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The truth behind these walls of love by Ndumiso

Chapter 01

Everything happened so fast my mother was holding Mxolisi while this man had gotten hold of my arm and pointed a gun at my mother. One mistake and she would be dead that's what the man said and she kept her stance and stood there watching helplessly begging this man not to take me. I was confused why would he take me and why was my mother begging him telling him that I had no relation to those people till this day I still wonder who are those people.

"She's nothing to them she's my child mine" she said kept saying

I looked at her and tears were trickling down her face she was placed in a vulnerable position, and in that moment I saw my

mother's fear for the first time ever I saw mama shaken and pleading.

"If you hurt her I swear not even God will save you" baba said pointing his gun at the man in question, he had a gun too and for the first time I saw how it looked and how he held it stated it wasn't for the first time he had held a gun before. The man's grip on my arm had tightened and baba kept moving towards us till the man decided to turn the gun on me and held it to my head and that's when baba stopped he looked at Ma and shook his head.

"Ngiyakucela babakhe put the gun down" Ma said

He looked at me and nodded his head, I closed my eyes and used my hands to shut the noise out but that didn't stop the sound of the gun going off from hurting my ears. The hand that held me loosened and down the man went, mama rushed to me and pulled me close to her chest and while baba dragged that man to the wall and repeatedly hit him against it a thudding sound and the man's cries were the only other sounds I could hear.

"Get the kids out of here" baba shouted

I took a glance at the scene and there was blood everywhere even the wall and that's when baba got on top of him and pressed hard on his neck, the man still had a fight on him he

was holding my father's arms but my dad wasn't letting go. Now that I am old I know baba was pressing hard enough not to kill him yet to make him the agony and pain, he was pressing hard enough for the man to regret ever messing with him and threatening his family. Something snapped and mama gasped that was it baba had killed him, I had seen everything and baba had killed a man with his own bare hands. He stood up his hands bloodied looked at me as tears welled up in his eyes in those passing seconds I had seen him in a different light and I was scared. He had this look in his eyes hurt and angry he wasn't my dad I couldn't see him and I swear I tried to find him but he wasn't there even mama couldn't see him.

"Nyambose please don't do this" mama begged

"If I don't do this then he will keep coming and messing with me he won't stop till I put a stop to all of this" he said walking out.

That was the last of it the last of that scene and last of that conversation but that hasn't stopped the nightmares or the fact that my father killed a man.

I make my way to the kitchen and find baba gulping down a glass of milk knowing him he took one glass to ma before having his.

"Can't sleep" he asks

I nod my head usually my bed does the trick being home makes me feel better but not tonight.

“Milk” he asks

“Cha baba” I say settling down on one of the chairs

“Well then how about some hot chocolate” he asks

I nod my head and watch him place the pot on the stove and pour some milk inside.

He looks at me and tilts his head I know that look he is worried me being here usually means I am running away from something.

“Tell baba what’s wrong” he says

“Nothing is wrong baba I just couldn’t sleep” I say

He nods his head and sighs I hate it when he does that he makes me feel bad for not talking.

“It’s that dream rights it’s back” he says looking at me, with that look I can’t lie he will see right through me.

“I don’t want to think about it baba but it just happens and I think about what would have happened if you didn’t walk in when you did, is it my fault that we were in that situation that Ma and Mxo’s lives were in danger” I say

“Nana it’s wasn’t your fault okay that man was just a burglar,if I could turn back time I would and you wouldn’t be in that room you wouldn’t see any of the things you saw” he says

“I am sorry that you had to see that” he says

“You were only protecting your family” I say

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although for the longest time I couldn’t understand it.

“How about therapy again” he suggest

“Baba I am fine this will pass” I say

“Are you sure” I nod my head and give him a hug.

“You need it more than I do” I say pulling away.

He shakes his head and chuckles

“I will always love you baba even when I am married grey and old you will always be my number one” I say.

“What marriage Ayola”. He asks

“My marriage baba the one where you will walk me down the aisle” I say stifling a laugh.

I see the mixed emotions on his face and smile mention marriage to my dad and he goes crazy.

“If you say so” he says laughing

“Goodnight baba” I say pulling away

“And this” he asks pointing at the pot

“I think Mxo will love it” I say.

I bump into Ma and decide to stand on the hall way and listen on them.

“She’s having nightmares again Bailey called that’s why she’s hear” Ma says

That snitch told on me which makes sense why baba jumped to that topic.

“It’s my fault she can’t forget I wish I hadn’t killed him in front of her” he says.

“Hey don’t be like that it’s not your fault okay you did what was necessary to deal with a threat at the time” Ma says softly.

“I am scared that one day I am going’s to lose her that one day I won’t be able to protect her” he says breathing’s heavily.

“We won’t lose her she’s growing though and we need to accept that” Ma says.

I want to peak and see but that might get me caught.

“She mentioned that word marriage is she dating tell she’s not not dating or I will kill whoever that boy is” he says making ma laugh

“You need to get over your fear of losing her and seeing her get married” Ma says

“So you expect me to be okay with some small boy playing with my daughter’s heart” he asks

“Qhawe look at me Yola is a young woman finding her voice and way in this world, she might find love and I expect you to let her be and allow her to make her own mistakes like we did” Ma says calming him down.

I walk back to my bedroom and look at myself in the mirror in all my life I have only know one kind of love and that is the love of my parents and family. I have never felt alone or scared with them around, I have never felt their absence because there was none expect when I was in school of course. That place was the jungle only the strong and thick skinned survived and well we all know that there only two types of animals in the jungle the hunted and the hunter unfortunately I was the the prey forever hiding and surviving that was my life for the longest time till I met Bailey she and I go a long way. She is what I call my ride or die I would do anything for her I know it’s sounds crazy but our love is the kind of love that is extraordinary the perfect love story and I guess her love is the only other love I know and cherish. My life in the eyes of my parents is that of a flower you pluck or pick it and then it dies losing all its beauty and strength

just like that you have killed it, cut it from its life supply and ruined any chance of it ever blossoming. All my life I have been shielded from the big bad world, loved enough not to go around seeking love in all the wrong places, but is there such a thing as as finding love in the wrong place, I have been protected from the known and unknown. I chuckle thinking about my parents I know their love but I have never felt that blood rushing and exciting love the one that causes all your heart muscles to ache the kind of love that wakes you up in the middle of the night. The kind of love that makes you go down on your knees and ask God to help ease your pain and make you forget them, the kind of love that will make you burn your mother's pots all because you are thinking of them and only them. The kind of love that turns you into a fool for love makes you yearn all the unholy things and wish to sin in the most pleasurable and desiring way the sensual kind of love that breaks your walls and puts them up again see that love that's the one I am talking about.

Bailey has felt all of that and to her love is a motherfcker I wouldn't say I know though but if she says it then it's true, I look at myself once more before getting to bed I am my father's daughter Ayola Mthethwa his gift the apple of his eye.

I sat on the small couch near the window and watched the rain pouring down and just like the perfect lullaby I could feel myself drifting to sleep. I decided to sit here because suddenly the quietness was getting to me Bailey went to visit her boyfriend Jody for the weekend meaning I have the place all to myself which is a waste since I don't entertain.

I grab my phone and look at the time great I can still whip up something to eat instead of ordering out it's not even that long since standing up and thunder strikes so loud I drop my phone and retreat back to my chair hugging my legs. My grandmother always told me the same thing over and over again Izulu liyahlonishwa meaning rain ought to be respected you know old people and their folk tales, growing up my dad would sit with me till the rain passed well we would count each time we heard the crack of thunder with each count it would go further away. I know baba still thinks the counting helped but the truth is having him there is what got me through all those nights, I grab my ringing phone from the floor and answer it under my fleece blanket seeing Mpendulo's name makes me smile.

"Mpendulo" I say clearing my throat.

"Hey are you home" he asks.

“Yes, why is there something wrong” I ask.

“No, I just wanted to let you know that I am coming up” he says ending the call.

I look at the phone and smile, a knock soon interrupts me from my smiling its a good thing I am not in my sleepwear.

I open the door and find him smiling holding two paper bags in hand, I move out of the way letting him in.

“I thought I should bring you something to eat I know how exhausting it gets cooking for yourself” he says settling on the couch.

I look at him and tilt my head.

“Bailey mentioned that you are alone” he says.

“Of course she did” I say settling next to him close enough to feel his strong arms and inhale his cologne.

He looks at me and smiles handing me my food I met Mpendulo on my first year of medicine and since then we have been friends but honestly I wouldn't mind him being more than just that.

“Thank you for the food” I say lifting my eyes to look at him.

He looks at me and we both hold the stare till I clear my throat and face the tv.

“Ayola can I ask you something” he says nervously chuckling.

I nod my head

“Are you seeing someone” he asks scratching his head.

“No not at the moment” I say.

I can see relief wash over him but why isn't he asking me the right question and ask me to be his girlfriend surely its that simple or maybe I am reading too much into this whole friendship but then again he's one of the coolest guys around campus and all the girls fall at his feet, I am actually kidding myself thinking he would even look at me that way. My phone rings and Mpendulo passes it on to me I check the screen and its Bailey probably about to spill all those dirty details

“Yola please come and get me” she says sounding hysterical.

I get on my feet quickly.

“Why what's wrong” I ask.

“Yola please just come and get me please” she says ending the call.

“I need to leave Bailey is in trouble” I say getting my shoes.

“I will drive you” he offers.

I don't know what happened between her and Jody but it seems huge because we find Bailey outside his place crying and cussing with her shoes scattered all over the place.

"You bastard I hate you" she screams at Jody who makes his way to us.

I don't know how to handle this situation all I am seeing is my friend hurt and Jody being the cause.

"Take your trashy friend home" he says looking at me.

"What" I ask.

"I said take your trashy friend home before I call the police on her" he says.

I look at this white boy and breathe he's really testing me.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">"Bailey come on let's go home" I say trying to help her up.

"Baby I am calling the police" Another pale person says behind us.

Bailey pushes me off and charges toward the girl pinning her down Mpendulo and I run towards them in hopes of breaking them off but Jody pulls Bailey off and starts hitting her.

Mpendulo comes to the rescue by pulling Jody and holding him back I look at Bailey and her lip is bleeding.

“Let him go Mpendulo” I say still looking at a crying Bailey.

“It’s not enough that you cheat on her now you lay your hand on her” I ask.

“Stay out of this it doesn’t involve you” he says arrogantly.

I slowly make my way to him and look him straight in the eyes.

“What” I ask fixing my glasses.

“This doesn’t involve you now take that harlot frein.....” I slap him senseless and punch him in the gut he gasps for air holding his stomach. I grab him by his head and knee him in the face letting him go.

He groans still in pain.

“If you ever lay your hand on her ever again or insult her in anyway Jody I will cut your balls I swear I will” I say.

“And this is for kicking her out in this drizzling weather” I say twisting his thumb till I hear a crack.

“Wena hlukane namadoda abantu” I say looking at Jody’s fuck buddy.

We get home with Mpendulo not having said a word in the car now I feel bad for what I did to Jody but in the moment I couldn’t help my self.

“I didn’t know you could do that” he says looking at me.

“My dad taught me a lot of things about self defence” I tell half a lie.

He looks at me and nods clearly sceptical of my response.

“Thank you for driving me to Jody’s place it really means a lot but Bailey needs me” I say.

“I understand” he says walking towards the door.

He turns before I close the door and gives me a hug holding me tight before letting go, I close the door after getting a kiss on the cheek see I told you he sees me as nothing but a friend . I make my way to Bailey’s bedroom and find her in tears hugging her legs she looks at me and shakes her head.

“You need to cut him loose he’s not good for you” I tell her.

“I love him Yola more than anything and I know he loves me too he’s just confused right now” she says.

“How many times has he been confused come on he doesn’t love you” I say.

She nods her head and wipes her tears.

“Of course you would say that because you don’t even have a man Ayola that’s how stuck up you are” she says walking past me.

“Take that back” I say following her.

“You don’t know how it hurts right now I found them in his bed Ayola” she says shaking her head.

“And he won’t stop because you let him walk all over you” I say.

“He loves me okay he does” she says.

“You don’t need his love Bailey you don’t”

“But I do no matter how much I convince myself that I don’t” she says.

“I love you and I am here fine I don’t have a dick but I am here” I tell her.

“One day you are going to find an amazing guy you won’t be here forever trust me when I say you will leave just like my dad did” she says.

I nod my head and walk away ever since Bailey’s Dad’s left basically walking out on her and her mother leaving them with nothing she was never the same. Just like me her farther was everything and he chose the other woman over them it broke her, the man stopped being a father and that’s when my father took over helping Bailey’s mother with everything they needed. Though baba plays a fatherly role in her life she still longs for her Dad’s love more than ever, I worry about her a lot

she goes around seeking that love in all the wrong places and one day she is going to hurt more than she is right now.

I walk out to the patio and start boxing I don't get her sometimes one moment she's over Jody and the next he's the love of her life their relationship is tricky and sometimes toxic all he does is hurt her over and over again and she keeps going back to him. I shake my head its true what they say love truly is blind.

I wake up to the loudest noise in the name of history and quickly make my way to lounge

“You better be a witch for you to knock this late and so loud” I say coming to a halt when I saw two police officers talking to Bailey, she looks at me and drops her shoulder oh shoot here comes trouble.

“Mam we are looking for a Ayola” one of the police officers asks.

“That would be me” I say walking up to them.

“A charge of assault was laid against you by Jody Cowan please come with us to the station” the other police officer says pulling me up and handcuffing me.

“Sir she was just standing up for me” Bailey says.

“Mam we are just doing our job” the police officer says roughly pulling me outside.

“I will drive behind you” Bailey says.

I got thrown in the police van and for the life of me everything is numb, my mind just froze I can't believe Jody had me arrested for teaching his wimp arse a lesson.

I don't know for how long I have been here but it feels like a lifetime the holding cells stink and are probably the coldest place I have ever been too. I pace up and down trying to calm myself I have never been arrested I have never been in a such a situation before.

"Ayola Mthethwa" a police officer says.

I make my way to the steel door and get ushered to the reception no handcuffs this time around, I catch a glimpse of my dad and quickly make a turn only to bump into the police officer ushering me he points to where my dad is standing and nods his head smiling.

"Azishe" he says.

"Can I use the back door please" I ask, surely police stations have one of those emergency back doors right.

"Backdoor yokunuka" baba says behind me.

I literally feel small and wish the ground would open up and swallow me then spit me out once all this is over.

I slowly turn and the man is furious, I look around hoping to see mama but there's no sign of her how can she desert me in such times of need what is wrong with that woman she knows how her husband gets, I know how he gets well everyone knows he gets and she lets him come all alone.

“Go to the car before I get arrested for killing you” he says.

I scurry to the car and wait for him folding my arms then twiddle my thumbs what now pray, yes let me pray surely Baba would never scold or kill me after praying I quickly bring my hands together tightly clasping them.

“Heavenly father my dad is about chop my head off please don’t let I am still young to be dead amen” I say opening my eyes only to find him looking at him.

“Heavenly father I think I am seeing this things I know I wear glasses but come on this is not fair” I say.

“Open those four eyes of yours” he says in a stern voice.

I open my eyes and blink.

“Tell me what happened and maybe I won’t scream” he says.

“Baba where is Ma” I ask.

“She’s with Bailey now tell me what happened” he asks.

“I didn’t do anything” I say.

“And that is why you were arrested” he says.

“Baba that’s not how it happened” I say.

“Start talking Ayola because I am losing all my patience why did you hit that boy huh, am I teaching you self defence to go around beating people” he asks.

“Angim’shayanga kakhulu he just bruises easily” I say.

He looks at me shocked why did I say that.

“Baba hear me out yellow bones and white people are the same in a way, you pinch them they bruise, you slap them they bruise, you knee them in the face and bleed its just the way they are” I say.

“You did all of that to him on your own” he says.

I slowly nod my head.

“Whose daughter are you” he asks getting out of the car.

He takes out his phone and makes a call not taking his eyes off me,he comes back and looks at me starting the car.

“You know I can’t hit you right” he says.

I nod my head.

“But one of these days Ayola I will break my promise ngikubambe Kanye not koba nzima ngisho ukuhlala” he says.

I don’t wish for that day to happen,Baba has never laid a hand on me only Mkhulu has that right see my grandfather always preferred us being disciplined by him rather than Baba or uncle Zibulo, he doesn’t trust them and right now I see why.

“Baba I am sorry I didn’t mean to hurt him”I say.

He doesn’t even look at me and focuses on the road ahead.

“Baba” I say.

He hits the steering wheel and that is my cue to shut up.

The drive home is quiet the man is not speaking to me, I tried telling myself that he is angry because he had to wake up in the middle of the night to come bail me out but that’s not the case he’s really angry and disappointed at me.

We get home and he’s the first one to get out of the car with me following behind him, mama gives me a hug the minute she sees me and pulls away to inspect if I am still in one piece.

“Don’t you ever scare us like that again” she says pulling me into her arms one more time.

“I am sorry I didn’t mean to ma” I say.

“Bailey told me what happened I know you were trying to help but you went about it the wrong way baby” Ma says.

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“Promise that you will never do it again in such situations I prefer that you walk away, things could have turned out badly and it could have been you with bruises and a broken nose” she says.

“I promise I won’t do it again mama” I say.

Baba comes back and looks at me clearly disappointed he sighs and shakes his head.

“When I teach you everything I know its not for you to go around and use it for bad, you could have walked away but you chose to fight which is something I did not teach you Ayola. We did not raise a hooligan or a jail bird your mother and I sent you to school to study not to get into fights” he says.

“Bailey” he shouts.

She comes running to the lounge and stands next to me great now it feels we are in court and we are the accused facing the judge.

“How many times have I warned you about boys” he asks looking at us.

“Many times” Bailey says.

“Good meaning this won’t come as a shock” he says stretching out his hand.

Bailey and I look at each.

“You two refuse to listen so being the adult here I want you to give me all my bank cards and car keys” he says.

“Ma” I say.

“First it was those marijuana whatever space cookies now this” she says looking at me.

“But uncle Q said we needed to be creative and dependant hence we started that business” Bailey says.

“But I never said go around selling drugs” Baba says.

“Now give me my cards and keys” he says.

“We don’t have them on us” I say.

“Bailey the car keys nana” Baba says.

“You two need to find work and start being adults seeing that is what you want to be, no child of mine will go around chasing boys and no child of mine will be in and out of jail siyezwana” he says taking the car keys walking away, he turns before disappearing into the passage.

“One more thing since you are in my house and I am sleep deprived because of you young ladies make sure the garage is clean and make sure all those cars are clean, I want to see my self in them is that clear” he says.

“Yes sir” we simultaneously say.

“Go to sleep you will do all that in the morning” Ma says.

“Whose bed? You two the garage is waiting” he says still looking at us.

“You will not eat or get any sleep in this house till my garage is clean” he says looking at Ma.

“But Nyambose this is extreme” Ma says.

“Your mother thinks this is extreme what you do two say” he asks.

We hesitate but agree with ma, he looks at us and cracks up laughing.

“I was hoping you would take her side so after you girls are done with the garage please sweep the drive way all way to the gate and scrub it it really needs it” he says walking away.

“Ma” Bailey says.

“I am sorry girls I tried” she says.

“Ma you threw us under the bus and its dark outside we can’t go out there” I say.

“I agree” Bailey says.

Ma looks at the clock and smiles.

“Only a few hours till morning so better get to it” she says walking away.

“Ma” I call out.

“Poeples are going to mistake us for robbers or worse witches” Bailey says.

“You are robber yes but a witch come on where have you seen a white witch” I ask.

She looks at me and laughs.

“Movies” she says shrugging her shoulders

I don't know how my dad does it sleep while we slave away at his house, we had no choice but to clean the pavement and wash all the cars in the garage Bailey is the one who took them out since me and driving aren't really best of friends. My hands were cold and the fact that we were not given any food or warm beverage made things harder ever worked on an empty stomach while scared that you might see the unseen that was us, to make things worse Baba was the first one to wake up make himself a cup of coffee and came to check up on us who does that honestly.

“I think we are done” I say shaking from the cold.

“Uncle Q can we take a break please” Bailey says

“I still need to inspect your shady work then my wife will make me breakfast and then I will decide if you are done” he says walking away.

I look at Bailey and we both have tears in our eyes but my dad isn't shaken he continues walking till he reaches the house without looking back.

This morning was hectic baba ended up driving us to our place and didn't even want Ma to give us some food, we got there and all he did was demand our cards and his car keys then he left.

Bailey looked at me and shook her head pouring herself some milk.

"Ya neh" she said looking at the door.

"What just happened" I asked still processing the events of last night leading to now.

"I don't know but does this mean we are now poor" She asked looking at me.

I looked at her and laughed.

"Yes I think that's what it means" I said nodding my head.

Ayola

It took about two days for what happened to fully register my father is standing by his decision to cut us off, the man just calls to find out if we are okay but he doesn't ask if we have food or anything like that. I know he's trying to to teach us a lesson but this is a bit extreme even my grandfather said so and by God's grace he gave us some money just to keep us going. I would never do that to my kids burdening them with school work and finding a job on the side, next thing one fails or misses class and all hell breaks loose see parents are not fair sometimes in fact they need some guide into parenthood. Bailey joins me on the couch and rests her head on my shoulder, her pacing up and down was starting to get to me see my father went as far as promising not to pay our rent.

"We need to think of something" she says.

"We still have cash enough for rent for maybe about two months" I tell her.

“And what about food and other utilities” she asks looking at me.

“We find jobs then settle the bills surely that can’t be hard” I say.

She looks at me and sighs.

“If you have forgotten we leave in south africa work is scarce and quietly frankly no one will hire you” she says.

“Then you will find a Job” I say shrugging my shoulders.

“I don’t think you understand we have never worked a day in our lives” she says.

“I don’t think Baba will be angry forever this will pass and everything will be back to normal” I say.

“I don’t think so uncle Q never really wanted you out of the house” she says.

I shake my head laughing Baba really played this well this was the perfect opportunity for him to put his plan into motion.

“But we might have a way out of this mess” she says.

“If I didn’t know better I would say you are buttering me up for something huge” I say standing up.

“Well there is a fight going on and I was thinking that maybe” I shoot her a look before she finishes her sentence.

“No” I say shaking my head.

“Ayola one last fight then we are done” she says.

“That’s what we said the last time Bailey and I am not trying to go to prison” I say.

“You are one of the best and the promoters are paying big money” she says.

“I would rather look for a job than to go back on my word again” I say.

She looks at me in disbelief as I walk to my bedroom, I close the door behind me and shut my eyes slumping to the floor how can Bailey ask that of me the last we attended things didn’t end well. My phone ping’s off I look at it and its a text from Mpendulo asking me to meet him at the park he urgently needs to speak to me suddenly butterflies fill my stomach and a smile spreads across my lips. I change into a pair of jeans and an oversized knitted jersey trying not to look desperate I tie my hair up and look at myself in the mirror perfect. I call for a taxi and find myself twiddling my thumbs all the way to the park ever fallen for one of your best friends well I think that’s what is happening right. The driver leaves me exactly where Mpendulo said I would meet him, I look around and there is a small picnic set out with Mpendulo sitting down he stands up as soon as he sees me meeting me half way.

“Hey” he says giving me a hug.

“Mpendulo” I find myself saying when he pulls away.

“I hope you were not busy” he says leading me to where the picnic set is,

I take a closer look and smile he even bought roses although I prefer sunflowers there is something pretty, light and fun about them

“You said you wanted to talk” I say.

He looks at me and smiles melting all of me he does that sometimes make me weak in the knees luckily I haven't embarrassed myself by falling right in front of him.

“Look you and I have been friends for a long time and I really care about you” he says.

“Mpendulo you are making me nervous” I say looking to the side and seeing this beautiful girl and guy approach us.

“Don't be the reason I called you here is because last time we spoke you said you were not seeing anyone and so I decided to do this for you” he says still smiling.

“This is Siya my friend and I thought maybe you guys might hang out and see where this goes” he says looking at me.

My heart drops to the pit of my stomach and my ears suddenly get clogged up

“Babe she’s so pretty” the girl says looking at Mpendulo.

I blink a few times wait did I just play myself here

“Yola” he says.

I look at him and smile holding my head up high.

“Look when I said I wasn’t seeing one I wasn’t being fully honest there is someone” I say looking at him.

His face drops and he clears his throat.

“Oh I didn’t know” he says.

I nod my head and force a smile there’s no coming back from this the humiliation he just put me through surely I don’t look that desperate.

I pull him to the side and shake my head once we are away from these people.

“How could you” I ask.

“Ayola whose the guy the one you are seeing” he asks.

“You just humiliated me Mpendulo in front of your friend and girlfriend” I tell him.

“Coming here I thought we were going to talk about us because I foolishly thought just like me you felt something” I say walking away.

He grabs my arm bringing me back looks at me for a while and says nothing .

“Clearly I was wrong” I say walking away.

I don't think I have ever been this hurt knowing that I was wrong.

I couldn't go home knowing how things would be if I did,I found myself getting into a taxi and heading to my grandparents house the smell of baked scones was the first thing that hit and then my grandfather's hug was the second thing that made me whole. I pulled away and gave my grandmother a hug the most sweetest woman in the world she didn't let go till I was okay. The first batch of her famous scones were already cooled off, mkhulu had to attend a conference call leaving with my grandmother who sat next to me and brushed my head smiling as always.

“Something is troubling you” she said keeping her smile.

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26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I shook my head and sighed.

“You know you can talk to me about anything” she said nodding her head.

“Its nothing Gogo just me being a fool” I said laughing.

“A fool you are anything but a fool” she said.

“There’s this boy I thought he liked me just like I do him, but it turns out I was wrong” I said nodding my head.

“Why do you say he doesn’t like you and how do you know that you like him” She asked.

“Today he set me up with a friend of his” I said.

She nodded her heard allowing me say more.

“I like him because he’s good looking, charming and he’s my friend he knows me” I said looking at her.

“Well its a good thing he set you up with his friend because honestly to me it sounds like you like him for all the wrong reasons and you two are better off as friends” she says.

“What you should know is that you are beautiful as you are with all your imperfections, your eyes are beautiful and your heart is pure Gold a boy will come along and he will love you for

who you really are okay don't rush such things" she said smiling.

"Let me tell you a story when your parents met your mother was and still is the most beautiful woman I know, your father had everything but he didn't have your mother and his life was incomplete till they met and fell in Love then he was complete. I am not saying don't look at boys but wait for that one person who feel complete having you by his side or looking at you" she said smiling.

"I know school was hard and since then you have put on this wall so high people can't see beyond it and maybe that is why that boy chose to do what he did, sometimes people aren't strong enough for others but they are only strong for themselves" she said smiling.

I nodded my head and hugged her.

"I love you Zimephi and you should love you too enough to see when love looks you in the eye" she said.

"Will you be eating with us or should I dish up for you girls" She asked.

I thought about my conversation with Bailey and shook my head.

"I will be sleeping over" I said standing up heading to the lounge.

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Bailey

It hasn't even been a week and Jody was standing on my doorstep with flowers in his hand and a gift box, I moved out of the way and allowed him in he smelled good so good I found myself inhaling every bit of him as he walked past. I closed my eyes and shut the door turning to look at him why was I so drawn to this guy so much I couldn't stay away. He looked around probably searching for Ayola thank you Jesus she wasn't home but did I even let him, I found myself questioning my sanity and intelligence this isn't love its pure madness and I am slowly sinking in deeper and deeper not even a rope can pull me out.

"Baby I am sorry about the other night" he said making his way to where I was.

"That wasn't me I would never do you that bad, Bailey you know I love you so much" he said.

His words were music to my ears honey in my mouth and just like whinny the poor this honey tasted sweeter than any I've

ever tasted, Ayola came to mind how many times has he been confused and how many times have been here.

“You know I was confused I don’t know what was going on through my head but I am sorry” he said holding my hand.

Tears welled up when the events of that night played put in my head, he threw me out on the street like I was trash called me names in front of her and I took it all.

“Don’t even think about that night okay just look at me you and I are all that matters” he said going down on his knees.

“You hit me Jody and called me all sorts of names “ I said shaking my head.

“Look I even brought you flowers and this beautiful necklace Bailey don’t listen to what people are saying okay I love you no one will love you like I do” he said.

I closed my eyes and tears fell.

“Your father left you he couldn’t love you< he couldn’t stay but I am here giving you my love I love you Bailey Parker more than anything is this world” he said.

“I will never walk away like your father did I would never do that to you you know why” he asked standing up.

“Because you don’t walk away from someone you love” he said kissing me.

“Please forgive me that’s all I ask” he said wiping his own tears.

“I will give you time to think about us and I know you will make the right choice” he said waking heading for the door.

I stood there shook because I listened when I said I wouldn’t, shook because I said I wouldn’t react but I did and just like a fool I was falling for his words again. I walked up to the fridge and took the last bottle of wine that was left and drank straight from the bottle then looked at the door damn Jody just like heroin I am addicted to his sick love and he knows this which is why he plays me like a puppet. I thought about Ayola and her Dad and I wish my father was like uncle Q that man is an amazing father he took me in when my mother lost everything because of my dad, he stepped up when my father walked out on us and ever since I have been part of their family. I met Ayola in primary she wore braces and had these cute glasses that suited her perfectly, she was always alone and those who waned to befriend her did that for all the wrong reasons. Rich as her family is she was bullied in school because of her weight, height and the way she looked different and we all know how people get scared and threatened by something different and unique. She was bullied and kept it all to her self no matter how tough things got she never said anything to her parents, this went on till we reached high school always ridiculed and mocked for her fear of tight spaces but through it all I held her

hand, and when I didn't they pounced on her like predators and I think that's where her fighting spirit comes. Ayola carries scars of her school years and she hides them well, she fears falling in love because she knows no other love than that of her parents. She fights her opponents like a beast because to her in a way she's showing all those who bullied her that she's not that weak girl any more. I remember how I found her in the storage room screaming her lungs out the girls her were just having fun with her well that's what they said, she was shaking and beside herself that place was dark and she was all alone from that day on ward she has never slept with her lights off. People don't know this but she is an extreme underground fighter she uses that as an outlet she uses that to hide her pain and I have been there waiting holding her hand through it all just like she has been holding my hand.

I look at the time and she should have been home by now we don't go days without speaking ans we won't start now. I wipe my tears and dial her number having her answer on the forth ring.

"Are angry at me" I ask.

She chuckles and deeply sighs.

"No and I was about to call you" she says.

I stay quiet and wait for her to say something.

“One more fight and I am done for good because if my father finds out he will kill me” she says.

“I have already called the promoters and told them that we can't do it” I say.

“Call them back tell them we have changed our minds” She says.

“I will see tomorrow morning when you come home” I say.

“Yes mom” she says laughing.

I end the call and text one of the promoters telling him we are in Cape Town here we come. I grab my laptop and book two tickets to Cape Town with such trips its always business class, I turn my head around and catch a glimpse of Jody's flowers and necklace he bought my favourite forgiving him one last time won't hurt.

AYOLA

The day has finally arrived soon we shall be landing in the mother city the one place that has about four weathers in one day the most breathtaking place I know. I look outside the window smiling beside being excited and anxious about tomorrow's fight something is in the wind and I am excited to be on this trip with Bailey. We had to lie to my parents and spin a story about a concert we had been looking forward to seeing and after that talk with my grandmother I called Mpendulo and apologised, the talk made me realise that the familiarity and comfortability I felt towards Mpendulo blinded me into thinking that I had feelings for him when in actual fact he's a very good friend. I even congratulated him on his relationship and what makes me happy is that he looks happy and content with his decision Bailey looks at me and smiles blinking her pretty eyes.

"Yola" she says holding my hand.

"I love you" she says.

"I love you back" I say.

"Are you sure you are ready for this fight" she asks.

I nod my head I have been training hard without even knowing I would be on the ring, I prepared myself both mentally and physical this will surely be a walk in the park.

“How are you feeling after after the Jody saga, has he called are two getting back together” I ask.

She looks at me and shrugs her shoulders then shakes her head there it is that flicker in her eyes she does that when she is lying or coming up a lie.

“I am not going back to him not after what he did” she lies again.

I nod my head and smile, silence settles between us till she clears her throat.

“What kind of man are you looking for” she asks.

I look outside the window and the likes Redington come to mind, old yes but a man who is smart and has that enigma to him would be perfect.

“A smart man” I say.

She looks at me and squints her eyes.

“And what about his looks or how deep his pockets are” she asks.

“Not everything is about looks” I say shrugging my shoulders.

“That’s a lie and you know it think about the kids imagine carrying an ugly baby” she says laughing.

“And what’s us wrong with an ugly baby” I ask.

“Akadlaliseki” she says laughing even more.

“Whoever taught you Zulu won’t see heaven because girl you are dangerous” I say laughing,

“Let’s forget ugly babies and talk about about your dream man” she says.

“How about we forget about dream guys and focus on winning and getting that money” I tell.

“And all the bags and shoes we can get” she says.

“And all the sparkling things we can have” I say smiling.

She squeals in joy and hugs me.

The flight finally lands at Cape Town international airport and Bailey does the most putting all eyes on us she goes down on her knees and pretend kissing the ground.

“Wena Capetown mother of all weathers, mother of wealth we are here we have arrived’ she says getting up.

“You just had to be extra” I say dragging my bags.

I didn’t know about the details of this trip but the promoters have set us at the Twelve Apostle Hotel and Spa which is

grand, these promoters make huge money when it comes to such fights firstly because its women fighting and getting dirty and the viewers love the action. Men with deep pockets take pleasure in watching these types of fights and they tend to bid even more money which in return means big money for the promoters and us.

The hotel manager personally escorts us to our room and for the life of me its feels like I have just landed in heaven.

“Mr Habib sends his regards” the manager says walking away.

I look at Bailey and scream jumping on the bed.

“This is life” I say looking at their beautiful ceiling.

“Habib really went out this time his clients must be paying huge money to see this fight” she says.

“I just hope no one who is acquainted with Dad shows up” I say.

“Freshen up and get some rest so you can be ready for your run” she says looking at me.

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BAILEY

I woke up to an empty bed with Ayola not in sight the room was dead quiet, I walked around the hotel room admiring the view and everything smelled like royalty all of this smelled like money. I looked at the time and decided to call the reception downstairs just to find out what time Ayola left and the lady said its had been about three hours since she left. I ended the call and called Habib using my phone.

“Habib” I said.

“Bailey” he said.

I could hear some commotion in the background meaning I caught him at a wrong time.

“This better be good girls I am in the middle of something” he said.

“I don’t know why but when I woke Ayola wasn’t here and she’s not back yet” I said pacing up and down.

“What do you mean she’s not back yet “ he asked and just then everything went quiet.

“I woke up and she wasn’t here the hotel says she left here about three hours ago and she never takes this long on a run Habib we need to find her” I said already thinking of the worst.

“Don’t panic I am sure nothing happened but I will look” he said ending the call.

I put on my snickers and rush outside like a crazy person I don't know where I will start but I need to start somewhere, I stop on my tracks when I see Ayola heading towards me with her hands up and her mumbling something she looks livid but not as livid as this guy will be. Ayola bumps into the guy and holds on to him using both her hands I move closer and hear a cracking sound. Ayola cusses and pushes the guy away but his arm wraps around her waist pulling her closer to him she tries fighting him off but the guy's grip tightens. I can tell it did just by the way he groaned the second time he pulled her close and that made me swallow and stare at this beautiful creature.

"Let me go" Ayola hissed without even looking at the guy.

Look at the guy Yola I found myself praying but heck girl can't see without her glasses.

"Not until you apologise" the man said.

I swallowed the last of my saliva where in God's name does this man come from.

I looked at the man's shirt and Ayola's muddy hand prints are all over it this girl just ruined this man's look.

"Ngiyeke" she said and I could see tears welling up in her eyes,

she hates being cornered and hates her space being invaded.

And at this moment this man is breaking all the rules and she doesn't know what to do.

I stood there and decided not to jump and looked at them.

"Please let me go" She whispered in her most vulnerable tone.

His grip loosened and Ayola went on her knees picking up her broken glasses.

"You broke my glasses" she said looking to the side seeing me.

26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">"I am sorry" The guy said

"Sorry won't fix then now will it" she said attempting to walk but the guy grabbed her arm.

"They are just glasses" He said.

I shook my head and smiled he wasn't supposed to say that but he did Ayola looked at me and I smiled she then looked at this guy and his dick print.

"Its just a dick print" she said smiling.

"Nc nc nc nc" the guy said pulling her back to him and holding her tight.

"Can you feel that" he asked leaning against Ayola's ear.

“That will fuck you and have you begging me not to stop” he said kissing her cheek then walked away.

She screamed and walked up to me throwing herself at me.

“My glasses” she said.

These were her favourite glasses her father bought them for they made specially for her and she has always worn them and only them.

“Ayola do you know that man” I asked

She looked at me and shook her head.

“Did you take a good look at him at least” I asked.

“What the hell is wrong you huh I just had the most shittiest afternoon ever first I almost got hit by a car had to duck and that stupid person stepped on my glasses” She said.

“What car” I asked.

“I don’t know okay but my run got ruined” she said walking to the bathroom.

I looked at her and only come to one conclusion someone was trying to sabotage her but who.

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QHAWWE

Ever since I dealt with the king and his people things have been smooth sailing, my family is what keeps me going my wedding day was probably the most horrible day ever Zobuhle losing our twins and her being admitted to the hospital on the day of her wedding broke my heart. What was supposed to be the happiest day of her life turned out to be nightmare but with God things turned right she got pregnant with our Son Mxolisi that's what we named him because he soothed his mother's heartaches, and my baby girl the apple of my eye my heart walking around. She's grown now having her own thoughts and questioning life and starting to see things in her own way. I look at the picture frame and smile I can't believe she's all grown not so long ago she followed me everywhere I went, copied everything I did and always looked at me with those big eyes of hers. A part of me is afraid that she's going to get hurt and lose her way that with time she won't need me any more and as a father that is an unbearable thought . Ngwane walks in and pours himself a drink settling down looking at him he gives me some relief knowing I am not the only one going through hell.

"Mkhulu" he says gulping down his drink.

"What has you all worked up" I ask.

He shakes his head and chuckles.

“Qiniso is coming home” he says.

“When” I ask.

“In the next coming days and I don’t know how to feel” he says.

I nod my head understanding his dilemma things between him and Qiniso have been shaky and one day Qiniso woke up and decided to pack his bags and leave. That killed Ngwane seeing his son leave home like that without saying his reasons without explaining what was the matter, Nkanyezi was the worst but seeing how her husband was broken she became strong for the both of them.

I don’t know why Qiniso decided to leave but whatever made him leave home was huge.

“How about you talk to him ask what made him up and leave like that” I say

“You know how he gets he doesn’t talk” He says

“You are his father and at one point he worshipped the ground you walked on believe it or not that boy loves you” I say

“Not any more Mkhulu do you know he hardly called me when he was away something in me says I am the reason he left” He says pouring himself another glass.

“Easy on the alcohol” I say.

I look at him and I can tell this is weighing heavily on him.

“I know she doesn’t say this but Nkanyezi blames me for Qiniso leaving home which is funny because I blame myself too” he says leaning back on the chair.

“Would it make you feel better if I said something is definitely up and Ayola” I say.

He sits up straight and looks at me smiling.

“Boy trouble” he asks.

“No I think its bigger than that” I say rubbing my forehead.

“What makes you say that” He asks.

“She lied about her trip to CapeTown she mentioned something about a concert but I checked and nothing” I said standing up.

“Ngwane I have a bad feeling about all of this” I say.

“Don’t do that she’s just a child let her be” he says.

“Its more than being just a child she went and assaulted that boy and didn’t even feel sorry” I say.

“That boy had it coming and why should Ayola feel sorry quite frankly we were the one supposed to deal with him” He says.

“That boy has been messing with Bailey for sometime now and I think its time we paid him a visit” he says.

“Ngwane if we pay him visit he will probably shit himself” I say.

“Not what we are going for but him being shaken will do” he says looking at the time.

“I should get home tell me when its time to deal with that boy” He says standing up.

“Ngwane” I call out before he reaches the door.

“When he gets here talk to him find out what’s wrong” I say.

“Maybe you should talk him you are his Godfather after all” He says.

“I will” I say walking him out.

I come back to my study and re-look Ayola’s steps ever since she started school and one thing stands out all her supposed concert trips something doesn’t make sense here.

I scratch my head and shut my eyes Ayola wouldn’t do that to me she would never sell herself for money the, could it be that she has blesser I feel chest tighten looking at her movements only that makes sense right now.

I take my phone and call Zakhele.

“Skhulu sam” he says.

“Zakhele I need you to do something for me” I say.

“Noma yini skhulu sam phela mina ngingumabizwa asabele” he says.

“I want you to look into Ayola” I say.

He stays quiet and clears his throat.

“Kodwa Skhulu that is your daughter” he says.

“Ngiyakwazi lokho I would do this myself but I am busy at the moment” I tell him.

“What do need exactly” he asks.

“Everything whom she sees.,what she does and who she does it with siyezwana Zakhele” I say.

“Ngiyezwa Skhulu sam” he says.

I end the call and the fear of the unknown settles on me who knew having a daughter was this stressful.

AYOLA

I looked at my contact lenses and sighed these things irritate me but seeing that I am scheduled to fight I have no choice and well I wouldn't wear my glasses to a fight would I. I looked at Bailey curled up in bed tired from her late conversation with Jody, she might think I was asleep when he called but I was awake and I heard everything she's planning on fixing things with him soon as we get home. I tried with her and truth is I can't help her because somehow that guy has programmed her into thinking only his love is can make her whole which is not true. I move to her side of the bed and bush her hair kissing her forehead.

I remember how she used to hold my hand at school in a way she was a big sister and still is, i take her hand into mine and smile she is deep in sleep and won't hear what I am bout to say.

"I look at you and wish I had your confidence all I know how to do well is to fight and excel at school ad that's about it,you may not see this but you are one of the most strongest people I know clever, smart and beautiful you walk into a room and all that amazing energy spreads across it having people feed off it

that's how awesome you are. I wish you saw yourself the way the people around you see you then maybe you wouldn't be doing this to yourself, I hate how you allow him to walk all over you when he should be worshipping the ground you walk on and loving you the right way. I hate how you give him all the power allowing him to think he has it when he doesn't. Your father left because he wanted too he chose the other family because he wanted too it's not your fault it was never your fault and the sooner you acknowledge that and make peace with it then you will be okay. You are enough just the way you are and anyone who doesn't see that is a fool I love you" I say standing up walking to the balcony.

This place is beautiful and the view is breathtaking if only I could stay here for a few more days after the fight just to recuperate but I have a few classes that need my attention.

I take my phone and take a picture sending it to my mother we haven't spoken since we got here I only sent her a text telling her we arrived safely unlike my Dad, Mama lets me be she respects my privacy and knows that I am my own person I dial her number and she picks up immediately.

"Zimephi" she says.

"Ma" I say.

"How are you girls doing is everything okay" she asks.

“Everything is fine mama I just miss you” I tell her.

“Then come home forget the concert and come home I will cook and we can watch movies” she says.

“Ma” I say.

“You miss me and I can send you girls money to come back” she says.

“The concert is tonight ma and I already have an outfit” I tell her.

She laughs and breathes out.

“Ayola” she says,

“Ma “ I say.

“Ngiyakuthanda yezwa with everything in me you are my whole world” she says.

“I love you too mama” I say.

“Tell Bailey to call me” she says.

“Ma” I say before ending the call.

“Yes my baby” she says.

“Kiss baba for me tell him that I am I love him pinky swear” I say.

She laughs beautifully ending the call.

A knock comes through making me rush to the door that must be room service I ordered some greens just to kick start my day, I open the door and find one of the staff standing before me holding a package,

“Delivery for room 103” he says.

I look at him and smile there must be a mistake we didn’t buy anything.

“I am afraid you have the wrong room I only ordered room service” I say.

“I am looking for a Miss Ayola” He says looking at the small package.

“Please wait here” I say going to get Bailey

I drag her out of bed all the way to the door.

“This is Ayola” I say smiling.

The guy looks at me then Bailey and shakes his head.

“I was told to give the package to a miss Ayola” he says adamant.

“Well this is her you can give her the package” I say.

“I am afraid I can’t” he says walking away.

I shut the door and Bailey and looks at me.

“What was that” She asks.

“A package sent to me by an unknown person you knew which room to send it too” I say walking to the Bar.

“I think we have a stalker” she says yawning.

Another knock comes through and she gets it.

“Ayola” she calls out.

I slowly make my way to the door drag them even more when I see another guy holding the same package.

“Makhosonke Mkhetheni Nzimande” he says looking at us.

“I believe this is yours” he says handing me the package.

“Angazani nama package mina” I say.

“Ungayithathi Ayola” Bailey says.

He looks at Bailey and smiles clearly impressed my girl knows her Zulu like the back of her hand.

“Lalelani la ang’zanga ukuzodlala” he says handing me the package.

“Lalela ntokazi lokhu ngokwakho mina” he says looking me straight in the eye.

Bailey nudges me and I take the package from this guy.

“Nisale kahle Miss Parker” he says nodding his head walking away.

“Stop drooling he’s not even your type” I say shutting the door. She grabs the package and opens it.

“You must be kidding me” she says showing me the glasses. I look at them and shake my head.

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26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“So he broke my glasses and then decided to buy these cheap ones” I say.

“Let me correct you these are expensive” she says biting them.

“Well I don’t want them” I say placing them back in the box

“You of all people know that those weren’t just glasses they were a gift from my dad he had them specially made for me” I say.

“Can I keep them” she asks smiling.

I look at her in disbelief

“Don’t look at me like that you don’t want them and I am offering to put them to good use” she says walking away.

The day moved along faster than I had anticipated with Habib sending his driver to come pick us and drop us off at our location the whole place is packed with men and women of all walks, that's the thing with these fights anyone who is rich comes and cools off. They bet against each other and make huge money in the process I tell you there is something about doing illegal stuff that drive them crazy messed up things happen here but we are all here running away from something. Habib knocks before walking he's like a guardian angel that looks out for me he organises fights gives me fair cut and makes sure I have the best trainers money can buy, but mostly Baba is the reason I got into this his fighting skills are out of this world if I didn't know better I would say he is some sort of killing machine. Growing up I had three hardcore lessons a week then on the weekends I would have martial arts training with time I got used to it lessons with my Dad and I looked forward to them although mama hated every moment of it.

"My girls" Habib says.

"The place looks packed" I say breathing heavily.

"Tonight we have big spenders they are betting huge money"
He says smiling,

"Any requests" I ask.

"No its the usual three rounds and winner takes it all " he says.

“Get ready the fight is about to begin” he says walking away.

I change into my sport bra and matching tights heading out with Bailey following behind me, we get to the steel cage and I see my opponent, Bailey applies some petroleum jelly on my eyebrows, cheekbones and gives me a hug before I get inside the octagon.

My opponent is taller than me meaning I have to start her on the knees, she gives me one look and grins making her way to me with a hard punch landing on my face, I stagger backwards and come back to punch her in the gut then the face. She gets hold of my arm and locks it in giving her a chance to punch me in the rib cage with each punch the pain intensifies. I manage to get out of her hold but the damage to my rib is already done I charge towards her and focus on her knees till she drops I get on top of her and start punching her on the head the referee pulls us apart when she starts bleeding but then things get out of control with the warning alarm going off and smoke filling the air. I look around me and get knocked on the head with something heavy. I drop to the floor with my eyes irritated and throat burning. I try standing up but another blow to the head lands me down with all the commotion happening my heart starts pounding this is it if I don't end up in jail then I am going to die right in this octagon. I put my hand over my head and

feel the blood ooze out the pain is unbearable but I manage to crawl through the smoke a shriek escapes my mouth when someone lifts me.

“Its okay I’ve got you” The stranger says.

I wrap my arms around his neck and close my eyes.

A cold breeze wakes me up from my sleep with a painful headache you would swear my skull will pop. I look to my side and notice this isn’t my room I feel a panic attack coming when the events of last night play out in my head. I lift my head up trying to keep my eyes open sitting up straight I get out of bed and stagger to the bathroom and fall flat on my face I try standing up but my body aches even more, I shout for help when I hear the door open and shut although my head is all over the place and the possibility of being slaughtered and stuffed inside a black bag consumes me the pain is greater than that fear.

“Dammit” the sound of my saviour and possible killer says.

He lifts me up from the floor and places me on the bed with ease.

“You are burning up” he says

“Please don’t hurt me” I say trying to open my eyes everything is blurry and my head hurts so bad keeping my eyes open is painful.

I look at him through the blurriness and fail to make up his face my eyes close up I feel drained tired but my hearing senses heightened the moment someone shouts telling him they have to leave.

“This is not our problem okay you saved her but now we have to leave”

“I can’t just leave her like”

“You stayed with her the whole night looked after her and made sure she was okay”

“I still think I should call someone”

“Her friend, she has one right call her and let’s leave this place”

A moment of silence passes till they resume speaking again.

“Ngiyaxolisa Khanyile kodwa ukuhlala la kusingenisela amanzi ngomsele” the one says.

“Fine but we only leave once I know that she’s okay”

“What’s so special about her that we have delay our plans”

“Careful Makhosonke I am warning you”

“Fine I will find her friend then we leave”

“Very well and while you at it please be kind enough to get me another first aid kit”

I breathe out heavily and lift my head up.

“Careful you are going to hurt yourself” he says gently pushing me back down.

I open my eyes and look at him still everything is blurry.

“You are going to be fine it’s just a bump in the head” he says attempting to stand up.

I hold his hand and swallow

“Please don’t leave me” I tell him pulling his hand tighter.

He sighs and settles back down

“Are you going to kill me” I ask.

He chuckles making me wish I had a clear sight of him.

“You should be okay in a few days just don’t strain yourself” he says holding my hand.

He remains quiet for a while and starts humming I don’t know if I am crazy or hallucinating but the song sounds familiar so much so that I sing along.

“Ricardo” I say.

“Yes” he says.

Someone clears their throat and by no doubt its the other guy.

“Her friend will be here soon we should leave”

I hear footsteps furthering away and I am not sure if he’s out of the room or not.

“Hey” he says still holding my hand.

I have long given up on keeping my eyes open the exercise is pointless and tiring.

“I made sure the doctor stocks you up on pain meds they should get you through take care of yourself” he says kissing my head.

I know he’s gone that was his goodbye I breathe out heavily and start singing his song I love you daddy by Ricardo.

AYOLA

The past two days have been confusing and more blurry than ever, I can't recall much as to what happened on the night of the fight but all I know is that things got out control, what was supposed to be a night where I make money things just spiralled out of control things got so messed up I can't even begin to explain anything. I look at Bailey and Habib and shake my head while on that I had a few stitches nothing major and luckily I didn't break any skull or have a concussion.

"Someone needs to start talking" I said.

"I don't know what happened everything happened so fast"
Bailey says.

I look at Habib and only he can tell me what's going he looks at me and says nothing shaking his head .

"Don't shake your head Habib tell us what's going on" I say.

"Do you realise that someone is tried to kill me not once but twice" I shout.

"Ayola calm down" Bailey says.

“Calm down how tell me huh” I ask.

“I am sorry okay I didn’t know that was going to happen” he says standing up.

He looks jumpy and more sweaty than usual.

“Look we can still salvage the situation all you need to do is agree to another match” he says.

Bailey looks at him like a he’s crazy.

“What are you crazy can’t you see she’s hurt” She asks.

I look at him and I swear to God I have never seen Habib this shaken before.

“Ayola please just do this for me okay then never again” he says pleading.

“No I am sorry but I can’t” I tell him shrugging my shoulder’s.

“This was the last time and I am out, I no longer fight for you Habib” I say.

He shakes his head running his hands over his head.

“You don’t understand Ayola if you don’t do this then I am a dead man” he says looking at me.

I tilt my head biting my lip.

“What did you do Habib” I ask.

He looks at me and says nothing.

“What the hell did you do” Bailey asks going crazy.

“I am sorry okay” he says.

“Habib what did you do” I ask my voice trailing off

He looks at me feeling remorseful

Tears well up this only means one thing he messed and probably owes someone money this makes sense now why he wanted me to fight so bad so he can pay his debt.

“Leave” I tell him.

He heads for the door and turns to look at me .

“I am sorry I didn’t mean to get you in this mess but please consider doing this one not and I promise I will never ever trouble you again, trust me when I say this is in our best interest” he says closing the door behind him.

I settle on the couch and look at Bailey as much as this is my fault I shouldn’t have listened to her, waking up she was next to me and she has been taking care of me since. I haven’t been taking my father’s calls or my mother’s the only thing I have been doing sending messages to her.

“Ayola say something” she says.

“There’s nothing to say Bailey nothing we are going home and that’s that” I tell her standing up.

“For what what its worth I am sorry for everything if I knew this was going to happen I wouldn’t have told you about it nor would I have convinced you to do the match” she says.

QINISO UHURU KHANYILE

I stood outside my parents house and sighed

The last time I was here I me leaving and never looking back, I left without even saying a word at the time that decision seemed to be the best thing to do at the time.

I closed my eyes and swallowed hard my head was still in CapeTown I still couldn’t wrap my head around what happened with the girl she looks so innocent and frail to be doing what she does, Her face is what I have been seeing for the past two days her lips and soft skin her tiny hands and feet and how she breathed while she was asleep. I closed my eyes and called Makhosonke the only friend I have and trust he picked up immediately chuckling.

“Nzimande” I said.

“Khanyile” he said laughing.

I shook my head laughing.

“I want you to do something for me its important” I said.

“Let me guess you want us to take care of someone” He said.

I don't know what's wrong with Makhosonke he's always looking for a fight.

“No but I want you to trace that girl for me” I said.

He whistled and breathed out.

“If that's what you want then fine but don't you think she's young” he asked.

“Makhosonke if I wanted advise from you then I would ask find the girl” I said.

I ended the call and walked to the house, I knocked before my mother got the door and stod the frozen she dropped the bowl she had in her hand and smiled tears welling up.

“Ngwane” she called out.

“Mthandeni buya uzobona” she shouted.

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0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">She held her mouth and threw herself at me giving me a hug I returned it tightly holding her,.

“My son” she said not being able to her tears.

“It’s really you uwena ngempela” she said tearing up.

“I missed you so much you don’t even know” she said pulling away.

I looked at her and wiped her tears kissing her on the cheek.

“Why would you leave like that” she asked.

I shook my head and sighed.

“Ma please” I said.

She gave me another hug and I closed my eyes memories of my childhood flooded my heart.

“I love you” she whispered.

“I love you Ma” I said pulling away.

I opened my eyes and found my father looking at us.

“Qiniso” he said.

“Baba” he looked at me and smiled.

I moved from my mother and stood before my father just looking at him the man who raised me and taught right from wrong. The only man that I looked up to when growing up my father he hasn’t aged from when I left he still looks like the Ngwane I know.

He opened his arms and gave me a hug I wasn't expecting him to break down but he did, he held me tight cried still holding me I know my leaving caused him more pain than anyone else and the fact that I never called also put a strain on him.

"Ngiyaxolisa baba ngicela ungixole Ngwane" I said fighting my own tears back.

He didn't say anything.

"Ngwane he's home okay everything is fine now" Ma said.

He wiped his tears and looked at me laughing .

"Look at you all grown up my son is home we should celebrate" he said looking at ma, even though I have been away so long I can still feel and see the love they have for each other.

HABIB

One of Bantu's men removed the plastic bag they had over my head, I started coughing and breathing all along I couldn't breathe. I looked around and he was sitting in chair looking at me he wasn't moved by me not being able to breathe or the fact that I have urinated myself. He stood up and tilted his head looking at me and laughed so loud my heart stopped.

“Habib Habib you truly disappointed me you know that” he said shaking his head.

I shook my head and clasped my hands together.

“Bantu please you and I have been working together so well please don’t let this one mistake ruin our working relationship” he said.

“One mistake” he asked.

I looked at him and nodded my head.

“Boys show him what a mistake looks like” he said going back to his chair.

“Bantu I can still fix this trust me” I pleaded.

One of his guys held my hand and chopped my thumb off making scream, I hollowed my breathe but the pain was unbearable the guy chopped more of my fingers and used a hammer to smash my other hand. I closed my eyes and screamed feeling the pain rush to my heart.

“Another mistake shall we” he said.

The guy removed my shoes and took pliers pulling my nails I weeped like a baby begging him to stop.

“Now that is a mistake but what you did is more than a mistake you disrespected me and made a fool out of me” he shouted.

He took the sock I was wearing and stuffed inside my mouth.

“Much better more serene don’t you think” he asked.

I looked at him and saw the monster people always talk about crazy and inhumane.

“Will you stop crying” he asked.

I nodded my head and he removed the sock

“I can make this right give me time and I will convince her to do the match” I said with my chest heaving heavily.

“The plan was simple you bring her to cape town I take what’s mine and dispose of the friend then your score would have been settled” he said.

I nodded through the pain finding it hard to breathe.

“Then some idiot decided to play hero and rescue her and stood there and watched her get away from me” he shouted.

“One simple job get me the girl and you couldn’t even do that” he said nodding his head like he had come to a realisation.

“I don’t need you any more Habib I will do the job myself” he said smiling.

I shook my head.

“Please don’t hurt her” He shook his head and laughed.

“I will do you this one favour yeah I chop your head off and spare your family how’s that” he asked.

I looked at him and he meant every word apart from from him loosing money on the cancelled fight he also lost Ayola in the process, Bantu and I go way back in business he own a few casinos and hotels I happen to be a regular in one of his casinos and he would let me run up the bill and play on credit till I lost count and deep in debt I couldn’t stop.

He approached me with a deal he would wipe my debt clean and I would give him Ayola, I would organise a huge fight and knowing Ayola and her being the best she would have won thing is she wouldn’t have made it home .

I know this sounds messed up considering that I know the girls and I very fond of them but the truth remains I was going to sell Ayola and have Bailey killed just so I could pay my debt. I stopped fighting the tears and looked at Bantu the most ruthless man I know he sells people for fun, molests girls just to make himself feel better and he doesn’t hesitate when it comes to killing. I thought about my wife and kids then Ayola as much as she seems tough she’s actually a soft and the most kind hearted young lady I know, some of the fight she did to save my arse and look at how I betrayed her this underground fighting business has always been a front for many things such

as drugs, human trafficking, money laundering and now Ayola has price on her head.

“Saying your last prayers” he said laughing.

“You know I had made promises to people but now I will have her for myself” he said looking at his boys.

“Cut his head off dump his body at water” he said walking away.

AYOLA

I don't know what happened but things took a turn for the worst when we checked out of the hotel with Habib not answering my calls Bailey and I decided to just leave the place. Our bill was already settled making it easy for us to vacate the hotel room. We got into one of the hotel shuttle which was supposed to drop us at the airport but took us to another destination. The guy dropped us at some dingy and very suspicious club he got paid huge money and that was the last time we saw him. We got dragged to what looked like the basement and that's when we got separated I haven't seen Bailey but I have been hearing screams and loud noises people begging them to stop to a point of almost peeing on myself nothing is as scary and crippling as the unseen. I have been holding my pee and my bladder hurts, I don't know what happening or who we wronged but I am sorry and I will never make the same mistake again. My head still hurts but not as much my hands are tied up and so are my legs whoever tied me up made sure the rope eats away at my wrist. The blind fold covering my eyes gets removed I blink a few times before I get a clear view of the man standing before me he looks a familiar

I've seen his face the fight, yes that's where I saw him he even talked to Habib a few times I swallow hard and look at him grab a chair settling down.

"I am sorry for this kind of hospitality my boys lack manners" he says.

"My name is Bantu Zungu" he says.

I look around and the place is surrounded by men huge man ready to do anything he says, I close my eyes swallow hard before opening them again one of his man unties my feet.

"You are more beautiful in person" he says nodding his head standing up.

"Boys this right here is my future wife Ayola Zungu" he says circling me.

I shake my head nothing is making sense right now what the hell is talking about.

"If this about the fight tell Habib I will do it" I say.

He moves over and stands between my legs looking me in the he might be good looking but everything about him is unsettling.

"Please don't hurt me" he laughs in my face and I am convinced that whatever I got myself into is really deep and messed up.

“I won’t hurt well that’s if you play nice” he says moving his hand up my thigh.

I clasp my legs tight and push him off spitting on his face.

He looks at me biting his lips and wipes my spit off his face he chuckles and shakes his head.

“See boys she’s feisty and you know how I love to break them piece by piece” he says moving closer.

“I like you already” he says forcing his hand inside my breast and closing his eyes.

“They are so warm” he says leaning over then kissing me.

I don’t return the kiss making him twist my nipple so hard I scream due to the pain.

“That’s it scream for me” he says biting my lip.

I close my eyes tears streaming down I have never needed my Dad like I need him now.

“I want to show you something well it’s someone who messed with me and didn’t deliver what he promised me” he says wiping himself of the blood that just came from my lip.

One of the men puts a bag in front of me and opens it up and pulls something.

“No please no” I scream closing my eyes.

He killed Habib

“Hold her” he says, with those word it doesn’t take long for me to pee on myself.

I try to wiggle myself out of this man’s hold but he forces me to open my eyes and brings Habib’s face to mine forcing me to look at his chopped head.

“This is what happens to people who double cross” he says.

“You killed him” I say.

“Yes I did because he didn’t deliver you,we made a deal and you were part of that deal” he says.

I shake my head Habib would never sell me he would never do that to me, he tosses the head to the side and places his hand on thigh.

My breathing takes a turn for the worst seeing this man and having him touch me sends me into panic mode.

“Get that friend of hers” he orders.

One of the his men disappears and comes back dragging a half naked Bailey, my chest is burning and my tears just fall down this can’t be happening.

“Calm her down” the man says.

Bailey kneels in front of me and holds my hands.

“I am okay just breathe slowly” she says.

“I can’t” I say my eyes still on Habib’s head couldn’t they atleast close his eyes.

“Look at me don’t look at him just look at me and breathe in and out” she says brushing my hair.

“Bailey I am scared” I tell her.

“I know but we need to be strong you just breathe for me” she says.

I nod my head breathing but it’d difficult to do so when your heart is racing and tears keep falling.

“That’s enough” he says dragging Bailey away.

“No please don’t I am begging you please don’t take her away” I say.

“Dance for me” he says turning to look at me.

“Boys give us some privacy” his men leave the basement.

“I will dance please don’t make her” Bailey begs.

He laughs so loud and looks at me.

“Dance or those men will have their way with her” he says.

“Please” I say.

He walks up to Bailey and rips her bra off.

“I will do it” I say biting t lip.

He unties my hands and settles down even if we tried something we wouldn't make it out of here alive he has a gun just showing at the back of his waist.

I look at and Bailey and sniff I can never let her go through something horrible as that I could never forgive myself.

I get undressed the disgust and humiliation and I fell right now he instructs me to give him a lap dance, I move to the silent beat of his desire and Bailey's cries thinking of going home and seeing my mom's face telling her that she means the world to me.

I stop what I am doing and freeze when he takes a few steps towards me he raises my head and smiles running his hands down my cheeks down my neck to breast squeezing them.

“What do you want from me” I ask.

“My father has money please let us go we won't say anythi....” I don't even my sentence because he slaps me.

“I don't care about your father's money you are mine I bought you” he says walking away.

I rush to Bailey and look at her bashed face she must have been running her mouth to get such a beating.

26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I hold her close to my chest and she's terrified just like I am she's shaking and her body is cold.

"I am sorry" she says.

"Hey its not your fault you did nothing I am the one who got in that ring, I am the one who introduced you to all these matches I am the fighter here not you so this is not your fault" I say.

How could I have been so stupid coming I was already sold coming here this man had already taken and made me his, I shake my head and if I die my parents will never know what happened to me Bailey's mother will be left alone all because we wanted to make money.

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QINISO KHANYILE

I think coming home has brought my parents more joy than I had anticipated it's only been a few day but mother has fed me so much I think I will bust, she's been looking at me ever since I woke I think she fears that I might leave again but this time I am home for good. I am done running away life has been lonely filled with nothing but money, booze and women that meant

nothing for a while all that was good till Makhosenke told me that running away solved nothing, my father joined us for breakfast but he seemed different worried.

“Ngwane” Ma said looking at him.

“Mambatha” he said.

She smiled making me wish for their kind of love.

“You should be happy Qiniso is home and I made both your favourites” she said.

“I don’t think I will stay for breakfast Qhawe needs me” he said.

“Is there something wrong baba” I asked.

He sighed and took out his phone giving it to me I looked the pictures with my eyes widening this is the same girl from Capetown.

“Baba whose this” I asked.

“That’s Ayola” he said.

“You mean this is Munku” I said still looking at the picture.

The last time I saw her she had braces on, huge glasses and was shy she barely talked to anyone I looked at the picture one more time and cleared my throat, I can’t believe this is Munku.

“No one calls her Munku anymore” Ma said laughing.

“She’s been gone for days with her friend Bailey and they haven’t come home we believe they might be missing” he said.

I shook my head I could tell the possibility of Ayola missing was really messing with him.

“Ngwane don’t say that” Ma said getting her phone.

“I should call Zobu she must be going crazy” she said standing up.

“That is what her Mkhulu believes and if that’s the case then we need to start looking” he said also standing up.

Ma walked him to the door while I grabbed my phone and called Makhosonke he picked after a few rings.

“When I call you answer if there’s a pussy next to you, you leave it I don’t care how warm and it is but you leave the damn thing” I said.

He cleared his throat.

“I haven’t found anything yet” he said

I closed my eyes and sighed something is off they should have been home by now the match didn’t happen people lost big money and she was attacked, I shook my head thinking of the worst.

“Nzimande” I said.

“Yes”

“We are going back to CapeTown something doesn’t feel right”
he said

“What” he asked.

“I will book the next available tickets we are going back get
ready” I said ending the call.

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AYOLA

I woke up to the feel of his hands running up my thighs I
dreaded opening my eyes so this is how it feels being violated
without your concern, this is how it feels to have your body
belongs to someone without your consent. This is what it feels
to be sold without your knowledge or consent this is how all
those missing girls who were later trafficked left when they
woke up in hell. I felt his lips on mine my first kiss with a
monster my first touch with a monster I looked at him tears
welling up why can't he let me fight I swear I would fight for my
freedom and that of Bailey's.

“Where’s Bailey” I ask looking around.

He doesn’t answer me and tears just fall.

“What did you do to her” I ask hitting his chest attempting to scratch his face.

He gets hold of both my arms and looks at me bringing me to his face, he looks at me as if studying me.

“Your friend is okay” he says not letting go.

“You promised you wouldn’t touch her you promised” I say.

He tilts his head.

“And I keep to my word your friend is in the bathroom but she won’t be coming here I don’t want you trying anything” he says letting go of me.

I swallow hard knowing that she is okay brings some sort of relief. He stands up and fixes himself up looking at me.

“Shout when you need anything” he says walking out.

He stands by the door. “Not today please” I beg.

The switch to the basement is right outside the door.

“Rules are rules” he says shutting the door.

I run towards the door and bang on it till my hands hurt.

“Ngiyasaba” I mummer sinking to the floor.

QINISO

We got on the next available flight back to CapeTown we didn't even sleep we spent the whole night searching I couldn't even bring myself to tell my father that I saw Munku during my trip or the fact that I saw her doing something none of them know about or would approve off. Makhosonke turned the town upside down when I mentioned who Ayola was to me and that's when we met one of the guys that worked for Habib. We had to pay him for the information although he was shaken he still wanted money in exchange of the information. What he told me really didn't shock me Habib has been selling naive girls to the highest bidder to settle his debts that's how he made his living I am surprised Ayola survived this long. I looked at my father's missed calls he probably think I have made a run for it and as for my mother sent a long arse message asking me to come and that we would fix whatever it is that was bothering me today happened to be the second day of us being in the city.

"Are we really getting involved with Bantu again" Makhosonke asked.

I looked at my gun and shrugged my shoulder's.

"This time I plan on killing him that way I will be rid of this world his evilness" I said standing up.

"You can't do that you made peace with him" he said.

I looked at him and thought about Munku and what she might be going through I know Bantu, I have crossed paths with and in all occasions things ended up badly.

"Fine how about I rough him up then leave all the work to my Dad and Ayola's father will that make you better" I asked.

"Very much now let's go before we get there too late" he said heading for the door.

We left the hotel and headed for Bantu's location the place was filled with young naked girls dancing for old men just for a few bucks. I shook my head none of them are here out of their own free will, all of them were sold fed drugs and had nowhere to go.

I looked at his guys and made my way up to his face and budged in the bastard had his pants on his knees while some girls was blowing him.

"Excuse us young lady" I said cocking my gun then pointing it at him I shot right next to him and smiled..

With my gun going off his men were already in the room pointing their guns at us.

Makhosonke looked at me and laughed raising his hands up in the air, I moved closer to Bantu and put the gun right in his balls and pushed it up.

“I don’t owe you anything Khanyile, you and Nzimande have no business being here” he said through gritted teeth.

“But I do Bantu and I wish I didn’t but here I am” I said.

“Boss” one of his guys called out.

“Tell them nicely to put their guns down or I will blow your balls off” I said.

He looked at me sweating and nodded his head.

“Good this must be awkward so I will let you put on your pants on” I told him.

He lifted his pants up and tried slowly reaching for his gun but Makhosonke was quick in wounding his arm.

“I should have warned you Nzimande happens to be trigger happy” I said.

“I swear you will pay for this” he said masking the pain.

“Where are the girls” I asked.

He looked at me and smiled

“What girls” He asked playing me.

“Where are the two girls you took from Habib” I asked.

He started laughing so much to my irritation that I pinned his face on table and shot him in the leg.

“Where are they I don’t care about the peace between us” I told him.

He groaned trying to get himself out of my hold with his shoulder and leg wounded he wasn’t strong enough.

“I paid for those girls Khanyile” he said breathing fire.

“And I will double whatever you paid” I said.

“We both know I won’t let this go so do yourself favour and give them to me” I said.

“Dubula los’khotheni Khanyile” Makhosonke said.

“Fine but know this I will come for you” he said.

I looked at Makhosonke and he made his way to us holding Bantu down while one of his guys led me to where Ayola and her friend were. The room was dead still no sound any sniff coming from there my heart started racing God knows what that pig did to them I braced myself for the worst and turned on the lights.

I looked around and she was in the corner hugging her legs left in only her underwear, I moved closer but with each step I took she moved closer to the wall, I sighed and stopped clearing my throat.

“Ayola” I said.

She ignored me and still hugged her legs.

“Munku” I said hoping she react but she was still in her own world hugging her legs.

I took of my jacket and moved closer getting on my knee putting the jacket over her shoulder’s.

“Munku” I said softly.

She raised her eyes and her lip was cut and her eyes a bit swollen, I swallowed hard tightening my fist who lays his hand on a woman a defenceless one at that.

She raised her head and looked at me.

“Qiniso” she said with her eyes widening tears welling up.

I nodded my head and smiled.

“I’ve come to get you” I said.

I never pictured meeting her like this first I broke her glasses and she got mud on my shirt and now I had come to her rescue

the second time only I didn't know the extent of the damage Bantu had caused.

She hesitantly wrapped her arms around my neck and started crying hearing her breakdown my heart tightened hearing her cry was slowly filling me up with rage and anger towards Bantu.

Something in me snapped I stood up and rushed up to his office and dragged him across the room and started punching me him I couldn't stop myself, I repeatedly smashed his head on the floor and wrapped my hand around his neck and strangled him till I felt Makhosonke pulling off of him.

"Let me end this once and for all" I said.

"That's enough Khanyile" He said still trying to pull me back.

I pushed him back and caught a glimpse of Ayola standing by the door looking at me taken back by my inhumane act I had blood on my hands and face to her right this moment I was no different to Bantu but I couldn't stop myself. I continued bashing his head till it cracked but still I couldn't stop all the hate I have inside manifested and took over and he was at the receiving end of it all.

"He's dead" Makhosonke cussed.

I looked at my hands and didn't feel anything I was not even worried about breaking the truce between me and him well his

father to be precise, I looked at his man and stood up calming walking over to the table and sat on his chair.

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“If his father come looking tell him Qiniso Khanyile did it tell him Sbopho’s son did it he will know where to find me” I said looking at his dead body.

He was always weak hiding behind the money and his father and these men standing here.

“Putting a bullet in him would have been better than this” Makhosonke said walking out taking Ayola with.

We have been back at the hotel and her friend Bailey has been sleeping in the other room, they are both shaken and still very much in their world trying to process the events of the past few days being held captive by Bantu. I look at her sleeping although fidgeting she was calming down and that made me better knowing she’s safe they might have been taken but they were fortunate not to be raped or fed drugs.

“Find that one thing you love and let it kill you” Makhosonke says.

I look at him then back at Ayola.

“She’s always been the one” he says.

“Not any more” I say standing up.

She softly yawns waking up from her sleep.

“I will leave two alone” he says walking out.

She sits up straight and looks at me rubbing her eyes.

“I will not apologise for what you saw” I say.

“I never asked you to apologise” she says her eyes still on me.

“How did you get yourself involved with such people” I ask.

“To feel something else than the usual” she says.

She looks at me and swallows hard.

“Why” she asks

I know what she’s asking me I never said goodbye I left and never looked back not once did I pick up my phone to call her yet we were close as thieves.

“Munku” I say.

She shakes her head and chuckles.

“Why did you leave Qiniso” she asks.

I look at her and I can’t give her all the answers not now not when she just experienced something like this.

“You should call your parents they are worried about you” I say.

She nods her head and get out of bed heading to the bathroom I wish I could tell but I don't want her looking at me differently.

AYOLA

I looked at myself in the mirror and sighed all this is my fault I ran my finger on my lip and tears fell that man could have done so much worse he could have raped us, I closed my eyes we lost thinking about my parents the worry they must be going through. Qiniso said he would get us new phone since ours were taken and destroyed I made my way Bailey's room and found her looking out the window.

"Hey" she turned looking at me and smiled. "I am sorry" I said.

She shook her head and stood up to give me a hug I held her tight. "I love you so much and I am sorry" I said pulling away.

"We both didn't know Yola we were duped and we fell for Habib's tricks" she said.

She smiled and pulled me to the bed and tilted her head.

"So Mr dickprint saved us" she said making me laugh.

"Can't believe I am laughing right now" I said shaking my head.

"Yey ngoba kuhlekwa ngisho noma kufiwe" She said also laughing.

“Mr dickprint is Qiniso uncle Mtha’s son” her eyes grew and pretend fainted on the bed doing the undertaker wake up call.

I shook my head laughing even more it was better than thinking about what could have been.

“You mean that’s uncle Mtha’s son” she asked.

I nodded my head smiling.

“And the tall dark guy who is he” she asked.

“That’s his friend Makhosonke the one who delivered the glasses” I said.

She looked at me with sleepy eyes and yawned.

“Let me tuck you in” I said pulling the blankets.

“How are we going to explain this everything that happened to us” she asked.

“I don’t know but something tells me Baba already knows” I said.

“You think he told them” She asked. I nodded my head.

“Get some sleep I will tomorrow” I said walking out.

I walked past Makhosonke who was sitting by the bar drinking without a care in the world, I made my way to the bedroom and found Qiniso standing by the balcony wearing nothing but pants. I am grateful that he came I don’t know how he knew

but I thank God that he came through, I have never seen a man kill another human being and still have no regrets or show any remorse. I moved closer to him and stood behind him looking at the view the lights were just beautiful and the cold air was hitting us both. I stood side by side with him and noticed that he has a glass of whiskey in his hand I took a good look at him admiring his beauty. He looks different from the Qiniso I knew he's a man a handsome tall man and with a body I could look at all day, I hesitantly moved my hand and held his hand he looked at both our hands and looked at the sky.

"Ngiyabonga Khanyile for getting us out of there" I said looking at him.

"I don't know why you left why you decided to hurt everyone that loves you but I hope you found whatever it is that you were looking for" I said walking away.

He held my arm bringing me back to him.

"I never did" he said letting go.

I looked at him and nodded my head walking away.

AYOLA

If someone had told me that I would be driving home with Qiniso next to me I would have laughed in their face never in a million years did I think I would be this close with him. Growing up we were close he was there he was a friend and more then one day he disappeared just like he reappeared now. I looked at him and shook my head this guy isn't backing down he is sending me straight to the grave he seriously wants to see me dead and by the looks of it he doesn't care. He asked Makhosonke to drop Bailey off at her mother's house just like I need my family she also needs her mom so she can feel safe and protected.

I count the days we were in CapeTown and my heart sinks it was supposed to be only for the weekend but it ended up being a whole week and another weekend too.

"Stop the car" I said.

He looked at me and then focussed on the road ahead.

"Qiniso misa imoto" I said getting my hand on the handle.

He stopped the car and gave me a serious look.

I opened the car and stepped out not even sure where I was going but definitely not my father's house.

"We Zimephi" he called out.

I continued walking till I felt his strong arm grab me.

"I am not doing this with you okay get in the car so we can go home" he said.

I shook my head.

"Uzongibulala uBaba Qiniso" I said my voice failing me.

He rubbed his forehead and sighed.

"Please don't take me home take me back back to my place" I begged.

"I told him that I was bringing you home and that's what I am going to do" he said looking at me.

I looked at cars passing then looked at him.

"Don't even think about it" He said.

"Qiniso uzongishaya uBaba and then kill me is that what you want" I asked.

"Munku look at me" he said lifting up my chin.

"He's your father he will never kill you he might be angry but to kill you that would be extreme" he said.

“Then you don’t know my father” I said.

“I am putting my faith your mother she won’t allow him to kill you trust me” he said.

“Come it’s getting late” he said taking my hand.

We got into the car and drove home he moved his hand and held mine while using the other one to drive I looked at both our hands and then him.

I’ve missed him so much I am only realising it now, now that I see him clearly he looks sad like he’s been through so much he’s bottling things up so much that the Qiniso I knew isn’t here only a glimpse of him is left.

We finally got home and we both get out of the car he holds my hand till we get inside the house my heart races and my whole body produces sweat.

Mama is the first person to meet us and pull me into her arms crying she hold me tight till she calms down and pulls away looking at me.

“Yola” she says holding my cheek.

The bruise is slowly fading but its still there she puts a hand over her mouth and shakes her head.

“Ngikahle mama” I say.

She pulls me into an embrace and breaks down completely she looks frail and its my fault..

“Thank you Qinso so much for bringing her home” Ma says.

Qiniso helps her to the couch while I slowly make my way following them,

“Nyambose look at her face they hurt my baby girl” she says.

“Ubuyaphi Ayola” he asks.

I twiddle my thumbs and look at Qiniso.

“Ngikhuluma nawe Zimephi ubuyaphi” he asks standing up.

I look at uncle Mtha and he’s not doing anything.

“Baba ngiyaxolisa” I say taking a few steps back bumping into Qiniso I hide behind him.

“Suka endleleni Qiniso” Baba says.

“Nyambose ungamshayi” Ma says still wiping her tears.

“Mama please call Mkhulu for me” I ask.

“What for huh so he can let this slide and reward you for almost getting yourself killed” he asks.

Uncle Mtha looks at Qiniso and he moves out the way,

Baba draws out his belt and holds my arm thrashing me.

“Baba ngiyaxolisa” I scream trying to duck but the belt eats away at my flesh.

“How could you be so reckless, how could you put your life in danger like that do you know that your mother was hospitalised due to your selfishness” he says.

“Baba I am sorry” I say.

Qiniso walks out and soon Baba lets go of me I see tears in his eyes.

“Where did we go wrong with you huh tell, don’t we provide for you don’t you get everything you want from us” He shouts.

I am on the floor crying my eyes out even if I tell him the truth he will beat me for keeping quiet all this while.

“Yehlisha umoya umkhulu what’s important is that they are back home and safe” uncle Mtha says.

“I am disappointed in you Ayola do you know how fortunate you are that you came back home safe unharmed, not many young girls come back leaving their families distraught. Do you know what you put us through the agony of not knowing if we were given food, if they were being molested or not if you were dead or not” he asks.

I look at mama and she’s more broken than I have seen her.

“Ma” I say.

“Ayola why” she asks.

“I am sorry” I say.

My father looks at my mother and its like his anger erupts all over again he reaches for his belt and starts whipping me all over.

“You missed lectures and that important test you were studying for dammit Ayola” he shouts

“You are going to kill her” Uncle Mtha says holding him back.

He’s angry and that’s understandable but I didn’t know things would end up like.

“That’s enough I am sure she’s learnt her lesson” Uncle Mtha says letting him go.

“I am selling that apartment you are staying at you from now on you will be staying home” he says.

I nod my head and look at my mother.

“Mama ngiyaxolisa” I say walking to my bedroom.

I close the door behind me and sink to the floor Baba didn’t even give me a hug instead he went for the kill he doesn’t care that I was held captive he’s angry so much he can’t see reason. I put a hand over my mouth trying to stop my self from crying I don’t want him coming in here to beat me up for crying. The

pain stings and my heart aches all I want is mom to be okay and have my Dad give me a hug I hope Bailey is okay considering her mother can also be crazy but not this crazy. A part of me wants to call my grandfather but but that will just make things worse. I take a long shower that leaves me feeling worse than ever things are messed two men died and I was part of it.

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26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I put on my robe and step into my bedroom finding my father standing near the window, he turns and looks at me without saying a word.

“Usafuna ukungishaya “ I ask looking at the door.

He also looks at the door and laughs and he knows I will make run for it.

“Come sit next to me” he says settling down on my bed.

I join in him he gives me the biggest warm hug tears sting my eyes.

“I was scared Baba” I say.

“I am so sorry you had to go though that I am sorry that I wasn’t there to protect” he says still holding me.

“Did they touch you” he asks.

I shake my head and watch at him calm down.

“I am not sorry that used my belt” he says.

“What you did was reckless ever since you moved out of the house you do things that are out of character” he says sounding disappointed.

“When I enrolled you in those classes it wasn’t for you to become a bully or for you risk your life and get yourself involved with dangerous people” he says.

“Munku your mother went through something traumatic something horrible and finding out the life you have been living secretly and the possibility of never seeing you again shattered her, I don’t know why you would put your life in danger I am trying to understand but I am failing Yola” he says.

“It was an outlet Baba being in that ring I felt something else I was a somebody” I say.

He shakes his head and sighs.

“You are enough Yola no matter what anyone says you are my daughter, you are amazing and strong like your mother I love you” he says.

“I love you too Baba” I tell him.

He looks at me and smiles.

“Don’t you ever do that to us ever again” he says kissing my cheek.

“Baba” he looks at me and nods.

“What happened to ma” I ask.

He smiles and stands up kissing my forehead.

“One day when ma is ready she will tell you everything” he says heading for the door.

“Baba did hurt you what happened to ma” I ask.

He comes back and kneels down in front of me holding my hand.

“It broke me and it changed her” he says.

I shake my head and my tears just fall, he wipes them off and breathes heavily.

“Does it hurt” he asks.

I nod my head and he laughs.

“That should teach you to stay out of trouble” he says.

“Baba I love you kiss mom for me” I tell him.

“I will drive you to the doctor tomorrow” He says closing the door behind him.

Today was a long day mama came and slept in my room for a few hours till Baba came to get her couldn't have his wife

sleeping in other people's room, she even made me some food and just sat in my bed looking at me I don't know what she went through but it must have been bad at some point while holding me she was shaking. I prayed to God that he soothes her pain and takes away all the aching bits that women raised me to be the woman I am today and if I can be half the woman that she is then I would be happy.

I toss and turn waking up because of the noise coming from the window I almost scream when I see a shadow but quickly calm down when Qiso appears looking devilishly handsome in the dark.

I sit up straight and get out of my bed quickly locking the door mama has been checking up on me, I turn and look at him what the hell is he doing here and how did he get in.

"Munku" He says.

"What are you doing here" I ask.

He makes his way to me and towers over me.

"I had to see you and bring you these" He says handing me a brown package.

"These should take away the pain" he says.

I look at him stunned what is happening right now.

"Thank you but you shouldn't have" I say.

He nods his head and smiles.

“I know but I wanted too” he says shrugging his shoulders.

He sits on my bed and I have no choice but to sit next him I have so many questions running through my mind but the moment feels too precious to be wasted on asking foveal questions.

“It was never about the money you know it was has always been about feeling different, it has always been about fighting back and feeling like I was enough” I say looking at him.

“I will never judge you” he says.

“The bullying never stopped it continued even after you had left” I say standing up facing the window it gives a better view of the garden we shared that in common unlike me he fought back.

“I am sorry” he says joining me.

He stands behind me and holds my waist making me freeze completely what is he doing why is he making me sweat.

“Does it hurt” he whispers.

I nod my head biting my lip holy Mary mother of Jesus something is happening something that shouldn't be.

“Can I see” he asks.

I try turning to looking at him but he holds my waist making me stay in that same position.

He removes my robe all the way down to my elbows and breathes heavily blowing some air onto my soft skin.

I close my eyes and let it all sink in the thought of his lips touching me consume the hell out of me my heart races till I feel the soft cotton wool drape my shoulders again.

He pulls away and I am left longing for his touch now more than ever which is wrong so wrong I bite my lip at the thought of it all being right.

“I am sorry I shouldn’t have” he says.

I turn and shake my head looking at him God knows I don’t want him feeling embarrassed.

“I should leave” he says.

The last time he said that I never saw him again.

“Will I see you again” I ask.

He shakes his head and scrunches his nose.

“I don’t munku” He says.

I don’t know what comes over me but I close the gap between us and wrap my arms around him.

“Ngiyabonga for everything” I say.

He holds me tight and I use this moment to take a whiff of him with me he pulls away and out the window he goes.

I don't think I will sleep tonight but more importantly I wish I had a phone to call Bailey.

AYOLA

Its been a week since everything happened Baba did take me to the doctor's the poor doctor looked at my father and knew exactly what has happened he even hinted that his daughter's get the same punishment when necessary. Mama is okay although she keeps checking up on me like crazy but she's fine back to her old self I tried getting her to talk to me but she said another day. I had to get a new phone and help move my things from the apartment back to the house with Bailey doing the same with her things, we had to stay and take the moment just to say goodbye we had good and bad memories in that place our first fight was there and all out crazy and make ups were done there, not to mention our cooking sessions. I won't lie Bailey knows her way in the kitchen I think I will miss her food more and hogging her bed which she pretended not to love bit she liked more than anything.

I still need to catch up on school which is not much of a train smash I haven't seen Qiniso all week long I don't even have his numbers not that I would call him hell who am I kidding something in shifted and I am not sure if that's a good thing,

The house is quiet with Mxolisi in boarding school with my parents tied to their people and having royal duties that they can't avoid sometimes our lives had to change, Mxo chose boarding school and as for me I stayed with my grandparents while they frequently visited their people its funny how they never talk about the people and what an excellent job the do for them. I rush out of my bedroom to get the door and find Bailey already in making herself at home, I guess she's here for the party later on I don't know how but Ma managed to convince my Dad to say yes to us going to Mpendulo's party but she did and having Mpendulo's mother ask on our behalf really helped.

"I feel like you need to talk" she says heading for the fridge.

"Can we do that some other time we still need to get something for Mpendulo" I say.

"Yeah I got him socks" she says proudly.

I look at how serious she is something is wrong with my friend.

"Well I was thinking of getting him a watch" I say.

"No firstly he's not your man so get him a cap or one of those bucket hats" she says nodding her head.

"I think a watch will do" I say.

“Fine go ahead just don’t make me feel bad about the socks he’s going to love them” I hold a laugh and nod.

Ma joins us looking beautiful in her black and white poker dot dress.

“Hey girls” She says getting her keys.

“Ma uyaphi” I ask.

“Meeting with Nkanyezi for lunch” she says excitedly.

“And you were not going to tell me” I ask.

She raises her eyebrows and laughs.

“Child I am married to a one Qhawe Mthethwa and I don’t see him anywhere” she says heading for the door.

“I love you both and while you at it make sure to look after those pots your father is on his way with Qiniso” she says.

“Dick print” Bailey says almost choking on her juice serves her right she should chock to death maybe that will teach her to shut her small mouth.

Ma looks at her ready to drop.

“I meant dignified its dignified that he’s coming here to have lunch” Bailey says.

“Okay just don’t burn the food” Ma says.

I nod my head and watch the door close behind her.

“Dick print are you serious” I ask.

“What he’s the one that said it wasn’t just a dickprint so sue me for calling him that” she says bobbing her head.

“You need prayer” I say.

“And you need to get laid simple” she says walking away.

“Yola” she calls out.

“Yeah”

“Hurry up on the pots uncle Q is here together with you know who” she says laughing.

“And while you at it girl put on some clothes will you the guy might just eat you up and we don’t want that” she says

I look at myself and there is nothing wrong with my dress the door opens up and Baba walks in followed by Qiniso the house soon fills up his cologne making me close my eyes. Bailey makes her way into the kitchen and smiles seeing Baba they share a hug and she pulls away.

“Uncle Q” she says.

“Hey pumpkin” he says.

“I thought I should come by and see how you guys are doing” she says settling down on the one of the chair.

“Baba” I say.

He pulls me close for a hug he does this all the time he comes home now.

“I have a meeting in an hour and I came to drop Qiniso off to do the garden” he says heading for the door.

What the hell is going on in this house it seems like people are coming and going as they please.

“Treat him right girls” he says .

I look at Bailey and she nods already closing in on Qiniso’s space.

“Bailey” he says.

“You look more handsome than the day I first met you don’t you think so Yola” she says flapping her eyelids.

“Thank you” he says looking my way.

“You have great genes the things you will need are in the garage” I say.

“And I will walk you out” Bailey says.

I look at her stunned what is she up too and why is Qiniso this calm after that night or maybe all that happened was in my head.

The day goes by with Qiniso flaunting his crazy sexy abs around my father's garden trimming the trees and working his way around the whole garden.

"Do you think maybe his friend is this sexy " Bailey asks.

"Makhosonke" I ask.

She nods sipping on her juice.

"I would give it to him if he asked" she says.

"Are you sure your mother never once dropped you by your head" I ask.

She laughs and closes her eyes.

"Bab Khanyile Ngwane" She calls.

Qiniso makes his way to us and my cheeks breathe fire see what happens when he gets close.

"Ayola wants to have you in the house" she says.

I cough and nudge her on her the shoulder.

"Ungifuna ngakuphi munku mhlampe ufuna ngize ngaphuzulu"
He asks holding a laugh.

"Since you two get along this fine I will be in the house dishing up" I tell him.

"I was done so mind showing me where the shower is" he asks.

“We have one outside uncle Q had it built for when Ma wants to see the stars” she says.

“You can use that one” she says.

I lead the way him following behind.

“This is it” I say turning and bump into his chest dammit this should come to a stop his sweaty hands wrap around my waist and pull me right inside that shower.

He turns the water on I gasp at the cold water hitting my skin closing my eyes, I open them and find him starring no use trying to fight my way out of this one.

“What is this” I ask.

He shrugs his shoulder.

“Then let go of me right this instance Khanyile” he gives me a side smile and slowly lets go of me.

“Until you know what this is never touch me again” I say reaching for one of the towels.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">He closes his eyes and the water just falls of his face gracefully it would be a shame to turn this shower off.

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QINISO

Makhosonke made his way in poured himself a drink from my father's stash and gave me one while he took the other glass and sat down,he looked at me and shook his head laughing his laugh tends to irritate me especially when he is right about something. I tilted my head just a bit and looked at him till he was done even I can't get him to shut up when he gets this annoying.

"Are you done" I asked.

He held up both his hands and laughed even more.

"Kahle kancane" he said.

"Musa ukuyiphathisa okomuntu wesfazana" I said.

"Now I am done so you went to her father's house did his garden just to see her and ended up being told to stay away from her body" He asked.

"Will you stop it Makhosonke" I said standing up.

He looked at me and shook his head.

"Kahle hle yini lengaka oyifuna kulengane" he asked.

I gulped down my drink truth be told I honestly don't know ever since I got back she's been the only thing on my mind.

"Angazi bafo" I said standing up.

"You saw how she looked at me the day I killed Bantu do you honestly think she would want to share the same bed with me" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Just because you think of yourself as ruthless doesn't mean people see that too" he said.

"Then why do I have this uneasy feeling when it comes to her that if I let in then she won't want to stay" I asked.

"So what you are not a saint, I am not a saint but you don't see me running away from happiness" he said.

"Lalela Khanyile if you really want her in your life then be prepared for anything and if you don't then leave her alone sikhona thina omakhonya" He said.

"Dlalele nje kude kunoMunku and I don't want to hurt you" I said.

"Cha kodwa niyayigila imikhuba Khanyile aren't you guys related" he asked laughing.

"Related eToilet" I said looking at him.

“Funny enough I want whatever this is to happen” He said.

“Ngoba kwenzenjani” I asked.

“To see her father murder you actually to see your father hand you over to him on a silver platter he said.

“You are really enjoying this” he nodded his head.

“Yes”

“Its just that I have never seen you this rattled before” he said shaking his head.

“Well she’s my munku she can make any man sweat” I said thinking about Ayola.

“She means that much” he asked.

I nodded my head Makhosonke doesn’t know how much she means to me she herself doesn’t know how much she means to me, I spent my days looking at every woman’s face that I came across and I would still see her make love to her and find my self wanting to feel her touch and only hers. Deep down inside of me I know that only she can heal me she can touch me and look at me those eyes and all else would be all right.

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AYOLA

I ended up getting Mpendulo the watch and he appreciated the gesture I wasn't going to be like Bailey and get him socks when he goes all out on our birthdays, the party is packed mostly with his friends and their friends from campus. His girlfriend is even here not that mind but seeing her brings back the park incident I gulp down my lemon water trust me when I say alcohol isn't for me but still the will and energy to leave it alone hasn't reached me. I look at Bailey and she's busy dancing with some fine specimen she gets like that when drunk free and freaky it scares me sometimes but then we all get like times. I am glad the whole Cape things didn't us off but it brought even closer together she looks my ways calls me to the dance floor.

I stand up and join her and the guy she's with we start dancing till the guy takes my hand and runs them down his chest he keeps is slow and sexy making me enjoy this dance and wish I had one beer to get over the shyness. Mpendulo comes over and pulls me away to dance with him we last spoke when I gave him his present he looks and smells good and that killer smile of his his been flaunting all night.

"I am glad you came" she says.

"I wouldn't have missed and beside I needed to breathe" I say.

He chuckles and pulls me to the balcony which is less rowdy.

“I heard what happened your mother mentioned it to my mom” he says.

“I don’t want to talk about it” I say.

“I am sorry” he says holding my hand.

“It’s okay guess that is what I get for playing with the big dogs” I say.

“Don’t say that “he says.

He pulls me in for a hug.

“Yola there’s someone here looking for you” Bailey says behind me.

I don’t pay much attention to her till I hear Qiniso’s voice making me pull away from Mpendulo like he’s hot coal.

He looks at Mpendulo if looks killed we would be burying Mpendulo the following weekend.

“Zimephi” he says.

“Ayola who this” Mpendulo asks.

Qiniso scratches his head looking at me why would he look at me like that.

“No one important” I say.

“I have to go but I will call you” I say giving Mpendulo another hug.

Ma did say that she would ask Qiniso to fetch us now this is some real curfew, Bailey and I make our way out finding Makhosonke leaning against the car smoking he opens the car and Bailey squeezes herself at the back I know Makhosonke is safe my girl loves her man milky .

I get in the front with Qiniso joining us he starts the car and drives off clearly looking like he has something to say.

“Cha kodwa umuhle” Bailey says resting her head on Makhosonke’s shoulder.

“Ungakwati wena Qiniso just because Mpendulo wants Yola doesn’t mean she wants him right” she says.

I bump my head when the car suddenly comes to a halt with Qiniso getting off slamming the door he lights up a smoke and Makhosonke looks at me.

“Just talk to me tell him to get us home at least” he says with a silly smile on his face.

I step out of the car and he’s just strolling about kicking rocks why is this man acting white on me.

“Udliwa yini” I ask.

“You said I was no one important”he says turning to look at me.

I look at him puzzled is he serious.

“What did you want me to say huh ubufuna ngithini Khanyile” I ask.

he clenches his jaws getting more worked up.

“Exactly” I say walking back to the car he holds my arm and my chest heaves tears welling up.

“I don’t know what’s going on but I hate seeing you like this” he says.

“Then stop it because it hurts” I say yanking my hand from his hold.

QINISO

I got a call from Judy the woman whose had my back for a while now she looked beautiful in her red dress with matching heels with a touch of red sultry lipstick on, she knows my favourite colour is red and she just had to put it on she stood up from her chair and gave me a kiss on the lips. She pulled away and held my face smiling she gave me another a kiss and settled down on her chair holding my hand.

“Still beautiful as ever” I said.

She smiled and not even a wrinkle on her face she still looked young and for age.

“And you are still the most handsome man I have ever come across” she said giving me her side smile.

I shook my head laughing.

“You are still charming and sexy as ever these young man must be running after you” I said.

“I am a married woman Qiniso and John is not that lazy any more” she said smiling.

My mood changed at the mention of that man's name

"Did I say something wrong" she asked.

I shook my head and held her hand kissing it.

"Nothing I've just been having a bad week" I said.

"Talk to me" she said.

I have always seen her as a mother figure and mentor my confidante other than Makhosonke.

"Women" I said thinking about Ayola.

"You have always been able to handle your women I taught you all the in and out of a women's body" she said looking at me.

"I guess I am loosing my touch" I said.

She shook her head leaned back on her chair.

"Who is she" she asked.

"Ayola" I said.

Her eyes widened.

"Yes that's the one" I said thinking about the days I would tell her about Ayola and everything she did.

"I would you to meet her" I said.

"Are you sure, does she even know about me" she asked.

I shook my head and nodded her head.

“Well then I would love to meet the one woman who has captured your heart” she said.

“This is goodbye isn’t it” She asked forcing a smile.

“You know I could never say goodbye to you”I said.

She tilted her head and smiled.

“I will always love you” she said.

I nodded my head and kissed her hand she loves such gestures I met Judy when I was in high school. Back in primary I was what you call a loner always left out in the cold because I was different asthmatic something I never seemed to grow out off I would get an attack and all the kids would run away from the weird boy. I never paid much attention to what happened around me but it stuck and threw me off girls I was afraid of them till I met her my high school teacher.

I would frequent her house and she would groom me in a way and teach everything I needed to know about women and their bodies and every delicate part of them, by the time I was out of high school I knew my way around women what to hold and how to hold it she taught me to speak without even saying anything my body did the talking my smile did the talking and my voice and smile sealed the deal.

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AYOLA

Things between Qiniso and I have been nothing but sour he no longer comes to the house except for today Ma and Aunt Kanyezi are doing something for him today ever since he came back we haven't really had a chance to sit down as a family.

Bailey was on the bed going through her phone girl has been stalking Makhosonke for God knows why because she's still seeing Jody on the side. I looked at myself in the mirror these pants seemed tighter than usual I wanted to change them, I turned and looked at Bailey and she tilted her head smiling.

"Perfect those pants will have him begging you to take them off" she said.

I shook my head that's not what I am looking for.

"Bailey come on" I said joining her on the bed.

She sat up straight and held my hand.

“Look you are the most beautiful young woman I know clever and smart trust me when I say he is a fool for making you run after him” she says.

“Well I am done running after him” I say.

“Yeah I am not sure about that” she says standing up.

“Girls” Ma calls out.

I guess everyone is here now we make our way to the dining room and the table is set beautifully I almost drop dead when I see a beautiful petite girl holding Qiniso’s hand, we all settle down with me seating between Bailey and Qiniso the nerve of this man bringing another woman into my father’s house.

“I didn’t know you were bringing someone over” Aunt Nkanyezi says.

“It was a spur of a moment thing” he says wrapping his hands around her waist.

“Everyone this is Talia my girlfriend” he says.

I hold on to Bailey’s hand under the table and close my eyes.

“Well she’s beautiful don’t you think so girls” Ma says.

“I am just glad there is someone in your life you are not getting any younger and your mother and I need grandchildren” Uncle Mtha says.

“Your father is right you hopefully there will be little people running around soon” Baba says.

“Baba please” Qiniso says laughing it off.

“What, you have to be a good example to Bailey and Ayola” Uncle Mtha says.

Bailey violently coughs leaving me choice but to hit her back this one might just say something with her loud mouth.

“Bailey” Ma calls out.

“Wrong pipe that’s all” she says looking at Qiniso.

“Is everything okay Munku” Aunt Nkanyezi asks looking my way .

I nod my head fearing my voice might just sell me out.

“You two look good together and I can tell your kids will just as beautiful” Ma says smiling,

I won’t lie Talia is beautiful she’s coloured and has long beautiful locks no wonder Qiniso went fo her if I has playing for the team I definitely would be tapping it. I can’t fault her any where she’s well spoken and sexy as hell and has a great smile not forgetting that she has two functional eyes.

I fix my glasses and look at Qiniso he looks happy here I was thinking he was torn just like I am, I clear my throat and stir things up.

“So where were you all along I mean you just left and never said anything to anyone” I say watching his face eyes change from being warm to being cold in seconds.

He raises his eyes and looks at me.

“Ayola” Baba says giving me a warning look.

“I mean everyone wants to know where he was and why he left” I say.

“That’s enough Ayola Qiniso doesn’t owe anyone an explanation” Baba says.

I shake my head seeing him hold her hand fuels me up even more.

“But he atleast owes his parents that we all know how cut up they were” I say.

“Its okay sisi you don’t have to do this” Aunt Nkanyezi says.

I look at my mother and if was any closer she would slap me.

“I am sorry please excuse me “ I say.

I walk out to the garden and lean against the wall getting some fresh air I stand there watching the sky and today its clear so clear I wonder what lies behind it.

“What the hell is wrong with you” Qiniso asks pulling my arm.

I hold his gaze and he is just cold.

“What is wrong with you” I ask looking at his hand on my arm.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">He lets go but doesn't take his eyes off me.

“You have the gall Qiniso to come into my father's house and with another woman” I shout.

“You call me Qiniso now” he asks looking surprised.

“Last time I checked that is your name” I say.

“Ngizokushaya Munku” He says.

“Do it so that my father can kill you ngikhale kanye kuphele” I say.

He looks defeated I shake my head closing my eyes.

“You just had to bring her here to affirm that you meant every word that you don't want me” I say.

He shakes his head and attempts holding my hand.

“Don't” I say.

“What do you want from me” He asks.

“I want you ngifuna wena” I finally say.

He pushes me firmly against the wall pushing himself against me.

“You are angry about Talia well then let me tell you something she knows her way around the bedroom, she knows all my needs and tends to them I can fuck her all night and she would still bend for me in the morning. I can tie her up and fuck her which ever way I want and she would still beg me for more. She knows how to ride a man she knows the way through a man’s heart and its not through the stomach she’s a vixen in bed can you give me that” he asks.

I blink my tears away how can he say all to me.

“You saw what I did to that man haven’t you asked yourself if I have done it before” he asks.

“Aren’t you afraid the man you saw there is really who I am” he asks.

“I don’t care its not my job to judge” I tell him.

“Look me in the eye and tell me your body will belong to me and only me” He says.

“My body will belong to you and only you Khanyile” I say.

“Dammit Ayola don’t do this to me” he says softly.

“Ngivumele ngikthande” I say putting my hand on his jaws.

Tears well up in his eyes.

“Love me” he says.

I nod my head smiling.

He runs his finger across my my lips and leans forward kissing me, I close my eyes at the feel of his lips on mine his cold hands circle my navel going all the way to my breast this feels so good.

“You kids seem to be having fun” Bailey says cracking up.

Qiniso pulls away just when I need more and clears his throat smiling.

“The parents are worried about you so I suggest you get your horny arses to the house” she says pulling me by my hand.

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QINISO

I sat in the dark staring at the wall that's all I have been doing ever since I got back home this restless feeling has been hounding me for a very long time, the door opened and my mother walked in she had a glass of milk in her hand and sat next to me.

"With a dash of honey just the way you like it" she said handing it to me.

I looked at her and wondered how she does it it stay strong and beautiful and still be married to my father the most stubborn man I have ever come across in my life.

She held my hand and sighed chuckling.

"You haven't been yourself since you came back" she said softly.

I shook my head I hated seeing her like this worried and troubled.

"Its nothing mama everything is fine" I said kissing her hand.

"Then why am I not seeing my baby boy" she asked.

"You are angry Qiniso and I don't know why" she said sniffing.

"Are you angry at us is it your father or me did we drive you away from from" she asked.

I closed my eyes sighed looking at her.

“Ma” I said.

“Then talk to me okay khuluma nami ngiyakuzala Qiniso and I can tell something huge is eating you up” she said.

I could feel the tears sting my eyes I looked at her and I couldn't bring myself to reap that bandage.

“You are one of the strongest women I know” I said smiling.

“Tell me what's going on between you and Yola” she asked.

I laughed and rested my head on her lap.

“Nothing” I said.

“Do you want something to happen” she asked with a hint of amusement in her voice.

“Would it be bad if I wanted something to happen” I asked.

She laughed softly and hit my shoulder.

“Ngizomthatha mama ngizomenza owakwa Khanyile” I said smiling.

“Now that sounds like the young man I raised and she would make the perfect makoti and mother to your children” she said standing up.

“Noma ngabe yini lengaka ekuhluphayo ngifuna wazi ukuthi ngiyakuthanda uyingane yam” she said.

I nodded my head smiling she walked out and closed the door behind her.

I reached for phone and I had a few missed calls from Talia followed by nudes I scrolled down and saw Ayola's call.

I dialled her number and she picked up immediately.

"Munku"

"Khanyile" She said.

"Can I see you" I asked.

"Now" she asked.

"Yes and I promise I won't be long" I said.

"Fine" she said.

I ended the call and got ready to go to her place she disabled the alarm giving me access last time I had to use my skills, I snuck into her bedroom and she was already waiting for me. She gave me a hug and held me so tight breathing heavily.

I pulled away and kissed her.

"Awukusabi ukufa" she said.

"Inkani uma ngifela wena akunendaba" I said.

She smiled hiding her face.

"Ngiyacabanga sekumele ngihambe" I said.

She shook her head and pulled me to the her bed.

“Ngicela uhlale uzohamba ey’ntatha” she said.

I looked at her door and figured if her walks in then I am as good as dead.

“Khululeka ngikhiyile” she said smiling.

I took off my shoes and watched her take off her gown leaving her in nothing but a silk night dress that showed her cheek bums.

I swallowed hard and shook my head.

“Cha Munku ngeke ngikwazi” I said.

“Ngeke ngikuthinte” she smiled.

I smiled getting in is she even aware that seeing her alone makes me hard how will I survive the night.

AYOLA

I woke up to an empty bed Qiniso must have left way earlier than we had agreed, he was supposed to wake me up give me a kiss do something and then leave but I guess he still needs some getting used to when it comes to being a boyfriend. I put on my gown and head down to the kitchen finding both Ma and Baba sitting side by side drinking some coffee with Mama resting her head on Baba shoulder. I admire their love and honesty this is the kind of love I want and I pray to God that Qiniso is the man to love me the right way, I squeeze myself in between them and rest my head on Baba shoulder's.

"Morning my beautiful people you the ones you decided to do the things and bring me into ths world" I said.

"Yini leyo" Baba asks .

I clear my throat and look at Ma

"Morning Nana" she says smiling.

"Baba" I say smiling.

"Ngithe kuwe yini leyo" he asks.

Ma looks at me holding a laugh.

“Yeka ingane” she says laughing.

I grab a cup of coffee and move away from them they both
their cups down and look at me.

“Something happened” Baba says.

“Okay is something serious” I ask.

He nods his head and ma holds his hand.

“Okay now you are scarring me” I tell them.

“Its about mkhulu Zothini” He says.

My heart starts pounding that is Qiniso’s grandfather.

“What is wrong with him” I ask.

“He passed away last night” Baba says.

“But he was health he wasn’t sick he can’t be dead” I say.

Ma moves from her chair coming over to where I am.

“No he’s not dead” I say thinking about Qiniso he loved that
man they close now he’s gone.

“I need to go” I say.

“Uyaphi” Ma asks.

“I need to see Mkhulu his friend just died” I say.

“Fine your father will drive you I need to go to Nkanyezi” she says.

I look at Baba and he’s still sitting there drinking his coffee.

“Baba” I say.

“First go take a shower then come down” he says.

I get to my room and try calling Qiniso but my calls go unanswered maybe that’s why he upped and left without saying anything to me. I quickly take a shower and get dressed heading down to the kitchen I find Baba all done ready to go great now we can leave this house.

“Your mother forgot to tell you that I am leaving with her call Bailey to come pick up or something” He says.

“But Baba she’s probably busy” I say..

“Well then go to your room study or do something” he says.

I shake my head looking at my mother.

“Well then I will take a taxi” I say.

“And have that taxi kidnap you angithi ujwayele vele ukulahleka” he says heading for the door.

“Ma talk to him” I say.

“You need to get your license nana and get over this phobia of yours” she says.

“Try calling Bailey and if you reach her then call Mpendulo” she says.

“Okay ma please give my love to them” I say.

“I will just be safe and call me when you get to your grandfather’s place” she says.

I nod my head and reach for my phone calling Bailey but it goes straight to voicemail, I decide to call Mpendulo and he answers immediately he agrees to accompany me to my grandparents house.

He picks me up at the house and drops me off waiting for me outside the plan is to be quick just to see how my grandfather is doing he sees me and give me a hug poor old man just lost his friend.

“Babakhe” I say.

Everyone calls him that apparently it used to be a thing between him and my grandmother but then everyone started calling him that.

“I am sorry” I say.

“Life that’s what it is” he says deeply sighing.

I nod my head I guess Gogo went to the Khanyile household.

“He was a good friend I will miss him” He says.

“I will miss him too he was a good man to be friends with you” I say.

He reluctantly nods his head and smile.

“You shouldn’t worry about me Yola but I am worried and my heart is heavy” he says.

“What are you worried about” I ask.

“Your uncle Mthandeni so much happened between him and Zothini they never really made peace and now he is gone and so much is still not said” he says.

“Was he a cruel man” I asks.

“There was a time in his life that only his word was law and he broke many souls in the process but he loved all his children and grandchildren” he says.

I look at him and I can tell this thing is weighing him down.

“And the fact that Qiniso is back makes things complicated” he says.

“What do you mean” I ask.

He looks at me and smiles.

“Yola there are things that happened in the past that are going to affect his present and future if he learns about them” he says.

“Babakhe you are not giving me much to work on” I say.

“You ask too many questions Ayola” he says walking to the fridge.

“Mkhulu I need to go I love you” I say.

“Whose driving you” He asks.

“A friend” I say.

“If its a friend fine I love you too Yola” He says.

I walk out of the house feeling like my grandfather wasn't saying much but what I heard left me confused and bothered. Why would the past affect Qiniso much and what really happened between uncle Mtha and his father their relationship wasn't that close and no one ever asked why it was normal them being civil towards one another but never really had a father and son relationship.

“I am sorry that took long” I say.

“Its okay is everything okay” he asks.

I nodded my head although thinking about Qiniso makes me uneasy.

“Can I make a quick call before we leave we might make another stop that's if you don't mind” I say.

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26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“Sure anything for you” he says.

I grab my phone and call Makhosonke.

“Ayola” he says.

“Hey hope I am not troubling you but I am looking for Qiniso and I can’t get hold of him” I say.

“Trying going past his house” he says.

“Nzimande I wasn’t going to call you if he was at his house” I say.

“Go home Ayola seeing him now won’t do either one of you any good trust me” he says.

I breathe in and out and close my eyes.

“Makhosonke I am trying to steal the man I just want to know that he is okay that’s all” I say.

“Fine I will send you the address” He says..

he indeed sends the address I show it to Mpendulo and he drives there.

I don’t know what lies ahead but hopefully he’s okay and that Makhosonke is holding him down I have seen him angry and it’s not a pretty sight.

Mpendulo parks outside what this beautiful house well secured with one guy standing guard he sees us getting out of the car and calls, he converses a bit on the phone and lets us through leading us to the house. We find Makhosonke waiting for us is he serious did he send me the address of his house instead of Qiniso's wow so much for helping me out.

"Makhosonke" I say playing it cool.

"He's inside" he says leading us through but not after giving Mpendulo dirty looks.

We follow him inside the interior of the house is beautiful, there's music playing and Makhosonke seems unbothered he stands by the bar and looks at me.

"Khanyile" I call him out.

He looks my way and shuts his eyes the day hasn't ended yet but he's already wasted he looks at Makhosonke and nods his head looking pissed.

He looks at Mpendulo from head to toe then looks at me giving me this look I can't decipher he stands up and comes my way to give me a kiss he aggressively pulls me to him and bites my lip.

"Khanyile" I say pushing him off.

"What you don't want me kissing you in front of your boyfriend" he asks.

“Kanyile please” I say.

He chuckles and looks at Makhosonke>

“Uyangibukisa kodwa Nzimande” he says titling his head looking at me.

He’s tall and handsome right now but right now he’s devilishly in all the sinful ways.

Talia appears and my heart sinks to the pit of my stomach

“I came here to see if you’re okay I am sorry about your grandfather” I say attempting to walk but he grabs my hand.

“Man come on” Mpendulo says.

“And you are” Qiniso asks looking at Mpendulo.

“Her friend and I will not allow you to treat her like this” He says.

“Mpendulo its okay let’s leave” I say.

“I hope you be okay” I say looking at him.

“Makhonke thank you” I say.

“Khanyile let go of my hand you’re hurting me” I say.

“You heard her” Mpendulo says

Qiniso let's go of my hand and grabs Mpendulo by his neck pinning him against the wall he smashes the glass of whisky he was holding in one hand right next to Mpendulo's ear.

"If you hurt him I will never forgive you" I say.

"You care that much for him" He asks angrily.

"Baby she's not worth it both of them they are not" Talia says making her way to him putting her hands over his shoulder's but he pushes her away so hard she lands on her side almost bumping her head on the small table.

I gasp holding my mouth with Mpendulo squirming under his hold.

"Kahle Khanyile" Makhosonke says lightly.

He lets go of Mpendulo only to start punching and kicking him to no stopping Makhosonke pulls him off and restrains him.

I help Mpendulo up this is my fault I shouldn't have asked him to accompany me here I look at Qiniso and he doesn't look remorseful that look again he's angry and hurt but at whom.

"You are an angry and hurt soul and I you are definitely not the man for me" I say walking away.

Saying that hurt but I can't be with someone who resorts to violence everytime things don't go his way.

“Yola” he shouts.

“Let her go bafo” Makhosonke says.

Mpendulo manages to limp while holding on to me I call a taxi my father will have to forgive me but Mpendulo needs a doctor and I can't drive.

The taxi dropped us off at the hospital and he was admitted because of a broken arm and a few bruises nothing more, I called Bailey and she came as quickly as she could that's after Mpendulo asked one of the doctors of duty to call the cops on his behalf so he could lay a charge. A part of me wanted to reason with him but I knew better that to stand in his way not after what Qiniso did to him Bailey looked at me and brought me closer into her arms.

“I don't know what to do Bailey” I tell her.

She pulls away and looks at me worried.

“That is not the Qiniso that left that's not him” I tell her.

“Its okay just calm down” she says.

I nod my head smiling.

“Yes that's how it feels when you love someone” she says laughing.

Trust Bailey to find humour in everything.

“So he really called the cops” I nod my head they even asked for his home address.

“Yoh hayi that friend of ours is a sissy” she says throwing her head back laughing.

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QINISO

I took a long shower before heading home and left Makhosonke at my place, I had to see my parents and see how they were doing I got home and found them sitting on the couch with the Tv switched off and my mother holding my father’s hand. The silence was too much to handle but I understood that it had to be that way the triplets were already at my grandfather’s house only the three of us were at home. The man at the gate called alerting us there were people looking for us Ma was the one to stand up and get the door while I sat there looking at my father we haven’t had a chance to really talk since I got here.

“Ngwane” I said clearing my throat,

he looked at me then two police officers made their way in he was the first to stand up followed by me.

One of the officers looked at my father and nodded his head shaking his hand.

“We heard about the passing of Khanyile senior our condolences” The officer said he then turned his focus on me.

“I am afraid that’s not why we are here though a charge has been laid against your son Qiniso for battery and assault causing grievous harm”the officer said taking.

I looked at my father and he looked disappointed the officer took out some handcuffs and cuffed me.

“Ngwane do something” Ma said looking at my father.

He looked at my mother and shook his head walking to his study, the police officer dragged me out of the house and into their police van.

AYOLA

It took a lot for me not cry in front of my parents especially when Baba sat opposite me and looked me in eye asking what was the matter, I wanted to cry I wanted to tell him everything and how I find dating to be difficult but then I thought about the damage this might do. Bailey picked me up from the hospital and dropped me off at home that's when the questions started I had some blood stains on my top but I masked it off as a nose bleed that was the best I could. My girl left and ma walked me to my bedroom she sat down next to me and held my hand smiling.

"Talk to me Nana" she said.

I looked at her and shook my head it hurt so bad talking about it seemed like a bad idea.

"You know I hate seeing you like this" she said.

"Ma why does loving someone hurt so much" I asked.

She brought me close her chest and laughed.

"My baby girl is inlove" she said.

“It hurts mama” I told her.

“I don’t know why it hurts but sometimes love does” she said.

“Well not love itself but the people we love hurt us with their actions” She said.

“Did baba ever hurt you” I asked.

She shook her head.

“Our love was tried but your father’s love never once hurt me “
She said proudly.

“I can tell he loves you” I said.

She laughed making me laugh.

“Yes he loves me you need to know that your father is one
amazing man” She said looking at me.

“Ma” she smiled.

“How do I know if its love and not just phase” I asked.

She shook her head.

“You just know” she said.

“Does this mean you are dating” she asked.

“Maybe I don’t know” I said.

“Well I need you to take care of yourself keep yourself till your ceremony or marriage even” she said.

“Is it a must to have the ceremony” I asked.

“One was done for me and one will be done for you your father will proud just like my father was” she said firmly.

“Ungadlali ngezitsha ezifayo Nana” she said smiling.

She stood up and hugged me tightly.

“You are the best things that’s ever happened to me and you father I am glad the truth came out at the right time when I needed to hear it the most” she said wiping her tears.

“What truth mama” I asked.

“My truth that’s all” she said heading for the door.

She turned and gave me an unexpected hug.

“I love you Zimephi so much I want you to know that always” she said not pulling away.

“I love you too mama” I said.

She pulled away but she couldn’t look me in the eye something was bothering her.

“Ma are you okay” I asked.

“Yes I am just emotional because you are growing up and soon you will leave this house and go to your own house” she said.

She left my room and I had time to think looking at Qiniso I know I love him so much I can't explain it but he's ticking time bomb and what if he leave again what happens if something pushes him away and he ups and leave like he did before. I don't think I can survive that him leave me this time around I would lose it and hate him in the process is he worth all this me feeling conflicted.

I shook my head and got into bed thinking about him made me feel all sort of feeling except hate and anger I sighed and chuckled this is not how I thought my first relationship would be like.

I thought I would sleep but I was just fooling my self I woke and went through my phone a picture of Qiniso came up Bailey took it the day he was here doing some gardening I looked at it carefully God sure knows how to make them handsome and stubborn as hell he looks so much like his father you would swear he was denying him. I laid back on my pillow and my phone rang I looked at the number and didn't recognise it no one has my new numbers apart from close family and friends. I answered the call and waited for the person to talk.

“Hello” I said.

“Munku” His voice came out.

I jumped up from my bed both anxious and taken by surprise
Baba said he was taken by the police.

“Munku are you there” he asked.

I held my breathe not knowing what to say.

“Buka ngiyaxolisa yezwa” he said.

“Munku khuluma nami” he said.

I finally breathed and heard him sigh on the other end.

“How are you” I asked.

“Cold but much better now that I am talking to you” He said.

“Do you hate me” he asked.

I shook my head and figured he can't see me.

“Cha” I said.

“Kodwa” he said.

“I hate what your did to Mpendulo” I said.

“You want me to apologise to the boy” he asked.

“That would be a start” I said.

“Don” he said.

A moment of still silence passed between us till he cleared his throat.

“Munku” he said sounding unsure.

“Yebo Khanyile” I said.

“About Talia I am sorry” He said.

“Okay” I said.

I wasn't okay he messed up and he knew it but at the moment I wanted to hear nothing about Talia.

“Ungakusho lokho when we both know you are not okay ngizokushayela amanga” he said.

“Have you ever laid your hand on her made her fear you so much you could taste and feel her fear” I asked.

I don't know where that came from but I asked and wished I hadn't.

“Munku” He said breathing heavily.

“How many time have you done it” I asked.

“Once and I hated myself after it I promise I never did it ever again” he said.

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26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I nodded my head hearing him admit to it tore me apart.

“I Just wanted to hear your voice and I am sorry” he said.

“Ngiyakuthanda Munku” he said ending the call.

I looked at my phone and sighed so many things seem to be getting in the way but mostly he seems to fighting himself and I don't how to help.

.....

QINISO

It took three days for my father to get me out of this place, I had asked Makhosonke to sort this out but he said my father warned him against doing anything that would get me out. I figured since he picked me up the docket was missing meaning there is no case I grabbed my things and followed him to the car he wasn't in the best mood and neither was I my grandfather died and he saw it fit to leave me in there which made me so angry. I shook my head as he started the car he wasn't talking and by the looks of it he was going to keep this energy till we got home.

“You want to say something” He asked.

I shook my head and focused on the road.

“Very well” he said.

“Well nothing is well here Baba nothing” I said.

He looked at me then focused on his driving.

“Mkhulu is dead and you decided to let me stay there for days while I could be have been helping prepare for the funeral” I said.

“By doing what beating people up because well might Qiniso is hurting” he said.

“Baba he was my grandfather your father of course I am hurting” I shouted.

“First you leave your home leave your mother behind then come back as if nothing happened” he shouted hitting the steering wheel.

“I apologised” I shouted back.

“And God knows where you learnt to behave like and raise your voice at me I didn’t raise a monster” He said.

“Monster how about you look at yourself in the mirror” I said.

The car screeched stopping he looked at me and I could tell I had unleashed something he suddenly looked like my grandfather when he was angry.

“Ufuna ukungishaya Qiniso is that it” he asked getting out of the car coming to my side.

He opened the car and raised his eyebrows angry than I have ever since him before.

“You are man right old enough to raise your hoarse voice at him” he said.

I looked at him and I wasn’t going to fight my father I respect this man.

“Right when we get home you are going to show me just how much of a man you are uyindoda angithi wena” he said.

I swallowed hard watched him go round to his side of the car.

We drove in silence and he was fuming all the way home if he could he would show me who is the father and who is the son between the two of us.

He finally got home and parked in the drive heading to the house I sat in the car and thought about my grandmother she already going through a lot with my grandfather’s funeral and me fighting with my father would make things worse. I shook my head and walked to the house to find my uncle Msizi calming my father down I closed the door and he walked up to me but uncle Msizi held him back.

“You are my son and I love you but if you want to behave like and animal then go ahead” he shouted.

“Ngwane please don’t say things you will regret” Ma said.

“If he wants to go around killing people the he should but not in my house Manyamande” he said.

“You want to be a man you want to disrespect me your own father then go ahead but not in my house not under my room” he said calming down.

“None of your siblings have spoken to me like you did today none” he shouted.

“You want to be like your grandfather go ahead” he said

“Ngwane” Ma gasped.

“Calm down bafo we are mourning this shouldn’t even be happening” Uncle Msizi said.

“Ngizokubulala Qiniso ngalezi ezami” he said walking away.

My uncle looked at me and shook his head.

“Whatever it is you’re smoking leave it alone it doesn’t go well with you” he said following my father.

I looked at my mother and her eyes were teary she opened her arms and walked up to her.

“You are hurting I understand that we all know how much you loved your grandfather but this is unlike you, to talk your father in such a manner is wrong Uhuru kwenzakani ngawe” she asked.

I shook my head honestly nothing made sense right now.

“I don’t know ma” I said.

“You need to know that you are not the only one grieving here we all are” she said.

“Then why does it feel like I am the only one hurting Baba doesn’t seem to care that Mkhulu died” I said.

“You were in the holding cells for three days you won’t come in here and tell me what your father seems like and doesn’t seem like” she warned.

She pulled away and looked at me.

“Your father is grieving the only way he knows how” she said.

“He is your husband of course you would say that” I said.

She slapped me in the face and kept her finger pointing at me.

“Phuma Qiniso uyadela” she said pointing at the door.

I blinked and she was being serious. “Ma I am sorry” I said.

She looked at me and sighed.

“The son I raised would never talk like that” she said.

“You mean the son you raised alone for five full years” I said.

She looked at me and nodded her head stepping away.

“I hope by the time you come to your sense all this us would still be around” she sad walking to her bedroom.

I walked to the couch and sat there looking at the wall I took out my phone and it was running low I dialled my grandfather’s number and waited for to pick up. “Qiniso”she said.

“Gogo can I come over to the house” I asked.

“Of couse you can” she said.

“Is everything okay you don’t sound like yourself” she said.

I blinked and breathed heavily.

“Yes everything is okay I just need you right now” I said.

“I will here waiting for you just be careful on the road” she said.

I ended the call and went to my room to pack a few things with the way things turned out today I think it would be best if I spend the remaining day at my grandmother’s house.

I hate clashing with my father and seeing my mother hurting and it would be best I leave and let them be my mother was right we are all grieving the best way we can.

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“He raped my mother” he said finding it hard to breathe.

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“Thank you” he said.

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“Msizi stop him” His grandmother pleaded.

“I warned him Ma now he needs to learn” Uncle Mthandeni said throwing punches at him.

Qiniso laid there not fighting back he was taking it all in .

“Baba do something” I said.

He looked at me and shook his head.

I ran to where they were just as uncle Mtha was picking him up by his shirt the whole family was looking standing by doing nothing.

“Ayola” Baba shouted.

I stood between them and looked at Qiniso then at uncle Mtha.

“He knows” I said.

“Ayola don’t” Qiniso said.

“He knows the truth about you and how he was conceived” I said looking uncle Mthandeni about to crumble.

He stepped back and blinked looking at his wife Aunt Nkanyezi came closer and looked at me.

“What” she asked.

“He knows everything he knows the truth” I said.

His father looked at him shock written all over his face.

“Why baba why” Qiniso asked.

“Qiniso please its complicated” his mother said.

“He raped you Ma and I came from that how is that complicated how” he asked.

“You don’t know the whole story Uhuru” she said.

“Then tell me the whole story am make me understand because I don’t” he said looking at his father.

“It hurts Baba knowing you are not man I thought you were, I can’t even look at myself in the mirror without thinking about how I was conceived thinking about the hate she must have had for me” He said.

“I never hated you Qiniso ngikuthande the moment I laid my eyes on you” his mother said.

“Let get inside the house” His grandmother said.

His uncle Msizi helped him up and we all got inside the house its a good thing the trio went out for some air but still they will probably hear about this.

“Who told you” His grandmother asked.

He shook his head groaning in pain damn my poor man has been having it rough today.

“Kukhulunywa Qiniso noma awuzwa” Baba said looking at him.

He cleared his throat and looked at his father who hadn't taken his eyes off him.

“Back in high school I walked in one my teachers talking about the boy whose father raped his mother and they mentioned me but I never paid attention to any of the gossip because I knew my father would never do that. Then years went by I got to varsity and the same rumours were still at it I graduated and that's when I came across old articles,I dug deep and found the horrible truth i asked Mkhulu and he confirmed everything” He said nodding his head.

“Is that the truth behind your walls of love” he asked.

I shook my head knowing he went through high school subconsciously suppressing the truth from hurting him all this while he knew but never really wanted to believe it.

“I am sorry that you found out like that I truly am” His father said.

“So its true I want to hear you say it” Qiniso said.

His father nodded.

“Yes it is true but I never wanted to hurt your mother or anyone else for that matter. You may look at me and see a monster I won’t justify what I did. I am just sorry you had to through all that alone I love you with all my heart and I hope you still believe that, your grandfather was my father and I forgive him but he wasn’t a good man he never was a good a man he had his demons and hurt all of us here so I am sorry because I am who I am because of him. We are here because of him but he’s gone and I wont talk ill of my own father” He said walking closer to where Qiniso was seated and kneeled infront of him.

“Ngiyaxolisa Khanyile and I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me” he said standing up.

“You are my son and I love you there is nothing wrong with you your mother loved and still loves you more than anything in this world” he said walking away.

“Well I will tell you the truth about your grandfather unlike your father who doesn’t wish to speak ill of him he was my

husband and just like he felt it was wise to confirm someone's truth I will tell you his truth and everyone else's here" she said.

.....

QINISO

I took a long shower trying to ease the pain my father really did a number on me he stayed clear of the face and focussed on my body. I stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around my waist and sat on the bed running my hands over my head, the only good thing in my life right now is Munku the rest seems blurry and tainted. I thought about my parents and shook my head I have put them through so much but at the same time I didn't know how to feel, the look they both gave me when Ayola told them I knew they were shattered I could see their whole world coming down in tumbles my own world had come down tumbling and it was about to get worse because my grandmother was hell bent on telling me the truth. I shook my head closing my eyes did I want to hear the truth would the truth heal me would it bind me back together I opened them and Yola was standing by the door looking at me. "Hey" she said coming over and settled next to me.

"Hey" I said.

She carefully wrapped her arms around me.

“Ouch” I said.

“I am sorry” she said still in that position.

“I am sorry that I told them but they had to know” she said.

“I know and as painful and raw as it is I feel lighter” I said.

“Talking does that it walks you through something and heals you” she said.

She why she is amazing she knows exactly what to say.

“You know you being here is going to get me into trouble” I said.

“I know but I had to see you” she said boldly.

“Khanyile” she said softly.

“Yebo Munku” I said.

“Your father loves you I know it will take time for you to be okay but your parents love you sit the down hear them out” she said looking at me.

I smiled taking off her glasses.

“Uyangibona” she laughed hiding her face her laughter alone was soothing healing the broken pieces inside of me.

“Uwungiqabule keh” I said.

She leaned over kissing me but I fell back and she followed on top of me I wrapped my hand around her waist and looked into her eyes.

“Khanyile” she said blushing.

“Uyakuthanda uKhanyile” I said kissing her forehead.

I reached for my phone a text had come though.

“What a performance Khanyile but the truth always has its way of coming out its a good thing we have that pretty little thing by your side to hold your hand and calm you down but for how long. She’s more beautiful than I had imagined great taste just like your father now I wonder how will Nyambose feel when he finds out about your little secret we both know he would kill for his daughter and he definitely won’t allow a murderer near his only baby girl” the text read I looked at Yola and clenched my jaws only Zungu would say this dammit he’s coming for me.

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“He knows” I said.

“Ayola don’t” Qiniso said.

“He knows the truth about you and how he was conceived” I said looking uncle Mthandeni about to crumble.

He stepped back and blinked looking at his wife Aunt Nkanyezi came closer and looked at me.

“What” she asked.

“He knows everything he knows the truth” I said.

His father looked at him shock written all over his face.

“Why baba why” Qiniso asked.

“Qiniso please its complicated” his mother said.

“He raped you Ma and I came from that how is that complicated how” he asked.

“You don’t know the whole story Uhuru” she said.

“Then tell me the whole story am make me understand because I don’t” he said looking at his father.

“It hurts Baba knowing you are not man I thought you were, I can’t even look at myself in the mirror without thinking about how I was conceived thinking about the hate she must have had for me” He said.

“I never hated you Qiniso ngikuthande the moment I laid my eyes on you” his mother said.

“Let get inside the house” His grandmother said.

His uncle Msizi helped him up and we all got inside the house its a good thing the trio went out for some air but still they will probably hear about this.

“Who told you” His grandmother asked.

He shook his head groaning in pain damn my poor man has been having it rough today.

“Kukhulunywa Qiniso noma awuzwa” Baba said looking at him.

He cleared his throat and looked at his father who hadn't taken his eyes off him.

“Back in high school I walked in one my teachers talking about the boy whose father raped his mother and they mentioned me but I never paid attention to any of the gossip because I knew my father would never do that. Then years went by I got to varsity and the same rumours were still at it I graduated and that's when I came across old articles,I dug deep and found the horrible truth i asked Mkhulu and he confirmed everything” He said nodding his head.

“Is that the truth behind your walls of love” he asked.

I shook my head knowing he went through high school subconsciously suppressing the truth from hurting him all this while he knew but never really wanted to believe it.

“I am sorry that you found out like that I truly am” His father said.

“So its true I want to hear you say it” Qiniso said.

His father nodded.

“Yes it is true but I never wanted to hurt your mother or anyone else for that matter. You may look at me and see a monster I won’t justify what I did. I am just sorry you had to through all that alone I love you with all my heart and I hope you still believe that, your grandfather was my father and I forgive him but he wasn’t a good man he never was a good a man he had his demons and hurt all of us here so I am sorry because I am who I am because of him. We are here because of him but he’s gone and I wont talk ill of my own father” He said walking closer to where Qiniso was seated and kneeled infront of him.

“Ngiyaxolisa Khanyile and I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me” he said standing up.

“You are my son and I love you there is nothing wrong with you your mother loved and still loves you more than anything in this world” he said walking away.

“Well I will tell you the truth about your grandfather unlike your father who doesn’t wish to speak ill of him he was my

husband and just like he felt it was wise to confirm someone's truth I will tell you his truth and everyone else's here" she said.

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QINISO

I took a long shower trying to ease the pain my father really did a number on me he stayed clear of the face and focussed on my body. I stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around my waist and sat on the bed running my hands over my head, the only good thing in my life right now is Munku the rest seems blurry and tainted. I thought about my parents and shook my head I have put them through so much but at the same time I didn't know how to feel, the look they both gave me when Ayola told them I knew they were shattered I could see their whole world coming down in tumbles my own world had come down tumbling and it was about to get worse because my grandmother was hell bent on telling me the truth. I shook my head closing my eyes did I want to hear the truth would the truth heal me would it bind me back together I opened them and Yola was standing by the door looking at me.

"Hey" she said coming over and settled next to me.

"Hey" I said.

She carefully wrapped her arms around me.

“Ouch” I said.

“I am sorry” she said still in that position.

“I am sorry that I told them but they had to know” she said.

“I know and as painful and raw as it is I feel lighter” I said.

“Talking does that it walks you through something and heals you” she said.

She why she is amazing she knows exactly what to say.

“You know you being here is going to get me into trouble” I said.

“I know but I had to see you” she said boldly.

“Khanyile” she said softly.

“Yebo Munku” I said.

“Your father loves you I know it will take time for you to be okay but your parents love you sit the down hear them out” she said looking at me.

I smiled taking off her glasses.

“Uyangibona” she laughed hiding her face her laughter alone was soothing healing the broken pieces inside of me.

“Uwungiqabule keh” I said.

She leaned over kissing me but I fell back and she followed on top of me I wrapped my hand around her waist and looked into her eyes.

“Khanyile” she said blushing.

“Uyakuthanda uKhanyile” I said kissing her forehead.

I reached for my phone a text had come though.

“What a performance Khanyile but the truth always has its way of coming out its a good thing we have that pretty little thing by your side to hold your hand and calm you down but for how long. She’s more beautiful than I had imagined great taste just like your father now I wonder how will Nyambose feel when he finds out about your little secret we both know he would kill for his daughter and he definitely won’t allow a murderer near his only baby girl” the text read I looked at Yola and clenched my jaws only Zungu would say this dammit he’s coming for me.

AYOLA

Dating Qiniso is like a full time time Job a day never goes by without him calling or wanting to see me if I don't answer my calls he goes ballistic and threatens to come looking for me at home. Last week he was just amazing checking up on me and dropping me off at school saving Bailey the time and energy to go from her place to mine. Everything seems to be going well on my side and I can say that although loving him is not easy it is worth it I have learnt that Qiniso likes to kept to himself. I feel like something is going on with him something huge and he doesn't want to talk about it and lately I feel like I am being tailed I told Bailey about it but she said I was over reacting. Speaking of that one she's been secretive about her dealings makes me wonder what is really going on with her or maybe something is brewing between her and Makhosonke, honestly these two act like cat and dog in front of people but the sexual energy I feel and get when I am around them is enough to make a nun pregnant. On the other hand varsity has been hectic tests assignment left right and centre but its nothing I can't handle with Ma helping on the side. And then we still have Mpendulo he doesn't like Qiniso not that it matters but

he's my friend and having to bump heads with him all the time is tiring but oh not to Bailey that girl leaves for such dramatic moments. I walked out of my bedroom and headed for the kitchen finding Baba making some food I don't remember the last we sat down and just had a proper meal I Joined him and watched him at work. He looked up and smiled carrying on with his business here's the things Baba makes his own food when Ma is nor around and sometimes cooks for all of us when he treats his girls his words not mine.

"All done" He says getting two plates Ma is not around we have the house to ourselves.

"That was quick" I says.

"Well its just pap and meat" He says.

So many carbs but that's always the case with Baba he cheats whenever Ma is not around no veggies or salad just his pap and lots of meat, I remember growing up he would feed me this and I enjoyed every moment of it and Baba being lazy he would just put the pot next to me and tell me to eat.

He dishes up and puts the plate before me grabbing a beer for himself and an appletiser for me.

"Ngiyabonga baba" I say.

"Asidle keh" He says.

See when Ma is not around we don't even pray we just eat, I eat like a man and burp like a man since my brother spends most of his time in boarding school I am the only child so sometimes I am Ayola my mother's daughter and sometimes Zimephi his mirror which is how the fighting lessons began.

"You know Ma says you have been spending a lot of time out of the house" he says.

Trust Ma to gossip with her husband.

"Well you know how Bailey is we shop till we drop and lately we have been trying out new things" I say.

He nods his head and clears his throat.

"You would tell me right if there was someone in your life" He says.

I take a huge bite at my meat and keep nodding my head that should be enough.

"Is there someone in your life and I don't mean Mpendulo" He says.

I swallow and smile shaking my head.

"I know I am hard on you sometimes but you have to know that you are my baby girl" he says.

"I know you say that all the time" I say.

“You just don’t get it I was there when you were made” He says.

“Too much information Baba” I say blocking my ears.

“Fine but Munku I was there when your mother found out she was carrying you, I was there when you were born and I held you in my hands” he says.

“And where was Ma” I ask.

He clears his throat and sighs.

“She was there loving you” he says.

We never really talk about my my birth its one of those vague stories but I have a feeling they were going through a tough time.

“But my baby pictures show you alone why is that” I ask.

He stops eating and looks at me.

“Even though your mother was the most beautiful momma she was like any other mother after giving birth she hated taking pictures “ He says.

“Even with me” I says.

“No Ma was going through a tough time but you were always by her side” he says.

I nodded my head although a part of me doesn't believe him there isn't even one picture of me and mom after I was born and I mean those ugly new born baby pictures.

"Your mother loves you" he says.

"I know" I say.

"Woza la" he says giving me a hug.

"No matter what happens we love you more than anything don't you forget that" he says.

I look at him decided to stir the water.

"Baba have you ever been in love with one besides Ma" I ask.

He looks at me and smiles more like taking a walk through memory lane.

"Yes" he says.

"And Ma" I ask.

"It was love at first sight" he says smiling.

"Baba do you believe in childhood sweet hearts" I ask.

"What do you mean" He says.

"You know what I mean" I say.

He laughs.

“After everything your mother and I have been through yes but the problem with what you are asking me is that sometimes that love isn’t strong enough not because they don’t love each other but because people change sometimes for the good or bad” he says shrugging his shoulder’s.

“So there is a chance their love might not work” I ask.

He nods his head.

“I am afraid yes” he says smiling.

“Are you in love Yola” he asks.

“Please don’t tell me you are in love with that boy Mpendulo” He says.

“Hau Baba what’s wrong with him” I ask.

“I don’t want a man for you but if I did he would have to be a man of integrity a man who can take care of you, love and protect you” he says.

“You mean a man like Qiniso” I say.

He looks at me and shakes his head laughing.

“No not him he’s your brother that one” he says.

I nod my head getting back to my plate the brother thing eats me up till I clear my throat and gulp down my drink, Why is he hell bent on shoving this brother thing down my throat I wish I

could tell him that I only have one brother and that is Mxolisii as for Qiniso he's my man.

I look at him and shake my head bad idea if I talk now I might get Qiniso killed and myself grounded for eternity.

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TALIA

Advertisement

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I looked at the clothes I have bought everything is expensive I guess being with a man like Qiniso pays I am well taken care off and soon I will be wearing a ring on my finger, I stood up and wore the sexy red lingerie I bought specially for tomorrow and just for him. I remember when we first started dating he told me he would appreciate it if I wore red once in a while I looked myself in the mirror and smiled he will love this. I grabbed the handcuffs and bite my lips Qiniso loves to be in control he hates to be made to feel otherwise he loves it more when you submit to him and only him, I wouldn't say he's the jealous type but he definitely hates sharing and made a fool. I remember when I tried hooking up with this guy from work things ended up in blood shed the guys was even hospitalised and I was punished for my

wondering eyes. That was the first time he ever laid his hands on me the fact that he kept asking about the guy and I would lie made things worse I couldn't see with one eye for a week during those days I had a doctor and nurse on standby. I remember wanting to lay a charge, I remember wanting to run and never look back but I couldn't I loved and love him too much he is it for me.

I grabbed my phone and called him but he didn't pick up probably entertaining his new toy, I called Makhosonke and he picked on grunting he's never really liked me and the feeling is mutual.

"Makhosonke" I said.

He breathed out heavily.

"I know you don't like me and I won't waste your time I am looking for Qiniso" I said.

"Since do you call me when looking for him" he said.

"Because I know he's always with you and I can't get ahold of him" I said.

He chuckled.

"Well he's not with me" he said sounding irritated.

"Did he say where he was going" I asked.

Hearing that Makhosonke wasn't with him made me sick.

"I am not his PA Talia" he said.

"But you are his bestfriend" I said.

"Listen the last time I checked he was at his fathers house are you happy now" he asked.

I closed my eyes and breathed.

"Thank you" I said.

I ended the call and went through this Ayola's Facebook page this was first time ever looking her up, luckily her account isn't private she posts mostly pictures of herself and some white girl I went through her time line and stopped on this one picture that captured me she had her hair tied up and wore glasses her smile breathtaking. I sank on the bed she's beautiful and young she's probably naive too why is Qiniso doing this to me when I give him everything he wants, I tossed my phone to the side and if this girl wants to play this game then she's got another things coming. I stood up and changed clothes grabbing phone the car keys I closed all the windows and walked out of the house. I found myself parked outside Qiniso's home being friends with his mother might work in my favours we all know how boys are influenced by their mothers.

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AYOLA

I was out with Bailey when Qiniso called and asked if he could pick me up, I said yes thinking he'd drop me off at the house but we took a different route that led us to a township. I looked around and none of the houses we passed looked familiar. I looked at the time and it was getting dark, I took out my phone and sent Bailey a message asking her to cover for me when my parents call. We stopped outside an old house not without its cracks but beautiful if given the chance it would transform into something beautiful. We stayed in the car for a while, silence screaming from the top of my lungs. I held his hand and looked outside, surely there is a reason for us being here.

“Whose house is this” I asked.

“This is where it all began for my father” he said.

I nodded my head, tightening my hand over his, things between him and his father are better now after he took home a live cow to apologise to both his parents, a small ceremony to give thanks and ask for unity was done and I have a feeling going forward that their relationship will be better and stronger than ever.

“I don’t know why I am here” He says.

I shake my head he knows exactly why he’s here and it was long overdue.

“I think you do Khanyile you are here to confront the truth” I say.

He looks at me and smiles.

“Shall we” he says smiling.

“Yes please” I say getting out of the car.

He also gets out and we both walk holding hands he gets the keys out of his back pocket and opens up, I look around once we are inside and the place is dusty it shows no one has lived here for a very long time with each step I take his hold over my hand painfully tightens. The house is fully furnished once upon a time this was Mamzobe’s home its might not compare to her house right now but this was a home. So many memories were shared her mostly painful one but it was a home that got ruined by her husband the same man that was supposed to love and protect her.

“Are you okay” I ask when we finally reach the lounge.

He shakes his head and I bring him close into a hug.

“My grandfather tormented my father Munku he broke him but my father was strong he was strong” He says.

I feel his pain knowing the truth tore at him Knowing what his grandfather did to his family broke him but I have been begging him not let this tore at him more not to all the anger and pain to swallow him.

“Yes he was just like you” I say still holding him.

He pulls away and looks at me tears welling up making his black eyes shimmer.

“What is wrong” I ask.

“Nothing I just want to look at you for the rest of my life” He says.

“Do you think we have changed” I ask, I know we have but I want to hear his view.

“Yes” he says.

“For the better or bad” I ask.

“I don’t know but what I know is that I love you Ayola” He says placing my hand on his chest.

“And I love you” I tell him.

He runs his hands down my waist and holds my arse kissing me I don’t know where the aggression is coming from but the kiss soon gets heated up with tearing up my favourite shirt and lifting me up, my legs wrap around his waist and he pins me

against the wall kissing my neck he bite my lip and pulls away to look at me his eyes are half closed and I can feel his manhood growing in all its glory. He groans and pushed himself inside my thighs Lord knows I shouldn't have worn this skirt my hands rest on his broad shoulders and he moves with me and takes me to the floor.

This throbbing feeling down there wants me to sin so bad his hand moves up my skirt and settles on the helm of my thong, he pulls it down and looks at me till I nod my head.

“I won't do anything trust me” he says.

My chest heaves so bad I feel a sexual adrenaline related heart attack coming my way.

He blows air down there and just as I am relaxed his lips kiss me making jerk up but he holds me down. His tongue continues to do me bad by going through in all the hidden walls of my core his thumb pressing on my my clit I feel tears sting my eyes and the urge to pee and scream consumes me I find myself pushing his head deep Mother Mary this son I want this.

He stops just after my screams I don't know what's happening should this be happening why am I wet and why is he this pleased.

He rests his head on my stomach and laughs.

“Why are you stopping” I ask in a needy voice.

“If I go on then I am going to lose it Munku” He says kissing my navel.

“But I want this ngiyafuna Khanyile” I say.

He comes up and lays next to me.

“Not like this I want you to have the best memulo and make your father proud” he says.

I close my legs up, wait did I offer myself on a silver platter on the floor just like that.

He pulls me close to his chest and sighs.

“You are killing me Munku” He says taking my hand and placing it on his crotch.

I try retracting my hand but he chuckles and stops me.

“Uwena wonke lo” he says laughing.

“Nivusa abalele Munku” he says still keeping my hand there on second thoughts this should wait he’s too big for me.

QINISO

I drove Ayola home and decided to also drive home instead of going to my place, I got home and my mom was laughing in the kitchen I took a few steps walking into her direction and heard Talia laughing with her I appeared and she excitedly walked over to give me a hug. I raised my eyes at my mother who didn't look impressed with what was happening.

"Sawubona ma" I said pulling away from Talia giving her kiss on the cheeks.

"Zobuhle called Ayola isn't back home and Bailey isn't answering her phone" she said taking off her apron.

Talia looked at me bringing her eyebrows together

"Do you mind if I steal my son for a moment" Ma said asking me to follow her to the lounge.

"Qiniso" she said titling her head.

"Mnyamande" I said.

"That won't work what I want to know is why are you stringing the poor girl along" she asked.

“Ma I am not stringing anyone along” I said.

“Then what are you doing dating two girls that seem to be very much in love” she said.

“I love you and you are my son I will tell you the truth you are a cheater something your father never was, he never took me for a fool and he always respected me and not by hiding his women so I don’t find out about them no he cut them loose” she said.

“If you are not ready to be in a relation then leave Ayola alone” She said.

“Ma please ungasheo kanjalo I love Munku” I said.

“Then do what is right that girl in there is on a mission and no will stop her but you” she said.

“Mission” I asked.

“Yah all you men know is to use your penis for thinking instead of our heads” she said.

“Come on ma now that’s not fair” I said.

“What is not fair is you keeping Talia on a tight leash promising her a future when we both know all you want is sex” she said.

“And more thing if you ever hurt Ayola your own father will take you to Qhawe himself” she said.

“Look now I have a headache let me go check on my husband” she said.

I walked back to the kitchen and stood behind her she had on a short dress and seeing her thighs in the open like that turned me on.

I ran my hand up her dress and settled my hand on her pussy putting my hand inside her panty, After what Ayola put me through I need to release so bad.

“So your Ayola isn’t just anyone” she said.

The mention of Ayola made me think of the things I could do to her given the chance.

I slid my finger inside her wet pussy and groaned pushing myself against her.

“Ahh” she moaned arching her back.

I kissed her neck slipping in another finger that made gasp and hold on to the kitchen counter.

“What are you doing in my mother’s house” I asked using my hand to painfully squeeze he waist while my fingers fucked her.

She winced followed by soft moan .

“Lia what are doing in here” I asked increasing my pace.

“I don’t know” she said.

“Very well” I said slipping my finger out.

“Qiniso please” she begged.

I pulled her hand and we walked to my bedroom I closed the door and had her bending with her hands balancing on the bed.

Without warning I thrust inside her and she screamed trying to raise her back but I stroked one more time her nails dug on the covers.

“What are you doing here” I asked gently stroking her she started moaning and pushing her arese meeting half way.

“I came ahhh.. I just wanted to get to know your mother better” she said.

“With hope of achieving what is my mother your friend” I asked pulling out only using the ti of cok to enter her.

“Noo no don’ t stop please” she begged.

“Is my mother your friend” I asked.

“No she’s not I am sorry” she said.

I thrust inside her closing my eyes her warm pussy had me wanting to go on.

“Never come to my mother’s house ever again” I said going faster dee stroking her.

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AYOLA

Things have been sour around the house with my father questioning me about my whereabouts the man doesn't believe me when I say I was with Bailey and heard him talk to my mother about having me watched who does that. I think my father forgets that I am old now and I am allowed to have fun and live a little surely he also lived his life and I wasn't there to cramp his style.

"if you don't talk now well then forever hold your piece" Bailey says looking my way.

"What" I ask.

"I can tell something is bothering you" she says.

"I want the to have the memulo fast track so we can get it over and done with" I tell her.

She sits up straight and he eyes pop.

"You mean to tell me that you want to have sex" she says.

"Yes" I say.

“Well then go ahead I will sort you with pins and needles so that fat cow doesn’t fall” she say laughing.

“That’s not even funny” I say.

“It is when I say it” she says.

“But I thought you said Qiniso was waiting and not pressuring you into doing something you don’t want” she says.

“He’s not but he’s a man and if he’s not getting it from me then he’s getting it from someone else” I say.

“Don’t say that” she says.

“We both know its true” I say.

“Well I know he’s nothing like all the other men I have come across and he would never double cross you,the guy loves you Makhosenke says it has always been you” she says.

“Who” I ask.

“His besfriend Makhosoonke”she says.

I look at her and its only now she realises the look I am giving her

“Miss Parker no you didn’t” I say.

She shakes her head but I can see right through her.

“And what about Jody” I ask.

She nervously smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

“I love him” she says.

I move closer to her and bring her into a tight embrace.

“Don’t worry child everything is going to be okay we will figure this out” I say.

Baba walks in without knocking and stand by the door looking at us.

“Hello to you too uncle Q” Bailey says still latching on me.

“So I have a proposal for you” he says.

“Money related” Bailey asks..

“No” He says.

“I am afraid we don’t take moneyless deals” I say.

He looks at us shocked.

“Its called principles that’s how we operate” Bailey says.

“The same love of money that almost got you shipped all the way across the world musani nje ukucasula as I said I have a proposal” he says.

“You know Baba that was not nice” I say.

“Yeah that was not nice” Bailey says nodding her head.

“I will watch all your movies and you girl will leave the house spend the night at Bailey’s I need some alone time with your mother” He says smiling.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“Mama mia 2 and the fault in our stars” We both say.

“Whatever let’s go I don’t have all day” He says walking out.

We ended up not watching the movie but agreed to let him have the house all to himself Qiniso called me and asked if we could meet for lunch, I dressed up well that’s what I thought I has done till I met this old woman who has on a short black dress that fitted her perfectly with black heels that I envied. Qiniso opened the chair for me and the three of us sat down I couldn’t take my eyes off her she is beautiful and has legs for days I suddenly felt undressed.

“Judy I would like you to finally meet Ayola Mthethwa” he said.

The lady had been holding his hand I don’t know but it felt like I was here to see Qiniso’s other woman.

“Nice to finally meet you are truly beautiful like he said” she said smiling.

“Pleasure to meet you too Judy” I said looking at Qiniso who seemed fine with all this.

“If I may ask how do know Qiniso” I asked.

“I used to be his teacher but that was a long time ago” she said.

I looked at how she fussed over Qiniso it was the possessive kind and it didn't sit well with me.

“Munku are you okay” she asked.

I snapped out of my crazy thought and smiled.

“Yes I am okay” I said.

“We should so dinner sometime just the three of us I would love to get to know you more” she said.

I saw the ring on her finger and got even more confused.

“And your husband” I asked.

“John is away on business most of the time” she said smiling.

I nodded my head and looked at Qiniso's facial expression change.

“So how long have you been married” I asked.

She laughed and threw her head back smiling.

“We have been married for over ten years” she said.

“So Khanyile knows your husband” I said.

“Munku we are not here to talk about John” he said defensively.

“I was just asking” I asked looking at him playing it with a smile.

I play the unusual events of our lunch and look out the window we decided to go shopping for the dinner we are having at his place. He moves his hand and places it on my thigh but I subtly move it and clear my throat. I have a feeling he’s sleeping with her the thought of him being with her hurts more than I can imagine I fix my glasses still looking at the different house and trees we pass.

“Munku” He says.

I look at me him giving him a nod.

“Munku” he says again.

“Yebo” I say in retaliation.

“Is that how we speak now” he asks.

“You called my name and I responded” I say.

He nods his head chuckling.

“Is there something you wish to say” he asks.

“That woman we were with are you sleeping with her” I asks.

He laughs looking at me clearly I said a joke.

“Are you” I ask.

“No I am not sleeping with Judy okay” he says.

“Then what are you” I ask.

“We are old friends” He says.

“Then I must be stupid then because what I read there doesn’t say friends” I say.

“Ngiyaphinda futhi are you sleeping with her or what are you having threesomes with her husband is that it huh is that why she wants to get to know me better” I ask.

“Dammit Ayola I am not sleeping with Judy and don’t you ever mention her husband to me uyangizwa” he shouts hitting the steering wheel.

I am left shocked close to peeing on myself he’s never shouted at me before.

“Spoken like a true jealous lover” I say.

I think he is seeing red now because he cusses and gets out of the car and slams the door, I huff undoing my seat belt I refuse to be used I get out of the car going round to where he is.

“What are we” I asks.

“Ayola not now” he says,

“Look at you shaking like a leaf because of that old woman” I say feeling my own heart break.

“Are you using me Khanyile” I ask.

He turns and clenches his jaw.

“No I am not using you I love you are you happy now” he says.

“Happy, this is not about being happy its about the truth” I shout.

“What truth” he barks.

“Why are you so angry” I ask.

“I am not angry I just don’t get why you are asking about Judy” he says.

“Because I want to know where I stand with you am i just another conquest to you or is this real” I ask.

He moves closer but I step back right now I can’t read him.

“This is real” he says.

“And what about Talia where does she fit in all this” I ask.

“Talis and I are done” he says.

“Why don’t I believe you” I say looking him in eyes.

He moves closer till he reaches me wrapping his hand around my waist.

“I swear to you Talia and I are over okay” He says wiping my tears.

“Tell me you believe me “ he says.

“I believe you” I say.

He kisses me and rests his head on my forehead.

“Whatever happens I don’t ever want to go to bed mad or angry at you” he says hugging me.

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BAILEY

Ayola and Qiniso were supposed to be here a long time ago but it seems like something delayed them, I walked back to the kitchen to check on the pas they are supposed to be bringing the meat and beers and wine for me. Makhosonke walks in and joins me holding holding two beers in hand offering me one I shake my head smiling Yola would drink bear her taste buds are tolerating.

“That is more Yola’s style” say.

“Try it who knows it might appeal even to you”he says.

“I am more of a wine person” I lie, ciders are more my thing.

He moves closer to where I am and corners me against the sink he smells good so good I want to close my eyes and his easy on the eye very handsome.

“A women who knows how to cook” he says smiling.

I swallow hard I have been thinking about this so many times him this close to me and now that he is I am afraid I will say something stupid.

He searches for my eyes till he finds them and smiles.

“You are beautiful” he says leaning close I stand there anticipating a kiss but he moves to the side and reaches for the bottle opener. “Honey we are home” Yola’s voice echoes.

Makhosonke moves away and leans back watching me I don’t know whether I should be glad they are home or be disappointed. “In here” I say.

They both walk in holding hand I know Yola and I can tell something is a bit off, Qiniso looks at Makhosonke and smiles Ayola’s man is handsome I am sure his parents had the grace of God and their ancestors when making him.

“Bafo umenzani uMiss Parker” He asks.

“Lutho angakufuni” Makhosonke says.

I look at Yola she’s faintly smiling something must have happened along the way here.

AYOLA

I couldn't pretend as if everything is okay when it's not I sat in the bedroom gathering my thoughts if the thought of him cheating hurt so bad how worse would it feel when he actually did. The door opened and Bailey walked in this night was supposed to be beautiful a night away from home and away from the parents but ended up with me asking him questions that needed answering. She closed the door and settled next to me saying just sitting there.

"You confronted him didn't you" she said.

I nodded my head somehow something didn't feel right nothing felt right in that moment.

"What if everything is true" I asked.

"Don't think like that he assured you that nothing of that sort is happening" she said.

"I am scared Bailey" I said.

She pulled me close and looked at me.

“You have never been scared of anything and you wont start now” she said.

“Do you love him” she asked.

I nodded my head.

“Then don’t just give up and beside he said nothing is happening” she said.

I looked at her and smiled this is probably the same talk she gives herself whenever she goes back to Jody trust me it sounds good the love conquers all speech.

“But I won’t stay if he’s dribbling me” I said.

“And I will support you” she said smiling.

I looked at and smiled thinking about all the women that stay after the cheating and the possibility of me being one of them was driving me crazy.

She stood up and just as she walked out Qiniso walked in and closed the door good grief these people don’t want to see me happy.

He stood by the door and looked at me crossing his legs.

“Munku” He said.

I looked at him God his smile is deadly his body is toxic and the way he walks and speaks is venomous s on its own.

I stood up walked over to the window looking outside nothing beautiful but I hated him looking at me studying me and wanting to tame with just one look.

“I hate seeing you like this” he said.

His voice was already taking me back to that night at his grandfather’s house.

“I am okay” I said.

“Don’t lie to me” He said.

I turned and wished I hadn’t he was so close to me I could hear his breathing.

“I am just trying to make sense of everything” I said shrugging my shoulders .

“Make sense of us don’t worry about all else just focus in us” he said.

“I just can’t get over this feeling that something is amiss” I said.

He held my hands and kissed them making me close my eyes.

“I love you and that is what’s important” he said.

See what I said the love speech he’s giving it to me now.

I held his face and kissed his beautiful lips and felt him ease up.

“I love you too but I won’t hesitate” I told him.

“You won’t have too” He said pulling away.

“I am sorry about earlier it will never happen again” He said.

“Khanyile you’re an old man and I can’t tell you what to do and never will but I don’t like Judy and never will” I said.

“Understood” He said.

“I promise to fix everything, I promise that after this weekend it will only just be you and me” he said.

“What is happening this weekend” I asked.

“I am going away on a business trip” he said.

“Whn are you coming back” I asked.

“I don’t know but I will let you know as soon as I know” he said

“Ngiyacela ungakwati” he said.

I nodded might as well make this night memorable its juts the four of us after all.

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TALIA

This has probably been the best three days of my life having Qiniso all to myself away from the world although his only touched me once being with him made me happy I had hoped that e would be more relaxed having me here but he seemed tense like something was on his mind. I stepped out of the shower and found him laying on his back facing the ceiling here's the thing with Qiniso no matter how much I prod and probe he never talks to me but I found myself sitting next to him holding his hand. He might be a hard man at times but he's really one of the good guys and that's why I don't want to lose him.

"Hey" I said.

He opened his eyes just looking at me.

"Talk to me" I said.

He sighed sitting up straight I took time to admire his body if only all men knew just how much of a turn on having a great body and nice fat bank balance is.

"You haven't been yourself" I said.

"I need to tell you something" He said.

My stomach tied in knots.

"You are scarring me" I said attempting to stand but he held my hand.

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0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">"I haven't been honest with you or myself and the truth is there is someone in my life" he said.

"What are you saying Qiniso" I asked.

"This is it goodbye" he said.

I blinked my tears away.

"Why" I asked.

"I love her and I realised just how much I am hurting her with all the lies" He said.

"You must be kidding me what about me, what about what I am feeling don't you care" I shouted.

"Talia please we both know it was more about sex than anything" He said.

I shook my head tears falling he can't do this to me not after what we have been through.

"You can't do this to me Qiniso you just can't" I shouted.

"I am sorry but I can't keep hurting her and stringing you along" He said.

"You never cared about me, you never loved me" I said.

“I loved you Talia but we grew apart and we both stayed for all the wrong reasons” he said taking his things.

“I will be in another suite everything has been paid up here” he said attempting to walk away.

I held him and started hitting him.

“Just stop Talia stop” he said holding me.

I fell ontop of the bed screaming I know him and he meant every word he loves her and he’s leaving me.

The door closed and I stood up fuming, I wiped my tears and reached for my phone and went through my video, I stupidly recorded myself and Qiniso having sex on the first night we got here and since he decided to toss me to the side and go run off to the sunset with his girlfriend. I then went to my screen shorts and penned down Ayola’s number’s they were written Munku on his phone. I sat on the floor and shook my head wiping my tears she had to feel the same pain I was feeling I selected the video and pressed send she had to know the pain of being betrayed by the one person you love.

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AYOLA

Its been three days since Qiniso left and we have been communicating by phone I really miss so much him being away feels foreign he should never leave for so long. I walked to out table and Mpendulo together with Bailey were already sitting down waiting for me I had to run the shops and get some rice cakes then I went past the Dean's office because I had a personal delivery. This has never happened before but I was given an envelope by the assistant which I am yet to open, I raised my hand at Bailey when she raised hers calling over as if I wasn't making my way to them.

My phone rang and just as I was about to answer the call from the private number got cut then a text came through. I opened the message and it lead me straight to what seemed like a video, I stopped walking and took out my glasses to get a better view my heart raced and my whole world crumbled as he repeated pumped inside of her and Talia screaming out his name. Tears fell as I watched all of it till it was done the so called business trip was him going to have sex with Talia in peace without me standing in his way. My hands started shaking my worst fear had manifested itself in the worst possible way what I couldn't give him he went seeking it else where. I turned and started walking I got played and it hurt I don't know when Bailey caught up with me but she did.

“Yola what is wrong” she asked.

What I saw seemed unreal I felt numb and couldn't feel my body that is how shocked I was.

“Talk to me okay uyangethusa” she said.

“He did it he broke my heart” I said placing my hand on my chest.

She shook her head and I nodded mine.

“Come lets go home” she said.

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ZOBUHLE

I was preparing lunch for Nyambose when the door opened and the girls made their way in, Ayola was being dragged by Bailey they didn't even greet which was surprising and worse of it all they should have been in at school I looked at the time and it corresponded with my thinking. Nyambose greeted them he even called Ayola but she looked like she was in a world of her own.

“And that” Nyambose said.

“I will go check its probably one of those days” I said.

I made my way to Ayola's bedroom and I could hear her scream and shout I opened the door and she was crying my baby girl was crying her eyes out.

I closed the door and she stood up to give me a hug and sobbed while I held her tight.

"Shh its okay" I said.

"Nothing is okay mama" she said.

"Bailey what happened" I asked.

"He lied to me Ma he looked me in the eye and lied" she said.

Boy problem so soon or rather so late in her life.

I hushed her down but it wasn't helping Bailey stood up and closed the door.

"Who" I asked.

"It hurts mama" she said shaking her head.

"Munku you need to talk to me tell me what is wrong because your father will walk in here and head will roll" I said.

"uQiniso mama" she said.

Bailey gasped holding her mouth.

"Ngiyamzonda uQiniso mama" she cried bitterly.

"Hayi Zimephi" I said.

“Ubengasho ngani ukuthi akasangithandi” she asked wiping her tears.

I shook my head seeing and hearing her cry like broke my heart Qhawe and I have been through a lot of things but his love never made cry like this.

I held her tight and with my embrace she cried even more her first heartbreak and it hurt like hell.

She pulled away and looked at me with her father’s beautiful eyes.

“Ma” she said.

I wiped her tears no matter what I say it won’t make her feel better Qiniso broke my daughter’s heart and I felt like the worst mother for not being able to protect her.

AYOLA

Ma slept in my room and held me the whole night I cried till I was out of tears and only my heart ached, she woke early in the morning and prepared me a bath then made me breakfast and left to run some errands Baba has been reading his newspaper watching me like hawk. I don't know what Ma told him but he hasn't left my side not one bit he moves from the small couch and settles next to me.

"Nana what is wrong talk to me" he says.

Where do I begin telling me how much it hurts, How do I tell me that I was in a relationship with Qiniso and that he is nothing but a two timing trash of man. That I still love him so much and wish I could sleep and wake up to all of this gone.

"Is it Bailey did you guys have a fight" he asks.

"No" I say.

"Then talk to me because your mother is worried and told me to look after you" he says.

I look at him I could tell him right now and he would deal with Qiniso he would break each and every bone that Qiniso has even the cheating and lying ones but at the same time my heart wouldn't bare it.

"Everything is fine Baba its just one of those days" I said.

"I remember when you were little and you would say the exact same thing only to solve it the wrong way I know this look" he says looking me in the eye.

I shake my head laughing Baba knows me to well but at this moment I had nothing but questions and this burning rage inside me.

"I don't know what is going on but I hate seeing you like this" He says.

"Is it a boy" He asks.

"No" I say.

"Okay but whatever it is you know you can talk to me" He says.

"Come here" He says bringing me into hug.

"I love you so much Baba" I say.

"I love you too munku" He says.

The door opens and Ma walks in closing the door behind her she settles on the gives me a tub of tinroof icecream.

“Should I leave” Baba asks.

“Baba stay” I say resting my head on his shoulder.

“You are going to be okay” Ma says.

“We can have a quiet night just the three of us and watch a movie of your choice I will cook all your favourites” Baba says looking at me.

“That would be great Baba but I am meeting up with Bailey tonight” I say.

“So you two are okay” He says.

I nod my head.

He looks at Ma and smiles.

“Did you tell her” Baba asks.

“No I was hoping we would do it together” Ma says.

“Tell me what” I ask,

“Your brother is coming home he called lastnight” Baba says smiling.

I know he misses Mxolisi but that young man has a few ideas of his own.

“It will be great having him and I have missed him” I say lacking the enthusiasm I should be having right now.

Baba shakes his head and gets out of bed.

“Uyaphi Nyambose” Ma asks.

“I need some air” Baba says.

I can tell he is upset because he can see something is wrong and I won't even tell him nor will Ma.

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QINISO

I got to my place and Makhosonke was there making himself at home I walked towards the bar and poured myself a drink, I am more relieved now that I ended things Talia now I can focus all my energy on Ayola. Speaking of Ayola something is wrong because she hasn't been taking my calls only sending me messages to tell me she is busy with something I even had to send one back letting her know I was back and that I would do dinner and asked if she could come to my place.

Makhosonke stood up and walked to the balcony and called me to join him.

“Is that the welcome I get” I asked giving him a hug.

“I am not your woman” he said.

I chuckled.

“Speaking of women how was was your break up trip” He asked.

“Horrible she went crazy and got downstairs to make a scene for the whole hotel to see” I said thinking about the events that unfolded after I had broken up with Talia.

“Was it that bad” he asked.

“Very bad but I think she calmed down after I sat her down and talked to her.

“Talia and calming down are two different things” he said.

“I know but surprisingly she did” I said.

“Well then welcome to loving one woman and one woman only” He said.

“I can’t wait to see her I have been missing her so much” I said.

“So this is how it feels to love and belong to one woman” I said.

“I wouldn’t know but I guess so” He said laughing.

“What the hell is going on with you and Miss Parker” I asked.

“She’s intriguing” he said.

I looked at him and sighed.

“Ayola has been asking about Judy” I said.

“And did you tell her everything” He asked.

I shook my head.

“Why would you keep something like this from her you want to spend the rest of your life with her right” He said.

“Yes but where do I start telling her everything” I asked.

“From the beginning”he said.

“Well I will when I think the time is right” I said.

“And Zungu what about him” he asked.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“He hasn’t said anything” I said.

“That means he’s planning something huge that will blow your whole world apart” He said.

I knew he was telling the truth a man like Zungu never forgets and always keeps to his promises .

“I think its time I speak to my father about this” I said.

He nodded his head and gulped down his bear whether I like it or not Makhosonke has always been the voice of reason he has always had my back even the ugliest of my sides came out to play. He was right about Judy I needed to tell Yola the whole true even though I didn’t know how she would receive the news but deserved the truth coming from me.

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AYOLA

I needed to take my mind of things and decided to go through the envelope that received my heart broke into a million piece the brown envelope had picture's of him and Judy at a restaurant holding hands and few where they shared a kiss when she arrived and left. I felt sick to my stomach and felt like my heart has been reaped out of me I sat on my bed watching the video and looking at the pictures. The more I watched and looked the more my heart ached and the more I hated Qiniso for hurting me I looked at my phone and a message from him had come through, I texted back and told him I was coming to the house. I went past Bailey's house and picked up a red short shimmery dress that had a slit on the thigh with red heels and a clutch to match the look, my friend may be white but she has a body to die for and this red freakem dress was hugging my body and showing things I wouldn't dare show on a normal day.

“Are you sure this is what you want you want to do” Bailey asked.

“No but if I am doing it” I said.

“You look beautiful” she said.

I faintly smiled and she held my hand.

“I will right here waiting for you okay” she said.

“Thank you” I said getting out of the car.

I closed my eyes and walked inside the house he got the door and smiled when his eyes landed on me.

“Munku” he said.

“Khanyile” I said smiling making my way in.

he held my hand as we made our way to the balcony following a trail of rose petals, I looked at him and smile Talia got the cock while I get a candle light dinner with rose petals and a cheating man ontop of it.

He opened the chair for me and kissed my cheek sitting down on his chair.

“You look beautiful” He said.

“Thank you I told myself I need to look this beautiful for the man who loves me” I said smiling.

“I missed you” He said pouring us wine.

The setting looked amazing and the sky was just as beautiful.

“How was your trip” I asked.

“Its was just a business trip muntu wam” he said reaching for my hand.

“I am sure you are worn out by all the meetings” I said>

“Something like that” He said looking at me.

“Ngiyak’thanda Khanyile” I said looking him in the eye.

“Ngiyk’thanda nam Makhanyile wam” He said.

I reached for my clutch bag and looked at the pictures and tears welling up I looked up and his face changed.

“You know Khanyile coming here I was thinking that I must be one lucky girl to have you all to myself,I said to myself you know what Ayola you are lucky to have a man like Qiniso he loves you and he would never hurt you not once” I said standing up.

“Munku” he said

“I said to myself he looked you in the eye and said sthandwa sam you are the only one and I love you” I said laughing.

“Ayola what is going on” He asked looking at me like I was crazy.

I took out my phone and played the video loud enough for him to hear it.

“Oh..oh. Yeah...ahh Qiniso please don't stop ahhh go harder” I mimicked Talia with tears streaming down my face.

He stood up looking at me like the world had come to an end his chest moving rapidly.

I tapped my foot on the floor biting my lip.

“Yeah I guess I am the fool” I said shoving the pictures and phone on his chest.

He took one look at the phone and it drop he picked up one of the pictures and clenched his jaws.

“Why” I asked failing to hold myself.

“Sthandwa sam I can explain” He said.

“Explain what Qiniso that you made a fool out of me” I shouted.

“Business trip that resulted with your cock deep inside her” I said.

“Munku I am sorry just give a chance to explain” He said.

I shook my head trying to wipe my tears.

“You lied to me Khanyile ngikubuza waqamba amanga” I said.

He shook his head.

“I am not sleeping with Judy you have to believe me” He said.

“And Talia what about her” he looked at me with his eyes glistening with tears.

“And me” I asked.

“I love you” he said.

“You don’t know what love is Qiniso you I hate you” I said.

He moved closer and held my arms but I pushed him back>

“Ngiyakuzonda Qiniso Khanyile” I screamed holding my chest.

He stood there saying nothing just looking at me tears falling from his eyes.

“Munku I am sorry” he said.

“Not sorry as I am for trusting and loving you” I said.

He held me once more but my palm came in contact with his cheek so many times I lost count.

“Why would you do this to us why” I asked.

“I hope she keeps you warm enough at night not to miss me” I said heading for the door.

I walked out of the house and he followed me and held my hand.

“Ayola ngiy’kucela please don’t do this” He begged.

“Don’t call me don’t even come anywhere near me or I will tell my father” I said.

“You hurt us Khanyile and I don’t ever want to see you again” I said walking to Bailey.

I broke down in her arms why was it hurting so much he’s just a man surely I will find another one.

MAKHOSONKE

It took me a while to get home Qiniso had said he wanted to make Ayola something special to show her that he appreciates and loves her. I think she's for keeps and I love she is around him she brings out the best in Qiniso, him and I go a long way back and I can say this is the happiest I have seen him and it make me happy that finally he has found someone like Ayola. I sometimes watch him look at Ayola and you can tell he's happiest man alive because of her I don't know why it took him so long to finally ask her out I am glad he did. As for his fooling around I am glad he ended things with Talia truth is I have never liked Talia at first she came across as this nice humble and beautiful person but once she learnt about Qiniso and the wealth and power he possessed just by going with his surname her love turned into greed and that when I saw she was here for the money and everything else that came with the Khanyile name. I opened the door there was a trail of roses leading somewhere in the house this could be the night he gets to share his bed with bed in more ways than one. I continued walking and came to a standstill when I saw that the place had been trashed with broken glasses on the floor I panicked

rushing to his bedroom but nothing I then made my way to the study and he was on the floor shaking like leaf with an empty bottle of whisky next to him.

This is why I have been dragging my feet when it comes to getting my own place I had a feeling coming home would open up old wounds it would remind him of things he never and wished not to remember. I crouched in front of him and he was lost in his world still holding his glass tears were just hanging by his eyelids refusing to fall things must have backfired for him to be in such a state.

“I don’t want to play that game any more” He said.

I closed my eyes and sighed.

“Khanyile snap out of it look at me” I said.

“Its will just our little secret” He said.

“Dammit khanyile look at me” I said.

I took out my phone from the pocket and called Ayola but she didn’t pick up.

“She left me munku left me Talia told her everything” he said.

I shook my head her leaving must have triggered this.

“She hates me” he said.

“Khanyile” I shouted.

He raised his eyes meeting mine and blinked>

“Nzimande” he said.

I barely recognised him he was inking in that deep hole and I needed to get him out.

I reached for his fone called his mother she answered on the go and her beautiful voice came through I placed her on speaker.

“Uhuru” she said.

He looked at me his eyes came alive the sound of his mother’s voice was bringing him back.

“Talk to him Ma he needs to hear your voice” I said.

“Makhosonke what is wrong” she asked sounding panicked.

“Ma please just talk to him” I said.

“Qiniso its Ma tell me what’s wrong baby talk to me” she said.

“Ma” He said.

“Tell me what is the matter talk to me” she said.

he closed his eyes and tears fell.

“Makhosonke I am coming there with his father” she said.

“Ma that won’t be necessary” I said.

“Makhosonke I am telling you that Ngwane and I are coming over” she said ending the call.

I looked at him and grabbed his sleeping pills in one of the drawers and popped two in his mouth and helped him down it with a drink.

I helped him to his bedroom and took off his shoes helping him get into bed.

I walked back to the lounge and cleared up the mess sweeping all the broken pieces, I even cleared the romantic set up and threw everything in the trash bin I poured myself a drink and gulped it down closing my eyes.

About an hour later his parents were here his mother looking worried while his father played it cool, I led them to his bedroom and stood by the door he looked peaceful less at war with himself when he was sleeping.

“What happened Makhosonke because on the phone I could have sworn something was wrong” she said looking at me>

“Khuluma Makhosonke is there something with Qiniso” His father.

“Cha Baba everything is fine he just had a lot to drink” I said.

“He looks peaceful Ngwane he reminds me of all the days we used to tuck him in” she said looking at her husband.

His father looked at me he I could tell he didn't believe a single word I was saying.

"Ma I think I should leave you alone with him" I said walking out.

His father followed me and caught up.

"I will ask just out of curiosity and the knowledge of you lying to me" He said.

I have always respected Bab khanyile and he has treated me like a son over the years I always kept him updated about Qiniso how he was doing and all the dealings he has ever had.

"Its nothing we can't handle" I said.

"Is it huge" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"How huge" He asked.

"Zungu Huge" I said.

He raised his eyebrows and shook his head.

"And you thought to keep this all to yourself" he said.

"With all due respect Baba please let Khanyile be the one to tell you everything right now I need to take care of something" I said.

He nodded his head and walked away.

I grabbed my keys and headed to my car driving to Talia's place I parked outside and calmed myself down when Qiniso told me that she had calm down after causing a scene I found all that hard to believe and now that I know what happened I was fuming. I got out of the car and made my way to her apartment and knocked she got the door all lively and happy till she saw me standing on her doorstep.

I moved her out of the way and let myself in I turned looking at her.

"Are you happy" I asked.

She looked at me playing dumb.

"Are you bloody happy with yourself" I asked closing the gap between us.

"I don't know what you are talking about" she said.

"So you know nothing about Ayola leaving Qiniso" I asked.

She folded her arms and smiled.

"Well then good riddance to bad rubbish" she said.

"After everything he has done for you helping you deal with your addiction when no one else wanted your junkie arse you hurt him like this" I said.

“You just had to hurt him where it would hurt him the most you just couldn’t let him go could you” I said.

She shook her head.

“You are selfish manipulative and vile I hope you are happy with yourself for having made an enemy out of Qiniso” I said heading for the door

“There won’t be any hate between us trust me on that” she said.

I looked at her and shook my head

“What do you want from him” I asked.

“I want him and there is nothing anyone will do about it I hold all the cards now Nzimande that’s what they call you right” she said titling her head.

I gave her a smile and turned slowly closing the gap between us I wrapped my hands around her neck and squeezed it closing up the wind pipe till she was pale

“Stay the hell away from Qiniso or I will make you” I said letting go.

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26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">She looked at me tears threatening to come out while catching her breathe gasping for air.

“Ngizokubalala mina ntombazene and bury in a shallow grave” I said walking out.

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AYOLA

I stupidly thought that by today I would have been better but nothing of that sort has happened instead I am here still mopping around thinking about him and if he’s okay. I know it sounds stupid but these past few days have been hard I am so used to having him call and pick me up from school but all that has changed and it feels like I have lost a limb or something. I find mama humming to an old song in the kitchen I hug her from behind and kiss her cheek she turns and gives me a hug.

“You look better today” she says.

“Well I have the best parents in the world and an amazing sister” I say.

“And we love you” She says.

“So tell me when did you start seeing Qiniso” she asks.

I cast my eyes on the floor why is she asking now after days of being hurt.

“Soon after the CapeTown saga” I tell her.

She smiles erupting into a laugh throwing her head back.

“So this thing has been going on for a long time months to say and I still didn’t know” she says.

“I didn’t know how to tell you” I say.

“Ayola I am your mother and you can tell me anything” she says.

“I know Ma but uBaba has been telling me about Qiniso being a brother to me” I say.

“Ngokwakhe lokho ngoba thina simbona njengomkhwenyana” she says smiling.

“But that is all over ma” I say.

“Never say never things might change” she says.

“I doubt it, Qiniso knows that I love him and he still went ahead and broke my heart mama” I say.

“Sthandwa sam these things happen and they will continue happening but what you should be asking yourself is do you

love him and would be willing to forgive him if he asked” she says.

“I am afraid ma that I might just forgive him and deem myself weak for having done so” I say.

“You are anything but weak” she says smiling.

“You are the best mom ever” I say.

“Girls girls” Bailey says emerging from the door looking beautiful.

“I see you girls are going out” Ma finally says looking at me.

“And we will be back before you know it” I say.

“Does your father know about this trip of yours” she asks.

“No but you as the wife will tell him” I say.

“Just be careful and call just so I can know you guys are safe” she says.

“Don’t worry Mpendulo will be there” I say.

She gives me a look and goes back to her cooking,

“Hayi asazi” she says.

We drive to the club Mpendulo said we should meet at the place is packed and the first things Bailey does is head for the bar and get us three shots. I don’t know but today I plan to

drink my sorrows away and forget my heart ever beat for that
guy she give me a kiss and goes to the dance floor while I stand
with Mpendulo by the bar

he looks good today more handsome than most days he even
has a haircut done.

“So your guy” he says.

I shake my head raising my finger.

“Not today please” I say.

I look at the sexy bartender and order another shot it burns
right through me but it hits the right sport .

“Yola” he says looking at me.

“Yes Mpendulo Zungu” I say.

“You are beautiful” He says.

“Thank you” I say.

“Can we dance and forget everything else just the two of us” he
says.

I nod my head with him leading the way we get to the dance
floor and already I am happy and brave at the same time, he
places his hands just above my waist and nods his head
probably looking for my approval.

I put my hands on his shoulders and start moving he keeps his eyes on me smiling moving to the beat.

I close my eyes and feel strong arms around my waist and this strong presence behind me, I open my eyes and turn ready to fight my way out his intrusion but my arm hooks half way to hitting him. "I will take it from here" Qiniso says looking at Mpendulo.

I wiggle my hand out of his hold but he remains firm giving me that devilish smile of his.

"Let me go Khanyile" I say.

"Dance with me Zimephi" He says.

"No" I say.

"Just one dance and I will let go" He says.

He means every word Qiniso won't let me go unless I dance with him "Fine" I say looking at Mpendulo being guarded by Makhosonke.

He lets go of my hand and hooks his one hand around my waist slowly moving his hand to my arse grabbing it like he owns it bringing me close to his body

I can't keep my eyes off him he looks good and my soul long betrayed me the moment I turned and realised it was him.

“Are you still mine Munku” he asks.

Holding my hand while the other hand moves from my arse to my waist I don't know why we are dancing slow when the beat is fast but everything feels right.

“Your silence speaks volumes Sthandwa sam” he says bringing me even more closer to him.

I am angry I want to push him off but I am not.

“Ngiyaxolisa” he whispers leaning close.

I close my eyes swallowing hard.

“Ngiyazi ngikukonile kodwa xola sthandwa sam xola MaMthethwa” he says softly.

Its happening mother Mary please help me fight this temptation. “Open your eyes and look at me” he says.

I open my eyes and find him smiling.

“Ngeke ngizwe ngawe mina munku” he says making me weak in the knees..

“What is that supposed to mean” I ask swallowing what is there of my saliva.

“I will fight for us ngoba ngiyakthanda” he says pulling away.

AYOLA

Alcohol has proven not to agree with me so many times but trust me when I say letting it go or trying not to drink is one of the hardest decisions I will ever make, I am that one person to say if it kills me then so be it just as it makes me feel better. I rose my head and Bailey's arm was resting on me this always happens when we are drunk and we share the bed and sing all night long, I moved her hand and opened my eyes to find my father staring at me I closed my eyes then opened them again to find still here just looking at me.

"You know last night was great seeing those two there holy mother of Jesus" Bailey said.

I kicked her so hard she rolled out of the bed and came back like the undertaker.

"Morning uncle Q" she said smiling.

"Morning Baba" I said.

"You two had a long night huh" He says.

“Well it wasn’t that long see soon after we got we met you know what uncle Q it doesn’t matter, how are you this morning” she asked.

“I am fine bit you two look horrible” He said.

“Alcohol does that”she said standing up.

“Baba why are you here” I asked.

“I just wanted to help you guys get ready for the day come lets go” he says standing up.

I look at Bailey and we both get out of the bed following him we get the lawn and find him holding the hose pipe.

“What is the grass marked” I ask.

“That is where you two are going” He says.

“Get in” he says.

“You know what I know off a very good social worker who handles such cases very well” Bailey says.

“This will help with the hangover” He says spraying us with cold water warning us not to get out of the marked box.

“Repeat after me” he says.

“Alcohol is for adults” he says.

We repeat after him chanting the same thing over and over again.

“We will not drink again” He says.

“Even you” I shout.

“This is not about me” He shouts back.

“Baba this is not fair” I shout.

He closes the tap after soaking us in cold water he disappears into the house and comes back holding two glasses.

“We are not drinking that” we both say shivering from the effects of the cold water.

“But you will” He says handing us the glasses.

“Its just turned out that water doesn't do the trick and raw eggs do now drink” he says.

I gulp down my glass while Bailey snips her nose and gulps down the horrible concoction.

“Mkhulu” Uncle Mthandeni calls out making his way to the outside.

He laughs the minute he sees us and calls out Qiniso.

“This is what I should do to your sister much better than having to shout” he says looking at Qiniso.

“Morning girls” girls uncle Mthandeni says walking with Baba the opposite side while we step out of the box.

“Morning Miss Parker, Morning Munku” He says.

I think he is still drunk on the fact that I was drunk and danced with him.

We walk back to the house with him following behind I turn and look and look at him.

“Didn’t I tell you to stay away from me” I ask.

He shakes his head looking at my chest.

“Those look nice” he says smiling.

“Phela kwento oyaziyo leyo” I say attempting to walk but he holds my arm.

“I know what I did is wrong and I am sorry” he says.

“Qiniso uyadelela umthetho wakho you speak of such things in my father’s house” I says.

He lets go if my arm.

“I am sure you did not come here to apologise to me so please stay out of my may” I say.

I walk back to my bedroom and find Bailey on the floor going through her phone.

“Hey” I say settling next to her.

“What are you looking at” I asks.

“Nothing” she says hiding her phone.

I snatch it from her and see picture’s of her father celebrating his other daughter’s birthday.

“I still can’t believe he is has another family” she says.

“I am sorry” I say.

“Don’t be its not your fault he walked out I guess we were not enough for him” she says.

“But you are enough for us” I say giving her a hug.

She looks at me and smiles.

“You are the best family anyone could ever wish for” she says standing up.

“And I want try Makhosonke out” she says laughing.

“Wait what” I ask.

“Just that I want to try Makhosonke out” she giggles walking out.

I make my way to the bathroom still in shock of what she said about wanting to try Makhosonke out, I take a long deserved

shower and step out wrapping a towel around my body I step into my bedroom and find Qinsu sitting on the edge of my bed.

He stands up when his eyes land on me clearly he can't take a hint.

I walk towards the door and open it waiting for him to walk out.

"Your father left with my father for a meeting and Bailey is in the kitchen making something to eat" he says quietly.

"And that gives you the right to come in here and harass me" I ask.

"Munku you refuse to talk to me, you have blocked all my calls ufuna ngenzeni" he asks.

"I want you to stay away from go back to you Talia and that old woman you keep exchanging spit with" I say.

He sighs standing up.

"Nothing is going on with me and Judy and I truly sorry about Talia I never meant to hurt you" he says.

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">"And those pictures" I ask.

"Its a complicated those picture were taken out of context" He says.

“Before you learn to tell the truth like your namesake stay away from me” I say.

He nods his head stepping back.

“Do you still love me” he asks.

I look at him he wants to hear me say it as much as I want to say it.

“Would you forgive me if I lied to you about an important trip and then later on you saw a video of me with another man’s cock inside me, would you forgive me” I ask.

He keeps quiet and clenches his jaws.

“Then how do you expect me to forgive you Khanyile” I ask.

He shakes his head biting his lips.

“Don’t ask me something you yourself would never afford me” I say.

“You hurt me Khanyile so bad and had me questioning my worth I won’t lie Ngiyak’thaanda but you are not ready to have me in your life. Khanyile I am ready to be yours I am ready to hold your hand and love you I am ready to show you what lies behind the walls of my love. But you are not ready for all of that I am sorry as much it hurts staying away from you but I have too” I say.

“So my love is not enough” he asks.

I shake my head wiping my tears.

“Love is not always enough Khanyile I am afraid you will break me” I say.

He nods his head heading for the door he turns and looks at me.

“You are hurting and that is understandable but I love you more than you will ever know, it has always been you and no one else you Ayola are my safe heaven the only light bright enough to bring me out of a dark hole. I never meant to hurt you munku never and that is the honest truth” he says closing the door.

I hold my chest tears falling this is for the best I tell myself.

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TALIA

After that threatening visit I decided to go to my mother’s place just in case he came back or Qiniso finally getting over his heartbreak and coming to my house. I know he has done a lot for me but I also had to make a decision whether to be

watching in the sidelines or be one of the main players. Was not raised to come second nor last and I was going to start now and beside Qiniso needs a strong woman behind him. My mother walked in holding a cup of black tea and gave it to me that's all I have been able to keep down since I have been here everything else I throw up.

She looked at me before settling down next to me.

"Are you going to tell him" I shook my head sipping on the tea.

"Why not he deserves to know the truth" she said.

"I know Ma but I need to wait you hear what the doctor said I can't be stressed or I will lose my baby" I said.

A few days ago I went to the doctor after I thought I had a stomach bug which turned out to be something big, the doctor confirmed that I am pregnant I didn't believe him and had him do a scan which confirmed everything. I cried in the doctors office thanking God for my baby day of conception was that questioning sex he gave me at his parents house.

"Fine but you need to tell me so that he doesn't deny that baby is his" she said.

"He will never do that he knows this baby is his" I said.

"But I don't like this Talia trapping him with a baby" she said.

“I am not trapping him mommy he wants a child he just doesn’t know it” I said.

“If you say so then okay call me if you need anything” she said walking out.

I took my phone and not even one single phone call from him I held my baby and smiled.

“You are my way to your father’s heart”

I looked at Qiniso’s picture and prayed the baby is a boy.

Soon he shall be mine willingly not by force but out of his own free will.

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AYOLA

This was long overdue yet my hands and feet were telling me otherwise I stopped walking and walked back to Mr Parker’s doorstep breathing out heavily. I had Bailey’s picture’s in my hand this is a bad idea I said to myself but I had rang the bell and there was not going back. His wife got the door beautiful

and young just like I had imagined and she her social media pictures did her justice.

“Hi may I help you” She asked.

“Is mr Parker home” I asked.

She looked at me from head to toe and smiled letting me in probably checking me out if I won’t rob her house.

“John” she called out.

Bailey’s father walked into the beautiful and looked at his wife.

“This young lady is here to see you” she said looking at me.

He looked at me clearly the years have gone by and he barely recognises me.

“My name is Ayola and I am here because of Bailey” I said.

“I will be in the bedroom” the wife said.

He looked at me and stood next to the stove.

“What about my daughter” He said.

“With all due respect she hasn’t been your daughter for a very long time sir” I said.

I saw the shame in his face.

“I didn’t come here to disrespect you sir but to tell you just how much of a loving, kind hearted and beautiful your daughter is

she is on one of the strongest people I know she takes life head on and never gives. She a sister I never had and I just wanted to tell you that you have missed out and still are missing so much on her life I will never understand you decision to walk out on her but you hurt her” I said standing up.

“I never walked out on Bailey” He said.

“Well that is what she knows and believes” I placed the picture’s of Bailey on the table and smiled.

“This is everything she has celebrated and achieved since you left if you look carefully at those pictures and look at the reflection of her eyes you will see she only longs for her father’s love and assurance and that is it” I said.

“I never walked out on her, her mother kept me away when I left her she refused with my daughter” He said.

I nodded my head he sounded hurt saying that.

“She’s a mother and you wanted to take away the only person she had left would you have given up your lifeline had you been in her shoes” I asked.

He kept quiet and I had gotten my answers.

“Thank you for your time Mr Parker” I said walking out.

I closed the door and breathed wiping my palms that took a lot from me, I don’t where too from her but hopefully my friend

will heal having to see her question herself because of her father's decisions has not only been hurting her but me too.

I took my phone to check how long my taxi crossing to the other side of the street when out of nowhere a car my way, I tried getting back on the pavement but it was already late the car hit me and I fell head first before my whole body came in contact with the ground. The person stepped out of the car looked at me and went back to the car driving off I looked at Mr Parker's house and hoped they heard the crash and would come to my aid.

BAILEY

I called Ayola and her phone was answered by the one person I never thought I would hear from and that is my father, it took me a while to gather my thoughts and fully recover from the shock of speaking to him. He told me that they were rushing Ayola to the hospital since she was losing more blood I almost dropped the phone when he mentioned a hit and run and Yola losing blood. I called her parents and rushed to the hospital already in tears this has never happened before and the thought of losing her is what got to me. My hands were shaking the moment I got to the hospital Yola parents looked distraught I gave Aunt Zobu a hug and sat next to her while uncle Q was standing with my father waiting for the doctor. We all sat there wondering what the doctor would say when he came out of that operating room it didn't take long before uncle Mtha and his family showed up. Aunt Zobuhle stood up and met Qiniso's mother half way while Makhosonke came over to me and gave me a hug holding me tight.

"Hey are you okay" He asked.

I nodded my head and pulled away.

“Are you sure” He asked.

“Yes, I am just worried about Ayola” I said.

“She’s going to be okay just trust” He said.

I looked at Qiniso and he wasn’t himself he sat on one of the chairs alone.

“How is he” I asked.

He looked back to Qiniso and shook his head.

“He’s okay” he said.

“But he doesn’t look fine” I said.

“Miss Parker as I said Qiniso is fine just shocked that’s all” he said smiling.

“Is that him” He asked.

I raised my eye brows.

“Your father I mean you are the only two white people here” He said.

I laughed shaking my head.

“Yes that is my father and thank you for pointing out the colour difference Nzimande” I said.

“Oh now you call me Nzimande” he said tilting his head.

“And is there a problem” I asked.

“Not at all I am just surprised” he said looking at me.

My father made his way towards us and Makhosonke held my hand it didn't even come to me to push him away.

“Bailey” He said.

I stood there going through different responses I could utter but everything just jumbled up and I got stuck, I don't know how many times I have spent praying to God for this day right here and now that I was staring it in eye I didn't know how to feel or what to say.

“I will be right back” Makhosonke said attempting it leave but I held his hand.

“Ungahambi” I said still looking at my father.

“How are you” My father asked.

I shrugged my shoulder's after all these years “How are you, Is the only thing he can come up with rage suddenly filled me and the hurt intensified.

“I am sorry about Ayola” He said.

“Why are you here” I asked.

“Bailey” Uncle Q said.

I looked at him and shook my head.

“No he brought in Ayola and we are thankful but why is he is still around” I asked.

“Bailey I am still your father” He said looking at me.

“Father, you don’t even know what that means this man right here has been my father while you walked away and loved your new family. That person lying in there is my sister and these people are my family so please leave you made your choices and I lived with them” I said.

“I am sorry” he said.

“I am sorry too that you didn’t love us enough to stay to visit or call” I said.

He looked around and uncle Q nodded his head.

“I hope your daughter makes it and thank you” he said walking away.

The doctor made his way to us and we all gathered around to hear him speak.

“Ayola Mthethwa” uncle Q nodded his head holding aunt Zobuhle.

“I am doctor Stein and I will be taking care of your daughter ” he said.

“How is she” Aunty Zobuhle asked.

“She is stable but the next hours are going to be critical she suffered trauma in the head” The doctor said.

We looked at each other.

“Is she going to make it” Uncle Q asked.

“We are doing everything we can to make sure she makes it through the night she had a hard fall which resulted to some swelling in the frontal lobe of her brain” The doctor continued.

“Qhawe” Aunty Zobuhle said collapsing in his arms.

“Are you telling me that my daughter might be brain damaged” Uncle Q asked.

“Sir please calm down only after the swelling will we be able to tell anything further but her brain is fully functional although there are chances she might experience a concussion” he said.

“Meaning” I asked.

“There are few things she might not remember depending on the damage but as I said we will try our best to make sure she is gets through this” He said.

“Can we see her” Aunt Zobuhle asked.

“Right after she has been taken to her ward” he said walking away.

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QHAWWE

Being a parents means taking care of your children loving them and protecting them, it means forgetting about yourselves and thinking about them all the time that is what being a parents mean. It means always being there to catch them when they fall and making them laugh when they are sad making sure they have eaten and making sure the world doesn't hurt them . Zobu and I walked into her ward and my wife just broke down looking at Ayola she sat next to her and held her hand crying asking that she pulls through. I have never been in such a situation before having my baby girl hurt so bad I couldn't do anything about it but just look at her. She had machines all over and a bandage around her head this happened and I wasn't there to protect her she must have cried for me like she always does when she is in trouble, she must have needed her mother and we both were not by her side.

“Akafile Zobuhle musa ukukhala kanje” I pleaded with her.

“Who would so such a thing Nyambose” she asked.

“My baby has never done anyone wrong she has never hurt anyone” She said wiping her tears.

“I know” she shook her head.

“Then why would they leave her on the side of the road and not call for help they tried to kill my baby” I clenched my jaws.

A part of me believed everything she was saying if this was an accident the person would have called for help they wouldn't have driven by and left her for dead.

“I will find whoever did this ngiyakwethembisa” I said.

“I can't lose my baby girl Qhawe I just can't” she said.

I held her close to me and kissed her head.

“We are not going to lose her I promise” I said looking at Ayola.

“I will go call Ma” she said walking out.

I sat next to my baby girl holding my tears.

“Zimephi ka Baba” I said.

“You need to wake up okay you need to come back to me and mom we need you” I said breathing out.

Advertisement

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“You are strong just like your mother and I know you will fight this I am sorry I wasn't there” I said kissing forehead.

I felt like a failure thinking about all the things she has been through and I wasn't there this is the second incident.

My phone rang and I answered it was my brother Zibulo.

"Mkhulu" he said.

"Mkhulu someone tried to kill my baby girl" I said.

"Ngisendleni" he said.

"Nyambose kukhona umuntu odlala ngegeja kuziliwe" I said.

"Calm down Mkhulu getting worked up won't change anything"
He said.

"She's critical Mkhulu my baby girl is critical" I said.

"Head will roll Mkhulu no one and I mean no touches our girls "
he said,

"I am on my way just hand in there" He said ending the call.

I looked at Ayola and closed my eyes she's my miracle baby God can't take her now.

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ZUNGU

I looked the pictures of the girl and she is a true beauty its a shame I had to drag her into this war I have with Khnayile but I need to teach that boy a lesson and this is it doing after the one thing he loves in the world. Looking at him I know he will never survive it should that girl die and that is what I am aiming for to kill him I want to reap his heart out of him and watch him slowly die a painful long death. The accident is just a start that boy killed my son like he an animal and I will teach him a lesson he will never forgive even for years to come.

I reached for my phone and dialled his number by this time he should have known about the accident.

“Hello” he said.

“Not the kind of response I was looking for from a man who just had his heart broken” I said.

“It was you” he said.

I chuckled leaning back on my chair \.

“I told you I was coming for you” I said.

“But that’s not what you are doing coming for me that is” he said.

“Well this is much more fun killing you but not killing” I said.

“Why don’t you just come out of the shadows and face me” He said.

“Where is the fun in that” I asked.

“You are messing with wrong person and you have declared war” he said.

“You declared war the day you killed my son and thought you could get away with it” I said.

He chuckled.

“For a smart man you proving not to see the bigger picture” he said.

“Which is” I asked.

“Your little plan to break me just costed you your life”he said in a cold tone.

I sat up straight listening.

“You seem to have forgotten that the girl has father one you don’t wish to mess with but you did” He said.

I closed my eyes clenching my jaws

“You wouldn’t dare tell him by doing so you would be throwing yourself under the bus” I said.

“Your word against mine all I have to do is lead them in the right direction” He said laughing.

“Damn you Khanyile” I said.

“You messed with the wrong clan be sure to send me a postcard from the grave goodbye” He said hanging up.

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QINISO

I finally I got the chance to see her and my heart just constraint inside of my chest, my lungs suddenly stopped functioning and I found it hard to breathe she was just laying there motionless and all I could do was watch and hope for the best. I sat next to her and kissed her hand taking out my phone playing one of her favourite artists I placed it next to her and closed my eyes listening to the song.

“You know I am tryna heal some things

And you tryna hurry up the process just to find love

And me knowing you feel empty baby

I try to give you what you need while taking all that you got

That ain't even my intention baby

you know that you're all that I've got

And I never meant to hurt us baby

I am just tryna learn how to love

I wish that I could mend you babe

But I'd be putting you together while I'm falling apart

And still I find you tryna bind my pieces

How could give the kind of love I need with your broken heart

But I know all your intentions baby

I know I'm all that you got

And you never meant to hurt us babe

You're just tryna learn how to love

How to love

We just tryna learn how to love

How to love

Cause we both have good intentions baby

We know that we're all that we've got

And no matter if we're hurting baby

We will make our way and find love,,

“I am so sorry Munku this is all my fault you being here is all on me” I said.

“I wish I could love you freely but the life I live requires me to be a private and guarded man and I know you can never settle for that, I know you can never settle for the bits and pieces of me and I wish I could give you all of me but I can’t” I said chuckling trying to stop myself from tearing up.

“I love you Munku and yes I haven’t been the best ever since we started but you have my heart and for me to keep going you need to stay alive. You are a fighter and without a doubt you will make it out sthandwa sam but I can’t be in your life when I keep hurting you and putting your life in danger” I said.

“Its only a matter of time before your father finds out I am the reason you are here and we both know I pay for it” I said.

“I need to fix me first then give you the best version of myself I love you” I said kissing her hand.

I looked at her and thought about Zungu he went after the one things he shouldn’t have my father used to never spare a man who goes after your family and I didn’t plan on sparing him.

QHAWE

We spent yet another night at the hospital she made it through her first night that was after she woke up and cried in pain which made the doctor's sedate her through the night. I looked at my wife and she was sleeping right next to her hand holding it I had to talk to the doctor's to allow us to stay and they allowed it. I shook her waking her up from her sleep she opened her eyes and looked at me looking panicked probably thinking something was wrong.

"What time is it" she asked.

"Its eight in the morning" I said still looking at her.

I have been married to this woman for so long but she is still the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

"Maka Zimephi I need to ask you something" I said.

She nodded her head yawning.

"Is she is seeing someone" I asked.

Her eyes widened and she shook her head I looked at her and nodded mine.

“I will ask you one last time Mambatha because nothing about this whole mess makes sense” I said.

“Qhawe if there was something you needed to know then I would have told you Nyambose” she said.

I nodded my head facing the window I knew she was lying to me but I didn't have the heart to question her we were both going through a lot.

She looked at Ayola then me her eyes moist with tears.

“She doesn't even know that she was a twin” She said laughing.

I closed my eyes after Ayola was born and after I found out she was mine we never really talked about the baby she lost, we never really talked about my son the son she gave up for me.

There are so many things we have kept from Yola the rape and the fact that Zobu is sometimes overbearing because she is making up for lost time, I remember when she couldn't bear her cries or even look at her there were days I had to beg Zobuhle to hold her and feed her that was our life for a what felt like the longest and best months of my life.

“Do you think she would ever hate me if she found I hated her” She asked brushing Yola's hand.

I shook my head one thing about my baby girl is that she takes after her mother and has the most kindest heart ever.

“What happened was beyond us things we never imagined happened and we lost but we also gained so much more two beautiful kids” I said.

She wiped her tears and shook her head.

“Mxolisi” she said heavily breathing in and out.

“He knows that we love him don’t even think otherwise” I said.

“Does he Nyambose does he really know that” she asked.

I remember my son asking why his mother loved Yola more than him and hearing him say that shattered me, but he said he understood that girls needed more love and that he would also love his sister more than anyone in this world.

“Yes he does” I said.

“You are a great man and an amazing father and husband” she said standing up.

She wrapped her arms around and kissed me.

“She is going to be fine and once she comes out here everything is going to be” She said.

“I love you Qhawe” she said holding my hand.

“I love you too Mambatha more than you will know” I said.

My mother arrived at the hospital making it easier for Zubuhle and I to go home and change I drove her back to the hospital and went to Mthandeni's house I got there and all the guys were there.

I poured myself a drink and sat down calming myself I still needed to get back to the hospital and be with my wife.

"What now" I asked.

"We find whoever did this and deal with them permanently" My brother said.

"I know who did this" Qiniso said raising his head

Mthandeni shook his head in disappointment.

I ran my hand down my beard it took all of me not to throttle his neck and ask him to speak.

"Its happened when we were down in CapeTown the man who took Yola and Bailey was an acquaintance of mine on the day we found the girls things got out of control and I killed Bantu" he said.

"And who is that" Zibulo asked.

"He is the son of Bheki Zungu" he said.

"You mean to tell me that old man is the one messing with my daughter" I asked none of this made sense.

“Why would he go after Ayola when you are the one who killed his son” Mthandeni said.

“Khuluma Qiniso” Zibulo said.

I looked at him hoping to see sweat something that would give him away should he lie but he was straight so much so he reminded me of Mthandeni in his younger days.

“Why would he go for my daughter Qiniso” I asked.

“The man is grieving his dead son he went after Ayola because he strongly believes that she is the cause of his son’s death had they not crossed paths his death wouldn’t have manifested. I wouldn’t have gone there and killed him he is going after Yola to hurt me since we are all family and we know the best way to hurt a man is through his family and Ayola is my family” he said not flinching.

“Mkhulu the man needs to die because he won’t stop” Zibulo said.

I nodded my head.

“Zibulo and I will take care off it just focus on Yola getting better” Mthandeni said.

“Qiniso” I called out.

“Baba” He said clearing his throat.

“Thank you if it wasn’t for you saving Munku then we would be telling a different story” I said.

“You don’t have to thank me Baba I would do anything for Ayola” he said.

A wave of softness in voice echoed loud enough for me to hear it and take notice the kind I use when talking about Zobuhle.

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QINISO

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I made my way out of the hospital parking lot and walked inside the building its only been three days since she has been here and the late night staff has become accustomed to my being here. I made my way to the ward and she was sleeping the doctors chose to keep her heavily sedated since the pain seemed to be too much for her. I kissed her forehead grabbed a chair and sat down holding her hand one of these days they will lessen the medication and she will be more lucid and aware.

“Hey” I said leaning back.

The doctor said there isn't much damage to her brain but her cognitive side might have been slightly affected meaning she might find it hard to do some things for herself for a while and that he would need all the help.

“I wish I could see your fiery eyes looking at me” I said.

“I miss you I know I am supposed to keep my distance but I really miss you” I said.

I reached inside my pocket and took out the box ring I picked it up the day she said she loved me the day she stood between me and father I knew I could rely on her.

I opened the box and smiled her tiny slim fingers would look even more beautiful wearing this.

“I don't know why I am doing this but but had things been different then I would have long screamed to the whole world telling it about about our love” I said chuckling.

I took her hand and slid down the blue stoned ring on the finger.

“I love you Munku”

The door slammed and my heart pounded I turned and Mxolisi was standing by the door looking at me.

“Bhuti Qiniso” he said.

I gently let go of Ayola’s hand and swallowed.

“Did you just propose to Ayola are you in love with my sister” he asked.

I ran my hand over my head and sighed man I had to explain which is something I was not up too.

“I believe that is a yes and judging by your face you were not expecting anyone to come” He said nodding his head.

“Is that a bad thing being in love with Munku” I asked.

“No but Baba might have a problem with it” he said.

I tilted my head.

“Its good to see you Khanyile” He said fist bumping me.

He broke into a laugh and gave me a shoulder hug.

“You are the best person for her” he said smiling.

“You knew” I asked.

He nodded his head.

“She told me soon after you started dating and beside Bailey I have been rooting for you guys” He said looking at his sister.

“She’s going to love the ring” he said.

“Is it an engagement ring” he asked.

I shook my head smiling the stone we saw together she loved it and she had to have it.

“That is a shame since its on the right finger could be fate don’t you think” he said settling down next to her.

I looked at the ring without realising it was in it’s rightful place looking beautiful as it was moulded on her finger.

Mxolisi and I had a long talk before I finally made my way home and relieved that it wasn’t his father who came in during that moment, I got to the house and Talia was standing by my door with bags in hand looking rather different in a good way I breathed and calmed myself down as I made my way closer and her lips spread into a smile she looked happy different from the angry scorned woman I last saw. I was way past the angry and didn’t even feel the need to scream or strangle the life out of her but she wasn’t needed in my house.

“Qiniso” she said.

I cleared my throat I was tired and drained and all I wanted was to see Yola hurting no more.

“Talia” I said getting my keys.

“I am sorry for everything I did to you and Ayola” she said.

I nodded my head God knows I have been in this earth too long to see and smell a lie from a mile away.

“Okay” I said making my way inside the house.

“Aren’t you going to ask me why I am here” she asked.

“No but I have a feeling you will tell me” I said.

She carried her bags inside and I looked at her.

“I am tired Talia you wanted hurt me and you did now please leave” I said.

She shook her head.

“I mean everything that I am saying Qiniso I am truly sorry I was just angry and not in the right state of mind” she said.

“Talia I am losing all my patience all of it” I said.

She swallowed going through her bags.

“You know what leave” I said grabbing her arm pushing her towards the door.

“Qiniso let me explain okay” she said.

“Explain how you ruined my life dammit Talia leave and stay out of my life” I said.

“I am pregnant Qiniso” I let go of her arm.

“What” she nodded.

“I am carrying your child” she said showing me a baby scan and a pregnancy test.

“This proves nothing you are not pregnant and you are definitely not carrying my child” I said.

“Now leave” I shouted.

“Qiniso look at me you know I never cheated it was you alone I am carrying your child” she said.

I shook my head this must be Talia playing me once again.

“I have never slept with any man while I was with you Qiniso you know me” she said

“Are you on drugs” I asked.

She shook her head repeatedly

“Then you are crazy” I said pushing her out the door.

I closed the door behind her and she continued slamming the door begging me to hear her out.

QINISO

A week later and Ayola was fully awake and aware of her surroundings Mxolisi kept me updated with her progress and how well she was frustrated with everything and everyone around her. I took Talia to the doctor and it was confirmed that she is indeed pregnant and deep down I know it is my child even my grandmother asked if I hadn't made anyone pregnant it couldn't be Ayola because we haven't been intimate hence I never took what she said to heart. I looked at the first baby scan she had done and sighed soon I am going to be a father to another human being and I don't think I am ready not when I haven't faced all my demons not when I am yet to fix things with Ayola. I shook my head leaning back on the couch gulping down my beer this while thing is messed up I should be happy but nothing in me was moving or excited.

Makhosonke walked in and stood by the bar this man loves the Bar so much if it were up to him he would carry it around he looked at me no one knows me better than him, I met him during a dark place in his life he had lost everything and was on

the verge of losing himself when I stepped in and became a friend.

“What’s eating you up” he asked.

I laughed finishing up the last of the beer.

“You drinking solves nothing right” He said.

“I know but right now its the only thing I can do” I said.

“Something happened” he said.

“Talia is carrying my child” I said.

He almost dropped his glass and shook his head.

“That is not your child” he said.

“Is it really not mine” I said.

“Dammit Khanyile with you its always one thing after another”
He shouted.

“As if haven’t told myself that” I said.

“You really have knack for hurting Ayola makes me wonder if
you two will ever work” He said.

“Speaking of Ayola when last did you see her did you even
bother going there since she woke up” He asked.

I shook my head.

“You know letting her go might have been the best decisions you have ever made since you came back” he said.

“Yini Nzimane you want Yola now” I asked.

He looked at me in disbelief and chuckled.

“If he ever looked at me the way she does you I swear I would do an even better job of keeping her happy than you ever did” he said firmly holding his glass.

“Anyway congratulations Khanyile on becoming a father sharing your first child with a woman you stopped loving a long time ago but never stopped fucking her, Here’s to being stuck with Talia for the rest of your life and I pray to God the child does doesn’t grow to be messed up like his parents “ He said raising his glass in the air.

“If you have nothing better to say Nzimande then just shut up and leave” I said.

“I just came to check up on you and that I see that everything is okay I will be on my way” he said.

“One more thing the Zungu thing has been taken care off but I have feeling Nymabose suspects there is more to the story” I said.

“Right now I pray he finds out about how you have treating his daughter worse since you don’t even know how a condom is used” he said walking out.

I chuckled knowing Makhosonke he meant every word.

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AYOLA

I can’t wait for the day I finally leave this damn place although the doctor wants me to stay in for more observation but Baba said everything would be taken care off at home, So many things seem to have happened while I was still sedated Bailey and her father talked and are going to build a relationship and my brother finally came back. He has been keeping me sane and happy seeing him brought so much joy I couldn’t hold my tears it brought back those feeling of fear I had when I was laying there hoping I would be found just in the. I even woke up to a ring on my finger I before I could ask Mxolisi was ready the pill the details I asked him to take it off and put in my bedroom. I appreciate him coming over to see me when I was facing death Bailey says not a day passed without him coming to see me. The door closing brought me out of my thoughts I looked

up and my uncle was standing by the door smiling he had flowers in his hand.

“hey” he said making his way to me.

“Babomkhulu” I said smiling.

He’s the only person who hasn’t treated me differently since I woke up I don’t know what happened but it turns out when I fell I hit the ground pretty bad which resulted to some swelling in my brain and affecting my cognitive side meaning there are things I will find difficult doing for now the only thing that has been troubling me is my speech and the that I can’t really use my hands without having to think first what I am supposed to do. I feel like the alert part of my brain the one that tell me what to do has stopped functioning properly but the doctor said I should give myself some time I should be okay in a few months or weeks if I attend therapy.

“Are those for me” I asked.

He looked around as looking for someone.

“If you give them to anyone else other me mamkhulu will hear about this” I said.

“How are you feeling today” he asked.

“Better than yesterday” I said smiling.

“The girls miss you” he said.

“I miss then too and I was hoping to come stay over” I said.

He held my hand and smiled.

“You know that I love right and I want nothing than to see you get better but your mother will want to care for you and it would be unfair if I stood in the way” He said.

“Will come see me” I asked.

“What a question Munku you know I will’ he said.

I nodded my head.

“Don’ you want to go home” he asked.

“I do but already I am being treated differently like an invalid” I said.

“They love you everyone wants to help that’s all” he said.

“I guess but that man brother and his wife will do what the accident couldn’t do and that is kill me” I said.

“That’s my brother you are talking about” he said laughing.

The nurse walked with my food.

“Morning sir I didn’t she had company its time to eat the take your medication” she said looking at my married uncle who happen to has eyes for his wife only.

“That’s okay I will feed he “ he said taking the tray.

“I will come back to help with her medication” she said walking out.

“The Nyambose charm works on everyone” I said shaking my head.

“hey watch it” he said.

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QINISO

Talia has been staying with me since she got here the doctor said this a high risk pregnancy with her history of drugs I believe anything the doctors tell me, I walked inside my father’s study and sat down he put the down the file he was looking and paid all his attention to me.

“You remind me of your uncle Msizi he would get himself into trouble and say nothing because he thought he could everything till things backfired and he would sit right where you are” He said.

“Baba what makes you think I am in trouble” I asked.

I hope that Makhosonke hasn’t said anything.

“I am not stupid Qiniso and you are my son I know you” He said.

“Ngwane I need to tell you something” I said.

He nodded and leaned back on his seat.

“What have you done” he said.

I sat up straight my father can be intimidating and right now I could feel my pulse racing and my hands sweating.

“There’s this girl I have been seeing and she’s expecting my child” I told him.

He smiled.

“Is it really your child” he asked.

I nodded and watched him stood up to give me a hug.

“Congratulations Khanyile” he said still hugging me.

I closed my eyes and held on tight like the six years old me used too.

“You are going to be a father and I am going to be a grandfather” he said pulling away.

He looked at me and his smiled faded washing off together with the excitement he had.

“You are not happy” he said.

“I don’t love her” I said.

“But she’s carrying your child” he said.

“And she’s living with me since the doctors warned about her being alone and the pregnancy being at risk” I said.

“Do you want the child” He asked.

“I don’t know” I said.

I have never thought about being a father or having someone call me Dad.

“Come seat next to me” He said settling on the black leather couch.

“When your mother was pregnant I was not there I was not there to hold her hand or make her days better, I was not there to love her or witness your growth. Your mother was alone and I was not there no one was only her friends were there for her but she went through everything alone. I then met her for the first time after what I did to her and she was angry rightfully so but she was also at peace because you were there, as much as you were a reminder of what I did but she loved you and still loves more than life itself. Ngangiyosoka Qiniso in my days woke up to different women without a care in the world I slept with them but I never gave them my heart nor did I give them my seed, I want you to know that with the triplets I was there I loved your mother through all her flaws she was the most

beautiful woman ever and I walked that pregnancy journey with her because she was carrying your siblings. I wish I was there for your mother when she was carrying you because she was carrying my first born my heir and that was you. I am not saying marry her but be there for her because she's carrying my grandson or granddaughter she is expecting your child the greatest gift a man can get. Don't string her along don't promise her the world tell her that you will be there because of the child nothing more be the son I raised take full responsibility and be a man Ndodana" he said.

"But my heart belongs to someone else" I said.

He nodded his head.

"And does she love you back" he asked.

"Yes she does but I doubt she will want anything to do with me after she hears about this" I told him.

"Then be the man she will want to have in her life,if she means the world to you then fight to keep her in your life don't just talk do" he said standing up.

"I love you and now I need to go see my wife and tell her about her son making babies" he said laughing.

He closed the door and I sat there wishing I had this conversation with my father a long time ago hearing everything he said made me feel better.

I heard my mother scream and the door opened she closed it and shook the life out of me.

“I am going to be a grandmother” she said letting me go.

I nodded.

“Ngwane we are grandparents” she screamed.

I looked at her smiling her first grandchild and she was over the moon.

“What about Ayola” she finally asked.

“We are taking a break” I said.

“She needs to know if you want her to be in your life even after this break of your the tell her” she said.

“Ngizomtshela Mnyamande” I said.

“Your father is calling all his friends telling them the good news that’s how excited he is and soon Qhawe will know” she said.

“I know ma” She shook her head.

“What you don’t know is that he will never allow you next to Ayola” she said.

“I will work on that” I told her.

“Are ready to be a father” I shook my head.

“We are here your father and I are here and I don’t like Talia living with you, I will come get her so she stay with us I will take care of her”

“Ngempela Ma” she nodded her head.

“I know you don’t love her and I know how Ayola will feel like once she learns about all this” she said.

“Don’t think too much about this allow yourself to feel all the emotions Qiniso let this reality of being a father ink in and allow yourself to feel it” she said kissing my cheek.

“Ma” I said moving.

“You are my son” she said standing up.

“You mean I am going to be someone’s father” I said laughing.

“That’s the spirit” She said smiling walking out.

I leaned back on the couch and took my phone going through Ayola’s pictures my munku is beautiful but she is no fool and she will not have me make her one.

QINISO

I visited my parents I have been doing that more frequently since Talia moved in with them I won't lie this worked out so much better than I had anticipated. She seems to be more grounded and more peaceful since she has been staying with my parents I have been to two doctor's appointments so far and the idea of being a father still hasn't fully sunk in I know I should be happy but I am not. I made my way to Talia's bedroom and knocked it didn't take long before she answered and stood by the door looking at me smiling, she moved aside letting me in and went to sit on the bed while I stood by the dressing table just looking at her.

"Hey" she said brushing her belly.

I scratched my head her belly a whole human being is growing inside her.

"Hey how are you doing" I asked.

"We are doing just fine your mother is the best" she said nodding her head.

“She is really excited about being a grandmother” she said laughing.

“I know” I said.

This is what it has come to now I can't say anything without thinking about it first I don't want her getting the wrong idea about us.

“Talia I need to talk to you about something” I said.

She nodded her head.

“Its about us and the baby” I said.

“You want us to be a family I know you would never want your child to be raised by another man” she said.

“That is not it I want you to know that I will love our son but I don't love you Talia” I said

She stood up and walked to the bedroom shutting the door.

“Talia you know it's true you have known for quite a while now please don't make this any harder” I said standing just outside the door.

I could hear her crying and some shuffling before the door opened.

“I hate seeing you like this you are the mother of my child and I will always be there for you but I love Ayola and I want to be with her” I said.

“And me who is going to love me when I am going to be stuck with your child for the rest of my life” she asked.

“What kind of a man are you Qiniso wanting to be with another man while I am carrying your child your first born, you should be thanking me worshipping the ground I walk on but no all you want to do is going around stuffing your cock in every woman you come across” she shouted.

“Talia calm down” I said trying to reason with her but her voices was going up the roof.

“What its the truth Qiniso you are a weakling of a man you are abandoning us for her, You want me to raise this child alone while you” she shouted.

“If you didn’t want the baby so much why didn’t you abort then why” I shouted back.

She shook her head tears streaming down.

“If you don’t want the child fine my mother will help me raise it” I told.

She slapped me and her chest heaving.

“You will not get my child Qiniso you will not raise my child without me” she said shouting from the top of her lungs.

The door opened my mother walked in.

“Qiniso” She called.

“I will never take the child away from you but I also won’t allow you to dangle that child over my head and use him or her to get your way, I didn’t force you to keep the child but it’s here and we are now parents deal with it Talia” I said looking at my mother.

“I am sorry ma for the noise” I said walking out.

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AYOLA

Have you ever had to watch your whole life play right in front of your eyes and you thought man I haven’t lived that much on the day of the accident that was me. Truth is I haven’t done much and I realised that being a doctor is actually something that I want with all my heart at first I thought it was my mother influencing me but it has always been there with me. Having my

brother back has been nothing short of amazing my father is more alive and happy Ma on the hand cooks all her best dishes we are a family something that has been helping me throughout this whole thing.

“I can’t believe you still haven’t learnt how to drive” Mxolisi says.

“Qiniso said he would teach me” I tell him.

He nods his head I don’t know where that came from but it just came out of my mouth.

“You miss him” He asks.

“No I just feel empty knowing he’s not here nor is he a phone call away” I say.

“But I am here” he says.

I laugh, trust him to say that when I am troubled.

“You know I have a feeling this ice cream date will cheer you up” He says.

I don’t know why I agreed to the ice cream date but here we are parked outside a nice cosy spot called Cherries they sell the best ice cream well that is what I heard and finally I get to taste their creation.

“My friend told me about the place” he says getting out of the car.

The place is not that crowded but the moment I step out of the car people start starring I guess that is what I get for being run down by car. We make our way inside and my heart almost stops when I see Qiniso sitting in one of the tables looking at his phone I swallow looking at my brother is by the counter putting in our order. I look a mess the least he could have done was tell me that we were meeting Khanyile I would have made myself decent but then again this is my brother we are talking about.

Khanyile finally sees me and make stands up making his way to me he looks good but if you look closer you can tell he’s carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

“Munku” He says.

“Khanyile” I say looking.

Mxolisi moves from the counter and joins us holding a beautiful smile like my father does when he wants something from Ma.

“My work is done here I will pick her up once you guys have spoken” He says kissing my cheek.

0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“I love you Zimephi ka Baba” he says leaving me with Khanyile.

Khanyile leads me to the table he was occupying and opens the chair for me.

“Its good to see you Munku” He says.

“Its good to see you too I got the ring” I tell him.

“Do you like it” He asks.

“Why didn’t you wait for me to wake up then give it to me” I ask.

He shakes his head breathing out heavily.

“What do you want from me Khanyile” I ask.

“I want to tell you the truth I want you to know the man who love you” He says.

One the waiters brings us our ice creams I have never seen a happy and lively ice cream before, the colours scream happiness while the huge container says you won’t finish me.

I take one spoon while he takes the other and helps himself I take my sweet time but the tremor in my hand just won’t stop I decide to put the spoon down and save myself any further humiliation.

He moves his seat closer to mine smiles.

“Let me help you with that” he says feeding me his ice cream.

“People are watching” I tell him.

I don't care he has holding my hand trying to stop it from trembling so much..

"I love you Ayola" He says using his thumb to wipe my lip.

I pull away and breathe I can't find myself into this web again.

"I know I messed up sthandwa sam kodwa ngiyak'thanda Ayola" he says.

"And I love you but there are so many odds against us and you closing off and hardly talking to me won't work" I say.

"Then I will talk okay I will but promise me that you will listen" he says.

I nod my head.

"Come with me" He says taking my hand then paying before we leave.

I call Mxolisi and tell him that there won't be a need to fetch me and that Qiniso will drop me off at home, the silent drive takes us back to his grandfather's house the house might be old and beautiful in my eyes but it hold bad memories haunted in a way.

He parks outside and we both make our way inside the sun is setting but right now getting home and being scolded is the last thing on mind. He switches on the lights and takes my hand we

find ourselves in the lounge the same one that holds my secret desires of being one with him.

“I have made peace with the fact that after some of the things I will say there might never be a chance for us” He says taking my hand into his .

We both settle down on the dusty rug leaning back on the couch.

“I owe you an explanation nhliziyo yam”he says.

That’s a first and I love it.

“Talia is pregnant” He says .

I let go of his hand and blink she did it she sealed the deal in the best possible way.

“Angimthandile kodwa uthwele ingane” He says.

“Ngeyakho” I ask.

“Yebo” He says.

My chest burns the thought of her carrying his child burns me it hurts.

“I am sorry” he says.

I don’t this to be over forever I don’t want to walk away from him but I will always second fiddle with Talia always using the baby against him.

“I told her about you that I love you” He says.

“What good is loving me when there is a woman out there carrying your child the same woman who sent me a video of you two having sex” I ask.

He nods his head.

“About Judy I have never slept with that woman not once in my life she was my teacher and happened to be Luke’s mother who was a friend at the time you know all about my school days how hard it was for me but she made life easier more bearable for me, I was no longer a loner and I was popular with girls she taught me things I didn’t know. She schooled me on how to get a woman to submit herself to me, she taught me how to speak without even saying much and knowing I can get any woman I wanted was the best feeling ever and I loved it so much” he says.

I look at his hands and they are shaking his voice trembling my heart breaks.

“I would visit Luke on the weekdays and sometimes my mother would allow me to spend weekends at his plac,But then Luke started having these breakdowns and his mother would always rush him to the doctor’s while I stayed behind with her husband John ” I close my eyes tears falling praying this doesn’t go where I think its going.

“He would always pour me something to drink he said every young man has had one and I was lucky he was sharing his most expensive malt with me, We would take walks around the house and they always ended up in the master bedroom he would touch me inappropriately and tell me all the boys did this and it would be our secret. It went from touching me to me having to touch him and play with him even when I didn’t want to do it but he would say its a game and most young boys do it. He would take showers with me and have me lie naked next to him I was young I didn’t understand what was happening but it was just a game right. This happened till one day I walked in on him having sex with his own son he was doing to me what he was doing to his own son he sodomised his own flesh and blood. I talked to Luke and he told me he hated his father’s game and I hated it too I was just lucky enough to not have him shove his cock up my ass but still he made me to things I hated disgusting things nhliziyo yam” he says clenching his jaws his tears just falling.

I shake my head biting my lip who does that to a child he was young and taken advantage off by an old sick twisted man.

He looks at me chuckling through the tears and settles on a smile.

“First time I saw a dead body was of that of Luke he hanged himself because the pain was too much to leave with” he says.

“I can’t have a child Munku I just can’t, I don’t want to be a monster how will I love this child when I can’t love myself or stay true to you then one person my heart beats for” he says.

I wipe my tears breathing out this is too much to take in and its so wrong.

I get on my knees and sit on top of him holding his face.

“I hate that man but I can’t bring myself to do anything about it hearing his name cripples me, seeing him cripples me and I take three to four sleeping tablets just to get through the night” he says.

I nod my head kissing him he needs to feel something other than the pain, he runs his hands up my thighs kissing me in a way I have never been kissed before i can feel his hunger in the way he is holding me and taste it is his lips and its there waiting to be quenched.

He pulls away and catches his breath I wipe his tears and bite my lip he’s hurting this has been eating away at him and no one knew. “Ngiyaxolisa Khanyile” I say.

That opens up way for loud painful groans that leave me shattered, Lord please heal him heal so he can allow be to be loved by another person other than his people heal him so I can love him with my all I find myself saying while he rests his head on chest trying to stop himself from crying outloud.

AYOLA

I woke up to an empty couch he wasn't there the house was empty and there was no note to indicate that he had left and was okay, but after last night I doubt he's okay he won't be okay for a very long time we slept on the couch with no blankets to keep us warm only our clothes provided the warmth we needed throughout the night. I looked around and reached for my bag that was nicely put by the corner of the couch I took out my phone and called Bailey to come pick me up.

She took her sweet time buying me time to take a good look around the house the old furniture is starting to wear out but nothing a good old sand paper won't fix, I walk into each bedroom and close my eyes trying to picture myself in each and everyone of them. I want to forget I want my mind to shut down just for today just maybe I won't feel this unexplainable pain that I am feeling right now. I slump down on one of the beds the filthy dust spreads across the whole room and enters my lungs and nostrils making me wish I hadn't sat down.

My phone rings and soon I am outside getting into Bailey's car I haven't seen her in a while and she looks rather not her lively and bubbly self, that is what one would expect her to be right happy and bubbly as always especially now that she's mending things with her father.

She looks cagey absent if I can call it that but then we all go through gloomy days, her fingers tap on the steering wheel just as I am done strapping the seatbelt down.

"I think its time you learn how t drive we can't always pick you up you know" She says.

"I know and I am sorry for waking you up and messing with your day" I say.

She starts the car and speeds off now I know something is eating her and it's not the fact that i called someone else made her this grumpy.

"Want to talk about" I ask.

She shakes her head huffing now I know its coming she's going to burst.

The car screeches and she pulls over just on the side of the road gets out the car and screams kicking the tires.

I wait for her to cool down and watch her fix herself and get inside the car breathing heavily.

“Now you want to talk about it” I ask.

“Its Jody he refuses to acknowledge that its over for real this time I am happy where I am and I love that fact that I can be on my own and not need a man’s validation to be whole, I told him I was done being his punching bag that I am done being used and humiliated by him and that’s when I saw this other side to him” Her soft voice trailed off.

“Did he hurt you” I asks already alarmed.

She shakes her head looking up and smiles.

“No but he said no one would have me but him and that I needed him” She asks.

“Is he right do you need him” I ask, I have been here with Bailey I have walked this very same path with her so many time I have lost count.

“No I don’t, I just needed closure. I so badly needed my father’s love that I seek it in all the wrong places and now that he’s back in our lives again I realise all I needed was closure and I have it now and its all thanks to you. I may not say it often but you are an amazing person beautiful inside and out thank you for bringing my father back into my life” She says.

“I hated seeing you waste a huge beautiful part of life on Jody and always being angry and allowing the same anger to hold you back, Bailey you are great all you needed to do was dig deep and see it for yourself and I am glad you are happy and finally free from that bully’s clutches” She smiles.

“The parents called and I couldn’t make up a lie because they talked to my mother” She says.

“Its okay I will figure something out” I say.

She plays some music while my mind goes back to last night I need to find him he needs his family more than he needs me, he just can’t be alone not when he is going through so much.

She drops me off at the gate and drives off leaving me to face the consequences of having slept outside without letting anyone know, I drag my feet inside the house and find everyone having breakfast my mother is the first one to welcome me with a slap.

“You don’t do that Ayola uyangizwa you don’t spend the night out and not tell us” She warns.

Baba looks at me and makes his way out of the house without saying anything Mxolisi shakes head.

“Ngiyaxolisa Ma I should have called” she looks at my Mxolisi and the young man stands up leaving us.

“Where were you” she looks livid ready to have my head if I don’t start talking.

“Something came up Ma” she shakes her head clapping her hands.

“Don’t test me Ayola you not even your father will be able to stop me” she says.

I am out of tears and what I need is sleep and find out where Khanyile is.

“Can we do this after later right now I need to rest” another slap lands on my cheeks.

I hold my cheek and blink.

“You don’t use that tone with me nor that attitude of yours in my house” she warns.

My brain seem to function slow today I am aware of everything but I can’t seem to snap out of whatever this is.

“If you don’t talk right now I will call your father and he will make you talk” she shouts.

“I am okay Ma I was with Qiniso we talked all night and fell asleep” I say, she looks shocked more than anything.

“Did you sleep with him” I shake my head.

“Then why didn’t you call what kept you so busy that you couldn’t pick up the phone and call me your mother, Ayola do you enjoy putting us through hell” she asks.

“I think its time your father knows about you and Qiniso” she says raising her hands in the air.

“Ma please you can’t tell him”

“Then tell me the truth why were you with him all night, did you sleep with him” She asks tilting her head.

“He needed me Ma and no I didn’t sleep with him” say.

“Needed you how Ayola talk to me” She shouts.

“He was molested as a child and he needed to talk to someone and I was there” I finally say.

The words fall out my lips and my heart sinks he was molested and he has kept this to himself for such along time.

My mother shakes her head and holds her chest.

“He was molested Ma that man hurt him” I say, now that I am saying it my heart breaks even more so this is what it feels like to feel someone’s pain.

She brings me close to her arms and hugs me.

“I am sorry munku” she says.

“Why do we have such people in this world Ma, why is the world full of sick twisted people that just hurt innocent people” I ask.

“I don’t know but I am sorry sthandwa sam” Even her warm embrace fails to make me whole.

She pulls away and smiles.

“I know he trusted you but I am need to tell Nkanyezi she needs to know” she says.

I shake my head.

“Ma you can’t do that he’s going to hate me for telling you, he will talk when he’s ready” I say.

She shakes her head making me sit on of the chairs.

“Qiniso hasn’t been okay in a long time he needs to know that he has people that love him and care for him, I would know and his mother would know how it feels to bottle something inside you” she says.

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Advertisement

26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I woke up took a bath and the house was empty Mxolisi was in his room blasting music he was laying on his back facing the ceiling with his eyes

closed while his hands drummed the air. I joined him and he opened his eyes looking at me he got up and stopped the music much better but I don't voice that out loud.

"Baba is angry at you and I don't blame him lately your head hasn't been screwed on properly" he says.

"Says the person who took me an ice cream place and left me there" he raises his eyebrows and scoffs.

"You were supposed to call Ayola that is what phones are for calling" he barks.

"I hear you and I just came here to say I am sorry" he nods his head shrugging his shoulders.

"Bailey and I are going somewhere but I will be back before you know it" I say.

"Bailey you say" I see a mischievous smile on his face.

"She's off limits and she's older than you" I say.

"Allow her to baby me I don't mind" he says.

"You are so gross" I say walking out.

Bailey drives me to Qiniso's place and we find Makhosonke in not such a great a mood he looks occupied and by the look of it we are going to add to his troubles.

“If you are looking for Qiniso join the queue because I am also looking” he says.

“He didn’t come home” I ask.

“No and he’s not at his parents place either” He says.

“He was with me last night and he said a few things and when I woke up he wasn’t next to me” I say.

He frowns looking at me I may not be reader or a medium but I know he knows so much more about Qiniso’s life.

“He told me about John” I say.

“Whose John” Bailey’s voice pipes up.

“He told you” I nod my head just as I suspected Makhosonke is the secret gate way keeper.

“Then I need to find him” he says leaving us.

“One more stop”

Bailey looks at me shrugs her shoulders.

“I might as well play driver since I am the only one in the dark” she says dangling the keys in my face.

I don’t know why I am doing this but I need to say it or I will go mad trying to figure all this out, she stops outside Judy’s house and looks at me.

“Whoa don’t tell me you think he’s here with that old woman” she says.

“No he’s not here but I need to be here” I say..

“Why” she asks looking at me like I am crazy.

“Just wait for me here okay when I am done I will come out and we will head home”

“Just don’t get into trouble I am not in the mood to have to explain” I gently slam the door and make my way to the gate the security lets me through after a few good minutes of explaining who I am and who I am looking for.

Judy meet me on the drive way of her beautiful home and leads me inside the house, I would compliment her beautiful taste when it comes to the implacable design and interior of the house but my chest is heaving so much I can’t stop myself.

“Ayola right” This would have been much easier if her smile was fake but its not.

“Qiniso should have called and told me you were coming I would have asked to prepare us some lunch” she says.

“I am not here for lunch” I tell her.

“Okay then why are you here” I clear my throat.

“I am here to talk about Qiniso” She nods her head.

“I want you stay away from him and your sick husband” her lips twitch.

“You have been in his life for what a whole two minute and you think you can tell me to stay away from him, listen here girly that boy is old enough to decide for himself” She says.

“I don’t know what type of weed you smoke but I am here to tell that Qiniso doesn’t need you or sick ways in his life stay away from you have done enough damage” I say.

“What are you talking about I have done nothing but groom him and make him the man he is today” I almost wring her neck but refrain from doing so.

“How do you groom a young man huh, How do you teach a small boy about sex without his parents permission” I ask she looks flushed taken aback what I have just said.

“I will tell you this once stay away from Khanyile” I say.

“Or what” she asks.

I move closer to her and swiftly pull her by her hair.

“You don’t want to know, for a woman who lost her son you sure don’t show any remorse what your pathetic husband did to Qiniso” her eyes widen and he blinks while I pull her hair hoping it detaches from the skull.

“What did he do” I shake my head.

“You don’t get to play dumb you know very well that he molested him and did nothing, I know woman like you who turn a blind to what happens right under their houses. Your own son killed himself because he couldn’t take it any more your husband is sick, twisted and evil for what he did to Qiniso but what he did to Luke was pure evil devilish” tears fall off her blue eyes.

“Luke” she whispers.

I let go of her I don’t think she knew any of this and I just opened a can of worms .

“I am sorry” I say moving backwards.

“My Luke” she says looking up biting her lip.

“Your husband is the cause of your son’s death” I say heading for the door.

I hear a loud screaming and shattering sound after I have closed the door.

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MAKHOSONKE

Soon after I left the house Qiniso's parents called and as I predicted Ayola told them, I went past their house to pick them up the drive wasn't that silent his mother sounded distraught this was bringing up memories that should remain buried. I could tell his father was more broken he probably blamed himself for all this but the truth is that the world is full evil whether we like it or not. I don't know what brought this up but it was long overdue Qiniso would have self destructed a long time ago if it wasn't for the pills he wouldn't be here. He once had a mental breakdown and he had be admitted and was said to suffer from anxiety and that it would lead to depression if not dealt with for the longest time he never took his pills but one day he woke up next to a dead body and didn't know what had happened, turns out the girl had OD and he experienced an anxiety attack so bad he passed out and woke up without remembering anything about the night.

We get to the cemetery and the place is dead quiet you would expect it to be windy and have noises like in the movies to tell the place is for the dead but not this one.

We locate Luke's grave and find him on this knees next it with a bottle in hand he uses alcohol to mask the pain it works fro him but for how long.

His father walks up to him while his mother chooses to remain with me, Ngwane goes down on his knees too and whispers something in Qiniso's ear, Birds flee from their nests when a loud painful groan like that of a wounded animal leaves Qiniso's mouth, Ngwane holds him like a father should and allows him to cry,cries of that small boy that was hurt and couldn't talk to anyone, cries of a small boy who has been trapped deep inside him and needed an escape.

AYOLA

I have taken a vow to stay out of trouble and mind my own business that I won't annoy so many people. I have this protective instinct to love take care of my people but that has resulted to Qiniso ghosting me and telling I was wrong to tell people what he want through. I don't think saying it is putting it correctly or the way he intended it to reach me.

"I don't know what possessed you to tell my parents what I went through, I trusted you and you went and talked about things that do not concern you. Munku unenkinga and I will deal with you I will not a have a wife who jumps into people's business and think its okay" that is his text.

To think I was helping and I didn't mean to tell anyone but those slaps from mother stung imagine I had to endure two hot clasp trying to keep his secret I guess I failed at that. I was surprised he didn't ask about Judy or the fact that I went to her house and almost knocked her teeth out well that is how Bailey put it making it seem like I am the angry person in this whole ordeal.

I still tread lightly around my father but he's slowly melting and soon I can ask for anything, my ceremony is in a few weeks and I am secretly hoping he gets me a car so I can stop troubling people's children. I haven't spoken to Qiniso in days I think he needs time and Ma said I should give him time I have been sending get well texts though which is something. My parents out tonight they have a thing together with their friends then Bailey and I agreed to take Mpendulo out for dinner he hasn't been himself we thought being out with friends would cheer him up.

He picks me from the gate and we head to rustic rooftop which is an amazing place and very beautiful at night.

Bailey sends a text telling me she will meet us later.

"Hey"

"Hey" he could do so much better than that.

"You haven't been yourself" I say.

He shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

"Bailey is not here so talk to me" he chuckles he knows Bailey would have beaten the truth out of him or made fun of the situation till he talked.

"That one is a bully" He says laughing.

“Then tell me what is wrong the reason we came here was to cheer you up and we are not leaving till you talk” I say.

“Its my father he’s been having it hard ever since we lost my uncle” he says.

“Your uncle” I ask.

He nods his head clearly things haven’t been great home.

“Its hard Yola we first lost my cousin then now my uncle my father is devastated, everything happened so fast their deaths were not expected both of them were killed and my father is on a war path and its slowly killing me and affecting my mother” He says.

I reach across the table and hold his hand.

“I am sorry but I am sure everything is going to be okay” I say.

“I really hope so” He says.

“Guess what my ceremony is in a few weeks time and come it will take your mind of things” I tell him.

His face lights up and he nods his head.

“Great now lets eat and get out of this place.

We end up laughing and taking pictures tonight just proved to be an awesome day we both walk out about to head to the club since Bailey called and told us to come through.

“Hey” he says stopping me.

“Hey” I say smiling.

I can tell he’s a lot better now.

“Thank you for this” He says.

An unexpected kiss lands on my lips taking me by surprise, I pull away but not after feeling the touch of his warm soft lips.

“Mpendulo” I say.

“You are not with him any more nje so give us a try” He says.

“Mpendulo I love him” I say.

A car stops right next to us with two guys coming out and having ago at Mpendulo being superwoman won’t work on these buff guys, I call for help but one guy grabs me and pushes me inside the car boot while the other one drives off. This can’t be happening not again I can’t be taken my father will kill me himself bring me back from the death and give my mother the chance to kill me too.

I close my eyes if I die then at least I know how Mpendulo’s lips taste like, the car comes to a stop after a lot of uncomfortable bumps. The boots opens up and I am taken to the house Lord I don’t know this house and I swear I haven’t done anything to anyone to deserve this.

The door opens and I am already in tears shaking from fear but that turns into anger and rage when I see Qiniso.

“You” I say my chest heaving

“Ngiyabonga Bhidliza” Khanyile says looking at this buff man standing beside me.

The Bhidliza guy walks out leaving me with Qiniso I am shocked and surprised but mostly angry couldn't he be civil and act normal and that is to call me.

“What does a break mean to you because I sure know it doesn't mean sleeping around” He says.

“I want to go home now Khanyile” I say.

I am not doing this with him he said I involve myself in people's business then ghosted me.

“You mean go running to that boyfriend of yours” he says.

“Yes I want to run to him and see if he's okay since two guys decided to beat him up on your call” I tell him.

He clenches his jaws making his way to me

“Khanyile I want to go home for a man who loves me you sure know how to scare me and almost kill me in the process” He shuts his eyes breathing heavily.

“I am sorry I just needed to see you and when Makhosenke mentioned that you were with that boy I just got angry” He says.

“I don’t care ngifuna ukuya ekhaya I don’t want to be in the same room as you” I say.

“You don’t mean that” he says towering over me.

I had forgotten how handsome and sly he is.

He wraps his arms around me and I melt like butter.

“I missed you “ he says leaning close to my ear.

“Fight him” My brain chants but my body allows him to hold me.

“Ngiyaxolisa nhliziyo yam” he says.

“Ngixolele phela” he says looking into my eyes.

I shake my head.

“Munku ngiyaxolisa it will never happen again” He says.

“You scared me” I say.

“Can I make it better” he asks giving that side smile.

I nod my head and he starts tickling me I almost release unwanted gasses, he lets go and just looks at me kissing my forehead.

“Don’t ask me how I am” he says smiling.

We haven’t spoken and I am letting this go now but once things have settle we are visiting this.

“I am going home for a few weeks baba wants to do some cleansing ceremony” he says.

“Will you be back in time for my ceremony” I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders looking unsure of himself

“But we do have tonight and that should count” he says.

“I am still angry at you” I tell him.

“Mina ngiyak’thanda” he says laughing.

“Ngiyak’thanda nami khanyile” I say.

He holds me close and man he smells so nice I don’t want to let him go.

“Stay away from that boy Munku ngiyambona uyangifuna futhi uzongithola” he says.

I swallow hard if he finds out about the kiss then Mpendulo is as good as broken.

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JUDY

In all my life it never once came to me that I would hate my husband so much that I would wish nothing but death upon his life, I finally gathered all my strength and went through Luke's belongings after my son's death I never had the courage to do so. After my son's tragic death I was admitted at a clinic for an evaluation his death caused me so much pain and I fully admit that I went crazy friends and family were worried and it was then that John seek the right help for me. I looked at my baby boy's pictures and tears fell he was the sweetest boy ever he loved to laugh so much but not on his last days. I went through all his things and nothing seemed amiss nothing corroborated Ayola's story I stood up with my glass of wine in hand and headed to our bedroom opened my closet and got dressed in my black lingerie and matching silk gown. A few days ago I asked John about Luke and asked what he thought about our son killing himself all I got was "Luke died and he should stay dead" the bloody man said that about my son he said that about our son and didn't even flinch. I gulped down what was left of my glass and made my way to his study and walked over to his safe, I pinned in the code and it unlocked the first time. I saw tapes and a letter written "Mom"

This uneasy feeling came over me and my heart beating fast and my hands shaking.

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I moved to the basement and played the tapes and right there my soul left my body it played not just one but many other videos of him doing his devilish things to other kids then our own son. I bite my hand that had already formed a fist I have been married to a monster I have been loving and supporting a monster that judged me and threw the bible at me every chance he got. I shook my head opening the letter with my hands shaking and my lips quivering I never got this letter when I asked if Luke left anyone, if he explained why he did what he did John said my son left nothing.

I closed my eyes and sighed breathing heavily

‘Dear mommy

I am sorry for leaving you I am sorry for turning my back on this cruel earth and leaving you alone but I can't do it any more. I tried living with it, I tried hiding it but every time I closed my eyes flash backs would consume me, they would eat away at me and deprive me of my sleep I know I should have come to you but I didn't know how and I am sorry.

I can't look at myself in my mirror Ma I feel disgust each time I do and I hate what he's doing to me, he slips pills into your food

and wine every night so he can come into my room and have his way with me haven't you wondered why you always wake with a painful headache. I am scarred of him but mostly I hate him ma so much he hurts me everyday and I can't stop him I am not strong enough, I thought I had learnt to live with what he was doing but then he started doing things to Qiniso and I couldn't take it Ma. His game wasn't hurting me alone but it was hurting my friend I don't want you to blame yourself this is not your fault but his. Do not cry so much when you learn about my death I am so sorry ma but I will always love you, my mother.

Love your sweet Luke,

I tore it up and screamed sinking to the floor my poor baby and I didn't know he was going through hell and I was put blinders and didn't see anything. I never saw the signs but they were there and I failed my son I couldn't save him in time.

I wiped my tears and cleared my throat and went back to my bedroom and freshened never have I been this hurt before he took my son away from me.

"Honey" I heard his voice coming up the stairs.

I got on the bed and spread my legs waiting for him to come in, His jaw dropped the minute he saw me and immediately sprung on me he kissed my neck first then my lips.

“You like what you see” he pulled away and smiled moving his hand inside my thong.

“I love what I see” he said kissing me.

“Lets have some wine first you must be tired” I said.

He moved over to his side of the bed and allowed me go downstairs to grab a bottle of wine I crushed all my sleeping tablets and poured the powder inside the bottle. I walked back to our room and found him getting undressed he always loved the gym and has kept himself good. I poured him a glass and he gulped all of it down without even thinking twice he sat down and I poured him another glass while I gave him a massage and watched him relax.

“I love you John” I said slowly kissing him on the neck.

I moved away and watched him drink the wine like it was made up water.

“Come here” he said standing up he lost his balance and sat back on the bed.

“Are you okay” he nodded his head and gave me his glass.

“Want a refill” He shook his head.

“I will get you some water should help you” I walked to the bathroom and poured him some water and poured again the crushed pills.

I gave him the glass of water and he drank it for dear I moved back and watched the glass slip from his hold.

“Judy what is going on” he asked.

“This is what’s going on” I reached for Luke’s bat and hit him in the face.

I got on my knees and reached under the bed taking the ropes and cuffs.

He groaned trying to sit up but the pills were working like magic I tied both his hands and feet and used the head board to tightly wrap the rope around so that he doesn’t escape or untie himself.

It took a while for him to wake but I was patient enough to wait he opened his eyes and looked around then closed his eyes again trying to get out of the ropes and cuffs.

“Oh no you don’t get to close your eyes not today” he opened them and by then his whole face was red.

I looked around and my got sick I put up some pictures of his disgusting acts.

“What did you do Judy where did you get these pictures” He shouted.

I shook my head tears falling.

“I got them in your safe and I got the letter Luke wrote for me” I shouted back.

He closed his eyes.

“Why, why did you do it” I asked.

“It wasn’t me honey I swear it wasn’t me the devil was using me” He said.

I shook my head.

“The devil asked you to hurt our son huh did he tell you to molest my son” I shouted.

“I never touched Luke I swear to God I never touch my boy he was a troubled soul” he denied.

“He wasn’t troubled you hurt him you bastard” he shook his head.

“And Qiniso why did you hurt him what did those boys ever do to you” he shook his head denying everything.

“I didn’t want to hurt them but I couldn’t help myself its a disease honey but I can change” He said nodding his head.

“How could you hurt our son John how” I asked failing to hold my tears.

I sank on the floor and screamed the pain was too much the thoughts were too much what these young boys faced at the hand of my husband hurt so much, he coached some of these boys including Qiniso he wasn't helping them he was just destroying their lives. I wiped my tears and stood up looking at him he deserves to die.

“You killed my son, you took him away from me” I said walking away.

“Don't leave me Judy don't leave me here” he screamed.

I made my way to the basement then back to the kitchen and came back with tools, I found him wasting his energy on trying to free himself and laughed.

“Must have been nice sleeping with kids raping them when they knew nothing and only needed to be loved and protected” I said.

“I am so sorry Judy I truly am” I nodded my head.

“I am also sorry” I said moving closer to him.

“I love you” He said.

I nodded my head smiling and took off his briefs.

“Luke was a troubled soul and with all those boys I know you couldn’t help yourself” I said giving him a hand job and with each word I said he was getting hard.

I wiped my tears and once he was hard sat on him and started riding him till his eyes closed.

I stopped moving my waist and looked at how he was enjoying himself this monster was enjoying the warmth of my pussy.

“Did they ask you to stop” his eyes shoot open.

“Did they say it hurt” the more I asked the more I felt him get even harder.

I got up and he was still hard.

“You are a sick and twisted” I said reaching for the bottle of wine and gulped down half of it.

I then reached for the knife.

“No Judy don’t I am begging you” He screamed.

I moved closer and held his hard cock massaging it and placed the knife right where his balls began.

“This is for my son, this is for hurting Qiniso” I said cutting it off.

The blood splat all over me and the bed as he screamed so loud and cried out in pain.

“Please don’t kill me” He pleaded.

I tossed his cock aside and walked to the bathroom, I reached in the cabinet and took all my prescribed pills and swallowed them downing them down with the wine. I wanted it all to end and the end was near I could hear my son calling me.

I walked back to my room and he was losing blood crying out in pain he deserved all of it, I went on my knees and clasped my hands together praying.

“Dear heavenly father I come before you asking that you welcome my soul and forgive me for all I have sinned, I pray you heal Qiniso’s soul and of all those boys John hurt. Heavenly father please welcomes my soul as I come to a sinner and your child Amen”

I lost my balance when standing up and fell on my face I took huge breathes as my breathing was getting shallow and my heart wasn’t beating in it’s normal form.

“You are going to die just like you killed my son” he looked horrified shocked and scared as I lifted the 5litre petrol tank I bought and poured it all over him.

“Judy please don’t do this I don’t want to die” His voice was strained.

“My son didn’t want to die but he did” I said dropping the lighter and watched him worm up and swirl screaming in agony.

I closed all the windows and doors and sat on the couch facing him burn the smoke and overdose was going to kill me long before the fire and I was fine watching him burn for all that he did.

I closed my eyes and imagined my son's laughter that is the only that kept me going over the years.

QINISO

Although I was in the same room with Samantha and the lawyer I wasn't paying attention my mind was stuck on the moment Judy's coffin went down the grave. The moment my heart just broke and I wished I could turn back time and not tell Ayola anything, I love Munku but this time I was torn she crossed the line and now Judy was gone and I never got the chance to say goodbye. I had to postpone my trip and attend to her funeral and other matter's that need urgent attention which is why I was here sitting next to Sam across the lawyer. She left me a letter explaining why she did what she did and how sorry she was for everything, I tore that letter up killing herself wasn't the way she should have come to me and I would have assured her that it wasn't her fault that the real monster here was her husband.

"Mr Khanyile" I snapped out of my thoughts and looked at the white man who was already closing up the file he had in hand.

"Are you fine with everything" He asked

"I am sorry what" Sam looked at me smiling she looks so much like her sister.

“She left everything to us and the kids” she said nodding her head.

I looked at her nothing made sense her assets were frozen pending an investigation.

“The investigation” I asked.

“I asked them to speed up the process for Samantha’s sake seeing that she has to travel back home and her health is off importance” He said.

I nodded my head Sam is pregnant but she hasn’t a good one.

“The autopsy results proved that John died first and by that that all his assets and money were transferred to his living beneficiary that being his sole heir his wife Judy, Judy left a will in that will only you and Samantha her kids were mentioned as sole beneficiaries to everything. All will be transferred in your names both of you getting half of everything of with Sam with share her share with her kids in the respective amounts” He said.

I nodded my head I had to pull a few strings for the whole thing to look like an accident I guess it helps having the police on my father’s payroll. By law in South Africa since Judy is the one who killed John she wasn’t going to benefit anything even if the will stated her as the sole beneficiary.

“She left everything to us” Sam said smiling.

“Why me” I asked.

“Please excuse me I have other clients to see and congratulations” The man said walking out.

“I don’t know what happened but she called me crying and I could hear how broken she was but she wouldn’t tell me what was wrong. I don’t know what happened but all I know is that my sister was broken and she needed me” She said.

I held her hand although they lived apart they were close.

“She loved you know that right” I nodded my head.

“The lawyer will contact us once everything has been finalised thank you Qiniso for everything” she said standing up heading for the door.

I don’t need the money I will probably donate it to a good cause.

.....

AYOLA

I looked at my phone and shook my head there was a video of Qiniso and Makhosonke trending surrounded by women and in small clothing ever since he learned about Judy’s death he’s been drinking like there’s no tomorrow. I am worried about him

and I am not judging but Qiniso uses alcohol to deal with his pain he would rather drink than talk about his feelings. I knocked on Bailey's door and she didn't answer I got a message from her asking to see me I bumped into her mother on my way in and she mentioned how Bailey hasn't been herself since that day she cancelled on Mpendulo and I.

I opened the door and walked in the room was dark so I walked closer to the window and opened the curtains.

"Ma I said I don't want to talk please leave me alone" Bailey said still under the covers.

"Hey its me" I said.

She sprung up from the bed and embraced me so tight for a moment I couldn't breathe.

"You came" she said sounding relieved.

I pulled away and looked her horrible self and messy hair, her eyes were teary and swollen clearly she had been crying for a while.

"I messed up Yola I really messed up" she said settling down on the bed shaking her head.

"What's wrong" She kept shaking her head tears falling off her cheeks.

"You are freaking me out Bailey" I said sitting next to her.

“You are shaking” I said seeing her hands shake and the fear in her eyes.

I Have seen Bailey in a state but not like this and she was scarring me.

“I don’t want to die Yola and I don’t want Makhosonke hating me” She said.

“Okay why would he hate you and why are you talking about death” I asked camly.

“I have been seeing him and I think I really him he sees me” she said smiling through the tears.

I nodded my head not shocked everyone could see how the looks between the two of them would end like and that is them bedding each other but I couldn’t understand why she was crying like this. I held her hand and smiled hoping she would talk to me.

“Okay you have been seeing Makhosonke but why are you crying like this’ talk to me did he hurt you” she shook her head.

I breathed knowing he didn’t hurt her brought me peace my friend has been through hell throwing herself at all the these frogs.

“Jody has HIV” she blurted and cried even harder.

My mouth went dry I blinked.

“And I slept with him on the night I cancelled and then later on Makhosonke called and wanted to see me” She said softly.

“Did you sleep with Makhosonke” I asked.

She nodded her head and my heart sank.

“Bailey” my voice came out soft in a disappointing tone.

“I am sorry Yola” She said wiping her tears.

She reached for her phone and gave it to me.

Jody

I told you no one leaves me and I hope you enjoy your little present, it takes a while but don't worry you will get used to taking those pills. Take it all in and call me once you have come to terms with your fate I love you

The message read I immediately felt sick to my stomach he even put on his status and bottle of pills how sick can one person be.

“Get dressed” I said.

She looked at me like I was crazy.

“How many times have I warned you about Jody and after everything you went back to him” I shouted.

“I didn't I was drunk Yola” she said.

I shook my head and stood up going through her wardrobe.

“Get dressed we are going to the clinic and police station, I can’t believe you Bailey what if you are infected and you could have prevented everything by going to the hospital and getting the Prep” I shouted wiping my own tears.

The thought of her having to take pills for the rest of her life will kill her I know Bailey she’s already cracking up and we haven’t even seen a doctor yet.

“I am sorry” I finally said holding her.

“I don’t want to be HIV positive Yola” She said holding onto me tight.

“Whatever happens we will get through this together okay I love you and that won’t change” She nodded.

“And we need to get him arrested this text is confirmation that he intended giving you the virus and you need tell Makhosonke just so he can get tested” she nodded her head looking pale.

“I am scared” She said.

“And I am here all the way just don’t worry about anything” I said.

I called a taxi and we headed to the hospital a part of me wishing all this was just a dream when did life get so difficult, we got there and stated our problem and the nurses attended

to us and she tested negative but she was given counselling and the Prep medication and was told to come back after taking the course. I held her shaking hand throughout the whole process but her testing negative gave me hope that she will make it the doctor did say that it won't be easy and that she will go through hell during the Prep course.

.....

I got home very late which wasn't a problem because I had already called my parents and told them I would be late, I went straight to my bedroom and took a long shower then went to get my food Ma cooked her delicious stew and dumplings just the way my father likes it. I bumped into Mxolisi who gave me the peace sign and headed outside must be nice being a man you get to do as you please look at this one passing me for example nice life problems.

I walked inside my bedroom and my heart almost stop beating when I saw Qiniso standing by the window.

"Khanyile" I said closing the door and locking it.

He looked at me and I didn't know what to say after.

I walked closer to my dressing table and placed the plate there, I haven't seen him since Judy died and here he was standing right in front of me looking like a sin I couldn't fight.

I moved close and held him and he allowed me too.

“I missed you” I whispered.

“I missed you too” He whispered back still holding me.

26, 26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“I am sorry about Judy I blame myself for what she did and I am sorry” he shook his head.

“It's not your fault as angry as I was I realised it not your fault this protective nature is in you and it makes me love you even more. And the truth is Judy couldn't live with herself and there is nothing anyone could have done” he said.

He pulled away resting his forehead on mine and kissed me so passionately I wanted the kiss to be more than just lips and tongue locking.

“Are you hungry” He nodded.

“Great” I said getting the place we both sat down and shared it.

“How's Talia and the baby” I asked.

“They are fine” He said clearing his throat.

“Munku can tonight just be about us just the two of us” I nodded my head and he smiled.

I love him as much as much as I am scared of all this but I love him so much.

“I want to grow old with you Munku” he said out of the blue making me stare.

“What” I said.

“I am going home and I want to come back a changed man I want to love you the right way” He said holding my hand.

“And I plan on telling your father about us” he said.

“Khanyile let’s not rush into things please” I told him.

“We can start by going to the clinic and getting tested” he looked at me smiling and moved the plate to the side running his hands up my thighs.

“Ufuna ukungipha” He asked.

I shook my head smiling.

He tickled me and I fell back with him getting on top of me he looked into my eyes and smiled God this man is beautiful.

“Ngiyabuza ufuna ukungipha yini nhliziyo yam” He asked.

I nodded while laughing this moment made me forget everything about today.

He shut me up with a kiss I opened my eyes and he was looking down on me.

“Please spend the night” he looked at me like I was crazy.

“We both don’t know when you will be back ngiyakucela Khanyile” I said.

“Ngingqaba kanjani when you look at me like that” He said getting off and laying next to me.

He stood up and took off his shoes and clothes leaving him in his briefs I tried looking away but I found myself salivating like he was a dish he tilted his head and walked to the bathroom. I should be grateful that this room room has an in suite like the parents bedroom I fought tooth and nail for this one. I got off the bed and took off my clothes leaving me stark naked and reached for my night dress when his hand also reached for it.

“Don’t “ he said leaning close to my ear.

My heart pounded he was behind me too close so close I felt his skin on mine.

He moved his hands up my waist and finally they settled on my breast making me close my eyes.

He squeezed them and kissed my neck moving his one hand down my pussy.

“Khanyile” I moaned.

He turned me around and I almost went blind seeing his hard cock screaming to be let loose.

“Do you trust me” He asked.

Holy mother Marry of Jesus its that line Bailey once warned me about this line.

I nodded my head and he lift me up having my legs wrap around his waist he laid me down on the bed and started kissing me.

“Khanyile not in my father’s house” I said closing my eyes trying to fight the moment.

“I would never disrespect your father like that Munku” He said kissing my neck moving down to my belly button and finally had his lips on my pussy and this thumb on my clit.

His tongue collied up in me and his thumb worked on me my soft moan turned into a scream and he stopped.

“Ngizoyeka” he said using his thumb to rub my clit.

I bite my lip shaking my head.

His tongue went back in and I held on to the covers struggling to breathe and screamed once again I have never felt something so intense and nice before the more he worked on me the more I moaned, the more his tongue swirled up on my walls the more the urge to pee took over.

“Hayi ngiyakuyeka ufuna ungibulalisa ngobabwakho” He said.

“Khanyile I won’t scream any more ngiyakwethembisa please do it again” I pleaded.

He kissed me and got in between my things.

“Zimephi” My father called out and Qiniso almost fell on his back.

He tried opening the door and it was locked.

“Hide Khanyile or we are both dead” I said.

“Maybe its time he knew about us” He said laughing.

“Don’t Khanyile okay” I said shuffling around the room putting everything together.

“Why is the door locked,Ayola” he called out.

“Get in the wardrobe or I will kill you myself before my father does”I said.

“Ngiqabule” He said.

“Ngempela Khanyile my father is on the side of the door and you want a kiss” I asked.

He pulled me to him and smiled damn his smile.

“Musa ukulwa ngiqabule and I will hide” He said.

I kissed him and he grabbed my arse and had me sit on top of him.

My father’s knock persisted but this moment with Khanyile was one I didn’t want to let go.

“I love you and I would risk it all for you” He said.

“Risk it all just not today sthandwa sam” I said.

“Awungithandi yini munku” he said making sure I could feel his hard cock.

“Ngiyakthanda” I told him.

He placed me down and took his clothes and hid in the closet while I put on my clothes and opened the door.

Baba walked in and looked around I crossed my fingers hoping my room doesn't smell of something it shouldn't.

“Why was your door locked” he asked.

“I was on the phone Baba” I said.

“You know we don't eat in the bedroom “ He said.

“I know ngiyaxolisa baba” I said.

“That's not why I am here I want to talk to you about your ceremony” He said seating right where Khanyile sat.

I am definitely not seeing the gates of heaven for this.

“Baba can we talk in the morning” I asked.

He looked at me and shook his head.

“What are you hiding” he asked going in the bathroom.

“Nothing baba” I said shaking my head.

“As I was sayin..” he didn’t finish his sentence because Khanyile’s phone started vibrating.

“What is that” he asked.

“Lutho Mhmm mhmm” I started humming and clapping my hands like aunt Zenkosi’s church going aunt and her friends.

Ma walked in they both looked at me like I was crazy believe it or not I am not ready to die.

“Something is definitely wrong ngale ngane” Baba said shaking his head walking out with Ma.

I closed the door and locked it Khanyile stepped out of the closet laughing.

He walked up close to me and held my waist.

“Indlela engikuthanda ngayo ngane ka Qhawe” he said kissing me.

AYOLA

I don't know why I am doing this but when Mxolisi said he couldn't make it Mama decide to ask me to fetch a few things from aunt Nkanyezi, the whole Ngwane family is coming with and the celebration is bound to be huge from how the man in my life are carrying on about it. I breathe in a few times before knocking on the door and wait this is a damn bad idea I should have asked Bailey to tag along but she's having it hard, still on that my she told Makhosonke the truth and I must say he was calm calmer than I thought he would be. Things between Bailey and him are fine and he's there present through everything but the best part is that he showed Jody what a true man does and dragged his sorry arse to the police station, he's out on bail for now but I am hoping he pays for what he did to my friend. The door opens up and Talia stands in front of me with her hand on her waist slightly even with the pregnancy she looks breathtaking she clears her throat so much for manners.

"Hi" she smiles and I am not sure if its genuine or not this is the same woman who sent me a video of her being sexed.

"Hi please come in" she says moving out of the way.

I make make my in to the kitchen best thing about Qiniso's mother is her cooking skills and giving hand.

"She will be down any minute now" Talia says rubbing her belly.

I nod my head my eyes still on her huge belly, you know when you try your best to push something to the back of your brain and wish it away, that has been me all along wishing this pregnancy wasn't there I don't know how many times I have wished to have wished for a magical wand and just poof away Talia but life is not a movie.

She pops into a smile and almost jerks up.

"Is everything okay" I have to ask the things is with pregnant women is you can never know.

"I am okay he gets like this on happy days" she says.

"He" she nods her head rubbing her belly.

"Qiniso junior" she says.

That leaves a bitter taste on my mouth so much so that I shake my head.

"Hamba demon lomona phuma nje kimi" I mumble shaking my head.

"Kuqala kanje ukuthakatha" I remind myself closing my eyes Lord save me from that train it can pass me amen.

“Excuse me” she says.

“Nothing”

Aunt Nkanyexi makes her way into the kitchen looking beautiful in a white flowing short dress.

“Yola” She says giving me a hug.

“Ma” I say.

“It’s good to see you and Ngwane has been asking what is that we did for you not come anymore” she says.

“I have been busy preparing for the ceremony” I say.

“And we all can’t wait to celebrate that day with you” she says holding my hand.

“Congratulations on the ceremony I hear it’s a big thing down there in the bundus it’s a shame Qiniso won’t be there” Talia says looking at me

Where is that magic wand when I need it, I look at aunt Nkanyezi who faintly smiles.

“He said something about being held up but Ngwane and I will be there, I am sure he will call you” she says.

“I should go lie down Qiniso said I should call him so he can find out how we are, it was good seeing you Yola” she says walking to lounge.

“Don’t mind her” aunt Nkanyezi says.

“I know exactly what will make you feel better” She says opening the fridge and taking out cake.

Qiniso calls but he never mentioned not coming back yet he tells dragon lady Talia here that he won’t be coming back, this uneasy feeling hits me things might be like this from now on Talia and the baby will always be number number one.

.....

The last time I was this excited was when I stepped inside the ring and felt my blood rush, but this kind of excitement is different my heart can’t keep a good pace aunt Nknayezi gave me beads and few things for my mother and that toppled my excitement finally it happening. After this ceremony thing will change I will know how it feels to be one with a man and feel him deep inside me. The thought alone sends shivers down my spine I should be afraid about what’s to come but I am more excited and anxious than I have ever been. My father has been posting this ceremony for too long and finally his letting up look at God’s angels shining down on me, Qiniso left about about a week ago and I have been missing me and thinking about the night me almost got caught I want nothing more than to ride

him. Bailey has taught me a few things and I plan on utilising her free lessons. Everything is all set and in tomorrow we are heading down to my father's homestead he wants nothing more than to share this with everyone down that side, He is proud of me and I am glad I have kept myself this long not just for him but myself too I am looking forward to gifts and dancing more than everything. Mama walks holding a box smiling I love how her day always starts with a smile and ends with an even brighter one especially when she is near Baba they share a connection so deep I doubt it would ever be severed by any soul alive. She removes her shoes and gets inside my bed wrapping her arm around me deeply sighing.

"Morning sthandwa sam" She says.

"Morning mama" I say.

"Your coming of age ceremony is happening this weekend and I think it's time we have a talk" she says.

"We always talk" her soft laugh leaves me thinking there's so much haven't spoken about.

"What's in the box" I ask.

"A journal and a letter I wrote to you" she says.

"You know how I don't speak about your birth or how there are no photo's of me carrying you as a baby" I nod my head.

She takes out the journal and opens up a page giving it to me.

I gave birth a few days ago and I still can't bring myself to feed her without Qhawe begging me to do it, I can't bring myself to hold her she hates me and I think she feels that deep within me I don't want her. I know she's just a baby but Lord help me I can't bring myself to love her. Qhawe loves her he adores her more than anything in this world I wish I could be more like him accepting and loving but this aching pain won't go away. He named her Ayola

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26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">I looked at her and her tears were threatening to fall she held my hand her tears gracefully fell dropping on my hand.

“You didn't want me why” I asked.

“Ma you didn't love me what did do, was I too much to handle” she shook her head breathing heavily.

“Before I met your father involved with a young man who was royalty but tragic struck and he was killed he died soon after he paid lobola and promised to marry me, after his death his family suggested his brother take me as his wife but I couldn't

marry Mhlaba. I hated him and so I ran that's when I met your father and fell inlove with him. He became my everything Yola and I became his, we built a life together but Mhlaba wouldn't leave me alone. After being intimate with your father he started getting sick without anyone of us knowing not even him and one day he collapsed and fell into deep sleep, I was losing your father with each day that passed by and I later found out that I was cursed and I was the cause of your father's illness. At the that time I didn't know I was pregnant and I had to sacrifice my baby to save him a life for a life they said I don't think he truly healed from that heartache. Mhlaba came back I had to leave with him" She said wiping her tears.

"Is he my father is that why you hated me" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No he's not your father but during my pregnancy we all thought he was, Munku he raped me and then after I found out I was carrying you I truly thought you were his child and I could not see past what he did to me" I nodded my head.

"I am sorry that you had to go through that mama" I said getting out of my bed.

"Yola you need to know that I love you okay you mean the world to me and I hated seeing the hurt and doubt in your eyes

everything you asked for your baby pictures with me in them” I reached for my shoes and nodded my head.

“Its okay Mama it wasn’t your fault” I said heading for the door.

I bumped into Mxolisi but ignored him when he called out till he pulled my arm.

“I am talking to you njalo” he said.

“Why are you crying” he asked.

“Nothing” I said giving him a hug.

“Now I wish Baba was in the house” he said the moment I pulled away.

“Ma is in my room please check on her” I said.

I left the house about an hour ago and I have been crying growing I had this felling that my mother was trying too much and then I grew up the it got worse, now I know she has been making up for not loving me she has been making up for not wanting me and although it been long it hurts knowing she couldn’t bare the sight of me. I shouldn’t have come here but its the only place that makes sense right now getting inside wasn’t hard Qiniso keeps the key the mat.

.....

QINISO

I got a call from my mother and she mentioned how Talia told Yola about me not coming back in passing she said, but I know Talia and she deliberately told Ayola just to get a reaction out of her. The only reason I told Talia I wasn't coming back is because of the doctor's appointment we have. I reach for my phone and call Ayola my call goes unanswered, I send her a message and try calling again only then does she answer.

"Khanyile" she sounds down like she's been sleeping.

"Sthandwa sam" I say.

She says nothing and that makes me think there's more to her sounding like she was asleep.

"What's wrong munku are you sleeping" she breaks into a sniff.

"Khuluma nami Munku what's going on" I ask.

"I need you Khanyile" she says.

I close my eyes hearing her say that I can't be next to her cripples me, I never thought loving someone would mean carrying and feeling so much of their pain.

"What happened" she fails to answer me.

“Okay tell me where you are” I ask.

“At your grandfather’s house” I shut my eyes this means she ran away from something.

I calm myself down she shouldn’t be alone and she knows this but she hurting and I can’t make things worse.

“Are the windows close is the door locked” she remains quiet just sniffing.

“Talk to me Munku” I plead.

“Yes” her shaky says.

“Whatever it is I am sorry okay I wish I was there to hold you and kiss it all away” I say.

“I don’t want you to cry Munku not when I am away” I say.

I can hear her cry holding herself from being loud.

“Khanyile I just want to sleep” she says

“Ngicela ungakhali phela Munku” I say ending the phone call and doing a video call she takes a while to answer but does.

“Sawubona” she looks at me and wipes her tears.

“Ngiyakuthanda yezwa” she nods her head.

“You want to sleep” I ask, she nods her head.

I lay down on my bed facing the phone watching her hesitantly lay back on the couch wearing the jacket I left at her house. We both face each other silent she needs me today and I need to be there like she always is for me.

“We don’t have to talk you want to sleep fine I will watch you sleep” I say looking at her close her beautiful eyes showing off her long lashes.

“Ngifuna ungizalele sikhulise isbongo sakithi” I whisper hoping she hear every bit of it.

ZUNGU

I looked at her pictures and grunt knowing her father means I can't go after her and I have seen her with Mpendulo countless and my son seems to be very fond of her, I shook my head my brother made the mistake of going after Nyambose's daughter without thinking things through he was grieving going through the lose of his son and made a mess of everything. Going after such a family means blinding them it means going after them when they least expect hit them where it hurt most. My brother was no saint but he was still my brother and I loved him if that Khanyile boy didn't kill Bantu then we wouldn't be here, he went back on his word when he has already made peace with Bantu and for a cunt he killed him and not just any cunt Qhawe's only daughter. I put the picture back in the envelope and took out the other one not all is lost because as always luck is on my side. The mother of his child I know he doesn't love her but he cares and the most important thing is that she is

carrying his child and nothing would crush him more than to lose his unborn child.

She's has been battling addiction all her life and somehow after meeting Qiniso she came straight and fought the good fight letting go of her bad habit, I looked at her file she's been clean for years and by the looks of it her drug and new addiction is this young man.

I am not ready to start war with the Mthethwa's just yet but soon I will avenge my brother's death and they won't see it coming.

I looked out of the window and noticed that she was coming out of the shopping centre carrying a lot of bags, I stepped out of the car and hurried just so I could bump into her she dropped her bags and almost fell on top of them but I quickly moved and held her tight breaking her fall.

"Easy there miss" I said bringing her up.

She smelled divine and looked pretty in yellow pregnancy suites some woman which wasn't new to me my wife is one of those lucky women.

"I am sorry I should have looked where I was going" I said getting her bag.

“You should have, imagined if I had fallen” She shouted raising her head.

“Again I truly am sorry” I said looking at her beautiful blushing red cheeks burn.

“My name is Zezwe” I said reaching out my hand.

“I promise I don’t bite” I said.

She hesitantly gave me her hand.

“My name is Talia and I should be getting home” She said.

“A heavily pregnant lady like you should not be walking about alone” I said.

“I just wanted to leave the house and have some air” I nodded my head at the hint of sadness in her voice.

“The father should be here helping you if I had a beautiful wife like you, trust me you wouldn’t be stepping out of my house like this sexy” she coughed and looked at me.

“You think I am sexy” she asked.

“You are beautiful and being sexy if just a bonus” Her lips spread into a smile.

“I am not married but its complicated” She said.

I nodded my head this will more easier than I thought.

“Would you like to have coffee with me before you go back home to your complicated” She laughed and shook her head.

“I don’t drink coffee” I laughed looking at her ease up.

“You can have anything please this me trying to apologise for that almost fall what do you say” she looked around and spotted her car.

“I would love that but can we get my bags into the car first” she asked.

“Lead the way” I said following behind.

This is like taking candy from a baby it won’t be that hard getting her on drugs and possibly an overdose.

.....

AYOLA

I woke up from a gentle shake and immediately thought Qiniso was here, I opened my eyes and his uncle Msizi was the one waking me I pulled myself together and looked at him. His phone rang and he moved away from and said a few words clearly not pleased he looked at me one more time before giving me the phone.

“I will be waiting outside” He said.

“Okay” He walked away shaking his head.

“Lezi ngane” He said before he disappeared.

“Ayola” he said in a very stern tone that had me rolling my eyes and sigh.

“You better have that same energy when you see” he said.

“What is you uncle doing here Khanyile” I asked.

“I can’t let you sleep in that house alone elokufa alibiki nhliziyo yam and I wont live with myself if anything happens to you” he said.

I closed my eyes and sighed so he called reinforcement to come deal with me why didn’t he just call the whole Khanyile clan.

“I don’t want to go home not yet” I told him.

“Ngeke ngizwe ngawe mina Munku uzohamba uyekhaya” he said.

“Fine I will go home” I said.

I heard him breathe in heavily.

“How are you felling right now” he asked.

“I am okay” That wasn’t half the truth I wanted to scream at at whom because just like me my mother is the victim in this story.

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26, 0.301961); -webkit-text-size-adjust: auto;">“Everything is going to be okay Munku just know that I love you” he said.

“I love you too Khanyile” I said.

“I will call you once you are home” he said.

“khanyile” he said before I ended the call.

“Ngicela ubuye please be at my ceremony” I said.

“Promise me that you will take it easy and calm down till I get there” he said.

“I promise” he laughed.

“I promise that I will be there looking at you and loving you” he said before ending the call.

I grabbed my phone and walked outside and gave his uncle the phone, he opened the door and got on his side then started the car driving off. I looked at the time and my heart skipped the more the car moved the more I thought about reaching home and seeing my parents they must be worried.

He looked at me and cleared his throat and I afraid of uncle Msizi as I am of uncle Mthandeni they are one person.

“Angiwuthandi lododi wakho no Qiniso “ he said looking at me.

He knows of course he knows Qiniso told him.

“Ngiyaxilosa” I said

he shook his head.

“If you two want to date and then do it niyeke lomasicashelane” he said.

I nodded my head.

“I had my suspicions but after he called it was confirmed” he said looking at the road.

“Will you tell my father” I asked.

“It is not my place to tell and I did tell Qiniso that when the time comes I will land a hand in beating him up” He said laughing.

I nodded my head so many people are going to use me seeing Qiniso as an excuse to just beat the crap out of him.

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QHAWWE

I finished my talk with Msizi after he told me that he bumped into Ayola and she didn't look good, he said something about taking her to Mamzobe's for the time being and that he was bringing her here since he thought its best. I made my way to the kitchen and Zobuhle was violently wiping the kitchen counter I stood behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist and held her hand from but she persisted till I tightened my hold.

"She's my child Qhawe my child" she said letting go of the dish cloth.

"I know" I whispered.

"I will not lose her I will not lose my baby" he voice coming out strained and shaky.

I knew that one day this day would come and that things would be said and that there would be no turning back. If only she had waited for I would have suggest we lock all the door and hide the keys I know Ayola you can tell her something huge and she will act normal take it like a big girl and break down and unravel when you least expect.

"She hates me Nyamobose you should have seen the look she gave me" she said.

“She doesn’t hate she could never do that, she’s hurting right now that’s all” I said. “It’s my fault” she whispered.

I closed my eyes and remembered the pain we were put through by that man the pain I went through seeing my wife die each day she woke up. I saw her lose hope with each sunrise she couldn’t move past what happened and at that time she couldn’t love our daughter.

I raised Ayola and was just a zombie but it wasn’t her fault none of it was her fault it and I wasn’t going to allow her to feel that shame and pain all over again.

I turned her around and she looked at me just like she does when seeking the right answer’s “It was not your fault okay” I said. “She doesn’t know that all she knows is that I didn’t want her that I hated her looking at her because I was a monster, I saw Mhlaba and I didn’t allow myself to feel or see another thing” she said.

“I am to blame for letting you go through that alone I should have fought harder Nyambose I should have” she said.

“No” I said.

“You were going through a hard time we were all having a hard time Zobuhle, please don’t hurt yourself like this ngiyakucela mkami” I said kissing her then holding her tight.

“Nyambose” Msizi bold voice aid from behind us.

“Msizi” I said pulling away and looking at him.

“I came to drop off this young lady” he said looking at Ayola.

“Siyabonga Msizi” Zobuhle said nodding her head.

“I should be going” He said.

“I will walk you out” I said walking him to the door.

I came back and my heart and the apple of eye were just standing there looking at each other Zobuhle in tears holding creasing her top holding her chest.

“It was never your mother’s fault what happened was not your mother’s fault, she loved you and she gave birth to you and mothered you” I said holding my tears.

“Ma” Ayola said sprinting into her mother’s arms.

“I am sorry” she said holding her.

“You are my baby and I love you forgive me for the past Yola” Zobuhle said.

I stood there and watched them break down Zobuhle being the mother and Yola being the daughter, I don’t believe that Zobuhle never loved her she was angry, ashamed and hurt and wanted it all to end and at that time she couldn’t show the love she had for our baby.

TALIA

I looked at my phone contemplating whether to call Zezwe or not it shocking that we have only know each other for a week and I think I am falling for him, he reminds me of Qiniso so much he speaks his mind doesn't mince his words but he's the gentler and kind part of Qiniso. He seems to care not only about me but the child I am carrying I won't getting I thought pregnancy was going to be fun and easy with Qiniso holding my hand and being there for me when need him but I was just fooling myself.

The man who I am carrying a child for has been nothing but cold towards me he only calls just to ask if we are okay and if I need anything such as craving, I have been on a dry spell since I got pregnant and Qiniso doesn't care if I have needs the only thing he cares about is this useless baby I am carrying. I thought by now he would have gotten used to the idea me carrying his child but he hasn't the only woman he loves is Ayola and I am getting sick and tired of hearing that girl's name. The whole family went down to the homestead Qiniso's mother did ask if I wanted to come with them but I declined I hate Ayola and I

don't see myself watching her be happy and not wish for her to drop dead the and there in front of all her guests.

I decide to finally call Zezwe and he picks up immediately he chuckles the moment he picks up God is my witness if I wasn't pregnant I would have already given it up to him.

"And that" I ask holding my breathe.

"Just that I was about to call you and you beat me to it" he says

"I didn't know if I should call but I miss you" I admit.

he chuckled and clear his throat.

"I miss you too and I was thinking of taking you out to dinner that is if Complicated won't have any problems with it" he says.

Ever since I mentioned how things are complicated between Qiniso and I he calls him mr Complicated.

"I doubt he will have any problem he's going through a lot of things in fact I regret getting pregnant by him" I say out of frustration.

"Don't say things like that Ntokazi he is still the father"he says softly.

"I wish I wasn't carrying this child then things would be easier for me" I say and for the first time I am not ashamed to say it.

Although Zezwe said he doesn't mind dating a pregnant women I feel like he is just saying that because he knows he won't stick around. Looking at him drives me crazy when he touches me I just get wet and Qiniso once warned me not to have intercourse with anyone while carrying his child or else he would kill me for putting his baby's life in danger.

I really like Zezwe and I don't want him leaving me because of this baby which has proven be off no use in getting me Qiniso back.

"Just hang in there all this will be over you are due soon" he says.

"I wish he was more like you understanding" I say.

In just a short time Zezwe has been what I needed what I want Qiniso to be and has failed.

"Look not all man are the same some are just good sperm donors while some of us are the real deal now about that dinner what do you say" he asks.

"I would love to go out with you Zezwe" I says.

"Very well my driver will come pick you up" He says before ending the call.

I look around and smile no is around the house I can come back at any time and not be told a pregnant woman doesn't stay out late at night.

.....

AYOLA

The ceremony has been taking place for a whole week now with me not going outside or being seen by other people you can say I have been in isolation with other girls, with the ladies in charge of the testing process present all the way they have been teaching and talking to me about what it means to be a woman and what it means being ready for marriage. I honestly wish this to be over so I can see people and rejoice with them I want everything running like a smooth sailing boat, I don't remember the last time I got tested for my virginity although these people are women I have always been uncomfortable hence I stopped and used school as an excuse to stay away. I am all for young women keeping themselves, abstaining and wishing for marriage because some of these young girls wish to be married to law abiding, faithful and loving men if only these men kept themselves as we do. In this kinds of talks we are told how to treat a man and how to respect that same man, but

what about these man why aren't they taught about the importance of loving respecting and knowing how to treat women. I am here listening to every yebo Baba advice there is in the book but my heart bleeds for the young woman listening and putting all her faith on man look at me ready to give myself to a man I love a man who has tasted all the warmth of not one or two but many other women who have crossed his path. Why am I even having these thoughts I should happy my coming of age ceremony is happening and my parents are happy, Since I got home I haven't spoken to Qiniso and the last time we spoke he wasn't sure if he was really going to make it. My mother walks in and settles next to me I have a blanket over me she holds my hand things between us are good, I listened when she talked and realised she was never at fault people deal with things differently and at the time that was her way of coping.

"How are you feeling my baby" she asks.

"Excited mama" I say.

"This is a big day for you and I want you to have fun and enjoy everything around you" she says.

"Your father loves you so much and we want you to know that this isn't a free pass to go and bring us babies Ayola. This doesn't mean you are old I enough to do as you please. I know this coming of age ceremony means that you are ready for marriage but to your father and I that's not the case" she says.

“I know mama and I will never disappoint you guys not after everything I have put you through” I say.

“I am proud of you and I love you so much” she says kissing me hand.

“Bafazi iyakhula eyami ingane” she says standing up.

The ladies start dancing and singing with so much excitement I heard one of the ladies talking about the cow being brought in and slaughtered for tomorrow. It plays a significant role in this ceremony because the cow fat will be used some say once umhlwehlwe falls then it signifies that you are no longer a virgin.

The night is filled with all the good songs and dancing from these older women who are half drunk and doing things they wouldn't do in front of people. The night flies by so quick and its early in the morning when me and the girls who have been with me throughout the whole week are taken to river to sing dance and cleanse and have the final ukuhlohlwa process. We get done and make our way back home singing for all to hear and be alert that things are going according to plan I hope Bailey is being treated right but knowing my friend she is going up and down working her already exhausted self. The time has finally come and the preparations are done my mother is one

proud women today and I think if not for myself I did this for them more. I love the beads Qiniso's mother made for me and the short skirt I am wearing shows off my beautiful legs one of the ladies put in charge of the testing she does the final testing and runs outside with a white cloth and ululating I hear a lot of cheer outside and my heart starts pounding, the main parts of this ceremony is ukusina and umkhonto the spear I will be given by my father. The umhlwehlwe parts comes and the cow fat settles down my shoulders as soon as it out over my head around my shoulder. The sun is shining bright and the ceremony has begun with so many people here to celebrate with us, I look around and I see familiar faces even Mpendulo is here to witness my coming of age ceremony he looks good so good the girls around here are looking at him feasting on him with their eyes.

My father looks at me and embraces me bringing tears to my eyes.

"I don't want you growing up" He whispers.

I can hear the unsteadiness of his voice he might just cry and ruin this for me.

"Baba don't cry" I whisper back.

"You are my only daughter and I love you so much Zimephi ka Baba" He says pulling away.

“ I am the proudest Dad in the whole world” he says shaking his head.

“Kahle Qhawe” Ma says.

“I love you Baba” I says accepting the spear.

The ululating roars and the singing begins I start dancing around and throwing the spear in front of my guests this means them giving me gifts only family s allowed to pin money on my head and guest on the basket. I move along to Uncles Mtha and Zibulo and have them pin money around my head, I have lost count of the guests I have approached I am rich I find myself giggling till I reach my Mpendulo side and throw the spear in front of him him I move my eyes up from the ground and almost jump in excitement when my eyes land on Qiniso’s most expensive watch.

He smiles when our eyes meet and I throw the spear in front of him and this crazy man does the unexpected he takes off his jacket handing it to Makhosonke and dances around me like a man would his new bride, the singing clapping and ululating fills the air with others looking in admiration and shock.

I do the unthinkable and dance with him till we both stop and look at each other laughing he moves closer and takes out a few notes from his pocket and pins them on my head while I catch my breathe with my eyes on the ground. I can feel the

eyes on us and some are questioning this but today is my day and I am allowed to be happy him being here has just made my day.

“Ngiyak’thanda Munku” he whispers.

I move along and dance but my heart seems to have stayed with him.

The ceremony goes on and on with people dancing and drinking bear the festivities go on till late with Bailey stealing moments with Makhosonke while I am shown to every relative that doesn’t know me or hasn’t seen me in a long time.

“You are now a grown woman Yola” My grandmother says.

Bababakhe(grandfather) looks around then looks at my grandmother.

“Musa ukubheda Mamakhe” He says making everyone laugh.

I am tired my feet are killing me and the cow fat smell seems to have left quite a smell.

“I think you should go take a bath and rest tomorrow your guests will still be here finishing all the bear and meet” My grandmother says looking at me.

Bailey takes my hand and we make our way to my room she helps me out of my clothes and offers to pour me my bathing water.

I look at her and she looks more than happy different from when she came here and I have a feeling this has to do with Makhosonke.

“You really like him don’t you” I say.

She blushes and her pink cheek make me laugh.

“Today was beautiful thank you for dragging me along” she says.

“I am glad you came and you looked beautiful in that skirt busy prancing around for Makhosonke to see” I say

she laughs and thrown her head back.

“Just bath and leave me alone I have a man to take care off” she says.

My room is soon filled with my cousins and Bailey talking and laughing all night we spend the night in my room but for the life in me I can’t seem to sleep, I toss and turn till this urge gets the better of me I need to see him.

I close my eyes and breathe getting on my feet and tip toe to the door and brace myself sneaking out, some of these people are drunk sitting around the fire and drinking beer. I walk behind the houses till I reach Qiniso’s room I knock once before I open the door and walk in shutting it behind me he’s already

on his feet but eases up and drops his shoulder's when he sees me.

"Hayi munku" he says peaking through the door to see if no one followed me.

He gives me a hug taking all of me pinning me against the door.

"Umuhle muntu wam" he says taking my lips into his and pulls away to catch his breathe.

I smile I missed so much and I can tell he missed me too his body say a lot.

"You need to go back to your room before your father kills me" he says walking towards the door.

"Cha" I say already dropping the strands of my dress down my shoulders after bathing I just put this on without anything underneath.

"You can't do this to me" He says, his lips are moving but his body says otherwise and desire in his eyes has me not wanting to back down.

I drop the dress down on the floor and step of it still looking at him.

"You want this to be special for me magical and romantic that I will remember it" he nods is head.

“Then make love to me right here on this day and I will remember it for the rest of my life” I say.

He moves closer leaving all clothes behind I swallow hard at the sight of his growing manhood.

He reaches me and pulls me close kissing me he breaks the kiss just when I am lost in it and kisses my neck then my shoulders while his hand play with my boobs, his wet smooth kisses move to my breast I have never been touched like this not in such a way. He scoops me up and places me on the bed still kissing me he gently parts me legs and settles between looking into my eyes.

“Ngiyabonga Zimephi” he says deep kissing me.

Moving his hand to entrance finding my folds and using his thumbs to moisten me up.

“I love you Khanyile” I say closing me my eyes.

“Please don’t look at me” He whispers.

I draw all my attention and look at him and only him I feel his hard manhood push inside me and a scream escapes my mouth, he tries pulling away but I wrap my arms around him.

“I want this” I tell him.

He smiles and pushes himself in stopping to catch his breathe while groaning he entwines both our hand and pushes one last time breaking me.

I close my eyes and tears fall the pain stings and burns just a bit he holds me tight till I feel his lips on my eyes.

“Ngiyakuthanda Ayola Mthethwa” He says slowly thrusting and stoking.

I feel like my breathe leaves me with each stroke the pain soon turns into sweet beautiful pleasure, his names leaves my mouth till I lose count and become one with him. He holds me gently and delicately making love to me our moans fill the entire room this is more beautiful that I had thought.

He stops stroking and runs his hands down my cheek to my lips and kisses me pulling away.

“Ungawami Mamthethwa” he says kissing my forehead.

AYOLA

I have never been this stressed in my entire life today we are going home and I feel like my heart is about to come out of my mouth my grandmother keeps looking my way . Things between Qiniso and I were magical I dozed off to sleep in his arms and woke up to Qiniso's finger's circling my belly button and his lips kissing my shoulder's the warm gentle effect of his lips had me screaming his name once more as his hands glided up up my thighs and he got on top and kissed the life out of me. He pulled away and inserted himself the pain being double what it was I closed my eyes and held on to his shoulder's while he gave me full thrusts and deep stokes leaving both of us fighting to catch some air. I have never been touched like this and as much as I disrespected my father's home this felt right in more ways than one.

He

looked into my eyes as he made love to me
kissing me to muff my gentle screams from escaping this room.
He held me so tight when we both released and held me close

to his chest lost in my thoughts I began imagining the worst did he enjoy this or was he just pretending.

“Ucabangani” he asked playing with my braids.

“Nothing” I said.

How was I supposed to tell him my thoughts I loved having him inside me but did he love being inside me.

“Khanyile” I said softly.

“Sthandwa sam” he said.

“Can I ask you something please don’t take this bad” he chuckled.

“I love you, you body and I loved every moment of making love to you” he said.

I looked up at him and smiled.

“Small boys enjoy such things Munku but I love you and in return love everything about you” he said.

“I don’t want this moment to end” I admitted.

Being in arms this way felt different like I belonged with him.

“We need to get you on contraceptives as soon as possible” I nodded my head.

“Why me” he asked kissing the top part of my head.

“Why not you Khanyile” I said entwining my hand together with his.

“What now” I asked breathing heavily.

He sighed and looked down on me.

“Now we make things right now I love you the right way Nhliziyo yam” he said getting out of bed and poured me some water to bath. He helped me throughout the process of bathing and gently ran the his face cloth all over me and his finger’s circling my nipples and kissing my neck. He stood before me and smiled begging me to open my eyes I did and only then did I see his hard manhood having a life of its own.

I bite my lip and swallowed looking everywhere but his face, he helped me out of the water in without warning lifted me up and gently pinned me against the wall slowly pushing himself in having me gasp my finger’s dig on shoulder’s.

“Abangixolele abakini” I braced myself at his last words and closed my eyes.

I jerked up at the feel on him stretching me, he meant what he said because he went in hard and gave me deep stokes while I held on to his head and cried at the sweet moment we were having.

He moved from the wall his hands firm securing my butt and placed me on the edge of the bed my legs hanging over his

arms and his thump circling around my clit my walls of love slowly crumbling down while we built our own. He increased his pace plunging inside giving me slowly yet precise stokes that had me holding onto the bed and wishing he never stopped pleasuring me.

Thinking about it now sex is such a beautiful and intimate thing when shared with someone you love early this morning was just bliss till he walked me out and the worst happened my grandmother called out my name. She took me into my room and hasn't said anything since Qiniso on the other hand has been blowing up my phone and I have been ignoring him. I don't know what to do with myself but today just might be the day I get laid to my resting place if my grandmother tells. I can tell she's disappointed in me so much so that she can't even talk to me the last thing that came out of her mouth was "Ungalinge ungicasule uye lapha wazi" she whispered when I couldn't walk properly.

If you have ever been in trouble then you know that feeling of not being able to keep anything down, I am sweating and praying she scolds me shouts at me does anything but not tell a soul.

I was supposed to ride back with Qiniso and the other two but she forbade me from even looking Qiniso's way, the car comes to a stop and its only now I realise we are back home.

“Ayola can I have a word with you” my grandmother says.

I step out of the car and follow her inside the house.

“Gogo ngiyaxolisa I swear it won’t happen again” I say.

“Are you telling me you won’t give away your virginity again the same one virginity you gave up” she asks.

I shake my head that came out wrong what I was going for is not having sex ever again which is lie but right now I would cut myself open to convince her.

She walks to the kitchen and I am left no choice but to follow her, she settles on one of the chairs and taps the empty chair. I settle down next to her and breathe calming myself down.

“What happened sisi” she asks.

I am tongue tied what I am supposed to say right now.

“Nothing gogo” She shakes her head.

“Are telling me that I didn’t see you walk out of Qiniso’s room” my heart drops to my knees and my hands sweat.

“How long have you been seeing him”she asks.

I look at her and say nothing what does one say in such a situation

“Ayola if you don’t talk right now I will change my mind about telling Qhawe” she says.

“Since he came back” I say,

Her mouth drops and she shakes her head.

“Months Ayola you have been seeing him for months kodwa ingenzani lengane” she says.

“I love him Gogo” I say.

“Then why are two sneaking around if he loves you that much why doesn’t anyone know about you” she says.

“Because Baba takes him as my brother and that’s not how I see him” I say.

“Rightfully so you two grew up together as brother and sister, and he’s older than you” she says.

“Love see no age” I say.

“Spoken like someone in Love” she says laughing clapping her hands.

“Gogo please don’t tell my parents” I beg on the verge of crying.

“Does he love you” she ask.

I nod my head Khanyile loves me I may not know the rest but he loves me.

“And about the fact that there’s a child coming along

are you ready to fight for him because that girl won't let him go" She says.

I shake my head kissing her hand.

"In all your teachings Gogo not once have you ever told me to fight for a man, we choose what chooses us we keep what wants to be kept" I say.

She grows into a smile and my shoulder's ease up.

"Then I give you my blessing love him and let him love you, but I am disappointed in you two for what you did and I shocked that you now know how to open your legs. I am not happy but you are old enough and you are growing like any other young women would and I guess there's nothing we can do about that it is life" she says.

"Thank you gogo" I say.

She gives me a hug and sighes.

"The things you children of today do, who knew that our Munku the same one who used to climb trees and play soccer would be sitting here with me talking about boys" she says laughing.

"Do not let Baba hear you talk like that Gogo and I am sorry that I disappointed you it was never my intention" I say.

"Young hot blood does that to you" she says.

.....

I have been sitting in my room today was a long day I even switched off my phone, I took a long bath and it hit me I am no longer pure I gave it up on the day of my ceremony. I looked at myself on the mirror and nothing has changed no one will notice no one will know except for those who saw and were told.

A knock comes through and Mxolisi walks in this one was no where to be seen yesterday all the girls were all over him he was flashing and showing off joys of being a man.

He throws himself ontop of my bed and looks at me.

“Guess what” he says.

“What” I ask.

“Your man is waiting for you” he says.

I jump up from chair and jump on the bed.

“Why is he here” I asks

“He came to drop off something for Baba and you father suggested you come say hello” He says pointing at me.

My eyes widen I am not even dressed to be seen by people.

“Tell him I am already asleep” I say.

“Well I can’t not when my brother in law asked in nicely to come get you” He says.

“You are enjoying this” I say.

“Every moment of it” he says shrugging shoulders.

“The day Baba finds out about you two nc nc nc nc you will sing amagugu for his and your funeral ukuthi kanajni nami angazi” he says.

“So much for having a brother” I say.

“I love you too sis” He saya laughing.

I join my father and Qiniso finding them in deep laughter they must be talking sports or something.

“And here she is my beautiful daughter” Baba says opening his arms.

“I am proud of you my baby” he says kissing my cheek.

I almost pull away wanting to say not in front of my man sir.

“I will leave you kids alone” he says walking away.

Khanyile looks at me like I am some piece of meet sautéed ready to be eaten.

“Munku” he says still looking at me.

“Khanyile” he smiles leaving me weak in the knees.

“Please walk me out” he says.

We walk out holding hands lately whenever we are close to each other our hands suddenly develop a mind of their own.

I walk him to the car and there is this silence between us.

He pulls me into his arms and give me a hug pulling away just when I have had enough of his scent.

“I am sorry for putting you through what I did with your grandmother” he says.

“Its not your fault” I say.

“How are you feeling” I shake my head he’s been asking me this question since we got back, even his texts say the same things.

“I am okay Khanyile you need to stop worrying I may be experiencing some stomach abdomen pain but I am not broken” I say.

“I can take you to the doctor right now, why didn’t you tell me” he says looking worried.

I look at him laughing and open my robe showing off my skimpy night wear, he goes quiet and looks at me running out words.

“I was going for just that” I say smiling.

“Musa ukudlala kabi” he says laughing .

“Please don’t worry about me okay” I say.

“How when you are this fragile and delicate” he says.

“What are you saying I am weak Qiniso” he quickly shakes his head.

“No no no I never said that” he says raising both his hands and crossing his fingers.

“You know what Khanyile hamba hamba” I say walking towards the house.

He strides after me and pulls me to him lifting me up and pinning me against the garage door his hand makes its way inside my robe rubbing my folds.

“Khanyile you are not being fair I am angry” I whisper.

He inserts his finger inside me and I grip clasping at it.

“Are you still angry” he asks moving his finger.

I shake my head.

“Angikuzwa Munku” he says kissing my neck.

“I am not angry Khanyile” I say enjoying the moment.

He pulls out his finger and puts me down.

“I love you” he says laughing.

I look at him gobsmacked blinking I am all fired up and I want more.

He kisses my forehead grabbing my arse.

“I have to go” He says.

“Are you serious” he laughs nodding his head.

“Hamba Khanyile hamba lakhaya ungaphinde ubuye” I say.

“And I love you so much” he says walking to his car giving me that devilish smile of his.

Bailey once mentioned something like this and oh boy it stings.

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TALIA

I kept tossing and turning till this sharp pain woke me up from my sleep, I got out of bed and fell on my side sweating and all I tried standing up bit fell again. The more I tried being strong biting my lip the more the pain got worse. I crawled to my side lamp and switch it on and screamed when the pain pushed through. I opened my eyes and there was blood on the bed I looked at myself and I was bleeding.

“Ma” I screamed out.

I know I wished my baby gone but not like this I can't lose my baby.

Qiniso's mother walked and in called her husband when she saw the blood.

"Breathe Talia just breathe hunny" she said holding my hand.

"Ngwane" she shouted.

"I can't loose my baby ma I just can't" I cried out when the pain got even worse.

"You will not lose the bay trust me just hang in there and breathe for me" she said still holding my hand.

"God please don't take my baby please" I said holding my belly.

QINISO

I woke up to my mother's call she didn't sound good and asked me to get to the hospital, I rushed there and the first thing she did was give me a hug and tell me that Talia just got admitted. I couldn't believe my ears but most importantly I couldn't lose my child not when I was getting used to the idea of being a father not when I heard his heartbeat and it brought tears to my eyes. I know I haven't been the best father nor supportive man when it comes to Talia but I not once did I ever wish for this to happen. I love my baby he's the only good thing that has come out of my relationship with Talia and I had already made peace with the fact that she would be in my life forever and be the mother of my son.

"Ma kwenzakalani" I asked looking at her.

"I don't know Qiniso all I know is that we woke up to her screaming I got into her bedroom and she was on the floor bleeding" she said.

I shut my eyes and scratched my head.

"Ma why is this happening she can't lose the baby" I told her.

“She will not lose the baby” My father said.

“That is my son in there baba” I said shaking my head.

“I know and you need to be strong for the both of them” he said.

I nodded my head and sat down in one of the chairs waiting for the doctor to get back to us.

The waiting took longer than we had anticipated the doctor’s not saying anything I paced up and down till my mother called me out on that act, I suggested my parents go home and get some rest but they were not having it we stayed at the hospital till it was morning.

I woke my mother up when the doctor made her way to us we all stood up and waiting for an update.

“How is she” I asked.

She looked at us and sighed holding a file in her hand.

“Please tell us she okay and that the baby is fine” Ma said holding my hand.

“Please calm down both mother and baby are fine, we managed to stop the bleeding and ran a few test to find out what was the cause. Bleeding is normal when a woman is in her first trimester but dangerous when she’s this far along in pregnancy” she said looking at me.

“You are the father right” I nodded my head.

“I asked the lab to work all night with her blood work and the tests came back positive for Cytotec known as Misoprostol” she said.

My mother looked at my father and shook her head almost losing her balance.

“That drug is used to terminate a pregnancy normally used to abort” she said.

I clenched my jaws.

“Is she awake” she nodded her head.

“Yes but she doesn’t need any kind of stress” I walk past the doctor and headed to Talia ward.

“Qiniso” Ma shouted.

“Let them sort this out Mnyamande” Baba said holding her back.

I walked in and her back was facing me I shut the door but still she didn’t look at me I walked to to her side and grabbed a chair.

“You hate me that much” I asked.

“You hate me that much that you would hurt an innocent child our child” she shook her head.

“I didn’t take that think” she said.

“Then how did it get into your blood explain that” I asked.

She sat up straight and looked at me.

“I don’t know Qiniso” she shouted.

“You try killing our son and now you tell me you don’t know how you did it” I asked.

She wiped her tears and shook her head.

“God is my witness I didn’t take it please believe me” She said .

“Are you back on drugs” I asked looking at her eyes.

She shook her head still trying to wipe her tears.

“Then your reason is hating me and wanting to hurt me is that it” she shook her head breaking down.

“I would never hurt my baby” she said.

I stood up and pulled her hair so tight she winced.

“You better pray nothing happens to my son or I will bury you alive and trust me when I say as soon as he is born I am taking him, you will not see him nor touch him not after what you did” I said letting go.

“Qiniso you can’t do that please” she begged.

“Watch me and don’t even think of running I will find you and you will be sorry you tried” I said closing the door behind me.

She screamed and I shut my eyes how can Talia do this to our baby.

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AYOLA

My mind has been distracted all morning I last spoke to Qiniso last night when he told me about Talia and the baby I am worried about him he sounded distraught over the phone. Bailey shoves me off I almost hit one guys walking past.

“That will teach you to pay attention when I am talking to you” she says.

“I am sorry” I say.

“Want to talk about it” I shake my head.

“Come on talk to me I can tell you are dying to scream” He says.

“Its Qiniso I am worried about him” she nodded her head.

“Is he ghosting you already” she asked tilting her head.

“No but Talia is in the hospital” I said.

She nodded her head and started walking.

“I just said Talia is in the hospital probably fighting for her life and that of the baby” I said.

“And is that such a bad thing don’t get me wrong I am sorry about the baby just not the mother” she says shrugging her shoulder’s.

“Bailey” she gawks at me for even saying her name.

“She’s been a pain okay maybe this is God’s way of solving things for you before you go Rambo on her simple” she says.

“I can’t believe you are bringing God into this” I say.

“When Qiniso called and told you about Talia being in the hospital were you sad” I nod my head.

“For him or the Talia” she asks.

I look at her and this time I am the one who picks up my legs.

“Exactly were sad for him but not Talia so I don’t understand why I should be sorry when her losing the baby could best for everyone” She says .

“Can we talk about something else” I say.

“Sure how about your night with Qiniso” she says smiling.

“It was painful at first but It was amazing Bailey I love him” She giggles and runs around circling me.

“Welcome to the world of loving dick” she says.

“Can you lower your voice” I say.

“Fine so did you use a condom and how big is he” she asks.

“Marry mother of Jesus we didn’t use a condom” I whisper.

“What you didn’t what” she asks.

“Bailey we didn’t use a condom” she stops goofing around
grabs my hand

we walk to the nearest pharmacy from school and get two
packs of the morning after pill, the queuing looks we got at the
paying till made think that having sex is too much work and
maybe isn’t for all of us. I mean its us women who get pregnant
and carry the baby of months

also we are the ones who prevent and get judged by these
nurses who and still endure the public scrutiny . We walked
back to school Bailey holding my hand while my heart pounded
if stupid was a person then surely I would be it, I was long
supposed to get the pill the moment we got home but I was
caught up in the moment I completely forgot.

“Will they work” I ask.

“Its hasn’t been 72 hours yet so they should work you know
what let me pray” she says clapping her hands together looking
at me.

“You are not serious” I tell her.

“Well I do pray for my periods to come so let me pray for you child” she says.

“Dear god please don’t do this Ayola she’s still new to this. She still has to stay up all night praying she sees her periods and we are not ready to mother a whole human being no offence but look at us we can’t mother anyone amen” by the time she’s done on the floor laughing forgetting all my worries who prays like that.

“I have never prayed this hard before you really owe me” she says breathing out heavily.

“You really prayed for me” I say.

“Ngiyawushaya umthandazo Ayola don’t take me like that” She says handing me the pills.

These two small things can prevent a whole pregnancy I take them and hope her prayer has reached the higher powers.

“Try using a condom next time it helps prevent such unnecessary emergency prayer and one more thing God takes such orders sometime” She says.

“When did you become an expert of prayer and God” I ask.

She laughs and shrugs her shoulders.

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I didn't think I would be seeing him today but he called and asked to pick me we drove to the old family home this has become a safe place for us. We got here and set up on the rug the dusty smell has become so familiar that I am starting to love the scent in this house its old and should remain old..

Apart from feeding me this ice cream he hasn't said nor done anything I hold his hand stopping him from feeding me more.

"You need to talk about it Khanyile" I say.

"And say what she tried to kill my son and nothing I say will change that" He says.

"Do you honestly believe she would do that harm the baby I doubt that" I tell him.

"She would that woman is vindictive and malicious " he says.

"What would she gain from doing this from what I know she wants you back" he shakes his head his face telling that he's getting angry.

"Yiyeke lento Ayola" he warns.

I nod my head my thoughts get the better of me.

"Talia was and is a woman on a mission she would never hurt the baby, your son is her ticket to the life she's ever wanted

that child is the only thing tying her to you. Think about it Khanyile why would she mess that up when she can be a part of your life forever” I ask.

“That won’t be happening because I am taking my son” he says.

I look at him shocked he’s not serious he can’t be serious.

“Khanyile please she’s the mother” I say.

He stands up and extends his hand to mine.

“I think its best I take you home” He says.

“Take me home if you want but we both know she’s the mother and it won’t change any time soon” I say getting my things.

he’s fuming ready to burst but he knows I am telling the truth.

“Mother yokunuka she’s an addict and a danger to my son” He says.

“Funny she’s an addict now but not when you had your cock inside her and made this child, Ngiyakucela Khanyile think this through she’s pregnant surely she doesn’t need all this stress” I say.

He clenches his jaws and walks away.

Dammit this man is stubborn and knowing him he’s taking me straight home no two way about it.

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TALIA

I woke up to another shot of pain mild but still it was painful, I trying to to distract myself from the pain bit the more I did that the more it rippled through me. Last night I could have sworn that I was close to meeting my maker and that I was going to lose my baby, I have done worst things in my life but to try and kill my child I would never do that not in a million years. I held my stomach and breathed closing my eyes I am attached to my child and I know that Qininos doesn't love me I could see it in his eyes he hates me now more than he ever did. I don't know how that Cytotec got in my system but I have never taken anything beside vitamins I was prescribed by the doctor. I am addict and I can not take anything that numbs my pain or make me feel drowsy last night I slept through the pain hard as it was the doctor's respected my decision of not want to take anything.

The door opened and a nurse walked in holding a tray of medicine.

"How was your afternoon nap" she asked,

"It was okay thank you" I said.

"Well I am here for this" she said giving me pills.

I took and she gave me a glass of water.

“How's the pain it must be unbearable” she said.

I nodded my head and breathed out.

“I am trying” I said.

“Well you don't have to try I heard what you told the doctor when they brought you in and I can help” she said looking at the door.

“Help how” I asked.

“I can give you half the dosage we normally give patient it will help you throughout the night and ease the pains” She said.

I held my belly and closed my eyes.

“Half the dosage nothing more” she smiled and nodded her head.

She injected me and I could feel my head going light and this familiar calming feeling take over me.

“Don't worry everything is going to be okay just sleep and forget about everything” She said running her hands through my hair.

TALIA

I think I had a bad a dream where I was in the surgical table being opened up and my baby taken out, I couldn't hear much or understand what what was going on but I was slipping in and out of consciousness everything seemed to be moving fast. I open my eyes and shut them again I feel horrible its like I was high and now all the high is wearing off and my body is in so much pain I can't even move that's how excruciating the pain is. I open them again when I hear voices nearing the doctor and nurse stop conversing when they get aware that I am awake.

"Morning" The doctor says.

"Nothing good about it I had a bad a dream" She looks at me then at the nurse.

"I am in so much pain" I say trying to sit up straight but the nurse is quick on my side and gently holds me down.

I move my hands to my stomach and the pain shootss right at me, my eyes widen and I look at the doctor who gives me a knowing look.

"My baby where is my baby" Panic engulfs me.

“Please calm down” I shake my head they can’t tell me to calm down not when they have ripped my out of me without my consent.

“Talia last night your condition took a turn for the worst when your high blood pressure went up and you started bleeding, I am afraid we had no choice but to operate and take out the baby” She says.

“You took my baby” My voice comes out as a whisper I was only seven months along and I have always kept to a strict diet and followed every doctor’s orders.

“Your son is alive but in a critical condition he’s in the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit” The doctor says.

“ I want to see my baby give me my baby” The doctor looks at the nurse and nods her head.

“I need you to calm down or I will be forced to sedate you” The doctor warns.

“I am sorry I just want to see my son” I say trying to calm down.

“You will see your son but I need to ask you a question” I nod breathing in and out.

“Did you take something you weren’t supposed to take” I shake my head getting impatient I want to see my son.

“Talia we found more drugs in your blood which caused your premature labour again I am going to as did you take anything” I look at her and shut my eyes.

“I did not take anything now take me to my son” I shout.

The door opens and Qiniso walks in looking livid he looks at me and shakes his head I am already in tears scared and confused at the same time.

“May I speak to Talia alone please” The doctor gives him a look.

“Its okay doctor I just want to clarify a few things” He says.

I know Qiniso he doesn't forgive and this is him here to warn me.

He paces up and down the room and finally looks at me coldly.

“He's trying to fight because you have done everything in your power to kill him” He says.

“Qiniso I would never do that I swear I only took something for the pain administered by a nurse” I say.

He shakes his head.

“I really tried with you Talia but this is it I am done” He says nodding his head.

“Ask the doctor about the nurse Phumi she's the one who gave me a short nothing else” He calls in the doctors and for the first

I believe I am losing my mind when the doctor confirms there is no such person in this hospital, she excuses us leaving me defeated what is going on.

I look around the room and wish to scream but I am so confused nothing makes sense.

“Like I said Mr Khanyile we need to do a psychiatric evaluation and decide after if she’s not a danger to herself or the child”
The doctor says.

“I am not crazy I just need to see my son please” I beg.

Qiniso looks at me and shakes his head clenching his jaws.

“I am moving my son from this hospital and you will never ever see him again” He turns and walks away.

I rip the IVF from my arm and get out of bed going after him but fall before I even reach him.

He turns and looks down on me his eyes cold.

“I am begging you not to take my son please, You can’t take him away from me he needs me” I say placing my hand on my abdomen.

He goes down and crouches in front of me.

“You are lucky I haven’t ripped your heart out with my own bare hands” he says standing up.

I knew Qiniso was cold and heartless but this was too much even for me I reach for his leg trying to stop him from walking but he shrugs himself off my grip.

“Once a junkie always a junk” he says walking out.

“Qiniso please” The door shuts and my scream fills the entire room.” I will never forgive you” My throat burns but my heart aches more than anything

The nurses walk in followed by the doctor.

“She’s going to need to be stitched again” The doctor says looking at nurse.

“I just want my baby please give me baby, I swear to God I would never harm him he’s my baby” The doctor holds me.

Even the pain from the ripped stitches is nothing compared to my broken heart.

“Please help me I want my baby” I plead trying to control my crying.

“You are going to get all the help you need just calm down let us take care of you” The doctor says.

“I am not crazy” I say.

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QINISO

These past few days have been nothing but trying with the baby being born too early and it having to be watched all the time, I was there when the doctor moved him to the NICU and he's the tiniest baby I have ever seen not that I have seen many. I don't know what has come over Talia it's like I don't know her at all like she's a totally different person and will do anything to get attention. I looked at her she reminded me of days I would clean after her on days she would get high and not remember a thing I looked at her and I saw a stranger and the lies are back to too which breaks me. I tried my best with her cleaned her up and made sure she stayed clean I know she can be crazy and vindictive at times but she could have been a good mother, she could have been a great mother to my son but clearly she's not ready for all that and I am left no choice but to keep her away from my son before she gets her wish and finally kills him. I am yet to name him and I still don't know what to name him my father said although it's been days we can't keep calling him it or baby.

Uncle Qhawe asked me to come with him so he could run a few errands I don't know how I agreed but here I am driving and lost in my thoughts.

"This should be fine" He says.

I snap out of my thoughts and look around we are parked in a deserted area.

“This is the place” He nods his head getting out of the car.

I don’t know but my gut feeling takes over telling me to be in the look out.

“Khanyile” he calls out.

I go around the car and find shovels and other digging tools.

“Baba what’s going on” I ask.

“Nothing I just need a strong young man to dig” he says walking to the open area taps his boot on the ground.

“Start hear” he says walking back to the car and leaning against it taking a smoke.

I have always respected Ayola’s father and admired how he runs a tight ship and handles his business and today seems like I am going to handled.

I take off my shirt and start digging the more I dig the easier it gets and I shut everything out and forget about the possibility of my son not making it, I don’t want to get attached only to lose him in the end I can’t take another another blow not this kind.

“Weh Khanyile” I raise my head and see him standing to the grave I am digging.

“Yebo baba” He smiles and brushes his beard.

“Do you think a man like you would fit in the that grave” I almost give it away by blinking and showing motions.

“Very well keep digging” he says.

I carry on digging he hasn't given much away but I know he is suspecting something.

“Qiniso what do you see when you look at me” he asks.

“A father and a man who raised me” I say getting back to my digging.

In a split second a thudding sounds stops me from digging, I feel a cold steal at the back of my head and shut my eyes.

“I will ask you this once” I nod my head and thank God he can't hear my heart beat.

“Are you sleeping with Ayola” I freeze at that bluntness of the question.

“Baba how could you ask me that” He chuckles and cocks up the gun>

“I have been around for a very long time Qiniso” He says.

“Are you seeing Ayola” he asks more firmly and stern.

“No I am not sleeping with Ayola” Its a lie but there’s no telling what could happen if I tell the truth.

“Then why is my gut feeling telling me otherwise” I slowly turn and look at him.

“Ngifunga bonke abakithi abalele I would never do that” he moves the gun places it behind him>

“I love you Qiniso and for your sake I pray you are telling the truth, she ‘s my daughter the apple of my eye and I will kill any man who hurts her” He says.

“Am I not good enough for her” I ask with the courage left in me.

“If things were different them I would say marry her, as much I love you as my son but you are not good for her” His words piece through me and I fight the urge to defend myself

“You would break my daughter, You are your father’s son and sadly men like us don’t live in the clouds we are not destined fairy tales but to look over our shoulders and wait for the enemy you left behind to strike. I wanted to make sure and now that I am” he says.

“Ngwane” he shouts, my father comes near and helps uncle Qhawe out then me.

He looks at me with knowing eyes he let this happen.

“I wanted to make sure and now that I know my mind is at ease” He says looking at my father then walking to the car.

“Fill that hole up we don’t want it calling you now do we” Baba says also walking to the car.

I watch them share a hug and laugh it out they have been bestfriends for as long as I can remember. I fill up the grave and fall on my knees taking out phone looking at Ayola her father is right a men like us can never fully love and be free.

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AYOLA

I don’t know how many time I have told a lie just to see Qiniso and be with him today is no different

with everything that’s been happening with the baby and Talia he spends most of his times at home with his parents. I don’t know if we are moving fast or not but he gave me his keys to the house and I have been spending my days here when he’s at the hospital. He doesn’t want to talk to me about how he’s feeling or the fact that he’s now responsible for a whole little human being. Qiniso is gunning for Talia to be taken into in

institution he feels she's a danger to the baby and I have decided to stay out of it and let him handle things his own way.

I finish up my cooking and set the table he should be here any moment now my parents think I am at Bailey's house I don't know how long that lie will fly because they no fools. But today is Qiniso appointment day and I am looking forward to spending the night with him, I rush to the bathroom and step inside the shower freshening up the soothing warm water hits my skin getting rid of all the tiredness. I step out of the shower and get a freight when I see Qiniso sitting on the edge of the bed he looks tired but damn sexy thoughts of him banging someone else consume me but I quickly shut it down and make my way to him.

"Sthandwa sam" He raises his head and smiles, I give him a kiss and settle down next to me.

"Hey" He says holding my hand.

"How was your day" He looks at me and chuckles.

"You don't want to know, let me take a bath and join" he stands up and kisses my forehead.

Its doesn't take long for him to join me in nothing but a towel he looks good, I love his body but who in their right minds eats naked I am dressed in this small and very short dress red in colour just for him and he comes out looking like this.

“Really Khanyile in a towel” I ask handing him a glass of whisky.

He gulps it down and breathes he must have had a bad day, he stands up and pours himself another drink and I get to marvel at his God given body to make matters worse I can see a few droplets of water on his chest going down to his abs. He walks back and hands me his glass smiling.

I have always wanted to taste my father’s expensive bottles but never had the courage.

“Don’t be hasty with it munku” He says standing behind me and holding my waist.

“Close your eyes let it simmer” he says kissing my neck.

I do as he says and I can’t seem to choose which poison to focus on between the one in my hand or the one behind me..

his hands move up to my breast and he massages them.

“I love you” he whispers and I am lost in the taste of both these powerful sources.

He unzips my dress and drops it down to the floor still kissing my neck darn it should have seen this one coming, my bra follows and soon he plays with my breast nibbling on my earlobes.

“Khanyile the food” He chuckles that alone tells me he’s not interested.

He pulls me against him making me feel his hard cock his bare skin touching mine, he moves to the bar and grabs the ice bucket I am used to him walking naked but today he looks huge and making nervous.

“Khanyile what are you doing” The coldness of the ice on my skin jerks me up and between his cold kisses, the sensation I get from my breast being played with to his other hand locating my folds.

He moves my thong down all the way to my feet and his comes up kissing my thighs I hold on to the table and closing my eyes this feels good so good, Qiniso and I have been taking things slowly and playing it safe when it comes to having sex but today this man is playing with my soul taunting my entire being.

The coldness takes over again when he parts my butt cheeks and his tongue coming in contact with my anus hole.

“Easy sthandwa sam” he says and gets back to doing his thing.

His tongue moves to entrance and my breathing hitches why is he doing this to me.

His tongue works me till I feel my legs giving up and he stops just when I am about to scream my release.

“Ngiyakuthanda MaMthethwa” He says kissing my neck.

“Khanyile don’t toy with me please” He parts my butt cheeks and inserts something cold inside my anus jerking me up and somehow I lose my self getting this indescribable amazingly tingling.

“Butt plugs don’t dare push them out Zimephi or I will stop” He whispers bending me over and inserting his finger instead of his cock.

I try my best to hold it but the pleasure takes over and my screams fill the entire room.

He pulls them out and inserts his cock pushing it in stretching me this beats the whole dinner I had in mind.

I feel my legs fail me getting wobbly but he pulls out and gives a wet long kiss and pulls away allowing me to catch my breathe.

He balances me on the edge of the table and pulls me toward him my legs are spread apart wide open, he uses his thumb to vigorously rub my clit while inserting the tip of his cock inside me, I don’t if its the butt plugs doing this but I cum once more and lay back on the table when he fully pushes himself in and starts really stroking and thrusting, his hands on my thighs making sure I am not getting away from him, I have never felt this before something the dominance, pleasure and emotions in this moment has been moaning his name screaming out pleasure after pleasure.

QINISO

Last night was one of those amazing nights, I have always wanted to take her by surprise I have always wanted to mark her make her mine and this by far was the best night of my life. By the time I was done with her she couldn't walk or keep her legs still but not once did she let go of me or move those arms wrapped around my neck. I ran her a bath and made sure she was ready for ready for her class, I didn't want to distract her so I stayed away being around her alone arouses me and I can't keep my hands or my cock away from her she's that addictive.

I dropped her off at school and headed to the hospital to see my son I found Makhosonke already there flirting wit the nurse he went as far as telling them that he's the father and that I am the stepfather. He dragged me to the cafeteria before I could correct his erroneous ways knowing him he has all these ladies numbers.

"Washo ke babakhe" he laughed and laid back on the chair.

"These ladies are hot and I am doing this for my nephew he needs to be treated good" he said.

“I want to name Achilles” He looked at me with eyes widened.

“Achilles as in the warrior” I nodded my head my so is a fighter and he’s going to make it I am committed to being a father more than anything, I have been here since he came out of his mother’s womb and he’s really fighting.

“I love the name fit for a young man like him” he smiled and gave me a hand shake.

“Have you told your Ngawane about the name” I shook my head.

“Ayola said the name is beautiful but to english” He nodded his head shrugging his shoulders.

“She’s right give the child a Zulu name too that way you balance things” I nodded my head my father would appreciate naming him and I will give him the honour of naming his first grandchild.

“Let’s talk about that grin first you have been in a good mood since you walked in this hospital” Mkakhosonke said tilting his head.

“I just an amazing night with my woman” He chuckled.

“After digging your own grave you went home and got buried inside her” I shook my head trust makhosonke to say that.

“Yes I did” he laughed and I joined in.

“So what now” I shrugged my shoulders.

“I don’t want to hurt her” he nodded his head not sure if he was getting me he nodded.

“Then what are you going to do” I scratched my head.

“Men like us can never fully love or give” he shook his head,

“That’s crazy and you know that, I have seen how you look at her they way she can hold you down, you don’t see it now but she’s your strength” he said.

“The truth is I love her more and more each day, with each day I spend with her she gets a part of me she knows the real me and that scares me Makhosonke but I love her and she’s breaking these walls without even trying that’s the effect she has on me” He looked at me waiting for a but.

“But I am afraid that I am going to ruin her and this perfect image she has about love ngiyesaba Makhosonke that she might regret ever loving me” I said thinking long and hard.

“Why haven’t you made things official with Bailey” I asked.

“Ngoba mina nawe singo bastard” The truth in his statement made me laugh we lived by this statement for a very long time.

“Bailey knows where I stand with her she and I have an agreement but we don’t have what you have with Ayola” he said.

“Let’s go see our Achilles” Makhosonke said standing up.

Makhosonke left about an hour ago and I stayed behind the doctor ran me through things Achilles need such as oxygen which is why he’s still in the incubator, he still needs heat and he specialised feeding I am willing to that since he’s only got me. Ayola offered to help but my mother is around and I don’t wish to burden her with my problems I need her to focus on school more.

I grab my phone and dial her number she takes time to answer but eventually does.

“Sthandwa sam”

“What took you so long” she giggles clears her throat.

“I was just entertaining Mpendulo and Bailey” she says it like its nothing.

“You are still hanging around Mpendulo” I ask.

“We talked about this Khanyile the guy is my friend, anyway how’s your day going so far” I shake my head.

“I just saw Achilles” her soft laugh comes through.

“How is he” her tone is softer and gentle now

“He’s okay but his father is not” she laughs knowingly making me laugh.

“Ngiyakukhumbula Munku” she laughs even harder.

“I was with you this morning Khanyile” she reminds me.

“I know but I really miss you” He laughs and sighs.

“Bengicela ukukubona” I say.

“My father will kill me if I spend another night out” she says.

“Tell him you have test coming up and I promise I will help you study, I just want to be with you” I say.

“Okay fine tonight I will be there and no sex Khanyile” she warns.

I shut my eyes and hold a laugh.

“Angizwa” she clears her throat and repeats herself slowly.

“No Sex Khanyile” She says.

“For you or me” I ask.

“For the both of us Khanyile I am not letting you next to me” She says.

I love it when she puts her foot down.

“I am not promising anything” she laughs it off.

“I love you”

“I love you too Khanyile” She says ending the call.

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ZEZWE

I walked past reception and headed to Talia’s ward today she was being moved to a clinic, my plan was working just the way I had intended and but I need Qiniso to suffer and by that I will need Talia by my side she’s the key to bringing him down. She needs to mother her son she needs to have her son and we all know addicts would do anything for money even trade their own child for a quick buck. I am aiming for the kill I want her to cause her son’s death one way or the other and having her in an institution will not do, this will hurt but she’s young she’s going to have another child.

I made my way in found her looking out the window.

“Talia” she looked over to me and tears just fell.

I won’t lie I have taken a liking to her its a shame she has to be the one I use.

“Zwe” she said wiping her tears.

I moved closer and held her close to me.

“He took my baby Qiniso took my son” She cried.

“He says I’ve been harming but I would never do that to my son, I know I wanted him for all the wrong reasons but I am his mother he’s mine” She held on to me and cried even harder.

I brushed her back till she calmed down.

“Look at me” I wiped her tears and kissed her.

“They think I am crazy I don’t understand what’s going on Zezwe, everything is spiralling out of control and now I have lost my son” she says failing to stop her tears from falling.

“You haven’t lost your son okay” She shook her head looking around.

“The where is he why won’t they let me see me why” she asked.

“Please don’t cry just calm down okay I will fix this” I told her.

She nodded her head holding my hand.

“You will” I nodded my head and she threw herself at me and cried even more.

“I will help you get your son back I promise” I held her close wiped her tears.

“You will see your son and no one will stop you because I am here now” she nodded her head hushing down.

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AYOLA

I got home and found my father having his usual with a plate of meat and pap next to him I grabbed a chair and settled next him. He gave me one look laughed and carried on eating the meet looked well seasoned and the smell had me wanting to ask for a bite.

“I know that look and the answer is no” He said.

“You your brother doesn’t trouble me

he doesn’t give me these creepy looks” He said.

“Speaking of that one I haven’t seen him” he laughed and nodded.

“That’s because you are rarely home by the way he’s been staying at your grandparents” he said taking a sip of his beer.

“School has been keeping me busy baba” I said.

“Well then this means both my girls will graduate with distinctions” That statement caught me of guard.

“You want to be the best right” I nodded my head.

My father doesn't believe in handouts he believes in walking hard.

“I know you would never disappoint me” he said looking at me.

I asked to spend the night out one more time he agreed although he questioned me and made me feel bad about going out once more and not spending enough time with him.

I have been thinking about my father and his distinction speech truth is I have been getting late to class falling behind on my studying, Bailey says first love does that and that the heartbreak hurts like hell but I wont be thinking about heartbreaks now things are good between Qiniso and I.

I promised Qiniso that I would cook but I have been standing behind this stove thinking of my ways and how I have been lying to my parents, how my mother has been lying to my father with regards to my relationship with Qiniso. I put her in a difficult situation and I can tell she's having a hard time every time I tell them I am spending the night at Baileys.

“I must be doing a bad job” Qiniso says hugging me from behind.

I shut my eyes when I feel his breath hit my skin.

“Hey” he kisses my cheek and turns me around facing him.

“What’s wrong” he asks still smiling.

“Nothing I was just thinking” he nods his head.

“About” he asks.

“I was just thinking about my father how I have been lying to him and breaking his trust” he clenches his jaws and wipes that one tear making me human.

He lifts me up and places me on the counter and gets in between my legs.

“I am sorry” he says kissing me.

“Khanyile I hate lying to my father” He nods his head while kissing me the kiss deepens and his hands run up my thighs, he reaches my underwear and pulls it down and without warning plays with my clit and kisses me gently biting my lip. He unbuckles his belts dropping his pants on the floor.

“Can I make it better” He whispers.

“Yes ” I moan helping him out of his shirt and him helping me out of my dress

“I hate seeing you this sad” he says bring me closer to him.

“Look at me” I open my eyes looking at him.

“I love you so much” he says pulling my lips to his without me even responding to his I love you.

He wraps my legs around his waist and walks with me to the bedroom gently placing me on the bed, walks to the wardrobe and comes back with a box still wrapped. He opens it up and takes out handcuffs, some massaging oil together with a blindfold I watch him join me on the bed his cock already hard fighting to be let loose.

I have never been restrained before hell all this is new to me and I think I love every moment of it.

“I want you to trust me okay” I nod my head and allow myself to be blinded and put in cuffs.

He helps me get on my knees I feel silly being naked and cuffed till I feel his warm body behind me, his oily hands moving up my thighs and settling on my breast he massages them giving me this amazing feeling, I feel his cock hard and ready to enter me but he is taking his own sweat time I wish he would just take me from behind. He moves his hand to my pu@*y pushing his finger in. I moan when he starts finger fucking me and try bending but he holds me straight and whispers in my ear.

“Not so fast” He says.

“But I am ready” I protest< since I can't use my hands or see anything.

“I can feel it sthandwa sam all of it” he says going hard with his finger.

“Ohh” Loud moans escape my mouth and I wish I hadn’t agreed to this cuffing thing, I want to turn and grab his cock myself and put it inside me.

He bends me down and my heart flutters when his cock bushes against my thighs and I feel the tip of cock only brush my entrance.

“Kha.. kha.. oh Khanyi...” My voice fails me he can’t do this to me, this is not only a crime but its torturer.

“Today is all about you” he says.

He pushes in the butt pugs again driving me to the edge and runs his tongue over my pu@*y and gently nibbles at my bean I push my arse to his face and he welcomes it and holds on to my butt cheeks while hie its me up till I scream a release catching my breathe.

I lay on belly and feel him gently part my legs while my hand cuffed hands hold on to the edge of the bed.

He pushes in only the tip of his cock till I raise my arse wanting him to fully thrust inside.

He chuckles and brings my arse over to him getting me excited without warning he pushes himself in making me gasp at the

force accompanied by the long awaited pleasure, he stokes a few times groaning and pulls his cock out then putting it back in thrusting inside me slapping my butt cheeks.

He grabs on them and increases his pace so much only my screams and his subtle groans fill the entire bedroom. He pulls out when this urge to pee and release has taken over my body leaving me panting and needing more having him inside me is one of the best feelings, he spansks my arse before removing the blind fold it takes a few seconds for my eyes to adjust to the lighting.

“Tonight is about you I want you to be satisfied” he says sitting on a chair that’s just in the middle of the room.

His cock has a life not only is it sprung up and hard its growing with each stroke of his hand.

“I will guide you” He says giving me a smirk.

I move closer to him and gently sliding into his hard cock regretting it when it hits places it shouldn’t, he shuts his eyes and rest his head on my chest wrapping his arms around me.

“I don’t think I can hold on much longer” He said through gritted teeth.

My arms are around his neck and he guides me waist and while he also moves, painful as it is I think I have found my new favourite thing. I circle around his cock and that drives him

insane having him make sounds I didn't know existed he takes my boobs into his mouth but the effect of my circling and pumping has him moving his hands everywhere and throwing his head back and then again him resting on my chest. He wraps his arms around my waist and fucks me really good till we both cum undone my legs clasping at him and his arms almost crushing me.

He find power to lift me up and place me on the bed walking to bathroom and coming back with towel, he wipes me up clean and gets us both inside the covers pulling to him.

"I am tired" I confess resting my head on his chest.

"I know my love just sleep" he says kissing my forehead.

"I am afraid of your love your love Khanyile" I close my eyes and listen to his heartbeat.

"I love you so much" I drift away before he can utter anything.

AYOLA

I woke up to a room filled with flowers and chocolates, I looked around and Qiso wasn't in the bedroom my lips spread into a huge smile this man is crazy I thought to myself before I got out of bed and walked around the room looking at the different kinds of flowers. Khanyile bought flowers such as Lilies, Sunflowers, dandelion, Roses making think I am the luckiest girl in the world to have a man like him. I wore his T-shirt and made my way to the kitchen I found him in an apron cooking looking like a sin thoughts of him making love to me carving me made me wet, last night was out of this world after we took a shower things slowed down he made love to me in ways I didn't were possible. I spent the rest of my night in his arms we talked laughed and made love again and I think I saw him cry, the moon shun through the window providing the perfect dim lighting his black eyes could pierce through me even in that state.

He raised his eyes and smiled when he saw me standing there.

"That looks good on you" he said making his way to me.

I twirled around and stopped when he reached me and gave me hug.

“Morning sthandwa sam” he pulled away and kissed both my hands.

“Morning Khanyile” I smiled.

“Do you like the flowers” I shook my head and a frown came upon his face.

“I love the flowers Khanyile” he smiled.

“And I love you” he said pulling me into his arms again then pulled away and held my hand leading me to the balcony.

“I will be right back” he said rushing to the kitchen.

I almost jumped from the chair when I saw chocolate cookies and muffins with milk.

“You didn’t” He nodded his head I stood up and gave him a hug almost tipping him over.

“I can never forget” he said.

Growing up we would have nothing other than chocolate chip cookies or muffins and milk this always hit the sport, he wouldn’t take his milk without honey and although I tried imitating him I could never bring myself to bring the whole

thing. I prefer inkomazi more than milk but I always took milk because of him and the thing grew on me.

We both sat down and ate memories of our childhood filling my heart and my love for this man growing with.

He looked at me and smiled more like taking all of me in.

“Remember how you used to dream of being a doctor” I nodded my head.

“I wanted to heal people Khanyile” I said laughing.

“And you will be an amazing doctor” he said smiling.

“I won’t run away Khanyile ngingowakho” I said shaking my head.

“If I didn’t know better I would say you are having me engraved into your heart mind and soul” I said.

“And what if I am” he asked.

“Don’t because you have the real thing right here with you” I said.

He smiled and nodded his head.

Bailey looks at me and smiles flapping her eyes lids she does this when being silly and right now she’s being silly to a point

where I can't even hold myself but laugh. She stands up and get on top of the table and dances showing off her tiny butt.

"Get off that table Miss Parker" she looks at me and dances even more one would swear she's drunk.

I gave all the women in my life flowers and the chocolates and Bailey has been making a fuss about it, I didn't share everything that happened between Qiniso and I only the bits and pieces of what took place.

"Give that man a Bells no in fact give that man the whole world filled with only his Munku the rest of us will occupation in space" she shouts.

"Bailey" My voice calls.

"He's the Alpha male" She shout even more.

"Wow I am done with you" She laughs getting down from the table and catches her breath.

"I am happy for you I have never seen you this happy" she says.

"I have never been this happy except for when I was in the ring but still this feeling compares to nothing I have felt" I tell her.

"I hear wedding bells soon" she says.

"Not so fast lady I am not anywhere near tying the knot" I tell her.

“How are things between you and Makhosonke” I ask.

A grin on her face makes me laughs he must be hitting it good for her to have such a grin on her face.

“He’s an Alpha male grrr” She says winking her eyes.

“You know we should all go out this weekend just the four of us” I nod my head smiling.

I need to call Qiniso and tell him about it knowing Bailey she will convince Makhosonke that this is the best decision he ever do in his life my friend is that convincing.

“What” She asks.

“Can’t I just look at you” She shakes her head.

“Well I love you Miss Parker” I say.

“I love you Miss Mthethwa” She says smiling.

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QINISO

I got a call from my father telling me get home he needed to to see me urgently, I don’t know what the matter is but he wasn’t

asking rather commanding me to come home I know I haven't messed up at work so this could be a family thing.

I park in the drive way and make my way inside the house I can hear my father shouting and my mother trying to calm him down, but the time I close the door my father's punch takes me down I try standing up but another one lands on my face followed by a real beating.

I try blocking him but he over powers me grabs me by the collar roughly pinning me against the door.

"Ngwane uzombulala" Ma says trying to my hold my father but he shrugs her off him.

"Stay out of this Nkanyezi" he shouts.

"Wenze iphutha Ngwane please let him go" she begs.

I cough out blood my vision still blurry but I can hear and feel him breathe fire.

"How could you do this Qiniso" he asks still pinning me against the door.

"Angenzanga lutho Baba" I say.

He lets go and reaches in his pocket and shows me a picture.

"What is this Uhuru" He barks slapping me.

“Kahle Ngwane” Ma pleads with my father but he pays no attention to her.

I look at the picture and run out of words someone took pictures of me and Ayola kissing in the kitchen.

“You are sleeping with Ayola sphukuphuku somfana” He shouts.

Try freeing myself from his hold but that angers him more.

“Ufuna ukungishaya Uhuru” he asks letting go leaving space between the two of us.

Ma gets in between us and shields me.

“Suka endleni yam Mnyamande” he warns.

“No I will not let you kill my son sibulale sonke ke Ngwane” she says.

“Is this what I taught you Uhuru to lie and bed my God-daughter” he asks.

“Ngiyamthanda Baba” I respond wiping the blood from my lips>

“Wazini ngothando Qiniso huh” He barks.

“I want you to listen to me carefully you will leave Ayola alone uyangizwa

you will stay away from her and never ever look her way because if you do I will kill you myself before Qhawe gets to you” He says.

“I am sorry but I can’t Baba I love her and she loves me too” I say.

“Thula Qiniso” Ma warns .

“Baba ngiyaxolisa kodwa ngiyamthanda” I say.

That angers him even more because he grabs me from behind my mother and gives me another thrashing.

“Ngizokubulala wena dodi” he says.

Mama holds him back crying.

“Yenzela mina babakhe,yenzela mina Ngwane ngiyakucela Khanyile” he looks at my mother and walks away.

“How did he find out ma” I ask.

“Qhawe hired Zakhele to follow Ayola and she kept popping up at your house he decided to tell your father first” I nod my head.

My father comes and looks at me.

“Uzohlukana no Ayola uyangizwa” I remain quiet and look at my mother even though I know that I messed up but I am hoping she talk to my father.

“Qiniso” he warns.

I raise my head looking at him.

“Don’t make me drag you to Qhawe’s house go find Ayola tell her whatever it is you have is over or I swear it won’t end well for you mfana wam” he says walking away.

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AYOLA

I got a call from Qiniso asking we meet at his grandfathers place, I have been here for an hour now and still he isn’t here. I tried calling him but my calls go unanswered he’s never done this before nit take my calls and not get back to me. I pace around the house this uneasy feeling taking over me I suddenly feel sick and my hands sweat this happens when I am not sure about anything or agitated. I stop pacing when I hear a car and take a peak through the window when I see his car and him coming out, he looks horrible and walking seems to be difficult he finally reaches the house I am already standing by the door waiting for him to come in.

He opens the door and I throw myself at him he winces in pain and gently pushes me away, his face looks battered and bruised his one hand is balanced on his rib cage.

He looks at me like the world is coming to an end and he has just witnessed the worst of it all.

“Khanyile what happened” I ask trying to get close to him but he pushes me away.

“You are scarring me Qiniso who this to you” I ask.

“Munku I am sorry” he says.

“What are you sorry about” I ask.

He looks at me tears threatening to fall from his eyes.

“I want you to know that I love you so much” I nod my head.

“I know you love me but you are scaring” I tell him>

“I never meant to hurt you Munku” he says.

“Okay Qiniso what’s going on” I ask.

“I can’t be with you anymore munku” He says.

I shake my head this is not happening he’s not doing this to me.

“Hayi” He nods his head.

“I am sorry” he says.

I shake my head trying to my fight these tears but they fall none nevertheless.

“You are not doing this to me Khanyile uyangizwa you are not” I shout from the top of my lungs.

“I am sorry” he says heading for the door.

“Why” he remains quiet just looking at me.

I nod my head shaking my head.

“Were you using me is that it, was I just a conquest to you Khanyile” he shakes his head.

“Then what Qiniso why are doing this to me” I ask letting the tears fall.

“Just let this be Munku we are over and that is it” He says.

“Khanyile please don't leave me please” I beg him holding him looking into his eyes, I place my hands on either side of his face kissing him but he pulls away and wipes his tears and clenching his jaws.

“I am sorry Munku” He says heading for the door but I run after him and block his way.

“I love you Qiniso and I know you love me please don't do this, I am begging you Khanyile ngicela ungayenzi lento” I am holding his hands searching his eyes but see nothing.

He moves me to the side and proceeds.

“If you walk through that door I will never forgive you Qiniso I swear to God I will never forgive you” I say.

“And if I stay I will never forgive myself” he shuts the door and I crumble to the floor holding my chest this hurt so much my heart aches.

I fight the tears but they keep falling till I can't hold my sobs any longer how can Qiniso hurt me like this after everything we have been through. I reach for my phone and dial Bailey's number she picks up on the first ring.

“Bailey” My voice is shaky and the hiccups won't stop.

“Yola yini” she asks.

“He left me Bailey he broke my heart, Qiniso broke my heart”
The pain shoots right to my heart I hate him, I hate him to doing this to me.

‘But if the world was ending

You'd come over right?

You'd come over and you'd stay the night

Would you love me for the hell of it

All our fears would be irrelevant

if the world was ending

You'd come over right

the sky would be falling and I'd hold you tight

And there wouldn't be a reason why we would even have to say
goodbye,

The song echoes playing itself in my head last night when he
thought I was asleep he played and sang along to the song.

AYOLA

The pain is unbearable I can't seem to breathe and the more I try to stop myself from crying the more my chest heaves and the more my tears fall, I try standing up but the will to stay up isn't there and I collapse on the floor wailing I don't want to be without him. I reach for my phone and try calling him but my calls go unanswered I try again and this time my calls don't through.

A knock comes through and I quickly find myself standing at the door but my heart sinks when Bailey crushes me into her arms my vision is blurry. For a moment I thought it was thought he turned back because just like me he can't be without me, I pull away from Baileys hold and shake my head I need to know what happened I need to know what changed.

"Where is that spineless man" she shouts.

"He left" she nods her head.

I know she's ready to kill Qiniso but I am not and right now all I want is him all I need is to see him, I don't want feel like this the thought of not being with him breaks me.

“Please take me to his house” She looks at me like I am crazy.

“No not after what just happened” she says.

“Bailey please I need to understand” She nods her head using her thumbs to wipe my tears giving an understanding look.

“Fine but this is going to hurt” I nod although I am holding on to the little hope that I have inside that what just happened was a mistake.

The drive to Qiniso’s house is long and heart racing with Bailey not having said a word, she parks outside, I step out of the car and make my way to the house I fix my glasses a few times before Qiniso gets the door.

My heart skips a beat when my eyes land on him not so long ago he walked out on me and here I am standing on his door step ready to beg him to love him again, all me wants to carry me out of here but my heart won’t allow it my heart refuses to walk. Even with the bruises he still looks handsome and I still want him more than ever.

He closes the door and stands outside with his hands in his front pocket I am going against everything I was taught.

“Khanyile” I shuts his head.

“What happened why now” My voice is shaky and my palms are sweating.

“You need to leave Munku” He says not even looking at me.

“I am not leaving not before you tell me what went wrong, yimina am I the cause ” He shakes his head and the little hope I have glimmers even more.

“Don’r do this Ayola” he begs.

“Then don’t make me do it Khanyile” My voice comes out into a whisper and I move closer to to him and hold his hands.

He pulls away and I bite my lips nodding my head this hurts more than a few hours ago.

“You don’t want me anymore just like that” He nods his head.

“I want to hear you say” he shakes his head.

“If you are man enough then you will say say it” I shout at him.

He raises his head his eyes blood shot red and tightens his jaw.

“I don’t love you anymore Ayola” He says looking down to the ground.

“And what am I supposed to do with this love that I have” I shout.

“Ayola please” He says.

Bailey comes running to us and stands between us.

“What Khanyile” He looks everywhere but not me.

“My father was right” I whisper the words as Bailey holds my hand.

“Lets go home clearly his had enough right Qiniso” Bailey says looking at Qiniso.

His mother comes out followed by his father but all is already said and done and I don't have the heart to explain or talk to them.

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NKANYEZI(mnyamande)

I walk inside the house after working from my garden things have been tense in my house, Qiniso hasn't been himself since his father treated him like a child and beat him up senseless. I still can't believe he behaved like that and turned into someone I didn't recognise he used violence instead of seating him down and talking to him like his son. I remove my gloves and pour myself water from the fridge the sun scorching hot outside and the heat got to me, I haven't seen my son properly in the last couple of days because he leaves early in the morning and comes back late at night. I know my son and he's truly hurt by all of this his heart is broken its days like these I miss the trio and effect they have on Ngwane. I wish they cut their trip short

and come back home this house could use with some warmth and joy right now I look at the picture plastered on the fridge.

I feel Ngwane's hands wrap around my waist and his lips kiss on my cheek sweaty as I am I smile this man has always been the one, him and I have been through so much and I am not talking about the cheating this man has always been truth to me but life had other plans for us from the day we met to the day I said yes to him.

"Mkami" His deep voice still turns me on.

"Myeni wam" he chuckles and move his hands to my hips.

"You are still most beautiful woman in the world" In all the years I have known him a day hasn't gone by without him complimenting.

"Are you still angry with me Mnyamande" I nod my head and he sighs turning me to face him.

He lifts me up and places me on the kitchen counter Ngwane forgets that he's no longer young and that things like muscle and joint pain exists more frequently for people our age.

"Talk to me" I laugh.

"Are you willing to listen Ngawe really listen to me" He nods his head.

“Please talk to him Ngwane he’s drowning and the only thing keeping him afloat is Achilles, He’s not even angry he’s hurt Ngwane our son’s heart is broken and I hate seeing like this. We lost him once Ngwane we can’t lose him again not when he needs us the most

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we were once young Mthandeni we started out shaky there were doubts from both sides. I didn’t know what I was getting myself into when I agreed to marry you but all I know is that no one stood in our way, my father supported me as hard and complicated as it was he stood by my side and allowed me to love you Ngwane. I know we raised them to be siblings I know she’s our Goddaughter kodwa ziyathanda lezi ngane Ngwane ngiyakucela khanyile bayeke” I know I said a lot but he needs to hear all of this we both need to be there for Qiniso.

“Ngiyakuzwa Mnyamande kodwa uQhawe yena” He asks.

“This isn’t about you or Qhawe this is about our kids despite what might happen between them, lets allow them to explore this and work things out on their own” He nods his head.

“I messed up didn’t I” I nod my head holing his hand.

“He broke her heart Ngwane and broke his in the process because you his father told him too, he didn’t have to listen but because you are his father and he loves and respects you he

did” He tighten his hold on my hand and rests his forehead on mine.

“I should apologise” I nod my head.

He looks at me and smiles God gave me this man despite his faults I love him still and he loves me too this man gave me four kids and I don’t wish to see life without him.

“Ngiyakuthanda Ngwane” he smiles.

“Ngiyakuthanda nami Mnyamande ngenhliziyo yam yonke” he pulls me for a kiss and pulls away.

He puts me down and gives me a mischievous smile.

“How about I join you in the shower and apologise properly before your son gets back home” he says wrapping his arms around me.

“I would love that” He chuckles.

We make our way to our bedroom.

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AYOLA

I left the house early in the morning and went to Bailey house, I know she keeps joints for days such as these and just as I predicated she had a whole untouched stash and I rolled up one joint and smoked till I passed out on her bed the box was in the car. I asked her to accompany me to Qiniso's house I couldn't bare the thought of having to go there alone I packed everything that Qiniso ever gave me and put it in the box nothing is tying us together any more, I found myself looking at his gifts and the hurt and anger just go the better of me

The drive to Qiniso's house is slow and draining I wish I could sleep and forget everything but Ma said life doesn't work like that. She finally parks outside the gate and looks at me the weed is slowly wearing off and my heart starts beating out of my chest. I get out of the car and get the box.

"I don't think this is a good idea Yola" she says.

"Why" I ask.

"You don't want to give these back he bought them for you they were gifts and they mean something to you" she says.

I know they do but Qiniso said he doesn't love me any more and what use is keeping his gifts when I can't have his love.

"I need to do this, this way I won't hold on to anything" she nods her head.

I make my way inside the house and find his mother in the kitchen she offers me something to drink but I decline and place the box on the kitchen counter.

“Are you okay sisi” she asks.

I nod my head smiling I haven’t been able to look her in the eye ever since that day.

“Ma can you please call Qiniso for me” she nods her head.

It doesn’t take long before Qiniso comes to the kitchen he looks shocked to see me.

“Munku I shut my eyes and breathe suddenly the name irks me and leaves a bitter taste in the air.

He looks good and judging from the sweat and clothes he was working out he heals fast because the bruises have cleared up.

“I am not here to stay I just brought these” I say.

He looks at the box confusion written on his face.

“What is this” He asks going through the box.

“I bought you these things munku out of the goodness of my heart” he says.

“I know and that’s why I am bringing them back all of them” I say.

“Please keep them” he says.

“If I keep them then I am only going to burn them” I say.

“Then burn them” He says.

“I don’t want them” I half shout.

“Why” I shake my head Qiniso isn’t getting it he’s not listening.

“Because I want to forget you Khanyile” he shakes his head moving closer to me but I step away .

“Please don’t say that” I shake my head the nerve of this man telling what to do after what he did to me.

“You did this Khanyile you chose this and I am just carrying it through” I say.

“I want nothing to do with you Qiniso nothing” I say turning to leave.

He pulls my arm bringing me close to him and stares down on me.

“I love you Ayola” he says.

I pull away after having taking in a whiff of him for the last.

“You enjoy taunting me Khanyile why” I ask placing my hand on my chest.

“Because I made a mistake Munku, I made a foolish mistake please forgive me” My tears fall and a chuckle leaves my mouth.

“It took a week to realise that a whole week Khanyile” I say.

“Ngiyazi sthandwa sam futhi ngiyaxolisa” He says.

“Uyaxolisa Khanyile for hurting me” I ask tilting my head.

“Kabili Khanyile twice and I begged you not to leave, you made me feel like I was nothing like we meant nothing and you want me to forget the look you gave the way you pushed me away” I shout.

“And I am sorry Ayola forgive me” I wipe my tears.

“I gave you my all Qiniso not just my virginity but my all ngoba ngikuthanda and you threw all that to my face, I took a leap of faith shut everything and everyone out even when Talia said you would break my heart” I shout.

He remains quiet and just looks at me.

“Well I don’t want to forgive you” He tries holding me but I push him away.

“You feel it that heart wrenching pain the sinking feeling in your stomach right now, that how I felt when you told me its was over” I nod my head and watch him wipe his tears.

“It sure feels nice doesn’t it” He clenches his jaws.

“I love you Qiniso but after what you did to me I can never forgive you” I swallow hard and walk away shutting the door behind me.

I get to the car and find Bailey waiting for me outside she pulls me into her arms and I fall apart crying in her arms, she holds me tight but it still doesn't feel better I wail in her arms when the pain takes over me and paralyses me, sure he's not dead but to me he is.

AYOLA

I still don't know how to feel but like my mother said it doesn't get better just because you want it too get better, I am fine by day I even laugh so hard that I forget everything but come night I am left thinking about how he is I know that Achilles is doing great his grandparents love him and he's the only thing they talk about school has been great its the one thing keeping me sane at the moment, I had a good thought of going back to my fighting but after what happened and all the trouble it bought I just thought that maybe having sparring sessions with father wouldn't hurt. It has worked for the both of us because these past few days we are spending more time together and he's going to teach me how to drive finally. Bailey has been my number one been my strength funny how I have always been the one picking up the pieces but this time its her holding me down and being there all the way.

She looks at her phone and giggles but stops as if she remembered something.

"You really don't have to do that" She looks at me and smiles.

I know that she's still seeing Makhosonke and I am fine with that.

"Just because I am no longer with him doesn't mean you need to stop seeing Makhosonke" I say.

"And how are things between you two" Her smile grows even more the truth is that Bailey is happy with Makhosonke, I may not understand their relationship but not once have I seen her cry because of him.

"I don't want to seem insensitive" Her voice is soft and considerate.

"Come on Bailey" I say.

"Fine he makes me happy more than I have been in a while" She admits.

I nod my head leaning over wanting to hear all the details.

"He's a gentleman loving and he respects me even after what happened with Jody still he looks at me the same way he did when he said he liked me" she laughs and her energy is contagious because I laugh too.

"Have you seen him since that day" I know she's asking about Qiniso and I haven't seen him.

"No I haven't seen him" I grab my coldrink and smile.

“Do you still love him I mean do you still want him in your life”
She asks.

“Its still fresh Bailey but what I know is that he hurt me and
didn’t think twice about it” I say.

“Well Makhosonke says he’s miserable without you and he
misses you” she says.

I nod my head he’s not the only one hurting we both are and
we need to live with it.

“Don’t look but your wanna be boyfriend headed here” she
says laughing.

I turn my head and look at Mpendulo make his way to our table
he looks handsome and just like any other day the girls are
drooling over his charm he whistles when he gets to our table
and smiles.

“She’s never going to say yes so walk away” Bailey says making
me laugh.

“Bailey are we not friends” He asks still smiling

“Exactly and friends don’t make moves on each other” She says
tilting her head.

He nods his head looking at me and settles down next to me.

“Ayola I know we are friends but you can’t deny our connection Just give me a chance please” I look at Bailey who shakes her head.

I once had a thing for Mpendulo but I am over that yes I care about him but that is where it ends.

“I don’t know Mpendulo” I say getting my things.

“How about I take you out tonight” I nod my head.

“Wena Mpendulo don’t come running to me when she breaks your heart” I look at Bailey this one needs to chill its not like Mpendulo proposed.

“We should go see you tonight” he gives me a kiss on the cheek then Bailey a kiss on the hand before walking away.

“Please don’t lead him on” she says.

“What if I need this Bailey” she shakes he head.

Dinner at house bring Bailey and don’t be late A text from my mother comes through.

“A text from mom” Bailey says smiling showing me her phone Ma decided to send her a message too.

“We are not allowed to be late” I say.

The day goes quicker than expected with us going home and mama ordering us around and putting us at work turns out we are hosting the Khanyiles, I wish she had told me in the morning about all this but she didn't and I have plans with Mpendulo.

She comes to the kitchen to check how far we are and stands by the fridge looking at us.

"Ma how can you say yes when you know how things are between Qiniso and I" I ask looking at her.

"Yola" Bailey calls me out.

"No he hurt me and he's not allowed here" I say.

My mother shakes her head and sighs.

"We can't stop seeing them just because you two fought" She says.

"Well I won't be staying mama I have plans with Mpendulo" I say.

"What plans" she asks.

"He's taking me out mama and I am going" I tell her.

"Take that up with your father" she says.

"Ma so you would rather I share a table with a man who hurt me" I ask.

"That's not fair Yola" she says.

“Then I am going” I say looking back at Bailey.

It doesn't take long before we are all seated and having dinner with everyone laughing and looking at Achille's picture everyone is in a good mood even Makhosonke is here, he keeps looking at Bailey soon everyone will know they are together and in my opinion they should just make it official.

I look at the time and find my father staring at me he clears his throat.

“Are we boring you Ayola” Baba asks.

“Cha Baba” I say looking at my mother.

“Nyambose remember I mentioned that Ayola is going out for a few hours” She says looking at my father.

He nods his head and looks at me.

“I never thought I would be this glad to have you out of the house” He says.

Uncle Mtha looks at me and then clears his throat.

“Why, what happened” he asks.

“Well someone's son broke my daughter's heart” Baba says.

The table goes quiet even mama looks at me

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she doesn't know this but I had a talk with my father which ended up with me crying my eyes out and him telling me everything is going to be fine. We had a father and daughter moment never in my wildest dreams did I ever think he would allow me to talk to him about boys but he did. I never mentioned Qiniso's name and he never asked which is what I appreciate about him just listening and being my Dad. I hate the fact that he's the only one in this table who doesn't know anything my business with Qiniso, if I could I would do it tell him the whole truth and watch while he breaks Qiniso's bones but at the same time this truth will destroy so many friendships and I don't want that.

"We are not here to talk about these kids and their business right Nyambose" Mama says.

"I think I should go get ready" I say leaving the table.

I get to my room and freshen up wearing my black jeans and white t-shirt with a black jacket and sneakers.

I say my goodbyes when Mpendulo calls to let me know he's outside my walk to the car is short lived when Qiniso grabs me by my arm.

He has got nerves roughly pulling me like this in my fathers house I turn and look at him he looks angry but I have seen worst.

“Let go of my arm Qiniso” I tell him.

“Awuyi ndawo” he says in a stern voice.

My body has always reacted to his dominance just like now I can't help it his voice is a trigger to wetness down.

“Awudeli Qiniso ukungizwisa ubuhlungu” I ask.

“Ngithe kuwe awuyi ndawo nalo skhothini wakho” he barks.

“Kahle umsindo this is my father's house and I can do whatever I want or have you have you forgotten you and I are over” I say.

“Dammit Ayola” He says.

“Is everything okay” Mpendulo says from behind me.

“Everything is okay Mpendulo I was just saying goodbye to my brother” Qiniso chuckles and looks at Mpendulo I know he sees him as nothing but a pest.

“Umthetho wakho uwungiboni wena” Qiniso says to Mpendulo who has the guts to shrug his shoulders with a smug smile on his face.

“Don't even think about it” Makhosonke warns Qiniso before he charges towards Mpendulo.

“See that's the difference between us two I can control my anger unlike you and that's the why Ayola is choosing me

because I am a better man than you Khanyile” he says mockingly.

I look down when Qiniso darts his eyes at me the honest truth is that I am following my mind right now and not my heart.

“We should go Mpendulo” he wraps his arms around my waist and leads me to the car opening the door for me.

“We both know the truth you love me I know it he knows and you know it too” Qiniso shouts before the door can slam.

Mpendulo gets in and holds my hand kissing it.

“Are you okay” he asks.

I smile and squeeze his hand.

“I am fine just don’t mind Qiniso he’s just upset” I assure him.

That assurance is short lived when a text from Qiniso comes through.

Ngizoyibulala lento yakho It reads

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I hear Makhosonke’s voice calling him out and before I can pull away from Mpendulo’s hold and lingering kiss Qiniso pulls me

off and punches Mpendulo in the face, he turns and drags me out of the club I can hear the snide comments, laughter and shock from those watching the scene out of all the things Qiniso can do he does this humiliate me in front of all these people.

He drags me all the way to the door I stumble almost falling on my face but find my step again he lets go of me and my I slap him in the face so hard my hand burns the alcohol wears off me immediately when anger clouds my mind.

“What the hell is wrong with you” He asks looking at me clenching his jaws.

He looks livid ready to put me in my place.

“What the hell is wrong with me I am not the one who dragged me out of the cub screaming and kicking” I shout.

I think the reality of me slapping him kicks in because he moves closer to me I slap him once again but he holds my wrist twisting it.

“If you ever and I mean ever try that again you will see a side to me you wish you hadn’t” he says.

I nod my head down playing the pain caused from my wrist being twisted.

“And after this you will never hear from me again” he slowly lets go of my hand and steps away.

“Why are you with him, why are you hurting me like this” he shouts leaving me shocked at his audacity.

“I love you Ayola so much and I am sorry” he says more softly.

“You think this is a movie right where you you can apologise and everything goes back to normal” I ask.

“No but I would expect you to forgive someone you love” he says.

“Someone you love” I repeat his words.

He shakes his head and bites his lip.

“What do you mean” I shrug my shoulders.

“Just that I don’t love you anymore Khanyile and please stay away from me” I raise slightly bruised hand showing it to him.

“This is not the kind of man I want in my life” I say.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you” He says.

“That’s the thing with you’you don’t mean a lot things Khanyile such as loving me ” I tilt my head trying to breathe stopping myself from crying.

“I am tired Khanyile and worse of all I am afraid that if I try again then I am going to lose myself” He shakes his head even more.

“I never saw myself as this person who goes to be crying because of a man, who looks at herself in the mirror and question herself because of a man and not just any man a man I love” he claps his hands together and sniffs.

“Sthandwa ngiyaxolisa” I wipe my tears with a smile on my face.

“Ngiyazi” I say.

“Pho ngixolele Ayola” I shake my head my fear is seems to be bigger than my love for him.

“Angeke ngikwazi” I tell him and hold my abdomen when a sharp pain ripples through me.

“Ayola” He shouts trying to get to me.

“Don’t touch me” I warn holding on to the car next to me.

I scream when the pain spikes again and fall on my knees the pain feels like the one you get when your period hits you the sharp rippling and pulling pain.

He hold me till the pain subsides and when that happens I find the strength to push him away.

“Are you okay” I nod getting on my feet.

“Tell Makhosonke to let go of Mpendulo” He nods his head getting inside the club.

“Qiniso” he turns and looks at me.

“This better be the last time you humiliate me the last time you tell me you love, the last time you look at me like that or even touch me and stay away from Mpendulo if you want to kill someone then kill me” he looks at me and scrunches his nose his eyes almost popping from their socket.

He doesn't get what I am telling him he has no choice but to leave the poor guy alone.

“So far the only thing I regret is hurting you and from now on I stay away from you” He says.

I quickly wipe my tears this hurts the more he does this he opens up a whole new wound.

AYOLA

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After what happened between Qiniso and I and the way he treated Mpendulo I called a taxi and went to my grandmother's house. I didn't want to face my parents not in the state that I was in and knowing my grandparents they would never tell on me and force me to go home. I toss and face the door when my grandmother walks in and looks at me carefully before making her way to me she pulls the covers throwing them on the floor leaving me shocked.

"Gogo" she looks at me and I cant' tell what she's thinking because I have never seen her like this before.

"Sukama" I look shocked.

"Gogo what's going on uyangethusa" I say.

"I won't repeat myself" she warn.

I quickly stand up and hiding my boob I slept in only my underwear last night I was hot from the pain and alcohol.

"Kodwa Ayola yini" She says carrying her hands on top of her head.

I look around me confused tears threaten to come when looks at me like that.

“What have you done” her voice is soft yet questioning and pitting.

“Gogo yini” My voice is panicked.

“Uyithwele Ayol” she says.

I shake my head but the seriousness in his voice and face almost causes my heart to stop.

“Cha Gogo” I say still covering my boobs.

“Pho yini le” she asks pointing at my belly.

“Gogo I am not pregnant” I say.

I can't be expecting a child not now I am not ready to be a mother and I took the pills each time I was with Khanyile more especially after our last encounter.

“Not only did you humiliate us by sleeping with him in your home you are carrying his child out of wedlock Ayola” she shouts.

I cross my fingers and shake my head.

“I swear Gogo I am not preganant I would never do that” I tell her.

“Well you did, is that why you came here to hide your disgrace”
I shake my head even more.

“Cha gogo” I say.

“Gogo ubaba uzongibulala” The possibility of me being pregnant scares me but my father finding out scares me even more.

“Does he the father of that child know” she asks.

I shake my head we are not sure of anything but the more she talks the more my mind believes her

I took the pill the first time and only spotted when it was time to see my periods. But Bailey said it was normal and that I would see them since the pill acted as a prevention measure of some sort.

I settle on the bed and hold my chest when my breathing changes.

“Breathe Zimephi” My grandmother says.

“I can’t Gogo” My chest burns and my heart beats faintly.

“Babakhe” she calls out.

“Phefumula Ayola” she says.

My grandfather walks in followed by Mxolisi.

“We need to get her to the hospital” She says.

“Focus on me” Mxolisi says holding my hand.

I know this kind of attack but never this severe the more I think about my father and the baby the more I struggle to breathe the more it feels like I am sinking into a hole.

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QINISO

I was sitting with Makhosonke when I received a call from Mxolisi he sounded panicked on the phone and told me Ayola was rushed to the hospital, I asked what the matter was and the only thing he could tell me was that she struggled with her breathing and collapsed. Makhosonke drove me to the hospital and when we got the only her grandparents where present along with Mxolisi I walked up to them but her grandmother stood up and met me half way the corridor.

“What you doing here Qiniso” she asked.

“Sawubona Gogo I was called by Mxolisi and I decided to rush here” I said.

She turned and looked at Mxolisi calling him.

“Gogo” Mxolisi said.

“Why did you call Qiniso instead of calling your father” she asked looking at me.

“I thought he might want to know” He said.

“Why” his grandmother asked.

He scratched his head running out of words.

“Suka la eduze kwami” She said and Mxolisi walked away.

“What do you want with my granddaughter Qiniso” she asked.

“I am not following Gogo” she shook her head.

“You are sleeping with her aren’t you” The statement took me by surprise so much so that I coughed.

“Very well since you don’t know what you want with her I think its best you leave her alone and give her time to herself” She said.

“Can I see her before I leave” she shook her head and walked away.

I stood there and watched walk back to her chair and walked outside to meet Makhosonke.

“That was fast” he said chuckling.

“Her grandmother wants me to stay away” I told him leaning against the car.

“Did she say that” He asked looking shocked.

“Not in so many words but that’s what she implied” he nodded his head and got into the car and started the car.

“Kanjalo nje Makhosonke” I said.

He stepped out and looked at me ready to preach.

“Well you did hurt their daughter and your woman is not the forgiving type she would rather walk on hot coal than forgive you” He said.

“I know I was a fool” he shook his head and sighed.

“You stopped fighting Khanyile you stopped loving her that’s what she thinks” he said.

“Since when are you like this” I asked.

“Since I started seeing her friend and became the inside man” I laughed and got inside the car.

“How is going with Miss Parker” I asked.

“Unlike you I won’t mess this up” he said in a serious tone.

His words hit hard and I stepped out of the car if there was one thing I know is that I love Ayola and I was a fool to make such a rash decision of breaking up with her, I should have fought

harder for us I should have never had given up and us that was my first mistake and I intend on fixing it by fighting for us.

“I guess this is you signing your death warrant” Makhosonke laughed.

“You said I stopped fighting and you were right” he nodded his head and leaned back on his seat.

“When they kick you out again I will be here waiting for you” I laughed walking away.

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AYOLA

I woke up in the hospital with my grandmother holding my hand I cleared my throat and she looked at me I could tell she was crying.

“You scared me” I looked around hoping to see my parents.

“They are not here yet “ Relief washed over me.

“I asked the doctors to run some tests we should have them back tomorrow” She said breathing heavily .

“Gogo I am sorry” I said.

She shook her head letting go of my hand.

“You are medical student but you failed to get on contraceptive not to mention a condom Ayola” she sounded disappointed and it hurt seeing her this was.

“The tests are for your own satisfaction I already know the truth” she said.

“Gogo please don’t tell my parents till we are sure of everything” I begged.

“Then what are you going to hide your pregnancy till the baby is ready to pop” I shook my head but the truth is I will do anything not to have my parents look at me the way she was looking at me.

I wanted to snap and shout that I am not pregnant but the door opened my Bailey walked in followed by my parents.

“Munku” They both said.

I forced a smile all I wanted was to go home and sleep on my bed.

“We came as soon as could what happened” I looked at my grandmother.

“She has an attack and lost control of her breathing but she’s fine”

I shut my eyes another narrow escape dammit what was I thinking sleeping with Qiniso without a condom how stupid can one be.

“Baba ngiyaxolisa” he pulled me into his arms.

“Its not your fault we all have bad days but don’t scare us like that again” he said pulling away.

“We love you okay” I nodded my head guilt consumed as they fussed over me.

“I think we should leave her alone with Bailey” My grandmother suggested.

“Are you going to be okay” Mama asked.

“Yes” she kissed my forehead and they walked out leaving us alone.

“You scared us” Bailey said.

I looked at her and kept nodding my head things weren’t making sense.

“Bailey how accurate and effective is the morning pill” she tilted her head.

“Why are you asking” she asked.

“How effective” I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“Its different some woman take the pill and still come out pregnant and with some it works perfectly just like contraceptive some woman still get pregnant while taking them and other don’t” she says.

“Did something happen” she asks.

“No”

“Then why the twenty questions” She asks.

“I just needed to know that’s all” I say.

“Are you sure everything is okay because you don’t look good”

“I am okay just tired from all the probing”

“Good because Makhosoke is waiting outside with Qiniso and the guy wants to see you” she says.

“I don’t want to see him tell them to leave”

she walks to the door and walks out the moment I hear that my tears fall how could I be so careless.

AYOLA

Its been a week since my hospital scare and things haven't been good the following day of my stay at the hospital the doctor confirmed that I am indeed pregnant and the worse part is that all along I have been carrying this baby without knowing counting down the line I conceived on the day of my umemulo which happened over a month ago I even forgot about that the pills did not work the doctor the pills contributed to my abdomen pain. I didn't even tell my grandmother she already knows and if it were up to her the whole family would know more especially my parents this is the second time I am putting her in situation where she has to lie to her son.

I have been avoiding tight clothes except for my wonder tight and making sure I wear all my oversized shirts and dresses, I haven't told Qiniso yet because I don't know how too everything is just too much handle at once its only been a week but I can feel myself going crazy over the whole thing.

I quickly grab the pillow and place it on my stomach with hands covering it.

"Nana" My mother says standing by the door.

She looks beautiful as always but today she's dressed to kill.

"Going some where" I ask.

She smiles beautifully and twirls around.

"Your father is taking me out tonight" She says.

"So I have the house all to myself"

"Yes and I want you to behave" She says,

"When have I ever misbehaved" I ask.

"I don't know Yola lately you don't talk to me or your father and when you have troubles you run to your grandmother as if you don't have a mother who would do anything for you" She says.

"That's not truth mama" I attempt standing but remember my situation.

"The talk to me munku tell me what's wrong then we can fix it" She says.

I look at her about to squash the hope she has of me opening up If I tell her she's going to tell my father and then things will never be the same he's going to kick me out of his house.

"See what I mean you would rather have whatever is bothering you to eat you up instead of talking to me, but I won't push I

want you know that when you are ready to talk I will be here ready to listen” she says.

“I love you” she closes the door behind her, I feel like the worst daughter in the whole world keeping secrets.

I hold my stomach and sigh I don’t want this child I am not read for this child, I know I had sex willingly but I don’t think I want this baby growing inside of me and I don’t want Qiniso being the father not after what he did to Talia taking her child away like that.

I tried reasoning with him but still he chose to keep Achilles away from his mother what about me, what happens if thing get to that point then I am also going to lose a child carried for nine months.

I rest my head of the pillow and grab my phone dialling Bailey’s number she picks up on the third ring giggling.

“Hey”

“Hey Yola”

The giggling doesn’t stop clearly she’s with Makhosonke.

Its beautiful to know that she’s with someone who loves and appreciates her for who she is

“Am disturbing you”

Of course I am but she clears her throat and says no.

“Well I was think we could go to the club and get wasted just the two of us”

“That sounds good but I think me coming over to the house with booze is much better”

“That sounds great I will get the food and snaks”

“Great I will be there at 19:30”

I end the call and cuddle my pillow.

Hours into the day and Bailey shows up at the house to my surprise all dressed up and smelling amazing.

“I thought we are going to chill here” she waltz in laughing.

“This was for my man” I laugh closing the door.

“So you dressed up for him the same person you were with the whole day”

“And it was all worth it because he had me screaming him name before we left the house” She says

“Oh please you and that grumpy ex of yours used to have sex like rabbits” she places her bag on the kitchen counter and looks at me.

“Even if we are chilling in the house at least out some effort” she says.

“Says the person who dressed up for a man” I open the bag she placed on the counter and there’s a bottle of Tanqueray with tonic water and a twelve pack of flying fish.

“You just had to buy flying fish” She laughs throwing her head back.

“I want us to fly over to other people’s men” I laugh that statement again.

There are man made myths behind woman who drink flying fish and Savannah.

I place the twelve pack in the fridge and pour myself a glass of the tanqueray slicing a lime

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I gulp the glass in one go and pour another one sipping at it slowly we used to do in our freshman years.

“Someone is stressed and alcohol won’t help” she says bobbing her head.

I know it won’t help but it will sure make feel better I reach for my phone and play one of new favourites.

'Sengijahile ukuthi siphinde thina sibonane

Angeke ngize ngiphile ngaphandle kokuthi ngithole uthando kuwe

Nhliziyo iswele ukugxhuma baby ize ifike kuwe

Angeke ngize ngikhohlwe ukuthi uthando lwethu luyikho konke

Angeke ngize ngiphose empilweni yam wena uyikho konke

Ngiyazifela ngiyazifela ngawe ma baby

Ngizokuzalela sikhulise isbongo sakho ma baby'

She pulls out her phone and records us she mentions wanting to send the voice clip to Makhosonke so he can hear her singing.

We sing along till I can't and just cry the song not only reminds me of Qiniso but he sent it to me.

"Okay you are scarring me" She says putting her glass and phone down.

I look at her biting my lip.

"I want to tell you something but promise you tell anyone" she smiles.

“I am being serious Bailey” she still smiles knowing her she’s squealing inside she loves things this one including news.

“Not even Makhosonke”

“Especially him promise me” She nods her head and takes sips of her glass.

I breathe heavily and gulp at the whole glass and shut my eyes Bombay Sapphire used to rock my world but the Tanguery gin hits the spot.

“Okay talk to me” I breathe in and out the more I think the more stomach ties and knots.

“Don’t think about just tell me it can’t be that bad I have done worse” I nod she’s right about that one but mine takes the cup.

“I am pregnant” She drops her glass on the floor her eyes gawking at me.

“You mean you are pregnant with a child a human being” I nod.

“So there a person growing inside of you but how” She asks.

I can’t believe that question really comes from her.

“Sex Bailey sex” she laughs.

“I know that but we bought you the pill and I was you drink it”

That’s true I bought, I drank and still there’s bun baking in the oven.

“I guess I am one of the unlucky ones” She settles down next to me and sighs heavily.

“Do they know”

“No and I won’t tell them”

“That belly is going to grow”

“I know which is why I am not keeping it” she stands up from her you would swear there are needles poking her.

“Ayola no”

“I am not going to keep it Bailey and that is that” She looks shocked and goes for the whole bottle pouring it down the sink.

“Its not the alcohol I just don’t want this child and the baggage it brings”

She place her hand on my belly.

“Ayola its growing inside you it has a heart beat its yours”

“I know”

“Then don’t kill this baby he or she is a blessing” she says.

“A blessing that will reek havoc and tear my family apart, I know my father and the moment he finds out I will mean nothing to him and when he finds that everyone knew beside him then I will be dead to him and I don’t want that”

“You don’t know that”

“That’s the thing I know my father and I am scared”

she pulls me into her arms and hugs.

“I messed up Bailey I really messed up”

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BAILEY

I looked at my phone and breathed making my way to the coffee shop, I stole Qiniso’s number’s from Ayola’s phone and called asking him to meet me I left her sleeping the alcohol messed her up and worse of all she cried the whole night hugging her belly. I tore me seeing her like that she doesn’t deserve all this the heartache and confusion which is why I am doing this. I know its not my place to tell since I made a promise I know its her body and she can do whatever she wants but this is a life we are talking about a whole human life and I know she will regret every moment of it.

The guilt will eat away at her so much that she will spiral out of control and lose herself I love her too much to let that happen.

I walked inside the coffee shop and spotted Qiniso sitting down he stood up when I approached his table.

“Miss Parker” he said.

“Hi” He opened the chair for me,

I sat down and took my time looking at him he’s everything Ayola said he was handsome not too dark and has one killer smile, his really handsome perfect for Ayola the fact that he’s dark is a bonus since Yola likes them tall.

“I shouldn’t here and what I am about to do is betray my friend” he looked at me not blinking.

“Then why are you here” He asked.

“Because I care not only about but Ayola too” I said taking out my phone.

“She loves you but right now she’s angry and confused” He slightly nods his head like a true gentleman.

“Promise me that you won’t hurt her” he clears his throat.

I have heard stories from Makhosonke not too revealing but I know he can ruthless at time.

“I would never hurt Ayola” he says.

“Please listen to this” I place my phone on the table and shut my eyes.

The whole conversation plays out and the end of it his eyes are blood shot red with tears threatening to fall.

He breaks into a smile.

“She’s carrying my child” I nod.

“Munku is carrying my child” He laughs so loud the table shakes.

“I am going to be a father” He says excitedly.

My heart sinks that’s the only think he heard from the whole conversation.

“Thank you so much I will never forget this” he says standing up.

“She’s not keeping the baby Qiniso that’s why I am here” his face frowns and the whole truth dawns on him.

“What”

“She’s not keeping baby that’s what she said if you love her then you will stop her please”

he slumps down on the chair and runs his hands over his head hiding the emotional toll hearing this taken on him.

“I am sorry” I stand up and walk away fighting my tears I feel his pain but I might have just lost my friend.

AYOLA

I haven't had any sleep for the past two days worse part I haven't been attending class this whole pregnancy thing hasn't really sunk in yet and I won't allow it too. I have made up mind and I am going to abort this baby I don't want anything tying me to Khanyile and I don't want a child I am not ready for. I don't even know when I should tell my mother before or after the abortion I am torn nothing is making sense right now. I can't even face my parents without making things awkward for myself and my father is starting to ask questions. I should have been out of the house an hour ago but I am so lost in my thoughts this morning my room is locked and the only thing I have been doing is crying. I can't believe I was so taken by the sex and love I got from Khanyile that I lost sight of everything that was happening around me, its like the sex talk my parents gave me went out the window the moment I said yes to Qiniso. I force myself out of the bathtub dry up and lotion putting on an oversized t-shirt and Qiniso's jacket on top I never gave it to him when we broke up and once he left it here I decided that I was going to keep it.

I hold my belly and let the tears fall.

“I am so sorry please forgive me” I wrap my arm around my stomach and bite my lip.

I am already mourning this child the same child that is about to be ripped out of me emotionally it dawns on me that I will leave with this for the rest of my life, My grandmother will never look at me the same ever again I haven't told her about my decision because I am so afraid of her reaction. For the first time ever I feel like a fool and I am angry at myself for allowing all this to happen, I look at the time and sigh Bailey has been calling me she's been distant ever since I told her but I am glad she's doing this with me although she doesn't agree with my choices she is willing to hold my hand through the whole process.

I make my way out walking past my parents laughing and getting touchy with each other in the kitchen I don't want to lose this the warmth and laughter filled in this house because of my stupid mistakes.

“Not even a hello this child of yours Zobuhle” Baba says letting go of mama.

I stop on my tracks and look at them, growing up I wanted their kind of love wanted a family of my own and this child might be it but at the same time its not it.

“I didn't want to disturb you guys” I say.

He shakes his head smiling holding mama's hand kissing it.

"We miss you Munku" He says letting go of mama and making his way to me.

"I miss you too but I have been busy with school beside Baba I see you all the time during out lessons" He laughs.

"Fine its just that lately you spend most of your time in your bedroom" He says.

"Your father is telling the truth Ayola" Mama says.

"I know and I promise I will make time for you guys" Mama looks at me tilting her head.

"Are you okay Yola" I nod my head but all of me wants to cry and ask for forgiveness.

"Baba can I get a hug" He pulls me into his arms.

I blink stopping myself from crying I don't want my father to let go being in his arms takes me back to when I was a little a girl when I would sit on lap rest my head on his shoulder and all the worlds troubles would be over. I don't want him to stop seeing me as his baby girl any more but the truth is I have disappointed not only him but myself too and that stings.

"Baba I love you and I am sorry" He pulls away and looks at me.

"What's wrong ngane yam" He asks.

“I just love you guys” I move from Baba and give Mama a hug.

“I love you too so much mama” she pulls away kissing my cheek.

“I know something is wrong and I am begging you to talk to me” she whispers.

“Mama ngonile” her eyes widen and tears fill her eyes.

“Seniyahleba yini Mambatha” Baba asks.

I turn and look at him

“I have to go before Bailey barges in here and before I forget I might sleep over at her place” I grab my bag and rush out.

The drive to the clinic is quiet Bailey is multitasking between holding my hand and driving she wanted to play some music but I asked her not too. I want to feel every bitter sorrow of this moment moving forward.

I don't know the clinic personally but its a reputable and private clinic that is discreet in everything that it does Bailey helped me find it.

“You don't have to do this Ayola” she says.

“I have already made up my mind” I say.

She nods her head and carries on driving till we reach the clinic she kills the engine and looks at me.

“We are here” She breathes out heavily.

“Thank so much for doing this I will never forget it” I say.

We both step out of the car and make our way inside the clinic the place is clean and sophisticated you can tell that only people with money frequent the place. We get to reception and get attended too with Bailey holding my hand she holds my hand till we walk to our chair and wait for the doctor.

My feet tap the ground my hands shaking this is it I am finally doing it.

“Yola I am sorry” Bailey says letting go of my hand.

I raise my head looking up and see Qniso striding towards us.

“You told him Bailey how could you tell him” I stand up not knowing what to do with myself.

“I am sorry Ayola but I had to tell him for you” she says.

“For me” I shout drawing attention to us.

My chest heaves and selfish as I am I never told him about the baby. He is the father and not once did I think of telling him or asking his opinion on the matter.

He stands before me and just looks at me I haven't seen him in a long time I turn and look at my friend.

"I begged you not to tell anyone thank you for stabbing me in the back" I say.

"Ayola" Qiniso says.

"I have nothing to say to you" I say.

Bailey walks off I know Makhosonke is waiting for her outside.

"Wenzani Ayola" he asks.

The words hit me hard I look up and the hurt in his eyes is evident.

I don't know what to say he's standing here and I hadn't prepared for this, him wanting answers or him trying to stop me.

"What is best for everyone" I say.

He looks at me begging me with his eyes.

"I don't know why you are here but you are not wanted" I say.

"Eyami nami lengane" His voice is soft and torn but still he finds the will to speak.

"Awuna ngane mina nawe asinangane" I walk up up to reception and change my appointment for tomorrow luckily

there's an opening I know he won't allow me to do it not in his presence.

I walk past him but he follows till we are outside and shouts my name.

"Just leave me alone" He reaches me and pulls my arm stopping me from walking away.

"Why are you doing this" His eyes are glossy and seeing him like this breaks my heart.

"Please don't do this Qiniso ngiyakucela" He clasps his hand together and nods his head.

"Then don't do this please " He begs.

"Angiyifuni lengane" I shrug my shoulders.

"Ungakusho lokho Ayola" He says.

"Its the truth I am sorry but I don't the baby" I shut my eyes wiping my tears.

"I know I hurt you but don't punish me like this" This isn't about him but me.

"I am not doing this punish you but I am not ready to be a mother" I think the words hit me him more.

"You don't want a child with me" he asks.

I shake my head and watch him drop his head.

“Munku I am sorry for hurting you I am sorry for causing you so much pain but that child did nothing and he or she doesn’t deserve not to see the light” He says.

“I want to finish varsity Qiniso I want to be a doctor and I want to make my parents proud, I want my certificate to be framed and hung in my father’s study just like yours but that won’t happen If I keep this baby” He shakes his head.

“You can still do all that because I will be there for you every step of the way” He says.

“I love you and I am willing to do anything

Ayola I will take care if you and the baby you won’t need for anything” He moves closer and holds my hands.

“Ungayenzi lento Ayola ngiyakucela” His tears fall but I have already made my decision.

“Tomorrow at nine I will be here going through with the process” He lets go of my hand and pulls out his gun.

“Qiniso” My heart races when he shoves it into my hands.

“Ngidubule Ayola because going through with the aborting is the same as killing me” He cocks the gun and makes me point it against his chest.

“I would rather die than hate you for killing our child” he says.

“Qiniso please” My hands shake so bad I am afraid I might pull the trigger.

“I am afraid that if keep this child then my father will hate me, Ngiyasaba khanyile” he lowers the gun and pulls me into his arms my legs failing me.

“My father will never forgive me Khanyile and this child you want me to keep might grow up without a father” I say.

“That won’t happen because I am not going anywhere” He says still holding me tight.

I cry in his arms this is harder than I thought.

“I don’t want you to hate me” He tightens his hold over me.

I am angry at myself confused hurt and all that you can think of as much as I know that we are over I don’t want him hating me.

“I would never hate you munku I would never” He says.

“Give me time don’t go ahead with this sthandwa sam let me talk to my father let me fix this” He begs.

I remain silent and let my tears do the talking I don’t want to promise him anything, I can’t promise him anything not when I am a mess like this.

He walks us to the car he helps me get on my side and he gets into his.

“I should have told you I am sorry” he holds my hand but I pull it away I can’t be torn about him and the baby as the same time I need to choose my fight.

“When did you find out about the baby” My grandmother’s reaction comes to mind.

“Two weeks ago and the doctor was even able to say when I conceived” He looks at me.

“When” I chuckle.

“On the night of my ceremony” he shuts his eyes.

“But I thought you took the pill” He says.

“Well it did not work and now I am pregnant with your child” He faintly smiles and looks at me

“I mean it Ayola I will be there whatever happens” I look outside the window.

“If I did not come here when I did were you going to kil... I mean were you going to abort” He asks clearing is throat.

“Yes” He looks shocked clearly not the response he was waiting for.

“Uyangizonda Ayola” What a question I look at me him studying his face but he’s closed off preparing himself fro anything I might say.

“Cha, I just don’t understand where we went wrong” I want closure I needed it for me more.

“My father found out about us and he asked me to end things he was the one who beat me up” he says.

“So you couldn’t stand up for us against your father yet you want us to go against mine” a soft chuckle leaves my mouth.

“You know what stay away from me Qiniso” I say getting out of his car.

He does the same and pulls my arm.

“I am sorry how many times must I apologise” he shouts.

I want to shout as many times till I hear it feel it and know it but remember that a person can apologise for as much.

“I don’t want your apology I want all of this to go away” I sigh this back and forth is making me tired.

“I am tired Qiniso ngikhathele” he raises his hands looking at me.

“I know but can I take you home you need to rest and eat” he says.

He opens the car and helps me inside he calls Makhosonke letting him know we are both fine.

“Should I get you something to eat” He asks.

“A burger with large chips and ribs please” A smile spreads across his lips.

“Anything to drink” he asks.

“Canberry juice and water” He smiles even more.

He knows whatever beverage I have I must down it with water.

“Ngiyakuthanda Ayola” This is the same man who ran at the first sight of trouble.

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He drives me home after sitting in the park and talking I am dreading going inside the house I know Mama will be there waiting for me to talk.

“Can I call you before you sleep”

“I don’t want to complicate things Qiniso”

“I won’t say anything you don’t want me to say, I won’t even ask about the baby just to hear your voice”

“I don’t know Khanyile”

“Can I atleast touch you” I don’t want anyone of us getting attached before I make my final decision why is he making this difficult.

Before I can say no his hand rubs my belly and a chuckles leaves his mouth.

“Its a girl our baby is a girl” he says excitedly.

I want to share in on his excitement but refrain from doing so, I place my hand on top of his and breathe.

“A part of me wants to keep her” I finally admit the hard truth.

He kisses my cheek and leans closer to my ear.

“Then keep her listen to that part of yours that want to keep her and run with it she’s ours I know she comes at a difficult time but she’s here and she chose us to be her parents. I know I messed up I was a fool but please give me one more chance to do right by you. Ngeke uswele lutho Ayola you and the kids will have all my love and attention, You will achieve all your dreams and I will be your biggest cheerleader please don’t hurt us because of my mistakes” I wipe his tears.

“You will be an amazing mother” he kisses my hand and lays on my lap.

“I want her Ayola I need her as much as I did Achilles” he says.

“Ngicela ungayibulali ingane yam” I place a hand over my mouth not wanting to cry.

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He left about an hour ago and watched me walk inside but I chose to stay in the garden and collect my thoughts the cold breeze hits my my face and I shut my eyes letting it all sink in.

“I would walk on fire for you” Mama says brushing my hair.

I laugh still shutting my eyes.

“Would you go against Baba for me” her hands stop but she picks them up again brushing my hair.

“What did you do nana” Her hands settle on my cheek and I gently rest my face.

“Mama” I breathe holding her hand.

“Ngiyaxolisa” She hugs me from behind kissing the top of my head.

“Mama ngikhulelwe” her hold tightens.

“Ngiyazi sis” she breaks out into cry that makes her shake.

“Ngiyaxolisa mama” I keep saying.

“Kodwa Ayola why didn’t you come to me” she asks.

“I was scarred mama please forgive me” I turn looking at her.

“Kube yiphutha” I say.

“Everytihing I taught you Ayola why” she asks.

I don’t have the answers and seeing her like this hurts I am a disappointment.

“What am I going to say to your father” She asks.

“Mama ungamtsheli” She shakes her head.

“I have to Ayola ukhulelwe Zimephi uthwele ingane uyingane kwawena” She wipes her tears.

“Mama uBaba uzongishaya” I plead with her not to tell him.

“There’s nothing I can do sisi ungiphoxile Ayola kakhulu nhliziyo yam ibuhlungu” This is exactly what I didn’t want happening.

She wipes her tears and walks to the house she already knew and wanted me to be the one telling her clearly my grandmother told her long ago that explains all the time she wanted me talk to her about what was bothering me.

AYOLA

I drag my feet to the house my heart is racing so much is going on in my head but I hold on to the hope that my father will understand, I don't know if mama has told him yet I hate the fact that Mxolisi is still loafing around at my grandparents place sometimes I think he doesn't like us. But then again knowing Mxolisi he easily manipulates our grandparents and by nature they are the most understanding people. I use the sliding door adjacent to the lounge and creep in only to hear my father shouting here it goes she didn't even wait she told him my feet refuse to move their conversation stems from the kitchen but I can hear everything.

“Wathula Zobuhle ingane imitha” He shouts.

I close my eyes none of this is my mother's fault.

“How was I supposed to know that has started sleeping with boys and that she would not use an protection” Mama shouts back.

A huge part of me wants to turn run and come back once things have cooled down.

“You are her mother Zobuhle” I hear something break and swallow my parents have never has a fight this huge or disturbing.

“And you are her father Qhawe” Silence falls upon them till my father speaks again.

“Who is the father” he asks.

I cross my fingers at that question.

“Qhawe” mama’s soft voice pleads.

“Ngithe ubani ubaba wengane” He shouts.

“Fine if you don’t then she’s going to tell me” I move backwards hit mama’s vase that falls and breaks.

It doesn’t take long before he makes his way to the lounge followed by mama he already has his belt in hand.

“Woza la” He reaches me before mama does, the belt rips through my skin not having any mercy.

“Nyambose please” Mama holds the belt

“Baba ngiyaxolisa” the words fall off my lips.

“What is that we don’t give you Ayola” I suddenly go mum he looks ready to murder me.

“Yini ongayitholi lakhaya that would go and fall pregnant” he shouts.

“Baba I am sorry please forgive me” He shakes his head.

“Ukhaleani angithi wena uyalalana” he shouts.

“Qhawe this is not the way to do things please calm down”
Mama pleads

I have never seen my father this angry even the Cape Town
saga doesn’t amount to this angry.

“Ngiyeke Zobuhle” mama shakes her head still holding the belt.

“Shaya mina ke uyeke ingane” She says.

“Zobuhle move out of my way” he barks.

“I will not let you kill my child ngeke Qhawe” He lowers his
hand but still with mama holding his hand.

“Ayola who is the father” I look at mama my heart sinking.

“Yewena ngane who is the father” I jump hiding behind my
mother.

“Baba” He raises his finger and shakes his head.

“I swear I will kill wena Ayola” He pushes mama out of his way
and grabs my arm.

“Ubani losikhotheni okumithisile” He shouts even louder.

I want to lie and tell him that I don’t know but that will only
anger him more.

“Ayola talk to me did they hurt, did they force themselves on you is that why you won’t talk” I shake my head and watch the fear and hurt in eyes be replaced with the anger.

For a moment he thought the worst his eyes and tone gave it away.

“Then tell me who the father is” I shut my eyes this is it the moment he will strangle me to death.

“Wu Qiniso baba he’s the father” he lets go of my arm and slaps me across the face, the slaps throws me right on the couch.

“Qhawe” mama screams coming to my aid.

“Utheni” He looks more livid I can’t even rate his anger.

“Uyena ubaba weNgane yami” His hands shake and his face tightens.

He looks at mama and tilts his head.

“You knew Zobuhle” Mama clasp her hands together shielding me.

“Ufebisa ingane yam Zobuhle” I shake my head.

“Ma didn’t know” I say.

“Thula wena” I shriek at the sharpness of his voice.

“I knew something was going on between you two and I was made a fool” he shouts at the bothe of us.

“Baba I love him” his eyes widen.

“Love him Ayola” I nod my head.

“Uzomthanda emthathuneni” he says walking out.

I try standing up to run after him but mama holds me down stopping me.

“Let him be Ayola just leave it be” Mama says.

“If he kills him mama I will never forgive him” she pulls me into he arms.

“Ayola” she calls out softly.

“Ngqiqinisile ma I will never forgive him” I say.

My face stings but the thought of Qiniso getting hurt gets to me even more.

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NKANYEZI

I leave everything that I am doing when I hear noise coming from the kitchen, I rush to where the noise is and stop on my tracks when I see Ngwane looking over at our son being beaten up into a pull. He holds me back from pulling Qhawe away from son and locks me in with his arms.

“Let me go Mthandeni” My screams fall of deaf ears.

I fight my way out of his hold and stomp on his feet but he his hold tightens over me.

“Ngwane wabuka ingane yam ifa” Qiniso cries out in pain and gasps for air when Qhawe puts his knees down is throat.

“I love her and I am going to be there for her and my child” I gasp when I hear Qiniso’s words.

That angers Qhawe even more because he presses hard on my son’s throat.

“Qhawe please forgive him ngiyakucela Nyambose” I look at my bloodied son who is defiant and not willing to hear anything about staying away from Ayola.

I feel Ngwane’s body tense up but I know he won’t do anything to him this is the right thing to do.

“I swear Ngwane if you don’t let me go I will leave you and never forgive you” He slowly loosens up.

Qhawe looks at me then Mthandeni and moves his knee, he picks Qiniso up and puts him against the wall.

“Stay away from daughter Qiniso forget she exists or I will kill you” Qhawe says letting him drop to the floor.

“I would rather die than leave her alone again and if you think killing me is best then do it” he coughs up blood.

“Thula Qiniso” I say holding him close to my chest.

“Ngiyaxolisa Mnyamande” Qhawe says looking at me.

I shut my eyes and look at Mthandeni.

“Call an ambulance before my son dies and I kill you for watching him get beaten” I say.

He calls an ambulance while walking Qhawe out and I don't understand why he can still walk him out after what just happened.

He comes back and helps Qiniso up my son probably has broken ribs.

“Myeke Ngwane leave my son alone uyangizwa” I shout at him and he backs away.

“How could you allow this to happen to my son” He tightens his face looking at me.

“I had to Nkanyzi don’t even think it was fun watching another my best friend beat up my so

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but I had to he’s a father an angry one because our son decided to impregnate his daughter” I look at Qiniso and shake my head.

“There you have it not only did he break her virginity but also made her pregnant” I nod.

“I am sorry that I stood by but this had to happen and knowing Qhawe we can move on from this” He says.

“Qiniso umthetho wakho wena vele awuyazi icondom” I ask.

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QHAWE

I park in the garage and clench my jaws nothing compares to what I am feeling right now, I disrespected Ngwane’s house and he let me but my anger got the better of me and when I saw Qiniso at the door my anger multiplied and I completely lost it. I rub my knuckles and shake my head not my baby girl not my Ayola. I don’t know what to say or how to behave right now I

can't even look at her without my heart breaking, all her plans derailed all because she met a boy and was controlled by hormones and got herself pregnant Qiniso is lucky that I didn't break his necks.

So soon after her umemulo and she does this to herself doesn't she know that hard it is to raise and provide for a child especially when you are unemployed and still young. I had hoped she would wait till she accomplished something for self got her degree and travel the world that has always been her biggest dream to see every the world and then settle down later in life. I shut my eyes the truth is hard to swallow but its staring me in the face Ayola is pregnant and there's nothing I can do about it.

I make my way inside the house find her pacing up and down she looks different my her lip is cut and my hand left a print on her face, I shudder thinking that I laid my hand on her she is my child and I love her so much what she has done is breaking my heart and for the first time I don't know how to handle a situation. I find myself conflicted from Qhawe the husband and father to Qhawe the business man who knows exactly how to deal with every situation at hand. I can't kill Qiniso I would never kill him or hurt his parents like that I love that boy like he is my own and but the betrayal cuts deep.

"Baba umenzi" she asks.

Zobuhle looks at me the hurt in her eyes is visible for all to see for once I am glad Mxolisi is not home to see all this.

“When did you start seeing this boy” I ask.

“Qhawe not now” Zobuhle says.

I have a feeling she knew about these two and kept me on the dark.

“When did you start sleeping with Qiniso weh Zimephi” I ask moving closer to her.

She takes a few steps closer to her mother and hides behind her.

“Zimephi” I shout hitting the wall.

“Qhawe you are scarring her” Zobuhle says pleading with me.

“What do you want me to say Zobuhle applaud her for bring a child into my house, for throwing her future away and having a child out of wedlock” I ask.

“I know you are angry Qhawe but shouting won’t solve anything Sthandwa sam” she says.

“Ayola look at me” she emerges from her mother and looks at me.

“I want you to stay away from Qiniso” her eyes widen and she looks at her mother.

“Baba ngiyamthanda and I am sorry for disappointing you” I nod my head raise my hands in the air.

“I can see that you want to be a mother and wife so bad” Zobuhle raises her hand shakes her head.

“You will not Qhawe” she warns.

“Zimephi you will stay away from Qiniso you will never see him again kusho mina” Tears fall of her face and her nose flares up that only happens when she’s hurt and angry but can’t do anything about it.

“Kanti baba mina ngibulale bani” her chest heave and her tears keep falling.

I hate seeing her like this but Ayola needs to learn.

“You see” Zobuhle moves closer to me and hold my hands.

“Qhawe forgive her” I gently pull my hands and look at Ayola.

“Zimephi” I call put fighting my own tears.

“Baba” she says wiping her tears.

“Uthando noma yikhaya nomndeni wakho” I say.

She looks gutted and like for a moment her breathe left her she breaks down and my tears falls.

“Ngiyakuthanda baba kakhulu” she says walking towards her room.

“Ayola where are you going” Zobuhle asks.

“To pack my bags mama” Zobuhle shakes her head.

“Qhawe don’t make her choose stop her” she begs.

“Everything in this house I bought everything you have I bought with my money, you leave this house then you leave with nothing including your cards and gadgets” she reaches for her bag and takes out her phone.

She bought it with her own money.

“You know Baba today I went to the clinic and I was ready to abort this child because I was so afraid of your reaction but I was more afraid for Qiniso and the things you would do to him, which is why I kept the truth to myself I now realise that I was more afraid for him than myself. I know I disappointed so much and I know you are angry and hurt because I didn’t come to you like I always do I am so sorry baba for the pain I have caused. I am sorry for the questions you are going to be asked because of me and I am sorry for the gossip that is going to circulate because of me” She heads for the door.

“Lets see which family you will have since I am also leaving because she’s my daughter and she needs me” Ayola turns and gives her a hug.

“Its okay mama you stay uzokudinga ubaba” She whispers the last part and lets go walking out

and a want to scream and tell her not go I want to stop her from leaving her father's house.

she shuts the door and Zobuhle screams placing her hand on her chest.

“Ngixoshe nami Qhawe” I turn and walk to our bedroom but stop when when fists land on my back,I turn taking in all the punches she tires out and I hold her in my arms.

“She made a mistake Nyambose but she doesn't deserve to be punished like this” she says.

I have never been this broken before she could have died in that table had Qiniso not stopped her.

AYOLA

I don't know what happened and my mind refuses to process everything that just took place, I have been crying since I left the house the poor taxi driver has been asking me if I am okay and if he can call someone for me. The driver looks at the time then me I can tell he feels sorry for me he been understanding and throwing words of comfort but nothing seems works right now.

"Are sure that everything is okay" I nod even though nothing is okay.

I shouldn't have asked him to drop me off here but this is the first place that came to mind.

"You don't have to worry about paying me such things happen trust me I have seen many" he says.

I dial Qiniso's number once again and still my calls go answered.

"Look I have to go but I can't do that not knowing if you are going to be okay" He says politely.

I nod my head and smile its getting dark and he needs to go home.

“I am sorry can you please give me your banking details I will transfer your money” He takes my phone putting in his details..

He looks at me and give me a hug smiling now I feel bad even more for not being able to pay him.

The rain starts drizzling and out of nowhere pours hard I hug myself and move away from the steel gate not wanting to be struck by lighting.

I almost fall on my face when I hear a car hoot behind me I turn and Aunt Nkanyezi steps out of the car coming to me.

“Ayola” I raise my head and struggle to hold it together I have been holding myself for way too long.

“Phephisa sisi” She opens her arms and I flung into them and hold her tight.

We make our way inside the house she take me to Qiniso’s bedroom and closes the door behind us.

“I am sorry for coming here but I couldn’t think of any other place” I say.

“Its okay you don’t have to explain” she looks at me and squints her eyes carefully looking at my bruised face.

“I will run you a bath and make you something to eat” she says.

I want to ask for Qiniso I need him to hold me and tell me that everything is going to be okay.

“I will call your mother and let her know that you are okay” she says.

She walks to the bathroom and runs me a bath and comes out holding towels.

I strip naked and she looks at me her eyes glossy my father was angry when he beat me up he didn't care which part of me he hits the most and I understand.

“Let me leave you it” she says walking out.

I slowly walk to the bathroom and dip my body into the water and shut my eyes at the sting it coming in contact with my body.

I open my eyes when images of my father subtly wiping his tears play out he was hurt I hurt him and choosing Qiniso and this child made it even worse. But the truth is I am tired and drained from all this and a fatherless child is not something I want to add to my list of troubles.

I stand up and drain the water from the bathtub wrapping a towel around my body, my body is sore but my heart aches so much I feel this pain from my chest.

I make my way back to the bedroom and drop the towel about to lotion but the door opens and Qiniso walks in before I can pick up the towel he closes the door behind him and looks at me slowly making his way toward me, he gives me a hug and I feel at home after a long time of being away he pulls away without saying anything and picks up the towel placing it on the bed and reaches for his lotion he puts some on his hands and gently smears it all over my body.

He gently massages my breast having me close my eyes his hands move down my waist massaging my ass pulling me close to him.

His hand move to my face and he wipes my tears and kisses my cheeks.

“Ngiyaxolisa Ayola” He whispers in my ears.

“What are we going to do Khanyile” The words fall off my lips.

“Did he do this” he runs his fingers over my cut lip.

“He was angry he didn’t mean to do this” he nods and kisses me.

“I shouldn’t have let things get this far I should have told him the truth when I still had time” The guilt in his voice hits me hard none of this is his fault, no one here is at fault we just happened to fall in love.

“He made me choose Qiniso and I chose our child you should have seen how he looked at me” He shuts me up with a kiss but the tears don’t stop flowing.

“I love you and I will be here every step of the way” he says in between the kiss.

My hand move up to his neck pulling him even closer.

“I don’t know how to feel Qiniso it hurts” I say pulling away catching me breathe.

He pulls me back into that lingering kiss, I find my self helping him out of his clothes he lifts me up and gently places me on the bed he spreads my legs getting in between and using his finger to feel how wet I am. I close my eyes right now this is the only thing that makes to me having me love me, he kisses my neck and gently massaging my breast and pushing himself in slowly while groaning in between.

I bit my lips gasping the blood rushes all over my body when he starts moving inside me.

“I am sorry” he says entwining both our hands together.

“He hates me Qiniso my father hates me I hurt him so bad” My tears wet the pillow and his lips find their way into the most intimate parts of my body.

His kisses my lips and and gets on his knees placing his hand on waist pulling me to him. I lose myself in the way he bites my thighs and grabs on them like he owns me, he pulls out brushing the tip of cock against my labia gently tapping on it and then thrusting inside me he throws his head back and deep strokes having me screams and whimper at the sexual pleasure he gives me. His stroking increases whilst I grab on the bed covers trying my best not scream my realise.

“I will make things right trust me when I say that” he says stroking even harder he lets go of my one leg taking the other and placing it on his shoulder.

“Khanyile” I whisper his name when his lips kiss my neck and his one hand caresses my breast.

He gives me slow stokes and deep thrust taking the pain and confusion way.

We both finally release and he collapses on top of me.

“I know wronged you and I am the reason we are both here hurting but I promise you Ayola I will make everything right. I love you so much more than you will ever know sthandwa sam” He whispers in my ear still inside me.

“Ngizoyihlawu ingane” he says coming out and pulling me to him

we are both soaked in our sweat and our bodies ache but somehow being next to him has cured everything.

“I will take you to the doctor tomorrow” He says.

“Khanyile we still have a lot of things to talk about being here doesn’t solve anything” I remind him.

He sighs drawing circles on my thigh.

“You are pregnant” he chuckles and rests his hand on my belly.

“My child is growing inside you Achilles is going to be a big brother” I smiles at the thought of all that.

He looks at me and swallows.

“Have you forgiven me Munku” I move his hand getting out of bed I am sore down there but I walk the bathroom to clean myself and walk back to the closet and take out his pyjamas and wear them with his gown,

I don’t know how to answer him, what do I say knowing very well that my heart isn’t fully ready to forgive him yes we just had sex but we both needed an escape and we found one in each other

He puts on his briefs and soon after a knock comes through with his mother walking in she looks at Qiniso then bed and looks at me.

“The food is ready Ayola” she says walking out.

The look she gave Qiniso said it all so much for being in a tight situation we still managed to squeeze in some steamy sex.

We both make our way to the living room and settle down on the table with Qiniso seating next to me his father occupying the head of the table, I can't even look at uncle Mtha in the face whether we admit or not we have put him in a tight situation.

“Ma ngiyaxolisa” I say.

I know I have been saying a lot lately but I truly am sorry.

“Do your parents know that you are here” Uncle Mtha asks.

Qiniso holds my hand for all to see while I shake my head, Uncle Mtha looks at Qiniso's hand on mine and clears his throat.

“You can't stay here Ayola it would be wrong of us to keep you here without your parents permission” He says.

“I understand baba” He nods his head.

“I will move back to my place tomorrow and I am taking her with me I can't have the mother of my child wandering around” Qiniso says.

“Ayola has a family Qiniso and she’s not your wife” Uncle Mtha says hitting the table looking at Aunt Nkanyezi who is keeping the peace in the table.

“Ayola will go back home and we will do right by her and her family are we clear Qiniso” He says looking at us.

I look at Qiniso and who holds a staring contest with his father.

“Your father is right Qiniso you need to know that what you both did is wrong, you wronged the Nyambose family by getting Ayola pregnant worse out of wedlock” his mother says.

“I should go call Mkhulu just to let him know that you are okay they must be worried” Uncle Mtha says excusing himself from the table.

“Ngiyakulandela Ngwane” Aunt Nkanyezi says following behind him.

They disappear and Qiniso drops a bomb on me “ Ngishade Ayola” he say not blinking just holding my hand.

“What” He nods his head nervously chuckling.

I yank my hand from his hold and looks at him like he’s a crazy man.

“No” He looks at me shocked by my response.

“This is not a movie Qiniso this is our lives just because we had sex doesn’t mean things are okay” I say.

Silence falls upon us and I feel its best I leave the table today was a long day and I don’t need this right now.

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ZIBULO

I don’t know how things got things but Qhawe made Ayola choose and the child chose to go where she wouldn’t feel like she is a disappointment or a disgrace, I looked at Zenkosi holding Zobuhle’s hand this is taking a toll on her so much that she’s been clasping tightly at her phone as if waiting for someone to call her.

Baba isn’t hearing any of this he loves Ayola more than anything and he doesn’t believe in hitting the kids worse chasing them out of the house, My father went as far as punching Qhawe in the face and threatened to kill him if he doesn’t fix this he was angry but there was some truth in his words.

“Ngenzenjani Mkhulu” He asks looking at me.

“Lets go look for her she needs to come home” I say.

“Did you hit her” I ask seeing that Zobuhle hasn’t said a word to him all morning since we got here.

He nods looking at Zobuhle.

“Even Zobuhle couldn’t stop me I was angry bafo” he says.

“Ngwane called she’s at their house and he promised to bring her home” He say.

“We need to discuss this matter as a family and find a way forward” I say.

“Am I such a bad father Mkhulu that she would keep something like this to herself” He asks looking at me.

“I couldn’t even sleep last night not knowing where she is and if she was safe” He continues.

“You are not a bad father Mkhulu she loves you so much that the thought of getting pregnant out of wedlock and soon after her ceremony killed her, I know you love her more than anything and that is why its so hard to process everything bit she’s our and we never turn our back on family” I say.

“But I am angry at Qiniso for doing this to my daughter” He says breathing heavily.

“I know but she loves him and the more we push her away the more she runs into her arms” I say.

“Ngenzenjani she’s my baby girl but I am angry” He says.

I look at my brother and see the defeat in his eyes even I don’t have the answer to that question. I have had my fair share of trouble with the girls things I don’t wish to remember.

QINISO

I walked into uncle Qhawe's office he raised his head and looked at me then shook his head clearly not impressed that I was here without calling or saying anything at all.

This man has worked hard in his life and part of his disappointment comes from the fact that he has always wanted Ayola to take over from him till Mxolisi was old and matured enough to run things. I closed the door behind me and cleared my throat looking at him he closed his laptop and leaned back on his chair.

"Baba" He still said nothing and just looked at me.

"I know I have wronged you in the worst possible way but I am here to ask for forgiveness" I watched his hand form a fist while he shook his head.

"I am sorry that I lied to you, I am sorry that I brought shame into your house and caused nothing but destruction that was never my intention I love your daughter I have always loved Ayola and no else. I am sorry that my love for her has caused a rift between you two, I am sorry that my love for her has costed

her yours and that she's broken because of my love. I am here not for me but for her she's broken because of this she cries because of this she's not the same person anymore and I am afraid that this will cause harm to my baby and her in the long run" He looks at me clenching his jaw I know he loves Ayola more than anything, It is said that a man treasures having sons more but this man treasures having a daughter more than anything they share a bond unimaginable and I am hoping that he forgives Ayola before it is too late.

"She loves you more than anything in this world but you are pushing her away and that is slowly eating away at her please forgive her even if you don't forgive me that is fine" I said.

He stood up and faced the window with his hands inside his pockets.

"I remember when I told my wife that I would kill the boy busy with my daughter and I would have had it not been someone I take as a son" He chuckled.

"I would have killed you for what you have done to my daughter had you not been Ngwane's son because that is my baby girl, I had big dreams for her she had big dreams for herself and now she's going to be a mother because you two couldn't use a bloody condom. I love you both but you can't be with Ayola Qiniso you can't I won't allow it" He said shaking his head.

I nodded my head hearing him say that didn't sit well with me.

"I am the man I am today because of you and my father now why am I not good enough for Ayola" I asked.

He turned and looked me.

"I love her baba and I would die for her" I shouted.

"That's the thing she doesn't need someone to die for her she needs someone to live for her" I scrunched my nose.

"What happens if you become what your grandfather wanted all these years, what happens if you hurt her so much that she loses herself that she breaks and never becomes whole again" he asked.

"I would never be like my grandfather and I would never hurt Ayola" He nodded his head and sat down facing me.

"I know that no man will ever be good enough for Ayola but I love her and I know I made made my mistakes but I am good enough for her, I will love and protect her I will be what you are to aunt Zobuhle and that is a promise" I said.

I sat down bringing my hands together.

"I am not a criminal baba you never raised me to be one I will not put my family's life in danger I will not risk the life of my children and wife" he looked at me tilting his head.

“Wife” he said.

I nodded my head clearing my throat this is not how I intended telling him my intentions.

“When the time is right I would like to make things right, I would like to ask for her hand in marriage baba and I hope we fix things and move on and that Ayola gets her father back” I stood up after having said my peace and walked out.

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AYOLA

I close my book and grab my lunch box mama now packs my lunch she refuses me to eat anything other than healthy foods as if this baby want to eats steamed veggies and fruits, this baby wants to eat all the greasy foods and soft drinks and weird stuff like my pickled Gherkins with peanut butter and raisins with milk that is my midnight snack. Even if I wake up in the middle of the night I always find my things nicely placed out in the kitchen counter ready for me to eat and cry if need be, I haven't asked who goes out of their way to make sure I am stocked up but I know mama would do anything to ease things for me.

Parking space now

A text from Bailey comes through I grab my things mumbling she knows I hate walking alone and the fact that I have been calling and only now she responds gets to me. I make my way to the parking space and notice how people seem to be heading where I am headed, Knowing Bailey she called me to witness a fight but lately nothing excites me my mood could be a 100 but will quickly drop when I have to go home. I am depressed and she calls me for a bloody fight a chuckle leaves my mouth thinking about how crazy Bailey is she probably thinks this is a good idea, I reach the parking and see Makhosonke and Qiniso leaning against the car with Bailey holding her phone out trust her to go overboard. The car is playing Isiginci by Mduduzi ft Big Zulu I turn and attempt an escape when Bailey shouts.

“Don’t even think about it” She says drawing more attention to us.

“MaMthethwa” Qiniso says behind me.

I turn even though my feet want to carry me away from here people are gathering and this three doesn’t seem bothered.

I look to the sky and close my eyes

“God if you love me like I know you do please make me invisible” I say quietly

“Munku” He calls out softly.

Dammit he had to go there but why.

I open my eyes and look at him “Khanyile what is this” I ask.

He laughs and shrugs his shoulders getting flowers and a huge teddy bear, he then gives me a Gift box filled with jars of gherkins making me laugh this man is after my very heart.

“Bailey said you can’t live without them” he says.

That’s it I will die from the acidity of these things if they keep feeding me them.

“We could have done this home” I say trying my best to stay calm and not run.

“It wouldn’t be this fun” he says smiling taking all the stuff back to the car..

“By the way the bear is for my baby you are just keeping it safe till she arrives” He whispers

I hit him on the shoulder laughing, so much for being loved he pulls me close running his hands down my waist his lips capture mine and it feels like its just the two of us till the crows cheers and swoons over this gesture.

“Khanyile people are watching” I say pulling away but he pulls me back in and looks at Makhosonke nodding his head.

“Khanyile what are you doing” I ask when the music plays even louder.

*Kukhala isiginci sakho enhlizweni yam.

Umasu mamatheka ngivele ngizule

Ngibone ubuhle bakho ikhanda lizule

Kodwa kuvele kuthi huu, sengicabangile bona ngiyosebenza.

Wangenza umuntu ungibona mina ngiyakuthanda

Wangenza umuntu ungibona mina ngiyakuthanda

Khawutshele umama no baba inkomo ziyeza

Ngishoda ngawe sthandwa sam ngibeyindoda, akekho omunye onothando olunje nguwe wedwa sthandwa sam enhlizweni yam

Anginamai futhi anginakari kodwa uthando lwami luhlezi kuwe

Ingakho ngithi kukhala esakho isiginci enhlizweni yam*

I wipe my tears hiding my face he’s making me cry Khanyile doesn’t understand how easy it is for to me to cry lately.

He closes the gap between us and wraps his arm around my waist while his other hand holds my hand having me rest my

head on his chest, I thank God for this man being tall because right now his broad shoulders are shielding me from all these eyes we dance while he sings along to the song who knew Qiniso could be this romantic.

*Gegelegege nengena nkomo iyayidla inyama

Sezala abantu kodwa seyqoma inyamazana

Ayinabhasikiti khuzwa emakethe siphaphala

Awu ndoniyamanzi anginamagama

Bathi mntanomuntu yaz mangikubheka kuthi huu

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nhliziyo yam igcwela uthando ivele ishaye ithi guu

Sshh ngatsheli abantu ungayithi vuu

Asikhohlwe ngonondaba mabekhuluma akuthi shuu

Ngilosiyam, awu themba lam, bambolwami, mntanomuntu,
sponono sam

Lovey wam, sweetiyam, nhliziyo yam, udali wam ngakubiza
ngawo wonke uthanda liphi nkanyezi yami.

Yimizwilili nhliziyi yam ikhala isiginci sizwa wena wedwa
ncincinci asikubhimbi my heartbeat uyazi wena ngikuthanda
isingisi*

“I hate what you are doing to me” I say laughing wiping my
tears.

“And I love you so much sthandwa sam so much” He says.

“What now” I ask laughing.

“I kiss you and walk you to the car then drop you home” he
says pulling away.

He kisses me and leans close.

“Wena uthokozisa inhliziyo yam” He whispers.

“Thank you for this Khanyile” He takes both my hands and
kisses them.

“Anything for you Munku” He says taking my hand leading me
to the car.

“That was beautiful” Bailey says giving Makhosonke the eye.

“Khohlwa” Makhosonke says making us laugh.

“Was worth a try” Bailey says shrugging her shoulders.

Qiniso and I are seated at the back with our hands entwined.

“I love you Qiniso” I say.

I mean every word that I am saying, I love this man so much even though he just made me the talk of the whole school but I love him still. “Ngiyanithanda nami munku” He says

The night seems to be dragging and I have no sleep my stomach is still filled butterflies from earlier on Bailey posted the pictures and video people are sharing and loving it. Some are asking if I am expecting Khanyile’s child while some say I trapped him and while others are just sharing the love and wishing us well.

Nothing is ever smoothed sailing when it comes to social media even the happiest of moments can be twisted and turned but then I have been through a lot and I am not about to let trolls get me down. I put on my gown and slippers heading to the kitchen and find Baba placing my midnight snack on the kitchen counter with, he stops when he sees me and closes the fridge turning to look at me my superhero he’s the one waking up every night to prepare my snack.

“I will come back when you are done” I say.

“Would you like some warm milk” I nod and settle down on the chair.

He didn’t eat with us tonight he was in his study working that’s what he said but I don’t believe him.

I don't know what to say or where to start I have tried and he wants nothing to do with me.

He places the pot on the stove and pours some milk leaving the kitchen without even saying anything more.

I feel my chest tighten and stand up to get myself a glass of water.

"Munku" I almost drop my glass when I hear him call my name I wasn't expecting him to come back.

"Baba" I say.

"Come and sit next to me" He says.

I move closer and settle next to him he places an album in front of us and sighs.

"This is your baby album both you and your brother have it" he says.

He pages through it and finds a picture of me and him in the hospital I was tiny.

"This is was the day I brought you home your mother was sick and she couldn't take care of you for a long time, I was your primary giver I fell in love with the moment I knew your mother was carrying you I loved you when I held you in my arms and I knew that you were my heartbeat Ayola. I learned how to bathe you and to feed you I remember how I was afraid to hold

you because I thought my hand were not gentle enough but the amazing thing is that you would cry each time I put you down” he chuckles fighting his tears.

“Your first word was Mkhulu followed by baba I never told your mother this because I didn’t want to hurt her, I would carry you on my chest and take you with me to work you were my whole world until your brother came along” A tear drops from his eye and he wipes it.

“Now you are going to be a mother and I don’t know how to handle it, I am not angry because you are carrying his child I am angry because you lied and almost put your life in danger because you couldn’t come to us, to me. When you mentioned how you almost aborted this baby I laid awake at night and cried because I didn’t understand that am I such a monster that you would keep this to yourself. I raised and I talked to you about everything I thought I was the best father but now” I shake my head.

“Baba you are not a monster you are the best father ever we I was afraid of telling you because I know I failed you, I know that I disappointed you. I was afraid because we had plans and I ruined all our plans and I am sorry baba please forgive me” He holds my hand and looks at me.

“I am your father and I should have went about this the right way, I will always look out for you and protect you because you

are my child and I am your father nothing will ever change that even that thing growing inside you” He says.

I nod my head today keeps being better and better I have prayed for this day so much.

“Never ever again say I hate you, angry yes but to hate you I could never hate you Yola” He says.

I fling into his arm and wail.

“Baba I am sorry, I am so sorry” He holds me tight and I hold on even tighter.

I can’t hold myself having my father embrace me after so long feels unreal so much I don’t want to let go of him.

“I love you baby girl” He whispers.

“Nyambose” mama shouts when entering the kitchen.

She stops and puts her hand over her mouth.

“Oh Nkosi yami Jehova ngiyabonga” she says clasping her hands together. “I missed you baba” He hushes me down.

“I missed you too munku” He kisses my forehead.

Mama moves closer and gives me a hug.

“We love you no matter what” she says.

AYOLA

I have never been this happy knowing that things are back to normal and that I can finally say home feels like home again, Baba is still his grumpy self when it comes to Qiniso but he acknowledges that he's the father of my child and I think I should be at least grateful for that. I am also happy knowing that whatever is going between Qiniso and I hasn't affected the relationship our fathers.

“Not that it would have Ngwane and I go way back”

Those were Baba words when I voiced out my concerns and gratitude it would have been a shame had something of that sort happen because of us. My belly is growing by the day but I am glad that the baby is healthy and that she has a strong heartbeat I had a doctor's appointment a week ago and Qiniso wouldn't let go of my hand, he was more pissed when he saw that my doctor is a man but ever since I learned about this baby Doctor Troy Welhman has been my go to man. I had told him

about the hellish months I had from finding out about the baby, to hiding the pregnancy wanting to abort and being kicked out of the house he was surprised that I didn't have any complications with baby. He said most pregnant women get overly stressed and have high blood pressure which sometimes results to miscarriages and the death of many women. He even mentioned how he lost a patient during child birth the lady had given birth to twins I could tell he was still hurt by the loss I couldn't hold my tears thinking about the possibility of losing my baby girl.

Qiniso had to hold me and assure me that things will be fine and that our baby is fighter hence she's still here despite everything that we have been through.

I come out of my thoughts and smile when Baba clears his throat he decided to take me out for breakfast so we could talk his words not mine. He passes me my plate after taking the tomatoes off my plate I find them disgusting lately they make everything soggy

"I love you" he says placing down his mug and smiling.

I missed this and I will never ever call him overbearing or too much when he shows affection.

"I love you too baba" He smiles even more.

"Well I wanted us to talk about your future" I nod my head.

“There’s a baby coming what is your plan” He asks.

I fill my mouth with the sausages and chew I haven’t really thought much about what lies ahead apart from that I still want to achieve everything I promised myself I would.

“Ayola” I look up and swallow.

“I still want to be a surgical doctor and make everyone proud” He nods listening.

“How” He asks.

I deeply sigh this man and his question why can’t he let me have my breakfast in peace and besides I had this conversation with Mama.

“I will give birth nurse the baby for a few weeks and go back to school” He chuckles making me wonder if I said something wrong.

“Who is going to look after the baby” He asks raising his eyebrows.

“Mama will” He places his mug down and reaches for my hands.

“Look at me” I look at him with a huge smile on my face. “That won’t work not this time” I still maintain my smile it has to work one way or the other “No wife of mine will look after a baby, she was not there when you made this baby meaning

she's not responsible" He nods his head and tells me to nod with him.

"I am glad we understand each other" he says letting go of my hands.

"I want you to go back to the drawing board come up with a solid plan that is going to work for everyone including that child

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taking time from school doesn't mean giving up on your dreams it does however mean being there for your child even if its just a few months" he says smiling.

I stand up and give him a hug things might be steady now but I flunked my assignments and I am afraid that I won't do well on my tests.

"Thank you Baba" Mama must have told him about my request to deferrer the year giving me time to prepare for the baby and at least nurse her for a few months.

"I don't want to see wedding plans on that drawing board Ayola" He says.

I nod though Qiniso hinted wanting us to be a family he doesn't want this child being born out of wedlock.

"Munku" Mxolisi says wrapping his hands around my shoulders kissing my cheek.

“Sawubona Nyambose” he says to Baba before taking his seat.

“Mxolisi” Baba says smiling.

People may think Baba favours me more but he loves us equally I have seen how he looks at Mxolisi and that is his son and heir.

Mxolisi reaches for my plate and I give him a frown.

“Is that you frowning or the baby” He asks laughing.

“The baby” I settle on that answer and they both laugh till Baba makes a serious face.

“Baba what’s wrong” I ask pushing my plate to Mxolisi seeing that he wants the food more than the person inside me.

“I called you here because things are going to change around the house” He says nervously.

“Are you and mama getting divorce” Mxolissi asks.

“No but your mother is ..” Mxolisi cuts in before he Baba can say more.

“She’s sick right that is why she’s always sleeping” His voice breaks off and look at them both.

I haven’t been paying attention that I missed my mother’s sleeping patten a thought crosses my mind maybe that is why Baba has been the one making midnight snack.

“Yola don’t cry your mother is not sick” Baba says moving his chair next to mine.

“Your mother is pregnant with twins” He says.

I look at him and tears fall

“You are replacing us with twins even” Baba laughs so much followed by Mxolisi.

“Baba you can’t replace me” I blink my tears away but they fall.

“I am not replacing you nana” he says giving me a hug.

“So does this mean you and ma are still very much active” Mxolisi asks.

“Ngizokushaya Mxolisi” Baba says wiping my tears.

“This is why I called both of you here to tell you the news we are no longer four but six “ He says excitedly.

I cry even more who gets pregnant around the same time as their mothers.

“What now” Mxolisi asks shrugging his shoulders.

“I am pregnant and so is Ma this is unheard off” I say.

He laughs and stands by looking at me making a scene.

“Munku you are going to be a big sister again and this time around you get to send them to the shop whenever you want” Baba says.

That excites me since Mxolisi refuses to be sent to the shops I am excited for all of us but I am still not over the shock that my mother is pregnant and having twins but then again twins run in the family.

“You will always be my baby girl” He says smiling.

“I love you more than Mxolisi does” He laughs

“Really Ayola” Mxolisi says tilting his head.

“I love you both and no one is replacing anyone” Baba says.

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Things between Mpendulo and I are okay we managed to talk and hashed things out he’s one of my long time friends and I don’t want to lose him over such things, he was shocked and his anger was misplaced so I understand he even offered for us to go Bailey’s house and check up on her.

“Finally” I say quietly when prof Machenzie leaves the hall.

My mind is scattered all over the place Bailey wasn't around all day she sent a text about not feeling good.

"Hey let me help you" he says getting my bag.

"Thank you" He takes my hand as we walk out.

"I need to go past my house and get Bailey's notes she might need them" He says.

We walk to the car the drive to his house is filled with laughter and music playing in the radio he finally pulls over and we walk to the car.

I have been here before but today his parents are not home.

"Can I offer you something to drink" He asks.

"Water will be fine please" I say.

He disappears into the kitchen and comes back with two glasses of orange juice and hands me my glass.

"You should get the notes" I say leaning back on the couch.

He takes time fetching the notes and I place the glass down yawning today was a long day.

I decide to rest my head on the armrest of the couch and close my eyes just for a bit. I feel something move up my thighs and stop when I move the feeling persists till I open my eyes and find and Mpendulo on his knees staring at me.

I jump up pushing him away he falls on his butt and quickly stands up.

“What are doing Mpendulo” I ask trying to on my feet but he moves close and presses down on my making it hard for me to stand.

He starts forcefully kissing me and I move my face on either side but his fingers dig hard on my cheeks putting me still.

“Mpendulo” I say trying to fight him off but he overpowers me placing his knees between my thighs.

“You want this I know you do” he says pushing his tongue deep in my mouth.

“Mpendulo you are hurting me” I say pushing him off but he his legs rest on my belly.

I bite his lip and that jerks him off biting him earns me a slap and his blood fills my mouth I spit some out while the other goes down my throat.

I manage to get on my feet and he charges towards me angry than I have ever seen him before, I push him off so hard he falls and hits the corner of the table with his head blood oozes out of his head.

“Mpendulo” I call out but he doesn’t respond.

I run to the kitchen and grab his mother's dish cloths and stop the bleeding while trying to clean the blood up.

I stop everything that I am doing when I realise that I have just committed my first crime and that is wiping the crime scene.

I carry my hands on my head and wipe my tears trying to think not even the house help is around, I scramble for my phone and find it calling for the ambulance then Bailey.

"Mpendulo please don't do this to me please wake up" I press hard on the wound while praying he makes.

"Jehova Nkulunkulu onomusa please help me I can't go to prison" Tears stream down while I rock Mpendulo in my arms.

The medics arrive and take us to the hospital everything look suspicious when they ask questions I can't even answer Bailey holds my hand tightly I am soaked in Mpendulo's blood I sat on it while trying to stop the bleeding.

"I will call the parents" Bailey says when we get off the ambulance and the medics take Mpendulo away.

"I didn't mean to do it Bailey I swear I didn't" I say.

"I know you didn't" She says bringing me into a hug.

"He can't die I can't go to prison for this" I say quietly.

“You were trying to protect yourself from a man that wanted to hurt you” she says.

I know that I protecting myself but I can't get over the fact that I pushed him he is here and its my fault what happens if he doesn't make it.

His parents make their way to us followed by the police.

I look at Bailey and shake my head this is it I ma going to jail.

“That's her she's the one who did tried to kill my son” His mother says pointing at me.

I shouldn't have tried to clean the blood but I called the police surely that counts for something.

“Miss Ayola Mthethwa” I nod biting my lower lip.

“Please come with us to the station to answer a few question” One of the officers says.

“I want her cuffed like the murderer that she is”Mpendulo's mother shouts.

I look around and all eyes are on us Mpendulo's family is big and this will definitely make the news.

“Mam as you can see she's pregnant and still in shock” The other police officer says.

Mpendulo's mother looks at her husband who nods his head.

“If you don’t want to wake up Jobless then I suggest you cuff her and drag her out of here” She commands.

“Your son was wanted to force himself on her God knows what would have happened if she did fight back and push him” The two police officers looks at each other then me.

“You don’ know what you talking about” Mpendulo’s father says.

“Cuff her” The woman shouts.

I get cuffed but my walk down the passage in short lived when Baba appears followed by Ma and uncle Zibulo.

“Get those cuffs off my daughter” Baba’s deep voice commands.

The police officer doesn’t waste time taking the cuffs off mama hold me tight and I can’t believe I am putting her through this when we should be happy that our family is growing.

Soon Makhosonke and Qiniso appear out no where.

“I am afraid we still need to take her down to the station for questioning” The police officer says.

Baba looks at Mpendulo’d father and shakes his head.

“Let it go Mkhulu” Uncle Zibulo says.

I look at Qiniso and right now that is all I can do, he can't touch me or embrace me in his strong arms not in front of my parents Baba would have a fit.

"Your son has made the biggest mistake of his life you better pray he dies on that operating table" uncle Zibulo says looking at Mpendulo's father who clenches his jaws.

The police officers usher us out and agree that I drive with my parents to the station.

AYOLA

I shook my head nothing made sense none at all one minute we were fetching Bailey's notes and the next he was on top of me kissing me, I closed my eyes and breathed out heavily the police officers questioned me and took down my statement my father walked in and I stood up and flung into his arms. I have been trying to be strong for mama sake but I am scared and the thought of being behind bars kills me.

"Its okay" He said hugging me tightly.

"Baba I didn't mean to do it it was a mistake, I was trying to protect myself" I said pulling away.

He helped down on the chair and knelt down.

"I need you to look at me and tell me what happened Yola" He said holding my hands.

"Angazi Baba" I shook my head and he tightened his hold on hands.

“Munku you need to talk to me I need to know what happend”
He said.

“I pushed him and he hit his head on the table I wasn’t going to push him Baba but he was hurting me and he was on top me”
He nods his head.

“Did he hurt you” he asked.

“Not but I did and he might die” I said wiping my tears.

“No matter what happens you will not go to prison I will not let that happen, I am proud of you for fighting okay I love” he said kissing my forehead.

“I don’t want to be here Baba” He nodded his head and embraced me.

“I will be right back I need to talk to the police officers then we can go home” He said.

He stood and walked towards the door.

“Baba” I called out.

“Can I see Qiniso please” He shut his eyes and closed the door behind him.

It didn’t take long for me to be released as the police told us that they would wait for Mpendulo to wake up and share his side of the story, from what we heard from the police his

parents are not convinced that this was a mistake and the fact that I tried to clean the blood made it seem like I was trying to hide something.

Baba walked to the car and mama called me to the side to give me an overnight bag.

“Just this one time Ayola akusho ukuthi siyakuthuma” she said giving me hug

“We love you” she said walking to the car.

I scrambled for my phone the detective already gave me my belongings.

I love you so much Baba you will always be my superhero I pressed sent and looked at him. The car hadn't driven off and Qiniso on the other hand was waiting for me and I was waiting for my parents to drive off before running into his arms.

Baba stepped out of the car and made his way to me.

“I can change my mind if you want and I will drive us home and make you the best hot chocolate ever” he said.

I looked to my side I could already see Qiniso's face, he looked where I was looking and nodded his head.

“Call me when you get home” I nodded and stood there looking at me.

“I should be the one watching you drive off now walk” I smiled and started walking to the car.

Qiniso opened the door for me and we drove off with my father looking at us drive by.

We got to his house and the first thing I did was to flung into his arms and allow him to hold me tight and tell me that everything is going to be okay, I pulled away and noticed a few baby toys laying around I held my belly and sighed Talia must have been here with the baby his attention will be torn between these kids.

“I will run you a bath” He said clearing all the toys.

“Its okay I will take a shower” He stopped what he was doing and looked at me.

“I know what you are thinking but she wasn’t here I haven’t seen her in a while, I have been calling her to bring Achilles over but she been at her mother’s place and I will only see them when they come back” He said.

I just nodded and stood up making my way to bathroom he walked in and closed the door behind him.

“Munku” I turned and looked at him.

“I am sorry that I wasn’t there” he said.

“Woza ngikusize” He helped me out of my clothes and took of his clothes too walking us to the shower.

We stood facing each other and he turned on the tab and the water pour over us.

“I will kill that boy with my bare hands” He whispered bringing me into a hug.

He used the shower gel to wash my body his hands moving in all the intimate parts of my body making me close my eyes.

“I missed you” He said kissing me

For a while I froze and thought about Mpendulo, flashes of him pushing in his tongue deep inside my mouth and his leg lodged between my thighs.

I pushed him away and he turned off the water and helped me out of the shower.

“I am sorry” he shook his head and passed me my lotion then gave me my pyjamas

He slipped into his pants and got into bed I followed behind and laid in top of him, he wrapped his arms around me ad kissed my forehead.

“What happened sthandwa sam” he asked.

I looked up at him and saw the look of confusion and shock on his face.

“He said I wanted this and I didn’t” he clenched his jaws.

I sat up straight and held his hands.

“Promise me that you won’t do anything crazy khanyile that what was said in the hospital won’t happen” I said.

“Kanjani munku when he wanted to hurt you and our child” he asked.

“Please just do it for me don’t start anything that will put me and this baby in danger” I said.

He leaned close and kissed me slowly pulling up my nightie.

“Khnyile” I said quietly while his lips kissed me neck and his hands slid between my thighs.

“Kancane nje munku I will be quick” He said.

I laid back and he got on top of me massaging each breast and leaving small kisses down my belly, I closed my eyes when his teeth grazed my thighs I gasped when I felt his warm breathe and his tongue inside my pussy, he gently pulled on my labia and pushed his finger inside me I bite my lip it had been long since he touched me or had in his bed or him inside me.

“Oh Khanyile” He pushed in the second finger and my eyes rolled when his tongue continued working on me and his finger pressed hard on my clit rubbing it, in that moment I wanted nothing more but him to be inside me to feel him stretch me and make me cum so hard that my whole body shakes.

He positioned himself, I felt his dick on my entrance and held on to his pillow when he pushed himself drawing his some breathe and his hands digging on my thighs.

I don't know anyone else other than Khanyile and I don't think I will ever want any man beside him sex with him as always been amazing.

“You are so warm damn I missed you” He groaned and started stroking inside me catching his breathe in between.

He pulled out his cock and put it back inside deep stoking and rubbing on my clit making the moment more intense and fiery.

I forgot about what happened and focussed on him making love to me.

“I love you Khanyile” I professed.

That is the thing with Khanyile's cock it can make you confess all your sins to him.

He moved his pace and thrust deep into my walls making me scream his name he stopped and looked at me smiling.

“Ngiyakuthanda Munku ngenhliziyo yam yonke” He said burying himself deep inside me.

I loved every moment of it his scent and sweaty body on mine him loving me in just the way I needed.

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ZEZWE

Its been two days since Mpendulo has been in the hospital and not showing any signs of waking I had to hire a few guards to stand by his door and keep him safe, I am not taking any chances not after what that man said about my son I know I said he should take his short and get the girl but I didn't mean it in this kind of way. I know my son I raised him better than this and knowing what he tried to do to Ayola has hit me hard he could have handled things like man and not harass the poor girl whose is carrying another man's child. I walked into Talia house and looked around the place looked like a pigsty she was laying on the couch with a needle on the table and a string tied around her arm. By the looks of things she had just taken and was so high she kept mumbling.

“Mommy is tired baby” I shook my head and walked to where the child was he was in his small bed crying his lungs out he smelled horribly and it looked like he hadn’t eaten.

“Come here you big boy” I said picking him up

He had hiccups till I held him close to my chest and he calmed down, I walked to the bathroom and ran him a bath then took off his clothes he had a pink rash on his baby buttocks. I closed my eyes i gently ran the water all over his body and bathe him he started laughing clearly the water calming him down.

I took out clean clothes and dressed him up then walked to the kitchen to make him some food and milk bottle, I sat down and placed him on my lap and fed him the whole porridge then his milk he looked up at me and smiled. I remembered how I would hold Mpendulo and burp him up when he was full and did the same to Achilles.

I stood up and walked around with him till he slept in my arm but then rash on his back didn’t sit well with me I called Gatsheni and he answered.

“Bring the car around” I told him.

“Yes sir” I ended the call and looked at Talia.

“Talia” I shouted.

She quickly raised her head and looked at me.

“Zezwe” she said hiding her arm.

I shook my head and facing her while Achilles held on to my finger dozing off.

“What happened to the lady I hired to clean the house” I half shouted careful not to scare the baby.

“I fired her she I didn’t like the way she was looking at you” She said.

“What who gave you the right to fire the staff I hired” I asked tilting my head.

She stood up but staggered back on the cough and laughed.

“I am the lady of this house Zezwe you bought me this house” She shouted.

“Talia don’t start with me” I raised my finger and pointed at her.

“Or what Zezwe huh what you claim to love me but run back to your wife” She shouted even more.

Achilles woke up with a fright and cried.

“Look at this place its dirty and unkempt look at yourself you are high on drugs” She shook her head and fixed her hair.

“Well then leave my son and get the hell out of my house” She said

I slapped her across the face and regretted it the moment my hand landed on her face.

I shook my head my plan was to have her back on drugs but on a timely and monitored basis and she went out and looked for a fix on her own she got the strongest stuff and look now she can't even take care of the child.

A knock came through and I made my way to the door Gatsheni was standing on the other side looking at me.

"Take him to the car here is his car seat I will be there in a while" I said closing the door.

I walked back to Talia and she had her hand on her face her mouth ajar.

I sat of the table and looked at her calming myself down.

"Please sit down" She slowly sat still looking shocked.

"Why would you hit me Zezwe" She asked.

"You know that I love you right" she nodded her head.

"But you are spiralling out of control you can barely look after the child" She nodded her head.

"I promise I will stop" I stood up and kissed her.

"I am taking the boy to the doctor he doesn't look good" I said heading for the door.

I walked to the car and Gatsheni opened the door for me I sat next to Achilles and made a few calls and got someone trusted to clean the house and stay there till Talia gets help.

“You really care about this boy something tell me you wish he was yours” He said.

I thought for a while there was some truth in his statement I have grown fond of this boy ever since we took him home from the hospital.

“Its a shame his mother is a junkie” He said followed by a deep sigh.

I looked at Gatsheni then Achilles my wife only gave me one son and the rest were girls Mpendulo is the last born and after that my wife said she didn't any any more children.

And as for Qiniso he has been so occupied that he hasn't had time for his son, I shook my head when a thought crossed my mind the best idea I have ever had.

“I want to raise him as my own” I told Gatsheni.

“And the mother” He asked.

“If she doesn't clean up then she will just have to go, I will hit Qiniso where it hurts the most by claiming his precious son as mine and watch him go crazy not knowing what to do or whom to turn too” He laughed.

TALIA

I looked at myself in the mirror and wiped my tears I have never been like this before I have went down this road before but never this hard, I couldn't even recognise myself in the mirror but what killed me the most was knowing that Zezwe had played me for a fool. I wiped my tears and shook my head then opened the tap and washed my face. A few weeks ago I dropped Achilles by mistake and that is when Zezwe gave me the beating of my life I had a bloody nose and burst lip and my right eye was shut the only thing he did was call a doctor who made a house call to attend to my bruises. Having him in my life started out like a miracle the love I have longed for in a man but now all of that is turning into a nightmare.

He is here tonight spending the night more he is here for my son he spends more time with him than me, I clean myself up and make my way to the our the bedroom but stop when I hear voices coming from the lounge I move closer to listen in on his conversation with Gatsheni.

"I think this has gone too far now Zungu" Gatsheni says sounding concerned.

“I will decide when I have gone too far” He says.

“But you almost killed her if the cough did break her fall then she would have hit the table and died” He says.

I put a hand over my mouth tears filling my eyes.

“If only that cough did not break her fall” Zezwe says sounding frustrated.

My lip trembles when I realise he wanted to kill me had it not been for the cough I would have been dead and buried right now.

“I know Qiniso still cares about her they share a son and that is another bond on its own, she’s just pawn in this game and I think its time I sacrificed her and take keep the boy” He says.

“And what are you going tell your wife when you rock up with this child” Gatsheni asks.

“That I adopted him and its going to work because we are planning a move my family has been through so much and after what happened to Mpendulo I think leaving this country will be the best for everyone” he says.

I slowly move away and walk to my bedroom all this while he was using me, he was using me and like some stupid desperate girl I fell for him. And now he wants to take my son and get rid

of me and make him his own over my dead body this man doesn't know me.

I close the door behind me and shut my eyes where did I go wrong when it comes to dating am I that hard to love and be with that these man want to use me and toss me aside like some trash.

It doesn't take long for him to walk into the bedroom and slid into the bed he smells good and when his hands moves up my thigh and his mouth leaves small kisses on my should tears fall from my eyes.

Everything was perfect we were happy before I slipped and found myself taking again leading up to me neglecting my son

"I love you Talia so much" He says holding on to me tight.

"I love you too and thank you for loving my son" I say.

"You are my family now" he says.

I chuckle the lies keeping pouring out of his mouth and that hurts me even more, he talks about me and Achilles being his family another lie that he has been forcing down my throat. I remember finding out he was married it gutted me but then he said he would leave his wife for me, for us because what he had with me was more special than what he had with his wife.

I swallow hard and turn my body looking at him.

“How is Mpendulo doing” I ask.

He shuts his eyes and sighs.

“He’s getting there but his heart is broken” he says.

I nod and lay my head on his chest.

Morning comes and Zezwe is gone he usually wake early in the morning for his meetings or have breakfast with clients, I slowly get up and walk to Achilles room my baby boy is so grown its hard to believe that he came before is time. I look at him and see a lot of his father in him and maybe I making the right choice by doing this I pack all this clothes and toys and sink to the floor hugging his bear. I don’t want to change my mind even though my heart doesn’t want to do this but it is the right thing my son deserves to be happy and protected and right this moment I can’t do that for him and it would be selfish of me to keep him here after everything that I know.

I grab everything and make my way to the garage perfect time to leave no one is home apart from the help, she gives me daggers but I couldn’t careless this is my son if Zezwe wants a son he should make one and leave mine alone.

I walk past her talking to the phone and chuckle getting Achilles he’s, I make my way out and look at her slip her phone in her pockets.

“Are you done talking to your boss” that catches her off.

I click my tongue and reach the door turning to look at her.

“Call him again I know you are dying too then tell him my son is with his real father” I say closing the door behind me.

I get inside the car and drive off listening to some music if only I listened my mother and moved back ho none of this would be happening I would be here running away from this man.

I find myself parked outside Qiniso’s house it doesn’t take long before I get in and stand on the doorstep clutching at my son.

The door opens and the first thing to greet me is Ayola’s huge belly

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I swallow hard when a happy Qiniso shows up behind her they seem happy and me standing here has dampened their mood.

Qiniso’s eyes land on Achilles and a frown falls upon his face he hasn’t seen him in a long time and I selfish to keep him away.

“Hi” He nods his head and kisses Ayola on the head wrapping his arms around her belly.

This should have been me but she came along and ruined everything for us.

“I will be in the bedroom” Ayola says walking away she walks like a penguin but I bet her man thinks she walks like a goddess.

He reaches for Achilles and he cries a little but hushes down when Qiniso puts him on his chest.

“When did you come back” he asks.

I shake my head and wipe my tears.

“I was never gone Qiniso” I say.

His face changes and he moves out of the way letting me in.

I settle on the couch and scratch my neck he looks at me and shakes his head,

“You are back to using” He says sounding disappointed.

“That’s not why I am here Qiniso” He stand staring at me and another involuntary movement takes over.

“Dammit Talia you have been using while taking care of my son what the hell is wrong with you: he shouts and that scars Achilles because he cries.

Ayola appears from the and looks at me then Qiniso.

“I think I should take him then you two can scream all you want” She says reaching for the baby.

I have a good mind to tell her to leave my son but after what I put him through I swallow my pride and anger.

I clear my throat and tell him about Zezwe and by the time I am done he ha trashed the whole place.

“I am so sorry” He grabs me by my hair hurting me.

“You exposed my son to all that all because of that man the same man took you back to being a junkie” he shouts letting go.

“I thought he loved me I truly thought he did but somehow he was using me to get to you” I tell him

“Get out before I do something I will regret leave” He shouts.

“Can I say goodbye to him” I beg but he drags me out of the house and puts me outside.

“I tried with you but this is the last straw you will never see my son ever again” he says closing the door.

I bang on the door till he comes out and drags me all the way to my car.

“Talia don’t test me” he shouts.

I get in the car and drive off without even giving him Achilles”s clothes.

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QINISO

It took a lot from me not to strangle Talia for all the crap he put my son through, she lied to me and said she was at her mother's place and I was so focused on Ayola and the coming baby that I told myself Achilles is with his his mother she would never put him in harms way. Its been days since I saw her and I made my intentions clear about not wanting her near my son I also had time to call Makhosonke and it turns out that Zezwe is not just any Zungu but the one I don't want to have as an enemy. The man is after me in many way than one and with everything he has and he seeks revenge for his brother's death I didn't even kill the man it was unanimous decision to take him out he was stepping on many toes.

Makhosonke had some business in the club and asked me come with I left Ayola at the house and things between us are good and I can't wait for to give birth so we can get married, I made my intention clear to her father and I intend on keeping my promise Ayola is going to be my wife one way or the other. I look at the incoming call and excuse myself from the meeting I don't know the number but I take the call still.

"Hello" I recognise the voice instantly Mpendulo has a nerve calling me.

"I need to see you" he says.

"What do you want calling" I ask.

“Please come to the hospital I need to see you” he says ending the call before I can even say anything further.

I go back to Makhosonke and alert him about my trip to the hospital.

I drive to the hospital calming myself down I don't know what lies ahead and I don't know how I will react when I see his cowardly face. I reach the hospital and ask the reception for Mpendulo Zungu's ward

“I will take you sir” A young beautiful nurse says.

“My name is Mbali” she says.

I nod my head and walk behind her swaying her hips nurses of today are something else.

“He's been waiting for you” She says.

“Thank Mbali” I says getting inside.

“Mr Zungu I will come check on you once you done” She says walking out.

I stand by the door and look at him sitting up straight.

“Why am I here” I ask.

“How is she' she's not taking any f my calls” He says.

I hold myself and beating his arse up and look at him.

“I will ask this one more time why did you call me” I ask.

I see tears form in his eyes.

“I am sorry for what I did to her it was never my intention to hurt her. I thought we had a chance but in honesty I lost my chance the day I pushed her away. I lost her the minute you came into her life and I was a fool for letting her go” He said tightening his jaws.

“I have always loved her and but I was stupid and let her slip away and then I turned into a monster and did that to her, I don’t know what came over me but I am sorry. I tried calling her just to hear her voice on more time but she hasn’t answered any of my calls and I understand her reason. You are a better man than me and you deserve her, Ayola deserves to be happy after everything she’s been through” he nods his head and wipes his tears.

He reaches under his pillow and hands me two envelopes.

“Please give her this and tell her that I am so sorry for what I did, I can’t get that frightened look of hers out of my mind every time I close my eyes I see her begging me to stop and that will haunt me for the rest of my life” He smiles.

“The other one is for Bailey she probably going to tell me to fuck off but please give it to her” He says.

I am out of words as angry as I am for what he did but I can't help feel for him right now.

"My father has it in for you I don't know why but after my uncle's death he changed don't take everything he says to heart he is still grieving in his own way" He says

"I hope you forgive yourself" I say walking out

I bump into Mbali and slightly nod walking past.

I feel her eyes on me and laugh turning.

"I am taken" I tell her.

She smiles revealing her dimples.

"Umuntu awumtholi eshlahleni" she says turning.

I walk away and turn when her loud screams reach and other nurses in the corridor.

We all make our way to Mpendulo's room and find Mbali holding on to her chest looking down.

The shattered glass proves that he jumped and ended his life.

I walk up to her and help her up she hanged on to me while her legs shake.

"Its okay" I says picking her up.

I place her in the chair while some nurses rush to her aid and the rest to assess Mpendulo's situation.

She holds my hand tightly her whole body shaking she must be new to be shaking like a leaf in this manner.

Health care workers are used to such things but then again I can't judge we are human.

Another nurse brings her a glass of water.

"Thank you" She says letting go of my hand.

I stand up since I have been crouching next to her.

"I should leave hope you get over the shock" I say leaving.

The whole hospital is in a frenzy with nurses and doctor's running around I swiftly make my way out and get into my car driving off.

I drive around trying to process what just happened Zezwe just lost a son the only child he had and I know that will cut deep, I can't imagine losing Achilles or my unborn baby it would kill me to core and I doubt I would come back from that. I look at the time and it's already late I drive home and park in the garage thinking about how things just took a turn for the worst I know Ayola cared about this guy and this will surely break her.

I look at the two envelopes and leave them in the car walking out making my way to the house, the lights are off Ayola must be asleep she's a heavy sleeper lately and she snores hard.

My food is warmer but I don't feel like eating I walk to the bedroom and take a quick shower then get into bed. I snuggle next to her bringing her closer to me and wrapping my arms the baby kicks and my heart sinks for Mpendulo's mother.

She licks again and I close my eyes this is the best feeling in the world feeling my baby girl move and kick.

Ayola puts her hand over mine.

"Sthandwa sam" she says in her sleepy voice.

"Go back to sleep" I tell her.

I don't know how to say or if I should say it but I hold her tight and kiss her head.

"Mpendulo killed himself tonight he jumped out the window and he didn't make it" I whisper.

Her body goes stiff and silence falls upon us,

"Munku" She says nothing.

"I am sorry" I say still holding her.

I must have dozed off to sleep because I wake up to her muffled yet audible cries I make my way to bathroom and find her on the floor with her hand over her mouth.

“Mpendulo would never kill himself he would never do that” she says looking up.

“I was sthandwa sam I saw him he didn’t make it” I says.

Her eyes grow big and I see the accusation in them.

“I didn’t do it I promise he killed himself” I say.

“Why would he do that” She asks.

I shrug my shoulders and hold her.

AYOLA

Its been weeks since Mpendulo's death with speculations going around and Mpendulo's father pointing at Qiniso since he was seen going in and out of the hospital during his son's death, I still can't believe Mpendulo would do that to his parents and us to kill himself wasn't the answer. I was going to forgive him he just needed to wait just a little bit then things would have been back to normal. I am angry at his selfishness for not thinking about his consequences the hurt his death would bring to those close to him. We were friends for God sake and we loved him sure him and Bailey would be at each other's throats but we loved him and we will miss dearly, worse part we couldn't even attend his funeral they asked that we don't attend.

And then there's Qiniso this man is hard headed and difficult to deal with I tried telling him that Talia needs help but he chose not to listen to me and took his son to his parents place

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I don't know if its me or what but he's been distant and when I ask him he just brushes me off I know things are a bit hectic but somehow I feel like we can't do the thing we used to do since I

am close to giving birth. He make time for me but lately something off and I intend on finding out what it is.

Or maybe when he looks at me I turn him off seeing how huge and ugly I am.

I fix my glasses when a text comes through from Bailey and a picture of Qiniso with some girl comes up.

Should I kill him now Bailey's whatsapp text says.

I shake my head and quickly call her.

"Where is he" I ask.

"At some coffee shop having lunch with her" She says.

"Right now" I ask.

She sighs and eventually says yes.

"And what are you doing there" I ask swallowing hard.

I called Qiniso a while ago and asked him if we could have lunch together and his response was he had a lot of work to do I guess she's the work.

"They sell the best coffee cupcakes and I wanted to surprise you" She says.

"Oh okay" she grunts.

"What" I ask knowing her temper.

“I think I should walk up to them and say Hi” She says.

“Bailey come on don’t do that just walk away” A laugh escapes my Bailey is for the streets like most people say.

“Fine but I don’t like what I am seeing” she says voice her concerns.

“And I love you for walking away” I say.

“Fine I will see you just know” She says.

I end the call and just then my father walks in and stands by the door he looks at me and smiles.

“How are you feeling now” he asks.

“Much better baba the contractions have stopped” I tell him.

“Fine but if they start again I am taking you straight to the hospital” I nod my head and watch him close the door.

He open the door again and walks towards me giving me a kiss.

“I love you so much and I am proud of the young woman you are” He says.

“I love you too baba” He walks and the pain shoots up again causing me some discomfort.

I stand up and make my way to the bathroom and take a quick shower with every sneeze I pee on myself and that is embarrassing.

I run my hand down there and come up with some mucus and then pee follows the struggles of being heavily pregnant.

I run the water once more and rinse myself then step out of the shower.

I take my sweet time with the lotion and getting dressed I feel hot and start sweating this will be a reminder not to fall pregnant ever again.

I settle on the bed when the contractions get too close apart and with sharp pains in the middle.

The pains have been there all week coming and going but today they have been having a field day with me.

I try standing up but fail when another set of pain shoots up causing me to stay still and not move, I try standing up again but the pain intensifies and my legs fail all I want to do is cry for my mom.

“Baba” I scream.

I let out another scream and the door swings open.

“What’s wrong” He asks looking at me panting.

“The baby is coming Baba” I scream when the need to push overwhelms me

He reaches for the packed baby bag and my phone running out the door, he comes back after a while and helps me up out the door we reach the lounge and already blood is flowing down my legs.

I shake my head stopping.

“I can’t go any further baba I can’t” A scream leaves me mouth.

“Just a few more steps to the car” He begs.

“I can’t baba” Tears fall.

“Call mama the an ambulance” I ask.

He helps me down on the couch and calls an ambulance then mama.

“Munku you have to breathe” Mama says on the end.

“Its hurts” I say struggling to breathe I even remove my glasses and toss them away my whole back is burning and I want to push this baby out now.

“What do I do Zobu she crying and she wants to push” I can baba sounding panicked.

“Go to the bedroom get my first aid kit there are surgical scissors sterilise them and take towels I am on my way” The calls ends and baba runs like a headless chicken.

“Anyone home” Relief washes over me when I hear Bailey’s voice.

She drops everything when she sees the state that I am in and quickly helps me down to the floor.

“Thank God you are” I say holding her hand.

“Oh God this baby is coming” she says after having looked between my legs.

She uses one of the fleece blankets on the couch and covers me up.

“Its okay we got this” baba says holding my hand.

Bailey comes back from the kitchen and wipes her hand with the towels.

“Ahhaaa” The first push is the hardest but Baba holds my hands holding me down.

“Ayola you need to push I think I see the head” Bailey says.

I give it another push and nods her head telling to push more.

“You can do this” Baba cheers on.

I throw my head back crying pushing is hard and I am tired.

“Uncle Q please call Qiniso” Bailey asks.

Baba calls and this possibly cheating fool picks up immediately.

“She’s giving birth” Bailey screams out and I scream going for another push.

“Almost there” Bailey shouts.

“Where the hell are you Qiniso and don’t lie to me” I shout.

“Sthandwa sam I am on my way just focus and pushing okay I love you so much” He says.

“One last time” I squeeze Baba’s hand and give it one last push and close my eyes when Bailey screams its a girl.

“Munku” I hear Baba’s voice from a distance and my baby crying.

“Name her baba” I say opening them and looking at but they shut again my body is tired.

“Stay with me Ayola” Baba shouts.

“Baba please” I hear the emotions in his voice before he calls out a name.

“Khanyisile her name is Khanyisile” He says.

QINISO

I wanted to rush to her house her father called and said they rushed her to the hospital she lost some blood and collapsed after giving birth. I saw my baby girl and she's the most beautiful and precious human being I have ever laid my eyes on. I held her and her tears just fell thinking that she is finally here healthy and beautiful just like her mother made me cry there is something about being a father a girl child everything changes and your heart grows softer and more kinder. I walked inside Ayola's ward and sat next to her holding her hand and kissing it she has just made me the happiest man alive. I watched as she breathed and wiped the drops of sweat forming on her forehead and kissed her lips. I moved a bit when the door opened and Bailey walked she gave me the mean eyes and scoffed walking toward Yola.

She held her hand and whispered in her ear then smiled.

"You did she's the most beautiful little things I have seen" She said laughing.

"Wake so you can see her" She said smiling.

I stood up and looked at Bailey.

"Thank you for what you did for helping bring my daughter into the world" I said.

She chuckled and nodded.

“Is there something wrong Bailey have I offended you in a way”
I asked.

“Did you know that prior to today she was experiencing pains”
She asked.

I slowly shook my head Yola never mentioned anything of that
kind.

“You know why because somehow you convinced that work
had been so stressful and hard she didn’t want to add to that”
She said.

“If there’s one thing I am sure off right now is that you will hurt
her” She said looking at Ayola.

“I Just hope it doesn’t cut that deep” She said walking away.

I sat down and sighed lately I have been neglecting her in many
ways than one and that must have hurt I rubbed my eyes.

She looked peaceful sleeping I reached for my vibrating phone
and answered the call.

“Mbali” I said moving away from Ayola.

“Hey I just wanted to find out how you are” She said softly.

“Everything is okay” I told her.

“How is your wife doing is she okay” she asked.

“Like I said everything is okay thank you for asking” I said.

“I hope you don’t mind me calling its just that you ran out of the restaurant so fast I was worried” She says.

I looked back and saw Ayola waking up.

“I will call you back later I need to go” I said ending the call.

I walked up to her and held her hand smiling.

“Hey” She smiled and closed her eyes then opened them again.

“Have you seen her” I nodded my head.

“She’s beautiful thank you” I tried kissing her but she moved her head. “Ubukuphi Khanyile” she asked.

The door opened and her parents followed by mine walked in with Bailey wheeling in the baby.

I helped her and her mother gave her a hug then my mother.

“You scared us” both mothers said looking at her.

She looked at her and he moved close and held her tight in his arms. “I am okay I was just tired” she said.

She looked at Bailey and tears filled her eyes.

“Thank you so much” She said wiping her tears.

“I couldn’t watch uncle Q bring this child into this world he was a mess” She said.

“No offence uncle Q but you were already crying when I got there worse you were shaking” She said laughing.

“That’s not true I was just overwhelmed” Uncle Q said shaking his head.

Ayola’s mother gave her the baby and I watched her cry and kiss the baby while closing her eyes.

“She’s so beautiful ma” She said looking up.

“Congratulations nana and welcome to motherhood” My mother said. “Congratulations ndodana” My father said giving me a handshake then Ayola’s father too.

“Let’s see how you do raising a girl” the room erupted into laughter and we all looked at Ayola.

“What are we naming her” I asked smiling.

She looked at her and smiled widely.

“I was honoured to name her Khanyisile because she light and has brought light into all our lives” Her father said.

“I love the name” I said kissing her head.

She looked up and I could tell that she had a lot to say and the fact that the parents walked in meant our conversation wasn’t over and I have a lot of explaining to do.

AYOLA

I have always heard people talk about how great a parents love is and I never really understood what they mean till I met Khanyisile the love of my life. I know it probably doesn't make sense but she's perfect and I love her more than anything in this world I feel like I can move mountains for her that's how deep my love goes I would give my all for my daughter. I must I was worried when I had to take her home but the good thing is that Mama has been supportive and there for me every step of the way helping with my baby girl. Loving her comes naturally its something so deep I can't explain it just looking at her brings me peace to think I wanted to get rid of her makes me sick but all that in the past now. I asked Bailey to be her Godmother I know that whatever happens to me she will always be there for my baby. As for mama her belly is growing by the day and the twins are healthy we can't wait for the new edition to the family.

I don't regret taking time off school I think having a child needs one to be emotionally and mentally ready and I don't think I

would have coped with school hanging over my head right now all I want is to focus on my child.

Things between Qiniso and I are good he is still adamant that he wants to marry me so we can raise Khanyisile together but Baba thinks marriage is too soon and I agree with him. I still have a lot that I need to do before being Mrs Khanyile, I check on Khanyi before heading down to the kitchen and hear some commotion coming from the door. I move closer and find Mama trying to calm Talia down my hearts breaks seeing the state that she I thought she was in rehab trying to get life back in order but I guess I was wrong.

She sees me and smiles her hair looks a mess and she keeps scratching her self.

“Ma its okay” mama moves out of the way.

“I should have called” she says.

“When did you come out” I ask.

She looks around and nods her head.

“I miss my son can I see him” She says.

“He’s with his grandparents” I tell her.

She scratches herself again and I am convinced she needs a fix or she just had one and its wearing off.

“I know but I was hoping you could help me see him, tell them you need to see so I can just see him please” I shake my head even if I wanted to help I can’t Qiniso would kill me and what would I say should she harm the baby.

“I am sorry I can’t help you” I say.

“Please just this one time and you will never see me again I just miss him so much” I feel for her my heart breaks for her but then Achilles is not my son and I can’t make that type of decision to bring him here.

“How about I call Qiniso so you two can talk” I reach for my phone in my pocket but she slams it off my hand.

“That’s what you want right for him to hate me and keep me away from my son you are evil Ayola” She says.

“You are the one keeping yourself away from your so how many times have you ran away from rehab, how many times has Qiniso tried to help you not for your sake only but that of your son’s too and still you mess it up” Her hand lands on my face and its stings.

“This is all your fault I had everything and you came along and took it away from me” She says.

“And I am sorry you feel that way” I say.

“You are not sorry you ruined my life everything that is happening is your fault you may think you are a good person but you are not, you are just an evil girl that took the father of my child away and messed up everything” She says.

I bit my lip so much for trying to help.

“You will pay for this you” She says walking away.

I close the door behind her and look at my mother.

“She’s just angry and confused drugs do that to you” She says.

“She says I am evil mama” She laughs and tilts her head.

“Well then can your evilness rub off to the whole world” She says making life.

“How’s the face” she asks.

“Its stings she can slap yena” mama laughs even harder.

I make my way to my bedroom and check on Khanyi I hate what just happened no mother deserves to be away from their child

I reach for my phone and call Qiniso he picks immediately.

“Mkami” he says with softness in his voice.

“Sthandwa sam how are you”

“I am good and you, how are you guys doing I hope she’s behaving” he says.

Its been a month and a few weeks since having Khanyi but Qiniso already knows her like the back of his hand.

“She’s sleeping and we miss you” He laughs this one gets a kick out the “We”.

“And I miss you too” He says.

“Khanyile Talia was here and she wanted to see Achilles” he sighs and goes silent.

“What did she want” I can sense the disappointment in his voice despite everything he has been through with Talia he has tried his best to help and he has been through this before.

“She wanted to see Achilles that’s all and I was thinking maybe you can allow her to see him just for a while supervised of couse” he goes silence and I know that’s supposed to be a no but I push further.

“She needs this Khanyile” I tell him.

“Munku please stay out of this I don’t want my son to see her like that until she fixes herself and finishes her treatment then I have nothing to say to her” he says.

“Okay” he hangs up before I can anything more.

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QINISO

The office door opened and Makhosonke walked in and sat on the chair looking at me.

“Something bothering you Khanyile” I shook my head.

“If you don’t talk I can’t help you” He said.

“Its this thing with Zezwe something doesn’t make sense he suspects me for killing his son yet he ups and leave without doing anything” He sighs and rubs his hands together.

“We talked about this Khanyile that man is long gone we tried tracking him and nothing has come up let it go and enjoy being your people” He said.

I nodded my heard but knowing men like Zezwe him walking away was too easy he must be planning something.

My phone rings and I cut the call.

I look up and find him looking at me.

“Who was that” he asks.

“No one important’ I say looking at a text from Mbali.

I haven’t done anything with the girl but she’s kind and attentive we usually talk and check up on each other.

“You need to stay away from the girls she’s bad news I can tell”
Makhosonke says.

“Well rest assured nothing is happening between me and that
girl I would never hurt Ayola like that” I say.

And that’s the truth I told Mbali that nothing can ever be
between us that I am happy where I am and the only thing I can
offer her is my friendship.

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AYOLA

I face the mirror and fix myself Qiniso just called and he is
outside waiting for me he does this every time when he comes
back from work, check on us and then go home. I make my way
to the lounge give my father Khanyi and he smiles kissing her
everyone is taken by her she is such an angel Baba says she
takes after me since I wasn’t much of a cry. I will take his word
for it but mama says I had tears for days would even fake tears
if baba wasn’t near me.

He gives me that knowing look before I look at mama she’s
supposed to be one making things easier for me.

“I won’t take long” I make my way out before baba can protest.

I walk towards Qiniso's car and find already standing outside leaning against the car he looks handsome as always and smiles when he sees me scooping me up.

"Put me down Khanyile" I protest hitting him on his chest.

"No" he says adamant having me wrap my legs around him.

"Ngicabuze and maybe then I might put you down" he says.

I hold his head with our lips touching he turns and places me down on the car bonnet getting in between my legs.

He pulls away catching his breathe and pulls me close so I can feel his hard on.

"I miss you" he whispers.

I open my eyes and look at him biting his lips.

We haven't had sex since I came out of the hospital I have been focussing on the baby and my healing down there.

"Awungikhumbuli yin munku" He asks.

I shake my head swallowing how am I supposed to say anything when his fingers are circling me under there.

"Angikuzwa" He says.

"I miss you too" I say breathing heavily.

“How’s my princess doing” He asks using his one finger to slowly penetrate me.

“Fuck you are so tight “ he hisses.

I close my eyes damn Qiniso he just had to do this in front of my father’s house.

“Khanyile not here” I whimper because of the heat and excitement I am feeling down there.

He pulls his fingers out and looks at me then back at the house.

“No” I say shaking my head.

“Just this once” he pleads making me feel his hard on.

“I promise I won’t be long” he says massaging my breast.

I nod and we both make our way inside the yard and into the garden cottage the place is hardly ever locked.

He shuts the door and slams me against it giving me a full on wet kiss that leaves me catching my breath.

We shouldn’t be doing this Khanyi is too young but he is the father so I doubt she will get sick from any of this.

He pulls me to the bed and pulls down my undies and pulls down his pants.

“Khanyile we shouldn’t be doing this” I tell him.

He moves his hands up my thighs and kisses my belly button.

“I know but I missed you so bad” he says.

I feel his cock slowly push inside me and bite my lip the pain of him penetrating me make dig my nails into his skin he hisses us takes it like a man.

He breathes in and out slowly thrusting in stretching me.

I close my eyes as his lips land on mine and he starts moving to a slow pace.

“Khanyile” for a moment it feels like my my soul leave my body the moment is too sweet.

He entwines our hands gives me deep slow strokes.

“I love you Khanyile” Tears leave my eyes.

“I love you too Munku and I want to marry you” I nod my head each word of his is followed by deep strokes that leave me wanting more.

He is going at the right pace gentle yet precise.

“I want to send my uncles to your father and ask for your hand in marriage” The words ignite that bursting feeling inside me I hold on to him and release crying out the pleasure.

He continues thrusting while his one hand moves up my thigh.

“Ngiphendule Ayola” He says kissing my neck.

“I want to marry you Khanyile but its too soon” I murmur.

“Nothing is too soon Ayola I want you and only you no one else you are my today, tomorrow and future please say yes” He stops moving and looks me deep in the eye.

I know he’s my future and I don’t see anything changing.

“I will not stand in front of your dreams, I will not shadow you or take away your shine but I will be there standing by you holding your hand loving you” He says perking my lips and smiling.

I nod my head too smiling in I think I have what my mother found in my Dad.

“Is that a yes” I nod my head again and he moves inside me till we both come.

He stays inside for a while and draws circles on my chest.

“I will make you the happiest woman in the world I promise you” He says.

AYOLA

Things have been nothing short of amazing between Qiniso and I Khanyi on the other hand is growing and has the men in our lives wrapped around her little fingers even I feel jealous when Baba asks about and not me it seems like she has taken so much space in baba's heart. I had a talk with my parents about Qiniso's request and it took a lot to convince my father to agree but having a loving and understanding mother helps she managed to talk to her man and he ended up saying yes. He said he wanted to teach Qiniso a lesson he will never forget those words alone have been giving me sleepless night I know Baba and he can be extra sometimes.

Bailey walks in and scream Khanyi's name my baby is so used to her voice each time she speaks her small eyes move around trying to find her face.

"Keep it down miss Parker" I say.

She laughs and throw herself on my bed I join her and wait for her to spill.

“I am waiting so out with it” she giggles and sits up looking at me.

“So he wants me to meet his people” we both scream and the door swings open when Mama walks in ready to murder someone.

“Makhosonke wants her to meet his people” I say.

A smile grows on mama’s face and she gives Bailey a hug.

“I hope it goes well nana and remember to be respectful and be your beautiful” Ma says walking to Khanyi’s cot she takes her out and kisses her plump cheeks.

The door closes and we both scream hugging each other.

“It was long overdue that man loves so much will all his heart” she smiles and her eyes getting glossy.

“Hey what’s wrong” I ask.

“I am just thinking how he came into my life when I needed him the most” she says laughing.

“And I am happy that you found someone who love you and treats you right you deserve to be happy” She nods her head resting it my shoulder.

“I think I want him to be my forever” she says followed by a chuckle.

I look at her and smile.

“I see you being his forever trust me” I say.

“Enough about me when is the wedding” She asks.

“Easy we still need to get past the lobola negotiations first then the wedding and I want you to be everything” I say.

“Child you think I would let you choose someone else and not me” She hits me on the shoulder and shakes her head.

“My father wants to take over paying my schooling he thinks it time” She says.

“And what do you say” I ask.

She shrugs her shoulders and that makes me wonder.

“He won’t drop you again but you need to trust him enough to let him be a father again” I say.

“Being a mother is ruining you” She says shaking her head.

“Being a mother is not all that bad” I tell her.

“Maybe I get me one too” she says making me laugh.

“Really miss Parker a child is not something you just buy and its enough that I have one” I remind her.

“Maybe you are right she’s enough for the both of us” she says.

“I am always right” I say.

“Come lets go out for lunch” She says.

I nod since Khanyi is old enough to go outside.

She gets Khanyi’s bag ready while I dress up and fix my hair.

“I think Bailey should drive” Ma says the moment we tell her we are going out.

“Why” everyone looks at me like I should know.

“Where are the keys” Bailey asks.

“No I will drive” I say.

“Munku your driving is a bit sketchy so rather let Bailey drive and wena you can drive when you alone” She says.

“And I thought you people love me” I say.

“We do and that is why we are doing this bye girls enjoy and please don’t be late Khanyi can’t be out till late okay” Ma reminds us.

“Yes mam we both say” Walking out.

We drive to this new restaurant that has been making headlines for the well served meals and service and the tasty food.

Seems like Bailey called beforehand and got us a table.

We get our seats and it doesn't take long before this handsome man comes our way I get taken by the way he walks and smiles.

"Ladies my name is Jason Wesley knightly and I am the owner of this place I hope you enjoy the our service" I hang on to every word till Bailey nudges me.

"We heard nothing but good things about the place and we hope it leaves up to name buzz" Bailey says.

He looks at Khanyi and smiles using his finger to to hold her tiny hand.

"I am Bailey and this is my friend Ayola and our daughter Khanyisile" Bailey says with a huge smile.

"She's so pretty just like her mother" He says looking at me.

"Thank you" I say.

He nods and looks at Bailey.

"I will send a waiter to help you" he says walking away.

"The thirst is killing you" She says bursting out laughing.

"What he's handsome" I tell her.

She shakes her head and throws her head back.

"Don't go falling in love now" She says.

I laugh hiding my face with the menu.

I smile and hold the menu shaking my head till I hear this deep laugh only man can pull it off.

I drop the menu and see Qiniso walking in with another girl her arm handing over his.

Bailey looks back and her eyes pop.

“The nerve” She says.

They swiftly move along to what looks like a private table and the girl can't stop laughing and brushing his hand.

“Bailey what's going on” I ask looking at the girl subtly wipe something off Qiniso's chin he is so comfortable he doesn't move her hand away..

“I am going to kill him” Bailey holds my hand.

“Yola calm down” She says.

I try by all means but this nagging feeling gets the better of me and I stand up with Bailey running after me.

“Yola not here” She says but its too late because Qiniso has already seen me.

“Yini le Khanyile” I ask.

“Umsebenzi lo yiyona into oyisebenzayo le” I ask pointing at the girl.

He clenches his jaw standing up saying nothing clearly he's been caught.

"Njandini" I say turning and that seems to set him off because he grabs my arm tightly.

"You will not talk to me like that Ayola she's just friend" He says still holding my wrist.

"Since when do you have female friends Khanyile" I ask with my voice now softer as eyes seem to be on us.

"Munku she's just a friend nothing more" He says.

"Fine let go of my hand then" I say.

He shakes his head.

"Let go of my hand Qiniso before I do something I will regret" I say.

"Let me explain first" he says tightening his hold.

"Let go of her hand" The owner of the restaurant says.

"Who the hell are you" Qiniso asks looking at Wesley.

"Sir please let go of the lady's hand before I escort you" Qiniso chuckles and looks at me still holding my hand.

"Ngiyeke Khanyile" he looks shocked by my persistence

“This is the mother of my child now I suggest you walk away”
Qiniso says.

“And I don’t care what you are to her she asked you to let her
go” Wesley says.

“Yini le Munku” Qiniso asks looking at me.

“Yindoda” I tell him and he slowly lets go of my arm shocked.

I look at Wesley and thank him walking to Bailey and Khanyi we
grab our things and head out with Qiniso following us.

“Ayola” he shouts.

I turn and look at him.

“Stay away from me go back to work since that’s what you
know best” I tell him.

We walk to the car and drive off.

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QHAWE

I got home and Ayola was said to be sleeping because she
wasn’t feeling well with Zobuhle in our bedroom together with
Khanyi, I took a shower came to kiss Khanyi and went to check

on Ayola. I knocked on the door and she didn't say anything till I opened the door and made my way in.

I sat on her bed and removed the covers turning on her bed side lamp she sat up and looking at me and tears just fell from her eyes.

I opened my arms and she got in and cried till she was calm I waited till the hiccups were over and done with.

"Tell me what's wrong munku" she shook her head.

"I don't want to see you cry" I said.

She looked up and I wiped her tears away being a mother doesn't change that she's still my baby girl.

"I am scared baba" she admitted.

"What happened is it the Qiniso" I asked hoping she would say no.

"Yes after what he did to me with Talia I forgave him but now I am afraid that he might do it again" She said.

I sighed nodding my head.

"Why do men cheat baba" she asked.

"Men cheat because they are selfish and would do anything that serves them and satisfies them

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men think about themselves and no one else they will always choose themselves” I told her not getting into much detail.

“He would never hurt me like that right” she asked not moving her eyes from me.

“If he truly loves you then he will not risk losing you or your family” I said.

She smiled and broke into a laugh.

“I am afraid that I love him more than I should” She said.

I closed my eyes seeing her like this hurt me no parent loves seeing their child crying and hurting.

“I want you to know that there is nothing wrong in loving a person and giving them your heart and there is no shame in seeing in the good in people. If you are having doubts about Qiniso then tell me and I will stand by you no matter what. I want you to always choose yourself and love yourself more you are my daughter the apple of my eye and your happiness come first, if he ever lays a hand on you walk away and never look back if he hurts you I swear to God I will kill him and not even Sbopho will help him. I know you love him and for that I will not stand in your way but should he be not the man he promised to be should he be unfaithful walk away you will always have a home here. I love you and you will always be my baby girl okay” She nodded her head and gave me a hug.

“I love you baba so much and thank you for all your teachings and love” she said pulling away.

“You were my second chance at this fatherhood thing you coming into my life changed the type of man I was” I told her.

She rested her head on my chest.

“Should baba make you make you something to eat” she nodded her and smiled.

“Never ever doubt yourself” I said kissing her forehead.

WESLEY

I looked at the white lady sitting alone he is Bailey I remembered from our last encounter my heart started racing when her friend walked I expected her to pushing a baby stroller but she wasn't instead she looked like flawless, I called one of the waiters and took the menu's from from and walked towards the two ladies and the sound of her laughter drew me in.

"Ladies" They both looked up and smiled I looked at Ayola right there I could have sworn she was the only woman in the room.

"Aren't you the owner" Bailey asked.

"Yes I am but serving you ladies is an honour" I said clearing my throat.

"Would you like something to drink" I asked.

"Two orange juices please while we look at the menu" Ayola said.

I nodded my head and walked to the kitchen then came back with their order.

“I am sorry if I am imposing but can I have your number” I asked looking at Ayola who almost choked on her juice.

She looked at her friend and shook her head.

“I won’t do anything you don’t want me to do or say I promise” She smiled and shook her head.

“I am sorry but I am taken” I nodded and smiled.

“Are you married” I asked.

“Jason right, well I am sorry but I can’t give you my numbers” She said.

I looked at Bailey who was smiling then I looked at Ayola.

“I am a man of many resources” I said walking away.

I walked to the reception and stared back at her she wasn’t wearing any make and her skin looked so smooth one could eat on it and her smile drove me over the edge.

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QINISO

I looked at my kids sleeping peacefully with Achilles laying next to me and Khanyi on my chest her mouth open with her tiny hand over her eyes. This is what it means being a father when my son came along I thought that was love but then Khanyi came along and completed my being seeing them together beings tears to my eyes. I will forever be grateful to both their mothers for making me the happiest man in the world by giving me both these angels. I gently placed Khanyi next to bis brother and called my mother she picked after the third ring.

“I hope you haven’t done anything to the kids” She said.

I laughed seems like no one trust me when it come to taking care of them alone.

“They are both asleep” I told her.

“Did the eat” she asked sounding concerned.

“I fed and bathed them mama and that is not why I called” I said.

“Okay why are you calling me” She asked.

“I was hoping if you take the kids for the night I would ask Aunt Zou but they have Khanyi all the time and you guys don’t” I said.

“I would love to have them” she said.

“Great I will drop them off later in the day” She laughed knowingly.

“Are you planning something for Ayola” she asked fishing.

“I just want to make her feel special and I want her to know that she’s the only woman for me” I said.

“I am glad you too are together she’s good for you” She said.

I ended the call and join the kids on the bed.

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AYOLA

I finished up with Bailey and drove to the mall to get mama a few things she needed, I swear I wasn’t this bad when I was expecting Khanyi but mama on the other side is worse she is more emotional than ever she eats a lot and is more clingy to Baba and poor guy sometimes doesn’t know what to do he usually has a hang of things but when it comes the sappy stuff he becomes clueless. I look at my phone and still no phone call from Qiniso I wonder how he is doing with kids all on his own but I am glad to have him as a partner he’s an amazing father to

the kids I just hope not to find him crying kids can do that you sometimes make you cry. I put my phone back in my pocket and bump into someone in one of the aisle I look up and come face to face with Mr knightly.

He smiles and I do the same looking away.

“Are you following me mr Knightly” I ask looking at him.

This guy is tall and handsome I have never tasted white chocolate before but would definitely dip my fingers into this one.

He has a gorgeous smile I quickly shut all thoughts of finding him handsome and sexy.

“Is that such a bad thing” He asks.

“This is a free country but stalking someone is a crime” He laughs and his one dimples shows.

“Well I wasn’t stalking just a normal guy here to do some shopping” he says.

“I think I should leave you to your shopping” I say moving along.

“Can I be your friend” He asks.

I turn and look at him Qiniso and I had a conversation about friends after that incident and we somehow said no friends of the opposite sex more especially people we don't know.

"You seem like a great guy but no thank you" I walk away and keep shopping but it doesn't take long for the shop intercom to call out my name.

"I told you I am a man of man resources and I will ask again Ayola the girl with the most smoothest skin I have ever since can I have your numbers please" Shoppers start looking around and I can't help help this guy is crazy.

"Worry not good people she's wearing a white dress that shows off her beauty" He continues.

People start looking for the one person in a white dress their eyes landing on me.

"I won't give up till you give me your numbers you know I won't" He says.

"Okay seems like the lady isn't budging can you lovely shoppers help me" He says.

I love the courage and confidence he has knowing full well I could still turn him down.

His shoppers start chanting the word "Numbers" Out load till I walk to the till and find him standing there.

“Please don’t misuse these” I give him my numbers and watch him go back to the intercom

“She said yes ladies and gentlemen” he says looking at me.

He walks up to me and extends his hand.

“May I have this walk” he says extending his hand over to mine.

I take his hand while we walk around the shop.

.....

I drive to Qiniso’s house after dropping off few things home and taking a change of clothes I miss him

I just want to be your friend its a friendship thing that I want
A text from Jason says.

I glance at the phone and look ahead driving in Qiniso’s place. I park in the drive way and re-read the message from and decide to block him I don’t really need friends.

I step out of the car and make my way inside the house he opens the door before I can knock and gives me a hug his cologne hit the core

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I hold on for dear life and eventually pull away looking at him.

He's my first love the only man I have ever truly given myself too, he leads me inside the house walking on a trail of rose petals I don't remember the last time he did this we have been so busy that we haven't really had times for our self.

The outside set up reminds me of the first time we had sex on the table the first time I had plugs up my arse and didn't know what to do with myself the first time I saw another side to him.

"All this for me" I ask when he hands me flowers.

"I would give you the world if I could " he says laughing.

I look at him and I know he means every word.

He looks into my eyes and smiles grabbing my hands to think I almost punched him in the face when I saw with that girl baffles me.

"You I almost punched you that day at the restaurant" He laughs.

"And I know you would have had I not let go" he says.

"What wrong" I ask when he keeps sighing.

He reaches for a box on the table and goes down on one knee opening it.

"I know I have been singing this song for a long time telling you that I want to marry you and make you my wife and the mother

of my kids, but now I want to make it official I want to walk around knowing that you chose me that you wearing my ring. I know some people are asking why are with me and I know your father will never see me worthy in his eyes but Munku I have never loved anyone like I love you. I sometimes wake up at night and pray to God that he makes me a better man for you and my kids I love you guys so much with everything in me. I know I have messed up along the way but baby you have been here loving me even when I didn't deserve it you still held my hand and loved me with all my faults" I wipe my tears putting a hand over my mouth.

"Sthandwa sam I love you you don't have to sell us to me because I am already yours" he chuckles.

"I need to say this I need you to know that I love you, I would go to the ends of the earth for you. I look forward to seeing your beautiful smile everyday I can't go a day without seeing you. You are amazing the light of my life you are my best friend and lover in one and I don't want to lose that, I am not perfect I might be a fool along the way but I love you Ayola Zimephi please make me the happiest man alive and be my wife" He asks.

"Khanyile why are making me cry" he laughs subtly wiping his own tears.

“I don’t want you hurt you but to love and respect you I want to be committed to you and our family you make happy” I let the tears fall and watch him stand up.

“Is that a yes” I nod my head.

He slips the ring on my finger and kisses me.

“You gave me a daughter Ayola you gave life yo my precious baby girl thank you” He says.

I look at the ring and laugh through the tears.

“Khanyile ngiyakuthanda I know I say this all the time but my heart beats for you and my body yearn for your touch you are my bestfriend and I want this us and I am scared” He nods his head.

“Its okay to be scared because I am too this is a big step we are taking” he takes my hand and places it on his chest.

“You hear that ishayela wena wedwa” he says smiling.

I am an emotional mess when he pulls me into his arms.

“Dance with me” he says holding my waist and moving to an imaginary song.

The crisp air hit my skin having me pull away from his hold.

“What did I do to deserve you” I ask.

He kisses my cheek and smiles.

“That a wrong question the right one is what did I do to deserve you? What did I do right to have you love me” He says.

“I want you to be my forever Munku” he says.

“khanyile please stop you are making me ugly from all the crying” he laughs and pulls me closer running his hand and grabbing my arse.

“You can never be ugly munku never ngiyakuthanda yezwa” he says running his hand down my cheek moving it to my mouth and parting my lips.

I close my eyes when he his hand moves up my thighs.

“I want you so bad” he whispers kissing my neck.

“Oh Khanyile” He lifts me up with my legs wrapped around his waist.

He moves with me to the bedroom with the heart pounding and my dress already hanging over my breast I love this man and tonight has just cemented everything.

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AYOLA

'Who would've have thought that we would make it here?

Knew that our heard would overtake our fears

So we grow and learn from each other from hello to just friends
into lovers

So glad you took a chance on me

I'm not saying that I not the perfect man you don't ask me to be
you're not the perfect girl but somehow baby you're so much
more

Than anything you dreamed of

I prayed a thousand prayers I found someone who cares and so
much more than anything I dreamed of

We had our phases and we've been though changes

hard to be patient it was worth waiting

They can't erase it baby we've come so far and I want you to
know that I am here

by your side

Come day or night whatever you do make sure your love don't
ever change

And I'm not saying that I not the perfect man you don't ask me
to be

You're not the perfect girl but somehow

Baby you're so much more

So much more

Than anything I dreamed of

I prayed a thousand prayers

I found someone who cares and so much more

A love this strong deserves to last forever long

You're the only one I call

You're loved me through it all

So much more

You're been my closest friend and I only wanna love you

If you feel it come on sing it with me

If you feel it come on sing it with me

I wake up to Xavier Omar's song playing in the ground and my man carrying the kids Achilles in on hand with Khanyi on the other, I close my eyes and open them again looking at my finger and smile I wasn't dreaming last night happened I have a ring on my finger.

I laugh and look Qiniso dancing and smiling if this isn't beautiful then I don't know what it is.

Last night was amazing he made love to me all night long and I am exhausted.

"If you feel this come on sing it with me" he says moving his eyebrows.

I sing alone and get up taking Khanyi who refuses and clings on to her father for dear life.

"Come to mommy" She makes her a face and hide her face on Qiniso's chest.

"Leave my baby alone" Qiniso says.

I look at Achilles and take him from his father.

"Atleast someone loves me" I say kissing Achilles on his cheeks.

He laughs and wraps his small hands around my neck.

"See this is love" I tell Qiniso turning.

He spans my butt.

“Khanyile” I shout.

“That’s for not giving me a proper good morning” He says.

I place Achilles on the bed and walk to the bathroom rinsing my mouth with his mouthwash.

I strut my stuff and walk up to him giving him a kiss.

“Good morning Bab Khanyile” He smiles.

“Morning my love” he says.

I notice that he is dressed up for work and drop my face

“You’re are leaving me with the kids” I ask.

He joins me on the bed and takes my hand.

“No but I am taking Achilles back to my parents place Ma is taking him to my grans place and I just want to spend time with my girls” He says.

“And I stole sis Jane to make life easier for you my love” he says

I close my eyes that is music to ears I wasn’t looking forward to the cleaning, Jane helps around the Khanyile household.

“See you have a man in me” He says.

He takes Achilles and gives me Khanyi planting a kiss on my lips resting his forehead on mine.

“I love you MaMthethwa” he says.

“I love you you too Khanyile” He looks at Khanyi and smiles.

“They are the best gifts you ladies have ever given me” He says.

He walks out and I am left with Khanyi I hold her close and take a few pictures and send them to Khanyile then to the rest of the family.

I change clothes and make my way to the kitchen and find Sis Jane drinking coffee.

“My favourite person in the whole world” she goes for Khanyi.

I swear my daughter has a thing for people.

“Morning sis Jane” she smiles her whole focus on Khanyi.

“Morning sis let me see” I show her the finger and she starts ululating.

“He couldn’t keep it too himself everyone knows about the ring the family is drafting your letter as we speak” she says beaming.

“letter” I ask.

“Yes that’s how serious he is” I smile soon I am going to be Mrs Khanyile.

“I know two will be happy” she says.

“Thank” I say.

“I will make you something to eat” She offers.

“Thank you but there’s nothing in this house uKhanyile akadli” she laughs throwing her head back.

“Its a good thing that will you feed him” she says.

“Can I leave Khanyi with you while I go to the shops and get a few things I don’t want Ma thinking we are starving you” I say.

“I don’t mind sisi I will put her down seems like she wants to sleep” she says.

I run to the bathroom and take a quick shower change into clothes and grab my car keys I kiss my baby girl and walk out leaving the house.

The drive to the mall is slow due traffic caused by an accident I shudder to thinking about the families that have lost love ones if only our taxi drivers could adhere to the road rules and be more careful such accidents would be avoided.

I finally reach the shopping mall and dash to Woolworths getting a few essentials and a sweet treats for sis Jane she’s a foodie and I have seen Aunt Nkanyezi getting her these goodies that she snaks on

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I also grab my peppermint crisp tart ingredients Qiniso loves peppermint tart and I plan on making it for him.

I want to go all out cooking for him and I plan on asking Ma to look after Khanyi just this once. I drop the shopping kart when my beats so painfully I hold on to the till.

“Mam are you okay” I hold my chest grabbing at my shirt.

It feels like I am dying like I am close to death and there is nothing I can do about it.

“Mam please breathe just breathe” I let go of my chest and breathe swallowing hard

“Are you okay” The lady asks.

I nod my head fanning myself I could have swore I was being called by Angles or death itself I have never felt so much physical pain at one go.

I quickly pay and make my way out but stop by a baby boutique the place draws me in when I see cute dresses fit for princess I might max out my card but these are worth it.

I pick more than five outfits and a few shoes this lifts me up and I know Khanyi will look good in them I pay and walk to car.

I get into the car and play Xavier Omar song the song brings a smile to face I know its unorthodox but I think my first dance as Mrs Khanyile will be to this song.

I join the road leaving the mall and hear a lot of sirens passing I drive home taking another road which is longer but there is no traffic.

I finally reach Qiniso's house and my heart almost stops when I see the place crowded with police officers and fire fighters. I stop the car and run towards them but the one of the police officers stops me from entering.

"Khanyi" I scream.

"khanyisile" I scream even louder fighting my way out his grip.

"Mam please you can't go in there" they say.

"My baby is in there" I look at the house burning while the fire fighters try stopping the flames.

I kick and scream till I slip out of the officers grip I run towards the house but strong arms pull me back.

"Let me go that's my baby in there" I scream.

I hear Qiniso's voice in the crowd and he runs past all of us and into the burning house, a few fire fighters follow in and pull him out he comes out coughing but fights hard to go back inside the house till they pin him down.

"Ngiyekeni" he shouts and tries getting up but more men help pin him to the ground.

“Please that’s my daughter in there she needs me” He pleads with them.

I collapse on the ground and wail when two fire fighters come out of the house carrying what seems like a body in a sheet the paramedic rush to attend to the body.

Qiniso looks at me tears coming out of his eyes defeated I carry my hands over my head when the sheet is opened up and a burned Jane is found in a foetus position.

“There is something” One medic shouts.

The police officers let go of Qiniso who walks up to the body he gets on his knees looking down at the body.

They pull Khanyi out of her hold and look at each other.

“There’s no pulse” one medic says softly but loud enough for me to hear.

“No...No Khanyile no” I scream shaking my head.

he walks up to me holding khanyi in his arms.

He kneels down showing me her body

“I am sorry” I look at her pale body her hands and feet were catching fire but Jane was her shield.

“Ngiyaxolisa munku” he says breaking down.

I hold my baby and look up into the sky closing my eyes.

“God please not my baby I am begging you please don’t take her its too soon angonanga muntu mina Jehova awukwazi ukungithathela ingane yam” I hold her close sobbing in between my prayer.

“Nana please wake up” I kiss her face but still nothing her eyes remain shut.

I look at Qiniso and notice how he is silently crying just looking at me.

“Qiniso say something do something” He takes Khanyisile’s lifeless body and hands it the medic.

“Wenzani Qiniso give me baby” I stand up but he holds me while they take away in the ambulance.

“Give me my baby Khanyile please give me my baby” I fight in his arms hitting and scratching him.

“She’s gone munku our baby is gone” His words sting and his hold tightens.

“Can we sedate her” One of the medics asks.

“Khanyile don’t do it please I just want my baby she needs to hear my voice” I plead before they inject me putting me to sleep.

.....

QINISO

Everything happened so fast one moment I was leaving the house saying goodbye to my girls and the next I was receiving a call telling me I need to come to the house there was a fire, I drove as fast as I could and heart stopped when I saw my house burning and Ayola being held back.

I don't know what is happening I can't put to words exactly what I am feeling but I feel empty like my heart was ripped out of my chest and left open and bleeding, I don't think I will ever recover from this how does ene recover my sweet baby girl died in a fire she couldn't handle the heat and burns and she couldn't breathe she tried holding on but it was too much for her tiny body. I wipe my tears and look at Ayola coming about the whole family in here and no one has said or asked anything everyone is still in shock we lost the little light of our family.

"What am I going to tell her" I ask looking at everyone.

She wakes up and open her eyes looking around to everyone she closes here eyes knowing her she's wishing all this to be a dream she breathes in and out then opens them again looking at me.

Her lips quiver and my hearts shatters seeing her this broken
her eyes say it all.

She stands up and walks up to me a slap lands on my jaw.

“You gave them my baby you gave them my baby” she shouts
hitting me chest.

“Khanyile why” She asks holding her chest.

“I am sorry Yola” she shakes her head and continues hitting me.

“I want my baby back” Her father holds her and restrains her.

“Baba kubuhlungu ngifuna ingane yam” I stand up not being
able to bare her sobbing but Baba stops me.

Ma stands up and pulls me into her arms.

“Mama tell them to bring my baby back its too soon” She
struggles to breathe and screams letting all out.

“Khanyi” she shouts while her father holds her tight.

QHAWWE

Being a parent has to be one of the best feelings in the world knowing this life thing is no longer about you but the person you created and help bring into this world, you know they love you more than anything seeing you makes them happy and somehow they know Dad's got my back no matter what. I have been raking my brain over what happened but still I come up with nothing the investigators said nothing was amiss meaning no foul play. Its difficult not being able to do anything about the matter not having anyone to blame is probably the worst feeling ever. I am used to doing things my way fixing and handling things the way I see fit but this one has shattered even me. I was there when Khanyi came into this world I heard her first cry and saw her suckling at her mother's breast that was her first step navigating this world. I can't believe my first grandchild is gone in such way even though she wasn't alone in her last hours it still doesn't nothing bring comfort she was too young to die she was just a baby she needed live for her parents for all us. I named her Khanyisile because she was nothing but light she brought light into our lives a new start for

both families and she was my baby girl's light and now she's gone.

I have never felt this pain before seeing her in this state is tearing me apart I have lived her pain I mourned a son I never knew but still the pain was no different than that of a person I knew. I am supposed to do something anything to take away her pain but here I am lost and wishing I could take away her pain and carry it for. I know that her heart is breaking I have heard her cry at night calling God hear her prayers and feel her pain.

My Yola is breaking she has lost a part of her she's lost her baby and it hurts more than anything.

I wash my face and breathe in before walking out and making my way into the nursery Ayola has been sleeping here since the day of Khanyi's death she cries all night and just stares at an empty cot.

Today is the day of the funeral we can't prolong things Khanyi is a child we can't keep her for long Ayola she lifts her head up and looks at me her eyes filled with tears.

"Munku" She blinks and her tears fall Zobuhle wiping them off.

I move closer and settle down next to them.

“Let me go check on the preparations” Zobuhle says kissing her forehead.

She closes the door leaving with Ayola.

“I don’t want to do this baba” she says looking at me.

Her voice is shaky and her eyes are red.

“I know but you need to do this for Khanyi” she shakes her head.

“Why didn’t he take me and not my baby” She asked.

“Yola don’t say that” I want to shout at her thinking but she’s hurting which is understandable.

“I don’t want to bury my baby baba angifuni” She says standing up.

“I know it hurts ngane yam and I am so sorru if I could I would take away your pain” I say.

“I just want my baby back baba that’s all ngifuna ingane yam” her words trail off with her tears falling.

I pull her close and blink my tears away this is harder than I thought nothing we say will make a difference.

I have said this a thousand times not parent deserves to bury their child the one I am scared of my daughter is going through.

“I promise we will get through this together” I tell her.

She looks up and a sad smile flashes

“You know baba my heart is broken for the very first time I don’t know what to say I miss her so much it hurts to breathe” I try blinking but a tear falls.

“I shouldn’t have left her baba its my fault that this happened I should have been the one in that fire not her” Her words sting.

“You don’t mean that” she shakes her head.

“I left her baba I left her and my baby is gone” I hold her close and fail to hold my tears why did this have to happen to my us.

....

QINISO

I closed my eyes and images of Ayola crying flooded my brain I have been avoiding sleep and keeping myself busy to numb the pain and not to think about my beautiful baby girl. The funeral will be small attended only by family the small ceremony will be held in the garden my baby loved the garden I make my way into the house heading to the nursery, being here hurts more

knowing she's not sleeping knowing that she's never going to wake up see my face and laugh.

"Baba" uncle Qhawe looks at me and nods walking out.

I don't know what to say

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what do I say, how do I make things better when nothing is making sense when nothing is as it should be when the mother of my daughter is breaking apart and hurting.

She looks at me and smiles meeting me half way she pulls me for her hug and holds me tight her I hold her tight taking in her scent.

"Udlile" She whispers.

I nod my head and she sighs in relief.

"You need to get some sleep Khanyile you can't keep this up" she pulls away and looks at me fixing my shirt.

I look into her eyes and have myself consumed with sadness.

I hold both her hands still looking into her red eyes.

"How are you" I ask.

She bites her lips and shakes her head trying her best not cry.

"I don't want you to be strong Munku" I tell her.

Tears fall and she breathes out her lips trembling.

“I miss her” I nod my head God knows I miss my baby so much its been three days and a foolish hopeful part of me wants to sleep and wake up to see and hear laugh.

“Senzeni Qiniso to be given her and have her taken away from us” she asks.

I swallow hard because I don't have any explanation for what we are going through.

“I don't know sthandwa sam but I promise we will get through this” I says

“How Qiniso when we don't even know how the fire started or if it was started by someone” she says.

“How are we supposed to do this khanyile this is not fair we are not supposed to bury her ayilungile lento” she says.

“I know and I am sorry for the pain you are going through” I say.

“We will never see her again khanyile nor will we ever hold her in our arms” I close my eyes this hits harder than anything.

I pull her into my arma and kiss her wiping her tears.

“I am here and I am not going anywhere we will get through this together” she nods her head kissing me back.

“I heard you wanted to stop the negotiations” She whispers.

“I think its best for everyone” I say still holding her in my arms.

“No I want everything to go on” She says.

I pull away and look into her eyes.

“Are you sure munku” she nods her head.

“I love you” She smiles back rests her head on my chest.

“I love you too Khanyile so much” She says.

The door opens and her mother walks in.

“It’s time” she says looking at Ayola

I walked out and join everyone the energy here is just sad
Bailey can’t hold her tears if only i could turn back time to wake
up that morning and drive them all home.

Makhosonke and I carry her tiny coffin into the garden where it
has been decorated with white flowers and a screen projector
is ready to play her short lived life.

The rest of the family follows and a moment of silence passes
as we place her on the coffin stand this is it after this I will
never see my daughter.

Everyone takes their seat with Bailey holding on to
Makhosonke and Ayola staring only at the coffin I reach for her
hand and firmly grip it.

She turns her head and looks at me her eyes tell a different story today I am losing a part of her she will never be the same.

The priest says a few biblical words and takes his seat while the projector plays we decided to have something different for our girl videos and pictures of her her appears, one of me holding her pops and my heart sinks why am I being punished like so soon.

“I have found love in you

And I’ve learned to love me too

Never have I felt that I could be all that you see

Its like our hearts have intertwined into the perfect harmony

This is why I love you

Ooh this is why I love

Because you love me too

You love me too

This is why I love you

Ooh this is why I love

Because you love me too

You love me too

I found love in you

And no other love will do

Every moment that you smile chases all the pain away
forever and a while in my heart is where you'll stay"

Khanyi was everything this song describes her smile chased away the pain and we all fell in love with my baby girl.

The ceremony ends with the song and everyone standing up leaving Ayola and I to say our last goodbye, she stands up and walks toward the tiny coffin and hugs it painfully crying.

I move closer and hold her.

"Ngiyakucela munku let her go" I say.

She collapses on her knees and holds her chest.

"I can't Khanyile I can't let her go I want my baby" she says shaking her head.

Tears fall from my eyes when she starts praying.

“Nkosi ngicela ungiphe inhliziyo eyamukelayo ngicela inkonzo yokuthula nokwamukela ngoba ngiyehluleka” she breaks into a loud sob that leaves me questioning God’s existences.

“ Khanyile kubuhlungu” She cries even more till her mother comes running towards us.

“Mdedele sisi don’t hold her back” Her mother says brushing her back.

I once killed a man someone’s son without blinking maybe this is my punishment for all the things I have done.

AYOLA

I stood by the door looking into the nursery and bite my lower lip trying not to think much about Khanyi but seeing all this just brought tears to my eyes and broke my heart in two.

I still don't understand how and why my baby had to die like this her lungs were filled with smoke and she was close to burning if Jane wasn't that brave then the memory of my daughter burned would have been the last thing I saw. I closed my eyes and sighed thinking back to when I first held Khanyi, for the first time I finally understood what love was and it was what I felt for my baby so much so that it brought tears to my eyes knowing I was capable of such love scared me.

A soft knock came through and Bailey walked in the person who laid eyes on my baby before I could she gave me a hug and held on tightly.

"Hey" she pulled and away and placed the colourful khonzekhaya bags.

"Miss Parker" She smiled and pulled me in for a hug.

She held on for much longer and pulled away looking around.

I was supposed to have started with the packing long ago but I just couldn't bring myself to do it even when my mother offered I couldn't.

We have been staring out side the window just breathing and lost in our thoughts.

Bailey reaches for my hand and sighs clearing her throat.

"How are you feeling" she asks.

A chuckle leave my mouth when I think about how the "How are you feeling" Question has become my daily bread its the go to question for everyone I come across.

"I am feeling much better" She nods her head and smiles.

"The shelter is going to be grateful" she says

I nod my head letting g is harder than I thought at first I was told not cry so much because I am holding her bag then I was told I need to let go and give the needy.

At first I didn't want to hear any of that but with time I realised holding to her will only hurt me more it still hurts but there's nothing I can only time heals.

I face Bailey and give her a hug one more time.

“Thank for every thing that you have done for me, thank you for bringing her into this earth” she sniffs and nods pulling away.

“I would do it all over again because I love you, you are the sister I never had but God gave me” She says.

We both settle down and look at the pile of clothes getting to work.

I notice a glow about her and the way she tries not to smile and get lost in her thoughts but fails.

“Makhosonke” She stops folding the clothes and sighs closing her beautiful eyes.

“I think he’s the one” she says.

I think I have heard her say this before but today feels different more like she can feel it inside her.

“I know he’s the one I can tell” Her smile disappears and she looks down.

“Bailey what’s wrong” I ask.

“You are scaring me now’ I move closer to her and hold her close to my chest.

“Is it your mom” She shakes her head no and looks up.

“He asked me to marry him” she says.

I put a hand over my mouth and breathe out this is the best news ever.

“That’s amazing Bailey I am happy for you” She shakes her head.

“I am not supposed to be happy while you are hurting its not fair” She says.

“That’s nonsense you deserve to be happy no matter what I am feeling and right now I am happy” she nods smiles.

“I wanted to tell you sooner but so many things happened and I decided to say nothing” she says.

I look at her and laugh she deserves this love and more.

“I am glad you said something today your happiness in my happiness I love you miss Parker and I am happy that Makhosonke has finally seen that you are a rare bread pure gold” she smiles and flatters.

“How Qiniso doing” she asks.

“I think its finally kicking in that we lost her the first few weeks he was fine strong for me, for us but now he is crumbling down, I wish I could tell him to be strong and let her go but I can’t because I know first hand how difficult that is.” I tell her.

“I am sorry you shouldn’t be going through this” she says.

“What can we say life is something else” I say.

“Are you still going ahead with the negotiations” She asks.

“Yes I feel like we need each other now more than ever I love him and I want to be his wife more than anything” She laughs throwing her head back.

“Then you have my full support to us getting married” She says.

We both laugh and it feels good to laugh to forget just for a moment.

The door to the nursery opens and mama walks in her belly is growing by the day its funny thinking about it my parents are still having sex and this is proof of it.

She looks at us and smiles brushing her belly.

The first few days after Khanyi’s funeral I couldn’t look at my mother I had so many questions and no answers to them.

“Do you girls need anything” She asks.

“No Ma we are fine” she looks around and smiles probably thankful that her words are finally kicking in and I am slowly picking myself up.

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Qiniso

I look at the fire report on more time and sigh how did things get so messed how did I get here and how could I have I not seen this coming

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I lost the ball and paid a hefty price for it I reach for the lighter and walk towards the bin burning the original fire report. Its best we all believe that the fire was from a faulty wire instead of knowing that someone deliberately started the fire.

I run to the bedroom when I hear my phone ringing and regret picking it up when Mbali's voice comes through.

"What" I asks.

She sighs and clears her throat.

"Is that how we speak to each other now" she asks.

I shut my eyes and breathe calming myself down.

"Sawbona Mbali what do want" I ask.

She goes quiet.

"I guess that was it" I say.

“Wait Qiniso I miss you okay I know I shouldn’t be missing you but I do” She says.

“I told you to stay away from me” I say.

“I guess you are like the rest of them go around using girls and ditch the just like that well mina angenziwa njalo” she says.

“Are you threatening me Mbali” I ask.

She goes quiet.

“I didn’t think so now listen here what happened between us was a mistake a huge one and we both know that” I say.

“Go to hell Qiniso” She says ending the call.

I toss my phone to the side and look at the picture frame beside my side of the bed, I pick it up and blink my tears away did it have to be my princess.

I can’t accept her death I refuse to let it sink in that she’s no more that I will never see her open her arms for me to carry her.

I close my eyes and breathe holding chest this pain won’t go away no matter what I do it just won’t.

.....

Mbali

I stood by the door and looked at my uncle this man has been there for me he paid for my studies he was friends with father and even after my father's death he never stopped caring or taking care of us, Meeting Qiniso at the hospital was coincidental but me falling for him wasn't part of the deal but after that phone call I now know he was using me just as I was and it hurts. I don't know what men see in that girl because she's nothing to write home about.

I cleared my throat ever since uncle Zezwe lost his son he hasn't been the same.

"I have decided I will help you" I told him.

He wants nothing more than to ruin Qiniso with everything he has.

"Did you tell him about the baby" I shook my head Qiniso didn't even give me a chance to tell him that I wanted to see him so we could talk.

"Good stop calling him don't even text him when the time comes I will tell you what to do okay" I nodded my head.

"That boy won't know what hit him" He said laughing.

....

Qiniso

I wake up to Ayola sleeping next to me her eyes tightly shut and her lips slightly open she looks beautiful even in her sleep God knows I have wronged her so many times, Tears fill my eyes seeing is like seeing Khanyile she looked so much like her mother and her smile was the most the most beautiful thing I have ever since. A tear falls on her forehead and that wakes her up I quickly wipe it off and wipe my own tears and watch her sit up straight.

“Khanyile” I nod my head.

“I don’t want you to be strong” she tells me.

I remember saying these words to her.

“I am trying Ayola but every day is hard” I say.

She nods her head taking my hand into hers.

“I know sthandwa sam but we have each other” She says.

“I don’t deserve you Ayola” she shakes her head smiling.

“You love me Khanyile and I love you that’s all that matters”
She says.

“We lost our baby girl but we still have each other, I don’t know why this happened to us but we still have each other right. God gave her to us so we could love and protect her and we did but she wasn’t off this world and we need to accept that” She says wiping her tears.

I don’t know what I did to deserve such a strong woman but I am grateful she’s in my life.

“You gave me the most beautiful gift and I will forever be grateful, I know it’s hard but I want to do this with you and no one else thank you for taking my pain as yours for allowing me to be for loving me and supporting me throughout this difficult time ngiyabonga khanyile” She says kissing me.

AYOLA

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I stepped out of the shower and walked toward the wardrobe but tripped almost falling on my face, I looked to the side of the bed and realised I kicked Khanyi's duck toy. She loved this squeaky toy simply because of its annoying noise the whole house would fill with her laughter and my day would be made. I put on a dress before reaching for my phone still holding the duck.

"Hello am I speaking to Ayola Mthethwa" The lady on the other end asks.

"Yes speaking"

"My name is Mandy from Mommy and baby" She says.

"Mommy and baby" I ask still trying to gather myself and recollect where why her voice sounds familiar.

"Yes you booked a photo shoot with us for today" she says

"We have been trying to get hold of you with no luck" She continues.

My mind drifts off for a while I completely forgot about that.

“Munku” I blink and my father is standing in front me holding my phone.

“Thank for understanding” He ends the call and looks at me.

“Yola look at me” he begs till I make eye contact.

“Ngiyaxolisa baba I know I am not supposed to cry like this but” He shakes his head before I can finish.

“Munku don’t say that don’t ever apologise for crying you are allowed to cry ngane yam as much as you want until your heart feels better” he says.

“I found this under she loved it baba she loved it so much” I say

“I know” he says holding me close.

“Khala sisi ubaba ukhona” he says allowing me to cry without a care in the world.

“I miss her so much baba” He brushes my back.

“We all miss her too sisi she was our light” he says.

“We grieve differently Yola you need to know that and allow yourself to feel everything that comes your way, you lost her and she was a part of you a part of your heart. You loved her and you are allowed to cry scream and let it all out I am sorry that this is the one heartache I can’t make better or take away. I am sorry that is the one I didn’t see coming or could protect

you from. I am sorry that you had to bury her when you are this young I am sorry you had to bury your first child ngiyaxolisa Mamthethwa” he says looking at me.

He wipes his own tears and breaks down.

“Baba don’t cry” I ask.

“I am sorry” he says wiping them and blinking.

“I love you” he says kissing my forehead.

“I love you too baba” I say

I rest my head on his shoulder and breathe out I needed that to cry without feeling the guilt of not fully releasing my child.

“You what Baba you are the best Dad in the world” he laughs.

“Well I try” He says.

“How’s mama feeling” I ask

last night was hard for her she had pains and had be taken to the doctor but it was nothing just a false alarm.

“You mother is fine the doctor said she’s stressed but now she’s up in the kitchen cooking up a feat just for you” He says.

“Baba you need to tell not to worry worry about me I don’t want her putting the babies at risk” I tell.

“Your mother will never listen to me she’s a mother after all and she worries about you and your brother a lot” he says.

I breathe in and out feeling light.

“Let’s go eat before you mother sends in troops” He says standing up.

“You will always be my little girl” he says.

“And you will always be my old man” We both laugh walking out.

We get to the kitchen and find Bailey already stuffing her face, Ma looks at me and gives me a hug.

“Finally I was starting to think maybe we should call the police” Bailey says looking at us.

“I made all your favourites” Ma says.

“Thank you mama” she smiles and plates up for Baba and I.

Bailey looks at me from head to toe and shakes her head.

“Are you going out like that” She asks.

I look at mama for a save but she looks at her husband.

“I guess I will go change” I say.

“Great phela I am taking you out” she says.

A soft knock comes through with Baba standing up to get the door he stands still for a while before moving out of the way

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he walks back followed by Talia my heart almost stops and the food in my mouth loses taste the last time I saw her things weren't so great she looked a mess and left my cheek burning.

"Ayola" she says looking at me.

I look at my parents but Baba doesn't budge.

"Asambe Nyambose" Mama says pulling Baba's hand.

"Bailey" Ma calls out.

She looks at Baba and some eye contact is made.

"I think I will stay behind" She says sipping her juice.

She looks around and sighs her eyes fill with tears the last time she had tears in her eyes she was begging me to see her son.

"I am sorry for coming here unannounced" she says rubbing her hands together.

"If you want to see Achilles then you need to speak to his father I haven't seen him in a long time" I tell her.

She shakes her head swallows.

"That's not why I am here" she says softly.

“Then why are you here Talia” Bailey asks cold as ever she gets like this when she doesn’t like you.

“Ayola I am sorry” She says.

I look at her and tilt my head.

“Sorry for what” she bites her lower lips and looks at me.

“I was there and I did it” She says wiping her tears.

“What the hell are you talking about? Or is it the drugs talking ” Bailey says.

“Bailey wait” I say holding my breathe.

“I can’t do this any more, I can’t sleep or eat this has been driving me crazy I told Qiniso and he said I shouldn’t say anything” I raise my hand stopping her from talking any further.

“You told him what” I shake my head and sigh “Talia please just get to the point” I tell.

She nods her head.

“I started the fire and I am sorry” For a second time stands still with my heart pounding close to my ear.

I hold my chest struggling to breathe.

“I am so sorry Ayola please forgive me” she says,

“Forgive you” Bailey yells charging at her.

“I am so sorry I didn’t mean to kill your baby” she says.

I look at Bailey sitting on top of her punching her face while Talia lets her be.

“Why” my voice come out as a whisper growing into a loud sob.

The kitchen is soon occupied by my parents Baba pulling Bailey away from Talia but she pulls her by her hair not letting go.

“You killed my baby girl” Baba lets go of Bailey and looks at me.”She did nothing to you she was just a child” I charge towards her but Baba blocks me and I crush in his arms.

He locks me in and holds me down.

“Baba ubulele ingane yam engena cala” I fight my way out of his hold but he doesn’t let go.

“I will hand myself to the police I will do anything you want” Talia says.

I look at her and thoughts of wishing she loses Achilles cross my mind but I think of his sweet smile and bite my tongue.

“You say Qiniso knows” She nods her head and mother puts a hand over her mouth.

“Nothing you do will bring back my baby, you are nothing but a heartless murder and I pray you don’t find peace for killing two

innocent people. I pray this haunts you for the rest your life” she breaks down.

“Ayola” Mama says gasping.

“If you don’t leave now I will break you neck” Bailey says pointing to the door.

Talia picks herself up and walks out.

“I am going to have a talk with Qiniso how can he do this hide this from us” Baba says.

“Cha”

Bailey looks at me squinting her eyes.

“Why he needs to tell us why he kept quiet and protected Khanyi’s murderer” Bailey says.

I shut my eyes and breathe now that I can put a face to all this it hurts even more

“She’s right Qiniso needs to answer for this” Ma says.

Mama wipes my tears with a smile on her face this woman right here has been nothing but brave for me throughout everything.

“I will talk to Qiniso and I know he has a very good reason for not telling me anything” I look at Bailey with a smile on my face and turn to look at Baba smiling at him.

“Maybe we should put the negotiations on hold till this matter has been resolved” Baba says.

“Cha Baba everything is ready we can put them on hold” I say.

“Yola are you sure” Mama asks .

“I am sure mama” I say looking at Baba.

So much has been done to prepare for the day a cleansing was done so it could help me move on and get me ready for this day.

“Khanyile loves me Baba he would never hurt me” He tightens his face.

“Ayola” He says.

“I Know he does baba I know” He looks at mama and sighs.

“I need to go and sleep” I stand up making my way to the bedroom I close the door and breathe only realising that I had been holding my breathe.

.....

Qiniso

I park outside Ayola's house and dial her phone it takes a while before she comes out looking beautiful as ever, she walks towards the car smiling her eyes only looking my way I step out of the car and meet her half way.

She perfectly falls into my arms and holds on tight while I twirl her around kissing her neck we stay like that for a while before we both pull away and kiss.

She looks at me and smiles she's the only person who has been soothing my pain since we lost Khanyi as much as she's hurting she's strong for the both of us.

She leans against the car and looks into my eyes.

"I love you Khanyile" she says.

"I love you too sthandwa sam so much" I admit.

She places her hand on my chest and breathes out heavily.

"Did you know that Talia killed our daughter" My body goes cold and stiff the second the words leave her mouth.

"She came here today and she told me everything" She says placing both hands on my chest.

"I am sorry Munku I didn't know how to tell you without hurting" She shakes her head tears falling from her eyes.

“She’s the mother of your son Khanyile I understand and I forgive you” She says wiping her tears.

“I cried myself to sleep because it hurts knowing it wasn’t her time that she was taken from us that she was killed” I see the pain in her eyes and I have caused that.

She rest her head on my chest.

“Ngiyaxolisa Ayola” I say.

“Please dance with me Qiniso” She says laughing.

“Anything sthandwa sam” We start moving to the silence with the brisk wind hitting our skin her head on my chest and my arms wrapped around her waist.

Somehow this feels like goodbye my heart feels heavily her pain hit me to the core crippling me.

ZOBUHLE

The last time the house was buzzing like this she was having her umemulo and tomorrow she's going to be someone's wife, I still want her all to myself my heart breaks knowing she's going to belong to another household and I won't wake up to her horrible singing or her screaming for her glasses when she's left them on the kitchen counter. I know Nkanyezi will never treat her badly but I feel I still need more time with her to mother her and love her, I want the same bond she has with Qhawe as selfish as it may sound it hurts knowing she's more closer to her father than me I feel my daughter loves her Father more than she does me.

I know I shouldn't be thinking like this but the truth is that Ayola has been and will always be her father's daughter, it feels like I never had time with her and hating her when I thought she was Mhaba's still haunts me till this day. I deeply sigh soon the twins will be here and the house will be filled with tiny feet and lots of laughter. I make my way to Ayola's bedroom and knock softly before making my way inside.

She sits up straight and look at me smiling.

“Aw Mamazi ka Qhawe madoda stufuza sakhe” she says laughing.

I settle on the bed and notice her overly happy mood and the smell of alcohol from her breath a picture of Khanyi on the bed.

She might try to hide it but what Qiniso did hit her hard and although Talia is still awaiting sentencing and might face life in prison it will never bring back my grand baby.

I pull her close to my chest and brush her hair

“What re you drinking” She laughs and slightly pulls away looking at me.

“Me drinking mama” she says shaking her head.

“ I can smell it on your breathe Yola” she laughs and lay her hands on my belly.

“I am going to be the best sister in the world, I mean I haven’t done bad with Mxolisi right” she says burping.

“Does it hurt” I ask.

She shakes her head.

“It did hurt mama for so long it did but I am okay now and tomorrow Khanyile takes me as his wife” She says smiling.

“Are you sure you want to do this marry him after everything he has done” I ask.

No parent wants to see their child hurting for the longest time I thought Qiniso could make her happy but after what he has done I am not so sure any more.

“I am sure mama” She says.

“Would you tell me if you weren’t sure” I ask.

She nods her head and looks at me.

“This feels right mama loving him feels right, I have always wanted to experience a love similar to that of yours and baba’s and I think this is it. I don’t want to look back and regret not being with the man that I love, I know that after everything he has done you now seem him differently but he’s not all bad and he’s human we al make mistakes mama. Please forgive him for hurting because I have and since he’s going to be my husband I don’t you hating him” She says.

“We don’t hate him” I say.

She laughs and hugs me tight.

“I love you mama so much and no woman will ever take you place in my heart tomorrow is a happy day you should be proud and dancing just not too much we don’t want to scare the twins ” I smile hearing her say that brings comfort to me.

“I love you too Yola and I am proud of the young lady you are” I say.

QINISO

I look at my father proudly burning the incense with a smile on his face I have never seen him this proud before even I left school he didn't beam this proudly, he looks at me and nods his head today is the day I have been looking forward to for as long as it was put out there. Today I take the first step in making Ayola my wife the mother of my kids and my forever I will wake up to her everyday of my life and make up for everything I have put her through. I look at my wrist watch time seems to be travelling fast its now 5:30 in the morning everything is set with ten live cows in a trailer while the rest will be paid by cash.

I look at my uncle and smile he's always been there for my father they share a bond unbreakable I close my eyes and smile the chatter outside gets me excited even the triplets are here. I was surprised to find out that they wouldn't miss this day for anything welcoming Ayola into the family they stopped their travelling and came home making not only my day but that of our parents.

“Nina bo Khanyile sicela indlela sicela nisikhanyisele kulohambo nomsebenzi esiyowuphetha” My father says burning the incense asking for our way to clear.

“Khanyile, Sothole

S’tshopo’othi udl’inkomo kanti udl’impisi

Odl’isinkwa esinothotho

Mahamba kancane sogodi

Phondo olukhulu elavuma kwavuma amadoda

Shalashala elihle elithukuvuma ukulandula

Ntunjwa ka langa

Mthiyane

Ndwandwe

Zikode,mabhuqa

Ngwane

Ulanga ongenandlebe angaba nendlebe weza nonina

Inhliziyo eyasala ezaleni kwasa bayicosha ngakususa

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“Khanyile, Sothole, Ngwane” We all repeat after him and stand up ready to head out.

He calls me to the side and give me a hug the moment takes me back to when I was a young boy always by his side when my eyes saw him for the hero that he was and still is.

“I am so proud of you and I love you Qiniso” I shut my eyes his words hit home.

“I love you too baba and thank you for raising me” he pulls away and smiles.

“Today you become a man and I couldn’t be more proud” He says.

“Bafo we should get going before the sun fully rises” Uncle Msizi says leading the way.

I stop on my tracks when my phone beeps I take it out of my pocket and see a whatsapp text from Ayola, a picture of her wearing snuggled up in my jacket appears followed by a text.

‘I can’t wait to be your wife Khanyile,

A quickly dial her.

“Sthandwa sam” she giggles and sighs.

“I can’t wait to see you Khanyile ngiyakukhumbula” she says softly.

“I miss you too Mathethwa and I can’t wait to hold you” I say.

“Ngiyaxolisa Ayola for everything” I say.

“Its okay Khanyile just get here” She says.

“I love you” I say.

“I love you you too” she says ending the call.

AYOLA

I look at myself in the mirror and smile mama had this dress made for me and it fits perfectly, today has finally come and I am about to take the biggest step of my life. I take a seat on my bed and look at my baby’s photo today would have been more special and beautiful I wipe my tears and clear my throat. This huge void inside me just won’t leave me nothing seems to fill it up.

I stand up and open the wardrobe taking out my father most expensive bottle taking a few gulps of it, last night I just couldn’t take it my heart ached so bad only something strong could numb my pain and I found myself walking inside his study and took his bottle.

I stash it under the bed and walk to the bathroom washing my mouth and a chew some gums taking heavy breathes.

The door opens followed by a loud song

'Aniboni lengane ubani ubengashada isencane lengane

Ubani obengashada

Aniy'boni lengane

Ubani obengashada isencane lengane

Ubani obengashada'

My grandmother walks in followed by Mama and Bailey then my cousins, I slowly dance joining them singing along.

My grandmother starts dancing and praising my ancestors its a joyous occasion.

"Sebefikile Gogo" Babu shouts

I rush to the window my heart racing I notice his uncle and smile.

"Ma they are here " I tell her

"Ngazala mina Zobuhle ngazala mina number two" She says dancing.

Bailey holds my hand while my cousins compliment my dress and congratulate me on my day.

“Sikhulekile kinina Bo Mthethwa

Dingiswayo

Nyambose

Magaga onsibansiba

Mflozi emnyama inketha baweli nabawelayo

bayaqokelela

Nina bakanhlamba kangicelani ngoba angiceli lutho lomuntu

Wena okalugagane oluhlabangaphi ngoba phela lumhlaba ngale

Thulisa kuyozwakala

Nkonyane yenkosi

Hlangalezwe.

“Sikhulekile ko Nyambose sizocela isihlobo esihle” One of his negotiators says.

I can't believe they decided to do it the old school way I just hope their shouting doesn't disturb the whole neighbourhood.

Bailey looks at me and tilts her head.

“Are you okay” she asks

I smile I could never lie to her but today I was going to do it without even blinking.

“I am fine just nervous I have never done this before” They all laugh.

“Its a good thing you will never do it again” Babu says.

“If you are fine then ladies I think we should toast to that” Bailey says taking a bottle of champagne from her bag.

“I was wondering what you have done to my best friend” She laughs and pops the bottle open.

It takes a while before we are called to the living room, I follow my cousins together with Bailey reaching our elders we all bow our heads and settle down on the grass mat laid out for us.

“I believe you all know the person you here for” Uncle Zibulo asks.

“Yes we do know her” A stern voice says.

“Please show us” he continues.

“The third one wearing glasses” I want to laugh but hold myself.

“Are you sure she’s your bride” uncle Zibulo asks more than once.

“Yes she’s the one” They respond.

The girls stand up walking away.

“Ayola” I raise my head and look at my father sitting next to his brother and a few family members.

“Do you know these people” I turn my head and look at Qinoso’s family smiling proudly.

Last night’s events play out in my head, I close my eyes and allow myself to feel everything that I have been suppressing everything I should have been feeling.

The conversation I had with Mbali before my mother came to check on me plays itself over and over again.

“I am pregnant and its his child” Her words stings even now that I am sitting here so much for drinking that bottle.

“My name is Mbali the mother of his child” She said sending me a picture of herself and positive pregnancy test followed by her chats with Qiniso.

A soft chuckle leaves my mouth when I think about him wanting nothing more than to be buried inside her.

“Ayola do you know these people” My father asks looking at me.

I raise my head and smile looking at our visitors then my family

“Angibazi Baba” A few gasps and mumbles erupt from both sides.

“Ayola” I look at uncle Mtha begging me to say I know them pleading with his eyes.

“Ayola what are you saying” uncle Zibulo asks.

“I don’t know these people Baba” He nods his head and looks at Qiniso’s family.

“As you can see and hear she doesn’t know you” He says.

“Can we call our son to come inside” uncle Msizi asks.

“Very well bring him in” Baba says.

A few minutes later Qiniso walks in following his uncle he looks handsome beautiful ready to be someone’s husband.

This is the same same man that protected our child’s killer and made another woman pregnant.

He looks at me confused then his family settling down next to them.

“I think its best we ask her in front of him” His father says.

Uncle Zibulo looks at me and sighs.

“Ayola do you know this man and his family” I look at him smiling at me his eyes pouring with love and assurance.

“Angibazi baba labantu” I say looking him in the eyes..

For a moment he seems dazed and about to collapse but he quickly recovers still looking at me.

“Ayola” He calls out but I look at my father.

“Like I said Baba I don’t know this man or his family” I say turning to look at Qiniso.

The room goes quiet he looks at me and clasp his hands together going down on his knees.

“Zimephi ngiyakucela” He says in a shaky voice.

AYOLA

His eyes well up and my heart breaks I didn't really picture him this hurt yes I had already made up my mind seeing it through hurts but knowing he is nothing but a cheat hurts even more.

“Zimephi ngiyakucela ungayenzi lento” he says looking at me.

My father clears his throat and looks at me I know I have hurt him and some people will call me foolish letting go of this man and turning down marriage but good is all this when I despise him< when he makes a fool out of me every chance he gets.

“Munku what is going on” He asks.

I look at Qiniso still on his knees and sigh.

“Should I tell them or will you” I ask looking at him.

He looks confused and blinks away his tears.

“Whatever it is we can fix it” Qiniso says.

“Fix Khanyile” I shout looking at him.

“Ayola” My father warns.

“Baba please” He sighs and get back to his seat.

“Let her be Mkhulu” My uncle says.

I can tell I have brought shame to my family I will be persecuted for what I am doing.

“Does your family know that Talia killed my child that I had to bury my daughter at such a young age because of your Talia” He drops his head.

His father looks at him disappointed.

“Ayola I am begging you please don’t do this” he begs.

“Do these people here know that you Khanyile sthandwa senhliziyo yam phela kwendoda engiyithandayo impregnated someone else” I tilt my head tears streaming down.

His own tears fall and my lips tremble.

“Why Qiniso why” I ask.

“Is this true Qiniso” His father asks.

“Tell them about Mbali the nurse who healed your broken heart and nursed you to health all the way to making you a father” He says nothing and that seals it all

Uncle Mthandeni stands up and comes to me crouching next to me.

“I am so sorry Ayola” He says standing up looking at Qiniso.

“I think we should leave them so they can talk” My father says.

Everyone quietly leaves the house leaving only the two of us.

He stands up and comes to me he hold my hand.

“Tell me how sorry you are that sleeping with her was a mistake that you love me and only me, tell me Khanyile that you didn’t mean to hurt me that protecting your daughter’s killer was your way of protecting me and not wanting to hurt me” He shakes his head.

“Tell me Khanyile I am here listening” I say.

He lets go of my hand and places both his hands over his head breaking down.

“You love me right Khanyile and you would never hurt me” He looks at me his lips trembling.

I let my own tears fall and cry.

“Tell me what to do ngizokwenza ngiyakwethembisa” He says.

I look at his eyes well up again and tears falling I wanted to hurt him I wanted him to feel the same pain I have been feeling over the weeks but still it hurts.

“I know I hurt you so bad but she meant nothing to me okay she meant absolutely nothing please don’t do this to us, I promise I didn’t mean to hurt us” He says holding my hands.

I look at his warm strong hand and smile these hands once caressed me these hands once held me and loved in their own way.

I place my hand on his face.

“You are the only man I have ever loved the only man I have ever been with” I tell him.

“I know and I am sorry for everything that I have done Ayola but please don’t do this, I will never hurt you ever again I swear on Khanyi’s grave” I shake me head.

“Don’t Khanyile don’t bring my baby into this” I tell him.

“Let me fix this” He begs.

I pull out Khanyi’s photo from under the blanket covering me showing it to him.

“You allowed her murder to walk free for weeks after killing my baby girl, you failed your child Qiniso” He shakes his head wiping his tears.

“Ayola please don’t say that” I wipe my own tears.

“Ngakwenzani Qiniso to deserve such betrayal is your way of loving, is this the truth behind your walls of love” I ask placing my hand on his chest.

“Qiniso yini le ongenza yona” I ask holding my own chest.

“Ngiyaxolisa Munku” He says holding me in his arms.

“Kuphelile Qiniso” I tell him.

“Zimephi please I am begging you” He whispers holding me tight.

The door creaks open and the elders walk in I pull away from Qiniso’s hold and stand up.

“Ayola” he grunts with tears running down his face.

I walk over to uncle Mtha and give him a handshake but he gives me a hug instead.

“Don’t be angry at him please be there for him he’s going to need you” I say pulling away.

I take off my ring and place it before him.

“Baba ngiyacela talk to her” He says looking at my father.

“I am sorry Qiniso but she’s made up her mind” Baba says.

I look at him and fail to hold my tears doing this while loving him hurts seeing this broken hurts knowing I have just ripped his heart out of his chest hurts.

I thought I would feel better seeing him this broken on his knees begging me but my heart aches even more I want to hold him and tell him that I love him so much, I want to hold him and tell him that its okay that I forgive him for everything and

that we my heart only beats for him and that whole body yearns
him.

“Its okay sisi” My mother says holding me.

Her warm embrace brings more tears to my eyes

“Mama ngiyamthanda” she brushes my back

“Ayola I love you more than anything if don’t leave me” He
shouts.

I turn and find him still on his knees.

“Qiniso please stand up” Uncle Msizi begs.

“Munku ngiyakuthanda” His voice trails off.

“Its not enough Khanyile I am not enough for you” he shakes
his head.

His uncle helps him up but he walks towards me closing the gap
between us.

“Can we talk just the two of us please” I look around swallow
hard.

“Ngiyakucela Ayola I just want to talk to you alone nothing
more please” He whispers in my ear.

I nod my head

“But this changes nothing” I say.

He wipes his tears and nods taking my hand walking out with me I look at the cows in the trailer and sighs getting in the car with him.

I take this leap of faith not knowing what is going to he places his shaking hand on my thighs.

God knows I love this man more than anything I disrespected my father because of this man right here I gave myself to him but today he has broken my heart.

I look at the cemetery signs and turn to face him what is Qiniso thinking what will coming here solve, he drives in and my heart sinks he parks not so far from khanyi's grave and kills the engine.

"Khanyile no don't do this to me not with my baby" he tightens his jaw.

"Please" He says stepping out of the car.

He comes to my side and opens the door for me I step out of the car and look at him.

"I loved her just like you did and I would never hurt her Ayola uyakwazi lokho, I was wrong in protecting Talia but I didn't want you to go through what you are going through now" He say looking at me.

“She killed our child Qiniso and you said nothing I asked so many time who did it and still lied to my face even when you knew the truth” I tell him.

“And I am sorry but I love you Ayola you are the only person I have ever loved please let me fix this” he begs.

“You can’t fix this Qiniso you just can’t you slept with another woman and she’s carrying your child while I am grieving mine” I wipe my tears.

“It was a mistake sthandwa sam kube yiphutha Mathethwa” He says going down on his knees.

“Qiniso don’t do this please” He holds my legs and cries so hard I place my hands on his head.

“I can’t forgive you Qiniso I am sorry but I can’t” I tell him.

“I know I messed up and I know you hate me but I am begging you Mbali means nothing to me Ayola she means nothing “ He says.

“But you slept with her while I was home crying for our child then you came back and slept with me Qiniso awungihloniphi” I tell.

“Ayola don’t say that ngenzeni to fix this” He asks.

“Let me go sthandwa sam” I tell him.

She shakes his head.

“No, you are my heart Ayola if you walk away I will never be the same” I get on my knees and hold his face kissing him.

“Please let me go” I say pulling away.

I walk to the car sobbing and pleading with God to heal my heart a few feet from the car Qiniso shouts my name.

“Ayola” he shouts my name but his voice trails off following loud gun shots

I attempt to turn but the explosion impact hits me so hard sending me flying I come in contact with a tree then the ground.

.....

TWO DAYS LATER

QHAWE

I rub my forehead tapping my feet its been two days since Ayola and Qiniso were admitted in the hospital

Advertisement

Qiniso's car had a bomb planted in it and it seems like this
Zeze guy hired a hit man to finish them off luckily
Makhosonke found out, by the time we reached the cemetery
it was too late both of them were lying on the ground badly
injured. Qiniso was shot on the chest twice and hasn't woken
up since while Ayola is said to have hit her head real hard.

Zobuhle isn't taking this well and Nkanyezi is distraught if only
both these kids came to us and told us about their problems we
could have avoided so many things.

I jump from the chair when I hear Ayola's screams and run to
her ward I stop on my tracks when I find her on the floor crying
trying to find her way.

"Mama" she frantically calls for her mother.

"Ayola" She looks around frightened.

"Baba" She says moving her hand around.

I wipe my tears and make my way to her.

"I am here" She moves her hands to my face and feels my
beard.

"Baba I can't see" She says.

I try blinking my tears away but hearing her cry pains me.

“You warned me Baba you told me that he would break me and I didn’t listen” She says .

“Munku” she cries even more.

“I am sorry Baba” she says.

I pick her up and place her on the bed with the doctor walking in.

The doctor said when she hit here head her optic nerve got swelled up causing an optic neuritis which is swelling to the nerve causing temporary vision loss in the eyes and pain to the eye movement.

“Morning Mr Mthethwa” the doctor says.

I nod my head still holding Ayola’s hand.

“Ayola I am doctor Khan and I will be removing the bandage around your eyes, I don’t want you to be alarmed the bomb and the impact of it also your head hitting the ground caused the blindness to your eyes, we used the bandage to help your eyes rest” the doctor says.

He takes off the bandage and waves his hand over her eyes.

“Can you see this” she shakes her head.

“No” Her voice is shaky.

He uses a torch to inspect her eyes.

“Can you see the light” she shakes her head.

“I ran a few test so please don’t worry everything will be fine in a few days its just a temporary things but I am glad to see you awake and in good health” He says looking at me.

“Mr Mthethwa can we speak in private” I follow him to the door.

“Try to keep her calm and make her aware that this situation isn’t permanent I will check up on her later” He says walking away.

I walk back in and hold her close to my embrace.

“Everything is going to be okay” I say kissing her forehead.

“Baba where is he” I close my eye and clear my throat.

“He’s here fighting for his life” She sobs even harder.

“He’s not dead Munku he’s was shot” I say.

“I want to see him baba I want to see him” I nod my head and help her onto a wheelchair taking her to Qiniso’s ward things are happening so fast nothing is making sense right now.

We find Nkanyezi next to him.

“Ayola” she says giving her a hug.

“She’s still the same” I say looking at Nkanyezi’s eyes fill with tears.

“Here he is sisi hold his hand” Nkanyezi says.

We both step back and watch her move Qiniso’s hand to her lips.

“I am sorry Khanyile for hurting you ngicela ungixolele Ngwane if you hadn’t come for me noe of this would have happened, If you stayed away from each other none of this would have happened if only we listened we wouldn’t be here. I will always love you Khanyile with all my heart wake up you parents need you I need you” she searches for her face and smiles through her tears.

“Ngiyakuthanda Khanyile and I will always do sthandwa sam” she says.

She kisses him and rest her head on his chest.

“It has always been you Khanyile and no one else” she says.

MTHANDENI

I look at the time and sigh Nkanyezi was supposed to be here by now we got a call that Qiniso woke up the best news a parent wishes to hear in such difficult times, I stand upon seeing her run towards me she plants a kiss on my cheeks and smiles.

“Our prayers are finally answered Ngwane” she says holding my giving me a hug.

I wrap my hand around her waist and close my eyes the difficult part in all this is yet to come.

“I am not ready to do this Mnyamande” she hold my hands and smiles.

“I know but we will do this together and we will be there for him every step of the way” she says.

“Ngwane we have been through so much mina nawe and we can do it again” she continues.

“I love you Mnyamande so much and thank you for loving me” I say..”But my heart is heavy for my son I know he’s not perfect but this is too much” I say. She shakes her head.

“I see so much of me in Ayola just I was hurt all those many years ago she’s also hurting and we need to acknowledge that Ngwane we need to allow her to be herself without Qiniso, I loved them together because somehow they reminded me of us’ She says laughing. “Ngempela sthandwa sam” She nods her head.

“Ayola loves her Qiniso and she has discovered her power over our son hence she chose to walk away, you see this is nothing compared to what would have happened if she stayed she is his heart” she says breathing heavily.

“And I believe that one day they will find each other” She says taking my hand.

We make our way into his ward and find him staring at the wall he smiles when he sees us but his eyes sell him out my son has been crying. Nkanyezi gives him a hug then me.

“It’s good you see you” he chuckles facing down.

Tears fall from his eyes down his face the last memory he saw of Ayola was her walking toward a car with a bomb planted in it. “I don’t know how to ask this baba” He says with trembling lips and shaking hands.

The door opens just as he’s about to ask and Makhosonke walks in.

“I am sorry but she didn’t make it Ayola didn’t make it” Nkanyezi says wiping her tears. He shakes his head.

“Yi Qiniso bafo we couldn’t save her” Makhosonke says.

He painfully screams but that scream turns into a loud groan then sobbing.

I blink my tears away we could have done things differently we could have said anything something other than telling this lie.

“No I heard her she was here” He says.

“You were dreaming Khanyile” He looks at me and shakes his head. “Baba no no no” he breaks down.

Nkanyezi walks out of the room not only are we lying but we hurting our son, I move closer to hold him down allowing him to cry he grabs me and sobs like the little boy he once was.

It had to be done Knowing Qiniso, Ayola wouldn't have known peace if she chose to stay and they would have broken each other beyond repair. I think back to Nkanyezi's words and sigh everything she said was the truth when Ayola denied us and had Qiniso on his knees right there she has discovered her power over my son. "It's okay Ngwane I am here for you"

.....**The End**.....

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