opened it. My problems started then.

Sebata: Mhmmm?

Thapelo: There was this lady who was preaching, her words were deep and they found its place in my heart but what happened after that is what I am unable to explain.

Sebata: What happened?

Thapelo: It was like I'm being shocked by electricity or lightning. I was sweating and shaking, in a way that I passed out.

Sebata: Mhmm..and then?

Thapelo: Since then, everytime I think about this girl, I get goosebumps, my heart beats so fast I don't know what's going on.

Sebata:(smiling) Haleluya!

Thapelo looks at his spiritual father confused, how can he be chilled after he just told him something this big?

Sebata: I think I have an idea of what is happening here.

Thapelo, have you ever fallen in love?

Thapelo:(looking down) No, I did see a girl for a while but it didn't lead anywhere. All the ladies in my life are purely sisters in Christ and friends.

Sebata: I see, there's nothing wrong with that. I think the holy spirit was showing you your wife.

Thapelo: But how do I know I am in love?

Sebata: You will know, pray Thapelo, the holy spirit is going to guide you. Falling in love is unexplainable, just like a copied assignment.

Thapelo: I hear you pastor, say she is the one that was chosen for me

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how do I even approach her? Their church is big and famous, she's so beautiful and powerful...

Sebata: Are you looking down on yourself and doubting God's capabilities?

Thapelo: No.

Sebata: The same way he made it known, he is going to make a way for you to be possible. Don't dwell on the physical or material things. Find yourself and go find her, let us pray.

IBRAHIM

Owen has been taken away and Abdul is busy playing with cards on his hands while eating a stick sweet.

His mind is not here, he is thinking about how frightened Bongiwe was earlier and how she rushed out running. Something in him makes him feel like explaining himself and kind of assure her that she's safe in all of this.

I mean she did her job and did it well, he wants to work with her in future and with how things ended earlier, it might not be possible.

She needs to know that she's not a monster, okay he is but not to her. He understands her reaction after he threatened her and all, he shouldn't have done that.

Abdul throws a card at him and it hits him just below his eye and he curses annoyed.

Ibrahim: Like seriously dude!?

Abdul: Where's your mind at, I have been talking alone here for the past few minutes.

Ibrahim: I'm sorry, I need to go somewhere.

Abdul: Should I come with?

Ibrahim: No, I'll be back.

Abdul: Be safe.

He grabs his phones and steps out of the house to the car where his guards open the door for him and he steps inside.

BONGIWE

She keeps on thinking about that guy and wonders if he's okay. What if they killed him? Oh God, he shouldn't have accepted that job! They looked so angry, as expected but if they were normal people, she would have suggested that they call the cops but those guys don't look like that.

Sizakele: What's on your mind?

Her mother asks bringing her attention back to the chopping board where she's helping her mother prepare dinner.

Bongiwe: I'm just thinking that my job might have landed someone in trouble.

Sizakele: What trouble?

Bongiwe: Like death maybe?

Sizakele: That's extreme, what happened?

Bongiwe: I was hired by two mafia bosses to investigate some money that was missing from their business accounts. Turns out their manager has been the one stealing it and making fake transactions to look like the money was there. Now they were angry.

Sizakele: Hai kodwa nawe Bongiwe, where do you meet Mafia bosses?

Bongiwe: Mom, what if they kill him? Indirectly that will mean I've contributed to it...

Sizakele: Bongiwe, you did your job. I get that we are Christians but sometimes we get to make difficult calls on duty that are against our beliefs. Trust me, all of this is not your fault. Just

make sure you stay away from these people, they sound troublesome.

She nods, it's a good thing that Ibrahim hasn't paid her yet. She is going to tell him to keep his bloodied money, she doesn't need it.

The complex they live at has maximum security that requires fingerprint and face recognition to be allowed in the premises. If you are a guest, you will need an access code.

Their house line rings and she picks up and is shocked when the security tells her that there's someone here to see her. From the description, she knew exactly who it was and her heart was accelerating like crazy. What the hell is he doing here?

Bongiwe: Mom, I need to get something from my car, I'll be back quickly.

Sizakele: Okay baby.

She grabs her car keys and walks out of the house and unlocks the small gate and walks outside. He is standing outside the car smoking while his bodyguards are on standby. This scene makes her sick and so mad right now. Why is he surrounding her father's house with his men?

Ibrahim: Ms Nzuzza, will we meet again.

Bongiwe: How do you know where I stay? Oh never mind...

Ibrahim:(smiling) You learn too quickly, that's impressive. How are you?

Bongiwe: How is that your business?

Ibrahim: Why are you fighting? Look, I'm here to fix things...

Bongiwe: What things Mr Ali? I did the job you asked me to, why can't you leave me alone?

Ibrahim: Look, I know we didn't start on the right foot. I'm sorry.

Bongiwe: Did you kill him?

Ibrahim: No, we didn't and we won't.

Bongiwe sighs relieved and her chest drops from rising up and down.

Bongiwe: What happened underneath your eye?

Ibrahim: (chuckling) Oh this? My stupid brother, he threw a card at me.

She looks at him trying to figure out what brings him here really.

Ibrahim: I brought your payment.

He snaps at his man and he takes out a brick of money out of his pockets and hands it to Bongiwe whose jaw is wide open.

Bongiwe: Oh my goodness!

Ibrahim: It's not enough?

Bongiwe: It's.., I can't take this I'm sorry.

Ibrahim: Come on Bongiwe, you worked hard for this money. It's only fair.

Him calling her "Bongiwe" without butchering it after referring to her as "Ms Nzuzza" for a while sounds different.

Bongiwe: You are right, I worked hard for it.

Ibrahim: There we go...

Bongiwe: But I don't want to see you again, especially here. It's rude to surround my father's house with your black cars. We are a dignified family, all of this will bring unnecessary drama and gossip.

Ibrahim: I apologize, I should have known. Next time I'll come with a bike.

Next time, what next time? Is he not listening to what she's saying?

Bongiwe: Goodbye Mr Ali, I can't say it was a pleasure knowing you. Now drive these cars out of my father's gate please.

Ibrahim:(smiling) Yes ma'am!

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 5

BONGIWE

Returning back to the house, she held her breath and prayed not to find her mother where she left her at and indeed, she was gone when she walked in.

Running to her bedroom and hiding the money feels like she's committing a huge sin and makes her feel guilty. That resulted in her being quiet throughout dinner and thinking about Mr Ali's audacity to show up here.

The rents are watching TV, more like their boring medical shows while her and Themba are doing the dishes. Their parents taught them that doing house chores is not a gender based role but a general chore.

Bongiwe: I saw your little family picnic pictures yesterday on your status.

Themba: I had a good time, Samke is a good person.

Bongiwe: Mhmm, she is and I think she still loves you.

Themba: Nah, she has a boyfriend now.

Bongiwe: But still, that doesn't mean she doesn't love you anymore.

Themba: What are you getting at?

Bongiwe: Nothing, just saying it would be nice if you two fixed things you know.

Themba:(shaking his head)If it's not my mother shoving Neo down my throat it's you with Samke. Can't y'all let me be?

Bongiwe: Ai bo bhuti, you are the ones that brought these girls into our lives but now we are shoving them in your throat?

Themba: I know that but I don't want you guys to detect my love life please. When I'm ready to commit, I will.

Bongiwe:(raising her hands) Okay....I want to ask you something.

Her voice whispers as she mentions this, looking around.

Themba: Why are you whispering?

Bongiwe: I don't want the parents to hear us. Tell me, what do you know about the client you got for me?

Themba: The Ali's?

Bongiwe: Yes?

Themba: Let's see: one is married and the other is dating a colored lady. They are rich.

Bongiwe: Figured that one out...

Themba: And dangerous.

Bongiwe: How?

Now it's his turn to look around and whisper.

Themba: They are into casinos, clubs and gambling. You know the kind of dirty that goes down behind those establishments right?

Bongiwe: Such as?

Themba: Prostitution Bongi, I know I am the one who introduced you to these people but it's because Pam said it was urgent. I don't want you to associate yourself with them.

Bongiwe: Okay but wena how do you know them?

Themba: It's a long story, stay away Bongiwe. You are not like me, you are a good person and that place and those people are like the Sodom we read about from the Bible.

He looks serious and packs the dishes away. Bongiwe says her good-night to the rents and goes to her bedroom. She locks it and counts the money. It's more than what she asked for, she needs to invest most of it in her business and the goals she is set to do.

After writing down a list of "to-do" things, she pulls up her laptop and Google searches these men. In one of the articles, the Ali brothers were once arrested for Prostituting girls underage, 16 and 17 years of age.

Being an advocate of a girl child and trying so hard to protect them from such behavior, this article makes her very sad and

mad. They are so cruel! Making money using kids! As much as the case was thrown out of court, she knows they are capable.

She's not going to use that money and that's final! What if one of the girls was forced to do nasty things with dirty and old men just so that they get rich?

She gets off the bed, takes it to the bathroom basin and burns it in there breathing heavily looking at herself from the mirror. The devil almost won, not this time.

After flashing down the remaining ashes of the money, she heads back to her room, takes her Bible, candle and fills her glass with water sitting down. She pages the Bible for any random verse to read that night and she opens 1. Matthew 6:33 "Seek the Kingdom of God above all else, and live righteously, and he will give you everything you need."

The Lord, his God, is going to provide for her. All she needs to do is seek him and trust the process.

PAMELA

It's the second meeting with the ladies she picked up and Ibrahim will be here to see them and make changes or suggestions if necessary.

Pamela: Okay ladies, welcome back again. I hope everyone brought their Identity and passport documents as I requested, right?

They sing "yes" in unison except for one girl who's very hot, more than everyone here. She raises her hand shyly.

Pamela: Yes Ayanda?

Ayanda: I don't have a passport, I was in the process of applying for it.

Pamela: It's okay darling, there's a lot of training to undertake before you can leave the country so it shall be sorted out.

Ayanda: Okay, thank you.

Right then Ibrahim graces their presence with his appearance. They share a passionate kiss in front of everyone and he turns around looking at them.

Pamela: What do you think?

Ibrahim: I like

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you did a great job.

He spanks her ass and Pamela giggles lightly as Ibrahim walks around the ladies.

Ibrahim: I believe that you have been acquainted with your job description and how to carry it out. I won't repeat what's already been said but I want to remind you that you will be dealing with high profile businessmen from across the world. You need to carry yourself with class and dignity.

I know you are content queens and lives for the gram but no pictures of these men. Most of them are married, hold High

positions and so forth. You read the NDA, you know the consequences of leaking private client information.

There's still time to pull out if you think you won't be able to do it, we won't hold it against you. At the end of the day, this is not by force, you are here because you want to be here, right?

Them: Yes sir.

Ibrahim: Very well then ladies, let's work and make money! One thing I can guarantee you is that I will take care of you, this is an opportunity to finer things in life. You will be rewarded with an opportunity to travel and make money out of it. Use it wisely and advance yourselves. Okay, let's celebrate.

Pamela tells them to open the champagne glasses and they toast to a great future. Ibrahim gulps down his drink and whispers in her ear.

Ibrahim: That girl, come with her to my room later.

Pamela: Do I need to be there?

Ibrahim: Yes, you know how we do this.

She follows his eyes and he is referring to Ayanda. She nods and Ibrahim walks out while Pamela goes to Ayanda.

Pamela: Sweetheart, your training starts tonight. Go to your room, you will find something to change on. Take a shower, get dressed and I'll come get you.

Ayanda: Okay...

THAPELO

He is in a bookshop, here to buy one of the Christian books to read and a diary. This mall is out of his town because the book was not available at their hometown book stores.

" An exposition of the Seven Churches Ages by William Marrion Branham" yes, that's the book he is looking for! He takes it and starts paging it. The introduction looks interesting, it speaks about The Revelation of Jesus Christ.

He smiles, taking a step forward with an intention of going to pay for it when he bumps into a woman. It happens exactly like in the movies, her bag falls and her belongings scatter around the place.

They kneel to the ground at the same time trying to pick-up the belongings when both their hands grab her car keys. That shock again! He pulls his hand back and looks at her.

She has her afro hair plaited in Benny and Betty hairstyle, with her reading glasses on. She smiles warmly at him.

" I'm sorry to bump into you, I was focused on the phone looking at the picture of the book I wanted. "

She says calmly and that brings his sense back to the situation.

Thapelo: Urhm, it's okay. I'll clear this mess.

Her: It's fine really, I'll sort it out.

It's her! The woman who has given him sleepless nights the past few days, the woman who made him take a 7 days fasting and prayer for answers.

Her: Are you okay?

Thapelo: Yes, I'm sorry. You are beautiful.

She blushes and smiles not looking at him and his heart! It better not come out of his mouth.

Her: Thank you. I hope you don't mind me asking but what's your name?

Thapelo: My bad, my name is Thapelo Mosima. What about you?

Her: Bongiwe Nzuza....

" For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." Jeremiah 29:11.

Thapelo: I don't live around here...

Bongiwe: Oh really?

Thapelo: Yes, will I be wrong if I ask you to show me the best coffee shops around here?

Bongiwe: Of course, there is my favorite one around the corner, you will love it.

He smiles in acknowledgment and they head to the tills where they pay for their books. He loves reading but authors need to reconsider their pricing shame, he just parted ways with R300 and is literally broke right now.

Bongiwe leads the way and it's actually a walkable distance, looks fancy and empty. The waiter shows them their table and gives them the menus. This Bongiwe lady is free spirited of which helps the situation because his tongue is tied now

Bongiwe: Would you like to have your coffee with something?

He asks to bring him back to life, he was lost in her natural beauty, such perfection! God's best creation. He has never been to a coffee date, but has heard people talk about it.

He pages the menu and almost faints when he sees the prices. The cheapest small cup is actually R31!

How the hell is he going to get back home?

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 6

BONGIWE

With Thapelo studying the menu for some time, she gets a chance to actually look at him. He is a handsome gent, no lie about that although he behaves really weird.

Bongiwe: Are you ready to order?

Thapelo: Urhm, can I be honest with you?

Bongiwe: Sure...

Thapelo: I brought you here because I wanted a chance to talk to you. I can't afford anything from this menu at the moment, nor do I know the difference between these drinks.

Bongiwe: Talk to me, about?

Thapelo: It's our first time physically meeting but I've known you in the world of spirit for a while now. Hence my reaction when we bumped into each other.

Her heart skips a bit, okay this is definitely going to need some strong caffeine to digest. The waiter comes to them ready to take their orders.

Waiter:(smiling) Can I please take your orders?

Thapelo: There won't...

Bongiwe: I would love some latte macchiato accompanied by some carrot cake. And for the gentleman here, please get him Café au lait. What's your favorite cake?

Thapelo: (sighs) chocolate.

Bongiwe: And some chocolate cake for him too.

Waiter: That will be all?

Bongiwe: For now, thank you.

The waiter leaves them and Bongiwe finds him staring at her.

Thapelo: You shouldn't have done that but thank you.

Bongiwe: It's not a big deal,I don't mind.

Thapelo: You really are beautiful, I can't believe I'm seated in front of you.

She blushes, gosh she's probably red right now and that's not a good thing. She composes herself.

Bongiwe: You said you've known me for a while in a spiritual world, what do you mean about that?

Thapelo: You are going to be my wife.

Ohk, no beating around by the bush but straight to the point.

Thapelo: But of course, there's a lot of harvesting that needs to be done before we get there. We need to know each other but the most important thing, I need to get a job.

Bongiwe: I'm sure you will get it, what did you study?

Thapelo: Engineering, electrical to be specific. And you, what do you do?

Bongiwe: I am an accountant, own my firm that I recently opened. It's not much but yeah.

Themba:It's a lot and you shouldn't take that for granted or undermine it.

Bongiwe: I don't, so tell me about yourself...

Their order comes back and the aroma from the cups is so soothing.

Thapelo: What do you need to know?

Bongiwe: Well, the basics.

Thapelo: Okay, let's see. If I leave anything out you will let me know. I'm a 28 year old male living with his grandmother. She's my only surviving parent and family, others are distant and in Pretoria. I am an introvert that speaks when spoken to, a Christian and just a simple guy.

Bongiwe: Were you born a Christian?

Thapelo: Maybe, my grandmother is committed to church and all but for me, Christianity was something I discovered in my late teen years. I knew I was different, didn't understand it or

how it works. Most of the time I will step away from things people find "cool" because they didn't appear right in my eyes.

But my life experiences or circumstances brought me closer to God. I can say confidently to you that I've seen God, he lives within me, I know what he is capable of doing.

The passion and faith he has speaking about God is refreshing because it's very rare.

Thapelo: I'm sorry, for an introvert I've spoken a lot. What about you?

Bongiwe: Well, I'm 24, the first child of my parents. I was raised in Christianity, at an early age I partaken in church activities that groomed me to be this person I am.

It's something I wish for my fellow young sisters as well. I want to make being a Christian fashionable and assure them that it's okay to be different and follow a different route from others or the trends, you are not missing out on anything rather saving yourself from a lot of trouble out there.

Thapelo: The kids are lucky to have you in your corner, it's something I thought of doing as well but I didn't want it to be only at church.

Bongiwe: Okay?

Thapelo: Yeah, I want it to be worldwide. Girls are always taught and groomed to be good wives, mothers, sisters and all but who teaches boys to be good men?

Bongiwe: Interesting, tell me more.

Thapelo: It's just an idea at the moment that I was working on until you came into the picture. But I want to have something like a men's conference, worldwide. Workshops where men and boys will meet to talk, I want to make it a norm for men to express themselves without a fear of being judged, I believe that if we can start now, the next generation won't feel the need to rape, raise their hands on a woman, cheat, laze around and do not do chores because "it's a women's job".

Bongiwe: I like this idea, maybe we can collaborate in it, run it differently but with the same goal. I don't know, but I think it

will also allow us a chance to grow and know each other better.

Thapelo: I will not refuse an opportunity to be closer to you...

She smiles and takes a sip looking away as she can feel his eyes on her. God is he the one? She has never been in a relationship, always saved herself for her husband and every time a man showed her interest, she always went back to God to ask for a sign if he's the one because she refuses to date for fun.

Now this guy in front of her, talking about her being his wife. Is he the one? Yes he talks the same language with her but he needs God's confirmation.

Bongiwe: Where do you stay, maybe I can drop you off?

Thapelo: I stay very far, it's okay, I'll take the taxis.

Bongiwe: I'll drop you at the rank then...

Thapelo: You are so stubborn...

She gets that a lot, I mean she is a Taurus but she's stubborn in a good way.

PAMELA

She is seated in the bar busy drowning her sorrows with shots when Themba walks in carrying his backpack. He kisses her on the cheeks and sits on the next chair available.

Themba: You look unhappy, what happened?

Pamela: Argh, just the drama of my life, don't stress about it. You are booked for a Bachelorette party, details are your emails.

Themba: I saw them. I don't like seeing you like this my friendship, talk to me.

He pout his mouth, looks cute and Pamela laughs.

Pamela: I don't even know how to explain this.

Themba: Start from the beginning.

Pamela: Okay, so there's this new girl that is part of the run right?

Themba: uh-huh?

Pamela: She's beautiful, like she doesn't even need to try hard.

Themba: Sounds like my type, please hook me up.

Pamela: Can you focus?

Themba: Okay, I'm focusing now. Carry on.

Pamela: Okay, Ibrahim and I are in an open relationship right? That means sometimes we get to have 3somes and do other exciting things as a couple.

Themba:(Taking a sip from her drink) SbwI relationship yakho ke babes..

Pamela: So, he picked that girl up to join us as part of the training of what she should expect. I've never felt out of place like that in my life.

Themba: Ai bo, explain, what happened?

Pamela: Friend, he gave me zero attention and all his energy was on this girl. He enjoyed it so much and made sure she did too. Bitch even squirted!

Themba: Shame, did you come at least?

Pamela:(rolling her eyes)He gave me one lousy round and all the entire time he focused on her.

Themba: Hectic! So what next?

Pamela: I'm scared, Ibrahim has never been that affectionate with any other girls before the way he did with this one. I think he might like her or feel something for her.

Themba: What are you going to do now, fire her?

Pamela: Should I? Because I seriously don't like to be threatened in my territory.

Themba: Chomza, from a man, don't do that. You will be pushing him straight to her legs. Lift your head up, be confident because if this girl gets a hint of intimidation from you then it's over sweetie.

Pamela: You think so?

Themba: You are a 10, got nothing to worry about. Remind Ibrahim why y'all are together and stop whining.

Pamela:(smiling) I love you yezwa?

Themba: I know, I'm expecting a bonus...

Pamela: You are such a gold digger.

Themba:(laughing) I'll go get ready, chin up.

He walks away leaving her feeling better. She really should not worry about it, I mean she has nothing to worry about, Ibrahim will get rid of this girl the same way he always did with others.

IBRAHIM

His eyes are fixed on his laptop screen as he's looking into Ayanda's pictures. He jumps when he hears Abdul clearing his throat and quickly closes his laptop.

Ibrahim: How many times should I warn you about sneaking up on me?

Abdul: What are you doing?

Ibrahim: Nothing, I'm just doing a background check on these news girls.

Abdul:(folding his hand)Try a better lie...

He sighs and gets up to pour some whiskey for himself.

Ibrahim: I don't know what's happening to me marn.

Abdul: pussy that good?

Ibrahim: It's not even about sex, she's, I don't know, different.

Abdul: Yeah right !

Ibrahim: I'm serious, there is something about her.

Abdul: Pamela is going to kill you and I'll help her. There's nothing different about this new girl, the only difference is that you are pussy whipped! She's just like all of them, using what's between their legs to score quick and fat bucks. Now what's special about someone willing to sell their soul for quick cash?

He doesn't understand and explaining this further will make them fight. Abdul doesn't cheat, he can be surrounded by naked women he won't make that mistake. They are different and he gets it.

He loves Pamela, what they have is special, rare and strong. She's his right hand woman and pillar. But then again this Ayanda girl, when they were intimate she felt something move inside him. Something he's never felt before.

Abdul: Get rid of those thoughts before innocent people get hurt. May Allah deliver you!

Abdul leaves and he sits down rubbing his eyes. He needs to keep his distance from this girl, Abdul is right, his conscience won't rest if anything happens to her because of him. He knows Pamela, attracted to her because they are the same.

He picks his phone up and dials one of the guards that watches the girl's movements even outside the brothel.

Ibrahim: Mike, I need you to keep an eye on someone for me, I'll send you her pictures.

Mike: Okay boss, inside the club or?

Ibrahim: Everywhere, especially inside the club. Report to me anything that happens, please watch how the first lady treats her.

Mike: I will be on the lookout boss.

Ibrahim: Thank you, that's all.

He drops the call and rests on his chair brushing his beard.
Okay, back to business, he needs to check how much money
has Owen made now?

THAPELO

Finally he is home, what a great day it has been. He says a small
silent prayer thanking God for making everything possible for
him.

His grandmother is not back from work, still early after all. He
takes out the chicken for later to defrost and pulls a chair sitting
down to read his book. A thought of his meeting with Bongiwe
revisits his mind and he smiles at how smooth everything was
although he was nervous.

Thapelo: (sighs) I need a job, a permanent one.

He says softly, these part time gigs won't work if he is planning
to be someone's husband. They didn't talk much with Bongiwe
but from the car she drives, to the phone she uses, it's clear

that her financial background is stable. He refuses to be the man that is supported by the woman, even now he feels bad for his inability to pay for that coffee and cakes.

At least they agreed on meeting again and he needs to hustle hard to do better for the next date.

He pushes the book aside and scroll down job posts on Facebook groups and the internet hoping to find something that matches his qualifications.

AYANDA

She looks at herself from the mirror and tears stream down her face as flashbacks of what transpired earlier comes flashing down her memory lane.

The water is running from the bathroom sink and she uses the water to wash her eyes and looks at her reflection straight up.

Ayanda: Chin up Yaya, you are doing this so that you will be able to pay your mother's hospital bills and provide for your younger sister. 4 trips out of the country will be enough and you can quit and go back to your life.

Each trip pays R100k, the bosses get to keep the other R50k and the ladies pockets the rest. Her mother's heart operation needs R100 000 and has done everything possible to raise funds. Being unemployed has made it difficult for her and the model gigs haven't been coming in so she is desperate.

She can do this and will do it, as long as she remembers why she is doing it, she's going to be fine. Once the operation is done and a success, she can go back to her old life.

A knock comes through the door and she fixes herself and opens. It's Pamela, she shifts aside allowing her in. There's some awkwardness around them.

Pamela: Are you okay? You have been in here for quite some time.

Ayanda: I'm fine sis...

Pamela: Okay, come, we are having dinner.

Ayanda: Okay...

She follows her out and watches how Pamela walks in those long pencil heels with ease. That brings her back to the question she had earlier, how is their relationship with Mr Ali? Why is she comfortable with him sleeping with other ladies in her presence?

Nonetheless, she's not here for that so she must mind her own business....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 7

PAMELA

The dinner with the ladies goes well and everyone is happy with the briefing as they are about to take their first trip, locally just to test how they do.

Ayanda seems to be more quiet and keeps on checking her watch. She calls her aside as the party starts on with the ladies taking videos and pictures.

Pamela: I'm sorry if I'm coming too strong on you but I've been observing that you are uncomfortable. Do you have somewhere to be maybe?

Ayanda: Not really....

Pamela: Ayanda, I am not a monster. I know you might have heard something but trust me, I'm considered.

Ayanda: I'm worried about my younger sister, so I asked the neighbors to look after her.

Pamela: How old is she?

Ayanda: 10.

Pamela: Okay, I'll get the driver to drop you off and you can get a takeaway for her.

Ayanda: For real, is that allowed?

Pamela: Yes Ayanda, not just you but everyone who works with us. We are family, you are allowed to eat and drink whatever. What is not allowed is stealing.

Ayanda: Understandable, thank you.

Pamela: You are welcome, get going I'll get your driver.

She smiles relieved as she grabs the takeaway bag and starts dishing up. Pamela moves away and calls Mike telling him to take Ayanda home.

After that order, she goes to the office and releases the breath she didn't know she was holding and feels tears burning her cheeks.

Ibrahim: What's wrong?

His voice scares her and she jumps only to find him behind her looking concerned. She quickly wipes her tears and pulls a straight face. This side of hers is what she hides from everyone.

Ibrahim: Babe?

Pamela: It's okay, I just had a moment.

Ibrahim: Want to talk about?

Pamela: No.

Ibrahim: It's okay, come here.

He opens his arms and she accepts the embrace and lays her head on his chest.

Ibrahim: I am heading home, do you still have things to do around?

Pamela: Not much, I can do the rest on my PC.

Ibrahim: Okay pack up then let's go home. It's been a long day.

Pamela: Okay...

She moves from his chest but he pulls her back and looks at her.

Ibrahim: I love you, okay?

Pamela: I know, I love you too.

He releases her hand and she starts picking up her things with Ibrahim looking at her sternly.

THAPELO

His grandmother announces that she is going to have an early night since it's been a long day.

Lydia: Before I forget, my boss told me to ask you to call him.

Thapelo: Okay, is everything okay?

Lydia: I think they need your services because the main switch kept on falling today.

Thapelo: Okay maybe I can go see them now.

Lydia: It's late Thapelo...

Thapelo: It's not that far koko, I'll be fine and you know they always bring me back.

The Johnsons are now like family, his granny has been working for them for so many years. They bought him clothes during his college days and had done a lot that he can't mention for him.

He finishes doing the dishes and heads there. It's a 30 minute walk and with headphones listening to Hillsong music, he doesn't feel the route and gets there.

Their dogs barks for a few minutes but stops when they see it's him. Mr Johnsons comes out with his shorts and his beer in his hand. He is old now, so his wife, both their kids are married and overseas.

Johnson: Thapelo, I was expecting you tomorrow. Please come in.

He follows the old man and greets his wife who is knitting something.

Mrs Johnson: How is it going Thapelo?

Thapelo: Everything is going well Mrs Johnson.

Mrs Johnson: I'm glad to hear that, I made some cake, have some from the fridge.

He has had enough sugar for the day but he can't reject it so he will have to take it home.

Johson: I don't know what electric fault this box is experiencing. I didn't want to pay millions to Eskom while it's something you can fix.

Thapelo takes out a torch from Mr Johnson's tool and starts inspecting his gloves.

Thapelo: I think I know what the problem is, try to switch off the Geyser or at least not plug it with the fridge and other electronics at once for now because the plugs are weak.

We need new ones and there's some pipes that need to be cleaned and these ropes be fixed. This looks like an izinyokanyoka situation.

Mr Johnson laughs and tells him that he can come take the car tomorrow to buy whatever is needed because it's so annoying for a TV to switch off in the middle of a nice show they are watching.

He cuts the cake from the one Mrs Johnson's offered and sits opposite her husband who refuses to have a piece saying beer and sugar doesn't mix.

Johnson: So Thapelo, how is it going?

Thapelo: Same old sir, still job hunting with no luck but I have hope that God is going to shine his light to me someday if not soon.

Johnson: I like your faith and how undisturbed you are. But have you thought of the fact that maybe you aren't meant to work? For anyone at that matter?

Thapelo: What do you mean sir?

Johnson: Not all of us are meant to work, I was in a conversation with my son last night and he was telling me how he wants to come home because of the cruel time he's having.

Our conversation was very long and as you know he's in the media and like you. He said something that caught my attention. You once mentioned the men conference idea to me. You can start there...

Thapelo: That idea sir needs a lot of nurturing.

Johnson : True, then start to nurture it. You are well spoken Thapelo, wise with a great vision and disciplined. People pay huge money to listen People like you speak. You have spent a year looking for a job, what if your job is your talent? It can feed and clothe you.

Thapelo: I never thought of that...

Johnson: If you can be fully committed to this, I'm willing to help you with a start up capital and rent an office for you. I have contacts that can make donations, any you can think of. Before you know it, you will get booked to preach or speak in different kinds of events, radio and TV shows and so forth.

All this while he has been sitting on money? Why didn't he think of this? He might be the next Joel Osteen.

Thapelo: Thank you so much for what you do for our family. You have always been there to offer your unconditional love, support, and encouragement. You are a fantastic father figure I could ever ask for. I know I don't say this often enough, but I want you to know that you are an important part of my life.

Johnson: Stop it before you make me emotional. Go home and get started on that drafting, we have the media connection within us. There's really nothing stopping you from achieving this.

Thapelo: Thank you, I have a few notes with me. What I need to do is type them down and set up a blog, social media accounts. It's a lot of work but with the time on my hands, I am ready to start.

Johnson: You still have a laptop right?

Thapelo: Yes, old but still does the job.

Johnson: Great, I have had too much to drink, I'm sorry I can't drive you home.

Thapelo: It's okay, I'll run back.

Johnson: It's not safe, take the car and bring your granny in the morning then you can go to town from then. I'll get the keys..

AYANDA

She gets home safely and fetches her sister from the neighbors. The little girl is excited about the food she brought and is eating so fast causing Ayanda to laugh.

Ayanda: Take easy Yamkela or else you will choke.

Yamkela: This food is delicious, how were you able to afford it because you said you were broke?

Ayanda: I didn't buy it, my boss asked me to take it for you.

Yamkela: Your boss is kind...

Ayanda: She is.

Her phone rings and it's a private number, this late? Hopefully it's not about their mother?

Ayanda: Hello?

Voice: Hi

Advertisement

it's Ibrahim here, can you talk?

Her heart shoots the mouth, why is he calling because it was said any kind of communication will be done through Pam? She moves away from her sister for more privacy.

Ayanda:Yes, I can talk...

Ibrahim: Don't panic, Pam told me you had to leave early so I'm checking if you are fine.

Ayanda: I'm fine, thanks for checking.

Ibrahim: Great, tomorrow you aren't working but Mike will come fetch you. Please be ready by 10am.

Is she supposed to ask questions? Guess not.

Ayanda: I'll be ready...

Ibrahim: This conversation remains between us okay?

Ayanda: Yes..

Ibrahim: Good night.

He ends the call and she finds herself thinking about their encounter, his moans, strokes and touch. Gosh why is she having goosebumps? She sits down on the couch and stalks him on his instagram page.

He is such a fine man, he has lots of followers but only two pictures and he's not alone in both of them. In one picture he's

passing with his brother and in the other picture he's posing with Pam looking all cute and smiling.

She liked this picture ages ago but looking at it now is different, she used to think they are a power couple. Knowing what she knows about their relationship, they are not goals anymore.

She unlikes the picture and logs out of Instagram. Yamkela is done eating when she returns back to her.

Ayanda: You may have to go to the neighbors again tomorrow when you come from school.

Yamkela: Again!?

Ayanda: Yes, it's only temporary until I make a plan.

Yamkela is not happy but it's for a while until she can afford an aftercare service. Now, what is she going to wear when meeting Mr Ali tomorrow?

BONGIWE

She knocks at her mother's bedroom and walks in after she allows her inside. Themba is at where God knows and her father is working.

Sizakele: I thought you were sleeping long ago.

Bongiwe: No, I was on a phone call.

She says getting under the blankets next to her mother.

Sizakele: With who?

Bongiwe:(chuckling) With someone that I met earlier today.

Sizakele: Mhm, is that someone perhaps a "he"?

Bongiwe:(giggling) Maybe...

Sizakele: Mhmm, talk.

Bongiwe: Okay, I was there at the bookshop minding my own business and boom, this handsome guy in front of me. Mom, I swear it happened like in the movies.

She explains the whole scenario and their conversation.

Sizakele: You sound so excited, like it's my first time seeing you this jubilant over a man. Not that I'm complaining, he sounds like a good young man.

Bongiwe: He is, mom but you know your daughter, I won't just dive into a relationship with him. I need confirmation from God first, but for what's worth, uyangichaza mama, he's so smart and his confidence, top notch!

She says and hides her face on her mother's arm who laughs and claps her hands.

Sizakele: Ai cha, I never thought I would see this day. Phela wena most guys bayakusaba! (Most guys are afraid of you)

Bongiwe: Angifuni bangijwayele kabi (I don't want them to take advantage of me)

Sizakele: I need to see this guy and shake his hand.

Bongiwe: Mom, how did you know dad was the one?

Sizakele: Urhm, I prayed for your father. We were both medical students when we met.

Bongiwe: What did you say in your prayer?

Sizakele: I was specific, I asked for my equal, someone to share everything and anything with. I wanted someone who has a relationship with God. I knew that a man that loves and fears God, will not ill treat me. I mean a really deep relationship with God, not fake.

God gave me exactly my type, I don't have to over-explain my faith and beliefs with him, but instead we connect and grow each other spiritually. I often hear people say men are trash and what what, I don't dispute it but one thing I am sure of is that my husband loves me.

Old as you are, you can attest that you have never seen me cry because of him, or being shouted at. He is my peace that I always look forward to coming home to after a long day at work.

If you are asking for an advice, I will tell you this: find a man that loves God, he will be able to love you the way you should be loved. Be careful though, you are a powerful force Bongiwe. There are sheeps in wolves clothing that may try to drain your power, be careful of those.

Pray, you shall never go wrong with prayer. Ask for a sign and wait on it.

Bongiwe: I've asked for it mama.

Sizakele: What is it?

Bongiwe: I always ask for simple things from God mama so that I am not confused. He told me he will be preaching at his church this coming Sunday. I want him to circle his sermon around my favorite verse.

Sizakele: Be still and know that I am God," the first half of Psalms 46:10?

Bongiwe:(nodding) Yep...

Sizakele: I can't wait to see him, but....

Bongiwe: Yes ma?

Sizakele: He needs to find a job baby, he may be cute and all but you know what the Bible says about a man providing right?

Bongiwe: I'm not even worried about that, God knows exactly the kind of husband I want. If Thapelo is the one, trust me mama, he is going to make a way.

Sizakele smiles and her phone rings. She waves Bongiwe out of her bed as she answers.

Sizakele: Hello sweetheart ...(whispering) Hai bo hamba, I want to talk dirty with my husband.

Bongiwe: (laughing)Hai bo mama!

Sizakele: (to the phone) Yes love, sorry, it's this daughter of yours. Of course I'm chasing her out!

The way her mother is blushing and red, she wonders what it is that they want to talk about.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 8

IBRAHIM

Soft music is playing in the background as he tries to fix his eyes on his laptop while checking the time from his wrist watch. It's almost half past 8 and Pamela is still moving around half naked.

He was hoping by the time he leaves she would be long gone to the club, not that he needs to explain himself but just for courtesy and that will make things easier for him. Not having to lie because she knows him.

Ibrahim: Babe, are you going to go to work today?

Pam: I'm not sure I want to, I am not feeling too well.

He suspected, when he found her crying in her office, that something might be wrong.

Ibrahim: What's wrong, are you feeling any pain?

Pam: No, definitely not. Physically I'm fine.

Ibrahim: Is it something that I did?

Pam:(sighs) I don't know...

Ibrahim: Babe, I'm reaching here...

Pam: I don't know Ibrahim, really.

Ibrahim: Okay, maybe you need some time out. How about a holiday to Cape Town?

Pam:I can't take a holiday, especially not now when we just launched the new girls.

He gets up from his chair and walks up to her, wraps his arms around her. She is so tense and her temperature shoots the roof.

Ibrahim: Abdul can handle things in your absence, we are a team and we agreed on relieving each other when it gets to this.

Pamela: Okay, if I don't feel better by tomorrow then I'll consider it.

Ibrahim: Okay. I'm going to prepare myself and head out to one of my meetings. Are you sure you will be fine?

Pamela: I'll be good, go and make us some money.

He smiles and plants a kiss going to his bedroom where he finds an outfit ready and taken out for him. He dresses up thinking that he needs to trim his beard and keep it neat and short a bit.

He compliments his look with his cologne and picks up all his gadgets and documents loading them in his bag. By the time he walks out, Pamela is applying make up on her face, that can mean one thing: she's going to the club!

They kiss and wish each other a great day ahead as Ibrahim heads to the cars. He thinks of driving himself and alone but quickly remembers how suspicious that is going to look on Pamela. He gets at the back of his car and they start moving.

In 30 minutes he arrives in his other house, the one they brought Owen into that other day. It's more of a secret and hideout house, where when shit hits the fan, they can run to.

Ibrahim:Doris.

He greets the house executive that comes 3 times a week to manage the house and keep it in check.

Doris: Good Morning Mr Ali.

Ibrahim: I am going to have a meeting in the next few minutes, please, may I not be disturbed unless it's an emergency?

Doris: Yes, of course.

Ibrahim: Show my guest up when she gets here.

He walks through the staircase all the way to the huge white bedroom. It has everything he needs, tv, couch, working station, bathroom.

Going through work and emails, he gets reminded of that Accountant, Ms Nzuzi. He needs to see her and find a way to get her to work for them full time. It won't be easy, he picked up that she is a hard nut to crack but her brains are needed. He needs to find a weakness that he can use against her so that she joins them.

With her on the team they are surely going to be untouchable and strong. A knock comes through the door and he looks up and allows the person in. Doris opens the door and stands by it.

Doris: Your guest is here.

Ibrahim: Send her in.

Doris steps back and moments later Ayanda walks in. Her presence and outfit lights up the room, not to mention her strong sweet scent.

Ibrahim: Ayanda, you made it.

Ayanda: You called.

Ibrahim: Please have a seat, would you like anything to drink?

Ayanda: I'm good for now, I'm just curious to know why I'm here.

He sits next to her on the bed and places his hairy hand on her gorgeous thighs bare from the mini dress she's wearing.

Ibrahim: I want you to be mine.

Ayanda: Yours how?

Ibrahim: You are so beautiful and don't deserve to do what you assigned yourself to do.

Ayanda: I know, but I need money!

Ibrahim: I will give it to you...

Ayanda: Huh?

Ibrahim: Not just money but a lot, as long as I'm the only one who gets to tap.

Ayanda: I don't understand, how is this going to work without Pamela suspecting?

Ibrahim: Don't worry about that, I'll handle it. You just have to listen and agree to whatever she says. Another thing, don't ever think she's your mate. What you and I will do will remain between us.

Ayanda: In simple ways you are asking me to be your sidechick?

Ibrahim: If that's what you want to call yourself. I'm just offering you a great opportunity that you don't have to necessarily fuck tons of men to get it.

She looks at him with her big eyes, one thing about South African women, they are beautiful no cap!

Ayanda: Okay...

Ibrahim:(smiling) Yeah?

Ayanda: Yeah, I think it's better that way.

Ibrahim: Kiss me...

She leans over and plants a soft kiss on his lips with her hand on his chin stroking his beard.

THAPELO

Since the last conversation with Mr Johnsons, he has been very busy. Church too and he is praying like never before. He thought starting this was going to be a walk in the park but it hasn't been like this.

He got to realize that this is actually a full time job itself and needs his patience and attention. Today he took a break from everything and is meeting up with Bongiwe.

They talk everyday, sometimes prays together through the phone calls and she has kept her going with her faith and words of encouragement, advice and points towards his project.

Today he budgeted enough for their date, from his savings from the last job gig and the start-up cash Mr Johnson's gave him. Bongiwe arrives, dripping in her formal wear, he can tell that she's coming straight from the office.

Bongiwe: I am sorry I am late.

That's the first thing she says and Thapelo pulls a chair for her after a hug.

Thapelo: It's okay, it hasn't been long since I got here. How are you?

Bongiwe: I'm good thanks, well, I have some good news.

Thapelo: Really? Do share!

Bongiwe: I bagged a huge client this morning that delayed me. I will be rendering my services to the Multichoice Group Thapelo. I am so happy!

She says almost tearing up and he holds her hand squeezing it up and she chuckles softly while wiping the tears away.

Thapelo: I am happy for you, God was indeed listening and look now.

Bongiwe: I can't wait to tell my family about this. And how's the project coming along?

Thapelo: The developments are coming good, we now have a name, registered with all our social media pages updated.

Bongiwe: Great, the first start to reach out to these people is online. Start bit by bit. Create content for your blog, social media and YouTube.

The response to that will determine how soon the first workshop will take place. I know it's a lot but I'm willing to help you.

Thapelo: Aren't you just amazing? Before I forget, I was getting up my stationery when I thought of getting you one. You probably sorted but I thought of you when I saw this.

He hands her the nicely wrapped gift bag that she welcomes with a brightened up face.

Bongiwe: What's in here?

Thapelo: Open you will see.

She opens and What's in the box includes:

10 x Ball Point Pens [Black Ink]

5 x Ball Point Pens [Blue Ink]
5 x Retractable Ballpoint Pens [Blue Ink]
1 x Hi-Clean Eraser
1 x Metal 1-Hole Sharpener
1 x 12-Piece Twist Crayons Set
3 x 36g Glue Stick
1 x 12-Piece Coloured Pencil Set
1 x 4-Wallet Highlighters Set
2 x Whiteboard Markers [Black & Blue]
1 x 12-Piece Triangular HB Pencils with Eraser Tips
1 x 16cm Steel Scissors
1 x 30cm Ruler
1 x 8 Digit Pocket Calculator
1 x 23.5cm Denim Pencil Case
2 x A4 Carry Folders [Blue & Peach] and
1 x 20 Pocket Flip File.

Bongiwe: Thapelo, thank you so much. That's very thoughtful of you. I hope you didn't use your last money to buy this?

The cost for all of this amounts to R500 but he really wanted to.

Thapelo: It's not a big deal, I wanted to.

Bongiwe: I'm out of words, thank you again.

They place their order, nothing heavy and start chatting about general stuff.

Thapelo: Where is my brother in law?

He calls him like that, they are not official as yet but he wants to instill the idea of them together on her mind quicker.

Bongiwe: That one, he wants to kill my parents.

Thapelo: What did he do?

Bongiwe: He got a tattoo, visible on his neck.

Thapelo: Oh boy....

Bongiwe: It's a cute one but you know Christians and the stigma of associating tattoos with demons.

Thapelo: I know, of which I think it's really far-fetched. I agree that there are those questionable tattoos but for me I wouldn't judge a person's personality because of them.

Bongiwe: You wouldn't because you are amazing like that. How's your granny?

Thapelo: He's good, wondering when are you coming to visit so you can cook for her?

Bongiwe: Cook mina Thapelo? Yooh!

Thapelo: Why, mam mfundisi cannot cook yini kanti?

Bongiwe: As domesticated as I am and doesn't mind house chores but cooking is one thing I don't like doing, I love eating though.

Thapelo: It's okay, I mean I love cooking and baking, I learned from the best. So we won't go hungry or starve.

Bongiwe: Seriously, you wouldn't mind doing that?

Thapelo: Why not? I mean I'm also going to eat at the end of the day. I'm modern and really believe in helping around the

house. I'm not one to sit around the house ,pout my lips and wait for you to come from work and cook for me.

Bongiwe: You are like my dad, even with our helper , he doesn't leave a dirty plate on the sink.

Thapelo: And that's how it should be.

They finish eating their lunch and he pays for it. Walking outside the restaurant to where she parked, he takes her hand into his and she allows it. They get to her car and stand by it, looking into each other's eyes, she's shy.

Bongiwe: Today was great, thank you.

Thapelo: I enjoy spending time with you MaNzuza.

Bongiwe: I do too, the desire to talk to you and be with you grows everyday. It's crazy, I pray to God about you lately more than I pray for myself.

He lifts her chin up forcing her to look at him, unable to get enough of how softly she looks at him.

Thapelo: All I ask is that you be my peace. I don't need an escape, perfection or any of that, just be the balance my crazy life needs at times. This world will have you constantly at odds with yourself at times, and though I look to God for guidance, it would still be nice to have a partner that brought more peace than pain.

I'd rather laugh with you than lie to you. I'd prefer to grow old with you than go without you. But I'm not into forcing anything, I'll let God lead.

I know it's not like this for everyone, but it's all so simple for me. Invest in my smile and I'll commit to your heart, we'll build from there.

Bongiwe: Oh Thapelo....

She wraps her arms around him and lays her head on his chest quietly, he hugs her back and kisses her forehead. This is where he needs to be and belongs to.

ABDUL

He just landed from the airport from Cape Town and saw Pam who's going there for a holiday and going to be with his wife Samantha for a while.

The first stop he makes is the casino hoping to see his brother so they can discuss business. He knows that he is not expecting him but he needs to get some of the things done before the clock hits 12 noon.

While making coffee, he spots a girl that he recognizes from the pictures Ibrahim was looking at the other day coming out of the office fixing her dress and her hair.

Abdul: Hey, come here.

He says when the girl makes her way to the exit. She turns around and walks up to him and stands not too far from him. He eyes her up and down.

Abdul: My brother was right, you don't belong in the business.

Ayanda: Sir?

Abdul: What are you doing here, what's your story?

Ayanda: I don't understand.

Abdul: If it's money you want just say it I'll arrange something for you.

Ayanda: Why?

Abdul: Because you don't belong here, you have a chance to leave this place in the same regard you came before it swallows you. And whatever you are doing with my brother will not end well, trust me. We have been here before and I'm always the one left to pick up pieces. The other girl got lucky and walked away alive, you might not be. He will always choose Pam.

So I'm asking again, are you in some kind of trouble that needs money?

Ayanda: No, I'm not...

Abdul:(sighs) I tried, you are free to go.

She turns around, fleeking her weave and does the catwalk out of the building. Ibrahim shows up behind him.

Ibrahim: Brother...

Abdul: Don't brother me, Pam hasn't landed you are already whoring around?

Ibrahim: Can we not fight about my personal life?

Abdul: You are inviting trouble, that little whore that just left here will show you flames and this time I won't get involved. Mark my words.

He walks past Ibrahim to the office but turns back again.

Abdul: Get some air freshen, it's smells sex in there!

To be continued...

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 8

BONGIWE

She is blushing and smiling alone thinking about how great her day was. What makes her appreciative of Thapelo's efforts is that he needs the money more than she needs the stationery but he provided after all.

Themba walks in rubbing his eyes and stretching his arms.

Themba: Ngaze ngafa i bhabhalazi, where are the doctors of this house ?(I'm dying of hangover)

Bongiwe: Dad is around, not sure about his wife.

Themba: Okay, so you are going to stare at this grade1 stationery the entire day?

Bongiwe hits his arms and he jumps laughing.

Bongiwe: You are not funny!

Themba: Okay sorry, shame Sbari, he's trying yazi. So, are you guys dating now?

Bongiwe: No, we are still getting to know each other.

Themba: Oh abazalwane ave bebhora jesu, you mean no hugging or kissing yet? (Christians are boring)

Bongiwe: All in good time Themba...

Themba: I fear for the guy, phela wena awukaze wajola, what if uyamluma omunye umntwana?(You have never dated, what if you bite him)

Bongiwe: Uzungibhora wena neh! (You are going to annoy me)

Themba: Sorry ke mam mfundisi. Mara muhle umfundisi akufani, shoda abe nemali nje.(sorry pastor's wife, at least the pastor is hot. He needs money to complete the looks)

Bongiwe:(rolling her eyes) People can't be in a relationship nowadays without prioritizing money? Gosh!

Nzuza: Kids...

He greets walking on them and they return their greeting. Themba smiles seeing that the father is now not mad about the tattoo like he was a few days ago.

Bongiwe: Baba, I want to ask you something.

Nzuza: Yes?

Bongiwe: How often do you deal with men's mental cases?

Nzuza: Well, a lot. Sadly some end up committing suicide because they refuse to comply to eating treatment, seeking therapy and open up.

Bongiwe: So sad. What do you think about the idea of men, boys and young guys coming together to actually talk about the struggles/challenges they face in their gender?

Nzuza: That would be great, if only it was practical but I'm afraid some men have pride. They always stigmatize things even when it's not necessary. I'm talking about Christianity. Some men think being a Christian or good man is boring, they would rather be toxic just to be "cool".

Bongiwe: What you are saying is true baba. Well, there is someone I know who wants to make that idea a reality.

Nzuza: Oh really, who's that?

Themba coughs dramatically and Bongiwe gives him a reprimanding look.

Bongiwe: A good friend of mine, maybe you could be part of it. Merge mental health with Christianity and western medicine.

Nzuza: Mhmm, if he's serious I can connect him with my seniors and who knows, they might want to partner with him.

Bongiwe: I'll let him know.

Nzuza leaves his kids alone and Themba chuckles while drinking his beer in a coffee mug.

Themba: Cha uyamthanda umfundisi shame it's cute...(you love this guy)

Bongiwe: You should also be part of the group, maybe you can find courage to talk about what's bothering you.

Themba: What makes you think I am bothered by something?

Bongiwe: Your actions, you lack nothing but behaving like a wildcat. It's nice now, but you won't be young forever.

Themba: Ubu mam mfundisi bukuwe vele, you don't even need to marry this guy.

Bongiwe sighs defeated and leaves him going to her bedroom so she can call Thapelo and tell him about her conversation with her father.

AYANDA

She is visiting the Helen Joseph hospital where her mother is admitted. She fills her mother's ward with "get well soon" balloons and goodies. She sits next to her bed and holds her hand.

Ayanda: The doctors are going to resume your operation soon mama, I've paid the half of the money required.

Majali: That's a lot of money Ayanda, how did you get it?

Ayanda: I scored a contract with an international fragrance. We are going to be shooting soon.

Majali: Oh mntanami, I'm so sad that you have to use your first gig paycheck all on me. It must be a big brand paying so much money.

Ayanda: Don't worry about me mama, all I want is to see you recover and come back home. Yamkela is struggling without you.

Majali: Uthixo ukhona, I'll be back ntombi yami. I hope you still pray?

Guilt consumes her as she thinks about the shenanigans she's been up to lately, she swallows the lump on her throat and nods.

Ayanda: Yes mama, I do pray.

Her phone rings, it's Pamela. Again, her heart jumps

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you know that fear and guilt that comes with chowing someone's man? She gets up from the chair next to her mother's bed.

Ayanda: Excuse me mama, it's work. Hello?

Pamela: Ayanda, hi.

Ayanda: Hi sis..

Pamela: I trust you are good. Listen, I'm not around at the moment but you have your first gig tomorrow. A briefing has been sent to the WhatsApp group. I'm calling you specifically because there's a client that paid extra money for your time.

Ayanda: How much?

Pamela: R150k, you get to pocket the R75k. Just do whatever he wants and be a good girl okay?

She heaves a sigh, what is Ibrahim going to say about this?

Ayanda: Okay, I'll get ready.

Pamela: Abdul will handle everything and stand in for me.

Oh boy, Abdul is their boss for the day? This won't end well neither Ibrahim's plan will work.

PAMELA

After the phone call with Ayanda, she returns to the breakfast table and the food looks really nice. Samantha went all out, not allowing the death of their child to weigh her down. She likes this for her.

Samantha: You back, sit down and enjoy. Red wine or champagne?

Pamela: I'll have juice please.

Samantha gives her that look with raised eyebrows. Everyone knows how much champagne and wine lover Pam is.

Samantha: What's wrong?

Pam: Nothing, I just want to lay off from alcohol a bit.

Samantha: You are pregnant, aren't you?

Pamela doesn't respond, afraid that it may be sensitive and a trigger to her.

Samantha: How long have you known, does Ibrahim know?

Pamela: I found out recently and no, he doesn't know. I don't know how he is going to feel about this. I didn't discuss it with him.

Samantha: Oh Pam, congratulations my love. Don't worry about Ibrahim, he's going to be a great father.

Pamela: I don't know Sam, I'm afraid. I didn't think it would happen so soon. I thought I had enough time to tell him about being off the pill. He's going to be mad.

Samantha: A child is a best gift from God and you guys are not getting any younger. He's going to embrace this, trust me.

Pam: I'm scared, there's just a lot I didn't sort out. The dynamics of our relationship, our jobs.

Samantha holds her hand and squeezes it.

Samantha: We dated them knowing who they are and what they do. Everything is going to be okay, just tell him so that you can celebrate the pregnancy together.

IBRAHIM

He walks up to Bongiwe's office with 100 roses from Eros florist costing R2 900 and knocks at her opened door. She looks up and frowns seeing him.

Bongiwe: Mr Ali, what are you doing here?

Ibrahim: Hey stranger, how are you? These are for you.

Bongiwe: I don't like flowers.

Ibrahim: Oh come on Ms Nzuzza, don't be rude. There's no woman who doesn't like flowers, I come in peace.

Bongiwe: No, like I'm serious, I'm allergic to flowers so please get them away from me.

Ibrahim: My bad, I didn't know, maybe I should have bought chocolates.

Bongiwe: What brings you here?

He makes himself comfortable at the chair opposite her small desk after telling his guy to take the flowers away.

Ibrahim: I thought I should come and check up on and talk business.

Bongiwe: What business, did you not hear me the last time when I said I don't want anything to do with you next time?

Ibrahim:(chuckling) I don't know what I really did to deserve this attitude from you but I would like to offer you a position in my business.

Bongiwe: Thank you, but I won't be able to take it.

Ibrahim: It's good money Bongiwe...

Bongiwe: You don't get it, do you?

Ibrahim: Get what?

Bongiwe: I'm not one of your charity cases or poverty stricken hoes. You are not going to throw dirty money at me whenever you like and expect me to jump.

Ibrahim: Dirty money?

Bongiwe: Yes, the one you prostitute girls for. Aren't you ashamed? Don't you have a daughter, sister or female cousin?

Ibrahim: No, I'm not ashamed or guilty about what I do. I don't force nor rape anyone. Some of us are not made to suffer while there's ways to make quick money.

Bongiwe: Your ways include other people's daughters?

Ibrahim:(shrugging) I mean, at the end of the day I'm creating job opportunities...

Bongiwe: Get out of my office and never set foot here or I'm going to get a restraining order for you!

Ibrahim:(chuckling) You call this shack an office?

Bongiwe: Get out!

" Is everything okay here?"

A voice says by the door forcing him to get up and turn to see who it is. Some guy is looking at him straight in the eyes and he finds it hard to return the stare. Something strange about this guy that makes him hard to look into his eyes. It's weird and frustrates him.

Who is he and how come is his aura so strong yet he looks so simple?

Bongiwe: Thapelo, please come in. Mr Ali was leaving.

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 10

THAPELO

Walking up to Bongiwe's office, he can hear voices and it sounded like an argument. When he got closer, he heard Bongiwe telling the guy to leave her office and he didn't.

That's when he felt the need to ask if everything is okay because he could tell that something is off here. He knows Mr Ali, I mean who doesn't? He has been on spotlight and news a numerous times and sadly his popularity is not the good one.

Bongiwe: Thapelo, please come in. Mr Ali was leaving.

She says and this guy clears his throat picking up his gadgets, Thapelo notices the bodyguards not so far from the door.

Ibrahim: I'll go but please think about what I said. If you happen to change your mind, you have my number. Call me.

He walks past him and exits the door. Bongiwe breathes heavily as Thapelo walks to her side and hugs her.

Thapelo: That looked pretty intense, are you okay?

Bongiwe: I'm fine, happy that you got here in time.

Thapelo: Is he bothering you?

Bongiwe: Just a devil testing me using a human being but I got this.

Thapelo: Bongiwe, I don't want you to take this lightly and end up hurt. Are you being harassed?

Bongiwe: Sit down, I'll tell you how I know him.

Thapelo pulls the chair and listens attentively as Bongiwe narrates how she knows him and why she is keeping her distance.

Thapelo: Mhmmm, you need to be careful Bongiwe. People like that don't know when to back off and they are used to people worshipping the ground they walk on to a point that if someone else says "no" they don't take it lightly.

Bongiwe: I am not worried about him, God is going to deal with him. His case is already reported and God is handling it.

He smiles, this lady's confidence is so damn attractive.

Thapelo: Do you want to take a walk maybe, just to clear your mind and calm down?

Bongiwe:(smiling) I would love that.

She gets up from the chair and they walk outside holding hands.

Thapelo: By the way, I got you something.

He reaches inside his pockets and comes out with a P.S chocolate with a "you are amazing " written message.

Bongiwe: Exactly what I need to calm my anxieties down. Thank you.

Thapelo: Don't mention it. So I have finished writing the first post for all the platforms and I'm releasing it this afternoon. I'm a bit nervous about the feedback but I'm ready, already scheduled for the post.

Bongiwe: Don't stress yourself about it, remember, not everyone will like the initiative. Be prepared to have people criticise you just for vibes and because you are doing the good thing, not what they want you to be. It's going to serve the purpose.

He looks into her eyes and she blushes before dropping them.

Thapelo: You are amazing and so perfect, I can't believe God chose you for me.

Bongiwe: You like making me blush neh?

Thapelo: I love seeing you smile, it's my duty to ensure that you are always smiling and happy.

Bongiwe: You are doing great so far, I am happy.

Thapelo: I'm glad. Are you feeling better now, should we go back?

Bongiwe: Yes we can go back. By the way, this Friday afternoon I am meeting my kids. We have some drama performances going on. If you are not busy, you can come.

Thapelo: Oh really, what is it about?

Bongiwe: Bible brains, I've compiled a list made of 10 Bible characters for 10 well-known Bible stories.

Thapelo: Sounds like fun, I'll make a way and come.

IBRAHIM

After the encounter with that guy from Bongiwe's office, he drove to the casino just to clear his mind off things and not think about it too much.

Bongiwe is full of herself, thinks she is all that or even better. He needs to step back and let her be, for now. But in the meantime he is going to be back. He just needs a new strategy to win her over and make her realize that she's just like all these other ladies she looks down at then have his last laugh.

His phone rings, it's Ayanda. What does this one want now because he gave her enough money for shopping and all?

Ibrahim: Hello?

Ayanda: Babe, hey

Ibrahim: Ayanda, why are you calling, what if Pamela was around?

Ayanda: Come on, we both know she's not around...

Ibrahim: That's besides the point. You have no business calling me Ayanda!

Ayanda: Okay, I'm sorry but can I see you?

Ibrahim: No, I'll call you when I need you.

Ayanda: It's...

He drops the call and tosses it aside rubbing his eyes and sighs. He needs to instill discipline onto this one before she gets out of hand.

THEMBA

He is on a video call with Pamela as she tells her the pregnancy news and can't hide his disappointment.

Pamela: Themba

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please say something.

Themba: I don't know what to say, I guess, congratulations at least.

Pamela: I know your chest is burning, talk!

Themba: Ai friend, was there a need mara? A baby with Ibrahim?

Pamela: I wanted a baby for myself, always wanted to be a mother and I couldn't have done it with anyone else besides him.

Themba: Mhm, as someone who has been trapped by babies twice, I don't see this ending well.

Pamela: I am not trapping anyone!

Themba: Okay, but you got off the pill without telling him, consent girl, consent! Y'all preach that all the time but fail to practice it!

Pamela: You are making it sound like I've done something so bad...

Themba: Yes, imagine if tables were reversed?

His phone beeps and he checks the notification.

Pamela: Who's that?

Themba: My dramatic baby mama. We'll talk preggy, I have to go.

He ends the call and answers Neo's.

Themba: Hello.

Neo: Hi, I'm sorry to disturb you. How are you?

She's kind today, even her tone is polite.

Themba: I'm good thanks Neo, what about you?

Neo: I'm good. I need your help.

He should have known!

Themba: I'm listening...

Neo: Can you please lend me R2500? I'm strapped on cash.

Themba: Okay. Is it for my child or you?

Neo: Bianca is fine, I just need to buy an outfit, do my hair for a party my friends and I are attending this weekend.

Themba: Which account should I use?

Neo: FNB.

Themba: Okay...

Neo: Thank you, Themba.

Themba: You are welcome, I'll send it now and you don't have to return it.

He knows she won't and doesn't mind to help, she's his baby mama after all, can't suffer while he can assist. He ends the call and transfers her R3500. Baby girl can add something extra there. It's fine.

She sends him a "thank you" message and he replies with a "sure" emoji and logs off WhatsApp. Today he is not working and is bored with Pamela not around. What is he going to do to himself because it's a Thursday night he refuses to be indoors?

He checks out with his guy friends to find out what's happening and they invite him to a party happening in Sandton, Taboo club. With plans made, he's excited and mood is lifted.

He needs to cut his hair and make sure his drip is on point, that club is filled with celebrities and rich ladies, of course slay queens. He plays far from those ones, not that he can't afford them but heck, he's a high maintenance guy himself!

Hopefully he gets to score some rich lady and leaves with her after club. Now, what is he going to wear?

AYANDA

The ladies and her are in one room all dressed to kill. They are chatting up happily drinking champagne, after this gig they will be monied.

She keeps on checking her phone and dialing Ibrahim but he is not answering. He promised her that she won't have to do this as long as she's with him! Why is he not responding now?

Alcohol is the only answer right now, she keeps on refilling her glass time and again looking around hoping to see him walk in. Unfortunately to her, Abdul is the one who comes.

Abdul: Ladies, it's time. Please follow these guys to the cars and they will take you to the airport.

Ayanda: I'm sorry, can I make a phone call?

She says on their way out and Abdul gives her that annoyed look.

Abdul: You said you wanted to work, now don't waste my time!

Ayanda: 2 minutes, I promise.

Abdul: Fine...

He opens the next door and Ayanda walks inside. She tries Ibrahim and this time it looks like her number has been blocked. She kicks the air frustrated. Looking around, she realizes it's Pamela's office that Abdul uses since she's not around.

She looks at the framed picture of her and Ibrahim on her desk and places it facedown. Her eyes spots something on the mini bin underneath her desk and she takes it out.

It's a positive pregnancy test. Ayanda's heart is racing. She's pregnant? Is that why Ibrahim is not keeping his promises? He lied and used her!?

The door opens and she quickly hides the pregnancy test behind her.

Abdul: It's time, let's go.

Ayanda: Okay, after you...

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 11

PG:18 SNLV

THEMBA

As per tradition of city boys says, they arrive at the club late and fill up their table with drinks. Nothing heavy, just a few beers, henny, gins, tonics and snacks. By snacks we are talking about prawns, sushi, meat and all this fancy food people from sandton eats.

He is dripped in black, you know what they say, black never cracks! He looks and smells good, even if he has to say so himself, i boy is confident and feeling himself. The Dj plays Adiwele and the city boy morals flies out the window as him and the squad takes the dance floor and shows off.

His besty, Brian nudges him with his elbow and whispers.

Brian: Boy, that lady has been staring at you ntwana.

He lifts his eyes and they meet hers, she is wearing a short white dress, her weave touching her ass and heels. What catches his attention is the rolex watch on her hand. She's rich!

Mvelo: I know what you are thinking boy but that one is way out of your league.

Themba: Nobody is out of Themba's league. Wait for me, I'm coming.

He walks up to her as soon as she sits down and takes out her phone pressing it. He pulls the chair next to hers and sits down.

Themba:Hi...

She lifts her face up and looks at him, as if studying him.

Her: Hi.

Themba: My name is Themba and you don't even need to tell me yours. I'll call you Mbalenhle because that's what you are.

He sees her trying so hard not to smile but it's not as easy as that.

Her: Thank you Themba, my name is Angela.

Themba: Even better, the name suits you perfectly! Who are you here with?

Angela:(taking a sip from her drink) Alone, I just needed some time out from the house.

Themba: Oh great, mind if I join you?

Angela: Sorry, I'm already leaving. Have a great night.

She calls for the waiter and taps her card paying and walks to the exit. Themba follows her and sees her giving her handbag to two big men who are no doubt who are bodyguards and get at the back of the car.

The car registration number reads " Mrs Bhengu 1". He needs to find her, Angela aka "Mbalenhle" Bhengu, mthimbanator is coming for you ma'am.

AYANDA

They landed in East London an hour ago, this hotel is to die for. From the rumors she heard around, the business suite is R50k per night. Clearly not for your normal type, being here, surrounded by such beauty and classy has made her forget about Ibrahim and his drama. She's still hurt though because he promised her she won't have to do this and now he won't even answer her calls.

But at least this place is gorgeous, she's taking lots of reels and pictures for Instagram. Content honey, the Instagram people need to be fed.

She does the final touches of her make up looking at herself from the mirror, admiring the dress she's making. Pamela is a lady that has style, I mean look at how she got this dress right, the sizes and all.

The door opens without a knock and this hot Arab man walks in. She immediately forgets how good looking Ibrahim is when he sees this man in front of him! He smells money!

Him: my name is Ahmed, what's yours?

Ayanda:(clearing her throat) Ayanda...

Ahmed: When I was told that a goddess will grace my presence I didn't expect so much beauty. You are so perfect!

Ayanda: Thank you...

Ahmed: You are so beautiful, a girl like you deserve all the good things life has to offer. I got you something, I hope you like it.

She waits and watches as he disappears into this other room inside the one they are at and comes back with a small pink suitcase.

Ahmed: Open it.

She puts the champagne glass on the dressing table and opens the suitcase. It is filled with all the designer brands you can think of. From Gucci, LV, PRADA, Dolce and Gabbana designer handbags, shoes

sunglasses, earrings, timepieces and a brand new Iphone 13 gold pro.

She wants to scream but she has to act cool.

Ahmed: Do you like it?

Ayanda: I love everything, thank you.

He steps closer, behind her and presses himself on her body, pulls the hair off her neck and whispers.

Ahmed: Like I said, you deserve all the good things.

She turns around and looks at him, she is kind of short. Her hand is on his chest.

Ayanda: And how do I reward you for this?

Ahmed:(smiling) Patience princess. Right now I need you to accompany me to a dinner meeting with friends.

Ayanda: Okay, we are going now?

Ahmed: Yes, please.

He takes out his hand and she grabs it following him outside and they walk to the lift that takes them to the rooftop. There's 4 other men there. He greets them in his language and pulls the chair for her.

Ahmed: Are you comfortable?

Ayanda: Yes...

She is not, but shortly relaxes when she sees one of the girls she came here join them. At least there's another woman amongst them.

Ahmed: Please, treat yourself to everything you would like to drink and eat.

Her mind is thinking about the bag she left behind. She only took her iPhone and can't wait to take pictures just so she can feed the gram.

IBRAHIM

Pam called and asked him to fetch her from the airport. It happened so fast and randomly, he didn't expect her to be back so soon. With his head spinning, he decided to achieve and mute Ayanda's texts and calls. He was going to attend to her whining later, at the moment he wanted to focus on his woman.

When they got to the house, Pam asked to take a nap and said that they have to talk later on when she wakes up. It sounds so serious so he can't wait to hear what it is all about.

While waiting for her, he continues digging up Bongiwe and her family only to be disappointed when he doesn't find anything dirty about her that he can use to manipulate her with. How is

that possible? There has to be a way that he can use to twist her hand about this.

He attends to his messages and his face turns red when he reads a message from Ayanda about a gig.

Ibrahim: Damn it!

He dials Abdul and his phone rings unanswered for a while before he picks it up.

Abdul: Hello?

Ibrahim: Hey, can you give me a list of the clients handling our girls in East London?

Abdul: Why?

Ibrahim:(heaves a heavy sigh) Because I need to check something, it's urgent!

Abdul: I'm not going to do that, I see your intentions, you want to ruin the business.

Ibrahim: Abdul...

Abdul: No, fuck you Ibrahim! Fuck you and your forever horny dick!

He slams the table hard trying to control his heartbeat. This is not coming well, he has no choice than to snoop Pamela's emails..hopefully he is not too late to save Ayanda.

AYANDA

They are back at the hotel and she was carrying her heels in her hands. Futhi left with the two guys and she knows it's going down. At least she was assigned one man to deal with.

She took lots of pictures and live videos for the gram showing off her stuff and people are drowning in jealousy there by the comments section.

Ahmed: Can you put the phone down and give me some attention?

He says and she quickly ends the live video and looks at him. He is naked and the sight is not appetizing at all. The hair in his private area is too much, not to mention the size of his manhood.

Ahmed: Let's take a shower.

She nods and strips of her clothes following him to the bathroom. He applies the shower gel all over her body, busy massaging her boobs and touching her on her private areas.

Ahmed: Turn around.

She does without being told twice and he brushes her ass moving his finger to her ass hole, sticking it inside and it's uncomfortable. She tries to move but he presses her face hard against the cold wall tiles and bends her over.

She might have said that his Manhood is small but it feels like hell as he slams it on her ass hole right now. She screams trying to jump but he holds her still and pushes him inside her.

As soon as he is in, he pumps her hard, holding on to her shoulders, with her hands pinned against her back. Her whole ass is burning and her voice is becoming a horse from screaming.

He makes some funny sounds spanking on her ass harder and it downs on her that he's about to come. He pulls out and closes the tap. He sprays not only his cum but his pee all over his face and body forcing some on her mouth.

Her whole body trembles at this act and becomes sober immediately, he seems to be enjoying peeing over her and she just wants to pass out and forget that such existed!

Ahmed: Dry yourself up, the night is still young. Do not keep me waiting!

He says leaving the shower and Ayanda feels her soul leaving her body. She is disgusted and her body feeling pains to this act. She finishes up showering and walks out with a towel wrapped around her body.

Walking back to the room, she smells something funny, fucking her nose to see what it is about, she sees a bowl full of fleeces and immediately she runs to the bathroom and throws up.

ANGELA BHENGU

The moment she got home, she took a shower and cleaned off the makeup off her face, put on back her wedding ring and sat in front of the tv wearing pyjamas and reading a book.

The door slams from the front and she jumps frightened as her husband, Melusi makes an entrance.

Angela: Baby, welcome home.

Melusi: Mhm, how was your day?

Angela: Just the usual, nothing exciting about it.

Melusi: Where did you go today?

Angela: I...I went to the club...

He raises his eyebrows in a frown.

Angela: I didn't stay long Melusi I swear. I just checked in and out.

Melusi: Why? Don't we have a bar here at home? If it was alcohol that you wanted?

Angela: I needed fresh air...

A hot backslap lands on her face sending her to the floor and she sees stars.

Melusi: Unamanga marn!(you are lying) all you wanted to do is whore and dance with young boys! How can you disrespect me like that huh? This kid?

His foot is pressing on her neck as he shows her a picture of her talking to Themba in the club smiling.

Angela: I swear it's not what you think, he was just greeting. Please Bhengu, I'm sorry!

She screams as he starts hitting her all over her body with his belt not carrying that she's bleeding.....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 12

ANGELA

After struggling to open her eyes for a minute, she finally does and sees Melusi by her side. He's not aware how last night ended but what she can attest to is how her body is in pain.

This is her life, some days are better than others, she doesn't know how she went wrong. He wasn't like this when they got married. They met at a work function and fell in love. He married her a year later in their relationship and it was a wedding of the year.

Melusi is part of the parliament cabinet members, he is respected and trusted out there. When they are out together attending those government functions, he sings praises about how much he loves his wife and posts her on social media like crazy.

People watching from the outside can assume that she's living the best life. He is a cheater, bringing disease into her life that he denied but instead pinned it on her.

One would ask why is she not leaving this man? After successfully isolating her from friends and family, forcing her to quit her job, he toys with her mental health, making her believe that there's no man that will love her the way he does.

Underneath the expensive clothes and heavy make up she wears, there's permanent scars caused by him and his insecurities. She tried leaving, tried talking about her situation but she was told that marriage is not easy or easy to get.

She should be grateful to marry a man like Melusi so they say. Her own mother reminded her of the vows she made in front of 100s people. "Till death do us apart" that she sealed with the huge diamond ring on her finger.

After he beat her for the 3rd time, she got used to it and accepted that she is trapped by her own vows. Her parents

consider someone who divorces a failure, and Melusi has made her look like she's crazy, they believe him over her. She doesn't bother telling them about her marital affairs anymore, even with bruises they turn a blind eye because of the money he throws their way.

She clears her throat softly and Melusi put the laptop aside and attends to her quickly with a glass of water.

Melusi: Sthandwa sami, thank God you are up. Please don't ever make me this angry again, look at what you have made me do. I don't like it when you disrespect me.

Angela: I'm sorry, I won't disrespect you again.

Melusi:(kissing her tears) It's okay, all is forgiven. I'm going to run you a bath and help you bathe okay?

Angela: Thank you.

Melusi: I love you, so much. I promise I'm going to be better, for you.

Angela: I love you too...

Honestly, she just says those words for the sake of saying them. For a 26 year old lady, she is miserable, doesn't enjoy sex(the one he takes by force sometimes) with this guy. She's happier when he is at work than around him.

She's waiting for death to free her from all of this because she's tired and has had enough.

THEMBA

He didn't sleep a wink last night thinking about the Angel in a human form he met at the club last night. Her smile, body and charisma made him lie awake even with alcohol in his system.

Searching for her everywhere in social media proves to be pointless because the Angela Bhengus that shows up aren't her! From the information he gets from google, she's married to a rich politician guy.

That doesn't stop his interest in searching for her, he wants her and he's going to get her. He wakes up early and makes himself a delicious breakfast, it's a Friday.

Pamela is back, he has a gig later, what can go wrong? His sister appears rushing out grabbing fruits.

Bongiwe: God I am so late!

Themba: I'm not surprised, you were probably giggling with Mfundisi the whole night forgetting that you are working today.

Bongiwe: (rolling her eyes) And why are you up so early?

Themba: I need to have an early start, that's why.

Bongiwe: Please take my car out from the garage, I'll grab something.

By something she refers to his food, he lets her be and takes the car out of the garage. Bongiwe thanks him and drives away. He clears the dishes and follows suit as well.

It's way too early for him to be at the club but he needs to see Pamela. He heads straight to her office upon his arrival and finds her just arriving and setting her table. They hug.

Themba: I must say pregnancy looks good on you, or maybe you are still going to be ugly?

Pamela: shhh wena, don't you know that walls have ears?

Themba: Let me guess, he doesn't know?

Pamela: I'll tell him tonight.

Themba: Good luck. I need your help.

Pamela: What kind?

Themba takes out his phone and shows her the picture of Angela posing with her husband.

Themba: I need her contacts, anything. I know you have the resources.

Pamela: I know her, if I were you I would stay away from her.

Themba: I know she's married and stuff but that's the love of my life.

Pamela raises her eyebrows in shock

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he's also surprised he just said that about someone he just met for 2 minutes.

Themba: Anyway, how do you know her husband?

Pamela: He frequents here a lot, just a scumbag that doesn't deserve her.

Themba: Poor thing, clearly she's not happy. Are you going to help me?

Pamela: I hope my help doesn't lend you six feet underground.

Themba: Thank you bestie, I'll wait for the information. Now let me go spend some time with my son, I'll see you later.

Pamela: I thought we were going to catch up...

Themba: I'll come an hour early before my shift and we'll chat okay? Don't sulk preggy, I'll bring my baby something.

Pamela: You better.

He kisses her cheek and walks out of her office straight to his car and drives out texting Samke that he is on the way.

AYANDA

She lies awake on the bathtub with her 3rd bottle of wine drinking straight from it. No amount of bath salts, foams or gel will take away yesterday's events.

It was so horrific, her whole body trembles at the thought of what went down last night. Having to pass out from crying because she didn't want to eat his shit that he ended up plastering all over her face.

Even now her face is itching and red from scrubbing it with all these soaps. He left money that he called a tip for her but she is not moved. Ibrahim has been texting and calling through and through.

She doesn't know what to say to him, he failed her. How can they subject humans to this brutality? Going through her

WhatsApp messages, the other girls are asking about her whereabouts, it's been hours of her inside this tub, she keeps on loading warm water as soon as it gets cold.

The girls are posting non-stop on their WhatsApp statuses and Instagram stories. Scrolling through the statuses, she sees Pamela posing happily with Ibrahim. This pic looks recent.

Her heart is full of rage thinking about how they live a soft life through their expense. Imagine waking up to someone pounding you after making you faint from forcing you to eat his shit?

She zooms Ibrahim's face from that picture Pamela posted, he is smiling and happy, he clearly loves her. He is going to be more happier when he learns the news of being a father to be, that's if he doesn't know already.

He doesn't deserve that kind of happiness, both of them. What kind of parents are they going to be while they enslave other people's kids through such trauma? This child deserves to be saved from the trauma of having them as parents.

She gets off the water and wraps her towel around her body. The room is cleaned and looks new..she counts the money and its R18k, on top of the R75k paid to her. Life is good.

She rocks up her new expensive outfit with a heavy make up from Rihanna Fenty beauty products and takes a few pictures. Her heart is heavy but content has to be delivered for the gram. She requests a ride to a nearby pharmacy, not for her. They get tested and put on family planning injections before any activities.

Hopefully these bloody guards won't stop her because she's not in the mood. She wears her Dior perfume and complete her outfit with her Gucci sunglasses. No matter how hard life is, don't forget izaza(sunglasses).

BONGIWE

The Bible drama went well, her girls didn't disappoint. Now she's walking to the parking lot with Thapelo. He is also driving

today, says Mr Johnson's gave him his car so that he doesn't walk around late at night.

Thapelo: You are doing such a marvelous job with these girls. I'm proud of you.

Bongiwe: I really try, they need to be protected from the vultures of this world.

Thapelo: And I'm willing to protect you the same way you want to protect others.

He closes the gap between them and her heart makes a thunderous sound as he takes her hand into his.

Thapelo: Bongiwe, each and every day I fall in love with you. It's crazy and scary at the same time because I wonder how I got so blessed. My granny is waiting for you, my church people, everyone in my life.

I've been telling you this and trying to show you how I feel about you. I don't mean to rush you but please, put my mind at ease.

She knows what he is talking about, he has been patient and today is the perfect day to say those magic words.

Bongiwe: I'm scared Thapelo, I've never fallen in love before but I choose to be scared trying with you rather than not knowing how it would have been.

I want to give us a chance and see where it leads us. Just promise me that no one will be a deciding factor of our relationship and that we are the only drivers of this ship?

Thapelo: Except God, I won't allow another person to interfere in this.

Bongiwe: You don't have to question yourself anymore. I accept, I am going to be your girlfriend.

Thapelo:(grinning widely) Say it again, please.

Bongiwe:(giggling) I love you too.

He hugs her tightly and gives her a little spin before locking his forehead into hers.

Thapelo: You are not going to regret it, I promise.

Their faces are so close to each other, he plants his onto hers and they are so soft and warm. She wants to respond to the kiss but remembers Themba's words about biting him.

Thapelo: Just follow my lead, we'll be fine...

She does and it turns out it is not so difficult after all. The goosebumps she feels makes her dizzy. Thapelo steps back and her eyes fall onto his pants. Damn!

Thapelo: I guess we should call it a night, I will call you. Please drive safely.

Bongiwe: Drive safely too.

He kisses her again before opening the car door and she hoops in and rests her head against her seat and exhales with a nervous smile.

Okay, that felt great, too good. She can't wait to get home and ask her mother some questions and to tell her about the developments of their relationship.

Bongiwe: Oh Thapelo, you are going to be the death of me!

She starts the car and reverses out of the church building to the main road....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 13

BONGIWE

As predicted, the Mrs is home but lazing around today still on her medical gear and watching her boring TV shows.

Bongiwe: Hey Mom's...

Siza: Yey madam, come here!

Eix, she was trying to dodge her and head to her bedroom. She makes a turn and sits opposite her.

Bongiwe: I'm from church mom, what do you mean?

Siza: Mhmm, angiyena upopayi Bongiwe and umdala for ukuqamba amanga. (I'm not a fool Bongiwe and you are old to lie)

Bongiwe: Okay I'm sorry. But I'm not lying about being at church.

Siza: Continue...

Bongiwe: Thapelo was around...

Siza: I knew it! What happened?

Bongiwe: Nothing, we actually chilled together and....

Siza: And?

Deep sigh...

Bongiwe: We are officially together, like in a relationship.

Siza: Oh wow...that's good news. I'm happy for you. I hope you guys treat each other well. Let him love you, and you won't go wrong with that.

Bongiwe: While on that topic, I want to ask you something...

Siza: Ask.

Bongiwe: Did you and dad wait until marriage before you...know what?

Siza cracks up loudly and picks up her coffee mug sipping on it with a naughty smile.

Bongiwe: Well?

Siza: No, we didn't.

Bongiwe: Ai bo Siza girl! Doesn't the Bible says "no sex before marriage "

Siza: It does but look, he was going to be my husband after all and God had given me a sign. So what was the point of waiting?

Bongiwe: I can't believe my ears!

Siza: Also, I was curious to know if you know, he can do the things, phela mina I wasn't a Virgin when we met. I couldn't imagine marrying someone I wouldn't enjoy sex with.

Sizakele Nzuza though! Themba takes after her when it comes to not filtering their words shame.

Bongiwe: Okay I think I've heard enough, bye mom.

Siza:(laughing) Come back and sit down, why are you running?

Bongiwe: You are giving too much information mom the next thing I'll look at you and dad weirdly.

Siza: Well that's your own problem. Now tell me, why did you ask that question, are you and Thapelo in that stage yet?

Bongiwe: Not yet, I mean I just had my first official kiss. But I felt something happening in our bodies, there was this chemistry I can't explain.

Siza: Get on a birth control girl if you know you won't be able to abstain. The girls are looking up to you, it will be disappointing to preach something you don't practice.

Her mother is right, she needs to pray about this and resist these dirty thoughts.

Bongiwe: You are right mom, I will go shower. Is Themba home?

Siza: Themba being home on a Friday night? That would be a miracle!

Bongiwe: I'll go shower ..

Sizakele: Look, just because you are Christians doesn't mean you have to be boring . You guys are young, beautiful and look

good together. There's so much fun you could have together besides sex, when you take that road, make sure you both get tested, use condoms and birth controls until both ready to be parents.

Don't let lust or physical attraction ikubhayizise, be wiser and careful.

Bongiwe: Thank you mawami, I'll remember this always.

AYANDA

The girls are back from East London and first stop is the brothel where they get to see the bosses and talk about what happened, next gigs and all.

From what she overheard from the ladies, they all had their share with these men, some got gang banged, some said she was made to sleep with a dog. It was cringe to listen to these stories. When her turn to share came, she lied and said Ahmed had anal sex with her and made her lick his anus.

Her case is too embarrassing to share and doesn't think she will recover from it anytime soon. They get to the club and wait a few minutes for the boss lady. All she wants to do at this moment is to take a shower and nap next to her sister.

She finally graces them with her presence, Pamela is really a gorgeous woman, makes her wonder why she is setting the bullshit Ibrahim dishes on her but quickly remembers that she's the last one to throw stones at her.

Pamela: Ladies, welcome back. I have received good news from our clients, they are happy and satisfied with your services. Y'all made me proud, please clap for yourselves...

They clap hands and stop when she tells them to.

Pamela: You have the rest of the weekend off, go shop or do whatever with your money, you deserve it. I'll see you guys Monday.

Ladies: Thank you sister boss, you look great!

Pamela:(smiling) Thank you baby. Ayanda, in my office please.

The ladies pick their bags and leave while Ayanda drags her body to the office.

Ayanda: Is everything okay?

Pamela: All is good, your passport...

She hands it over to her and Ayanda looks at it, twisting it around.

Ayanda: That was fast...

Pamela: Yes, Ahmed is singing praises about you and it looks like you will be boarding a plane to Dubai soon.

Her intestines turn immediately at the mention of that guy's name. He has a liver yazi! Oh did Pam set her up?

Pamela: Are you okay?

Ayanda: I'm fine, just tired.

Pamela: Ayanda, you know you can talk if there was anything done that made you uncomfortable, right? Like rape and...

Ayanda: I'm really fine Pam. I just need to get home and rest.

Pamela: Okay, we promised to take care of you guys and we can't protect you if you don't open up.

Gosh she won't let this go will she? Pretending as if she cares, mxm!

Ayanda: Ahmed didn't rape me, we had a good time and he spoiled me.

Pamela: Okay, that's a relief.

She sits down and opens her bottled water. Ayanda makes a mental note to get a bottle exactly like that and switches up with hers.

Ayanda: Can I go now?

Pamela: Yes, I'll see you Monday...

She steps out of her office and her phone vibrates

it's a private number and she knows who it is.

Ayanda: Yes?

Ibrahim: A car is waiting for you outside.

After saying that he drops, Ayanda wheels her bags outside and indeed sees the Bentley. Mike greets her and helps with the bags into the boot and drives her to the same house she met Ibrahim at the last time.

She walks inside and finds him not looking so happy. He tries to touch her but she stops him.

Ayanda: Why am I here?

Ibrahim: I needed to see you ..

Ayanda: Why?

Ibrahim: I was worried about you, please tell me you are okay and they didn't touch you?

She closes her eyes and tries by all means to control herself. Ibrahim is at her mercy and she shouldn't scare him by revealing the plans she has for him and his queen.

Ayanda: He touched me, we slept together.

Ibrahim: I'm sorry, I know I promised to protect and prevent you from doing this but...

Ayanda: It's okay, I guess I had to take this only so that Pam doesn't suspect right?

Ibrahim: Yeah, maybe.

Ayanda: You will take care of the next one then.

Ibrahim hugs her and for a moment she doesn't hug him back but finally does.

Ibrahim: I was going crazy thinking about you, I am glad you are safe...

She rolls her eyes in her mind replaying Ngizwe Mchunu's video " liar lies, pure lies"

THAPELO

It's a Saturday morning and he's cleaning the house listening to soft soul music. His favorite of all time is Zonke Dikana, he loves how gentle and powerful her voice is.

He is playing one of her songs with headphones on and sings along to every lyric, boy is in akere?

Zonke -uyandithada....

Thapelo:(singing) Mmmmh oh...

Inton' undenza nje

Yandazi ndiyoyika

Uthand' olungaka hey, mmmh

Andilwazi mna

Ndlela ond'jonga ngayo

Yandibuka mna baby

Cupid is your name yeah, mmmh

And I don't care what they say

Und'thanda everyday yey yey

Everyday yey yey

His music gets interrupted when his phone rings. He takes off the earphones and answers the 011 number calling him.

Thapelo: Hello?

Voice: Hello. Can we please speak to Thapelo Mosima?

Thapelo: Speaking...

Voice: Great, you are speaking to Ayanda Melansi, content producer from Ukhozi FM radio station.

Say what? He pulls a chair and sits down.

Thapelo: Yes?

Ayanda M: We bumped into your blog and social media posts. We love the initiative and would love to invite you to come to the studio tomorrow and join our presenter on his gospel Sunday show titled " Unkulunkulu nomuntu omusha".

Thapelo: I would be so honored, what time is the show?

Ayanda M: 8pm but for all preparations and briefing, we would appreciate it if you get to the studio by 6pm.

Thapelo: I'll definitely do that, thank you so much.

Ayanda M: No thank you Mr Mosima, you have no idea how many lives you are touching. We know that you recently started but we can see a great initiative from word go hence we have decided to give you the platform.

I have sent you the email address confirming your appointment. Please respond to it with your favorite pictures you would love for us to use or send to the marketing team for social media promotion, and your rates.

Thapelo: I'll do just that, thank you so much.

Ayanda M: Have a great day man of God, see you tomorrow.

The call ends and he closes his eyes and listens to the small voice of appreciation inside him and releases a huge sigh rubbing his eyes.

Thapelo: When grace locates you, it breaks protocols. Lord, I thank you for having my back and showing me that I am on the right path. Each and every day you remind me of my purpose in this life. Thank you for blessing me more than I deserve. Amen.

He opens his eyes and runs to tell his grandmother the news. She breaks into tears and worship making him all emotional. After a few minutes of emotions cooling down, they sit down and talk.

Lydia: Don't forget to tell your fathers about this. Especially Mr Johnson's, he planted the idea, it's only fair he gets to hear about it manifest.

Thapelo: You are definitely correct koko, I'll go there now.

Lydia: And your girlfriend?

Thapelo:(smiling) I want to surprise her, I'll tell her to open her radio and listen when the show comes. Let me finish up what I was doing and rush to see Mr Johnson's.

He cleans up real quick and jogs all his way to his house and finds him outside by the pool. He's not alone but with his son, Jaden. When did he come back? He knew he was planning to return home but seeing him here is a surprise. They exchange pleasantries and Jad's wife comes to greet him.

He breaks the good news to them and they shake his hands congratulating him.

Jaden: You did well my friend, dad was just telling me about this. So what are you going to wear later on?

Thapelo: Probably an outfit I'll wear at church tomorrow, I mean it's radio after all .

Jaden: There's a camera on the radio these days my friend that records the whole show and gets uploaded on their website so people can stream it anytime. You need to start investing in your appearance, dress the way you would like to be addressed.

He didn't think about it that deep, he's never been one to fuss about fashion and clothes but he makes sense.

Jaden: Don't stress, I have a plan. Wait here.

He disappears to the house and Thapelo chats to the senior.

Mr Johnsons: When are we meeting your woman?

Thapelo:(grinning) Soon, I already told her about you guys and she's looking forward to meeting y'all.

Jaden returns and Thapelo notices that he changed the shorts into long track pants.

Jaden: Let's go buddy.

Thapelo: I will see you around sir.

Mr Johnsons: All the best for tomorrow, I'll have my friends and everyone who knows me listening.

They get inside Jaden's car and drive to town, he is complaining about how crazy America is and that he was so fed up with that country and its racism.

Thapelo: What are we here for?

He realizes he didn't ask him back then but jumped into the car.

Jaden: We are here to upgrade your wardrobe.

He stops on his track and looks at him. Jaden laughs and pulls his hand...

Jaden: Come on, I know what you want to say but don't mention it, I really want to do it so let's go.

ANGELA

She is healing and Melusi has been doing what he does best everytime he does this, spoiling her. Right now she has her legs on the coffee table reading a magazine when he walks in with a tray of food.

She pulls her legs back and sits up straight checking what's in on those plates.

Melusi: Bon appetit! I hope you enjoyed it.

Angela: Thanks.

Melusi: Babe...

Angela: Mhmm?

Melusi: I was thinking here...

Angela:(taking a bite) About?

Melusi: Please hear me out before you shut out the idea completely okay?

Angela: Come out with it already...

Melusi: It's been 4 years together and 3 married. All this while, we didn't have any pregnancy or miscarriage scare...

She stops eating and looks at him, she knows where this conversation is headed. His family has been dropping hints and it's not going to happen!

Angela: Melusi...

Melusi: Please hear me out..

She breathes heavily while playing with her hands as a sign of coping with her anger.

Melusi: I am not getting any younger babe...

Angela: So it's my fault, my fault that we don't have kids?

Melusi: I didn't say that...

Angela: Did you stop to think that you could be the problem?

Melusi: Now you are getting out of hand, I'm not fighting with you here but trying to find a solution.

Angela: Solution yamasimba! Nxx it's not going to happen yezwa? If you really want to push my limits and see how crazy I can be, try that. I've tolerated so much bullshit from you, I can see it has made you so comfortable that you think you can do

whatever. Try me Melusi Bhengu, I dare you and that's going to be the day I burn this house with you inside!

That shakes him a bit and he clears his throat and she storms out.

Melusi: Your food?

Angela: I've lost my appetite!

She packs her gym gear and water bottle inside.

Melusi: Babe, come on!

Angela: I need to be away from you Melusi, and tell your monkeys not to follow me!

She's breathing fire as she heads to her white Mercedes Benz CLA Coupè and gets in. She sees Melusi raising his hand to stop his men as they try to get into their security car. At least his stupid ears can listen for once.

Gym may not be the perfect place for her sorrows right now, and she needs a drink where no one will recognize her as the Minister's wife...

Her phone rings, it's a private number and she frowns. She doesn't owe anyone so who's this?

Angela: Hello?

Voice: Mbalenhle, please don't hang up.

Angela:(chuckling in disbelief) Ai unesibindi mfana ndini, where did you get my number and do you have any idea how much trouble your call could cost me?

Themba: I'm sorry, but I'm desperate and need to see you.

She hits the brakes and sighs, maybe this is what she exactly needs to forget about her horrible Saturday.

Angela: Where are you? I need a drink!

Themba: I'll send you my location....

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 14

ANGELA

She drives straight to the location Themba sent and it's a carwash. Wow! This guy is not serious. She texts him to come to the car because there's no way she is stepping out and being undressed by eyes by these men here.

He shows up and today he looks young, more like a cheese boy. How old is he by the way? He's cute though, and his charisma is something she cannot take away from him.

Themba: Mbalenhle, why aren't you stepping out of the car?

Angela: Ai bo can't you see how parked is it here?

Themba: So what?

Angela: You know I'm someone's wife and the next thing I'll be trending.

Themba: Relax, this is my hood. No one is going to take pictures of you or harass you. Trust me. Come.

She looks at him, he looks sincere and confident in what he says. Hopefully she is not going to regret this. She adjusts her big hat, shades and steps out of the car.

Themba leads her to some wooden chairs and they sit down.

Themba: Ekse boy, awubambe i moto ka ma'am lapho. (Please wash the lady's car)

Angela: It's really not that dirty

Themba: You can't come to a car wash and return back with an unwashed car. It doesn't make sense.

Angela: I guess, how did you get my number?

Themba: I know people who know people that know you.
Uphuzani? (What are you going to drink?)

Angela: Black label please, I hope it's cold and sweaty.

He grins, yeah she knows what's going on in his mind. Just because he saw her drinking champagne the other day doesn't make her a slay queen. In fact, black label slaps more than those fancy drinks they drink for show.

Themba orders food and their drinks. She is starting to feel comfortable because people around here are not weird nor treat her otherwise. Maybe she should just relax and have fun.

Angela: So, what's your story? Why did you hunt my numbers down?

Themba: Isn't it obvious? I want you Mbalenhle.

Angela: You cannot want me Themba, I am married.

Themba: That I know and it won't be long until you aren't.

She laughs and claps her hands. Their order arrives quicker than she anticipated. It's a chilly cow head, heart, scrambled pap and some salt and spices. She washes her hands and they dig in.

Angela: I really appreciate your confidence and bravery but it's impossible.

Themba: Why, is it because I'm younger than you?

Angela: It's not even about that...

Themba: You don't love me?

Angela: Themba look, it's complicated okay? And very unsafe for you...

Themba:(smiling) We'll deal with the complications later. So, besides being your husband's wife, what can you tell me about yourself?

Angela: Well, I am just a simple lady, 26, holds a degree in Agricultural science. Only girl child of my parents with two younger brothers. I Love food, drinks, looking good by dressing up and smells nice.

Themba: Short intro but nice and straight to the point.

Angela: I suppose, and what about you?

Her phone rings, It's Melusi. She declines the call, switching it off and placing it facedown.

Themba: I'm 22, have two kids and work in a club.

Angela: 2 kids? Same mother?

Themba: No, both of them are first born.

Angela: Wow, you are so busy, shame.

Themba: I didn't plan it but yeah, I love my kids and wouldn't trade them for anything. And you? Do you have kids or plan to have any soon?

Angela: None of the above....

She didn't mean for her misery to be carried out of her voice so simply. I guess she can't hide it any more.

Themba: Okay, you would make a great mother though.

Angela: Maybe in another life...

He looks at her and touches her hand, his touch carries so much comfort and sympathy.

She smiles and he returns it. Such a good guy.

AYANDA

She's home and Yamkela couldn't be more happier about her return and she really missed the little human. Her mother's operation is on the go and she just transferred the last remaining amount to the hospital.

This has taught her the importance of having a medical aid, I mean look at how she parted ways with R100k so easily! But at least she has R40k although from her budget and calculations of bills to pay, she's broke.

Her Instagram profile is growing by a minute because of the content taken from East London she posted. If only people knew what goes down behind the scenes, they wouldn't be so happy.

She needs to use the weekend to rest, Monday is just around the corner and she has so much to do. With Ibrahim intending on telling Pamela about their affair, things are going to take a turn, so that means she needs to act quickly.

This baby and pregnancy needs to be out of the way soon so that he doesn't go back on his word. Playing around Google, she googles Ibrahim Net worth and almost faints.

Okay, he is richer than she thought, she needs to be nicer to him. And just maybe, Pamela's baby is not the only thing that needs to be out the way. Her and Ibrahim have been together for such a long time but they are not married. Why?

Mhmm, kuzoculwa amagugu and soon. For what she went through, and the taste of gold in her hands, even the sky is not a limit for her.

BONGIWE

Church was hot and a bit draining today, after eating out with her family, she came back, changed and got into bed to rest.

A phone call from Thapelo woke her up and she is shocked to realise how long she has been sleeping since that time they got

back. Thapelo asks her to switch on the radio and listens to the topic there.

Do people still listen to radio shows these days? With social media and all? She drags her body to the lounge where the rents are at and sits between them, causing her mother to complain. I mean they are practicing "Sunday for lovers" vibes.

Siza: Why are you such an enemy of peace though? What chased you from your room?

Bongiwe: Hawu mama, I thought the lounge was for all of us. Anyway, a friend told me to tune in to ukhozi fm now.

Nzuzza: What's happening?

Bongiwe: I guess we'll find out.

Themba walks in and everyone is shocked to see him home early on a Sunday evening. He grabs his plate and comes to join them. Bongiwe puts on the station.

Presenter: Welcome back to our show u Nkulunkulu nomuntu omusha. Today I am not alone but joined by a gentleman who is

all about being the change that you want to see. My brother, welcome to the show. Please greet our listeners and introduce yourself.

Thapelo: I greet all the listeners listening across the world right now. My name is Thapelo Mosimo and I am here today because of my foundation called A MAN'S POV.

Themba shoots Bongiwe a look while Siza smiles. Bongiwe's heart is doing ivosho right now and her ears are sharp to hear what her bae has to say.

Presenter: A MAN'S POV, that's interesting. Please tell us about this and how you came up with it, why did you think

Advertisement

okay, I need to do this?

Thapelo: I saw the need and a gap in our society to create a real man's conference where we as males, from a young age educate and advise each other to be better.

This idea comes out from seeing the high rape statistics, GBV, human trafficking, killing and so forth. It's sad, I really believe that if we stand up and unite to say IT'S ENOUGH, there will be a difference and we can actually breed a new generation that will be better than the current.

Presenter: True, what strategies do you have that will make this idea realistic and come to life?

Thapelo: It's not a secret that I love God but I am not about forcing anyone into my beliefs. You can still be a good responsible man without being a Christian. But my main goal as a servant of God is to bring his people close to him.

What is man according to Christianity?The Bible presents man in the proper context of the Creator/creature relationship. Man is created and sustained by God. Gen. 1:27, Acts 17:25,28.

Man is a person and is therefore capable of making moral choices.

Although men have no moral or mental advantages over women, God has commissioned them to actively lead, providing security and stability to family and children. Hence it breaks my heart to see men rape, kill, abuse each and every day.

Spiritual growth is important to all men out there and here at MAN'S POV, we strive to provide resources to help men improve their marriages, and relate to their inner self without feeling like losers and weaklings.

We want to make a norm to men that it's okay to cry, be vulnerable, it's okay to wear your heart on your sleeve. We want men to realize that you can help a woman without expecting sexual favors in return

It's okay to say " I was wrong, I'm sorry" than using your masculine to hide from that. We are saying there's nothing wrong about being a gentle, kind, soft, loyal, loving, reliable man.

Let's normalize healthy relationships over toxic ones, kids turn out rebellious because of the toxic environment they grow around in.

The role of a Christian man in today's society may be marred by the more secular points of view that the world has adopted. It

is not about being a mindless macho man, knocking heads and taking names. It is not about being the most impressive womanizer in the group. Nor does it have anything to do with making the most and living the most outrageously lavish lifestyle.

As a Christian man in today's society, there is nothing wrong with being ambitious. In fact, it is pretty much expected of you in your service to God and your utilization of His talents. However, nothing should ever distract you from the main goal which is to seek God's heart.

This does not necessarily mean that every single man should start a church or sign up for the official clergy ministry. However, if that is your calling then by all means go for it.

The world is broken, too much blood is being shed everyday, sins committed, lies uttered and promises broken. Men, we need to do better!

Presenter: My brother, I am touched, as you are speaking, I find myself questioning some of my own life's ethics. I am sure this is going to help a lot of people. I know we don't have enough time but I can tell there's more where this comes from..

How do people reach out to you? Your social media details and contact numbers please...

Thapelo: Okay, we are available on all social media platforms. Search us using our organization's name... for office use please call

Nzuzo lowers the volume and Themba gets up to put his plate away.

Nzuzo: Is this the same friend you told me about a few days ago?

Bongiwe: Yes, that's him.

Nzuzo: May God bless him, he is smart and passionate about this. I'll talk to our pastor, maybe he can invite him as a guest speaker in one of our services. Our youth needs him.

Did you take his numbers? I want to email him and as I promised you, involve my superiors.

Bongiwe: I'll forward them to you baba.

She's so proud right now and feels like screaming. Her man did that? Wow!

Logging on to Twitter, the show is trending and for once Twitter is not toxic but united about this topic. They have created a trending hashtag where they suggest topics Thapelo has to deal with.

Some men are coming out about being abused by women, their mental health and all. This is refreshing, exactly the reaction he is looking for.

She calls him as soon as she gets to her bedroom hoping that now he's off air. He answers.

Thapelo: Baby...

Bongiwe: That was a nice surprise, I'm so proud of you.

Thapelo: Thank you my love, God I was so nervous. How did I sound?

Bongiwe: Great, the parents are impressed, I was listening with them, expecting an email from my father.

Thapelo: Wow my love, I still don't know what to say. I'll tell you all about it when I get home okay?

Bongiwe: Okay. I'm proud of you my love.

MELUSI

He's inside his office where he has been locking himself into the whole day since yesterday. He is avoiding Angela who came back late, drunk and so rude.

It took a lot of him not to raise his hands on her but let her be. He takes off his headsets and rubs his face, he listens to Ukhozi FM all the time, and today's topic finds it's way to his heart.

He rubs his wedding band listening to his heartbeat rising. Twitter is buzzing over this topic, this young man has hit a nerve. There's so many broken and toxic men out there and he is brave enough to call the behavior out.

He clicks on his profile and follows the link to the organization's details and finds the banking details. He donates R200k anonymously and logs out.

Leaving his office back to the lounge where Angela was watching Real Housewives of Lagos, he finds her sleeping. He goes back to their bedroom, and removes the pillows and prepares her side before fetching her to lie on it.

He covers her body and looks at her sleeping for a long time before planting a soft kiss on her forehead.

Melusi: I am so sorry for all the pain I've caused you. I hope it's not too late for me to correct my ways and show you how sorry I am...

To be continued...

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 15

MELUSI

His day started earlier than usual as he spent an hour in the gym built in his house exercising and stretching out his muscles. He's working from home today and has made arrangements for his wife to go to a beauty shop and get pampered.

Now at his kitchen, he is singing a hip hop song while preparing breakfast for himself and Angela. He is a great cook and finds it therapeutic at times. Today, he is going to surprise his wife in bed with it, just like the old times.

Angela: Morning...

There goes the surprise! He turns and sees her yawning and stretching her arms on her short pants pyjamas looking sexy

despite the marks on her body. He walks up to her and gives her a kiss.

Melusi: Hey sexy, Morning. I was about to bring you some breakfast in bed.

Angela:Mhmm, someone is in a good mood. What happened?

Melusi: Nothing, I just woke up and realized how blessed I am to have you as a wife.

The look she gives him tells him that she doesn't believe what he is saying and he cannot blame her. He did this, she used to be so much in love but now she fears him.

Angela: Mhmm, I'll take a shower, thanks for the booking.

Melusi: You are welcome, breakfast will be done and ready when you come out.

Angela: Thank you...

She goes back and he returns to his pots and is interrupted by a loud voice. It's his sister, he sighs. Why is she here so early in the morning? What is he saying because he has allowed it.

Sthandiwe hugs her brother and takes a sip from Angela's juice.

Sthandiwe: Waba semabodweni, uphi umkakho?(why are you the one cooking instead of your wife?)

Melusi: I am giving her a break...

Angela doesn't cook at all, if it's not Melusi cooking it's their chef. He doesn't mind.

Sthandiwe: Ai ke...you are spoiling this girl wena.

She is his elder sister who practically raised him when their parents died. He appreciates her as she made so many sacrifices in her life just for him and his other siblings while the other relatives folded their hands. But now that he has made it, they remember that they are family.

Melusi: He is my wife, If I don't, who will?

Sthandiwe:(rolling her eyes) Wee klibhi, have you told her about Nontokozi?

Melusi: (nodding) I tried...

Sthandiwe: What did she say?

Melusi: She lost it, I completely understand...

Sthandiwe:(banging the table) Ai marn we Melusi! We spoke nje, what's wrong now!?

Melusi: I don't think I need another wife...

Sthandiwe: It's not about your thoughts but what is at stake here, increasing our surname! Can't you see that this gold digger of your wife and her family is going to kill you one day and take everything from you?

Melusi: Lower your voice!.

Sthandiwe: No I'm tired of watching this girl making you a fool. Grow some pairs and deal with this matter once and for all.

He sighs, only if he was able to breath out the truth but he is afraid that it might be used against him. Deep down he keeps on hoping it's a mistake, that is why he went ahead with his sisters idea of another wife painting Angela wrong.

Melusi: Baby, your breakfast is ready.

Angela: Thank you love, Sthandiwe.

Sthandiwe: Angela...so early in the morning you are dolled up? Where are you spending my brother's money today? Seeing that is the only thing you are good at?

Melusi: Sis ai bo...

Angela: It's okay, I'll handle this. Sthandiwe, ugana nini sisi khona uzohlukana nezindaba zomuzi wami? (when are you getting married so that you can stay out of my marriage affairs?)

Sthandiwe fumes with so much anger, she hasn't been lucky in love and this topic is sensitive to her. She spent her youth years hustling for her siblings, now her peers are chasing young girls.

Sthandiwe: You see your wife Melusi? Are you going to let her disrespect me like that?

Oh boy, now he has to choose a side? Angela eats her breakfast with ease and sips on her juice looking at Sthandiwe. The latest bravery kind of excites Melusi.

Angela: What do you expect him to say sweetie?

Sthandiwe: Into enazishada! Nontokozo will never disrespect your family like that.

Angela: Whose Nontokozo?

Melusi: No one important baby...

Sthandiwe:(laughing) He's lying to you! That's his wife to be, he spent the past weekend with her.

Angela calmly places the fork and knife aside, wiping her mouth.

Melusi: Babe, I can explain.

Angela: No need. I have a message for your friend Sthandiwe. Please tell her that as long as I'm still Married to this man, she's not getting to be the Mrs. I'm the only Mrs Bhengu. She may enjoy being a sperm dish and all that but I am not having a sister wife.

Sthandiwe: What are you going to do?

Angela: Watch me!

She gets off the chair and grabs her handbag and car keys walking out of the house.

Melusi: I need to start working.

Sthandiwe: Is that your way to kick me out?

Melusi: Stha please, this drama is too much for the morning.
Please leave!

THEMBA

He is home alone and resting for his shift later. Angela calls him and he sits straight up and answers.

Themba: Hello?

Angela: Ukuphi?(where are you?)

Themba: Home, why?

Angela: Ngiyeza lapho, send me your location.

Themba: O-kay!

She ends the call and he sends it. Shortly after that he starts running around checking if everything is okay. Their house helper is at the back of the house hanging out the blankets in lines.

He brushes his teeth, changes into clean clothes and She arrives driving a different car from the one she was driving Saturday. She looks red.

Themba: Hey...

Angela: Ninabo utshwala lakini?(do you have alcohol in this house)

Where the parents are Christians? Non alcoholic wines, yes!

Themba: There's a bottle in my room, come.

She follows him to his bedroom and Themba takes it from the wardrobe. Angela snatches it, drinking almost half of it down her throat and he pulls it away.

Themba: Geez, slow down before you die of alcohol poisoning!

Angela: Kiss me...

Themba: Huh?

Angela: You want me right? Kiss me, take me...

She takes off her top and is left with her breast walking up to him. He holds her hands blocking her from planting her lips onto hers.

Themba: Angela

what's wrong, talk to me.

Angela: Awusangifuni yini Themba?(Don't you want me Themba?)

Themba: You know I do...

Angela: Then do it!

Themba: Ai kanje sthandwa sami..(Not like this my love)

She moves away from him covering her mouth as she turns her back against him. He touches her shoulder.

Themba: What's wrong?

She breaks down in a painful sob and he quickly allows her to lie on his chest.

Angela: Ngikhathele Themba, kudala ngiziqinisa kodwa kubuhlungu! (I'm tired Themba, I have been strong but it hurts)

Themba:(brushing her back) Shhhhh, kuzophola wena dali, ungakhali. (It's going to be okay love, don't cry)

She wipes her tears and gets dressed.

Angela: I'm sorry for messing up your chest like that...

Themba:It's okay, anytime. I'm here for you. Wanna tell me about it?

Angela: It's a long story...

Themba: I have time, come, let's cuddle while I become your therapist.

She smiles and chuckles through tears causing him goosebumps.

Angela: Therapist really?

PAMELA

The girls are here and nausea is dealing with her like crazy, as if that's not enough, she seems not able to stand for too long in her heels as she also feels dizzy. God this pregnancy is horrible.

She sends Ibrahim a message with a " I want us to talk later" and he calls immediately. She shouldn't have!

Ibrahim: Babe, is everything okay?

Pamela: We'll talk later lover, I have a meeting.

Ibrahim: If you don't talk I'm coming there...

Pamela: So much drama, it's really not a big deal.

Ibrahim: I'm listening...

Pamela: Babe, I can't tell you this over the phone...

Ibrahim: Okay, I'm coming then.

Pamela:(sighs defeated) Okay then. I'm pregnant.

Silence. You see? After a minute Ibrahim sighs.

Pamela: Please say something...

Ibrahim: Congratulations, what took you so long to tell me?

Pamela: What do you mean?

Ibrahim: You are my woman Pamela and I know you had my suspicions but I was like nah, she's on a pill.

Pamela: You are not mad?

Ibrahim: I just wish you told me you know...

Pamela: I'm sorry, I was planning to and everything happened so fast.

Ibrahim: It's okay, phew we are going to be parents huh?

She smiles relieved and holds her tummy.

Pamela: Clearly...

Ibrahim: Okay, after the meeting come home so we can discuss this further.

Pamela: Thank you for not being mad...

Ibrahim: I'm not happy either about how you went about it but we aren't kids nor getting any younger.

Pamela: I love you...

Ibrahim: I love you too...

She ends the call blushing like an idiot and walks out of her office feeling a whole lot better. The ladies are serving themselves with the snacks and refreshments provided.

Ayanda: Are you feeling any better now?

Pamela: Yes thank you for asking. You look great.

Ayanda:(smiling) Thank you, I saved you a bottle seeing that it was running out and it's your favorite brand.

Pamela: And this place is burning, that's very thoughtful of you Yaya, thank you.

Ayanda: You are welcome, I'll go back to the girls.

Pam goes through her emails and opens the bottle with one hand in an attempt to drink her water when Mike shows up from nowhere and takes the water from her.

Pam: What the hell Mike?

She asks, annoyed as some of the water spills on her.

Mike: I'm sorry I...

Pamela: Ai fokof marn, get out of my sight!

Mike: Sorry sister boss...

IBRAHIM

Abdul is seated on top of the bookshelf cupboard and eating a banana. He just brought in the news that Owen killed himself.

Abdul: Such a cowardly act, now his wife is a widow!

Ibrahim: At least he made R350k...

Abdul: That's not even half of it. You were saying something about Pamela before I distracted you?

Ibrahim: Oh, she's pregnant...

Abdul: Really? About damn time you guys make a baby!

Ibrahim: I don't know Ab, part of me is excited and the other feels like Pam didn't think this through. You know the line of work we do, our enemies and all. Allah is not happy with us, look at the punishment he gave us by taking the princess from us.

Abdul: We are not the only criminals in the world and everyone has a family. Just make sure you protect her with your all.

Ibrahim: I'll do my best.

Abdul: I'm happy for you, we are going to have a baby and you will experience the joys of fatherhood. It's a great feeling, don't rob yourself of it.

A knock comes through the door and Abdul answers it. The head of security Mike walks in and greets.

Ibrahim: Hey Mikey, long time.

Mike: Boss, you said I should report to you every suspicious move happening between Ayanda and sister boss right?

He can feel Abdul's questioning look onto his body but ignores him.

Ibrahim: Yes, did anything happen?

Mike: I might be wrong but I saw her giving Pamela this water.

He takes out the half bottled water from his pocket.

Ibrahim: I don't understand Mike.

Mike: Like I said, I might be wrong but from how she's looking at Pamela when no one is looking is dangerous. Secondly, she took this water from her own handbag, it seems like she came with it from home.

Abdul: That's suspicious...why would she bring Pamela water when there's plenty at the club?

Mike: My question exactly!

Ibrahim: You might be onto something. Have this water tested, asap! Mike: On it boss...

Mike leaves and Abdul get down from the shelf and dusts his pants.

Ibrahim: I know you want to say it so out with it?

Abdul: Say what? My lips are sealed!

He heads to the door and Ibrahim hits the desk frustrated. The love for pussy is making him weak, his brother was right! This better not be what he thinks it is!

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 16

IBRAHIM

His PI just got back with all the background information about Ayanda and her family. He didn't want to do it because he thought he was going to keep her a bit longer but if indeed his thoughts are correct, he needs to be prepared.

He now understands why she is doing this but that doesn't give her the right to cause harm to Pam. And how did she know about this anyway? He doubts that Pamela can share the pregnancy news to her that easily while she struggled with him.

This girl is dangerous and he is disappointed because he thought she was better than that. Why do they always catch feelings? Even when they get treated badly they still turn out to be psychos. Can't they enjoy the sex and benefits without stringing along?

He feels some type of way for Ayanda but he knows for sure that it's not love. He can't describe that feeling but it makes his desire to be with her grow daily. Pamela, that's where his heart is at. He loves how they understand each other, their desires and fantasies other people call gross.

What he has with Pamela is special, rare and knows that he can't find it anywhere else so he is willing to protect it with everything he has. It's even worse now with a baby on board, he needs to do even better for Pam.

Pamela walks in and comes straight to him for a kiss. She is naturally beautiful but now it seems like his seed is adding up to the glow.

Ibrahim:(smiling) Someone missed me...

Pamela: A lot. You look stressed, what's up? Is it the pregnancy?

Ibrahim: Partly....

Pamela: What is stressing you about it?

Ibrahim: Our line of work Pamela, we are going to have enemies gunning to hurt you using you or the baby and believe you me anything happening to you will kill me.

Pamela: Babe, we are safe...

Ibrahim: I can't take the chances Pamela, I think you need to go away for a while and come back when the baby is born.

Pamela: It's cute that you want to protect me but babe, seriously?

Ibrahim: Yes, it's actually the best. I need you to enjoy this pregnancy without any complications. I'll make arrangements for you while you wrap up things at the club and all.

Pamela: Wow, okay I guess I could do with the break. Where do you think I should hide?

Ibrahim: It has to be outside South Africa, don't worry, you and I will meet from time to time.

Pamela:(kissing his lips) I'll go take a shower.

She walks away and Mike comes to his side with a paper in his hand.

Mike: Just as we suspected, that water was poisoned.

Ibrahim: How dangerous was the poison?

Mike: It was going to kill Pamela softly and eventually bleed to death.

Ibrahim clenches his jaws and nods, taking the paper from Mike.

Ibrahim: Good job Mike, thank you.

ANGELA

She slowly opens her eyes and it's already dark outside, her and Themba are naked. Oh boy! After the pillow talk and the alcohol, he made love to her. Yes made love!

She doesn't remember when last was her body appreciated like that to a point of her reaching an orgasms. Checking her phone, she finds messages from Melusi. He is not shouting or demanding her whereabouts as usually but worried about her safety.

It downs to her that she cheated on her husband and with someone 4 years younger than her! Gosh ziphi intloni ngoku?

She sneak out of the bed and dresses up real quick and wakes Themba up. It's not that late, just around 5 but because of winter hence it's dark. He yawns rubbing his eyes and sits up.

Angela: What time is everyone coming back?

Themba: (he checks his phone) Shit, I'm late for my shift and tired. I guess I'll text my manager and apologize. My sister should be home but I'm not sure about my parents. I'll go check.

He puts on his clothes and steps out of his bedroom. Angela texts Melusi back that she's on her way. How is she going to look at him after what she and Themba did? It was good though, guy knows his story in bed no wonder he's a father of two. That reminds her, they didn't use protection, she needs to wake up to the pharmacy tomorrow morning.

He comes back as she is busy applying make up and perfume on and hugs her from behind, honestly, she nows feel bad about this whole thing.

Themba: I'm still alone, luckily for me.

Angela: Great, I need to go before anyone sees me.

Themba: Wait, you will call/text me right?

Angela: Yeah, sure..

Themba: Okay, kiss me phela.

Oh Lord, can he let her go already? She kisses him.

Themba: I had a great time.

Angela: Me too but I really have to go before my husband sends a search party.

Themba: Okay, drive safely.

She drives her car out in a speed and sighs as soon as Themba's house is not showing from the mirror. Damn she just cheated on her husband for the first time! For sure this boy

uyathakatha, not in her wildest dreams has she thought of sleeping with another man besides her husband.

Before stepping out of her car upon her arrival, she does breathing exercises and an angry face in case that Sthandiwe is still around. After doing final checkout and dropping her mint bubblegum, she steps out.

The view she walks up to as soon as she opens the door is definitely not something she expected. She is blown away and impressed by this. Melusi? He looks hot!

He walks up to her carrying a small black box and places it on her hand and kisses her forehead.

Melusi: Happy 3rd marriage anniversary babe.

No! It's their anniversary? How can she cheat on their anniversary? She hides her face in her hands in shame.

Angela: It completely slipped my mind, I'm sorry.

Melusi: It's okay, you were angry this morning so I understand.

Angela: About that...

Melusi: I won't be taking any second wife

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I promise. I know you have heard this so many times but I want to do better, be better for you.

Angela: Urhm, okay.

He hugs her and she inhales her expensive cologne. After the hug, they stare into each other's eyes and he brings his lips into her for a kiss, she kisses him back.

Angela: Babe, I need to take a shower...

Melusi: Quicky? We'll shower together and continue with our night...

Oh boy, she nods and closes her eyes paying attention to what he's doing to her body trying so hard to block Themba out of her mind. This is her husband, he is trying and she needs to focus! Before she knows it, they are both naked, she's holding on to the table while he's taking her from the behind...

Angela:(moaning) Oh babe...

Melusi: Damn, you are so hot, I missed you so much!

Angela: I missed you too...

THAPELO

Ever since the radio interviews, his line has been busy and he has been receiving donars left right and center. It's crazy what God can do for you when he say "yes". He is definitely showing up right now and with the money close to 700k already, he can host the first group of a man's conference.

He is planning with Bongiwe and the guests speakers to invite including his future father in law and his colleagues.

Bongiwe: It's getting late now love I need to go home.

Thapelo: Geez we have been wrapped up in this and forget the track of time. You really need to get going before it's get late.

Bongiwe: I should, you too. I'm sure your granny is worried.

Thapelo: Speaking about her, I think I'll have to find someone else who's going to replace her at the Johnsons. She is old my love and now she really doesn't need to work to maintain us. God is taking care of our situation.

Bongiwe: True but remember to manage the funds wisely babe...

Thapelo: I am not worried about that, akere I have a beautiful girlfriend as my accountant?

She blushes hiding on his chest and he lifts her chin up and kisses her soft lips. He is getting addicted to these lips.

Bongiwe: Your hands are on my ass...

Thapelo: Am I making you uncomfortable?

Bongiwe: No, but I'm feeling somehow...

Thapelo: How, talk to me babe...

Bongiwe: I'm...wet...

She hides again and he giggles brushing her head.

Thapelo: I understand and it's expected, I'm sorry for that.

Bongiwe: No it's okay, I love it when you touch me.

Thapelo: For real?

Bongiwe: Yeah, the feeling it brings is just amazing. Do you want to wait until our wedding night before we engage into sexual activities?

Thapelo: Do you want us to?

Bongiwe: It would be nice doing it on our wedding night...

Thapelo: Then we'll wait, I am not in a hurry. We have our whole lives together to enjoy that. We need to determine what we love and don't about each other without sex in the equation.

Bongiwe: I agree, it's going to be a distraction.

Thapelo: Let me walk you to the car so that I can pack and leave as well.

THEMBA

Today he came to work bright and early after Pamela texted him that they need to meet and discuss something important.

His mood is on the roof, happiness ncaah emntaneni! I mean how can he not be happy when yesterday was one of the best days of his life? It's not even about the sex, he didn't plan to smash but it happened voluntarily nje and it was so damn good.

Pamela: You look happy...

Themba: Why not? It's a new day, I have a gorgeous friend and my boss and God woke me up...

Pamela: Haleluya, preach Themba preach.

He laughs and they hug before sitting down.

Themba: What's on the cards?

Pamela: Well, I finally told Ibra about the news.

Themba: And?

Pamela: He accepted them well and is being over protective already.

Themba: As he should, I am glad now all is out in the open and you are going to enjoy your pregnancy with your man.

Pamela: Yep. There's something else?

Themba: He's not the father?

Pamela: Themba!!

Themba:(laughing) Sorry, I can't trust you with an open relationship. Who knows, maybe you snacked on the side.

Pamela: (rolling her eyes) And you would know about that idiot.

Themba: You are right, okay, so what's up?

She takes out some papers from her bag and passes them to her.

Pamela: I'm going to go away for the duration of my pregnancy and until the baby is at least 3 months old. Just taking a break from this place.

Themba: That's good for you. So who's going to manage this place and the girls?

Pamela: That why you and I are having this conversation.

Themba: Wait...

Pamela: I want you in my place Themba....

Themba: Friend..are you for real?

Pamela: Yes, you are the only one in my corner that I could trust. This is my business and share and I'm sharing it with you. Not only as a stand in but I am giving you 5% from my shares.

Themba:(rubbing his eyes and shaking his head) You are not going to make cry preggy I refuse!

Pamela: (laughing) Come on, give me a hug baby brother!

They both get up and hug each other tears coming out.

Themba: I didn't know you love me so much, thank you friend. I'll make sure to make you proud.

Pamela: I know you will, don't let the Ali's intimidate you okay?

Themba: Mxm, angibasabi labo Maharaj bakho...

Pamela laughs and he takes his phone after it's vibrates. It's a message from Angela.

" Themba, I hope you are good. Thank you for lending me an ear yesterday and for being so kind. After careful consideration, I don't think it's safe for us to continue seeing each other.

You are a good person and I wouldn't want my husband's claws onto you. You deserve better and I don't want to get into your way of achieving that. Please don't contact me again "

Pamela: What's wrong?

Themba: I need alcohol!

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 17

A WEEK LATER

BONGIWE

She knocks at Themba's bedroom for a while but there's no answer, that leaves her with one option, to push open the door! She knows Themba won't like it but oh well, he is making himself unavailable these days.

Bongiwe: Knock knock....

Themba: Why are you knocking because you are already inside?

Bongiwe: I just...what's wrong?

Themba: Nothing, I'm just tired...

Bongiwe: Aren't you forever tired these days?

Themba: What do you want?

Bongiwe: I want to chat with you, I have missed my baby brother.

Themba sighs, lately he is behaving strangely and always locks himself in his room if he is around. He lies on his back and stares on the ceiling.

Themba: How are things between you and Thapelo?

Bongiwe: They are great, guess what?

Themba: Tell me...

Bongiwe: I met his grandmother and now I see where he gets his good behavior and morals from. She's a nice woman and very kind.

Themba: I'm happy for you sis, you scored yourself a hot pastor and he is making waves lately. Doesn't it bother you that his recently developed fame and money will change him?

Bongiwe: Nope, I'm not worried because I know that he got it all from God. We are praying and asking for wisdom in order to manage the blessings he prayed for.

Themba: I know you said money is not everything in a relationship for you but at least you won't have to worry about paying the bills.

Bongiwe: I only did that once at hawu Themba, and honestly, I didn't mind.

Themba: When are you bringing him home so that we can see him?

Bongiwe: That's why I'm here, can you please be around?

Themba: Of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world.

She chuckles and looks around and sees some pills under his pillow.

Bongiwe: What's that, are you sick?

Themba: Oh that? No I'm not. Or I was. I finished the medication this morning.

Bongiwe: Medication for?

Themba:(shaking his head) I'm not breathing a word, you will judge me.

Bongiwe: Come on Themba, I'm your sister.

Themba: Fine, I caught an STI...

Bongiwe: What? You still continue being reckless Themba what's wrong with you!?

Themba: You see?

Bongiwe: Damn right I won't nurse your stupid feelings. When are you going to stop whoring? Until you catch aids?

Themba: I wasn't whoring, okay I always protect myself but it happened that with this lady things got out of control and we didn't use it.

She closes her eyes and exhales loudly.

Bongiwe: Uzofa yazi one day, do you realize that?

Themba: Relax, according to Dr Nzuza I'm still negative so breathe...

Bongiwe: You go around sleeping with everything that has a hole...

Themba: She's married. Do you think she knows she is a carrier? She told me her husband is a man whore so...

Bongiwe:(clapping her hands) Amen, I'm done, I give up! You are now into married women?

Themba: I love her...

Bongiwe: Yooh angeke Themba, I'm not listening to this. You want to be killed? This STI should be a wake up call to stay the fuck away!

MELUSI

The past week has been peaceful between him and his wife things are going well and he can see the love she has for him being restored. They spent the week in Bali celebrating their 3rd year anniversary. His sister is not happy but this is important for him to do in order to protect his marriage.

He doesn't forget to donate a couple of thousands to Thapelo's NGO every now and then and he listens and reads his posts. Clearly he is sent to change his life and other men like him around.

The talks about the first man conference Thapelo is hosting have been announced on social media but because of his

status, he doesn't think he is ready yet to go public and share his business.

He's fine as an anonymous reader and supporter, sometimes he does comment but not with his verified accounts, can't have people know that's him.

Now he is driving to his doctor after he sent him an email while away to see him. Angela is home, resting from the jet lag. This is the second doctor he is consulting and hoping for a different opinion from this matter. I mean that won't hurt right? The first one was wrong or made a mistake, doctors do make an error too right?

He finds a perfect parking space and walks up to the offices whistling, everyone can see that the minister is in a good mood and happy.

Receptionist: Good afternoon Mr Bhengu.

Melusi: Afternoon Dear, I have a 2pm appointment with Dr Thobani Nzuza.

Receptionist: Let me notify him you are, just a minute.

She dials his office and tells him that he is here.

Receptionist: You may go through sir, he is expecting you.

Melusi: Thank you.

He puts on his glasses and walks to his offices and knocks once.

Nzuzza: Come in..

Melusi: Mahlobo....

He greets sitting down and Nzuzza, preferably known as Dr Nzuzza looks at him.

Nzuzza: Ngcolosi, I was just looking at your results. How are you?

Melusi: All is good Mshazi, asingabe sisapholisa maseko sihlale odabeni.(Let us not waste more time but get straight to the point)

Nzuza: Okay, I am not bringing you good news.

His excitement dies down immediately and sits straightforward.

Melusi: Oh?

Nzuza: Yes, unfortunately your first diagnosis was correct, you cannot make kids.

He blinks more than once reading the document the doctor passes it over him but he can't see a thing because it's blurry.

Nzuza: There's something else we found in your blood.

Melusi: Yeah?

Nzuza: You are HIV positive.

A huge lump on his throat blocks his saliva and he coughs.

Nzuza gives a glass of water patting him at the back.

Nzuzza: I am sorry but this is not the end of the world. If you eat your treatment right and follow the procedure, you will be fine.

Melusi: Is there anything else?

Nzuzza: We need to book you back for another appointment so we can check your CD4 count to determine the kind of treatment you will need.

He is dreaming, a whole nightmare, somebody please wake him up!

AYANDA

She pays the Uber driver and runs inside the hospital all excited. All the way here she felt like the car was moving so slowly after she received a call from the hospital that her mother's operation was a success and she is in recovery room.

Ayanda: Mama...

She says pushing the door and the shock she gets sees Ibrahim seated next to her mother feeding her liquids cannot be explained. Where is he from because him and Pamela disappeared for a whole week to wherever God knows knows where.

She is convinced that wherever he went to, he was burying Pamela but there was no statement about that so she is confused.

Ibrahim: Ayanda, please come and join us.

Ayanda: Ibrahim, what are you doing here?

He ignores her and continue feeding her mother, this is wrong, how did the doctors allowed such? He is not family!!

She turns around prepared to cause havoc and complain about this only to find Ibrahim's two men blocking the exit. Something is wrong and her heart is beating so fast as if it's going to come out of her mouth.

Turning aroind slowly she finds Ibrahim now standing and her mother falling to sleep closing her eyes.

Ibrahim: Please, have a seat.

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 19

BONGIWE

Themba is playing with his fork and avoiding eye contact at all costs and she exhales trying to remain calm.

Bongiwe: Themba I asked you a question.

Themba: Bongwiwe, let's just leave it because you are going to be your righteous self and condemn me.

Bongiwe: Really now Themba? If you get in trouble tomorrow, who's going to suffer?

Themba: I'm an adult okay?

Bongiwe: Sure you are. I just hope that whatever you do with these people doesn't destroy you in the end. Remember you are a father to a girl child, remember that.

That seems to hit the nerve and he sighs.

Themba: Everyone has a choice about what they do with their lives and bodies, Bongiwe. No one is forced to do anything.

Bongiwe:(nodding) Okay. I'm done here, can we go home?

She is not going to say anything because everytime she tries to show him the way he hides behind the fact that "she's a Christian and judgemental".

Themba: Yes but I won't be going home for now, I have to pass by the club.

Bongiwe: Okay.

She takes out her wallet and counts the money and tip for their meal.

Themba: Bongiwe don't be mad at me...

Bongiwe: Themba, it's your life, your body. What you do about it is none of my business really. You won't see me budging or trying to advise you again because you turn that against me.

Make me an enemy here while I tell you the truth and show you the right paths.

Hate me all you want but this won't end well, there's a price to pay for evil doers, one way or another. Our parents did the best they could with us, I will continue to pray that one day you see the light and leave this life. I pray for your sake and kids, it's not too late.

I'll see you at home, and don't worry about me snitching on you, God will be the one to expose you .

She grabs her bags and heads to her car and loads everything inside. Her head buried on the steering wheel, she let the tears roll. It's not nice seeing your sibling behave this way. Themba might think he's in control right now but the people around him are not good.

There's a saying about birds of the same feather flocking together. What happens when a war erupts or police raid the brothel again?

Bongiwe: (praying) Lord, today I am asking you to bless my brother. He is so close to my heart, and I want only the best for him. I ask, Lord, that you work in his life to make him a better man of God. Bless every step he takes so that he can be a light unto others.

We may fight with each other, but above it all, we are siblings. The world became a better place the day my brother was born. Regardless of his faults or mistakes, he has been a blessing in my life and still your child.

I trust you Lord to restore him back into your righteous ways. Amen.

After the short prayer, she feels lighter and starts her car playing some gospel music driving home. She is going to call Thapelo when she arrives so that they finalize the details of their meeting.

THAPELO

The furnishing of the office is complete and done and looks amazing. He loves the painting on the wall as they construct a heavy message across.

" nice painting "...

A voice says behind him and he turns around to see a lady, tall, high heeled and pretty.

Her: I'm sorry there was no one at the front so...

Thapelo: It's okay, please have a seat.

Her: Thank you. This place is nice.

Thapelo: We thank God. How can we assist you my sister?

Her: my name is Gugulethu

I am here on behalf of my brother. He needs help.

Thapelo: Okay, what kind of help?

Gugu: The spiritual one, I believe this the right place for him to get help. When I saw you on TV I knew our problems were over.

Saw him on TV? He hasn't done a TV interview yet. Something is off about this lady and he notices how she keeps on pulling up her dress.

Thapelo: Mhmm, please ask him to come see us or contact us so that we can determine what his problem is and assist him.

Gugu: Can't you come over to our house and pray for him?

Thapelo: First things first, I am not a pastor sis and secondly, that's not how we do things here.

Gugu: You are not a pastor?

Thapelo: I am not ordained to be one, at least not until I have a wife.

Gugu:(flirty) Oh, so in other words you are single?

He opens the drawer and takes out a small business card that has their contact details and pushes it to him.

Thapelo: Here, tell him to WhatsApp this line or you can do it to enquire about our first workshop. He can attend it and I promise you it's going to be the best one.

She takes the card, reads it and places it in between her cleavage.

Gugu: I'll make sure he contacts you and attends...

His phone rings and it's Bongiwe. He smiles.

Thapelo: I'm sorry I have to take this.

Gugu: Go on, I will wait....

Thapelo: Babe, how are you?

He sees her smile disappearing on her face.

Thapelo: I miss you too, you won't believe what just happened babe...

Gugu gets up from her chair and walks out of the office and Thapelo leans on his chair.

Thapelo: Delilah was here in a disguise for help. I'm telling you babe and I don't know what she was trying to do because her script was so horrible. Anyways, are you okay? You sound a bit down...

Bongiwe: I am just stressed out about my brother but I have prayed about it.

Thapelo: What's wrong?

Bongiwe: He is mixing with the wrong crowd and I don't have a good feeling about it. Our parents and everyone close to him will pay a hefty price when all of this blows up to his face.

Thapelo: That deep?

Bongiwe: Trust me, and talking to him is not so easy because he becomes defensive and wants me to turn a blind eye to his wrong doings just to protect his feelings.

Thapelo: Tough love has never killed anyone but be careful not to come too strong or judgmental. Remember our job is to advise wherever we can and leave the rest to God. Continue praying for him, it's going to be alright.

IBRAHIM

He bangs the table and Abdul shakes his head. He was listening to the conversation Gugu was having with Thapelo.

Ibrahim: She only had one job, one easy job and she messes it up!

Abdul: Why are you so obsessed with these kids?

Ibrahim: I'm not obsessed, I am just trying to prove to them that they aren't better than other people, that they are capable of sin and make mistakes!

Abdul: By trying to send a hooker for Bongiwe's boyfriend? Do you want this girl?

Ibrahim: Bongiwe? Please, she's not even my type!

Abdul: Then why are you hell bent into disturbing their peace?

He won't get it, even if he tries to explain it still it will be pointless. This is for his own ego and satisfaction. That guy unsettled him the day they met at her office and Bongiwe is full of herself. That's why!

THEMBA

He's chilling with the guys at the car wash eating cow head when he sees Angela's car driving in. Part of him is happy to see her but the other part is just mad at her.

She makes her way to them and greets while he keeps quiet. She makes an order for the same meal they ate that day and asks that they wash her cars.

The guys get up to work leaving him with her.

Angela: We don't talk to each other now?

Themba: Isn't that what you wanted?

Angela: Come on Themba...

Themba: Why are you here, are you stalking me?

Angela: What? Please get over your high horse okay!

Themba: Really now?

Angela: Yes! I just craved the meat here and that's that. It got nothing to do with you.

Themba: Mhmm, just so you know, I am alive and survived the trap.

Angela: What trap?

Themba: You're trying to get me sick, now I understand why you quickly got on top of me without a condom. You wanted to infect me on purpose!

Angela: How dare you!

She tries to slap him but he blocks it by grabbing her hand.

Themba: I am not a woman's beater neither am I your punching bag. Why didn't you use the same energy to fight back your husband? Ngicela ungagijwayeli kabi! (Don't bullshit me)

He lets go of her hand and her face looks red as if she's about to cry.

Angela: Themba, I don't understand what you are talking about. What do you mean I infected you?

Themba:(sighs) For the past week I have been treating an STI I got after sleeping with you.

Angela: And how do you know you got it from me? You aren't a saint either!

Themba: I'm not but I've always used protection. You may choose to believe what I'm saying or not but that's my truth. I will advise you to get tested. Enjoy your food.

He gets up and walks away leaving her looking pale....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 20

ANGELA

Themba's words have been ringing in her mind the entire time and she couldn't ignore them. She went straight to her gynecologist who smiled seeing her.

Dr Brown: Mrs Bhengu, we meet again. How are you?

Angela: I wish we always meet under good circumstances but I'm afraid not.

Dr Brown: What is wrong this time?

Angela: I need to do a full blood test, urine test, everything. I think I might have an infection, again.

Dr Brown: Mrs Bhengu, I just want to ask, please don't be offended.

She knows once people say this line better believe them to offend you.

Angela: Yes, go on.

Dr Brown: You have been my client for a year now and we are always dealing with the same issue. Remember I told you last time that one day your body is going to get tired from fighting. Your case is sad because from my experience, most women end up dead.

Angela: Doctor with all due respect, I don't need marriage advice but Healthcare service.

Dr Brown: Okay, I was just saying that you can still leave this marriage. You are young and beautiful.

I will get my gloves and prepare you. Please sit on that bed.

Angela: Thank you, can you please ask the lab to attend to it immediately? I would appreciate getting the results ASAP.

Dr Brown: The earliest we can do is 3 days, Mrs Bhengu but I will try to push them.

Angela: Okay, I'll wait. Thank you.

BONGIWE

The nerves are shooting the roof right now. Anytime Thapelo will be here and she is stressed. Siza hugs her, brushing her back.

Siza: Stop stressing, we won't bite.

Bongiwe: I know you won't but dad, you know how protective he can be.

Siza: I am sure he's going to like the boy. Just relax.

Nzuza:Kanti ufika nini lomuntu wakho mina I want to watch soccer!(when is this person arriving)

She picks her phone to call him and Themba walks in with him. Sighs with relief.

Themba: Hey family, look who I found outside.

Thapelo: Sanibonani...(greetings)

Bongiwe: Love, you are here! Family, please meet my partner Thapelo Mosima.

Thapelo hands his mom flowers and a gift box that has chocolates and non alcoholic wine and girl brags causing Bongiwe to relax a bit. For her father, Thapelo gives him the Secrets of Successful Doctors: A Complete Guide to a Fulfilling Medical Career book

by Suresh K. Pandey. From a distance she can tell that this book is expensive.

Shame Bandla, her bae is really trying to impress and by the look of things he is winning. She's curious to know what he gave Themba. They sit down and starts digging in after saying grace.

Nzuza: I can't believe that all this time my daughter was talking about you. She was referring to her boyfriend. So tell me about yourself, family and background.

Thapelo: Oh what can I say. Both my parents passed away at such a young age, I guess it's safe to say I don't know or remember them.

Siza: How old were you when they died?

Thapelo: I was 2. From then my grandmother took full responsibility for raising me. It wasn't easy but through God and the help of her employers I can say she managed and did a great job.

Nzuza: One thing I always pride myself with is being a good judge of character, and right now looking at you, I am hopeful that you are going to treat my daughter right.

Thapelo: I will Sir, she's the best thing that has ever happened to me.

Bongiwe looks down, blushing and Themba grins at her. Like any other siblings, they are now cool with each other and their argument is water under the bridge.

Nzuza: What is a good man according to your own definition?

Thapelo: A good man is secure and confident, but not arrogant. That means he treats everyone with respect until they give him a reason not to. He knows that giving respect and agreement are not the same, and the key is to treat people with kindness, humility, and grace.

Nzuza: Interesting, how do you deal with anger?

Thapelo: Anger is not good for one's health and heart, I try to avoid it but that doesn't mean I don't get to that point.

When I'm angry at something, a situation maybe, I write it down and try to find a solution towards it.

For a person, I always walk away when I'm calm.

Siza: What are your intentions with our daughter?

Thapelo: To make her lifetime partner

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friend, confidant, helper, lover, friend and a wife.

Themba: Can we start practicing a wedding step or you guys are going to wait years while learning each other?

Thapelo: She's not a course I need to study four years to know that she's the one. I know and can feel that she is. I just need to fix a few things and make her mine.

Nzuza: You are smart, I like you. I hope our daughter loves you the way you deserve and you treat her with nothing but respect.

Bongiwe takes a sip from her glass relieved, that it went well. She catches a glimpse from Thapelo who winks at her.

THEMBA

He is outside smoking when he hears footsteps and quickly destroys the cigarette and sprays himself. A sigh of relief escapes his lips when he realizes it's Thapelo.

Thapelo: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. I was answering a phone call.

Themba: It's okay. Are you still having a good time though?

Thapelo: I am, you guys are a bunch of fun and loving people. It's refreshing being around you.

Themba: Well that's my family, I'm glad you love it here.

Thapelo: How are you doing though, you alright?

Themba: Me? I'm good, why?

Thapelo: I'm just asking...

Themba: Did Bongiwe tell you anything?

Thapelo: Is there something he has to tell me about?

He sighs and sits down on the stoep and Thapelo joins him.

Themba: Few days ago she gave me a mouthful, it felt like she was giving up on me and I know that I'm not perfect but I don't like how she tries to dictate me sometimes.

Thapelo: I don't know how your relationship is between you two but for the short time I've been with your sister I picked it up that she loves her family, you especially.

She may come across as harsh and judgemental at times but believe me it's from a good place as a first born. It's their natural motherly instinct to look out for their siblings and people around them, because if she turns a blind eye, tomorrow you will still blame her that she neglected you.

Themba: I know she loves me but I am not like her, I love and worship God my way. Just because I drink, party and love women doesn't mean I am not a Christian.

Thapelo: True and it's okay to be different, but Themba I need you to be kind not to her but to your parents and yourself. Allow to be called into order and told the truth. True love is when you speak and say the truth no matter how bitter it is.

Appreciate that there's people who care about you and want the best for you and still find it in their best to show you the right way.

Themba: It's hard sometimes when you are the only best who seems lost. The pressure of being surrounded by people who are excelling in life is hard. I feel like have failed everyone but mostly myself.

Thapelo: You are not a failure Themba, I don't understand why are you thinking like that because you are only 22, capable of achieving anything and everything you set your mind and heart at. I'm approaching 29 soon, got my big break few months ago. It's possible, just be disciplined and set your priorities straight.

Themba: I really wish you were my brother, maybe it was going to be easier to talk to you about these things...

Thapelo: I'm your brother for life now, whenever you need to talk just call me or pull up. I am not a saint but I promise to listen without judging and give you my honest advice.

Themba:(smiling) Even if I tell you about women and parties?

Thapelo:(chuckling) Anything Themba, that's the purpose of the project that I am starting for men and boys to have a safe place to express themselves.

Themba: Okay, there is something bothering me, maybe you can help.

Thapelo: I'm listening...

Themba: Is it possible for someone married to someone else to be your soulmate? I don't know the Bible that much but what does it say about love and soul mates?

Thapelo: I'm going to give you homework , okay, read 1 Corinthians 13: 4-5 and analyze it on your own. After reading it, pray to God to open your spiritual ears then call or come to me with your analysis then we will talk about it .

Themba: I don't remember when last I opened my Bible but I'll try. Thank you for your time, let's go inside before they start to worry...

AYANDA

After her last encounter with Ibrahim, she made a promise to cut ties with them from everything. She blocked everyone from that world and disappeared. To her luck, a neighbor told her about a packer's position at Pick n pay that was available.

The money is really not that much. Actually her weave costs more than her salary but hey, it's better than nothing. It's her 5th day today and she's sticking prizes to products when she realises that a group of 3 girls are taking a video of her.

Ayanda: Excuse me, can I help you?

Girl1:(laughing) Yooh guys, it's her hle!

Girl2: Ms Dolce and Gabbana is here, packing the shelves.

Girl 3: How the mighty have fallen! Where is your blesser girl?

Girl1: Maybe the wife found out about the affair and the husband ditched her.

They burst into a loud laugh and she feels her cheeks burning with tears as she runs to the storeroom and locks herself inside. She takes her phone and goes to Twitter, these rascals are going live on their Instagram and Twitter is dragging her on the comments....

She goes through her contacts and unblock Pamela and dials her number. It rings unanswered until voice-mail.

Ayanda: Damn it!

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 21

BONGIWE

She is placing her things on her desk in her office, singing a joyful song of praise and worship. The meeting between her parents and Thapelo went well although she felt like a courtroom court examination situation. Thank God Thapelo handled that well and like a pro and didn't panic. She also loves the bromance forming between Themba and Thapelo, they just got along like a house on fire.

The strong scent she hates with passion hits her nostrils and she is forced to look up. When is this man getting the message? Why is he here to begin with? Breathe Bongiwe breathe.

Ibrahim: Ms Nzuzza, good morning.

Bongiwe: Good morning Mr Ali, how can I help you?

Ibrahim: I was just wondering if maybe you have changed your mind about my offer?

Bongiwe: Why would I do that? I told you I want nothing to do with you.

Ibrahim: Ms Nzuzza, I don't think you understand how much at stake you are about to lose here if you don't cooperate.

Bongiwe: I got nothing to lose!

Ibrahim: Really? Not even your parents and church members learning about your brother's shenanigans?

Bongiwe: Themba's working at your club is bad but it got nothing to do with me or anyone else.

He reaches into his pockets and takes out his phone walking up to her scrolling it.

Ibrahim: Not even this?

He shows her a picture of Themba in a compromising position with an older woman and she closes her eyes.

Bongiwe: What do you want?

He runs his hands over her arms and she nudges him only for him to get even closer towards her.

Ibrahim: I want your brains sweetheart, you are very smart and with a person like you on my team, I am guaranteed a win.

Bongiwe: Please move back from me...

ibrahim:(chuckling) Why, you can't resist me?

Bongiwe: You are making me uncomfortable...

He lifts her hair and breathes down her ear, causing her whole body to shiver in fear.

Ibrahim: I am going to give you some time to think about it. You are smart and I know you love your family so much, you wouldn't stand to see it embarrassed. Have a great day, smart lady.

He winks and walks away leaving his whole scent behind and Bongiwe lets go of the tears and breath she was holding , cursing the day she accepted that job offer from Themba. If only she knew it was nothing but a recipe for disaster she wouldn't have accepted it.

with her hands shaking , she dials the South African Police Service number and waits as it rings on the other side. Just as she is about to hang up, someone answers on the other end.

Bongiwe: Greetings, I would like to report a case of harassment and lay a protection order against someone...I have to come to the station? Okay I will be on my way then. Thank you.

She ends the call and grabs her handbag and car keys heading out of the office to her car.

ANGELA

She is back at the doctor's office quicker than she anticipated, as promised, her results came back earlier and she is eager to know what happened. Melusi is not home, said to be out with work and only coming back today.

Dr Brown: Mrs Bhengu, please have a seat.

Angela: Thank you, please shoot straight to it doctor, I am dying here.

Dr Brown: I am afraid I have bad and good news, which ones to start with?

Angela: The good news...

Dr Brown: Congratulations, you are pregnant.

Angela: Really?

Dr Brown: Yes, finally!

Angela: I had lost hope at being a mother, how far am I?

Dr Brown: It's still early days, just two weeks and 2 days.

She does the maths and something kicks in real quick, she pops her eyes out remembering that she didn't get a chance to get a morning after pill that day!

Dr Brown: As someone who has been trying to fall pregnant, you don't look happy. What is wrong?

Angela: Do not mind me doc, I am happy. Now what is the bad news?

Dr Brown: (sighs) You have an STI chlamydia, with your history of catching these diseases, I am sorry to tell you that you are also HIV+. We need to get you on treatment asap because if this STI is not treated, it can cause miscarriage, premature birth and low birth weight of the child.

She doesn't hear the rest of the things the doctor is saying as her mind is going wild and her heart is beating so damn fast.

Such a heavy punishment all at once, what did she do so wrong?

AYANDA

She is outside the house Ibrahim often took her too and has been ringing the bell for the past 5 minutes with no response. After so long the gate finally opens and the guys lead her inside the house. It is so beautiful looking, only if it could talk about the dirty dealings taking place here people would be shocked.

The helper gives her the water she asked and tells her that Mr Ali is on the way, she uses that opportunity to ask for the bathroom and the lady shows her the way. She follows her looking around and spotting cameras in each and every corner they turn to.

Ayanda: Geez

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the security in this house is crazy, I never paid attention that it has so many security devices.

Helper: Mr Ali doesn't compromise with his safety. I will leave you here, I am sure from here you can find the way to his room.

Ayanda: Yes of course, thank you.

She proceeds to the huge bedroom of his and takes a deep breath once inside looking around while going to the bathroom. Those girls' comments made her realise that she cannot stand poverty, not after tasting Gold, soft life is what destined to her and it is what she is going to get. She found Ahmed's social media details, she is going to contact him, but not now.

The door opens from the main bedroom and that can mean that Ibrahim is here, she takes a deep breath and holds her head high and walks out. Indeed, he is here, standing in the middle of the room with his tucked inside his pockets. She walks up to him and stands in front of him.

Ayanda: Hi...

Ibrahim: Hello. I was shocked to receive a call saying you are here.

Ayanda: I had time to reflect back and think about everything that happened and I have realised how stupid it was of me to react that way. I am sorry, I allowed my love for you to cloud

my judgement, I should just enjoy you and the benefits without attaching the feelings. But you cannot blame me for falling for you or being jealous over Pam, you are every woman's dream.

Hsi reaction tells her that she said the words he exactly wants to hear and mentally she is rolling her eyes. It must be nice being him thinking that he is the ish, well at first she thought he was but now she is on a mission and she needs to play her game carefully and make sure that he doesn't raise suspicions.

Ibrahim: How do I know you are saying such just to fool me so I let my guard down and try your tricks again?

She knew that he wouldn't just buy into her story like that, he is not that stupid. She runs her hand on his chest while wrapping her arm around his neck.

Ayanda: My family means the world to me, and to know that you have access to them just like that is enough for me to not think about messing with you ever.

He smiles proudly and grabs her roughly towards him, his hand under her skirt and rubs her clit since she is not wearing any underwear. She forces a moan out of her lips and he pushes her to the floor roughly.

Ibrahim: Undress, I need to know if you are not wearing any wire.

She does as he says and his phone rings, it is loud enough for him to hear that it is Mike informing him that the police want to see him. He tells Mike he is coming and hangs up. He scans her body all over.

Ibrahim: Dress up, you are coming with me, we will finish this conversation at the club.

MELUSI

Coming back home is a reminder of the heavy secret he is keeping from his wife and being away from work really helped him to forget and not think about it for a while. Now he is back

and obviously Angela will want sex from him, denying it will cause her to accuse him of cheating whereas he is not. But being falsely accused is better than confessing the truth, he has zero idea where to begin telling her this. He silently hopes that maybe she is not infected but reality hits him when he makes sense of how impossible it is unless she is lucky.

He drags his body inside his house after parking his car in the garage and is surprised as to why is the whole house dark? Because even with stage 6 of load shedding they never get affected? Do not look at him like that, of course he has privileges of working in the parliament.

He presses the switch on the wall and the house lights up, he puts his bags and keys at the table taking off his jacket and walks to the lounge. She is not here and it's dark as well, he walks to their bedroom's direction and sees her sitting at the top of the staircase with a glass of wine next to an empty bottle lying next to her.

Melusi: Babe, why are you seated on the dak?

He asks, trying to get closer but not close enough because he doesn't know what this is all about.

Ayanda: I was with my doctor today, guess what she told me?
His heart starts to accelerate and she gets up with some papers in her hands and throws them at him.

Ayanda: I am pregnant Melusi and because of you I have to drink about 8 tablets to protect my child or risk miscarrying. Why do you continue to hurt me like this?

Melusi: You are pregnant?

He asks, feeling his ears burning and he rubs them looking at the papers with his shaking, they are confirming what she is saying.

Ayanda: Yes, and because of you, I might not be able to carry full term. Congratulations on crippling my health, and getting what you have always wanted, fatherhood.

She turns and goes back to their bedroom and Melusi uses the wall for balance and fans himself with the papers as he loses breath, feeling extremely hot, sweaty and his knees becoming weaker. She is pregnant!

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 22

AYANDA

They arrive at the club and it's a whole scene, police being extra unnecessary issuing Ibrahim with the protection order to stay away from a girl called Bongiwe Nzuza.

She wants to be curious and ask what happened but quickly remembers that time is ticking and she needs to use every opportunity she gets to execute her mission.

Ibrahim signs the papers served to him and the police leave, threatening him with jail time should he bother the girl again. Everyone knows that he is the police's number one enemy and every cop desires to have him behind bars.

Arresting Ibrahim will be like sending him to a holiday destination, there won't be any punishment taking place.

He looks upset after the whole thing and that's where she cashes in and offers him a massage. Her eyes are wandering around taking note of the finger he uses to unlock his phone. He is calling someone to come so that they can talk and plan a way forward.

She is sure this proolly got to do with the protection order girl.

Ibrahim: I need to take care of something, can we do this some other time?

Ayanda: No problem, we are good right, you and I?

Ibrahim: You still have to prove it to me so you are under probation.

Ayanda: Fair enough, I'll wait for your call then.

She plants a kiss on his cheeks and catwalk towards the exit of the door all the way out where she questest for a ride back home. Upon her arrival, she changes to simple nice clothes and takes Yamkela to watch movies with.

It's just the two of them in the cinema with their bowls full of popcorn and she chooses the Casino movie that is packed with action and drama. This is not for entertainment, she wants to know the ins and outs of the casino business, what to look out for and when to strike, how to do it.

THAPELO

The preparations of the first men's conference group are underway and the workload is insane. He thought it was something so easy but nope, there's so much to do and time keeps on disappearing.

With how things are, he might be forced to let his granny travel with Jaden's wife without him but he really wants that moment with her. The two of them celebrate and enjoy the rewards of waiting in the Lord.

He calls Bongiwe to give her the good news about receiving a huge partnership deal with Hyundai that sponsored him with their H1 vehicle to drive around in style with his crew.

Bongiwe: Love.

Thapelo: Babe, you sound asleep, are you not at work?

Bongiwe: No, I'm home, I decided to work from home.

Thapelo: What happened because when we spoke in the morning you were at the office?

Bongiwe:(sighs) I had another encounter with Mr Ali, I think you were right. I took this lightly and now I don't think I am safe.

Thapelo: What happened?

Bongiwe: He wants me to work with him or else expose what Themba does in public just to share my family and him.

Thapelo:And what is he going to gain from doing that?

Bongiwe: I don't know because I would rather die than work for that man.

Thapelo: No one is dying here babe, he just wants to twist your arm into his favor. Do not give in to this.

Bongiwe: I won't, I served him with a protection order.

Thapelo: Good, please inform your father about this and your brother too.

Bongiwe: I will if he doesn't stop because I don't want this to be a big issue. I want him to stay away from me.

Thapelo: Let's hope he does, are you sure you are okay?

Bongiwe: I'm fine, you said you have some good news for me?

Thapelo: Yes, I got an email from Hyundai babe saying they see the work and initiative I am trying to put across and want to partner with me.

Bongiwe: Babe, you lie!

Thapelo: I'm telling you, I have a meeting with them tomorrow to discuss the terms and conditions. I am still in disbelief.

Bongiwe: Oh my word, this is so great, exactly the emotional boost I needed! Congratulations sthandwa sami...

Thapelo: Thank you baby, maybe next time you see me I'll be cruising in it. Don't know how long it will take.

Bongiwe: Yooh, I feel like screaming yazi, this is so amazing...

Thapelo: Love

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there's a knock on the door. I'll call you when I get home.

Bongiwe: Okay babe, before you go, I'm so proud of you.

He smiles and the call ends while going to answer the door. In front of him stands the man he didn't think of seeing here. His eyes are red. It's either he is high or was crying.

Thapelo: Mr Bhengu...

Melusi: I know it's past your knock off time and I was really hoping to find you here.

Thapelo: Indeed it is, I was packing getting ready to go home but please, come on in.

Melusi: Thank you, nice office space by the way. It's good to see that our donations aren't going down the drain.

Thapelo: You donated?

Melusi: I follow you man, your story, journey and plans you have, it's impressive. You won't believe that the first time you spoke on radio, you actually touched me. One of the reasons why I'm here today.

Thapelo: I'm honored, please have a seat.

Melusi: Thank you, I am faced with a dilemma, caught a rock and a hard place. I need to cough out what's inside me to a stranger, someone not related to the matter.

Thapelo: I'm listening...

Melusi: I know you are younger than me but a number of times you have proven to be wiser than your age. I need you to advise me on what to do. It's late so I'll try to cut to the chase...

Thapelo: Go ahead...

THEMBA

Work was not so exhausting today, it's still feels like a dream that he no longer does what he used to but manages the place and the girls now.

They are very beautiful, sexy and hot. He sees some of them winking and giving him that hint of seduction but he is still recovering from an STI.

Besides that, he can't get Angela out of his mind, he thinks about her everyday. Her smile, shyness, beauty and kind heart. Looking back to their last encounter, he realises that he was mean and bitter towards her for no reason.

What he said to her was true but the tone he sent the message across was not so on. Pity he can't even call her to apologize because it might land her in danger with her husband.

He takes out milk from the fridge for to eat his corn flakes, scrolling down his phone when it rings and Angela's name pops up. Speak of the devil! He lets it ring just for control until it goes to the voice-mail. She calls again, and might be serious.

Themba: Hello.

Angela: Themba, hi. How are you?

Themba: I'm good, thanks and you?

Angela: Not so good...

She sounds like she was crying and now that catches his attention.

Themba: What's wrong?

Angela: I went to see the doctor today as you advised and you were right.

Themba: Wow, geez I'm sorry.

Angela: You know I have been here before but what hurts me the most is that now it's no longer me but there's a child involved.

Themba: You are pregnant?

Angela: Yes and you might be the father.

He nearly drops his bowl. Huh, what?

Themba: Sorry what?

Angela: It's possible because we didn't use a condom and I forgot the pill.

Themba:(banging the table frustrated) Great! You forgot the pill and now you are telling me about possibilities? How old are you again...

Angela: Themba please...

Themba: No Angela, listen to me okay? The only possibility there is zero. You are married aren't you? So how come are you pregnant for me?

Angela: I'm not 100% but I was saying chances you might be the father...

Themba: No, chances are zero, period!

His parents are going to wash their hands this time. 3 kids? Hell to no, it's a lie!

Angela: There's something else...

Themba: What?

Angela: I'm HIV positive...

His phone slips from his hands and hits the floor. Angela's voice sounds so distant now..

Angela: I'm sorry Themba, I didn't know.

To be continued.....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 24

ANGELA

He is infertile? What does he mean by that? No, no, no! Why does God hate her so much? If this is true, then it means that she cheated and brought the evidence home? Why does such happen after a single mistake?

Angela: I don't understand, what do you mean you can't have kids?

Melusi:(sighs) I mean that. It's so unfortunate, I know.

Angela: How long have you known?

Melusi: Few months after our marriage, it contributed to my anger and outburst moments towards you.

Angela: And you didn't think of telling me this Melusi? You made me look incompetent to your family?

Melusi: I know, you have every right to feel betrayed and angry...

No she doesn't, she cheated and why is he not mad and throwing a fit about it?

Melusi: I should have told you but my ego couldn't allow me to. I thought of how less of a man that would make me look like, I already have scars and insecurities that you helped me overcome about myself so this was the last nail on my head.

I am sorry for all the trauma and abuse I put you through, I'm sorry for hitting you, cheating on you that resulted in us getting this disease. I'm sorry for making you think or feel you were never enough or lacked something.

You are perfect, if for anything, I'm the one with a problem and needs help. I know that it's my treatment that pushed you to seek comfort outside. I'm not angry that you cheated, I'm just sad that I failed you as a husband to protect and love you as I promised to when we took the vows.

I don't know how we are going to deal with this dilemma but Angela I love you, I don't want a divorce or to lose you. I hope

for another chance, I pray it is not too late for us to do better and be better.

Angela: But Melusi, I am pregnant someone else...

She is weeping at this point feeling guilty and hurt.

Melusi: I know, no one needs to know about it. Unless the person responsible is in your life...

Angela: No she's not, it was a mistake that happened only once. I was angry and not thinking straight.

Melusi: Is it someone I know?

Angela: No, I don't remember nor know his name. Like I said, I didn't think. Saw him at the gym and things happened , I never saw him again.

She lies to protect Themba, as much as Melusi seems polite about this issue, she can't really risk his life more than she already did with the STI. It's a good thing that Themba doesn't want this baby so it will work for her.

Melusi: Okay, I guess that's better then...

Angela: I'm sorry, I know two wrongs don't make right and I don't want to excuse my cheating with yours. I should have left a long time ago than to cheat back but....

Melusi: Hey, don't beat yourself about it, like I said, it's okay. This is all my fault, I failed you and I am asking for a chance to make you happy again. We can do therapy, anything that will help us restore our love and trust we have for each other.

Angela: I don't deserve you Melusi...

Melusi: Don't say that, please.

Angela: You want us to fix things while I'm pregnant for someone else?

Melusi: There's a silver lining in every situation, when we look at this positively, I am going to be a father. We are going to be parents.

He holds her hands and tears are falling from both their faces as they hug each other tightly.

Angela: I am so sorry...

Melusi: I am sorry too, we are going to be alright, I promise.

BONGIWE

Today's church service was so great, as she marked the last day of her fasting, she felt the holy spirit taking over. It's a voice whispering to her that it is done and settled, she should not cry no more but celebrate because all the good things come to those who love and trust God.

As per tradition to their church after service, they greet and shake hands with each other. A lady she sees for the first time approaches her. She looks very beautiful, with a model body and smells great. It's one of those ladies that looks like God made them while drinking Oros because of how gorgeous they look from all aspects.

Bongiwe: Hi, thank you for joining us, I hope we'll see you again?

She says as soon as the lady greets and introduces herself as Ayanda.

Ayanda: Definitely, I just came to thank you for your words today

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they definitely found their way to me.

Bongiwe: I'm glad such happened, we thank God for opening your spiritual ears to hear.

Ayanda: Amen, I don't know if it's okay for me to ask for your numbers? You look like the good light I would like to have in my life.

Bongiwe: Oh really?

Ayanda: Yes, maybe one day we can go out for lunch?

Bongiwe: Sure, I don't see why not.

Ayanda takes out her gold iPhone 13 pro max and unlocks it.

Bongiwe punches in her numbers.

Ayanda: Thank you, I'll be in touch.

Bongiwe: Okay, bye.

She walks away and Themba shows up next to her. Seems like he is sticking to his promise of coming to church everyday.

Themba: How do you know that lady?

Bongiwe: I don't, she's new and asked for my numbers saying she would love for us to hang out.

Themba: Mhm, I don't think it would be a great idea for you to hang out with her.

Bongiwe: Why? Do you know her?

Themba: Trust me...

Mmmmmmmmm...they walk towards their cars.

IBRAHIM

It's been a long day, should he say week? Business and admin is piling up, with Pam away and Abdul with his wife, he is overseeing everything by himself and it's stressful.

To relieve his stress, he called Ayanda to come see him and now he walks up to her cooking looking all sexy. He stands behind her and hugs her body kissing her neck.

Ayanda:(giggling) Stop it.

Ibrahim: I can't help it, my shirt looks good on you.

Ayanda: It surely does, how was your Sunday?

Ibrahim: Hectic, I can't wait for it to end.

Ayanda: Well, go shower and come back to eat. Dinner is almost ready.

Ibrahim: I am not hungry, well at least not for food.

Ayanda: Come on Ibrahim, not after the effort I put in making this.

Ibrahim: I'm sorry...

Ayanda:(sighs) You think I'm going to poison you, right?

He doesn't say anything but he is still monitoring her moves.

Ayanda: Wow!

She takes off her apron and Ibrahim holds her hand.

Ibrahim: If you prove to me that it's safe to eat this food then I'll eat. Okay?

Ayanda: Okay.

Ibrahim: I'll go shower....

THAPELO

Church was great as usual, Sundays he gets to rest and relax from his daily duties. Tomorrow he is fetching his grandmother and Jaden's wife from the airport. Sadly, she had to take that holiday break without him.

Work is piling up, people come in numbers to support the first men's conference taking place Friday and Saturday. That means he's left with only 4 days before it.

Bongiwe has encouraged him to take as much rest as possible so that he can be ready for this. He is on fast as this service is not something to take lightly, needs him to be spiritually equipped and ready.

He spoke to Melusi earlier, he and his wife want to book a couple/mediation therapy. Not sure if he is the right person to do this, he told Melusi that he's going to ask his pastor to handle this.

A knock comes from the front door of the house, he puts down the glass of water in the coffee table and goes to the door to open it. A young guy from around walks in.

He knows this kid, probably around 18-20, his mother brought him to their church a number of times to be prayed for. He is known to suffer from his sexuality and is on drugs. Sometimes he is seen on the streets begging for food, rumor says he sometimes sleeps with rich men to get by.

Thapelo: Thami, are you alright?

Thami: I'm alright bhuti Thapelo, I am here to ask for food.
Even if it's bread it's fine.

Thapelo: Did you smoke today Thami?

He knows that the drugs make them hungry and it's painful in
their stomach. His eyes are teary.

Thami: Please bhuti Thapelo, just 2 slices I will be fine.

Thapelo sighs, there's no food here since he is fasting but there
is bread. He is going to add eggs and avocados to give it to him.

Thapelo: Okay, have a seat, I'll prepare something for you to
eat.

Thami: Thank you bhuti Thapelo, may God bless you, thank
you.

Thapelo: It's okay....

He leaves to the kitchen taking his phone because he can't trust addicted people. This boy needs help, maybe he should speak to his mother and see how he can assist.

It takes him about 5 minutes to prepare the food for him, he takes it to him.

Thapelo: There you go, I'm sorry I didn't cook because my granny is not here..

Thami: It's okay, thank you.

He starts eating so fast and Thapelo takes a sip from his water that he left going to open the door. They taste funny and different, he smells them checking the glass.

Thapelo: Thami, did you put something on my water?

Thami: Bhut' Thapelo??

To be continued...

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 25

AYANDA

It's a Monday Morning and she is at a fancy Sandton coffee shop waiting for Bongiwe after texting with her last night and they agreed on meeting. She really needs to strike right now as Ibrahim is struggling with management alone. It is a perfect time and he won't see her coming, hopefully this girl sees the vision around this.

Her mother and sister's documents to relocate came quicker than she expected and it is all thanks to Ibrahim's money. What is left from her is securing the new place in a new country then strike. Bongiwe finally arrives, looking good in navy formal pants and heels. They greet each other and hug, she smells good even.

Bongiwe: I am sorry traffic is crazy, have you ordered?

Ayanda: Just coffee, I don't eat early.

Bongiwe: I am going to need it for the day ahead, it's going to be hectic.

The waitress takes her order and leaves.

Ayanda: You look so good, being a lawyer would have suited you.

Bongiwe: Aw, thank you sis. What is it that you do by the way?

Ayanda: I model and love doing it but I haven't been lucky. I studied communication.

Bongiwe: The unemployment rate in this country is so sad and crazy...

Ayanda: Tell me about it, hence most girls find themselves doing dirty things just to have money and get by. Such as prostitution.

Bongiwe's order comes back and she starts sipping from it.

Ayanda: I don't want to keep you wondering what this meeting is about so I am going to shoot straight to the point. I am one of those girls who chose prostitution as an easy way out when my

mother fell sick. The hospital wanted a huge amount of money for her to be operated on. Desperately, I answered a call from this other lady who offered me a job as an Escort in a club. My initial plan was to make enough money for my mother's operation and leave but greed got me.

Her man made a move on me and I fell for him, even worse when he promised to take care of me so that I don't get to sleep with these men. I found that option better and agreed, he didn't honour his promise. I was shipped to East London where my life completely changed, every little dignity that I had was stripped off me that day.

That whole experience changed me, made me this horrible and angry person. I know I went there willingly but the things they do to these girls are inhumane. The past few days I have been digging and I discovered that not only are they running a prostitution ring but in the long run, they sacrifice these girls for riches. The families never get to know what happened to their daughters.

Bongiwe: Yooh this is so horrible! Why are people like this? Reminds me of this man I loath so much who has been disturbing my peace lately.

Ayanda: The same man who has been terrorising you is actually the same person I am after. I want to stop them, I know there are many of them out there but few girls can be saved from them.

Bongiwe: I don't understand...

Ayanda: You worked for Ibrahim and that is the reason why he is harassing you like this, besides that, I think he hates the fact that you don't find him attractive because of his money. He is used to people worshipping him so what you and your boyfriend are doing pisses him off so much.

Bongiwe: You seem to know a lot about me and I don't think I find that funny.

Ayanda: I need your help, to put a stop to him, to teach him a lesson.

Bongiwe: What help?

Ayanda: You have his accounts....

Bongiwe: What? Are you crazy? Do you want me to be arrested?

Ayanda: Bongie, I will handle this...

Bongiwe: Themba was right, you are bad news.

She takes out R50 and pays for the coffee and gets up from the chair.

Bongiwe: Good luck on your mission, but I shall not be involved in this. Knowing that man, someone is probably telling him about our meeting.

She walks away and Ayanda thinks of a story to tell Ibrahim so that he doesn't suspect her.

THAPELO

He opens his eyes, they are heavy, so is his head. Looking around, the house is a bit messy and the front door is open. Looking around, everything is still here just scattered around as if there was someone or people in here.

Then he remembers that Thami was here and from their last conversation, he asked him if he drugged him and there is nothing much to remember after that. He takes his phone and

calls Jaden with his beating so fast, something is wrong here and he can feel it.

Jaden: Hey man how are you? I was just talking to my wife, they are having their breakfast and are going to board the plane soonest.

Thapelo: J, this is not the reason I am calling. Can you please come to the house?

Jaden: You sound weird T, what is wrong?

Thapelo: It is a long story, please come. I will explain it to you when you arrive.

Jaden: Okay

Advertisement

give me 10 minutes.

Thapelo: Thank you.

He hangs up and moves around trying not to touch anything because clearly there has been a break in. What he finds strange is the fact that nothing has been stolen yet Thami is a troublesome person.

Thapelo: (praying) God, I don't know what is happening but please be with me, whatever it is, handle it.

Jaden's car parks outside and he meets him by the door welcoming in. He tells him what happened, from what he can remember.

Jaden: We need to get the police involved although nothing has been stolen and have you checked out to see what kind of drug has been used on you.

Thapelo: I am surely being tested...

Jaden: What is this?

Thapelo follows his look and he sees a condom wrap that has opened, no, this better not be not what he thinks it is!

Thapelo: Jaden, you are right, let us report this before I get into trouble.

Walking out of the door, they see a police van followed by another two cars where journalists step out and start recording and taking pictures.

Jaden: Officers, we were on our way to you.

Officer: No need, we have saved the trip for you. Thapelo Mosima, you are under arrest for rapping and sexual assaulting a young man by the name of Thami....

Thapelo: What, rape, assault, what are you talking about?

Officer: It has been brought to our attention that you use this NGO of yours to run your devious crimes where young boys fall victims.

Jaden: Are you not ashamed of speaking rubbish as old as you are?

Thapelo: Where is Thami?

Officer: In the hospital, receiving medical care. We have his doctor's report...

Jaden: Can we see it?

Officer: Are you his lawyer?

Jaden: No but,...

Officer: Only his lawyer is allowed to. Young man, let us go.

Thapelo: Jaden, please call Bongiwe and tell her about this...

Jaden: Okay, I will come to the station with the lawyer, okay?
Don't worry about it.

Thapelo nods and follows the police as they lead her to the back of the van, this is a nightmare! Neighbours have now come out and are taking pictures and videos screaming and calling him a scam.

ANGELA

Melusi shakes her up and the first thing her eyes land on is the delicious breakfast he prepared for her, she rubs her eyes and yawn. Last night they slept very late talking and opening up.

Angela: Good morning, you are already dressed for the office. I thought you said you are not working today?

Melusi: I am not but I am headed to the police station with my lawyer.

Angela: Why, what happened?

Melusi: Someone is being framed and it is my duty to help him prove his innocence.

Angela: That person must be very important to you.

Melusi: He is the reason why you and I are together and giving each other a chance.

Angela: If that's the case then I suggest you go now...

Melusi: (kissing her cheek) I'll see you later.

He walks away and Angela takes the bowl and starts digging in.

BONGIWE

Her phone rings disturbing her from her work, she has been focusing on her work trying to ignore what Ayanda said to her earlier.

This girl is really gambling with her life and she is going to get burned and there is no way in hell she is getting involved in that drama, not after she is trying to keep Ibrahim out of her back.

Bongiwe: Hello?

Jaden: Bongiwe Hi, it's Jaden Johnson here.

Bongiwe: Oh yeah, Thapelo's friend right?

Jaden: Yes, please don't answer any questions from journalists from now on. It would be better if you switched off your phone.

Bongiwe: Why, what happened?

Jaden: Please don't panic okay? Thapelo has been arrested.

Bongiwe: Arrested, why, for what?

Jaden: It's something crazy but we are going to get him out....

Bongiwe: Jaden, what is Thapelo arrested for?

Jaden:(sighs) Rape....

Her whole body goes into a shock that she cannot explain...

Jaden: He didn't do it Bongiwe, you believe that right?

To be continued.....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 26

BONGIWE

A minute of silence passes by with no saying anything.
Rape? That's a huge allegation, considering the fact that it is one of the most unsolved crimes in South Africa.

Jaden: Bongiwe, are you still there?

Bongiwe:(clears her voice) Yeah I'm here, who did he rape?

Jaden: He didn't rape anyone!

His tone is firm and full of anger...

Bongiwe: Sorry, accused of.

Jaden: (sighs) Just a useless nyaope boy that is taking chances. I'm still trying to find where he's admitted to so that I can force him to tell the truth!

Bongiwe: A boy, he is accused to rape a boy?

Damn this is even worse, not when he is on about a man's project!

Jaden: Like I said, it's all lies. We are going to find out who did this and it's not going to end well. Unlike you guys, I don't wait for God to fight my battles, I deal with them hands-on.

I'll send you the address where Thapelo is taken to and you can go see him. I have to get going.

He ends the call and Bongiwe goes to social media. It's a mess, people are already trashing Thapelo and there's few that are believing his innocence...

What makes it even worse is the doctor's letter that confirms that Thami was violated. Her heart is beating up so fast as if it's going to come out of her mouth.

She picks up her car keys and drives to the holding police station Thapelo is kept at. As expected, the police make her wait after asking her loads of questions and giving her unnecessary attitude before taking her to him.

He has only been here for a few hours but he looks pale and dry. He tries to hug her but the cop stops him.

Thapelo: Thank God you came, babe I am losing my mind.

Bongiwe: Thapelo, what happened?

Thapelo: I really wish I knew, what I remember is him arriving and asking for food, I left him in the lounge to make something for him. On my return, I picked up that the water that I was drinking in a glass before he arrived was now testing funny.

I remember asking him about it and that was it. The next thing I wake up in an empty house with things moved around.

Bongiwe: The police says they have strong evidence towards this case which includes your semen. Please explain that part to me Thapelo?

Thapelo: Bongiwe, I don't know anything about that! I was fully dressed as I am when I woke up.

Bongiwe: Things are not looking good for you Thapelo, he is just a kid! This is just, so heavy to make sense of...

Thapelo: I know, please tell me you believe me. Please!

She keeps quiet and the police come to them and grab Thapelo.

Police: Your time is off, let's go!

He gives her a painful look and walks away, she wanted to say the words but her mouth betrayed her. She wipes her tears and walks out of the police station not sure whether to go home or her office.

While walking to where her car is parked, outside the police station, she sees a police officer standing next to a Bentley with a registration number written "Ali enterprise ".

She quickly hides behind the other cars and watches as the two talk, the cops look back and around before accepting something from Ibrahim and hides it under his jacket. After that, the Bentley drives away at a huge speed and the cops walk back into the station.

Bongiwe runs to her car almost tripping because of the heels. She holds her chest trying to calm herself down while adding and connecting the dots. Googling the police that made the arrest, she notices that it's the same one that was talking to Ibrahim.

Bongiwe: Damn you Ibrahim!

She hits her steering wheel using her fists with tears streaming down her face. Clearly this man is playing dirty and this time, he has gone too far! Rape is not something you play with, not with people go through it and not get justice.

Wiping her tears with one hand while searching for Ayanda's contacts with the other one and dialing her number. It rings for a while before she picks it up.

Ayanda: Bongie...

Bongiwe: I'll do it.

Ayanda: Sorry?

Bongiwe: I'll give you the accounts.

Ayanda: Yes! I knew you were going to come around. What made you change your mind?

Bongiwe: I would rather not explain it. Send me your email address.

Ayanda: Okay, whatever the reason is, I'm glad it made you agree. You are doing the right thing Bongiwe.

Whatever, as long as Ibrahim gets a test of his own medicine, it's fine!

IBRAHIM

He rests on his chair and drinks his whiskey while scrolling past Twitter. The influencers he paid to spread hate about Thapelo and his organization are doing such a marvelous job at this.

Now let us see how Bongiwe is going to brag about having a perfect man, perfect life when the so called perfect man is accused with rape. Getting his sermen through mastubating his dick worked. It's a good thing that a dick has a mind of his own, a person can be deeply asleep and it will be up and strong.

Mike knocks once and peek by the door.

Mike: The boy is here...

Ibrahim: Send him in.

Mike walks back and Ibrahim searches from his drawer and comes back with a stack of money. Thami walks in limping and stands opposite his table.

Ibrahim: You did a good job, here's your reward.

He throws the money at him and Thami catches it and looks at it unimpressed.

Thami: How much is this?

Ibrahim: R10k, for your trouble.

Thami: That's not how much we agreed on Mr Ali! Not after you tore my ass apart with your manhood!

Ibrahim: Shut up! I gave you my drugs didn't I? Also took you to the good doctor now take this money and leave my premises! A lawyer will contact you in time for your testimony.

Thami: You are going to pay for this, I promise you!

He walks out and bangs the door, Ibrahim sighs and rubs his forehead. Mike walks in.

Ibrahim: Prepare the drug, make sure it kills him on the spot!
He is going to be a problem!

Mike: On it!

His phone rings and he sits down smiling and answers the video call.

Ibrahim: Baby...

Pam: Hey sexy, how are you doing?

Ibrahim: I'm okay, just a bit tired. How's my son?

Pam: He's good, just misses you.

Ibrahim: I'll be home soon to see you guys...

Pam: I can't wait, I hope you are staying out of trouble?

Ibrahim: You know I am...

Pam: I miss you...

Ibrahim: I miss you too babe, so much. I'll see you soon, I promise.

JADEN

Bongiwe called him and explained the situation about Mr Ali and he took his bike and disguised himself driving around his premises. The disadvantage is that he has so many houses and clubs, not to mention the army of bodyguards he has.

Just as he is about to drive away, he sees Thami coming out of the house, he waits until he is clear and follows him with the bike and hits him from behind purposely.

Thami: Mr Johnson's, please don't kill me!

Jaden: Tell me one good reason why I shouldn't? Why an innocent man?

Thami: I'm sorry

I was promised so much money and...

Jaden: How much?

Thami: R100k

Jaden: Did you get it?

Thami: No, he played me and I am going to tell the police about it.

Jaden: What makes you think they are going to believe anything you say? You are a troubled child who sells his body for a living and a fix!

Thami: I recorded all our conversations from the start till now.

Jaden pauses the gun from pointing at his head and looks around. This boy is not so stupid after all, but he is a male gold digger so it is expected.

Jaden: Where is the recording?

Thami: Here, on my phone!

He takes out his mobile phone and shows the files to Jaden who quickly Hotspot him from his data and emails himself.

Jaden: Okay, get up. We are going to my house and I will arrange a press release where you will tell the truth.

He puts him at the front of his bike and drives with him to the house. Arriving there, no one is happy to see Thami but he calms them down and explains that this boy is the key to get Thapelo out.

Mr Johnson's Senior: What's the point? Thapelo's grandmother has died of a heart attack.

Jaden: Dad, what are you saying to me?

Mrs Johnson SNR:(crying) God will punish you for what you did to Thapelo, you haven't been crazy, you are yet to be crazier and eat from the bins!

Jaden: Father, how do I look at Thapelo and tell him that his grandmother is no more? How is he going to move on knowing she died knowing that he raped someone?

Mr Johnsons: We need to pray for that boy, he's going to need us now more than ever!

THAPELO

It's dark and he wakes up from the tiny bed with sharp strings and kneels on the floor. He doesn't care how cold it is or if anyone is going to hear him.

His heart is heavy, everything he lived for just evaporated from his face because of something he didn't do. If he was a coward, he was going to kill himself at this point because his pillar of strength is no more, the love of his life believes he did it.

But because he knows there is a God in every situation, he wants to live so badly just to see the outcome of this situation. He wants to witness his grace out of this pain and test he is undergoing.

Thapelo: (praying) Dear Father, thank you for having a plan for my life. At this moment I don't see it and I don't know which way to turn. But I know if I just stop and listen for your guidance, it will be there.

Your word reminds me that you will carry us when we don't have the strength to walk. My heart is broken, I am out of hope but also rejoicing knowing that my grandmother, the Queen, is in your presence as one of my guardian angels.

Those that have used the power of leaves and dust against me, I decree a halt of your government over my life, I turn the table against every sorcerer in the place of my employment, business or work, no witch or wizard will prosper in the place of my employment, business or work, All satanic power can no longer kidnap my spirit IN THE NAME OF JESUS!

I decree and declare great casualty upon witches and wizards operating in my neighbourhood, the judgment of God shall torment the powers of darkness working against me both at night and in the morning, the night shall carry terror and anger against all satanic powers that are standing against me, I command the storm of destruction to gather upon every satanic power that is against my life IN THE MIGHTY NAME OF JESUS!

Right now my prayers have become earthquakes and storms in the camp of the devil that is against my life, the Lord shall

gather his armors against powers that are against my intellectual growth, all sickness in my life known or unknown receive heavenly storm, all conspiracy against any part of my body receive destruction now IN THE NAME OF JESUS!

I break out of your spell now satan.

In the name of JESUS I command the deep wells within me to be unblocked and break forth!

The storm of the Lord shall pursue and overtake all powers conspiring for my demotion. From now on all my enemies will start to fight themselves I decree confusion into the camp of my enemies IN THE MIGHTY NAME OF JESUS!

IBRAHIM

He opens his eyes looking around when the smell of a smoke hits his nostrils. Trying to move, he realizes that he is tied up in a bed.

What happened? Last time he was in his office drinking his whiskey and going on about his business. The flames from the window tell him that the house is on fire!

Ayanda is having a suitcase where she's loading money in it that he assumes it's from the businesses.

Ibrahim: Ayanda!

She stops and looks at him and smiles walking up to him..

Ayanda: Oh hey handsome, you are up?

Ibrahim: What the hell is going on, how did you get in here?

Ayanda: Oh poor thing, I have all the pins, codes and access to you now. Your guards? I shot them because they were not prepared for me. You? I drugged that whiskey a long time ago!

Ibrahim: Why are you doing this? Please untie me!

Ayanda: I'm sorry but I'm late, I have a private jet waiting for me.

She throws him his phone and he looks at it, bank notifications of his money being withdrawn are coming in like crazy. It rings and it's Abdul, Ayanda answers it and puts it on speaker.

Abdul: Ibrahim, we are under attack, we have been hacked!!

Ayanda ends the call and throws the phone out of the window and zips the bags. Right then Ahmed walks in with his men and he kisses Ayanda.

Ahmed: You good?

Ayanda: I'm done.

Ahmed orders his men to carry the bags and Ibrahim shakes his head hoping that this is a bad dream.

Ahmed: Ibrahim, I'm sorry but I have been waiting for this my whole life!

Ayanda: Babe, don't shoot him...

Ahmed: Oh yeah?

Ayanda: Yes, I want him to be a steak and chops to the fire. Let's go.

Ibrahim: Ayanda, Ayanda wait!!!

She smiles and walks out of the house followed by Ahmed, he screams trying to break free but there's no chance of it!

THEMBA

He got woken up by a call that the club was on fire and fire fighters have been called to stop the fire. He finds Bongiwe walking to her room holding a Bible.

Bongiwe: When are you running late?

Themba: There's been some fire at the club..

Bongiwe: Okay, how is that your business?

Themba: Bongiwe, I manage that club. I need to go check what's going on.

Bongiwe: You are not going there or else I'll tell mom and dad about it.

Themba: This is not the time for Bongiwe...

Bongiwe: Try me, walk through that door I'll sing.

Themba:(defeated) Are you serious?

Bongiwe:(faking a smile) You want to try me? Go ahead, walk out of that door....

To be continued..

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 27

AYANDA

Her mother and Yamkela are safely buckled in on their seats as the jet is now taking off. Looking outside the window, this feels like a dream. Finally she is leaving this country and is going to start her new life away from everything and everyone.

Ahmed comes with a glass of champagne and gives it to her so they toast. Honestly, she wasn't going to be able to pull this off by herself. She capitalized on the fact that he likes her and when she knew of the beef between Ahmed and Ibrahim, it was a cherry on top.

Ibrahim stole clients from Ahmed and always thought he was better and above him in everything.

Ahmed: Your brave woman!

Ayanda: He will live, I'm sure they got him in time...

Ahmed: Remind me not to mess with you in future...

Ayanda: You better not.

Ahmed: Ayanda, I know we didn't have a good start but I would really love a chance to redeem myself and treat you better. You are a queen that deserves to be treated as such.

Ayanda: I'm still traumatized about what you did to me Ahmed. I need time to think this through. Let me and my family settle then we will see how we go on about this.

Ahmed: Fair enough. I will take that.

Ayanda:Great, please ensure that the money gets safely to Pamela.

Ahmed: I can't believe you are thinking of her through this time.

Ayanda:(shrugging) She is pregnant and the only sin she did was date that moron. She's not a saint but I don't want her to suffer with a new born baby.

Ahmed: Deep down in you, there's a good person laying there...

Ayanda: The good girl you destroyed by feeding your fleeces by force?

He doesn't say anything and Ayanda looks outside, seeing clouds only now. Themba and Abdul should get a share of that money, it won't be a lot but enough to sustain them while figuring out what to do since the business is down.

THAPELO

He steps outside of the police station accompanied by Melusi, his lawyer and Jaden to the cars. The media and people supporting his initiative are there while the journalists are taking pictures and trying to get an interview from him.

From what he heard, Thami changed his statement and provided proof of being brought to lie about this whole thing. He's been arrested for lying but Thapelo's lawyer promises to help the boy get a lesser sentence at least.

Thapelo is wondering why Ibrahim will go to such lengths to hurt him like this. I mean he only encountered that man once and never saw him again. Or maybe this is about Bongiwe?

Lawyer: Urhm, my client is asking for some privacy and space to deal with all of this while mourning his grandmother. When the time is right, he is going to make a statement. Thank you.

He says addressing the media before stepping inside the car. Melusi gives him a bottle of water.

Melusi: Qina ndoda, I know it's hard but I trust you to pull through. This too shall pass.

Thapelo: It hurts so much.

Jaden: It's going to get better, allow all the pain to take place. Cry if you have to but we are here for you and we are going to make sure that your granny gets a befitting funeral.

Thapelo: Thank you for both being here, I don't know how I was going to handle this.

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Ibrahim's body is half burned and he is in so much pain. The badly affected parts are his hands, face and toes. Abdul gives him a mirror and he is shuttered to see how his face looks. He should have died there rather than surviving.

Abdul: See your life? See what happens when you think with your dick instead of your brain? Did I not tell you that girl was going to be a problem?

Ibrahim: I'm sorry...

Abdul: You are sorry? Is that what you are going to say? We have been fucken cleaned out! Because of your carelessness! You are trending all over the news, you are fucking boys now?

Ibrahim: Please, I need you.

Abdul: No Ibrahim I am done. I am tired of always cleaning your mess. One would swear you are the youngest between us. I am going to start my own thing and focus on my family. Maybe this is a blessing in disguise, a fresh start I've been looking for!

Ibrahim: You don't mean that...

He can't talk properly because of how his mouth has shrunk and is in pain. What hurts him the most is Ayanda teaming up with that loser called Ahmed. He has money buried somewhere that can last them for a while but it's not enough.

Ibrahim: There's money I hid somewhere...

Abdul: Save it, maybe it's going to help you start over because everything is in ashes. The casino, club, your cars I mean everything! That's if Ayanda didn't get to it as well. Heck, this girl cleaned out even our offshore accounts!

He closes his eyes and tears of anger and frustration streams down his face. Pam is never forgiving him for this.

Abdul's phone vibrates and he looks at the notification from the bank. Wooh

so much money!

Ibrahim: What is it?

Abdul puts his phone back in his pockets and looks outside the window.

Abdul: Nothing, the police are here. I need to be out of here.

Ibrahim: Abdul...

Abdul: I'm not going down with you, I'm sorry.

BONGIWE

Trust people to organize a funeral in 2 days. Thapelo's grandmother's send off is dignified and sad. Few of his family members attended the funeral. Ibrahim is being watched and going straight to the holding cells after being discharged.

Ayanda sent her money, loads of it and she donated it to various shelters that accommodates abused women and kids abused. Thapelo has been emotionally distant towards her, not that she blames him.

I mean she gets that she failed him at some point but she really wishes to be there for him and go through this pain together with him.

After the funeral, she goes to him and the people he's with gives them space. She holds his hand and luckily he allows it.

Bongiwe: How are you feeling?

Thapelo: As expected I guess. I have been in denial but seeing her body in that coffin going on the ground was a reality for me. She is gone, what is it going to become of me?

Bongiwe: I'm so sorry...

Thapelo: What hurts me the most is the fact that she died without talking to me or hearing my side of the story.

Bongiwe: Don't punish yourself about that, your granny knows you and I know wherever she is, she's at peace knowing you didn't do it.

Thapelo: But you believed I did it though, you doubted me Bongiwe.

Bongiwe: I admit to that but my mind was going all over the place trying to make sense of everything.

Thapelo: The only person I expected to be on my corner? How are you going to be my wife then?

Bongiwe: Thapelo please, I am sorry. Please do not be mad at me or shut me out. I made a mistake but quickly realised it.

Thapelo: I need time to mourn my grandmother, this is not about me shutting you out or anything. I just need to be alone for a while.

It hurts as hell and this feels like a break up but she understands that it needs to be done in order for them to move forward.

Bongiwe: Okay, but please allow me to check up on you at least?

Thapelo: Okay.

Bongiwe: We are going to be alright....

She wraps her hand around his waist laying her head on his shoulder and he reciprocates the act.

THEMBA

He is at Samke's place to see his son and spend time with since now he is fully unemployed. I mean it's been 4 days since the Ali enterprises empire crumbled down.

He doesn't know what to do now and hates that he is back to square one.

Samke: Maybe you should try influencing, I mean you got the looks, followers and it has money.

Themba: And a lot of work. I don't think I have the energy of creating content.

Samke: So what are you going to do with yourself? Seek another rich old woman to be with?

Themba: Maybe, but this time around I'll go for someone who's a widow.

Samke hits him with the feather duster she's using as she cleans up and Themba laughs

Samke: You are so silly. Can you and your son move to that side, I need to mop there.

Themba: Do you need help?

Samke: Daah, you are only asking now because I'm almost done.

Themba:(laughing) come on, I'm trying to help.

Samke: mxm, move your lazy ass to that side.

Themba laughs and hugs her from behind wrapping her arms around her body.

Themba: Sit down and rest, I'll finish up okay?

He gives her a soft peck on the neck and releases her. Samke drops on the couch looking exhausted and Themba continues from where she left off.

Samke: So, where's that lady, the Minister's wife?

Themba: Her house, you know I loved that one but she brought me so much drama so no, I can't deal.

Samke: You are the dramatic one.

His phone vibrates and he wipes his hands attending to it.
Opening the message he screams .

Themba: Holy mother fucken shit!

Samke: What is it?

Themba: I've never seen so many zeros in my life!

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 28

THEMBA

He has seen money, but not this much! He restarts his phone and goes to the banking app again just to be sure if it is not a spam and nope, his million and a half is still there. Wait, this means he is now a millionaire! He spins his son around causing him to giggle and hugs Samke so tight.

Samke: (laughing) Okay easy big boy, you are suffocating me!

Themba: I am sorry, I am just excited!

Samke: And I know whatever it has got to do with money.

Themba: You know me very well!

Samke: So, spill the beans?

Themba: Let us just say, an insurance company just paid me. Now I need to plan and use this money wisely because I don't like being broke.

Samke: Nobody does, do you have an idea of what you want to do with it?

Themba: At the back of my mind, I have always thought of running a legit modelling and deejaying agency for women. You have the experience so maybe you can partner with me in making this a reality?

Samke: Are you serious?

Themba; Of course I am, you are the one that I trust and know got my back.

Samke: Oh my goodness, thank you Themba. But no prostituting the girls or anything shady like that right?

Themba: I promise...

Samke; Okay, let's do this!

They fist bump and Themba looks at her deeply as she smiles revealing her dimples.

Samke: What is it, why are you looking at me like that?

Themba: I am just thinking about how I fumbled with you...

Samke: Themba...

Themba: You are good for me, Samke...

Samke: Because you are the father of my child but that doesn't mean we can be together. You hurt me and I know you will never change so I don't want to put myself through that heartache again. We are doing well as friends and parents to Kamva, let us stick to that. I'll take the dirty water out.

PAMELLA

The news of their empire crumbling down is still trending, since Ibrahim had so many crimes buried under carpet, he finds himself in hot water especially with his accounts empty, the remaining property that survived seized by the government. Her heart is heavy, and angry at how Ibrahim destroyed everything that they both worked so damn hard for just because of his greediness. She knows Ibrahim is a man wh*re but she didn't know that included sleeping with young boys just to frame someone else. Clearly this is more than just Bongiwe refusing to work for him, it is how he refused to accept that with all the looks, money and status, there is a woman capable of not finding him attractive out there. Men can have thousands of women chasing them but gets mad when this one rejects them, that is why others rape.

What's stopping him from not going back to South Africa and finishing him off is the fact that she is pregnant and she needs to protect her baby from all this stress and drama by all means possible. Her child is the only joy and hope left for her now, without money coming in, she wonders how on earth is she going to afford this place?

Two of her bodyguards walk in carrying two heavy boxes and place them on the floor.

Pam: What are those?

Guard1: It's from the post office and it was delivered on the gate. We scanned it for any weapons. It's safe. Do you want us to open the boxes for you?

Pam: It's okay, I will handle it from here, thank you.

They leave the room and she uses the knife to tear apart the tape and the first thing she sees is a handwritten letter with her name as Attention at the top.

" Dear sis Pam, I am sure you are surprised to receive this letter from me but I want to say this. A leader takes people where they want to be. A great leader takes people where they don't necessarily want to go, but ought to be.

Leadership is not about titles, positions, or flow of charts. It is about one life influencing another.

It doesn't matter the circumstances we met under but I will forever cherish how you were kind to me and I was selfish to almost destroy that. I'm sorry you got caught up in this but as one who grew up in poverty, I don't wish that for you or your child.

Dirty as this money may be, you worked for it. I hope one day you will forgive me for what I did but one had to teach Ibrahim a lesson and I am happy to be the one to do so.

Enjoy your pregnancy and safe delivery, don't worry about me, I'm safe and even if Ibrahim tries to locate me, he won't find me.

By the way

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Ahmed is trying his luck with me and honestly, I hate him so much. But that's a story for another day.

au revoir (bye for now)"

Pam:(holding the letter to her heart with tears) Oh Ayanda!

She wipes her tears and tears the plastic in the box apart and her eyes land on loads of cash packed and tucked in neatly. She holds her tummy and smiles...

Pam: Seems like we are covered baby ,Aunty Yaya got us covered!

SIZAKELE

She walks into Bongiwé's bedroom and opens her curtains and windows. It's been a month after the whole saga that happened to Thapelo and she is not handling it well.

Bongiwe: Yooh kodwa mama!

Siza: Ai bo, awuvuke wena! You are going to feel sorry for yourself until when? You made a mistake and it's human to do so but you seriously cannot lock yourself in here and sulk.

What did you expect Thapelo to feel? You are even lucky he's still taking your calls.

Bongiwe: It's not the same mama, whenever we talk he just asks how I am and keeps quiet.

Sizakele: Give him time, he is hurting and dealing with a lot at the moment. You have said your sorry now let him process it. Just because you apologized doesn't mean he should forgive you immediately. He loves you, and you two belong together so you are going to find a way around each other.

Now wake up and accompany me to town, I want to buy ingredients for tomorrow's lunch after church.

Bongiwe: Okay I'll take a shower.

THAPELO

Today he is back at the office after a long month and two weeks break being away. His colleagues welcome him with warm hands excited that he is back.

Thapelo: I would like to thank everyone for words of support and encouragement but mostly for holding it down while I was away.

I am back now, let us go back to pushing the word of God and creating a safe haven for the male generation.

They clap for him and he sees Melusi walking in and claps following Thapelo to his office. It's been hard, everyday fighting the urge to not fall into depression. He lost so much weight because of crying and not eating properly.

What gave him the strength to wake up and claim back his life is having a beautiful dream where his grandmother was happy.

She wasn't alone but with his mother. Seeing her in that dream alongside his granny made him so happy.

He is ready to pick up the pieces and finish the commitment he made to the male generation, young and old. The support has been amazing and it can only be God.

Melusi: It's good to see you up and running, Thapelo, I passed by your house and the neighbors said you already left. I knew I will find you here.

Thapelo: It's time to continue what I started, how have you been bhuti Melusi?

Melusi: It's been that and this but we are getting there, we had two sessions with my wife. The first one was hard, forcing us to confront issues we weren't ready to but the second one was lighter.

We are even now back to being intimate after so long of not touching each other and I am so looking forward to being a father.

Thapelo:(smiling wide) Look at you being happy and glow when talking. I am happy for you Bhuti Melusi, really I am. Marriage is a beautiful thing that God created for two loving people to praise and worship him through it. I'm glad things and peace are being restored in your home.

Melusi:(clearing his throat) What about you and that girl though? I understand you were hurt by her act of not believing you but you love her. You can't be mad forever and what you are doing is exactly what the enemy wanted, a division between you two.

Do not let the enemy win, if I can forgive my wife for being pregnant for another man, I believe you can forgive your wife for doubting you for a second. I don't need to teach you about forgiveness, you know better than I do.

Thapelo:(smiling) Look at you preaching to me.

Melusi: I'm serious, go get your woman before you lose her for good.

BONGIWE

It's a Sunday, her whole family is here including Bianca who is being troublesome and wants to crawl on the floor to the front. Today she is not an MC but seated down to listen the worship.

With her eyes shut and praying silently, she feels Themba nudging her to open her eyes.

Themba: Umfundisi is here...

He whispers and she follows his look to see Thapelo shaking her parents hands before sitting down next to them. Her heart is beating so fast as if it's going to come out of her mouth. She is so happy to see him and wishes to run and gives him a hug.

He is not alone but with Jaden and his pregnant wife. Thapelo looks at her and winks causing her to blush like crazy. He looks so good, clean in his navy and white shirt suit.

The MC opens an opportunity for testimonies and Thapelo goes to the front. He's the last one to talk. He greets everyone and sings Indumiso Yetende - uthixo akavumanga song and the worship team backs him up causing the whole place to shut down as the holy spirit takes over.

People are crying and praying in tongues on their knees and she remains seated, her face buried against Bianca's little back as tears wet the jacket she's wearing.

Thapelo: You know bazalwane, when the lyrics of this song says: Akavumanga ukuba unyawo lwami lushelele.

Owenzile izulu nomhlaba

Jehovah ungu Malusi wami

I get reminded of the promises the Lord made to our lives that he is going to fulfill his promises. All we have to do is wait for him and trust the process. It's hard to trust the process with painful trials coming for your faith left and right in an attempt to doubt or question your faith.

Faith is not a feeling, it is a choice to trust God even when the road ahead us seems uncertain.

A beautiful lady one day stood on this very same altar and preached about how sometimes we go through certain things because we are meant to. Meaning we don't grow when things are easy, we grow when we face challenges.

He walks up to her and all eyes turn to her direction. Thapelo kneels in front of her, Themba takes his daughter from her.

Thapelo: Life offers many challenges,I know I can meet them if you're willing to face them with me.When I look into your eyes, I can see a reflection of the two of us and the life I hope we'll share together. There are many ways to be happy in this life, but all I really need is you. There are many ways to be happy in this life, but all I really need is you.

The story of our love is only beginning. Let's write our own happy ending. Bongiwé Nzuzá, will you make me the happiest man alive by agreeing to marry me and be my wife?

The whole church is on silent mode, you can even hear a needle dropping on the floor as they await her response.

Bongiwe: Yes, I will marry you.

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE BOW

CHAPTER 29

BONGIWE

The moment those three words come out of her mouth, the whole house ululates and starts singing joyous and celebrating songs while Bongiwe and Thapelo are called to the front to be prayed for.

While kneeled down, she steals a look at Thapelo and finds him staring at her, smiling widely, she whispers "I love you" and he blushes and closes his eyes.

The sermon changes to be about God's love to his people and how he wants them to love one another and expand in this world. The love and support they receive from everyone is heartwarming and kind. Finally they get to be together and she looks at him shyly looking at the classic yet simple ring he got her. She loves it and cannot wait to take pictures of it later.

Thapelo: Mrs Mosima to be...

Bongiwe: Babe, you are so sneaky do you know that?

Thapelo:(smiling) What did I do?

Bongiwe: Thank you, I seriously thought I had lost you.

Thapelo: The only way you will lose me is through death..

Bongiwe: Are we saying vows already?

Thapelo:(laughing) Maybe...

He takes her hands into his and looks at her.

Thapelo: I missed you, can we spend the rest of today together? I feel like there's a lot that we should talk about, including this step we just took.

Bongiwe: I agree, I'll go home and pack an overnight bag and come spend the night with you.

Thapelo: You sure? I mean I don't want your parents to think that I...

Bongiwe: I know and nothing has changed, it's just us spending time together and catching up.

Thapelo: Okay, I have to go then and prepare for your arrival.

Bongiwe: I'll see you soon.

They hug, deeply wishing that she can kiss him. She misses these soft lips so much but worry not, she will be having many of those kisses later on. The parents have already left when she gets to her car and follows them.

As per their Sunday tradition, they eat lunch together and talk about her engagement.

Bongiwe: Speaking about my engagement, I am going to Thapelo's place and I will be back tomorrow.

An awkward silence follows, this is the first time at 24 she is sleeping out. Worse at a boyfriend's house, oh well, fiancée. But this is not just an ordinary guy, but someone she's getting married to so they need to get used to it sooner.

Siza: Well, take some food with you and feed that boy, he has lost weight.

Her mother breaks the silence and she feels relieved and nods quickly getting up to clear the table. She doesn't want to hear her father's response.

After washing the dishes, she goes to her room and starts packing, not sure what to take and leave behind. It's only one night, what she needs the most is her office wear for tomorrow and then she's sorted.

Themba: Knock-knock

Bongiwe: Why do you knock because you are already inside!?

Themba: Is that new underwear I see?

Bongiwe: Themba!

Themba:(raising his hands while sitting on the bed) Sorry.

Bongiwe: What do you want?

Themba: I just came to give you this...

He hands her a pack of condoms and the look she gives him is murderous.

Bongiwe: Really Themba?

Themba: What? I know you said you are waiting for marriage but just in case you know, I mean no one will blame you if it happens. You two love each other and are getting married so what? Just place it safely so that you don't fall pregnant before you say "I do".

Bongiwe: Says someone with 2 kids from different mothers...

Themba: Ouch!

Bongiwe: I appreciate that you care but I don't want to have this conversation with you. Thapelo and I won't have sex until our big night.

Themba: Okay

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have fun either way.

Bongiwe: Thank you mntase, I'm nervous, don't even know what I'm going to wear.

Themba: Try this one, it hugs your body and reveals your ass...

Bongiwe: Themba bathong!

Themba: Ai ke angisazi, you clearly don't want my help. I'm out. Enjoy yourself and please be his girlfriend not mam mfundisi okay?

Bongiwe: (sighs) Okay...

They share a tight hug and he walks out of her bedroom. She notices that he drops the pack of condoms inside her bags and she rolls her eyes taking them out.

Bongiwe:Themba! I'll kill this boy I swear...

MELUSI

Before going to work he decides to pay Dr Nzuzza a visit so they can talk about his health's progress.

Dr Nzuzza: I'm happy to see you in this state Mr Bhengu.

Melusi: It's thanks to your counseling services, not to forget your future son in law, he helped me so much.

Nzuzza: I'm glad, how is your wife?

Melusi: She's okay, pregnancy hormones driving her crazy.

Nzuzi: You are a better man than I am Ngcolosi and I applaud you for that. I am a christian I agree but I doubt I will have the courage to stick around like you do. I really wish you all the best, you deserve it.

Melusi: Thank you my brother, what can we say? We vowed and I am just sticking to them.

Nzuzi: Sounds like a trap to me but like I said, you are a better man than me.

MEANWHILE AT THE RECEPTION....

Themba arrives carrying a lunchbox prepared by his mother. He greets the reception lady whom he used to flirt with back in the days but not anymore.

Themba: Good morning, I'm here to give my father this lunch box.

Her: He's with a patient, you can leave it here and I...

Themba: Not a chance, what if you put some love inside? I'll be in and out.

He winks at her and walks to his father's office whistling, it's still early, before his operating hours even. Most of the people he works with haven't arrived. The door is slightly open and he can hear the laughter before two gentlemen...

Before he can knock, his ears eavesdrop something he wasn't supposed to. Peeking through the small opening from the door, he sees Melusi and his heart almost jump to the throat.

He turns back quickly and runs back to the front desk.

Themba: You know what, I think it's rude to interrupt dad with a patient. Please make sure he gets his food and don't try anything funny, God is watching you!

The lady shakes her hand while accepting the lunchbox and Themba rushes out to his car while trying to call Angela but realises that his number is blocked.

Themba: Damnit!

ANGELA

In her sexy gym wear, she is outside the house near the pool meditating and stretches her arms and legs slowly and softly. Her belly is hard and grows fast already. Or maybe it's her imagination that makes her think that.

She cannot wait to start showing, everyday she resists the urge to purchase baby clothes because of the black tradition obviously.

Her procedure gets interrupted when she hears some commotion from the gate between the security men and someone who tries to drive in.

Angela: Hey, what's going on guys?

Man1: There's a young man here by Themba Nzuzza requesting to see you.

Oh God, does Themba have a dead wish or what? Where does he get the liver to come here? What does he even want?

Angela: (sighs) It's fine, let him in.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 30

ANGELA

Themba gets out of his car and looks around, Angela is folding her hands looking at him in disbelief. He still looks good though, her anger won't dispute that but first things first, what is he doing here?

Themba: Hi.

Angela: Hello

Themba: Can we talk? In private please.

She sighs and packs her things leading Themba to the house and closes the door.

Angela: Are you crazy? Why are you here?

Themba: So, you are really pregnant?

His eyes are at her tummy, so she wasn't imagining the growth of her stomach?

Angela: Why are you asking the obvious? I told you this, didn't I?

Themba: I know, I know. In my crazy mind I thought you were joking or just messing with me.

Wow! Talk about madness.

Angela: Why waste my time messing with you with lies?

Themba: I was going through the most that time. I'm sorry about all you said, I now know you weren't lying about the possibilities of me being a father.

Her heart skips a beat at that, she doesn't need this, not now!

Angela: What are you talking about?

Themba: Your husband can't make kids, I overheard him telling my dad about this whole thing...

Angela: Wait, how is your dad linked with Melusi?

Themba: He is his personal doctor...

Angela feels weak and uses the table for a balance.

Themba: I'm sorry Angela, I have never been one to deny responsibility. I have my own money now and am working on a legacy...

Angela: Themba, stop it!

Themba: Please hear me out...

Angela: No Themba, I told Melusi that the father of this baby is some random guy from the gym.

Themba: Why would you do that?

Angela: To protect you silly!

Themba: I don't need your protection, and this sounds like you are planning to keep my baby away from me.

Angela looks up at him and claps her hands in disbelief.

Angela: It's now your baby? Have you suddenly forgotten that I am married?

Themba: That's your business not mine, you are not keeping my child from me neither are you going to give my baby your husband's surname. I don't know how you are going to fix this but do it!

She feels tears burning her face, what did she do?

Angela: Why are you so selfish?

Themba: You are the selfish one Angela, you know I love you and you do this to me?

Angela: Is this your way of punishing me for refusing a thing with you? I am married!

Themba: You knew you were married when you came to me uninvited and seduced me!

She loses it and slaps him so hard he turns pink with furrowed eyebrows. He blinks twice and grabs his car keys walking out and slams the door behind him.

The 1st head guard rushes in and stands a bit far from her.

Man1: Is everything okay madam?

Angela:(wiping her tears) Yes, please don't tell my husband about this.

Man1: But the footage...

Angela: Do something about it, unless you hate the peace around this place lately.

She is emotionally blackmailing him because she knows he has a soft spot for him.

Man1: I will see what I can do, but this should not happen again or else I'll be in trouble. I'll handle the other guys.

Angela: Thank you Mmeli.

BONGIWE

Monday is finally here and she is yawning while getting ready for work. Last night everything was amazing, he arrived at a candlelit dinner set up, with nice R&B and soul music playing in the background.

Her mother's food was put in the fridge and they bond and talk until the early hours of the morning. He opened up to her in a way he's never done before and she got a chance to apologize for doubting him when he needed her support the most.

And today, standing in front of the mirror in his house, she is trying to put on her expensive diamond necklace he bought for her. Now that she knows he can afford it, she doesn't worry about the cost.

Thapelo: Let me help you with that, this is for you.

Bongiwe: Thank you babe.

He hands her the coffee and helps with the necklace while she takes a sip. They stare at each other from the mirror.

Thapelo: You look so beautiful.

Bongiwe:(blushing) Thank you...

She turns around and faces him, the heels make her a bit taller. His hands on her waist are sending goosebumps on her stomach and this is the feeling she's been battling with for the whole night. Thapelo has strong self control, sharing the same bed didn't push him to break his promise to her.

Thapelo: Don't go to work, please stay..

He says it in a whisper behind her ears, his breathing alone is causing a stir between her panties.

Bongiwe: Babe...

Thapelo: You are the boss babe, you can work from home and I will get us more food. I just can't get enough of your presence.

Bongiwe: That's why it's a good thing we are getting married soon so that we can spend every moment together. I really have to go baby, I'll call you later. Have a great day.

She kisses him and grabs her things walking out so fast. If she doesn't run away now, she won't be able to resist this man further. After driving out, a message comes in from Thapelo.

" You forgot your overnight bag "

Bongiwe:(typing) Please bring it to the office.

Thapelo:(typing) Or, come get it later.

Bongiwe toses the phone aside and concentrate on the road, this one is clearly enjoying torturing her, she sees him.

ABDUL

His mind and focus is buried in this new business venture he is starting. It's not entirely new

just an old business he abandoned and now he is giving it his full attention and reviving it back to life.

His body, and eyes are tired from sitting on this chair for a good 6 hours without moving. Samantha walks in with another cup of coffee, probably the 10th one for today and places it on the table.

Abdul: Thank you babe...

Samantha: Okay this got to stop!

Abdul: (taking a sip) What?

Samantha: You have literally become a zombie these past few days, hardly eating or sleeping enough.

Abdul: Because baby I...

Samantha: Securing our future, I know but I am still your wife and got needs!

Abdul brushes his face and gets up from the chair to her side.

Abdul: Samantha, this is me trying to secure our future. Remember how you cried when everything collapsed and said we are going to be broke? I'm doing all I can so that we don't get there! Please be patient with me, I'll do better and give you some love tonight, okay?

Samantha:(sighs) Okay

Abdul:(kissing her lips) That's my girl.

Samantha: I'll go back and finish making lunch.

Abdul: Okay baby, let me make a few calls then take a break.

She smiles and leaves his office back to the kitchen. She is not happy about how things have turned out to be and mostly about how Abdul is not supporting his elder brother as he should. The way he is doing seems like he always expected this and it doesn't send out a good image.

Tabloids still today are having fun about the destruction between the two brothers after being so untouchable. She misses the dangerous side of Abdul, the drama and chaos that came with him taking every trip to Johannesburg.

Now all he does is lock himself in there and be on phone calls the whole day. That's not fun. Her phone rings and it's a private number, she looks around before answering.

Samantha: Hello?

Ibrahim: Sam, can you talk?

Samantha: Yes.

Ibrahim: I need you to take a trip to Johannesburg tomorrow, there's something I need you to do for me.

Samantha: What? That's short notice, what will I say to Abdul?

Ibrahim: You are a smart woman, you are going to figure something out. Whatever you do, make sure he doesn't find out about this.

Samantha:(sighs) What kind of favor do you want?

Ibrahim: I can't tell you over the phone but trust me, it's going to restore the dignity and status we had as a family.

Samantha: If that's the case then I'll be there.

Ibrahim: Good girl, see you tomorrow.

Samantha: Bye...

The call ends, she deletes the record and puts it away thinking about what to tell Abdul about going to Joburg.

THAPELO

He is in a happy mood, who wouldn't? After signing and fetching the promised H1 car by Hyundai. The enemy has tried him but the God he serves is greater than all witches combined.

The first step out of the dealership's compound is the cemetery. Her grandmother and mother's tombstones are freshly erected and stand out.

He brought them fresh flowers, talked to his granny, updating him about the changes in his life and that he is getting married soon. After 30 minutes, he drives to Bongiwe's office laughing at how she ran away this morning. She is just cute and that makes him love her more.

Thapelo: Knock-knock.

He knocks at her door and she lifts her head up and smiles getting up.

Bongiwe: Babe, did you bring my bag?

Thapelo: Nope, it's where you left it.

Bongiwe: But babe...

Thapelo:(laughing) Kanti why are you running away from me?

Bongiwe:(looking down) I don't know what you are talking about. I'm not running away from you.

Thapelo: Oh really? Look at me...

She lifts her head up and her eyes are so clear and full of love. She's all his, to love, cherish and protect.

Thapelo: I want to show you something, come with me.

He takes her hand and leads her outside and she screams seeing the car and jumps on him.

Bongiwe: Thapelo, congratulations!

Thapelo: Thank you baby.

She wraps herself around him and gives him a very passionate kiss. His hands softly caress her waist and ass. She pulls back from the kiss and her eyes are like Jackie Chan, so small. She is looking at his boner from the pants and he chuckles.

Thapelo:(biting his lips) Do you want to touch/hold it?

Bongiwe:(popping her eyes out) Bathong baby!

Thapelo: What, it's yours.

Bongiwe:(clearing her throat) People are watching..

Thapelo: We can go to the car or your office, there's more space there.

He silently laughs, the way she is red from blushing and doesn't even know what to say cracks him up. His ringing phone saves him, it's Themba calling.

Thapelo: Sbari...

Themba: Bhuti Thapelo, I need to see you and talk. I am not okay!

Thapelo: I'm with your sister, where are you?

Themba: Driving to your office...

Thapelo: I'll be there.

He ends the call and turns to Bongwiwe who looks calm now and brings her closer to him kissing her.

Bongwiwe: Was that Themba?

Thapelo: Yes, I am sorry I have to go baby, it sounds urgent.

Bongwiwe: I wonder, congratulations on your car babe. I am really proud of the man you are and becoming.

Thapelo: Thank you love, we'll celebrate properly later right?

He plants a soft kiss on her cheek, winks and walks away chuckling alone....

To be continued...

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 31

THEMBA

He doesn't know what to do about this or who to tell. His parents are the last people to go to, especially since his father is Mr Bhengu's doctor. The only person he trusts is Thapelo, waiting for him seems to be forever but he finally arrives.

The car he's driving lifts his mood up immediately and he can't help but congratulate the man. From humble beginnings to grace, if there's anyone who deserves this, it's clearly him.

After checking the car and taking pictures of it, they follow each other to the office and Thapelo rests on his chair.

Thapelo: You disturbed a very special moment between me and my woman, what is it?

Themba: That woman is my sister njalo...

Thapelo: (chuckling) Are you jealous?

Themba: Mxm...

Thapelo: Let's hear it, what's happening sbari? You sounded so bothered when you called.

Themba: I'm trapped between a rock and hard place, I don't know what to do. Remember the married women I told you about?

Thapelo: The one you think is your soulmate?

Themba: Yes, that one. She's pregnant and I just discovered that it's my baby.

Thapelo whistles, it is indeed complicated.

Thapelo: How did you find out about this, does the husband know?

Themba: She told me at first but I denied it because I didn't want anything to do with her and already I have 2 kids. But then I overheard the husband's conversation with my dad at his office this morning.

He knows that she's pregnant for someone else but has no idea it's mine. I'm conflicted, I don't want my child to be raised by another man.

Thapelo: Is this because you want to be present in the child's life or you are doing it to spite the woman?

Themba: Maybe, I don't know. All I know is I'm confused, I am not ready for a 3rd baby. Does she and the husband have legal claims to my child?

Thapelo: Yes because they are still married and besides Themba, are you sure you want to be a father? Don't get me wrong, it is well within your rights to have a relationship with your child but don't do it at the expense of someone else's marriage.

You don't want to break what God joined together by being bitter. If you know you won't be present and give this child what s/he deserves, both parents, I suggest you take a step back.

If you want to be present, do it the right way. You say your father is this man's doctor, talk to your father, he's an elder

and can have this sorted out without drama. We are both men, you know very well how much it might have taken for that man to accept that child and plan to raise it with his wife.

I've come across a similar situation where a husband discovered that his wife is carrying another man's baby. But because he desperately wants to be a father, he chose to forgive his wife.

I'm not saying walk away from your blood but please, do not let greed consume you. If you want this to work with no drama, talk to your father or this husband directly. They might have had problems which may have led you to sleeping with the wife but you are not innocent either. It takes two to tango, you also knew she was married but left your seed inside her.

Themba sighs, wiping the sweat in his face. Does he even want another baby? Just when he is picking pieces of his life and trying to do right? He doesn't even have a home for his kids. Maybe he is selfish, Angela is a good person. Even if he doesn't get to be with her, at least he gave her a gift that she will always treasure everytime she looks at.

Themba: Could you please lend me your phone? I need to type and send someone a message, they blocked my number.

Thapelo unlocks his phone and pushes it to his side.

SAMANTHA

It takes a lot of explaining and heavy lies for Abdul to believe her stories and now she's here, at the Johannesburg maximum prison, heavy on disguise so that no one recognizes her.

Ibrahim is finally brought to her and God, this fire did him badly. She wonders if he do looks at him in the mirror

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maybe not and that's for his best really because he will be depressed considering how gorgeous this man used to be.

Ibrahim: I'm glad you made it Sam, how are you?

Sam: Well, you made it sound urgent and spoke about how it's going to return you guys to power. That's why I am here, what is it?

Ibrahim: I need you to get some money I hid for me.

Sam: Okay, where?

Ibrahim: The house Pam lives at, there's money I buried in the pool there. No one knows about it, including your husband.

Wow, so much for brotherhood!

Sam: Times are tough, Abdul won't agree that I just fly there for no good reason.

Ibrahim: He's my brother, I will talk to him and it's going to be like you are there to take care of Pam.

There's money buried somewhere around South Africa, I'll give you the address of where to find it. That money is already used since I have to use it to pay for my freedom and for my surgery when I walk out of here.

Sam: I want to ask what is the plan with you escaping this place...

Ibrahim: Please don't, the less you know, the better.

Sam: Very well then...

Ibrahim:(touching her hand) Sam, I have been betrayed a lot by people. I have zero tolerance left for betrayal. I am asking you to do this because you and I share a strong bond...

Samantha pulls her hand back and adjusts her scarf. That night was a mistake that will never happen. She's here because she wants her old life back, the rich housewife title not to jump into bed with him again. Besides, he's lost his touch now.

Samantha: We agreed to never talk about that...

Ibrahim: I know, it's just that sometimes I wonder how life would have been if I met you first. You are street wiser, we would be running the streets together. I have strong feelings for you Samantha..

Samantha: Ibrahim please stop...

Ibrahim: Why do you think I haven't made Pamela my wife?

Samantha doesn't say anything but blinks, Ibrahim holds her hands.

Ibrahim: I will give you the life you desire, far away from this place and everyone we know. We will be King and Queen and I shall hunt that girl down and show her who is the boss, just trust me...okay?

AYANDA

She is in her Orange bikini looking sexy as hell swimming in her pool drinking expensive champagne. Life turned out to be good for her and she's enjoying every moment of it.

Ahmed is still a nuisance but she's keeping him around for resources and skills. The man is teaching her a lot, especially about the drug business. She owns a portion of it and it generates so much money for her.

To clean her drug money, she owns a couple of boutiques, and now is looking into buying into a club. Her mother and sister live in a different country from where she is. No one knows about her involvement in the drug business, she is anonymous for now and plans to keep it like that until further notice.

As for Ahmed, she is planning for his murder slowly and wants it to be painful. No matter how much he flashes money and affection to her, she will never forget that night.

From time to time she checks up on Pam and her pregnancy from a distance. She wishes to reach out and talk to her face to face but then, she doesn't want to risk it because she doesn't trust no one!

She wraps her sexy body with a towel and walks barefoot back to her mansion. Her phone has a message from her contact back in South Africa. She lit her cigarette and stand by the window playing the recording smoking.

Why is he not surprised that Ibrahim betrayed his brother and now is manipulating the naive Sam into his game? She shakes

her head and scrolls down to his emails that Ahmed forwarded to her days ago.

Abdul is venturing into the transportation business, trucks, trains, buses and ships. Maybe it's time to make an investment and anonymously partner with him.

Nothing will bring her joy than to see Abdul taking Ibrahim out, for good. She won't tell him for now, he needs money and to be back on his feet.

As for the money buried in SA, oh well, he's late! How can she make Pam aware of this without revealing her source or herself?

To be continued.....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 32

ANGELA

Her phone vibrates and she reads the message from Themba texting her with a different number and shakes her head. Like really? This guy is going to be a problem.

Deep down she wants to tell Melusi the truth so that she can not live her life looking behind her shoulder but at the same time is scared.

She deletes the text message from Themba and sits down thinking about what to do. Confessing will bring out so many questions from Melusi and ruin his relationship that he has with the doctor, he doesn't want that.

What she can pray and hope for now is that Themba sticks to his words and actually leaves them alone. He has two kids, let this be a gift from him to her.

ABDUL

He looks at his wife standing by the corner and just observing everything. Ever since she got back from visiting her cousin back in Joburg, she has been acting weird and very jumpy.

Slowly, he moves to her side and holds her waist and she jumps startled and sighs realizing it's him.

Sam: You scared me!

Abdul: What's bothering you?

Sam: Nothing, why do you ask?

Abdul: You are jumpy and hardly even look at me or be around me.

Sam: I thought you needed space to work and think about business.

Abdul: And I thought you wanted my attention.

She sighs and frees herself from his embrace.

Sam: I'm sorry, my mind is all over the place lately. Thinking about our finances and all.

Abdul: That should not bother you, I am working on it.

Sam: I know but...

Abdul: Please hold on...

He takes out his phone that's vibrating and frowns at the emails and bank notifications.

Sam: What is it?

Abdul: Looks like we have a partner...

Sam: Really, who is it?

Abdul: That's what I need to find out. I'll go check on it.

He kisses her cheeks and walks back to his office. So much money!

PAMELLA

She received a message from Ayanda to meet and talk. After debating with herself if she should, she decided to go meet her. I mean what's there to lose?

It's been over 5 minutes waiting at this restaurant she picked and she is starting to lose patience. Picking up her phone to make a call, she hears footsteps and the sound of stilettos coming to her table.

Pam lifts her head up and looks at her, she looks good, very good and rich. Ayanda takes off her sunglasses and pulls a chair sitting down.

Ayanda: I'm sorry I'm late, I had to make sure you are alone.

Pam:(rolling her eyes) Why am I here?

Ayanda: How are you doing Pam?

Pam: Ayanda...

Ayanda: When last did you talk to Ibrahim...

She needs to calm down, for the sake of her baby.

Pam: I haven't since his arrest.

Ayanda: Mhmm, did you know he slept with Abdul's wife?

Pam: What?

Ayanda: Makes me wonder if the late child isn't his...

Pam:(breathing heavily) Ayanda what do you want?

Ayanda: You don't believe me do you?

Of course she doesn't, Sam and Ibrahim? Nah, she's not his type and Ibrahim cannot do his brother like that. Ayanda takes out her phone and plays a recording. It's short but she hears Ibrahim admits to having a passionate night with Sam, saying it's the reason why he is not marrying her.

Pam: I can't believe this!

Ayanda: It's sad I know

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what's more sad he's planning a future with her, not you. What about his baby?

Pam:(tears streaming down her face) I thought he loved me!

Ayanda:(holding her hand) I can help you Pamela, I just need you to trust me.

Pamela: Help me how?

Ayanda: I have a plan but you need to promise me not to confront Ibrahim about this.

Pamela: I don't talk to him...

Ayanda: Good, there's money hidden in your house.

Pamela: Money? Where?

Ayanda:(smiling) Let's order, I'll tell you all about it. How's the baby?

Pamela:(smiling weakly) Fine I guess...

BONGIWE

It's knock off time and she couldn't wait to go and get her bag from Thapelo's place. To her luck, he's not around. She packs her things, leaving some just to mark her territory and prepare to leave.

Thapelo arrives just in time carrying groceries and goodies. She helps him load the stuff inside and to the cupboards.

Thapelo: So babe, I spoke to my uncles and pastor about the lobolo, they will be here tomorrow for the writing of the letter and you will take it to your parents Friday.

Bongiwe: It's finally happening? I'm so excited!

Thapelo: Yes babe it's happening and I know your father still respects his tradition as much as he is Christian.

Bongiwe: Best believe he does, hence I need to go home before he loses it.

Thapelo: I understand babe, although I wish you could stay.

She walks up to him and wraps her arms around him, stares at him.

Bongiwe: We have our whole lives together, please be patient.

Thapelo: I will try...

She kisses him softly and gently. He responds by pulling her closer to him and something inside her awakes, she wants him so badly! He pulls back.

Thapelo: You should go before it gets dark...

She looks at him and steps closer, her hands on his chest to his shirt's button.

Bongiwe: I don't want to go...

Thapelo: Bongiwe...

Bongiwe: I want you.

He opens his mouth to say something but she shuts him up with a hungry kiss and unbutton his shirt roughly, causing the buttons to scatter around.

Failure to resist the temptation, he picks her up and places her on top of the table and stands between her legs...

Thapelo: Are you sure about this?

Bongiwe: Yes, please don't stop. I love you Thapelo and I want to do this with you!

His hand travels under her skirt, his touch giving her some fireworks and goosebumps to her stomach. She tilted her head back, giving him more access to bite his neck....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 33

BONGIWE

"babe, Bongiwe, please wake up"

A voice says nearby , she lifts her head up and sees Thapelo. Shit, it was a dream! What a weird dream, but thank God it is because she would have been so embarrassed.

He is holding her bag and sits at the table looking at her as she stretches her arms.

Thapelo: Are you okay?

Bongiwe: I'm good babe just tired...

Thapelo: Okay, pack up, let's go home.

She nods and starts gathering her things around thinking about how it is such a bad idea to fall asleep during the day.

Bongiwe: What did Themba want?

Thapelo: Some advice, I hope I managed to help.

Bongiwe: Mhmm...

Thapelo: Babe, I was talking to my pastor today. Does your father accept lobolo and we just have to straight away plan a wedding?

Bongiwe: He does yoooh, he may be a Christian and all but he hasn't forgotten his tradition.

Thapelo: I see, well I will talk to my uncle about writing that letter so that you can take it to your parents.

Bongiwe: Okay baby...I'm done here we can go.

He carries all the bags and walks with her to the parking lot where he loads everything inside.

Thapelo: I guess I'm seeing you Saturday?

Bongiwe: Yep, you will.

Thapelo: Okay baby, I can't wait. I know lately I have been teasing you and all but I promise not to break our promises to each other and the Lord. All that I've been doing, was me preparing you for our marriage life.

We will have sex and we are both going to enjoy it without feeling guilt about sinning. We are humans who sins everyday but let's avoid this one.

Why does he talk as if he knew what she was dreaming about? She nods and lay her head on his chest and he wraps his arms around her.

PAMELLA

She is on a video call with Themba and catching up about everything that has happened, telling him about what Ayanda has said and her plans.

Themba: Mhmm, I don't know Pam, how do you feel about all of this?

Pam: That's why I'm calling you, I'm so hurt like everything feels so unfair. I'm all pregnant and alone.

Themba: I hear you preggie and honestly your man is a dog. I know I'm one of the trash from my gender but yours takes a cup. I never thought I would say it but I think it's best you leave him. Focus on your pregnancy and dust yourself up. It's a good thing you weren't married to that trash, you would be probably trapped now.

Pam: It still doesn't take the pain away, Themba. He said he didn't marry me because he has feelings for Sam.

Themba: Ai, lento yenu isgaxa nje, uyayazi i wishy wishy? All I'm saying is be careful Pam, you have never been stupid. I don't trust this Ayanda, with the money and connections, I will advise you to be careful.

Pam: What can she do to me though?

Themba: I don't know but I don't trust nor like her. She crashed down our business, and what does she stand to gain by helping you? Think Pamela, and best believe me, she is not doing this out of her good heart.

Pam: I hear you, my head is heavy. Let's talk about something else. What's your whoring ass been up to lately?

Themba: (sighs) I'm caught up in a serious drama.

Pam: What happened?

Themba: I got entangled with a married woman, a whole minister's wife.

Pam: Themba, wena uzofa!(you will die)

Themba: Listen

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she's pregnant...

Pam: No!

Themba: And I'm the father...

Pam: uhhh what, how do you know that?

Themba: Long story but he's infertile.

Pam: Amen!

She claps her hands and reaches for more snacks.

Themba: I've promised to stay away from them, you know.

Pam: Okay, does that include the baby?

Themba: Yes, although it kind of hurts but I think they both deserve it, after everything that they have been through.

Pam: Mhmm, okay well donating your sperm is not a problem. Only if you do it right and promise not to harass the couple once the baby is born.

Themba: I will do my best. I want to fix things with Samke.

Pam: Now that's interesting, tell me more....

THAPELO

After parting ways with Bongiwe, he goes home but decides to pass by the Johnsons first as he receives a text asking him to come from the senior.

Arriving at their house, he finds Jaden taking the garden tools to the garage and they greet each other talking.

Jaden: How is the preparation for the event coming?

Thapelo: So far so good, I need to get this conference out of the way so that I can focus on getting married.

Jaden: It's going to be a blast, I am so looking forward to it.

Thapelo: Tell me about it, so many great and powerful men are coming. God is good.

Jaden: You did it buddy, your story touched and inspired so many people. I'm proud of you.

Thapelo: it wouldn't be possible with you and family's support. Let me see your father.

Jaden: Do that, I need to shower, look how dirty I look.

Thapelo proceeds to the house and sees Mr Johnson's senior seated with another man, an old black man.

Thapelo: Good afternoon.

Johnsons: Ah Thapelo, you are here? Please have a seat.

He sits next to Mr Johnsons and looks at this old man from head to toe.

Johnsons: Urhm this is...

Thapelo: I know who it is, sorry for cutting you.

Man:(coughing) Son...

Thapelo:(raised eyebrow) Son?

Man: You are my late son's seed so that practically makes you my son.

Thapelo: Really now?

Johnsons: Thapelo...

Thapelo: Mr Johnsons I'm sorry but I will not sit here for this. These people put my grandmother and I through hell blaming her for things she had no control over! They called my mom a curse, whereas his son shot my mom! I will never forget how HE told me never to call him again when I needed him the most. You and your entire family rejected me and my grandmother!

These people didn't even have the decency to come bury my grandmother and now he is here calling me his son? In what regard?

Man: Thapelo we all make mistakes in life, I am just glad I realised mine sooner..

Thapelo:(chuckling) 29 years later is sooner to you?

Man: Please forgive me and my family..

Thapelo: I am Christian but not stupid, don't ever mistake the two. Mr Johnsons, I'll see you around.

Johnsons: Have a good evening son.

ABDUL

He comes to the kitchen to get some water for his bottle. Sam is taking a shower after cooking. Her phone rings, it is plugged on the charger.

Abdul: Sam, your phone is ringing!

Sam: I'll come get it!

She shouts back from the bedroom, it stops ringing and rings again immediately. Abdul takes it and answers without saying anything.

Ibrahim: Sam, you won't believe this! So Ayanda took the bait and now we need to move to the second phase of our plan!
Hello? Sam? Are you there?

Abdul hangs up and looks at the screen in disbelief, Sam shows up with a white towel wrapped around her body, her hair still wet.

Sam: Why is my phone in your hands? Who was calling?

The way he is so angry, now he is connecting the dots adding up her behavior from Joburg linking it to this call.

Abdul: What are you doing with my brother?

Sam: Huh?

Abdul: You heard me, don't "huh" me because you are going to piss me off!

Sam jumps as his voice raises and Abdul's phone rings from his pockets. It's a private number. Abdul: Hello?

Voice: Hi, do you have a moment to talk?

Abdul: Who's this? Voice: Ayanda...

To be continued

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 34

ABDUL

He moves a bit away from Sam after handing her back the phone. This woman's liver to call him, wow!

Abdul: What do you want?

Ayanda: To help you...

Abdul: (chuckling) Help me? After you destroyed everything that I worked so hard for?

Ayanda:(sighs) I'm sorry you got caught up in that, you are a good man despite the love of money. I needed to teach your brother a lesson, that two can play the game. It's unfortunate that you got dragged down with him.

Abdul: Woman, you are playing a very dangerous game, I don't know if you realize it?

Ayanda: I do, look, I got what I wanted and I am happy with it. But your brother is proving to be stubborn and still thinks it's okay to trick me to be a fool.

Abdul: How is that any of my business?

Ayanda: Because you are being made a fool right under your nose. She's planning a future and escaping with your brother.

Abdul: Huh?

Ayanda: That's right. Believe me or not but he had an affair with her in the past. Makes me wonder if that child was yours.

Abdul: You are now overstepping boundaries talking about my late daughter!

Ayanda: I'm sorry, I know it's a sensitive topic but please ask yourself why is she meeting up with him privately? Why not tell you if it's so innocent?

He wipes his sweat and remembers the call.

Abdul: He called her and said you took a bait?

Ayanda: I know, your wife's phone is bugged by my people. He wants to play you into believing that he is doing all of this to get

me. Well that's correct but at the same time, he's betraying you!

Abdul: I don't know what to make of this, I never saw it coming!

Ayanda: And you don't deserve it, I remember how you were kind enough to offer me a way out. I sometimes wish I took it but oh well, it's already late now to think about that.

Abdul:(swallowing hard) Thank you for letting me know.

Ayanda: You welcome, about the bait he's talking about, I think it's the money hidden in Pamela's house.

Abdul: There's money there?

Ayanda: Yes.

Abdul: Wow!

Ayanda: I know but don't worry, Pamela is going to share it with you. I have to go.

Abdul: Wait, why are you telling me all of this?

Ayanda: So that you can wake up and be careful around your wife. Who knows what she might do next? What if she poisons you?

Abdul: And why do I have to trust you?

Ayanda: You don't have to, but you are smart, use your logic!

The call ends and he sighs heavily, blinking his tears off. He decides to lock himself in the office just to think about the next move from here. A spam email from an unknown user pops up with a file. He downloads it and its audio files, recording conversations between Ibrahim and Samantha.

He pauses it and looks for his headsets ensuring that the door is locked before playing them.

BONGIWE

She just got off from a call with Thapelo. They were talking about this old man who just showed up from nowhere. She understands his frustrations about this and her advice to the issue is that he should forgive him, all of his paternal family and continue living his life.

Forgiving a person doesn't mean keeping them in your life, you are doing it for yourself, because the longer you stay angry , the more damage occurs to your life and health.

It's not a secret that he is showing up now because Thapelo has made a name for himself, it's nothing new. He's not the first or last one, even the women who didn't look in his direction back then will now smile widely at him because he has made a name for himself!

Cassper Nyovest once said "you are rich/doing good when everyone claims you are their cousin" .

Her thoughts get interrupted by her mother ululating while making her way to the kitchen where she is. She knows what got Mrs Nzuzza so excited but she keeps quiet and waits for her.

Siza: Bongiwe, uthule nendaba engaka! (why keep such a secret)

Bongiwe:(chuckling) What?

Siza: Your dad just told me the good news about the letter. Now it explains why you are working from home and spring cleaning.

Bongiwe: Well...

Siza:(hugging her) I'm so happy my baby, you really have made me proud. Not only by getting married but how you respected God. Because without the respect that you have for God, you wouldn't have been able to respect us as parents.

I know you are going to continue being a good wife and I am here for you any time or day.

Bongiwe: I know mama

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I am happy and sad at the same time. I will be starting a complete new life away from the one I've known for 25 years.

Sizakele: I know why they say umendo kukwa mfazi ongemama. You will be okay, you are not really venturing to a completely different life. I believe that we were the role models for you so go there and be a good wife.

Bongiwe: Thank you mama...

Siza: Saturday is just around the corner, geez what am I going to wear?

Bongiwe: Ai bo girl, kanti kulotsholwa wena yini? (who's getting married?)

Siza: Please, the mother of the bride needs to look good. I'm going to ask your father for some money.

She says shaking her hips and ass walking away and Bongiwe laughs, her mom is dramatic like that.

SAMKE

It's another rehearsal with the models as they get it on routine with their heels and music. She loves doing this and being able to teach the girls about it excites her even harder.

From the glass door, she sees Themba walking in carrying flowers and some gifts. She pauses the music as soon as he walks in.

Samke: Okay ladies let's take a 5 minute break and we'll be back.

She turns to Themba who looks and smells so good as they hug.

Samke: This is a nice surprise, what are you doing here?

Themba: Well, I figured it must be a tough day for you so I brought you some lunch.

Samke: Ncooh, thank you. That was very thoughtful of you, and the flowers, I love them.

Themba: gorgeous flowers for a gorgeous girl.

Samke:(chuckling while blushing in between) Stop it!

Themba:What are you doing Saturday?

Samke: Nothing much why?

Themba: Well, my sister's delegation is taking place.

Samke: Oh my word for real? Bongwiwe is getting married?
Wow!

Themba: Yeah she is, from what I heard, the groom's family izombesa same time(bear gifts)

Samke: Oh okay, so there will be decor and stuff?

Themba: Yeah, something small for friends and family. So you can come.

Samke: Okay, I'll prepare your son and...

Themba: You are not coming there as the mother of my son but as my person.

She stops eating and looks at him, he is not joking.

Samke: Okay Themba what is this?

Themba: What?

Samke: You are calling a lot lately, buying me gifts and now this. What are you playing at?

Themba: I'm not playing at anything, I want you back in my life Samke, not as a baby mama.

Samke: Themba...

Themba: Please, give me another chance. I promise I will do better and you won't regret it.

Samke: What about the other woman, the one you think she's your soulmate?

Themba: I came back to my senses.

Samke: Themba, not with my heart...

Themba: I promise I won't...

He closes the distance between them and places his lips onto hers slowly turning it into a passionate kiss. She kisses him back.

ANGELA

They are at a doctor's office for her usual pregnancy check up and Melusi is here for the first time ever. She's now approaching 12 weeks and so excited and can't wait for the time where she will know the gender of her baby.

Angela: Are you okay?

She asks, holding Melusi's hand, he is awkwardly silent ever since they got here. He bends and kisses her on the lips.

Melusi: I'm good.

Dr Brown: Okay my people I am back, let us continue.

They focus on the screen as the ultrasound is being done.

Dr Brown: You hear that? It's the heart beat of your baby, strong and normal.

Angela: Wow, baby our baby is getting big!

She is excited and emotional about this, Melusi lets go of her hand abruptly and steps back. She turns to look at him as the doctor wears a confused look on her face.

Angela: babe?

Malusi: I'm sorry, please excuse me.

He runs out immediately without looking back....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 35

MELUSI

Walking out of the room, he heads straight to the cars and gets inside at the back and lets go of the tears he has been holding.

Reality just kicked in and it clicks to him that for him to experience such kind of joy is to fully accept this. He loves his wife and doesn't want to break up with her, that has been established

But he won't lie and say that he doesn't worry, stay awake at night to ask himself questions about this whole thing. Wondering what would happen if the father of this child shows up one day and claims the baby?

There's no single day that passes without him regretting putting his wife through all of that because if he was truthful instead of turning her into a punching ball, they wouldn't be here today.

The doors open and she joins him as he shifts making a space for her.

Angela: Baby, what's wrong?

Melusi: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to walk out like that.

She takes his hands and places them on top of hers.

Angela: It's okay, do you want to talk about it?

Melusi: It's just that when I heard the baby's heartbeat I was overwhelmed with emotions.

Angela: I understand...

Melusi: Don't feel bad, it's just evoked the realities in me. I am still committed to this, I just need you to give me time, okay?

Angela: Okay, come here.

She opens her arms and embraces him into a very tight hug.

Angela: We are going to be okay, not now, tomorrow or next week. But we will be fine, as a family, together.

Melusi: Thank you.

She wipes her tears with her manicured finger and he smiles.

Angela: Okay, I'm hungry.

Melusi: Are you done?

Angela: I asked her to reschedule. Can we go by the mall?

Melusi: Yes we can, babe. I have been invited to a friend's delegation. We need an outfit for it.

Angela: Wow Melusi, you are only telling me now! When is this happening?

Melusi: Tomorrow...

Angela: Wow! I need to call my stylist because I can't. I don't want my bump to show as yet.

Melusi signals to his drivers to move and the cars start moving.

SAM

She is home alone, Abdul just drove out a few minutes ago saying he has some business to talk about. Things are a bit shaky after the phone call from Ibrahim yesterday but she managed to lie her way out.

Now she's at the back of the house, using her secret small phone.

Ibrahim: How are things, is he suspicious?

Sam: He's quiet

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you know your brother. But I think we are good.

Ibrahim: It's just that he hasn't said or asked me anything but we need to move and do it quicker.

Sam: I am no longer sure about this, Abdul is a good man and makes me happy. Sleeping with you that day was a mistake. I don't want to elope with you.

Ibrahim: Samantha, calm down.

Sam: I'll tell my husband the truth. Good luck on your revenge with this woman, I'm out.

She ends the call and destroys the phone, what the hell was she thinking? Ibrahim will always be a confused and lost soul. Poor Pamela who is carrying his child, he doesn't deserve to be a father.

When Abdul comes back, he is going to tell him the truth, except the part about Sleeping with Ibrahim of course. He will never forgive that.

BONGIWE

Everything is going accordingly and she couldn't be happier. Thapelo and his family from his grandmother's side arrived very

early and paid the bride price. Around 1pm, the gifts were being exchanged. The number of guests present is close to 200 as they planned it as an intimate session.

She is wearing a matching blue and navy Sesotho seshoeshoe dress and Thapelo his blue and white traditional shirt and pants. They are looking breathtaking and people have been congratulating them since.

The event is traditional, besides the fact that they didn't slaughter any animal but bought the meat from slaughters, instead of burning incense and talking at the corner, they had a prayer.

Samke is here, helping around like a bride and she's happy to see her mother treating her nicely. As much as none of them have said anything, her and Themba look cosy.

Thapelo: Mrs Mosima...

He says behind her placing his hand on her waist and she smiles.

Bongiwe: Baby...

Thapelo: You look so beautiful, I know I've said this already but I really mean it. You are the one for me Bongiwe and thank you for making me a man amongst other men.

Bongiwe: There's no one else I want to do this life thing with besides you.

Thapelo: I love you...

Bongiwe: I love you more...

They share a very passionate kiss until Themba gets between them. He looks drunk.

Themba: Okay lover birds, save some for your honeymoon.

Bongiwe: You are such a killjoy. Nangu Samke wakho lana...

Themba: Babe...

He calls after her as she is passing by with plates to the tent.

Thapelo's eyes are at the gate where 3 black cars arrive.

Thapelo: Oh he came!

Bongiwe: Who?

Thapelo: Another brother I gained through the Men's POV program. Let's go and welcome them, baby. I think he is with his wife

Bongiwe: Oh okay....

She lifts her dress up and Thapelo holds her hand as they walk to their direction, Themba runs after them and gets in the middle again.

Themba: Where are you guys going? I hope you are not going to have a quickie.

Thapelo gives him a reprimanding look and Bongiwe laughs lightly, she's not going to respond to this.

Thapelo: We are welcoming my friend and his wife who came to support us.

They get to the cars and Melusi steps out to shake hands with Thapelo and gives him the brotherly hug. Thapelo do the introductions...

Melusi: The beautiful Mrs that was shown to brother here through a dream. Congratulations mfanakithi, she is beautiful!

The wife finally comes out, she looks so beautiful and dressed to kill. Something happens, her eyes lock with Themba and he drops the beer can he is holding, the alcohol spills over Melusi's shoes.

Bongiwe: Themba!!

To be continued

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 36

THAPELO

Melusi doesn't look bothered by the beer that spilled over his expensive shoes. Instead, he is laughing and telling Themba it's okay as he tries to wipe his shoes.

But it's the reaction from Mrs Bhengu that unsettles Thapelo, she looks uncomfortable and her eyes wander around the place. Could it be? No way! This better be not what he thinks it is because both these guys are close to him and have a special place in his heart.

Bongiwe nudges him bringing his attention back to the scene, when did Themba leave? Well, probably a good thing.

Thapelo: I'm sorry, we can go inside guys.

Angela: Urhm, can I remain behind? I am feeling a bit dizzy and nauseous.

Melusi: Probably the hormones, you good babe?

Bongiwe: You guys are pregnant? Oh wow, congratulations. You are a good person Angela, I have secretly admired the person that you are and how you carry yourself, especially publicly.

Angela: Thank you sis, that really means a lot coming from you. Congratulations on your wedding, I wish you nothing but happiness and endless love in your union.

Bongiwe: Please come in, I'll look for a space that's less crowded?

Angela:(smiling) Sure

They turn and walk to the tents where Melusi and Thapelo's father in law acknowledge each other's presence before sitting down.

Nzuza: You really are a big Thapelo, you rub shoulders with the ministers!

He says and they laugh while he just smiles looking at Angela and Bongiwe hitting it up. Life is something else, he prays to

God for wisdom and knowledge so that he never finds himself in a situation where he is trapped by vows to stay.

He prays for their happy ending and strength that they survive everything that this new chapter is going to throw at them. Especially when the truth finally comes out, a lot of people are going to be affected by this.

May God see them all through this and they survive it.

SAMANTHA

He comes back home and finds her waiting for him. It's been a while since he stepped out and waiting has been driving her mad. Ibrahim is also not giving up but busy texting and calling her non stop.

She is not going to change her mind about this, her husband needs to know before he starts having some ideas about them.

Sam: Babe...

She says throwing herself at him and hugging him. He hugs her back and pulls out from the embrace looking at her.

Abdul: You okay?

Sam: Yes, I'm fine. Please sit down, I need to tell you something.

Abdul: Okay?

Sam: The call from your brother...

Abdul: Babe, we spoke about this...

Sam: Let me explain please.

Abdul: Okay.

Sam: He wants to get what belongs to you guys back. He didn't want to tell or ask you for help because he feels guilty for being responsible for the downfall of the empire. So, he asked me to help. But after careful consideration, I decided to pull out from this mission because it's not only dangerous but not my place to help him fight his battles with Ayanda.

He relaxes on his chair and brushes his beard softly.

Abdul: Is that all, there's nothing else you want to tell me about?

Sam:.No, that's the truth.

Abdul: Okay, thank you for letting me know, I appreciate it.

Sam: Are we good?

Abdul:(smiling)Yeah of course, come here.

He opens his arms and squeezes her into a tight hug. She sighs relieved.

BONGIWE

Angela

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Samke and a few other female relatives and church members are gathered around in a group chatting.

Bongiwe: Ladies, thank you all for coming, the support and the gifts, I truly appreciate it. More special thanks to you Samke, please soak your feet in water after this. You have been going up and down and I appreciate that. In fact, imma book you into a spar.

I hope to see y'all in the same spirit even at our white wedding. You made my day possible and enjoyable.

Samke: You are welcome sweets, I want to ask, have you signed already or you will on your white wedding day?

Bongiwe: Someone advised us to sign before the white Wedding so we are going to wake up to home affairs Monday to register our wedding.

Angela: Then you can finally give your man some cake...

The ladies crack into laughter about that. Well, they are practically married now so yeah, if it happens that she gets those feelings again, she won't resist but give in without feeling guilty.

Angela: I have one favor to ask you, Bongiwe. You are young, beautiful and smart. I am sure you are going to make a good Wife. But I ask you to please always put yourself first, never ever compromise with your happiness.

Please know that it's okay to fail or let something go as long as you have some peace of mind. It's unfortunate that I don't practice the advice I'm giving you right now because I allowed the "Till death do us part" vows trapped me into an abusive, emotionally draining marriage.

I had so many chances to leave but I stayed because I was made to feel like a failure for leaving.

Bongiwe looks at her with sadness as she cries and breaks down. She brushes her arms.

Angela: I am happy that you and Thapelo know God. Despite how messed up the world is, marriage is a beautiful thing and a gift from God. Just because someone else is enduring some misfortune doesn't mean it's going to apply in your case. All I'm

asking you for is not to lose yourself in your marriage and forget your worth.

Bongiwe hugs her, brushing her back while telling her it's going to be okay. The other ladies are also weeping now, wiping their tears.

Samke: Okay, I need a drink!

Lady2: Me 2 please!

Bongiwe doesn't drink but she doesn't mind her guests drinking as long as they don't cause chaos and misbehave around. Angela stands up and announces that she would like to leave. Bongiwe thanks her one more time and walks her to the cars.

MELUSI

They are home changing their attires for the day and preparing for a shower and have a calm evening. Angela has been quiet on the way back and he dismissed it.

Melusi: I don't remember when last I attended such an exquisite simple yet classy event. Makes me wonder what their big white wedding is going to be like.

Angela: Bongiwe and her partner are planning to go all out with it so it's going to be yet another festival.

Melusi: I can't wait, that boy deserves happiness. I am happy for him. Made me remember the day I was committing myself to you.

Angela: Except that you weren't really committing yourself to me but the idea of marriage.

Melusi: Babe, what is it?

Angela: Nothing, I'm just tired.

Melusi: Babe, don't do that. We agreed to communicate our feelings better. Talk to me.

Angela: I'm just tired Melusi, everything feels heavy on me. This day reminded me of how I lost my freedom...

Melusi: Did I do something?

She shakes her head with tears and goes to sit on the bed with her face buried in her hands.

Angela: I saw the guy who made me pregnant.

His heart skips a bit, Where was he?

Melusi: He attended the event?

Angela: Yes, he's the bride's brother.

Melusi frowns confused and tries to think, then his eyes pop out on the realization.

Melusi: Themba!?

Angela: Yes, Themba is the biological father of this baby.

Melusi: But you said....

Angela: I lied...

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 37

ANGELA

Her chest is beating so fast and worried about the reaction from Melusi about this. What if he doesn't take the news well, what's going to happen to her?

Melusi: Angela, I don't understand!

He is shaking and fuming and pacing around the room while brushing his forehead.

Melusi: How long have you been seeing this guy?

Angela: He's the same guy you beat me up for, remember the club incident? I met him then and he kept on asking me out.

Melusi: And you eventually gave in?

Angela: Yes, it only happened once.

Melusi: Angela, that's a kid!

She wants to tell him that Themba is all things but definitely not a kid, that guy knows his business shame, better than him even!

Melusi: My doctor's kid!

Angela: I'm sorry...

Melusi: Shut up! Just shut up please!

She shifts a bit uncomfortable hearing him shout at her like that. He exhales loudly and sits next to him.

Melusi: Okay, okay. This doesn't change anything right? We are still going to raise our baby and we'll keep this between us...

Angela: He knows...

Melusi: What!?

Angela: And wants to be part of this child's life.

He gets up, opens his mouth and closes it without saying anything.

Melusi: So you two have been communicating?

Angela: Melusi, I betrayed you yes but I am not a pathological liar.

Melusi: (raising his eyebrows) Oh, really?

Angela: I did it to protect him from you!

He chuckles and points at his chest, his face covered with sweat mixed with tears.

Melusi: Protect him from me? Do you love this guy Angela?

Angela: Not like that Melusi, you know you have a temper.

Melusi: Wow...

Angela: Maybe we should divorce.

He quickly turns around and looks at her, she is worried, he doesn't look okay.

Melusi: Divorce? You are now leaving me Angela?

Angela: Melusi, it's for the best...

Melusi: Who's best?

Angela: Please...

He grabs his car keys, his phone and walks out of their bedroom banging the door behind him. She sighs and lies down on her back, allowing the tears to stream down her face. Her hand goes to her stomach, touching it while breathing in and out.

Angela: It's okay baby, it's okay nana. Mama will be calm. Let's hope your fa...Melusi doesn't do anything stupid.

THAPELO

Both families allowed them to live together since they are practically married. Bongive took a few of her things just for a few days with him. She's still going to go back to her father's house until the day she walks out with a white wedding dress.

The relatives also didn't want to crowd them especially since his grandmother's house is not that big to accommodate people, for now. He is planning to renovate and turn it into a big mansion.

Bongiwe comes out of the bathroom wearing her white gown that she received as a gift and wraps her arms around her. She is smelling so good and fresh.

Thapelo: Finally we are alone.

Bongiwe: At long last, it's been a good day though. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Thapelo: Same here, our families joining together to be one.

Bongiwe: You are the best, I'm happy that my forever is with you.

Thapelo: Same here.

He turns around and places his hands on her waist and kisses her, she returns the kiss while moving slowly to the bed when he gently lies her down and looks at her.

Thapelo: I am still committed to making love to you on our white wedding night but I want us to try something. Please relax and enjoy, okay? I am not going to penetrate you.

Bongiwe: Okay...

Thapelo: Feel free to stop me when it gets uncomfortable for you okay?

She nods and he removes the robe she is wearing and starts planting soft kisses admiring the sexy lingerie she is wearing. It is turning him on so much. He takes off his clothes, just for that physical connection and touch against the bodies.

His lips trail kisses all the way from her jaw line to the back of her neck while touching her all over. Her breathing is hitching and unstable, it's as if she is afraid of touching him..

Thapelo:(whispering) Please relax, just let all your feelings out okay?

Bongiwe: Okay..

He kisses her on the mouth, and moves his hand down to her panties. God she is wet and ready! He rubs her nana maintaining a hard eye contact with their lips locked together. He runs his fingers through her hair.

Bongiwe: Just touch me.

She whines, arching impatiently against his hand. Slowly, he brings his middle finger down and slides it gently over her folds.

Bongiwe throws her head back, grabbing on sheets.

Bongiwe: God, yes. Keep going.

She likes it so he does it again, this time his fingertip slipping between and gathering her wetness. He parties her with two fingers and finds her clit, rubbing it in small circles. She cries out

against his lips, lost in pleasure. The taste of her, the smell of her, the feel of her so close against him, skin to skin.

Thapelo: I want you to come for me...

He says it in a whisper and she just nods, it's like her voice is gone or lost. Two fingers works into her, and she makes those undertaker eyes rolling them back into her head. He begins a steady rhythm as his tongue flickers over her, and she is unable to prevent her hips from rising to meet his tongue thrusts.

Oh God, she was riding his hand

smothering his face with her pussy, her hands tangled in his short hair. Her body is coiled tighter, grasping at his fingers, so wet now she could hear the slippery sounds every time he drives his tongue back into her.

Now he know what she likes, the moves that makes her moan and gasp and sink her fingers into his shoulders.

He gets up from her legs after cleaning her orgasm with his tongue and mouth. He smiles down at her shyness, his eyes on her bright red panties.

Thapelo: I love these, they look good on you.

Bongiwe: Samke forced me to wear them.

Thapelo: She did good, come let's sleep, it's been a long day.

They open the bed and get under sheets with her sleeping on his chest. He is now wearing his pyjamas.

Bongiwe: That felt good, the thing you were doing down there.

He chuckles softly and plants a forehead kiss on her.

Thapelo: Wait until Mr Mosima junior is inside you.

She tries to lift her head up to look at him but he presses her down laughing.

Thapelo: Sleep please...

THEMBA

Seeing Melusi and Angela brought up different emotions from his side. He didn't know that besides him being his father's patient, he's also connected to Thapelo.

This is messed up, and one way or another the truth is going to come out. He feels like if it's comes out from someone else, it will messes things for him. He needs to own it and tell it his way.

Themba: Babe...

Samke: Mhmm?

She is sleeping, tired from all the work she's been doing around.

Themba: Can we talk?

Samke: Can it wait until tomorrow morning babe? I'm exhausted.

Themba: I'm afraid I only have the strength to say this now and say it once.

Samke: Okay, what is it?

She asks sitting up and looking at him with those tired eyes.

Themba: I messed up, big time.

Samke: What did you do?

Themba: Remember the married woman I was entangled with?

Samke:(laughing while rubbing her eyes) Your so called soulmate?

Themba: Yeah...she, she's pregnant

She stops rubbing her eyes and looks at him.

Samke: Sorry, what?

Themba: She was here today.

Samke: Huh?

Themba: The minister's wife...

Samke: Hell no! You mean to tell me the baby she's carrying is yours?

Themba: Yes

Samke: Themba!

Themba: It doesn't mean anything though because I have agreed for her to raise it with her husband as he already know.

Samke: Who are you fooling because we both know you love that woman? And now with the baby tying y'all forever...

Themba: It's not going to be like that.

Samke: Themba I'm not stupid! You told me many times how you love this woman. Oh my God, how can I have been a fool!

She gets out of the bed and starts packing her things.

Themba: Please calm down...

Samke: This is not going to work Themba and I refuse gambling with my heart again..I'm sorry if I'm childish or over acting but I

done allowing you to play me. We are fine as friends and parents to our son!

He sits there and watches her packing her things while crying. How is he going to explain this to his parents after telling them he's fixing things with her?

PAMELA

It's in the evening, she is rocking her pyjamas and watching her favorite real housewife show. In short she is bored. One of her security men announces that Ayanda is here to see her.

She frowns looking at the time and tells the men to let her in. Moments later, she walks in carrying lots of bags, even in slippers and sweatpants, she still looks sexy and hot.

This pregnancy has made her look like a hippo and she hates it, can't wait to deliver this baby and go back to her slayed body.

Pamela: Ayanda, I didn't expect you!

Ayanda: I know, I was bored and wondered how you are. I brought a few things and thought maybe we should have some baby shower.

Pamela: I'm 3 months away from delivering Ayanda.

Ayanda: I know but there's harm in having fun right?

Pamela: I guess

Ayanda: I didn't know the gender but bought unisex colors. Please have a look. Where are your glasses?

Pamela shows her watching her closely and she comes back and starts pouring champagne for both of them.

Ayanda: Non alcoholic for mommy.

There's food and snacks amongst the things she brought. The clothes are hella expensive and look good, she loves all of them. After an hour, Ayanda gets drunk and starts opening up. She is relaxing now realizing that this is actually what she needed.

Ayanda: You know, I told Abdul about Ibrahim. I kind of regret it.

Pamela: Why?

Ayanda: I don't know, I don't want him to hurt her or anything like that. I just wanted him to be woken up about the situation.

Pamela: Well, I still think you did a good thing. We all deserve to know the truth. Abdul is a good person, I don't see him killing Sam if that's what you are worried about.

Ayanda: My life has taken a turn I never thought it would. I am now deep in this and honestly, I want no drama. Just to slay and enjoy the luxury of having money.

Pamela: I'm curious to know what made you accept my offer because you are decent, despite everything.

Ayanda: Desperation. I was so desperate to get money for my mother's operation. Along the way, I got greedy and fell in love. Yes, at some point I loved your man. When I realized he wasn't there, I was hurt.

But what hurt me the most and actually made me the monster that I am today, is what Ahmed did when we were in East London.

Pamela: You never told me about that, what happened?

Ayanda: He forced me to eat his shit...

Pamela feels the urge to throw up, Ayanda helps her up and she runs to the bathroom not so far. Geez! That's some messed up shit.

Ayanda: You okay?

She asks, brushing her back and Pam nods, getting up and flushes the vomit down the drain and rinses her mouth.

Pamela: I've heard such stories but I never thought they existed. I'm sorry you experienced that.

Ayanda: I have been meaning to ask, how did you meet Ibrahim?

Pamela:(wiping his mouth) I was a client in some dirty club. He rescued me and we formed and started our thing. Our relationship was strictly business at first and later turned into a romance.

Ayanda:(chuckling) The kind of love story I was hoping for nami

Pamela: Shame, should we go back and finish that food?

Ayanda: Yeah...

She takes a step towards the door and Ayanda holds her hand causing her to stop. She slowly turns around and faces her.

Pamela: Is everything okay?

Ayanda: You are beautiful Pam...

Pamela: Ayanda?

She shakes her head and lets her hand go.

Ayanda: I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come here.

She runs out of the bathroom and Pamela calls after her....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 38

A YEAR AND FEW MONTHS LATER

NARRATED

Ayanda left Pam's house that night and never looked back. Fear of what she did and felt for Pam at that moment made her stay away from her. I mean it doesn't make any sense to her. She doesn't want to think about the fact that she could be attracted to Pamela.

Pam tried to call her and enquire what happened but she changed numbers and completely disappeared. Now her focus is on the business and money, put the Ali saga behind her but careful enough to monitor every move in silence and she feels relieved to know that Pam is okay and bouncing back after delivering her gorgeous baby she posts on Instagram.

Ahmed is still around, no longer holding her hand in the business but working side by side with him. She is still adamant to teach him a lesson but she wants him relaxed enough.

Abdul is still with Samantha and his business is booming. Ayanda being the silent and anonymous partner in his business, she introduced the drug line and he refused at first, claiming to be clean but hey, once a thug, always one. Now Ayanda ships her drugs using his transportation business

Ibrahim? Still in prison and skinny, his tricks to escape failed, adding to his jail time instead.

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Thobani Nzuza was disappointed at what his son did. He agreed to cleanse Melusi's house for the damage his son did although it was against his beliefs.

Themba also gave up rights to the child and she is using Melusi's surname. Melusi and Angela reconciled and decided to

give their marriage another try after a lot of interventions and therapy. Both of them are raising their daughter with so much love and are committed parents.

Melusi allowed Themba into the child's life as an uncle though. Samke walked away and never looked back, the only connection she has with Themba is the business and their son.

Themba is doing well for himself, moved out of his parents house and has a nice posh apartment. He also upgraded from the polo to Amg200. When his parents asked him where he got the money from, he lied and said he won a lottery.

He still changes ladies and Neo is one of the girls he shags from time to time and he is used to her drama. She is struggling to separate the NSA relationship they have and parenthood. Bianca always becomes a victim of her mother's moods and drama when she starts acting like Themba's main chick.

Thapelo and Bongiwe tied a knot two months after their traditional wedding. The wedding was the one of the best and

talk of the town. From the decor, food, make up, attires and vows, they really understood the assignment.

The media covered their wedding and it was a bliss, what came as a shock was them not spending a cent on the wedding costs. Everything was planned and arranged by their followers, more like Thapelo's from the great initiative he made and the men's conference he had before the wedding.

They had their honeymoon in Iceland, on their return they found their house completely built and Bongiwe was pregnant. Yep, now they have a son by the name of Nkosinathi.

Thapelo has grown so much as a man and a brand, he trains a lot of young men who assists him running his office while he focuses on being a good father and husband.

He invested and partnered with Bongiwe in expanding her accounting firm. They have a church with Bongiwe, the growth of it is crazy in a short space of 6 months after opening it.

Thapelo is busy with his first memoir book that he knows is going to be a success.

*****PRESENT*****

Bongiwe walks to the kitchen carrying her heels and bags along with earrings. She is really late and today is one of the most important days where she is attending the accounting iNdaba event.

Due to Covid pandemic in the past two years, the event was always virtual so today she's excited to mingle and see other business people.

Bongiwe: Love, I'm so late!

Thapelo: I told you to go to sleep early last night but you refused. Now look at the mess you are creating because you are in a hurry.

Bongiwe: I'm sorry baby I'll clean up later. Is he done eating?

Thapelo is feeding their 4 months son who grabs and touches everything with his tiny hands.

Thapelo: Almost, you can go, I'll clean up here and take him to the crèche.

Bongiwe: Thank you baby, I am going to thank you properly later.

She says winking and Thapelo blushes, besides being their each other's first, they are happy with their bedroom activities and sex life. They are always open to learn new things and communicate their feelings honestly.

Thapelo: Don't forget the church meeting later love.

Bongiwe: I won't, it's already saved in my diary and I even prepared my speech.

Thapelo:(helping with the earrings) Now go and make sure our money multiples.

Bongiwe: Yes daddy...bye boys. I love you.

She kisses both of them and walks out leaving Nathi crying for her. Thapelo walks around with him calming him down

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it's still going to take time to get used to the routine. Bongiwe recently went back to work after her maternity leave.

Thapelo: Calm down big boy, let mommy go and work so that our money can multiply to millions and billions. We are doing our best to make sure that you get everything that I never had. You are not going to suffer nor will you be a spoiled brat.

Now let us get ready for school, good boys love school so that they can be disciplined and behave well in their lives right boy? Good! Now let's see if mommy packed everything in here.

ANGELA

She walks into the house from her yoga session wearing her leggings, her weave tied back into a ponytail. Melusi is seated on the table with Sasha standing on a chair between his legs.

She stands behind them and watches the list of things on the laptop and shakes her head. Melusi is planning on throwing a 1 year birthday party for his daughter. It has already passed with

2 months, the reason they didn't do it is because of his political work that he has to do out of province.

Angela: Babe, you do know that Sasha is 1 year old and won't remember all of this?

Melusi: She will, that is why she has an Instagram page.

Yep, a 14 months old has an Instagram account with a following of over a million. Angela's job daily is being her daughter's manager and creating content for the brands that collaborate with her.

Sasha is a gorgeous, camera friendly child hence the popularity at such a young age. Themba hooked them up with the contacts and now little Sasha buys her own pampers with money from influencing.

Melusi: Babe, I'm going to the office today, I'm meeting up with Themba for the funding application for the community beauty pageant he is hosting.

Angela: Oh yeah you mentioned it, I remember.

Melusi and Themba are not friends but they are civil around each other and Melusi allows Sasha to have play dates with Themba's other kids. He says one day he will die, he wants his daughter to have a relationship with his siblings when that happens.

Melusi: Yes babe, now please bribe this one with something so that I can run.

Angela:(laughing) How are we going to achieve that while she's not planning to leave your sight?

Sasha is such a daddy's girl shame and she has made peace with it. Melusi makes it even worse by spoiling her rotten.

Melusi: I don't know, do something babe.

Angela: Sweery, come with mama to do make up. I'll put lipstick on you.

Sasha: Nope...

She says without even lifting her head up, busy swiping on Melusi's iPad screen playing games. The couple looks at each other and Melusi mouths "try harder"

Angela: I'm going to get ice cream, do you want to take some for you and daddy?

That gets her attention, she knows that Angela doesn't want her to eat sugar that much. She jumps from Melusi's lap and Angel carries her to the kitchen knowing very well that world war 3 is going to happen when she returns and not find her father there.

BONGIWE

The event is full of influential and important people. She learned so much from the speakers today and she is planning to implement all of this advice to their company.

She looks at the time from her phone and realizes that she has to go and prepare for church with her husband. Today is one of

the important meetings where they discuss the proceedings of the church with their pastors and other elders, her parents included.

Siba: Are you leaving already?

Her plus one for the day and PA asks her.

Bongiwe: Yes Siba, I need to get home early today and prepare for church.

Siba: Is there a day you don't feel like going to church?

Bongiwe: Nope...

Siba: Okay cool, I just scored us a business investor and he agreed to talk to you. Guess who?

Bongiwe: Sisi weeh, it's either you tell me or I walk.

Siba:(pressing her lips together) Okay, don't look but he's coming here.

Bongiwe mentally rolls her eyes and a strong male cologne suffocates her presence forcing her to look up.

Him: Ladies...

God your people! He is the same height as Thapelo but a bit buffy on his chest and arms. It's the first time she sees someone living with Albinism so confident and taking care of his skin. Siba introduces her to him. She knows him, one of the most influential businessmen in South Africa, Zothile Mngadi! Where is his wife?

Zothile: Ms Nzuzza....

Bongiwe: Mrs, Mrs Mosima.

She corrects him and he smiles, taking his hand out.

Zothile: My bad, I heard people talking about you and your husband. When your PA told me you are here, I knew I needed to see you.

She smiles about to open her mouth when her phone vibrates. It's Thapelo. She looks at it and cancels the call.....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 39

THAPELO

He looks at his phone after Bongiwe has canceled the call and sighs. Probably busy but then everyone is here and she knows how important this meeting is.

Walking back inside, he bumps into their treasury.

Phindile: Sir, we are about to start. Where is Mam mfundisi?

Thapelo: I think we'll have to start without her. She will join us later.

Phindile: But sir...

Thapelo: No Buts Phindile, please go back inside.

She sighs and turns her back Walking inside. This doesn't look good but he is not going to throw his wife under the bus. And

besides, this is the first time it happens so there must be a reasonable explanation. That he hopes.

Siza:Thapelo, where's Bongiwe?

She asks in a whisper next to him and he clears his throat.

Thapelo: At a work function ma...

Siza: What? I'm calling her..

Thapelo: She's coming ma, let's start in the meantime I'll brief her when she arrives.

THEMBA

He is preparing himself to see Melusi about the funding application for the beauty pageant he is hosting with Samke.

Neo walks in the room with her bags, looking sad and angry. Well she has to go, no matter how sad she may look now. He is not planning to play house with her.

Themba: I see your bags are packed, we can go.

Neo: Do I really have to go?

Themba: Neo, not today please.

Neo: But why do you act as if you don't enjoy the time we spend together?

Themba: I never said I don't. But Neo, you know where I stand with this and I'm getting tired of you guilt tripping me everytime. If you feel like this is not fair and isn't what you want, please leave me alone.

Neo: It's not like that...

Themba: (checking his phone) Your uber is here.

Neo: I thought you were driving me home?

Themba: No, I have a meeting with Mr Bhengu.

Neo: Oh, is Samke going to be there?

Themba: Yes, she also works on this project.

Neo: mhmm, okay. I have been meaning to ask you...

Themba: yeah?

Neo: Sasha looks like Bianca. How is that possible?

Themba's heart skips a bit but he maintains a straight face.

Themba: Kids look alike these days, it's common.

Neo: Really?

Themba: Yes, especially if they spend more time together.

Neo: If you say so. Bye.

She kisses him on the cheek and walks out of the house.

Themba exhales and looks at the picture of Bianca and Sasha. They do look alike, Bongiwe's girls bantu. He loves Sasha and wishes to show her off like his other kids but he respects the agreement he has with Melusi.

Samke calls him and he snaps out of the thought.

Themba: Mrs Nzuza...

Samke:Pshhhhhh in your dreams.

Themba:(laughing) I'm about to leave, are you ready?

Samke: Yes, about to get in my car...

Themba: I was thinking we would drive together. I'll fetch and drop you off.

Samke: I can never say no to free rides, you are saving me petrol. Okay hurry then..

Themba: Be there shortly.

He ends the call and takes his bag

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leaves the house and goes to his car. He makes a mental note to call Pam later. After this pageant, he's going to visit her just to clear some air and be out of the country a bit.

BONGIWE

They are seated on the comfy couches and chatting to Zothile. There's something about learned men in general, they are well spoken and do so with confidence.

She has read a lot of good stories about this guy and having the ability to sit and chat to him like this is such a privilege.

Bongiwe: How is the business in the KZN market?

Zothile: It has always been good but my wife and I moved to Gauteng 2 years ago.

Siba: Oh really?

Zothile: Yes, we needed a change of scenario and be away from family and friends. Our own space and peace, it was getting crowded.

His phone rings in the middle of the conversation, he puts the glass down, with a smile while he gets up.

Zothile: Excuse me ladies, I have to take this, it's my wife.

He answers walking away from them and something clicks in Bongiwe, she quickly gets up from her couch.

Siba: And then?

Bongiwe: I have to go, I already wasted so much time.

Siba: But...

Bongiwe: No buts. Thank Zothile for his time.

She rushes out to her car and starts driving away at a speed trying to maintain her breathing. Hopefully the meeting is still on and Thapelo is not mad.

Upon her arrival, she finds them wrapping up and about to say the closing prayer. Thapelo is not happy but he remains cool. After the prayer she greets everyone and apologizes for being late as they walk to their cars. Her mother calls her. She goes to Thapelo first who is packing up and hugs him from behind.

Bongiwe: I'm sorry...

Thapelo: I called you.

Bongiwe: I know, I really thought I was going to have a word with this person and leave but it took longer than that.

Thapelo: Whoever it is must have been important then.

Bongiwe: It's not like that babe, I was just overly excited and lost track of time. I apologize.

Thapelo: It's okay, next time text me at least if you are going to be late or held up.

Bongiwe: I will, I know you are disappointed as today was important to you and I didn't show up.

Thapelo: I am but I am going to let it go. Please don't make a habit of what happened today.

Bongiwe:(nodding) I promise.

Thapelo: Go to your mother, she's waiting.

She walks up to her mother crossing fingers that her dad doesn't shout at her.

Siza: wachobozela njengenza idle amaqanda nje yini? (why are you wandering around?)

Bongiwe: Nothing mother, it's probably the fatigue.

Siza: Bongiwe, I raised you better, ungasuki endaweni yakho njenge nkosikazi ekholwayo!

She nods in agreement but deep down she feels like her mother is overreacting, it's not like she killed someone.

Bongiwe: I have to go home mom, I'll see you guys Sunday.

Siza: (pulling her ears) Be a good wife...

Her father doesn't say anything other than hugging her and pats her on the back. They drive away and she walks back to the church and finds Thapelo locking up.

Bongiwe: Did you say something to my parents?

Thapelo: Something like?

Bongiwe: I don't know, hence I'm asking.

Thapelo: Then how am I supposed to know?

She opens her mouth to say something but chooses against it...

Bongiwe: Let's go home.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 40

THAPELO

He is eating silently while looking at his wife who seems to be frustrated tonight. She has never been a good cook or loved cooking, he was made aware of that before they even got married and he doesn't mind because he can cook and loves to do so.

But it's worse when someone burns an already cooked food meant to be warmed up and eaten after that. Nathi is screaming his lungs out and he hates it.

Thapelo: Give him to me, I'll feed him.

Bongiwe: You did that this morning so it's fine I'll do it.

Thapelo: I don't mind.

Bongiwe gives him a look and continues forcing the spoon down Nathi's mouth and he spits the food all over Bongiwe.

Bongiwe: Ngikushaye ke mina! (I'll hit you)

Thapelo: Okay, that's enough. Go have some rest I'll finish up.

Bongiwe: Why do you let me be?

Thapelo: Babe, I think you had a long day and it's best you retire early.

Bongiwe: So that you can say I don't do anything around the house?

Thapelo: You know that's not true, and when did I say that?

Bongiwe:(sighs) It's just how my mother spoke to me as if I'm not a good wife or mother. It made me wonder if you complained to her about something.

Thapelo: And why would I do that? If I'm not happy with something that you do, I'll address it with you as my wife. Your mother is not happy because you didn't show up in an important meeting.

She sighs and hands Thapelo the baby and buries her head in her hands.

Bongiwe: I'm really sorry about that, I shouldn't have listened to Siba.

Thapelo: It's okay babe, I am not fighting nor mad about it. All I'm asking you to do is inform me so that I don't look stupid waiting for you.

Bongiwe: I promise I will do better.

Thapelo:(smiling) Come and kiss your man.

She smiles and leans over a soft passionate kiss.

Bongiwe: I think we need to order again?

Thapelo: Urhm yeah, that kinda like...burned...

Bongiwe: I'm sorry babe...

Thapelo: It's okay. Go take a bath. I'll make us something to eat quickly.

Bongiwe:(biting her lips) Are you going to join me?

Thapelo: Is that an invitation?

She gives him the most seductive eyes and winks ever.

Bongiwe: Maybe...hurry!

BONGIWE

Last night she patched things with her husband and the love making soothed everything else. They prayed and had a peaceful night after that.

She woke up earlier today and prepared breakfast for them. Not really a good cook but her mother is and breakfast is not really complicated since you fry most things.

Thapelo walks in dressed with their son on his arms and kisses her.

Thapelo: Someone woke up in a good mood?

Bongiwe: All thanks to the vitamins I got last night.

Thapelo: Don't remind me...

Bongiwe: You know babe, I was thinking that we send Nathi to our parents during the week and have him over the weekends. I believe that will allow us enough time with each other after work and all. What do you think?

Thapelo: I don't know babe, I grew up without my parents, not that it was entirely bad but I want better for our son you know. But I'll think about it.

Bongiwe: That's all I'm asking for. I'll get my bags and hit the road.

She packs everything of hers and son and takes him from Thapelo.

Thapelo: Bye big boy, behave yourself okay? Have a great day baby...

Bongiwe: You too love, I love you.

Thapelo: I love you more..

They kiss and she heads to the car, drives out and drops off her son at the crèche and goes to work.

Siba knocks on her office door a few minutes before lunch break, carrying some coffee and her diary. She looks exhausted and drained.

Bongiwe: You look exhausted.

Siba: It was hell of a night, we partied hard when you left. You missed out.

Bongiwe: I regret staying that long.

Siba: Why, did u Mfundisi give you trouble?

Bongiwe: No, of course not, my husband is not like that.

Siba: Then what happened?

Bongiwe has never had friends, Siba is the first one that she shares her life and trust with.

Bongiwe: I missed the service and he was not happy. My mom wanted to bite my head off.

Siba: Ai suka, your mother is dramatic. It's not like you were out and grooving but this was a work function!

Bongiwe: I'm a wife and mother before anything else Siba.

Siba: True, but you deserve to let your hair out and have some fun. I believe that you guys were quick to have a baby or get married before exploring.

She doesn't like this topic, there's nothing wrong with marrying young and committing early. Why are they making sounds as if it's a sin?

Bongiwe: Let's go have some lunch.

She picks up her purse and they walk to the restaurant opposite their firm and orders their food.

Siba: So I spoke to Zothile and he said so far he has nothing for us but he knows a lot of people that he can connect us with. He is very interested in your husband's initiative though and wants to see him.

Bongiwe: See Thapelo?

Siba: Yep, so I gave him your husband's office details.

Bongiwe: Mhmm, okay.

Siba: That man is hot, issa pity he's married. Why are the good ones always taken?

Bongiwe laughs and their food arrives, they say grace and dig in.

Bongiwe: What are you having? I hope you are not drinking during working hours right?

Siba: No babes

this is virgin cocktails, taste it, you will like it.

Bongiwe :Nope, thanks.

Siba: It's not alcohol, Bongiwe. Anyway, do you have plans for this weekend?

Bongiwe: I always have plans, my husband and I are invited to a wedding.

Siba:Let me guess, another Christian wedding? Do you even have life outside this guy/marriage?

She chooses to ignore that question and concentrate on her meal....

THEMBA

They are here at Melusi's offices again, since yesterday they arrived right after he had left for home. These days he is always looking forward to knocking off and going home to be with his wife and Sasha.

The meeting at Melusi's office goes well, they sign where necessary and he informs them once everything is approved, they will receive the money.

He is so excited about this, together with Bongiwe and Samke, they are doing their best to empower young women and reward them with opportunities.

Melusi:Themba...

He calls out just as they are walking out the office and he stops to turn around and looks at him.

Themba: Yes?

Melusi: I don't know if maybe my wife mentioned this but, we are planning Sasha's birthday.

Themba: Wasn't it two months back?

Melusi: It was and unfortunately we couldn't celebrate the milestone we walked through. It wasn't easy, but we made it through the year. I am extending my invitation to you and your family to come.

Themba: (nodding) Thank you.

He walks out with Samke on his tail and they get to his car where he exhales, brushing his face.

Samke: Are you okay?

Themba: Yeah, let's go...

Samke:(holding his arm) Themba, talk to me.

Themba: Does it matter?

Samke: Don't do that...

Themba: I don't know Samke, I feel so robbed and it hurts that my feelings have been discarded. When I voice out how I feel and want, I am regarded and seen as selfish. Why am I the one to be sacrificed?

Samke: Is this about Sasha?

He nods and heaves a sigh, he thought things would be better by now but it's getting worse everyday.

Themba: I love my daughter Samke, I feel like one day she will hate me for not fighting for her.

Samke: But you are in her life...

Themba: Not as I want to. I've missed her first words, steps and I'm "uncle" to her. Again, I should be okay and acceptive as I forced Angela to sleep with me. Why is he not the uncle?

Samke: Ei Themba, your case is sad and I understand. No one wants to go away from their blood. I understand that. But for peace sake, let it go, for now. God will make a way and one day maybe, you are going to be her father or get a chance to. Don't fight it or cause chaos about it, that won't do anyone good.

Themba:(smiling) See why you should be Mrs Nzuzza?

Samke:(rolling her eyes) Start the car let's go please.

Themba: I'm serious Samke, I love you.

Samke: You also love Angela ...

He sighs and starts the car driving out of the government offices...

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 41

PAMELLA

Her new life as a mother and entrepreneur is peaceful, free from drama and always looking over your shoulder fearing for your life. It does get lonely, sometimes she does miss the people from her old life.

She never thought she would find herself saying this but at this point, she wishes Ayanda can miraculously show up again. It's been a year and the girl has disappeared, even on social media.

Her daughter, Sky, is making her happy and she's the best thing that has ever happened to her. Beautiful as that may be, she won't lie and says it's been easy. It's been so difficult, fell into Post Natal depression but bounced back with the help of her nanny and friend Themba who called her everyday.

It hurts her so badly that till today, Ibrahim hasn't made any contact to check on her or the baby. Her pride won't allow it to reach whereas she's not the reason he distanced himself.

He cheated on her and crushed their empire, tried to flee with his brother's wife and when that didn't work out, he shut everyone out.

Her phone rings and she smiles seeing that it's Themba who is calling.

Pamela: Hey bestie

Themba: Hey sweetie, how's you?

Pamela: Wow, for the first time you ask about me and not your niece. That's nice

Themba: Angithi you have been complaining that I now love the baby more than you.

Pamela: Yeah well, whatever. I'm good, you look exhausted, what's up?

Themba: Work ntwana and this pageant is draining my energy.

Pamela: Shame, how is that going?

Themba: The preps are underway, I just can't wait to drop everything and come see you. I deserve the break.

Pamela: We can't wait to see you too.

Themba: Okay, can I now ask for my niece?

Pam rolls her eyes and picks Sky up from the floor and gives her the phone. She watches in admiration as Themba makes baby talk with her daughter causing her to giggle. He is a good person, hopefully one day he's going to be happy.

THAPELO

He's at the office today just going through some emails and responding to them when a man he knows and respects walks into his office.

With a smile spread across his face, he stands up and shakes his hand offering him a seat.

Thapelo: Am I dreaming or what, Mr Mngadi?

Zothile:(smiling) In the flesh..

Thapelo: What an honor to see you, wow, we are blessed.

Zothile: Please stop it. I'm the one blessed to be standing in the presence of such an anointed man. How are you doing man of God?

Thapelo: I am well, how are you and your family? When did you arrive in Joburg?

Zothile: My wife is good, thanks for asking. We are expecting our third child.

Thapelo:You are working hard, congratulations.

Zothile: Thank you. I relocated to this side two years ago.

Thapelo: Oh really, ngikwazi ungumuntu wase KZN.

Zothile: Nope, I told your wife the other day that I...

Thapelo:You met my wife?

Zothile: Yes

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at the INdaba conference, she was with that girl. I'm not one to badmouth people or judge them at the first encounter but that girl is too forward. Makes me wonder how she is associated with your wife because she appears to be humble.

Thapelo:(chuckling) What can we say, opposite attracts.

He is trying not to think about the fact that his wife met up with Mr Mngadi and didn't tell him. It probably slipped her mind. Zothile compliments the work he is doing and shares a bit how he is also a victim of all kinds of abuse. His childhood is full of trauma from his own father who couldn't accept him for who he is.

SIBA

A young beautiful short height lady, hips and ass present. She loves herself and is very dedicated. When she got the job as Bongiwe's PA, she thanked God and her ancestors for the opportunity.

It has been so damn hard to make a living or get a job, especially with a criminal record but Bongiwe felt sorry for her and awarded her another opportunity to make a living.

She hates men, love, marriage and everything that has to do with it. At a young age, she married a man that she met at church and everything was amazing. The man was everyone's favorite and loved.

Things changed a few months after marriage, she discovered that he wasn't the person he portrayed himself to be. He started controlling her, refused to wear makeup, weaves, revealing clothes or have friends.

It escalated to a point where he started cheating, when she confronted him, he hit her. He was so good at this that everytime he would do it, he would apologize and make her the victim.

One day she lost it when she walked up on him having sex on their matrimonial bed. Anger and pain took over, she stabbed him to death.

At 22 she became a widow and a killer all at once. Her sin was to believe in love and that there is a God. When she got a parole after 5 years of serving her sentence, she vowed to

make every man pay and never ever be a victim of love and men again.

Her thoughts are disturbed by footsteps approaching Bongiwe's office and she quickly stands up. Men are tr*sh true but fuck, this trash is hot! Bongiwe is so damn lucky to go home to this everyday.

Her eyes go to his front looking at his pants, Bongiwe once mentioned in their conversations that Moruti is packed and gifted. One round, just one will be enough.

Siba: Mr Mosima...

Her thoughts get the better of her as she tries to shake his hand and ends up being too close. The look he gives her makes her wish that the grounds can open and swallow her. It forces her to step back and collect herself feeling so embarrassed.

Thapelo: Siba, is my wife in?

Siba:(clearing her throat) Yes, you may proceed.

Thapelo; Thank you.

He walks past her and she licks her forefinger greeting her teeth. She tiptoes and peek through the door and sees them hugging and kissing passionately.

Bongiwe is 5 years younger than her but she has it all. Or maybe he is also going to change? She sits down and stalks his social media. All he talks about is God and posts his wife and kid.

An idea pops into mind, she smiles alone and creates a social media account matching the profile with Bongiwe's personality. What's left now is to find a picture of a gorgeous lady and start having fun....

They come out of the office giggling and holding hands, he is carrying her handbag and laptop bag. She closes her laptop quickly.

Bongiwe: Siba, I'm going to have a half day, please cancel all my meetings for today.

Siba: Yes ma'am...

She waits until they are out of sight and goes to Bongiwe's office and sits on her chair rotating with it. She opens her laptop and continues with the social media profile.

Siba:(typing on her bio) I love God, go to church everyday, I can cook and....

She stops typing and reaches for her cellphone.

Siba: I need to quote a catchy Bible verse. Mhmm, proverbs 31!
Yes!

She goes back and continues typing.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 42

BONGIWE

From her office to their house it's just a few minutes away. They arrive and lock the doors, closing the curtains and attack each other with kisses as they undress each other. The need for their genitals to be in contact is high right now.

She balances her hands on the table, breathing heavily and moaning softly as Thapelo takes her from behind. His thrusts are deep and fast, it doesn't take long for her to rain on his dick cumming.

Bongi: Babe!

She cries out of pleasure, Thapelo lifts one of her legs up and thrusts even harder, his hand holding on to her waist.

Thapelo: I met Zothile today..

Bongiwe: Oh yeah...

Thapelo: Yeah, he told me to be wary of your PA and I think he's right.

Bongiwe: mhmm..

She's trying to concentrate but at the same time Thapelo is denying her the second orgasm.

Thapelo: Why didn't you tell me you met him?

Bongiwe: I was going to, when everything was settled.

Thapelo: Mhmm...

She closes her eyes, feeling his lips on the back of her neck, feeling his fingers tracing the length of her spine. There comes the pressure of a warm hand claspng her pussy, fingers slipping inside her, lips against her lips. Fingers pinching her nipples hurtfully and deliciously. She feels herself being lifted, her feet no longer touching the floor, the darkness swirling around her, strong hands turning her, and stroking her all over.

There is no gravity any longer; she feels his strength increasing, the heat of it increasing as she is floating in the air. He turns her over, groping in the tangle of arms supporting her, feeling her legs forced apart and her mouth opens.

Thapelo: I'm going to come...

He announces and she nods, kissing him with her hands all over her face whispering.

Bongiwe: Come with me..

He drives himself harder into her, causing her to whine with pleasure and that is so good, she is going to climax again, right away.

He keeps on, slowing himself. He pushes her knees up higher. He is almost there and so is she, again.

And then the knot at the root of his cock dissolves in fire, melting. He shouts when he cum. Then she is snorting, trying to say something but doesn't find the words to say. They disengage, shaking.

He kisses her forehead and helps her get down, hugging her naked body against himself so hard before letting it go.

Thapelo: That was good...

Bongiwe: It was unexpected. Thank you baby...

Thapelo: You are welcome...

Bongiwe: What did you say Zothile said about Siba?

Thapelo: Nothing much, he's a great man.

Bongiwe: He is.

Thapelo: We need to embark on a fasting journey.

Okay, that came up randomly but in all honesty, her prayer lifestyle has weakened. Her excuse has been around motherhood and enjoying her marriage.

Bongiwe: Okay, when?

Thapelo: The holy spirit will guide us but it has to be soon. I'm going to change and go fetch our son.

Bongiwe: Okay babe.

He kisses her again and walks to their bedroom leaving her resting on the couch naked. He comes back a few minutes later telling her that he was leaving.

She grabs her bag and takes out her phone

there's few deleted messages from Siba. She texts and asks her what it is about and she says it was an error, she shouldn't worry about it. Bongiwe calls her mother.

Siza: My baby...

Bongiwe: Hi Mama, how have you been?

Siza: I have been good my Angel, how about you?

Bongiwe: Well, all is good. Mama?

Siza: Yes?

Bongiwe: I need to ask you something.

Siza: I'm listening.

Bongiwe: I spoke to my husband the other day, I think it will be best if Nathi moves in with you guys. We will take him over the weekends.

Siza: Best for who?

Bongiwe: Mom!?

Siza: Don't shout my name Bongiwe. Why are you chasing your son away? How did Thapelo agree to this madness because I know how much he is fond of his son?

Bongiwe:(mumbling) He hasn't agreed yet but...

Siza: I knew it! Bongiwe, you are a new mother but you want to run away from responsibilities? I didn't give you away when I got married!

Bongiwe: I'm not running away from my duties Ma, I just want to lessen the burden.

Siza: You are going to drive me mad.

Bongiwe:And I thought grandmothers love their grandchildren, or maybe it's mine that you don't.

Siza: What are you saying?

Bongiwe: You took in Bianca....

Siza: Because her mother was writing exams!!! What is wrong with you? Are you seriously going to do this comparison now?

She hangs up and swallows the lump on her throat as tears threaten to come from her eyes. Themba is their favorite child, hence he turned out to be like this. They always babied him and let him get away with everything.

She never thought that favoritism would fall on their kids as well. Suddenly her mother doesn't have time to babysit because it's her asking.

SIBA

She lies awake, tossing and turning thinking about her next phase to the plan. The account is fully created and operating. She copies motivational and Bible quotes from Google.

As a retired Christian, she knows how to cook the posts and it's working well. She bought followers on Instagram and you wouldn't say the acc is less than a day old.

There must be something that she can do to get closer to the couple, more in their personal space than she already is. Scrolling down her WhatsApp and seeing Bongiwe online this time, she can't help but wonder why she is up this late.

Siba:(typing) Insomnia?

Bongiwe:(typing) Kind of. I'm stressed.

Siba: Why, what happened?

Bongiwe: Remember the wedding my husband and I have to attend?

Siba: Yeah?

Bongiwe: I argued with my mom earlier and I don't think she would want to look after my son as we agreed.

Siba: You and your mom argue a lot these days. Why? Is she trying to control your marriage?

She quickly types a follow up message after that.

Siba: If you are stranded I can help, I love kids.

Bongiwe: For real Sibs?

Siba: You know I will do anything for you.

Bongiwe: Thank you so much, you are godsend.

Siba sends heart emojis and log out from WhatsApp smiling. That wasn't too hard. It's actually a good idea, she's going to cook a storm since madam doesn't cook. A way to a man's heart is through his stomach, didn't they tell her this?

THE PRISON CELLS

Ibrahim feels the urge to get up and go pee. He might have been down but he's definitely not out. His hustling skills have earned him some respect and privileges inside the prison.

He has his own cell, where he gets to watch tv, eat nice food and is well treated. The drugs,weed his crew sells makes him money to live soft here.

From time to time, he logs on Instagram and sees how grown his daughter is, how good looking Pamela is. It pains him sometimes that things turn out like this for them but maybe it's

for the best. Hopefully one day he will be reunited with his daughter and have a relationship with her.

He is thinking about Samantha as he takes out his cock to pee. He misses her, the more she keeps her distance, the more he misses her. Deep down she knows that she is in love with him but the being in prison limits his chances.

She came to see him twice the past year and the last time she slept here, they made love like there was no tomorrow. She gave it to him so well that even now he can't move past it..

The female wardens no longer excites him, he sleeps with them just to release but Samantha lives rent free on his mind. It's been 3 months since he last heard from her. He doesn't want to call or text a lot in case he gets her in trouble with Abdul

Speaking about him, he hasn't come to see him ever since he was convicted but Ibrahim knows that he is doing well. He hates him so much, and feels so betrayed that he dropped him out in the cold like that. After everything they have been

through together... That thought alone eases his guilt of sleeping with his wife.

After the toilet flush, he turns around to see a tall figure in front of him. It might be dark but he knows this figure and scent so well. Before he could open his mouth to talk, the figure moves quickly and stabs him a multiple times so fast

The last jab is right on his chest, the knife twists harder in his heart as he breathes over his neck.

Ibrahim: Ab.....ad..Abdul, you are killing me!

He drops dead on the ground and the last thing he hears is footsteps walking away after pulling out the knife from his chest.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 33

THAPELO

Just as he finishes strapping his son on the car seat, his phone rings. It's the mother in law, he goes to his side and answers.

Thapelo: Ma..

Siza: Thapelo my son, how are you?

Thapelo: I'm good Ma, all is well. How about you?

Siza: I'm troubled by your wife's sudden behavior. She is changing and not for the better. I'm scared for you and her because if she is not careful, the enemy will win. Have you noticed this or I'm crazy?

Thapelo: You are not crazy Ma, I also picked up some changes from her.

Siza: Pray about it son, this doesn't look good to me.

Thapelo: Don't worry ma, the Lord has already shown me about it, I'm on it.

Siza: That's the spirit. What time are you going to drop my grandson tomorrow?

Thapelo: After work we will pick him Saturday afternoon on our return.

Siza: No need, I'll come with him to church Sunday. Have a great evening my son.

Thapelo: Thanks ma, pass my greetings to your husband.

The call ends and Thapelo plays some gospel music singing along driving back home. His mother in law is spot on, at first he thought it's the changes of motherhood as he often heard how it changes women from time to time.

But now he is not going to folds hands and watch the enemy destroy what he worked so hard to build.

After this fast and prayer journey, they need to go on a holiday, just to clear their minds and celebrate because one thing for

sure, this is war. He has no doubt that they will come out victorious again.

THEMBA

It's the "take the kids to park" day today, he gets to be with Sasha and Melusi. The joy he gets holding his daughter is priceless.

Seeing her laugh and run her small fingers across his face makes him happy and emotional at the same time. Thinking about the fact that he can't really be fully affectionate towards his daughter because of boundaries.

Melusi: Kids grow up so fast, you won't say Sasha was keeping us awake at night a few months back. Look at her running now.

Themba: It's a Nzuza thing, my son attempted to walk at 10 months.

Melusi clears his throat and Themba realises that he might have said something off. Oh well.

Melusi: It's time to say goodbye, the mother is texting.

Themba: Okay...

He calls Sasha and Bianca, picking both of them to his arms. Bianca is forcing to be put down and Themba is only left with Sasha in his arms. Themba kisses Sasha's cheeks.

Themba: I love you okay? Never ever forget or doubt that.

He walks with her to Melusi's car and puts her in her seat. Something catches his eyes as he is strapping her on the car seat. Melusi is not paying attention as he is talking to Bianca. Themba picks it up and puts it in his pockets.

Melusi: Izobonana ndoda, please don't be late to the party.

Themba: I won't, safe travels.

Sasha waves at them and Themba waves back with Bianca on his arms. As soon as they are out of sight, he takes out the document from his pockets and reads through it.

It's Sasha's passport! His heart beats faster as thoughts run through his mind. He turns to Bianca and kisses her on the forehead.

Themba: Let's go home my princess.

SAMANTHA

She woke up nauseated and it's happening for the 3rd time in a week. She is scared to test and get confirmation of her suspicions.

Her heart cannot take another false alarm and if indeed it's true, Abdul will be happy. Their daughter dying killed his spirit so much. From how he adores Pam's daughter, it shows how much he wants to be a father again.

Making breakfast while watching the news

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she nearly breaks the plates when the journalist reports that Ibrahim was found dead in his cell because of multiple stab wounds.

Sam:(covering her mouth) Oh my goodness!

She rushes to Abdul's office but it's locked and that could mean one thing, he's not here! She picks up her phone and dials his number, it rings unanswered until she hangs up. Could it be that he is involved? But why would he kill him? It's not like he knows what happened, she made sure to thread carefully and...

The kitchen door opens, he walks in looking all sweaty in his jogging outfit.

Abdul: Good morning babe, why do you look like someone who has seen a ghost?

Samantha: Urhm, I tried to call you.

Abdul: Oh really? I'm sorry, I forgot my phone at work yesterday. What happened?

Samantha: Uhrm, you need to sit down for this.

Abdul: You are scaring me...

Samantha:I'm sorry baby, Ibrahim has passed away.

Abdul: Oh?

Samantha: Yeah, he was stabbed to death last night, police are investigating.

Abdul: Wow, I'm going to take a shower.

He kisses her cheeks and walks past her to their bedroom leaving her hella confused. She can't make sense of his reaction. Or maybe he is in denial? Could be.

SIBA

She is at Bongiwe's office discussing work and she wants to bring up the baby sitting topic but doesn't know how. She is

already arranging something to make the baby sick, everyone knows how strenuous it is to have a sick child.

That will make things even easier for her to make her move and eventually win. Looking at Thapelo, he is a catch and something tells her that he would suit her even better.

A man of his caliber and status needs an experienced and matured woman. Bongiwe is too childish, she doesn't deserve this guy.

Bongiwe: Oh Yes!

Siba: What?

Bongiwe:Read here...

She gives her the iPad and Siza reads the article reporting about the death of some Indian former mogul Ibrahim Ali. She has heard about this name but not sure from where.

Siba: Are you celebrating someone's brutal death?

Bongiwe: My dear, that man made my life a living hell! Sent my husband into prison for something he didn't do.

Siba: But you are a Christian, your job is to forgive and don't wish bad for your enemies.

Bongiwe:(laughs a bit and starts singing)Though I walk in the midst of trouble, you preserve my life; you stretch out your hand against the wrath of my enemies, and your right hand delivers me. Oh Lord, what would I be without you.

Isaiah 54:17 :No weapon that is fashioned against me shall succeed, and you shall confute every tongue that rises against me in judgment. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord and their vindication from me, declares the Lord.”

So my dear sister, allow me to celebrate this because God has done it again. No one messes with his servants and lives to tell the tale. Whoever lives by the sword, dies with it.

I need to call my husband and tell him this, ah umukhulu simakade!

She steps out dialing his number and she loosens up the button from her shirt feeling suffocated and sweaty all of the sudden....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 44

BONGIWE

She comes back from talking to her husband and finds Siba packing her things ready to leave the office back to her station. Bongiwe concludes that her comment about Ibrahim rubbed her off the wrong way maybe but she meant every word.

People are used to playing with others and then expect you to smile and forgive because you are a christian forgetting that they have the same heart. They also get hurt and disappointed.

Bongiwe: Siba, before you go, I would like to invite you to our church this Sunday.

Siba: Ah B...

Bongiwe: I know you will protest but come on, it's going to be so much fun. You will see for yourself. Even the burden you are carrying will be lifted off your shoulders.

Siba:(sighs) Okay I suppose I should.

Bongiwe: Yay! I mean how come you work for me but don't attend my church? Not that it's a must but it would be nice to have you.

Siba: Okay, it makes sense since I'll be babysitting..

Bongiwe: About that, I don't think it will be necessary for you to. Thank you for availing yourself though, I appreciate it.

Siba: What do you mean it won't be necessary anymore?

Bongiwe: I just spoke to my husband and my mother agreed to babysit for us.

Siba: Oh wow, ngoba sekuthanda yena!(because now she wants to)

Bongiwe: Askies?

Siba: No I mean...

Bongiwe: What gives you the right to talk about my mother like that?

They go in a stare competition for a minute and Siba drops her eyes.

Siba: I'm sorry, it was a slip of a tongue, I didn't mean to disrespect your mother like that.

Bongiwe: It better be the last time, you are excused!

Siba nods and walks away leaving Bongiwe exhaling while going back to her chair. This is the first time they are having an argument and she doesn't feel good about it. She needs to go see her mother and apologize for her behavior, it was uncalled for and she knows better than that.

AYANDA

The passing of Ibrahim is trending everywhere, it is reported that his brother Abdul and other family members didn't know that he had come and collected his body this morning.

She smiles, feeling relieved that he is now out of the way, she can live peacefully without having to look over her shoulder. It disappoints her that he died before he can see the new version created through their interaction but nonetheless, it's all good.

Abdul? She's not worried about that one because she has him where she wants him to be, at the palm of her hands sana. He is dancing to her tune unknowingly that it's her calling the shots and rolling the beats

Maybe now she can reach out to Pamela and see how she has been doing. And it's time to come out of her shell and start living again.

Cheers to the soft life and everyone who made it possible for her to afford it, including the dead Ibrahim.

THEMBA

The security opens for him at Melusi's house and he drives in and delivers the hired swimming pool for kids. Angela comes out of the house looking good as usual and Sasha runs up to him. He picks her up and kisses her.

They exchange greetings with Angela who inspect the pool and Themba sees this as the perfect moment to ask about what has been bothering him.

Themba: I picked this from your husband's car the other day...

Angela: (looking at it) We have been looking for it!

Themba: Do you mind telling me what this means?

Angela: It's just a passport Themba

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what else can it mean?

Themba: Angela, why do I get a feeling that you are not telling me the truth?

Angela:(sighs) What do you want from me, Themba?

He bites his lips to control his emotions and exhales.

Themba: I recently found out that Melusi is serving his notice at the government's office.

Angela: So?

Themba: Are you trying to relocate with my daughter without informing me?

Angela: You don't have a say in this, remember?

Themba: Is that so?

Angela: Yes Themba! I'm sick and tired of this back and forth with you hence I think a new country away from you will do us good!

Themba: But this is my child Angela...

Angela: Not according to papers and law, I know you think the few stolen inheritance from your friend can give you power but let me tell you something: You stand zero chance at this. Let it go Themba, Melusi deserves this and I've never seen him this happy and fulfilled.

Themba: Happy and fulfilled at my expense and blood? Why am I the one to sacrifice my blood for him ? He cheats on you, beat

you up and top it up by infecting you with a disease and the reward he gets is my child?

I didn't force you to sleep with me, I wasn't the one who said don't drink the morning after pill. You are not going to deny me a chance to father my child or blame me for something both of us could have prevented!

No matter what you do, wherever you go, this child is a Nzuza not a Bhengu. One day, she will find her way back home!

Angela: Until then, stay away from us! As long as I'm alive, you are not going to have Sasha call you " Father"

Themba: We shall see about that!

Angela: Give me my child Themba and leave!

Themba looks at her and hands back Sasha who is refusing to let go and starts crying. Angela takes her by force.

Angela: See what you have done!

She walks back to the house and Themba quickly wipes his tears and picks up the passport that was dropped from Angela and gets inside his car driving out....

SAMANTHA

So it's true, he is really dead? It's a mystery how he died and who could have possibly killed him. Rumors are going around saying that it could be one of the inmates that killed him.

Abdul: You good?

Sam: Yeah, just thinking.

Abdul: About?

Sam: Your brother's death. It's confusing as to how he died with such heavy security around his cell? I mean he was the safest amongst everyone there.

Abdul stops drinking water from the bottle and folds his arms looking at her.

Abdul: And how do you know such classified details?

Sam: huh?

Abdul: You said he was the safest, I'm asking how do you know that? You are more well informed than I am and it makes me curious as to how??

His calm tone is disquieting and the way he is looking at her, makes her wish the ground would open and swallow her. She is not answering this question, never!

Sam: There's something I need to tell you, I'm pregnant....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 45

ABDUL

He looks at her sternly before moving away from her for air. He has been quiet for far too long and it's time he frees himself from this misery.

Abdul: You are pregnant?

Samantha: Yes, I am.

Abdul: How long have you known?

Samantha: I've had symptoms for a while but only confirmed it recently. I'm 10 weeks pregnant.

Abdul: Mhmm, is it mine?

She pops her eyes out checking on her own saliva and Abdul offers her his water of which she refuses.

Sam: How dare you ask me such a thing Abdul, I'm married to you!

Abdul: I have every right to ask you this because you have been sleeping with my brother behind my back!

Again she is stunned and out of place.

Sam:I..I...

Abdul: You think I didn't know? How could you do this to me? Not once but thrice!

Sam: I'm sorry, it was a mistake...

Abdul: Please, give me some respect at least!

Sam: I swear...

Abdul: A mistake that made you book flights from Cape Town to Johannesburg? And you tell me it's my child? How low can you go?

Sam: It's yours, I last had an encounter with Ibrahim 3 months back.

Abdul: What makes you think I'm going to believe that?

Sam: We can do the DNA to see the date of conception, I was with you that night. It's your child Ab.

Abdul: What is it that I haven't done for you?

Sam:(crying) I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me...

Abdul: After the funeral, I don't ever want to see you...

Sam: Abdul...

Abdul: Please, I will not have a woman's blood on my hands. That I refuse. Just leave my house and live in peace.

Sam: We can talk about this, it was a mistake...

He raises his hand and walks away going to his car. The rage he is feeling right now cannot be explained. It's not like he cannot kill Samantha, but not while pregnant and possibly with his child. As for Ibrahim, he deserves to die twice for this.

What did he ever do to him to deserve such betrayal? Hoes will always be hoes but what about family and brotherhood?

THEMBA

Leaving Melusi's house, he drove to Samke's studio where she does her rehearsals. He needs to talk to someone whom he knows won't judge him but listens.

Samke: Oh oh, I know that walk, what have they done to you?

Themba: I swear I'm going to lose my mind, Samke!

Samke: Calm down and talk to me, what happened?

Themba: Isn't Angela and that husband of hers? They are relocating with my child! If I didn't see the passport, I wasn't going to know about it!

Samke: Eix, I'm sorry. What are you going to do about it?

Themba:(sitting down) I'll be damned if I allow such!

Samke: Themba, you gave away your rights remember?

Themba: Because everyone was on my neck about how I'm already a father to two kids, how Melusi deserves this! My father also was giving me an ultimatum. No one really cared to ask how I feel about this!

Now I'm being punished as if I forced Angela to sleep with me! She is busy sucking up to that husband of hers and playing happy families with my child! Using my baby to revive that dead marriage of hers!

Samke: Yoooh Geez calm down! Is this because you can't be with Angela?

Themba: Are you listening? I don't deny loving Angela but this is about my child, me being able to openly love my daughter the same way I have to my other two kids. You know I've never been a dead beat or absent to my kids.

Samke: That's true.

Themba: Angela has the nerve to tell me I'm useless and won't win this no matter how I try.

Samke: Haa, I'm not saying you are right and she's wrong but that's not a nice thing to say.

Themba: Yena nalendoda yakhe emnyama should go adopt and see if lomshado wabo obolile will survive nah. He wants to be a father right, there's so many abandoned babies he can father.

Samke: Whatever you do, don't end up in prison. You have kids that need you.

Right then a good looking white guy walks in carrying flowers.
Samke smiles and blushes like crazy going to him for a hug.

Samke: Themba, this is my boyfriend Leroy, Babe, this is my baby daddy Themba.

Leroy: How zit my man..

Themba:(shaking his hand) I'm good, how about you?

Leroy: Same, I'm glad to finally meet you. Babe, I came to take you for lunch.

Samke: Okay, I'm coming. Just give me a minute.

Leroy:(nodding while walking away) Nice to meet you again Themba.

Themba: Likewise. He looks like a nice gent.

Samke: He is, I'm so happy with him.

Themba:(smiling) I'm happy for you, you deserve it. He is a lucky gent, I hope he treats you better and how you deserve.

Samke: Trust me he does, I'm going to leave now. You are going to be fine right?

Themba: I'll be fine

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thanks for alway lending me an ear.

Samke:(hugging him) Always. Let me go and joll with my man, I'll see you.

He smiles watching her leave and takes out his phone dialing Pamela.

Pamela: Besti, now it's not a good time hey. Your favorite niece is showing me flames.

Themba: Okay I'll call you later.

Pamela: You good though? You sound a bit down.

Themba: I'm not, hence I'm calling you. I need your help.

BONGIWE

She is with her mother before the church service starts and catching up with her.

Bongiwe: Mama, I didn't get enough time to chat with you yesterday because Thapelo was tired and wanted to prepare for today. I want to apologize for my behavior the past days and how I last spoke to you.

It was not the right way for me to talk to you and I know how much you love me and my son.

Siza:(sigh) You really hurt my feelings when you said that Bongiwe but I'm glad you are seeing your faults. I love you both as my kids and so are my grandchildren.

Bongiwe:I know mamami, I am sorry.

Siza: It's okay my baby. I just want the best for you and I need you to be the best wife you could be. You have a great man in Thapelo, don't take that for granted. If you sleep on that trust me other women are seeing how good he is and want him for themselves.

It doesn't have to be strangers, they could be from your circle, church or work. Stay on prayer and don't be distracted. I don't want to lose you to an enemy.

Her heart skips a bit at that, she doesn't know what she would do if she were to lose her husband to another woman because of her foolish/carelessness.

Bongiwe:(hugging her) I promise to not disappoint you Mama. Let's go, I need to see if our guests have arrived.

Siza: Okay my baby, go do your duties. We'll catch up later. You and Thapelo should Come to the house for dinner.

Bongiwe agrees and walks inside the church and finds Thapelo talking to the guest pastors. They exchange pleasantries and discuss about the Lord being good and how good this service will be.

As soon as the ushers get everyone seated, the intercession service starts led by Bongiwe and it goes on for the next 30 minutes before she hands the rope to her MC.

Siba walks through the door looking really good and she smiles because she thought after the small argument they had, she wasn't going to show up.

Bongiwe walks to the door to personally welcome her to the church and she suddenly looks uneasy when she gets to the front row.

Siba:(whispering) You didn't tell me Mthokozisi and Mncedisi are going to be here!

Bongiwe:(smiling) Pastor Zulu and Ngema to you.

Siba: Well, they better not touch me. They are known for performing miracles.

Bongiwe: Not all the time unless the holy spirit tells them to prophecy. It might be something good, please relax and enjoy the service please.

She leaves her on the chairs and goes to sit with Thandeka and Khethiwe...

MELUSI

He is at the car wash where his beast is being thoroughly cleaned and he is chilling on the chairs busy on his phone when a car he is familiar with drives through.

He lifts his head and sees the lady step out of it, dressed in a simple short dress and sandals. Still looks good if he were to say. She notices him after some time and comes to his direction.

Mona: Minister?

Melusi: Mona, what a lovely Sunday to bump into you! When did you come back?

Mona: It's been a month, how are you ? Gosh you have gained weight!

Melusi: Come on, it's not that bad. You come back and don't tell me?

Mona:(rolling her eyes) What difference would it have made?

Mona and him worked in the same department and they had an affair. She is the reason why he didn't sleep at home most of the time. Those days were crazy.

Melusi: I see overseas treat you well?

Mona: It did, I cannot wait to go back. I can't with your country. I heard you are a father now, congratulations.

Melusi: Yes, to a smart daughter, I love her.

Mona: She does look smart but doesn't look like you.

Melusi: You know a girl's child, this one decided to take after her mother. What about you, any kids?

Mona: None so far, you know I've always been about chasing my career and money. But I am ready to settle now and start my own family.

Melusi: Anyone special?

Mona: You are nosey. But I can tell you all about it over a drink.

Melusi: Urhm...

Mona: Come on, it's just drinks between old friends, what's wrong with that?

She gives him those eyes that make him weak and he laughs getting up from his chair.

Melusi: Okay fine, just one drink!

Mona: Yaay!

Melusi: You are up for that drink now?

Mona: Sure, while I wait for my car to be washed.

Melusi: I think they are done with mine, let me check it and we can go.

Mona nods and Melusi goes to the boy and finds out that they are putting back everything inside the car. He pays and tips them double. Mona jumps in and he drives out to a spot that is private and quiet. His phone rings, he answers while parking on the other side of the road.

Melusi: Baby?

Angela: Hey love, how far are you from coming back?

Melusi: Urhm, there's a cue babe so I might be here for an hour.

Angela: I thought you were a loyal customer and didn't get to stand in cues. But it's fine, my parents are here.

Melusi: Oh my bad, I will be home in the next hour.

Angela: They will be gone by then...

Melusi: I'm sorry baby...

Angela: It's fine.

She hangs up sounding a bit upset and he exhales starting the car and Mona chuckles a bit.

Melusi: What's funny?

Mona: You, I mean you still lie to your wife....

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 46

SIBA

It's been years since she has been to church, let alone praying. As everyone is praying in tongues, she finds herself mumbling and not sure of what she is saying.

Part of her wants to get up and walk out of this place because she is feeling so uneasy but Bongiwe placed her at the front row. Walking out will attract eyes she doesn't need, probably trip and fall then be accused of being demonic.

Mrs Zulu is given the platform to preach before her husband and she takes the front and greets everyone according to their positions. Khethiwe, Thandeka and Bongiwe are the ladies she considers to be lucky, especially Khethiwe. Not only is she royalty, but her husband is rich as fuck. Let's not even get

started on the looks, it's Thandeka's husband whose shade is darker amongst the pastors. Idris Elba kind of dark, that one.

Thandeka: Today brothers and sisters I want to touch on the fake front us humans present at all times. I won't be long because our pastors have to preach but have you ever known someone who appeared to have life under control? A person who seemed to have every aspect of life together?

She's the Proverb 31 woman and more squeaky clean house, gourmet cook, home decorator beyond compare, always candidate for Mother of the year..?

You get the idea. Well, more than likely she's got some issues that she keeps hidden from the world. Most people do, I included.

You can put up a good front to the world. You can appear to have everything together and hide the areas where you are failing. You can even try to do that with God.

But the truth is, and you know it, that you are not fooling Him. It's so much better to judy admit your failures to God and stop trying to fool Him! Confess, repent and be honest with God!

The subject of this morning's sermon will be this—
CONFESSION OF SIN. We know that this is absolutely necessary to salvation. Unless there be a true and hearty confession of our sins to God, we have no promise that we shall find mercy through the blood of the Redeemer.

The Lord said : "Whosoever confesseth his sins and forsaketh them shall find mercy." But there is no promise in the Bible to the man who will not confess his sins. Yet, as upon every point of Scripture there is a liability of being deceived, so more especially in the matter of confession of sin. There are many who make a confession, and a confession before God, who notwithstanding, receive no blessing, because their confession has not in it certain marks which are required by God to prove it genuine and sincere, and which demonstrate it to be the work of the Holy Spirit.

My message this morning consists of three words, "I have sinned." And you will see how these words, in the lips of

different men, indicate very different feelings. While one says, "I have sinned," and receives forgiveness; another we shall meet with says, "I have sinned," and goes his way to blacken himself with worse crimes than before, and dive into greater depths of sin than heretofore he had discovered.

You don't have to kill or steal

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to be considered a sinner, that thought of evilness in your mind is what makes you a sinner and will prevent you from going to heaven. Evil heart has no place with light.

Salvation is free, and remember that "he who conceals his sins does not prosper, but whoever confesses and renounces them finds mercy " Proverbs 28: 13

Please repeat this prayer after me: Dear heavenly Father, I know that sometimes I think too highly of myself. I am sorry that I ignore the need for confession so often. I guess I think that my sins aren't real if I don't say them out Loud. Please forgive me for that.

Father, help me take the time and make the effort to come clean with you. I trust you to forgive me for my sins committed and the ones I was yet to commit.

Amen.

After the prayer the MC takes over and Siba feels something move inside her. This whole sermon just activated the hunger inside her. Thinking about everything she went through that hardened her heart, she finds it hard to stop her tears but instead breaks down in a loud sob and falls onto her knees.

Female ushers quickly attend to her and wrap her lower body with the towels.

Mthokozisi: Let her be, the Holy Spirit is in control and dealing with her. Just keep an eye on her in case she gets up so that she doesn't hurt herself.

THEMBA

He didn't go to church today because of how he has been feeling lately but he is streaming the sermon live from the church's Facebook page. He is in his parent's house, arrived few hours ago and can't wait for them to come back from church so he can eat the Sunday koos.

Their helper is preparing the lunch setup and he decides to help her so he can pass some time.

Themba: What can I do to help Aunty?

Aunty: Wipe those plates my boy.

Themba takes the cloth and decides to help her.

Themba: Aunty, I want to ask you something.

Aunty: yes?

Themba: What do you think of me as a person, feel free to tell me.

Aunty: That's a random question, why do you ask? Are you okay?

Themba:(chuckling) I'm fine, I am just curious.

Aunty: Oh well, I think you are a good person who just lacks direction sometimes. Your parents paved the way for you and your sister. I'm glad that you are working on restoring yourself because they won't be here forever.

You need to man up and learn to be responsible, your sister is married now and has her own family. You have kids that one day will look up to you as a role model. Do you want your son to turn out like you?

Themba:(shaking his head) No, I want my kids to be better than I am.

Aunty: Then be an example of what you want them to become. You have your parents as role models.

Themba: I am worried about my other child Aunty. While I live comfortably here being the best dad to these two, I am really uncomfortable at Melusi raising her. What if one day he molests her? Aunty, my gender is trash, we can't shy away from that. What happens if Angela is the one to die first?

Aunty: Oh my baby, don't stress yourself too much. Just pray for your child and your ancestors will bring Sasha back home.

Themba:(chuckling) Do we have ancestors in this household?

Aunty: The Nzuzza generation before your parents were deep about their traditions. I was lucky to meet your grandfather before his passing. Trust me, he is not going to forsake you. Maybe one day you should visit his grave and talk to him. Ask him to shake things up there in the underground world.

Themba: I never thought of that, what should I bring with me?

Aunty: I will write you a list.

Themba: Thank you Aunty, I feel so relieved now.

Aunty: You are welcome my boy, one day you are going to be someone's husband. You need to know these things and how to go about them.

Themba:(laughing) I can imagine myself being someone's husband, weeh!

ANGELA

From the kitchen where she is doing the dishes, she hears Melusi walking in and shouts for Sasha's name. Before she could even see him, she concludes that he is drunk and it irks her up even more.

Concentrating on the dishes, she ignores the footsteps approaching her and silently prays that she keeps it together.

He hugs her on her waist and attempts to kiss her neck but she steps back and turns to look at him.

Melusi: Sthandwa sam...

Angela: Where are you from?

Melusi: Baby, I told you...

Angela: Don't make me a fool, the whole day at the carwash?

Melusi: No babe, a friend came and we left for drinks.

Angela:(chuckling in disbelief) Wow Melusi, yet my parents were here waiting hoping you were going to show up.

Melusi: I'm so sorry baby, I promise I'm going to make up to you.

His phone rings and he looks at the phone and cancels it. Her sixth sense clocks in and she exhales.

Angela: Who is that?

Melusi: No one important. Please don't be mad at me.

He wraps his arms around her and her nostrils picks up the feminine perfume and she pushes her off her hard he almost falls.

She bats her artificial eyelashes trying to stop her tears. How can she forget the scent of a woman who terrorized her so much? If it wasn't the scent it used to be lipstick smudges.

The huge lump on her throat is suffocating her and makes it hard for her to breathe. A notification from his phone pings and she looks at him. T

Angela: It's her isn't it?

Melusi: I'm sorry....

This time she let the tears fall down her face without stopping them.

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 47

MELUSI

He watches in sadness, filled with regrets and remorse when Angela wipes her tears and walks away back to their bedroom. What did he do? After working so damn hard to earn her trust back?

How is he going to convince her that he didn't do anything with Mona? Yes she tried to seduce him but he stopped her. The message that came through is her apologising for coming at him like that earlier.

He shouldn't have agreed that Mona hugs her because now of that scent laced on his clothes, Angela thinks that he slept with her.

Sighs, he types a message to Mona telling her that it was nice seeing and catching up with her but he will appreciate it if she didn't text or call him again. He won't lie, when he saw her he was tempted and got reminded of their old times they shared.

After sending the message, he deletes and blocks her number and walks to their bedroom. Angela is under the blankets covering her head with it. He can hear her sniffs from where he is standing.

Melusi: I know it's hard for you to believe me but I promise you nothing happened. I will never hurt you like that.

She rises angrily from the bed pulling off the covers and looks at him fuming.

Angela: Really Melusi, is that the best lie you've got?

Melusi: Baby, I'm not lying!

Angela: I smelled her on you Melusi!

Melusi: Okay here's the truth, nothing but the truth. She came when I was at the carwash and we decided to have drinks. Nothing more happened after that.

Angela: Wait, so you ditched my family to hang out with your sidechick?

Melusi: Baby?

Angela: Get off my face Melusi you disgust me!

She gets off the bed and takes her phone with.

Melusi: Where are you going?

Angela: Somewhere I won't see your disgusting lying face!

She storms out of the bedroom banging the door behind her and he sighs rubbing his head. Back to square one, this would have been avoided if he didn't agree to go out with Mona. He lies on top of his bed closing his eyes and thinks about the way out of this mess.

THAPELO

The service was great and what topped up their day was the delicious lunch they had at his in-laws house.

Bongiwe walks in after putting Nathi to sleep and cuddles next to him, wrapping her arms around him. She is smelling so great, he kisses her hair playing with it.

Bongiwe: What a weekend! I'm glad I'm finally having a chance to be on your chest without anyone.

Thapelo: It was a good weekend though, especially today.

Bongiwe: Yes, today was great.

Thapelo: You were greater...

Bongiwe:(blushing) Aw papa, you are making me blush.

Thapelo: I love making you blush. I have been trying to reach out to Siba but she's not picking up.

Thapelo: Let her be, she is probably overwhelmed and trying to process this whole thing.

Bongiwe:(clapping her hand) Yeah neh, never assume to know a person.

When Siba was under spirit arrest, the guest pastors prayed for her and the demon spoke inside her. All the plans and what has happened so far.

Bongiwe: I don't know if I should fire her or what.

Thapelo: Don't fire her, just stop discussing our marriage with her. Your relationship should be strictly professional and if maybe you see something is wrong, then you can take that step.

Bongiwe: Okay. I want to apologize for almost risking our marriage and love by befriending her baby...I really thought she was a good person.

Thapelo: It's okay baby, this was a wake up call for us and a reminder that we shouldn't relax because next time God will allow it to happen just so we learn the hard way.

Bongiwe: (nodding) I hear you

when are we starting with the fasting?

Thapelo: Tomorrow....

She sits up and looks at him as if she wants to complain but nods and spreads her legs across his. Her hands goes under his pyjama top and touch on his sensitive spot, his nipples and he jumps

Thapelo:(giggling) Baby marn...

Bongiwe:(kissing him) What?

Thapelo: You know there's something I wanted to ask you. Don't be offended.

She stops and looks at him.

Bongiwe: Okay?

Thapelo: Are you pregnant?

Bongiwe: Hai Thapelo, our son is only 5 months, how do you ask me such questions?

Thapelo: I have been observing your behavior and I think...

She quickly gets off him and runs to the bathroom...

Thapelo:(laughing) And then?

Bongiwe: I'm doing a pregnancy test!

Thapelo: Aren't you supposed to wait until morning?

Bongiwe: I won't sleep without knowing!

Thapelo: Okay, can I come?

Bongiwe: No! If I'm pregnant Thapelo I swear I won't talk to you ever again!

Bathong! Now it's his fault? Njani when she's the one who always wants to have it inside her all the time?

THEMBA

He is back at his place chilling with Neo and watching movies. They are cuddled up nicely in a cosy way and her skin against his makes his blood hot. One thing he made sure of was having hot baby mamas shame. There you cannot fault him.

Themba: Babe...

Neo: Yeah?

Themba: Why do you love me?

Neo: What do you mean?

Themba: I mean I haven't been what you look for in a man, not even sure if I'm close to that but you are still here. I don't treat you well sometimes but you still back, why?

She reduces the volume tv and sits up taking his hand into his and smiles.

Neo: Because I love you Themba.

Themba: How do you love someone who hurts you?

Neo: (sighs) When I say I love you, I mean that I accept you for the person that you are, and that I do not wish to change you into anyone else. It means that I will love and stand by you even through the worst of times. It means loving you even when you're in a bad mood, or too tired to do the things I want you to do. It means loving you even when you're down, not just when you are fun to be with. It means that I know your deepest secrets and do not judge you for them, asking in return that you don't judge mine.

It means that I care enough to fight for what we have and that I love you enough to not let go. It means thinking of you, dreaming of you, wanting and needing you constantly and hoping that someday you will feel the same for me.

I want to be with you forever so that I can love you in a way that no one else can and care for you in a manner that only I would. But then they broke my heart when they said forever isn't true. Can we prove them wrong by working on forever? Just me and you?

Damn, he never knew how deep this girl feels for him and right now he is stunned and out of words as they stare into each other's eyes. She just poured her heart out and honestly, he is touched.

A door bell saves him and he smiles getting up to answer it. His shock when he sees Angela cannot be missed. He stands by the door and looks at her.

Themba: Hey, Angela. I didn't expect to see you this time of the night.

Angela: I'm sorry to just show up but I am losing my mind.

Themba: What is it? Is my...(clears throat) Your daughter okay?

Angela: She's fine. It's Melusi who just...

She is trying to walk in and he stops her.

Themba: I'm sorry, you can't come in.

Angela:(disappointed) Oh?

Themba: Yes, the mother of my child is here and we both know how crazy Neo can be.

Angela: I thought you guys broke up? Either way I'm sorry for disturbing your moment if there's anything I disturbed. I just needed someone to talk to.

Themba: I'm sorry, I hope you are going to be okay. Goodnight.

He turns and shuts the door right on her face and walks back to Neo. Surprisingly she doesn't ask who that was and he is sure as hell that she heard the female voice. He cuddles her on his arms sniffing on her neck.

Themba: I'm sorry about that. Where were we?

PAMELA

Her baby is long gone to sleep and this is the perfect time for her daily skin routine. Just after applying a mask on her face, her security texts and informs her that Ayanda is here to see her.

Say what? This bitch is still alive? She quickly heads to the door and she stands there looking all hella fine and smooth....

Pamela: Ayanda!

Ayanda: Hi Pam, can I come in?

Pamela: Yeah, sure come in!

To be continued.

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 48

AYANDA

Seeing Pam's baby live and so grown up shocks Ayanda. These little humans grow so fast but she doesn't sbwl to be a mom anytime soon, especially with how busy and dangerous her life is lately.

Pam: Washo ke Ayanda... you know I was kind of hurt when you just vanished from my life after that whole drama.

She smiles, so Pam was worried? That's nice to know.

Ayanda: Ncooh, I'm sorry. I just needed to lay low a bit. How are you though?

Pam: I'm okay, like really I'm fine and at peace.

Ayanda: The glow says it all. Are you going to attend your baby daddy's funeral?

Pam: I am not sure...part of me wants to go, Abdul begged me to do it for Sky and bring her.

Ayanda: I'm afraid he is right. Are you still in contact with your family?

Pam: I don't have a family Ayanda, they don't care whether I'm alive or dead.

Ayanda: I'm sorry, I was asking hoping that maybe one of them can go to the funeral on your behalf with the baby.

Pam: You know what, I'm actually going there. I want to look at that man lying in that coffin and tell him shit.

Ayanda: Violence! He's dead and probably won't ever bother you or hurt you again.

Pam: Exactly, that's why I have to do it because I won't ever get a chance to do it again.

Ayanda: Alright ma'am.

A comfortable silence falls between them and Ayanda looks at her watch.

Ayanda: Okay, maybe I better get going...

Pam: Oh, already?

Ayanda: Yes, it was lovely seeing and catching up with you.

Pam: Same here but I didn't think you would leave so soon. I mean I haven't seen you in a year and a half!

Ayanda: It's been that long, I know.

Pam: Come on, spend the night.

Ayanda: Pam...

Pam: Please, I'll ask to leave Sky with the babysitter and we can go out and paint the town red.

When last did she have some fun? As in like real fun? It's been long, she spends her time worrying about business and money.

Ayanda:(smiling) Okay, I'm in.

Pam: Yaaay!

Ayanda: But what am I going to wear though?

Pam: We'll find something in my closet, come.

Ayanda:What? We are not the same size Pamela!

She takes her hand and drags her to the bedroom and opens her huge closet. Whooah, the shoe collection is her favorite here. It's really insane! She takes out some shirts, shorts and shoes.

Pam: Put this on, I think they will suit you. I haven't worn them by the way.

Ayanda:(chuckling) Girl you are crazy.

Pam: Come on, hurry so that if we don't find anything we can shop online!

Ayanda: Okay!

She laughs taking off her dress and shoes while Pamela watches seated on the edge of the bed.

Ayanda puts on the shirt and buttoning it with the kinds of nails she has on is a mission proving to be impossible. Pamela stands up and comes to her to assist.

Pam: Let me help with that....

She buttons the shirt from waist down going up and her finger touches her breast that is popping from her bra. It's how soft her fingernail is towards her breast. Ayanda finds herself licking and biting her bottom lip.

Pam now moves her whole hand and touches her boob, a moan voluntarily escapes her lips. Gosh it's been so long since she has been touched like this. The dildos don't do much justice.

Pam is fully aware of what her touch is doing to her and she is guided by Ayanda's reaction. Her other hand goes to the g-string she is wearing and shifts it aside. Ayanda feels her fingers rubbing her pussy and she gasps, her hand going behind her neck and pulling her face closer to hers. They kiss.

It starts off as softs and gentle and increases to each other's desires. Ayanda lifts her leg, folding it a bit allowing Pam to dip her two fingers inside her honeypot. The way she is so wet and dripping on her fingers, it's crazy.

Ayanda: Oh my God Pam!

She cries out as she can feel pleasure kicking in, the shirt is on the floor and both of them are now on the bed, kissing and caressing each other freely.

In an instant, they flip each other around inna 6/9 position and their tongues are dancing in each other's private parts causing them to cry out like hungry cats due to the foreign feeling they experience.

Sky: Mommy!

She calls out from the passage coming to Pamela's bedroom and the ladies quickly jump away from each other. Ayanda gets

under the bed covers while Pam giggles her way to the door wearing her gown and picks her baby up.

Talk about bad timing! Sky is such a jealous baby, why wake up now? Ayanda laughs a bit at that thought exhaling and thinks to herself: what was that? It felt good though! That's what matters for now.

MELUSI

Waking up and realising that Angela didn't sleep at home drives him to panic mode. He rushes to Sasha's room and finds their helper helping her change her pyjamas. He sighs relieved and goes back to his room and tries calling Angela but her phone is on voicemail.

Melusi: Baby, it's me. I just woke up and realized that you didn't sleep at home. Please come back so that we can talk about this.

I swear to you I'm telling the truth. I'm willing to do anything and everything for you to believe me.

He ends the call and takes a shower, it helps him relieve his anxieties and stress levels. Still, there's no response from Angela. Without thinking twice, he calls Themba. His heart is beating fast at this moment as he is not sure of the outcome of this call..

Themba: Mr Bhengu...

Melusi: Themba Hi. How are you?

Themba:I'm good, thanks.

Melusi: I am sorry to call so early in the morning but I am looking for my wife.

This is embarrassing and his subconscious tells him that but hey, desperation.

Themba: (sighs) She's not here.

Melusi: Oh

I'm sorry to bother you.

Themba: It's okay.

Melusi: Thanks for understanding, have a great day.

He ends the calls and gulps down cold water from the fridge and picks up his daughter from the helper.

Melusi: It's okay, I'll take over from here.

The lady nods and Melusi continues feeding her making small talks and Angela drives in. The fear and concern washes off and is replaced by anger now.

Angela: Morning...

Melusi: Where are you from?

Angela: Out...

Melusi: Out where Angela, where did you go last night?

Angela: I went to see Themba and...

Melusi: Stop lying! Themba said you weren't there!

Angela: So you called him? Wow!

Melusi: Don't wow me Angela! Why disrespect me like that? So everytime we fight you are going to run up to him?

Angela: I'm not doing this with you.

Melusi: Angela!

She takes Sasha from him and walks away leaving him banging the table with his fist feeling so much anger brewing inside him.

He dials Thapelo and he answers after the 5th ring, sounding asleep.

Thapelo: Bhengu, it's still early...

Melusi: I am going to kill this bitch I swear!

Thapelo: Whooa, calm down and talk to me!

THAPELO

After talking to Melusi for a good 30 minutes trying to reason with him, he comes back to the bedroom and snuggle behind Bongiwe. Nathi is still sleeping, thank God.

Thapelo: Good morning babe...it's Monday.

Bongiwe: There's nothing good about this morning!

Thapelo: Come on babe, are you still mad at me?

The pregnancy test came back positive and she has been crying ever since.

Bongiwe: Thapelo, you don't get it. People are going to judge me!

Thapelo: For what? You are married and making babies in your marriage. There's nothing wrong with that.

Bongiwe: Our son is still very young, not even a year old. God, how did I forget my job last month?

Thapelo: Hey, stop stressing babe. We will be fine. Our kids will be okay and it's not like we cannot afford them. One thing I think we should do is get a house help to lessen the burden from you.

Bongiwe: I'll ask my mom to help with that, the helper she hired has been good to us till now. I would want someone like that around my family and kids.

Thapelo: Okay, now turn around let's talk.

She heavily sighs and turns around. Thapelo baby kisses her and pulls her closer.

Bongiwe: Siba resigned, adding to my other stress. Now I need to find another PA and train her how I do things!

Thapelo: Stop stressing about all those things, it's not good for the baby.

Bongiwe: Speaking about babies, I need to check up on Nathi.

Thapelo: He's fine, still sleeping. I think that allows us enough time for some morning glory?

Bongiwe: These morning glories are the reason I'm pregnant again while my son is 5 months...

Thapelo:(laughing) come on, now you are going to starve your man? Huh?

He is asking while running his hand between her thighs and is met by so much wetness...

Bongiwe: Be quick before he wakes up...

THEMBA

After the call from Melusi, he realises that Angela was not bluffing last night, things are rocky between them.

If this happened maybe months back, he was going to celebrate and probably chase Neo out just to accommodate Angela. But now he has reached that stage where he doesn't care anymore. Especially after she told him how useless he is and how he will never match Melusi's standards. There's a limit a man can handle, like any other person, he also has his pride and boundaries. Angela needed to be reminded of that.

He takes the breakfast to Neo who is still sleeping with Bianca on her lap. Themba gently moves Bianca to the other pillow and shakes Neo up and kisses her.

Themba: Morning, I thought I should do like in the movies and serve you some breakfast in bed.

Neo:(smiling) You are so sweet, I need to brush my teeth though.

She gets out of the bed, wears his t-shirt and goes to the bathroom. On her return she is smelling fresh and starts digging.

Themba: You know I have been thinking about what you said last night. You loving me.

Neo: Uh-huh?

Themba: What would you say if I were to tell you to join me in Ibiza?

She puts her plate down and covers her mouth from screaming?

Neo: Are you serious?

Themba: Yep, a new start, just you and me and our kids. What do you think?

Neo: Babe, it's still early to joke like that!

Themba: I'm not joking. It's been on my mind for a while now. A friend already overseas is helping me get my papers right. As soon as that ticks out, I'm out of here.

Neo: Oh my gosh, I feel like screaming right now! I would love that so much!

Themba: I want to make you happy and start treating you right because you are good for me Neo. You deserve this and our daughter deserves to have a happy mom.

Neo: Don't make me cry...

Themba: There's something I want to tell you though before we jump into this.

Neo: Okay?

He exhales and holds her hand...

Themba: You were right, Sasha is my daughter.

Neo: But her mom is married..?

Themba: I know. When I said I want us to raise both our daughters, I mean both Bianca and Sasha.

Neo: Will her mom agree?

Themba: Leave that to me, I'll handle it.

To be continued...

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 49

(Contains violence)

ANGELA

She is lying on the bed with the bottle of whiskey next to her. Sasha is doing whatever on her phone and it's the only way to keep her busy and quiet. She made sure to lock her social media apps so that this little rascal doesn't upload wrong stuff online. Or even worse, go live with her phone on Instagram.

Melusi badges in and removes the blankets off her face forcing her to open her drunk eyes.

Angela: Yini ke manje!? (what is it?)

Melusi: I want us to talk, we cannot go on like this. Our daughter's birthday is just a few days apart and we are fighting.

Angela: Isn't you who decided to go out and whore?

Melusi:(sighs) How many times am I going to tell you that I didn't cheat on you?

Angela: You can say it a 100 times but it won't change my belief and you are not going to force me to.

Melusi: You are being ridiculous right now and you know it! Can you just listen and stop being childish!

Angela:(chuckling) So I'm now being childish because I refuse to believe your lies?

Melusi: It's not like you are any better, you didn't sleep at home and lied about it but I'm here trying.

Angela:(rolling her eyes) There we go again!

Melusi sighs frustrated and gets Sasha off the bed to go play in her room.

Melusi: Angela, talk to me , how do I do this tight?

Angela: You know what Melusi, I'm tired...

Melusi: Baby...

Angela: I'm tired of understanding, being calm and all. I just want out.

Melusi:(chuckling nervously) You don't mean that baby. We have come so far to give up now.

Angela: Exactly, I don't think I have the strength to do this anymore. Worse, I don't think I'm in love with you.

Melusi: No babe, you are joking right? I refuse to believe this!

Angela: Well, you better believe it. I am going to file for a divorce.

Melusi: Angela after everything you are leaving me? What's going to happen to me, us?

Angela: I know I'll be fine, I believe you will be too.

He gets up and starts pacing up and down panting.

Melusi: What about our plans? Us relocating? Sasha?

Angela: I'm still going to do it, the difference is that I'm going to do it alone.

Melusi: No no no no babe come on. Don't do this to me. I can't live without you and Sasha. She's my child and I deserve to be in her life...

Angela: Your child? Melusi, it's time we face reality.

Melusi: What does that supposed to mean? Don't tell me you are leaving me so that you can be with Themba!

Angela: I never said that!

Melusi: You don't have to, isn't that everytime we disagree you run up to him! Why do you keep on dragging my image to the mud by cheating with that low life boy?

Angela: Oh , but when you cheat with floozies like Mona it's alright? At least Themba is a man enough to make me pregnant...

She doesn't get to finish that line, Melusi back slaps her and she falls on the other side of the bed. The whole thing just took a bad turn in a second. Melusi is so furious because she has just hit the nerve, his biggest insecurity that his bank balance can't cover.

He takes out his belt and starts whopping her while calling her all sorts of names, not noticing Sasha who looks so distraught and crying by the door while holding her mom's phone.

Melusi: (shouting) Ungrateful bitch! I made you and your good for nothing family what they are today! And because your siblings are done with varsity that I paid for you are talking about leaving? You are not going anywhere, for better or worse, till death do us apart !

THEMBA

He's visiting his sister at work and they are catching up with their lives.

Themba: You love sex shame. I can't believe you are pregnant again before my nephew is a year old.

Bongiwe: Come on, it's not like I'm the only person who experienced this. And the joy of it, I'm married.

Themba: Okusalayo!(but still!)

Bongiwe: Okay if you are going to judge me I'll judge you too! 3 kids, a year apart, different mothers, not married. Please!

Themba: (laughing) Yeah, yeah yeah...speaking of which. I am relocating with Neo.

Bongiwe: Wow, do the parents know?

Themba: Not yet, I'll tell them tonight. I want to do right by her before we leave.

Bongiwe: As in to marry her?

Themba:Yes...

Bongiwe: Wow, I didn't see this one coming. I thought you didn't love this girl.

Themba: I love her, just that her behavior used to bore me because I thought I was cool and ish. She's a good person, and I believe we are going to be good. We both learn from our mistakes and are willing to correct them.

Bongiwe:(smiling) This makes me happy to hear bhutiza, congratulations in advance. I'm sure mom and dad are going to be proud.

Themba: Definitely, I need a lawyer.

Bongiwe: What for?

Themba: I want to fight for my child Bongiwe...

Bongiwe: Themba

this is going to be messy!

Themba: But that's my child! Melusi should adopt and stop playing daddy with my baby!

His phone rings just as Bongiwe is about to say anything. The caller ID is Angela, he answers but hears screams and Sasha crying in the background. Melusi is shouting and hurling all sorts of insults.

Themba:Shit, Sasha, baby if you hear me run to a safe room!
Sasha?! Baby?

Melusi:(background) Sasha, what are you doing there? Give daddy the phone...

After that the call ends and Themba's heart is beating so fast.

Bongiwe: What's happening?

Themba: My child, he's going to kill them! I need to save my child!

Bongiwe: Themba, what are you talking about?

Themba: Call the police for cover but I need to go in there and save my child!

He snatches his keys and drives out in a speed while doing a voice note to his father explaining what happened. He forwards the voice note to Thapelo as well.

PAMELA

After putting Sky to bed, they left the house looking all kinds of gorgeous and went to the club not far from home.

Now both of them are getting tipsy and Pamela can't stop thinking about their interaction earlier. This is not new to her, with Ibrahim she always got to be intimate with other ladies.

Ayanda: Why are you looking at me like that?

Pamela: Just thinking about what could have happened next if Sky didn't wake up and called for me.

Ayanda:(brushing) I think we both have an idea about that one.

Pamela: You don't regret it right?

Ayanda: No...

Pamela: Great, because I'm thinking that we should pick up the pieces when we leave here.

Ayanda: Pamela, is this...?

Pamela: Us having fun, it's been a dry season.

Ayanda: I agree. But I want you to know that this is more than scratching an itch for me. I really like you.

Pamela nearly chokes on her drink and quickly composes herself. She wasn't expecting that confession, at least not so soon.

MELUSI'S HOUSE.

After taking the phone from Sasha and ending the call, he leaves his bedroom with her in his arms to her nursery and starts packing her things. Sasha is crying and wants to go to her mom.

Melusi: It's okay baby, we are going to be out of here very soon.

After packing he goes back to their bedroom and starts loading his own clothes, Angela is laying in a pool of blood on the floor. He is scared to even check if she's still breathing or what.

He doesn't want to confirm killing her so he is moving around avoiding looking in her direction.

Melusi: Where is Sasha's passport? Angela??? Nxx!

He clicks his tongue and zip the suitcase putting it down and changes the clothes he's wearing. His phone rings, it's one of his police friends.

Melusi: Mashiyamahle?

Police: Bhengu, there's been a complaint of abuse that's been lodged here. What's happening there?

Melusi: Who did that?

Police: The caller asked to be anonymous but it was a woman...

Melusi:(cursing under his breath) I think I killed her man!

Police: Melusi!

Melusi: Hold on, someone is here, I'll call you back!

He drops the call and takes his gun walking out of his room. He locked Sasha in her bedroom and closed all windows and doors leading outside or to the bathroom in case she moves around. Toddlers are busy human beings.

Melusi descends the stairs to the kitchen where Themba is shouting for Angela and Sasha....

Melusi: Yeah boy, I should have known that you were going to show your face here. What are you doing here?

Themba: Melusi, where's my daughter?

Melusi: Your daughter, in my house?

Themba: Melusi, you and Angela can kill each other but not my child please!

Melusi:(chuckling) You have a nerve to come here and spew nonsense! In case you have forgotten, that's my child according to the law!

Themba: Law my foot! Uchama amanzi wena! Stop acting like goaliath and give me my child! Sasha!

He runs up the stairs and badges in their room, he stops dead at the pool of blood Angela is lying into. He drops on the floor trembling and afraid to even touch her. A tear escaped his eye.

Themba: Melusi, what have you done?

Melusi: This is all your fault, you and her continued to disrespect me even after I've given you guys a second chance.

You are a man right ? Going around impregnating people's wives? Now let's see what your manhood is going to do for you now. I want to disable it with a bullet to a point that it never works again!

He clocks his gun and points it at him, a gunshot sound goes off and Themba closes his ears screaming holding on to his balls but Melusi is the one falling on their feet.

He quickly opens his eyes and looks at what has happened and sees Angela behind him with a gun in her hand.

WHATt? WHEN? HOW?

Wasn't she unconscious seconds ago?

Angela: I pretended to be unconscious so that he could stop hitting me. When he left the room after the call, I got his other gun.

Themba: Geez y'all are crazy! Are you fine though? Where's my child?

Angela: Take care of our baby Themba, she's going to need you.

He gets up and runs to the doors nearby banging on them and opens one. Sasha is curled up by the window, the curtain wrapped around her body.

Themba: Baby, I'm so sorry...shhh don't cry!

A second gunshot goes off and Themba nearly drops Sasha. Luckily the household helper runs in and drops by the floor.

Themba: What's happening?

Helper: I don't know, I just got back from doing groceries and I'm hearing gunshots.

Themba remembers that this house is soundproofed, the guards are probably strolling outside with no idea of what is happening inside.

Themba: I need to go and see what happened there.

Helper: No, I'll go and check.

Themba nods and holds on Sasha tightly, the helper wails loudly and comes back with her hands over her head.

Themba: What happened?

Helper: Madam shot herself on the head!

Themba: What!?

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOWS

CHAPTER 50

THEMBA

This is not happening, this helper is not telling the truth. How can Angela kill herself, what about her daughter? He gathers the little strength that he has and gets up from the floor and goes to the bedroom. His knees are weak and trembling as he sees what is in front of him.

Themba: Angela? No, no, please wake up!

In his life, he has never seen a dead body(ies) so this is very traumatizing for him. He can hear the helper trying to calm down Sasha who is wailing on top of her lungs and wants to come into the room.

Seated near both dead bodies crying, his father, Thapelo and some police men led by the guards badge into the room and freeze seeing the scene.

Thapelo: Bhengu, I thought you were making progress!!

He says with his hands placed above his head. Right then the paramedics also arrive. His father is holding him in a tight hug on his arms.

Themba: They are alive right? Please tell me that they are going to fight this...

Nzuza: Son...

Themba: No baba, Angela cannot die and leave our child behind! She has to live, have to make it through!

He doesn't care about the weird look he's receiving at the mention of him having a child with a married woman. A minister's wife on top of that. The paramedics check their

pulses and shake their heads, looking through at their watches, they declare them dead.

Themba:(screaming in agony) Noooooooooooooo! It cannot happen! People check again! There has to be a mistake! Yooh umntanami! How do I explain this to her?

Thapelo: Sbari, you need to calm down.

Themba: It's painful, how can Angela be so selfish?

Thapelo: Remember, all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.

The LORD is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.

Themba: Ai Thapelo mfe2, I thought I was finally understanding and accepting God but how can he allow such a thing to happen? Why allow Angela to endure abuse from this man for so many years? Look at how the flashy marriage trapped her to her death?

Nzuzi: Son, watch your mouth, there's police in this house.

Themba: I don't care, these are not law enforcement but thugs!
They enjoyed bribes and watched Melusi abusing his wife!
Instead of helping her get justice, they harboured his crimes!
Y'all are evil, I hope you are proud of yourselves!

One cop who is a Captain shys away from his words, making him so mad and serves as a confirmation that what he is saying is actually spot on. These people failed Angela. What is the point of having them in our country if they won't do their jobs?

Police:(clearing his throat) urhm young man, we would like you to come with us to the station.

Nzuzi: What for? I hope you are not trying to pin this to my son!

Police: We need his statement sir.

Themba: It's okay dad, I'll go.

Nzuzi: No, you are not going there alone and answering any questions without a lawyer. I don't trust these people. I'm going to call my lawyer.

Themba: Okay baba...

He sniffs and wipes his tears getting up from the floor and walks outside the room looking for Sasha. He finds her sucking on her thumb with her head laid down to the helper's chest. She cried until she fell asleep and is now having hiccups in her sleep.

Themba: Your mother asked me to take care of you and that's exactly what I'm going to do. I'm all you got now and I'll do everything and anything to make sure that you don't remember what happened here today. We are going to be alright my princess I promise.

He kisses her sweaty forehead and walks out of the room. It's going to be a very long journey, he can feel it. There's Melusi and Angela's family that didn't know she had a child outside her marriage that will come and demand his daughter. May God give him strength to deal with all of this.

ABDUL

It's Ibrahim ceremony. Close friends and relatives are gathered to celebrate his life. His body was cremated, it's part of what he always wanted.

Samantha is trying to avoid him but he is keeping an eye on her. After this, he wants her out of his house. If the baby she is carrying turns out to be his, then maybe he will spare her. But if not, oh well. His seat is already reserved in hell so he might as well.

Abdul spots Pamela and the baby and goes to her. It's been a while since he last saw her in person and she looks good.

Abdul: Pamela...

Pamela: Abdul...

Abdul: I'm glad you managed to come through. How is everything going?

Pamela: Everything is going well, the plan is on motion and the girl is in love.

Abdul: That was not part of the plan Pamela!

Pamela: Hey this is even greater. The more vulnerable and comfortable with me, the easier for me to get all the intel without her realizing. You know how powerful pillow talks are.

Abdul:(shaking his head) I am going to pray and hope that you know what you are doing. I don't need to remind you not to underestimate this girl. She is not as dumb as you think, she has proven that a number of times.

Pamela: Trust me I know, but I got this. We are going to get our money back and even more of it, her businesses!

Abdul: That's the spirit, she can't seriously think that we have forgotten about it. No one forced her to come to the club, she joined willingly. Even after I warned her about my brother, she went ahead and fell in love.

Pamela: Not only did she steal my man

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she stole our money too...

Abdul: I cannot wait to see her fall. How is my niece?

Pamela turns at her, Sky is looking so damn pretty and gorgeous with her mixed race.

Pamela: As you can see, grown and troublesome. What is your plan with Sam?

Abdul: Wait for the paternity test results, if the child is mine..

Pamela: You are taking it after she delivers and kills her too right?

Abdul: Pamela..

Pamela: No Abdul, you are not going to back out from our plan. They both betrayed us so they both have to die. We raise our kids and move on with whoever we choses to be with in life.

Abdul: I know...

Pamela: Good, I'm going to get my daughter something to eat.

She picks Sky up to her waist and walks to the house.

MELUSI AND ANGELA'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

People came in numbers to celebrate and remember the lives of two people that were in the public eye. Few media houses

are allowed inside to cover the memorial service, other journalists are camping outside the gate of the hall.

Front row seats are filled by both family members. Themba and his family are in the 3rd row from the front. When Sasha saw him, she got off from her granny's lap(Angela's mother) and walked up to him.

Themba picks her up to his lap and as the program goes on, Sasha falls asleep in his arms. He wonders how she is, what is her little mind saying about the disappearance of her parents, especially mother.

Siza told Themba that Sasha will be fine, she is still young. Kids forgets quickly but she insisted that she will need therapy to overcome this. From what he heard, Sasha has been waking up at night crying. That act alone is a sign of trauma.

Thapelo takes the stage, Melusi was really not a church going person so that makes Thapelo the main and only pastor around. The others who may be present are seated with everyone.

Thapelo: Loss is a part of life, but knowing that doesn't make it any easier. The death of loved ones often takes its toll on those left behind, and at times it can feel like grief is never ending.

When facing difficult times, the best feeling we can receive is comfort. With that said, I would like to pass my deepest condolences to the families, friends, government and everyone affected by this misfortune.

Melusi was like an elder brother to me, I agree he had his faults like most of us but he was working on them. I'm very devastated by his passing because in him I saw someone whom God gave another chance.

Devastated as we may be, I ask that we don't blame them for what has happened. It's painful because there's a young child left behind that will grow up and seek answers.

I hope this act was a lesson for everyone to learn to walk away. I think as we preach we need to normalise a new change of which is peace rather than forcing or guilt tripping people to be trapped by their vows.

Now when Jesus saw the crowds, he went up on a mountainside and sat down. His disciples came to him, and he began to teach them. He said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Our flesh and hearts may fail, but God is the strength of our hearts and my portions forever. For our light and momentary troubles are achieving for us an eternal glory that far outweighs them all. So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen, since what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.

Romans 14:8

If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.

May you all be comforted, God is with you all.

The choir starts a song and a slideshow of Melusi and Angela's pictures shows on the big screen in the hall. People start crying, Themba finds himself shedding a tear and Sasha points at the pictures. He didn't realize she was up.

Sasha: Mama, baba!

After the announcements, he takes Sasha back to his grandparents and Angela's mother holds his hand and whispers in his ear.

Her: There's a reading of will shortly after the funeral and the lawyer asked us to inform you to be present.

He received a call but didn't understand why he must be present in the reading of wills. But he nods and agrees anyway.

Themba walks out and heads to where his family is parked.

Nzuza: Son, how are you?

Themba: I'm okay baba...

Nzuza:(tapping on his shoulder) It's going to be okay.

Themba: I can't wait for all of this drama to end so that I can resume my plans of marrying Neo.

Nzuza: Sorry, did I hear "marriage" from you?

Themba:(laughing lightly) Yes old man, so prepare those coins saved in your bank since you don't have cows....

Nzuza: This is good news son, the family deserves it after everything. Congratulations in advance young man...

To be continued....

TRAPPED BY THE VOW

CHAPTER 51

BONGIWE

They are all at her mother's house after the funeral. It was such a sad one, everyone is asking why Angela didn't think of her child at least.

Siza: I really hope Themba gets his child back so we can raise her. Did you see those people called family? You can see that they didn't love that lady but loved the fact that she was married to a rich man.

Bongiwe: It's really sad what's happening out there mama. People are really going through the most because of "abantu bazothini"

Siza: Ai mara sometimes I blame my gender. Why stay when you see that the purpose you came from is no longer saved?

Some of the girls your age, Bongiwe, intentionally date bad and broken men in the name of "fixing them". I agree with your husband, we need to do better and teach our kids to choose themselves.

Bongiwe: What can we say mama? I'm just glad that as bad as this world is, there are still few good men left.

Siza: Yes, the one considered boring because he is calm and doesn't want drama.

Bongiwe: I can never understand how one gets attracted by drama and chaos to a point of choosing it over normal dramatic life. Women like that need healing. I am thankful for my husband, and I pray to God everyday that I never forget how great he is.

Siza: Never ever...speaking about you and your husband, I heard rumors that you are pregnant?

People and gossiping! Couldn't they wait and let her tell her mother the news at her own time?

Bongiwe: I was about to tell you...

Siza:(clapping her hands) Ihhe! No wonder your cheeks are so chubby and your eyes are now small. Bongiwe, ukhaliswa ngu Nathi ayi 1, how are you going to cope with a newborn on top of that?

Bongiwe: I was hoping that you would help me find a good helper? I won't cope seriously and I don't want to burden you with my kids..

Siza: I don't mind helping you here and there with your babies, they are my grandchildren after all. But you need to learn to be a mother, raise them with your own rules. I will help you find someone.

Bongiwe: Thank you Ma.

Siza: After this, go on a serious family planning please. It's okay to have many kids but give each child enough love and the chance to bond with you as their mother.

Of course, she knows that hence her worry but as soon as she delivers, she is going straight to depo.

Bongiwe: By the way, your son is getting married.

Siza: Your dad told me.

Bongiwe: I thought you would be happy since he is marrying your favorite girl?

Siza: (sighs) This whole Bhengu thing made me realize that it's not really about me. I hope he is marrying her because he loves and wants to be with her.

Bongiwe: Oh mama, I really think he is grown and I believe he is going to do well.

Siza: Neo is a good girl, I love her but it's him that matters the most.

Bongiwe smiles, thinking about the fact that she's yet to shout and stressed by her own children? God she is not ready!

AYANDA

Pamela is back from South Africa, she took it upon herself to fetch herself from the airport because she really missed her and couldn't wait for her return.

Ayanda: I'm so happy y'all are back, I was starting to think that you aren't coming back.

Pamela: Of course not. I mean there's nothing left for me in South Africa now. My whole life is here with my daughter.

Ayanda:(smiling) I'm glad to hear that, I missed you.

Pamela: I'm tired, I need to take a shower and sleep.

Ayanda: Jetlag, I understand. I'll prepare something nice for you....

Pamela: Rain check, please?

Ayanda: Okay, I'll see you when you have rested.

Pamela kisses her quickly and walks away leaving Ayanda by the passage. Something is off and she can feel it. Why is

Pamela avoiding eye contact and low key chasing her away? Something changed when she left for South Africa and with everything life taught her, she has learned never to ignore her feelings.

Ayanda walks to Sky's room and watches her as she sleeps peacefully before stepping near her bed. Ayanda carefully takes off the necklace around her neck and puts it in her pockets. She gifted Sky with the necklace just a few days before they left for South Africa.

The necklace is laced with a listening and recording device that is decorated with a beautiful flower. She grab her bags and phones and heads to her car driving to her house.

Getting out of the car as soon as she arrives at her place it's as if someone is chasing her. First thing she does is grab her laptop and start working her magic.

Laying her back against her leather chair, she listens to the conversation between Pamela and Abdul and feels a sweat

under her palms. She has been stupid to think and believe that Pam was attracted to her.

I mean it makes sense, she doesn't blame her at all but herself for allowing her feelings to almost ruin her. Thank God she hasn't shared much with Pamela. She talks to her guys and ties her money quickly. After that, she calls Ahmed, it's been a while since she last spoke to him.

Ahmed: Ayanda..what a surprise.

Ayanda: Indeed it is, I need you to lend me your private jet.

Ahmed: When?

Ayanda: Tomorrow, I need to go to South Africa.

Ahmed: I'll let my pilot know.

Ayanda: Thank you.

Ahmed: Is there anything else you need?

Ayanda: Nothing for now, just be on standby.

She ends the call and pours herself some whiskey, gulping it down her throat in a second. She calls for one of her guys who is her PA, he joins her immediately.

Him: You called for me?

Ayanda: I need you to arrange a meeting between Abdul and I. It's high time he gets to know the mystery investor behind his businesses!

Him: I'm on it ma'am....

With Abdul out of the way, Pam is not a problem.

THEMBA

Finally the reading of the will is happening, he asked Thapelo to accompany him because he doesn't know what might happen in that meeting.

Both families of the deceased are present and are nudging each other using the elbows as to what are these two men (Themba and Thapelo) doing here?

The lawyer arrives and greets everyone before sitting down and takes out his files.

Lawyer: As we all know, both Melusi and Angela were married in a community of property and shared everything together. This is their joint and last will.

He starts reading about who gets what, Melusi didn't leave manje for his family except the renovated house and their vegetables farm which takes out 20% of his will.

Moving along, Angela leaves everything in her daughter's name, Melusi leaves 30% for his daughter too. That includes his pension savings, investments, the house, cars.

Cousin: I have an ask, with both parents dead, what's going to happen to Sasha's inheritance?

Lawyer: Good question, that is why Mr Nzuzza is here. According to this will and a DNA letter that proves him to be a biological father of the child...

"What?"

The whole house erupts and Themba holds his breath hoping that this ends well.

Lawyer: They stated that if it happened that both of them die at the same time, Themba must raise his daughter and oversee her inheritance until she is legal of age to take control of it.

Sthandiwe: That skinny wizard fooled us all into thinking that this baby is my brother's child! I did say she doesn't look like him nor do I feel any connection towards her and you people accused me of being cruel.

Everyone is debating and cursing the late, Themba wants to know one thing, when can he get his child? The lawyer tells him anytime he wants.

Themba: I would love to leave with her today please.

Again, they give him nasty looks but he doesn't care

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the law is on his side this time around. If he knew it was going to take Melusi and Angela both dying to claim his child, he would have...no fire to that thought! He can't celebrate death, not when his daughter is left motherless.

After all the drama, Angela's mother gives him her granddaughter crying....

Her: Please take care of this child Themba, I'm sad that Angela trusts you more than us to raise her but I believe she knows best and we have to honor her wishes.

If she ever gives you a problem, remember she has relatives that love her and we hope you won't deny her a chance to know us.

Themba: Of course not, Sasha will know her mother's people.
I'm not that cruel.

They get into the car and Thapelo drops him off at his apartment. Walking in, he finds Neo folding laundry.

Neo: Do you need help?

Themba: Yes please. I need to put her to bed...

Neo opens her arms and Themba gives Sasha to her who puts her next to Bianca and covers them with a blanket.

Neo: I know you are worried but I will not be a monster stepmother Themba. You didn't cheat on me to have her, we had broken up at that time.

Themba: I just don't want her to feel the gap that she doesn't have a mother...

Neo: As long as we are together, I will do my best that doesn't happen. I will raise her and Bianca the same.

Themba: See why I want to wife your ass...

Neo:(blushing) Stop it babe...

Themba: No like for real babe, you have grown and that makes me want to grow too.

Neo: I'm glad to hear that. Did you tell your parents about this?

Themba: I'll go see them then we can finalize the talk of sending people to your family...

Neo: So you are serious?

Themba: What, you don't believe me?

Neo:(shaking her head laughing) Forgive me I don't....

Themba lets go of her hand and kneels down.

Themba: I don't have a ring now but I am going to do this. Neo, I'm so grateful for you every second. I'm grateful that we met. I'm grateful that somehow in this crazy universe with infinite possibilities, destiny paved the way so we could see each other at the right time at the right place in the right moment. So many things could have happened to keep us from existing together. Yet we met and started something so beautiful. I'm grateful for us and I never want to let you go.

When I first saw you, I felt like I knew you, and I couldn't stop seeing my life with you, and building a family together. One that isn't stuck in the pain of the past. It's very pretty.

You healed pieces of me I didn't know needed healing. You cared for me when I didn't know I could use that extra love. You brought out the happiness in me I didn't know existed. You've made me feel more alive than ever. Be mine forever. Please marry me...

Neo:(wiping her tears) Oh my God! Yes, I'll marry you, Themba!

He gets up from the floor, wipes her tears and kisses her so deep and passionately before evolving her in a tight hug.

Themba: You have made me the happiest man alive! Forever sounds great with you in it.

ABDUL

He is fixing his tie while watching Sam sleeping. The nausea has been dealing with her from the early hours of the morning till now. Women go through a lot just by carrying a life.

Part of him wants to be supportive of his wife but he can't just forget about the betrayal she and Ibrahim put him through. Deep down he is praying that the DNA results come out saying the child is not his.

Abdul: I have a meeting with the investors today, when I come back, I don't want to find you here.

Sam: Abdul...

Abdul: Please, we spoke about this and I need my space.

He takes his keys and walks out to his car where the drivers take him to his company. At his arrival, he finds the boardroom empty. He asks his assistant for coffee while sitting down. Where are these people?

30 minutes passes causing him to be frustrated because he hates waiting. It's even worse because they are the ones that demanded this meeting. He really wants to get to know the people behind his businesses. He knows it's someone ruthless and in the drug business because they have forced him to transport their drugs.

After what seems like forever, his assistant tells him they are here and he asks for her to show them his boardroom.

He fixes himself and stands up from his chair awaiting to see who it is. Nothing in this world would have prepared him to see Ayanda right now. What is going on? Why is she here?

She is not alone but with 4 men surrounding her. Something about her look is different, it could be the white leather body hugging dress she is wearing, or the white 6th inch stiletto or Rolex watch on her wrist? Whatever it is, it is giving the "boss bitch"vibes.

Ayanda: Mr Ali, please have a seat.

Isn't him who is supposed to say that to her

Abdul: Ayanda, I want to say it's great to see you but I really have a meeting...

Ayanda: With your investors/ business partners, I know.

Abdul: How do you know?

Ayanda: Because I AM your investor and business partner....

Say what? Nooooooo, she can't be! His phone rings, it's Pamela....

Ayanda: Are you not going to get that?

He lets the phone ring and presses the button to mute it and turns to Ayanda.

Abdul: What can I do for you?

She smiles and walks to the chair opposite him and sits down, her leg on top of another. Abdul did warn Pam to not underestimate this girl. Now it dawns on him how much power he has over the whole situation.

Ayanda: The question should rather be like: What can I do for you Mr Ali? I get that you have a right to revenge yourself. I was actually dumb to think that you guys were going to relax after I took away your money and legacy.

I had no right to do that because no one forced me to go to that club, but I did it anyway. The both of us know that when it comes to money and business, there's no rules or favors. It's everyone for himself.

Now I have one question: revenge or power? Because trust me, if I raise my finger right now and pull out from this, you are going to be even worse than you were. And I am not bluffing!

Now Mr Ali, what is it going to be? Remember, whatever choice you make, be prepared to be stuck with forever! You

chose revenge, I'm going to shoot you right now and you die.
You stick with me, well, we make more money.

Abdul exhales and drops back to his chair, closing his eyes. He opens them and they meet Ayanda who doesn't blink, despite the heavy eyelashes on...

Ayanda: Well...?

Abdul: I have a request...

Ayanda smiles and steps back a bit...

Ayanda: I'm listening....

Abdul: Pamela should never find out about this.....

Ayanda smiles and nods, she gets up and takes out her hand for a shake. Abdul looks at it for a moment before shaking it. A wise man knows when to accept defeats, again, she reigns Supreme and that kind of makes her a Queen..

Okay, he is holding her hand longer than he should, but why is she not pulling it back?

.....THE END.....

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