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Turning Table by Ayanda. K

Part 1

I had as many doubts as anyone else. Standing on the starting line, we're all cowards

"We back home baby!" he said kissing me, we just touched down in South Africa I was more excited in

meeting my son, but he wanted to go clubbing and talk to few business partners.

I was his doll face, spend his money ask no question and do exactly what he says,

So we spend the night clubbing, he was happy, and him having slippery hand I saw his hands on the thigh of one of the cocktail waitress serving out table,

Me: baby it's getting late...I'm sleepy may go please "

He kissed me roughly and pulled out,

" keep the bed worm will be coming back late "

He said not even looking at me,

He told the driver to drop me home, I was not even out of the door, when I glance back at the VIP section the waitress was already in his lap, exchanging spit with my husband,

I sigh and walked out.

I haven't been in this house for over two years, being married to businessman does that, just when I took off my shoes I was meet by a loud banging on the door,

When I opened the door cops were everywhere, pointing guns at me pushing me inside, " what'd going on?"

Cop: Mrs. Oyama we have a search warrant to your house "

Me: what? ... I have not been in this house for over two years what do you mean??"

I'm shouting and screaming as the man in black, with big guns invaded my personal space, I am terrified as shit, I have only seen HAWKS on TV and now they are in my house, turning it upside down, I took my phone trying to call my husband with trambling hands but I notice that I had three tall buffed up guys following me, they're all up on my face,

" The number you have dialed does not Exist "

I popped my eyes open I looked at the screen it the correct number

it's my husband's number that I dialed, but what's going on?

I tried it again And again ...and again ... But still, hear the voice notification

" damn it !!" I cursed out loud, now I'm scared really scared this shit just became real.

" Bingo!! " one of the tall white men said, he opens my mirror, wait...hold up its a secret door behind a full-length mirror, it's the first time I'm seeing it, when they walked In I followed them I dropped my mouth looking at what inside, it was drug warehouse and there were people inside working, ooh my God! I held my mouth.

" Mrs. Oyama... You under arrest for drug smuggling"

My husband attorney walked in and whispered in my ear " don't say a word till I get there"

Me: George what the fuck is going on??!"

I scream as the cops restrain me, they are reading my right, while I keep shouting, trying to convince them

"I don't know anything!!..."

" I didn't do anything "

But my cries, my plea fell on deaf ear...and just in a wink of an eye im behind bars.

The trial date came and trying to convince the judge and jury was even worst! I cried trough out the trial, telling them I'm not guilty they got the wrong person, but with all evidence pointing at me, I was screwed.

The house was under my name only,

International bank account where all transfer and money laundering

was done belonged to me, every order, every call made to dealers the number that was used was traced back to a number registered under my name.

" look Mrs. Oyama we know that you know nothing about this shit, we know that your husband framed you, and he pinned all this dirt on you, we just want to know where he is?"

Me: I don't know "

" who does he work with? "

Me: I don't know "

" what were you doing in Colombia for so many years ?"

Me: I'm just a housewife I don't know anything please believe me..."

" Does he still have contacts with the Nigerians ?"

Me: I DONT KNOW!!!! I DON'T KNOW !!!"

That was 25 years ago the day I took a fall for my husband ...
The perfect crime yes Love put me behind bars.

" Mrs. Rosette Oyama... This is the day ...you free to go"

I just looked at the guard, as she escorts me out

Her: please behave outside we don't want to see you back here again"

Me: that will depend mainly on how I will settle my score with my husband "

I walked out of the barbed wire

tall fence barefoot, dressed the same way the cops took me that dreadful night, Silver freak em dress, no money on my back but bleeding heart chained In barbed wire.

I'm Rosseta Oyama this is my story.

Part 2

***Let today be the start of something new ***

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I spread my hands and felt the sun burning my face, God I missed this I feel like screaming, my smile was wiped away when I threw my head down I was meet by a car waiting for me, the driver stood outside in her black jeans and black shirt, she a lover of caps and hat and today she was wearing a black straw hat and shades

" you look like a dude "

She said taking her last puff and throwing her cigarette and stamping on it with her black leather boot

I walked slowly to her I was not expecting her at all

Me: What are you doing here? "

She side smile and walked around the car and threw me the car keys of her MINI Cooper Clubman,

Her: get in and drive "

I swallowed and jumped in the car, I looked at her and she just looked outside the window,

Her: drive! "

I drove the car I had no idea where I was going but the feeling of being behind the wheel after so many years felt very good.

After an hour of driving she started directing me, we drove to what looks like an uptown complex area

Her: come "

She commanded and walked in front of me, she opened the house door

Her: this is your new place, we bought food and new clothes are in the closet "

She dropped the house keys on the counter,

Her: any question ?"

Me; and you doing this because?"

I said walking around the living room,

Her: I promised your husband that I will take care of you when you get out "

Me: are you forgetting I went to jail because of him? "

She just looked at me,

Her: I'm not here to talk about your marital problems "

She said taking few steps, as she was about to walk out, I took the vase from the coffee table and threw it on her and it hit and break on her head,

" uuuh....!!!she screamed in agony while she fell on the floor, I jumped on the coffee table and then on the couch

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I snatched a knives on the kitchen counter and ran towards the door jumped her with a knife in my hand and placed it on her neck

" Rossy !!!"

Me: where is he ?"

Her: Rosey what are you doing ?"

I felt the knife cut her skin

Her: uuuuuh "

Me: I am not going to ask you again where the fuck is he ?'

She was definitely bleeding now and screaming in pain, as her blood ran on my hand that was holding the knife

Her: I don't know ... I don't know ...please Rossy... believe me !!"

I got off her and she slowly stood up looking at me, more like shocked at what I have done to her, her hand was holding her bleeding neck

" Rossy you cut me....you fuckeng cut me!! What the fuck girl?"

Me: ooh I'm sorry....does it hurt "

Her: fuck you bitch!!"

I flip the knife on my hand and stabbed her on her abdomen she screamed in pain and slowly fell down holding her wound her eyes looking at me, in disbelief

Me: ooh I forgot to tell you this, I have a physiological disorder ...they call it Prison Identity ooh what so ever "

I crouch down to her level and looked at her crying in agony with blood flowing on the floor staining my tiles

Me: so let me walk you through what I went through, Day after day, year after year, imagine having no space to call your own, no choice over who to be with, what to eat, or where to go. There is threat and suspicion everywhere. Love or even a gentle human touch can be difficult to find. You are separated from

family and friends. . . you become weak you someone's bitch or better yet you dead, so 25 years inside the joint I learned to adapt, just like an animal who has been cage, placed in isolation and with this freedom I have I'm trying to find my way up this food chain! "

She looked at my eyes and she knew that I was not bluffing,
I stood up and wiped the knife on my dress

Me: pass that message to my husband and tell him I would so like to talk to him...for old time sake you know"

Her: mmmm uuuuh"

Me: Now get out of here, you messing up my floor"

I stabbed the bloody knife on the chopping bord on the kitchen counter and left it there, walking out to what I presume is my bedroom ... Hello freedom!

Part 3

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.

🌹 Rosseta 🌹

One of the best things about being free is to be able to walk around the house as naked as I please, ass out, with not a single care in this world.

I love it. I feel free, unconfined, unrestricted.

Today was my first time my clothes come off with no fear, I feel like I'm shedding some sort of unnecessary weight in my emotions, as well. Something about my aura just feels lighter.

I walk around and I froze, smelling a cloud of cigarette smoke in my house

Me: you still here?"

Her: God damn it women go put on some damn clothes! "

I walked to her and took her cigarette from her mouth I set on the opposite seat and folded my legs looking at her

Me: there is money on my bed who's it from? "

Her: it all the money you refused to take while you were in prison "

Me: was it suppose to buy me freedom? "

Her: more like buy you protection !"

I took a puff of my cigarette and looked at her, she was only on her bra, and jeans, busy nursing her stab wound

Me: where is he?"

Her: God damn it Rosy how many times must I say, I don't Know!!!"

I raised my eyebrow looking at her, She breath out loud

" two and half years ago business went wrong, Oyama thought he will beat the system by blackmailing some tech billionaire... But on the day when his plan was supposed to take off he was ambushed, a Lot of people died and some ended in a federal prison in a foreign country "

Me: and him ? "

She sigh

"He vanished, I haven't seen or talked to him since few days before that night of the ambush "

Me: if that the case then, what is the real reason you here?..."

She laughed, shaking her head...

Her: same reason, I constantly visited you in prison even when you refused to see me in all of my attempts "

Me: you under Oyama's pay role Ginger, you are paid and told what to do for him, so tell me what the fuck are doing here?!"

Her: Rosy...I'm not your enemy, I know you don't trust me or anyone at this point but please believe me when I say I did

what I had to do back then because I was afraid of him, but
what I did for you was because I wanted too,

As a woman, God knows I feel your pain for what that busted
did to you"

Me: Ginger shut up! I don't want to hear it! ... You don't know
me. You have this image of me in your head. It was created the
second you saw me. Maybe you saw my clothes, or my shiny
car, or maybe an expensive piece of jewelry. If you think you
can pull a Sherlock and tell me my life story, I dare you to try.

You know nothing about my scars. You know nothing about the
demons I keep barely tied back. You know nothing about the
way I grew up. You. Know. Nothing. About the life, I left with
that man!

I don't care how well you think you know me. You don't
understand the capacity and level at which I feel pain... I
guarantee that you don't understand everything going on inside

my head. I won't make claims to understand what's going on in yours. You don't know me, or my demons.

These chips on my shoulder are there for a reason. I've earned them in one way or another. I'm cold and bitter because it's how I face the reality of the world. . .So get the fuck out of my house before this house become a murder scene "

I stood up on my birthday suit, she swallowed looking at me, The pain I feel is hard to hide

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I'm sadder and sadder as the days pass by,

It like part of my soul has died,

I've lost everything I love,

I never have someone to talk to,

And when I do I don't feel like talking,

Stress hate sorrow and more rage build up, No one knows my true pain, I feel like there's nowhere to hide, with this bleeding heart of mine, I hate my life more and more as time goes by,

I took few steps to my bedroom but stop in shock as she said:

" Pat is dead "

She sniffs crying, I just stood there giving her my back

Her: the day of the ambush she was caught, arrested, and got a life sentence but for my immunity, he made a deal with HAWKS and the state attorney he gave out few names of other people that worked him and Oyama, but the next morning he was found butchered in his cell before he made a formal statement"

She continued to cry

Her: he killed my Husband Rossy!!... Oyama killed him"

I turned and looked at her

Me: we were both married to notorious drug lords, in my books you were another doll face in Pat's arm ... I never considered you as a friend back then and I rather die than be your

sympathetic friend now!...sorry to hear about your husband,
now pick your sorry ass up and get the fuck out !!"

I made my way to my bedroom, I stooped there and looked at
my bed which had a bag full of money,

I took the bag and shoved it inside the closet, I looked at my
closet that had my old clothes lining up, everything inside my
closet screamed Mrs. Oyama!

I started walking around trying to control my racing thoughts,
but they took the best of me, I'm thinking about all the night he
came to bed smelling sex and cigarette, all the time he
manipulated me, all the time he hurt me intentionally with no
care or what so ever,

" Keep that mouth shut when I am talking to you "

How he used to smack me around as if that was not enough he
had to take my life and locked me behind bars once he was
done with it.

I found myself screaming so loud !!!

" Fuck you for making me a shell of women!! . . .Fuck you for making me question my own value and self-worth!!!. ...Fuck you for making me question my entire relationship with myself!! ...Fuck you for making me feel like I had it all figure while you were in control of my life,!! Fuck you for making me feel guilty that I can't keep up the facade forever and pretend like everything is fine.!! ...Fuck you for making me stress out and try so hard to make you love me.!!... Fuck you for making me stay up all night crying after you lay your hands on me!! . . .Fuck you for making my heartbreak as I consistently spend 100% of my time away from my son! That adores beyond comprehension...

Trying to be the perfect wife to you!!... Fuck you for taking away my freedom...my identity...my life ... My soul...heart!!!!"

I found myself crying hysterically just like the first night i was convicted, my bedroom was a mess the mirrors broke and shattered glass on the floor, clothes ripped and scatted all around the floor, I look at my hands, i was bleeding with a mirror piece cutting dip in my skin, i dropped it down and sank on the floor

" Fuck not this shit again !"

Part 4

We are our choices.

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

It's another day and I think, it can't get worse than this. You see Prisons are the temples where devils learn to prey. Every time they turn the key they twist the knife of fate because every time they cage a man they close him in with hate that manifests into deadly retaliation.

I'm free but I feel emotionally caged,

I've gotten as low as I could. But then the ground opens up again and swallows me further.

That busted put me there. He dug my grave, he buried me alive. He keeps throwing his bullshit at me. More lies, No truths! And worst he deceived me.

I've been screaming for a long time. I even found anger that I never knew I had. Anger that I learned from him,

FUCK I HATE HIM!!

" hi..." Her footsteps walk towards me, Bloody hell, why is this bitch is still here?

Her: I made you breakfast "

I just laid on my bed facing the other side not responding to her, seconds later I heard her walking out.

As I lay and reflect on the way that life has turned out, it's easy to see that where I am now, I never saw it coming, And I'm glad that I didn't.

Knowing the pain that I had to go through to get here, I don't know if I would have made the same choices. Retrospective knowledge may have saved me some pain indeed.

Consequently, who knows what wasteland the world would be if I chose to spare myself heartbreak and tears.

God, I wish there is a testimony in these trials because the tribulation I endured was enough to sink me in hell!

I sit back and wonder, Why did I stat? Why did I make those choices? The fucked up Mistake I made was because I was afraid to be alone.

Waisted my mother's major I invested 4 years in college just because of a man!

Even the friend I had Were erased from my life because the man I married wanted no competition.

Every decision I made was because I was afraid that I didn't have the strength to stand on my own two feet. Afraid that I was too irresponsible to take the lead on who I was to be.

Fear that no one would validate my existence or potential guided me.

So you want to know who I am, I'm your typical black girl my mother named me Rose Mdunge

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born and raised in Bergvill,

My story is no different than any other village girl story, I was forced to study hard to improve the life of my family, raised by a single parent who made a living by cleaning other peoples houses, I was determined to do better than my mother, I

finished Varsity and moved to Ngonyameni Village worked as Hotel Senior Manager in one of their five-star hotels,

Life was good, I was single and goal-focused, till I meet him ...

I felt a teardrop from my face,

I quickly wiped it off and jumped off my bed and made my way to the bathroom, I took a shower more like cried out loud as I set down rocking myself with my knees on my chest, as I allowed my tears to flow down on me.

After dressing up I found Ginger fixing her hair in the living room

Me: are you my roommate perhaps ?"

Her: No ...yesterday I could not go... I just wanted to make sure you ok ?"

Me: I'm ok ..."

She bites her lip looking at me, she must be recalling the mass she saw in my room

I took the pocket of cigarette and stepped outside and started smoking

"I'm going out, do you need anything?"

Me: I need your car "

Her: sure I won't take long "

I walked past her took her car keys from the coffee table

Me: call a cab "

I said walking to my room, last place I need to be is here, Johannesburg is no place for me, too many memories that turned my life upside down. I packed few clothes and my bag pack of money, I looked around and walked out.

Part 5

Love is the most beautiful of dreams and the worst of nightmares.

🌹 Rossett 🌹

" Ms. Rose we have a guest complain in the presidential suite"

"God, what is it this time ?"

I said to the housekeeper,

Me: I'm knocking off right now, can you tell Joshua the junior manager?"

Her: The client specifically asked for you "

I put on my heels and fixed my hair, and made my way to the 15th floor

" Good afternoon sir... I'm Rose Mdunge the Hotel manager, I believe you called me regarding a complaint?"

He looked at me from head to toe, I swallowed because his eyes were burning my skin not to mention how beautiful that African attire looked on him,

Him: Rosseta beautiful name " he said in the foreign accent, the way he said it made me disregard that he pronounced my name incorrectly,

He stepped aside allowing me to walk in, I had the chance to inhale his strong Cologne, his tall and his body shows that he is a fan of the gym,

Him: how long have you worked here?"

"Three years"

Him: you like this job "

Me: yes sir I do "

Him: I believe you went to school for it?"

Me: yes sir, I studied Hotel and Business management"

He smiled and walked past me and opened the door that leads to the terrace, roses on the floor candlelight, and a table was set, mmmm this looks beautiful, I wonder who is the lucky lady

Him: how come do you fail to make your guest happy? "

He stood there looking at me while I wonder what I have done now?

Him: to whom must I lodge this complaint too?"

Me: sir I don't understand what have done wrong ?"

Him: it not what you have done but what you about to do?"

I frowned looking at him

Him: have dinner with me"

He said folding his arms looking at me, I try to think how am I going to get myself out of this but nothing came to mind, he already knew that my answer will be NO that why he is talking about lodging a complaint,

He side smiled and pulled the chair for me to sit,

Him: Rosetta is just dinner, besides you off duty now, and a beautiful lady like you has to eat right ?"

That was the day he captured my heart, six months later he proposed, a baby was made, i

quite my job to be with him,

I was married to the richest man in Africa and I was proud to be called Mrs. Rossetta Oyama, yes he changed my identity but it did not matter he was the love of my life, gave me a wedding of my dream, built my mother a beautiful house

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and our son was well-taken care off, I was in love, he loved me, and his money made me so happy.

The traveling was the best part of my marriage, the business deal he made I never focused on it, I was a housewife, he showered me with money and gift, which became his way of saying don't question me about how I make my money, Which I didn't mind at first but

Four years into our marriage, as a wife I start to be very comfortable asking questions, tailing him, going through his phone, I became possessive and jealousy start making me paranoid, My husband was no different than any other rich man, he

cheated a lot, at first he hides it from me, but with our constant fight, he just did it with no care or whatsoever, he never lied or hide it, I wanted a divorce but I saw the worst side of him as he beat me up to no recognition, I lost our second baby, I didn't even know I was pregnant, I was hospitalized for almost a month.

When I fully recovered I tried to run away with my son I did not even get far as he caught up with me in a high way and beat me up in front of my son, he dragged me by my hair and locked me in his house, this time I had no medical attention at all.

I was forced to take my son to live with my mother because the fighting was too much.

And with only me and him in our big house depression took over me, all the gold the glitter did not shine anymore, but I loved him so much that I was willing to make our marriage work,

8 years into our marriage he decides to throw me under the bus, and I took the fall for his shady business. All in the name of love I dug up my own grave and buried myself in it.

My son is now 26 years old, last time I saw him he was about 4 years that was before I went to Colombia with Oyama, I don't know what I would say to him or how he will react when he sees me.

I parked outside my mother's house and I breathe out loud, stepping out I felt my knees going jelly

" Rose.... Rose Mtanami? Nguwe lo?"

Me: Sawbona ma"

Part 6

Home is a shelter from storms-all sorts of storms.

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I laid my mother's lap crying I think I have cried before but I have never cried the way I did in my mother's arms, this right here is what we call a mother's love, Her hands held me gently from the day I took my first breath.

Her hands helped to guide me as I took my first step.

Her hands held me close when the tears would start to fall.

Her hands were quick to show me that she would take care of it all, my mother's arms are made of tenderness that why I feel at ease and at home in them

Me: I wanted to make you proud ma..."

Her: I know baby. . . I know "

Me: I failed you so much...'

Her: shuuu it's all over now "

I think I married the wrong guy just because I wanted to make my mother proud, all the signs were there about Oyama not being the perfect guy for me, but I ignored them all.

" I remember having a massive breakdown in my car. I was literally screaming, crying, banging on my steering wheel because I felt like I was trapped in this box that I couldn't get out of, that I had created my own coffin. I'd lay in bed at night next to him, dreaming about how this relationship could end without a divorce. Like I used to dream about him possibly dying. That sounds horrific, but it was just my way of surviving... He broke me ma, he took everything from me, my innocence, my life, my son..."

" Rose mntanami...Your Life Isn't Over Because You Married the Wrong Person, Don't write yourself off as yet, "

Me: I hate him Ma, he destroyed my life, I want to kill him with my bare hands!!! I hate him so much !!"

Her: my child don't think like that, yes it's normal to have feelings of anger or revenge after separations, especially with what Oyama did to you, I know you felt betrayed, felt abandoned, degraded, and humiliated, and your sense of femininity was dragged down and hurt. These negative emotions are normal my child, you should worry only if you are unable to displace such hostile feelings. These feelings and anger can make you overreact and strike things or even scream. . . but never let them pull you down to his level you better than that! You are my daughter! You are a survivor! Stand tall!"

She said looking at me wiping my tears, I laid there on her lap while she brushed my back

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she was only happy to see me, to see me alive and healthy, the rest of what happened she just wanted to put it behind us, I stood up and looked at my son picture's on the wall, he looks

nothing like me, but more like Oyama, I ran my hand on the photo

Me: he is so grown up "

Her: yes he is ... "

Me: and so handsome "

Her: he is his father's son "

Me: Is that, a nose ring ?" I said looking closely at his picture

My mother laughed

Her: he even has this ink they call tattoos on his body, "

Me: no ma!"

I said turning and looking at her

Her: it's part of his image that what he told me when I scowled him about it "

I looked at mom all confused

Her: phela he graduated first of his class in a creative arts college, he nows runs the major art gallery in South Africa, not

to mention he has his art gallery... Google him you will see how big your son is now "

I smile with tears in my eyes holding my mouth

Me: he persuaded his dream in art?"

She laughed " yes and he has made a huge name for himself, but yoo ukhulupha, amantombazane and this thing yako Twitter and Instagram his forever on the bulletins "

I looked down I failed my son by loving his father more than him, I was never there for him, God what kind of a mother am I?

Me: has...has Oyama at least came to see his son? "

My mother shook his head,

Her: that husband of yours loved you and you only Rose, he was not ready to be a father that's why he agreed that your son stays with me "

Me: he turned me against my son..."

Her; I will disagree to that, you did that yourself my child, you were busy trying to change him, to stop your husband from hoering that you lost yourself along the way "

I dropped a tear feeling shame washing over me

Her: you lost years of your son's life, he was only four the last time you dropped him in my lap, I told you to stay my child because I knew that Behind that makeup, jewelry, and expensive clothes was a shell of a woman, remember I told you if he does not make you happy leave him, but you chose to stay, for what Rose? Money? ... Status? "

Me: I couldn't leave mom "

I said looking down playing with my hands

Her: ooh Nkosi Yami, he was beating you.... right?"

I held my mouth as tears ran down my face, while a nodded

Him: ooh Ntanami ... "

Part 7

“If you’re brave enough to say goodbye, life will reward you with a new hello.” – Paulo Coelho

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

Being home was not as fulfilling as I thought it would be, they say home is where the heart is I only felt that three hours ago when I got here but now these walls feel cold to me

I kept doing the one thing I hated the most, being stuck in my own head, my mother is not a talkative person by nature, she spends her time watching t.v or knitting, never opens her mouth unless she has something to say or I ask something.

I felt like a caged bird all over again in this house, The voices inside my head had awakened from their peace as they hissed in a whisper through my ears. They slithered inside my mind and through my thoughts, entrancing me under a spell of anxiety, spilling all of my worries that I had stored away

" you want tea baby?"

She said walking into my room, I stop walking around and look at her, she has a worried look,

Me: no thanks "

Her: ok "

She walked out, that her for you if you don't tell she won't ask,

I took my cigarette and walked out,

" I'm going to get bread ma "

Her: we have bread in the house and we just ate supper"

Me: I prefer low GI"

Her: mmmm"

She said looking at me under her glasses

I jumped into my car and almost knocked it off as I heard something buzzing in the cup holder, it's a cellphone

I looked at the caller ID and it was a Joburg dialing code, I press the answer button and kept quiet

' it's Ginger are you ok?'

Me: are you tracking me?"

Her: No... "

Me: I'm fine Ginger can you leave me alone! "

Her: look I know you hate me and all that bull shit but I was hoping I run something by you "

Me: I'm listening "

Her: meet me in Durban tomorrow at 13:00 ... I will send you a location "

Me: what is this about? "

Her; I can't talk over the phone "

Me; and if I say no? "

Her: I don't give damn, we all have our own choices to make right ?"

I bite my lip thinking

Me: I have to go "

Her: just remember that we were once married to the pro's in the organized crime business, if we put our minds to it, building an empire for our own can not be that hard "

I frowned listening to her

Her: just as food for thought...I have sent you the location, If you still have the drive to be independent I guess I will see you there "

She dropped the call on me, I turned off the engine and thought about the money in my bag, it a lot of money but life is expensive

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I think about me finding a Job, urg my degree is useless now with a criminal record I can't do shit with it, rather alone get a job anywhere.

I can't take down Oyama being just an Ex-wife who is hung up on revenge, The man is powerful I will need to be very influential to be powerful enough to take him down,

I stop smoking and think of my Son any shit that I will do wrong now will result in me going back to jail again, I know that the cops are still shadowing me, im the link to Oyama they will want to use me to get to him, I can't be doing shady business it's too risky. . . but what choice do I have? But as Ginger said we all have our choice to make.

" Fuck !!"

I said kicking the ground,

I made my way inside the house and found my mother on the phone

" Zuko khawumamele for once in your life ... "

Zuko: Makhulu I don't know that woman, I don't even have pictures of her in my memory "

Ma: Zuko!

Zuko: I'm busy Makhulu I will see you in a few weeks town, please don't force me to love a woman that never raised me "

Ma sigh

Him: I love you and will call you ngomso"

She dropped the call after they said their goodbyes and when she turned our eyes meet,

Her: how long have you been standing there?"

Me; long enough "

Her: he will come soon just that and andiyazi ukuba izobe yinini na leyomini?"

Me: do you have his address

Her: Rose wait for him he will come "

Me: I'm his mother and I just want to meet him, I know I don't stand a chance having a relationship with him so I will just say hi and go"

She looked down, I went to my room took my bags, I haven't even spent 24 hours in this house already I'm leaving again but what can I say I'm suffocating in this house, these walls are like an ocean, I feel like I'm drowning. I feel it, between my chest and my throat, the weight of it stretching outside me, like a dead fish on the shore.

I love my mom but I need to find myself first to be able to breathe around her.

Her: when will I see you again?"

Me: soon Ma I promise "

She sighs and hugged me,

Her: Rose doesn't go chasing waters, God has given you a second chance use it to better your life"

Me: I know Ma, I plan to do just that "

She handed me a piece of paper with Zuko's address his number and her number on it.

Me: I have to go ma"

She just nodded, while I kissed her cheek, and walked out.

Part 8

****You can't go back to how things were. How you thought they were. All you really have is...now:

Jay Asher, ****

 Rosetta 

I booked in a motel when I arrived in Durban last night, its morning and I'm thinking I should drive to Western Cape to see my son,

But on second thought it's almost 13h00 and Ginger said we should meet regarding some business deal or something.

Curiosity makes me want to see what Ginger has in store for me, God knows I don't trust her but she is the only person that is the link to my ex-husband, as they Keep your friends close and your enemies even closer and I intend to do that with her.

After taking a shower I walked around the room naked and smoking and it finally hit me I haven't eaten propyl for the past few days, I decided to put on some clothes, a cap on and walked out,

After checking out of the motel, I drove to KFC I don't know when last I ate their chicken, I think it was even before I was even arrested that last ate it, I guess being a billionaire wife makes you eat only on five-star hotel looking down on this small restaurants as if I poo vanilla custard,

This was the best meal I ate in years, I guess now I can say it's good to be outside, the chicken was so nice that I decided to buy bucks for the road.

I stopped by the gas refill station and walked out to buy a packet of cigarette,

" Rose? Rose Mdunge?"

I stopped and slowly turned, it was a white lady her face looked so familiar but who is she? I haven't been to Durban for over two decades? Hold up she called me Rose she knows me before I got married

" ooh my god, it's really you ... "

I smiled as it finally hit me

" Nicole ?"

Her: the one and only! Good lord God must really love you, look at you? you still look like the 20-year-old girl I went to college with "

Me: come on don't play like that "

She giggled

Her: you better tell me your secret is it yoga?"

Me: that's white people bullshit "

She busts out and laughed

Me: I guess it's just being indoors for years that got me this glow"

She laughed

Her: I wish I can have coffee with you for old time's sake? "

Me: I'm kinda off rushing somewhere... "

Her: no worries me too, here take my card just call me when you need a day of crazy out "

Me: will do "

She hugged me and walked away waving, I looked at her and smiled I haven't got a compliment in like forever and for her to say I look good was just the boost of confidence I needed

I bought two pockets of smoke made my way to the fridge to take out some cool drink, I looked at the lady in one of the isles, to think back she was at KFC as well with me,

Fuck am I being tailed, when I stepped out of the shop I noticed a

white private car, shit! I

I just had to make sure this shit stop right now, walked to the bathroom,

I stood by the sink for a few minutes and just on time I smelled a cop walking in

Me: whatever you doing it's stopped now "

" Hi Rosseta," she said with a smile

Me: cut the bull shit, and tell me why you tailing me ?"

She cleared her throat and looked at me,

Me: cut off this investigation you doing on me or I will report you to my petrol office and you know how the judge feels about ex convicted being treated like animals outside the gates "

She tried to open her mouth but I pushed her with my shoulder and walked out,

I jumped in my car and drove off to Glen Ashely, I started looking at the number of the house I'm supposed to go to but failed to find it dismally I started asking around till I found the place

" glad you can join us, "Ginger said the minute I walked inside the big house with my KFC bucket

Me: who house is this "

Ginger took my bucket and started eating

" my house "

I froze hearing her voice, I slowly turned and I was meet by her cocky smile

Her:unjani Rose"

Me: ooh my God Muntu I thought ..."

Her: that I am dead?"

I could not help but just ran to her and hugged her, I was overwhelmed by seeing her,

Her: it's so good to see you "

Me: I really thought he killed you"

She placed her hand on my cheeks

Her: it was not my time

thanks to Ginger she took me to hospital and I had no choice but to vanish"

Me: So all this time you were under our nose ?"

Her: yes ...ooh thixo I really can't believe you still alive...and you look this beautiful"

Me: Muntu please..."

I laughed and hugged her again

Ginger: ok you two stop making out we got business to talk about"

I looked at Ginger and smiled

Ginger: now you believe that I'm one of the good guys?"

I just gave her a finger

Muntu: Ginger you massing my house get a plate or something "

She rolled her eyes and walked to the other room,

Ginger is your typical colored girl loud crazy and unpredictable, she ghetto but money made her a bit too snobbish, she looks like Anne-Toni Ludick Mthembu. . . with her big ginger curly afro,

I don't think her real name is Ginger per se, you see the man we married only called us by names they knew they won't forget, and when we marry them our identity change too.

Muntu pulled me to walked outside with her, I decided to take out my cigarette

Her: now you smoke?"

Me: I blame being a convict "

Her: it's sadly habit " she said placing her cigarette in her lips

Me: I survived worst "

She side smiled and shook her head,

Muntu is your Queen Latifa kind of a woman,

she the first lady that married one of Joburg big Mafia gang leader, and when he died she took over the gang, she is one of those women that is respected by man and feared by women, she never remarried and keeps her private life very private.

We all know she is ruthless, street smart, and worked with big kingpins in Africa.

She worked very close with Oyama but Never got along with him, she made the situation worst by trying to save me from him, when Oyama put his fist on my face in front of his gang, later that night she was proclaimed dead in a car crash and we knew that Oyama was behind it all.

Muntu is the mother I needed while married to the most dangerous man on earth, and when I found out she was dead I knew that I am never getting out of marriage alive. And looking at her now standing next to me smiling and Alive... I can't seem to thank God enough.

Her: so how was the joint ?"

Me: being Oyama wife got me to survive two years inside, but word got out that the busted put me inside, bitches started coming on every angel trying to put me down, yah I lost few fights, got beaten like I stole some bitches man or something, but I learned the hard way that its the man for himself inside, with only one hope I had which is my Son, I just started fighting back till I kill some 28 gang hoe, after that, I just fought like my freedom depended on it, I put so many hoes underground and I got my stripes to rule the 28, I left the joint known as Nongoloza,

Her: I know Noma told me?"

Me: you knew Noma? The red-eye? The 27 gang leader "

Her: yes I told her to look after you but she told me you got stripes, I could not believe it but honestly, I was impressed "

" and she stabbed me, " Ginger said walking in with a bottle of wine and a platter with KFC chicken she placed the food and drink on the table and walked back inside the house

Muntu: now that epic "

Me: she is exaggerating it's not even that deep"

We bust out and laughed, Ginger came back with a bucket of Windhoek beer and set next to me

Me: mmm can I have that ?"

Ginger: I just poured you wine?"

Me: I don't like the taste of it"

I said taking the beer from Muntu hand

" Rossy, this is Frans Smit 2015 your favorite!"

Me: Oyama dick used to my favorite and now when I think of it uuuuh I don't think it was all that " They bust out and laughed

Muntu: you know if I knew that jail will turn you like this I would put there my self "

We laughed as we set in the garden, drinking and snacking on KFC, talking about the good old days.

Part 9

***What goes up must come down, ***

I use to think life was predetermined or that we all had a fate. I had the thought process of what's meant to be will be what's not won't. And although I still believe this to be true, I don't believe it is completely true. My thought's on life are shaped and reshaped daily. I am forever growing, changing, and evolving. This, to me, is what leads to wisdom, enlightenment, and the true meaning of life. I recently had a growth spurt, and my view on life shifted. I have come to believe that life is simply several choices being played out in reality. Each choice that I make leads to another set of choices, that ultimately leads to my reality. The choices I made or make are indeed the choices that determine my life.

It's been three years on the run, and it funny how I thought I will make it on my own in the wildness but trust me, life is so tough when you are on your own.

Besides that, I also have grown tired of constantly looking behind my shoulders hoping that my ex-husband won't wake up one day and decide to hunt me down and kill me.

Yes, I have an angry ex on my tail.

How did I get here?

Well, It all started with me taking advantage of a good man, you do you know the saying ' beauty with no brains' that just me in a nutshell, It's like I majored in the school of life with stupidity and now I'm in quicksand struggling to come out.

If I was given a chance to count the bad choices I made in my life I would run out of hands to count with.

At only 30 years I can gladly say I'm miserable.

I Lost everything a title of being someone wife and a mother to my beautiful kids, a loving husband, a warm home, a well-paying job, not forgetting a trusting and loyal circle of friends, what do I have now a bag of tears and regrets.

I bite my lip thinking where to from here, I don't have a past and my present looks shitty my future it's something I don't see at all...and yet I thought I thought I had it figured all out but look at me now!

I'm broke can't get a job anywhere because I'm blacklisted to work at any financial institution and you got to love and hate the South African Job agency for every application you sent to them it goes for an ITC check and my name is flagged in black. Why did I think I will ever get away with crime? While I was married to an ex-National Special Guard Special Forces, not only was he trained to kill but he was able to prevent terrorist attacks from happening, such as finding and eliminating a

terrorist cell. And what did I do I cheated on him and stole his money.

Why? ... Because I thought I can get away with it! Another stupid mistake that left me with nothing. . .The last stack of money I had gone down the drain like shit, bad investment left me with an empty bank account. I thought that if I can't get a job let me invest in a pyramid scheme, bad decision I ever made!, this shit left me with debt that I can't pay, had to sell my designer clothes just to afford patrol money for my car to come back to Durban and try to restore my life.

Two days in this place and I feel like my life has gone from the pan to the fire!!

"I'm sorry for taking much of your time "

I faked a smile tapping my fit impatiently

Me: you said you have news about the case?"

She set down and looked at me

Her: I'm sorry to tell you this but it will best if you find yourself another lawyer "

Me: what?"

Her: I'm not going up against Nelisiwe Ngubane in court

Advertisement

sorry sisi if I knew who we were dealing with I would have not opened this case "

Me: What?"

Her: she will bury me and my firm is small and struggling I can't go against one of the big attorneys From Mnguni and associate"

Me: you don't understand I need my child back "

Her: I'm sorry Mrs. Dlamini... But I can't help you"

I looked down and swallowed

Me: ok it's fine I will go elsewhere... Where can I feel the reimbursement form"

She looked at me and showed me a sign at the door which made me want to screen

Me: I just paid you 15 grand for you to reopen this case...and all you did was just sent a letter of summoning to Velile, so you telling me that R15k was just to send a bloody letter, a bloody letter that still did not help me with anything? Aybo ungazo dlala la wena ngicela imali Yami!"

Her: I'm sorry Mrs. Dlamini but the legal fee, consultation, and meetings we have had telephonically and face to face all add up in that invoice "

Me: don't bullshit me about your stupid policies... It's either you continue what you started or you pay me back!"

Her: well I don't fight losing battles, I'm sorry, and as the signer on the door says, there are NO return or refund policies in this place... "

I popped my eyes open looking at her,

Me: I hired you to get my child back..."

She laughed throwing her gum on her mouth

Her: look Mrs. Dlamini all clients who come to my office only want one thing and that is money, this was a good plan, you use your child as a bate to get paid, but you overlooked one important thing...your opponent!"

Me: do I look like I give a shit at this point? I spent my last cent on this because somehow word on the street is that you make things happen so if that ain't happening Give me back my bloody money you bitch!!"

I'm on my feet shouting at the top of my voice

Her: that's it I'm calling security"

Me: do you know who I am? ... I swear to God don't push me!!"

Her: or what? ... You don't even know who you going up against and now you here all up in my face bucking like a toothless dog, drop this fight women you never going to win...with that attitude!"

I felt hands on my arm it's security damn it

" Mam!!!"

Me: get your bloody hands off me!!'

Her: get her out of my office please!"

Security is pulling me and I feel like beating the shit out of this bitch, was I just played again? why is this shit always happening to me!! I'm so angry that I'm swearing and shouting at the top

of my voice, fuck morality and being a lady, claws are out I'm ready to fight, but the security drags me out and this shit I'm going is causing a scene, I'm a pulse size woman and to be dragged out like this is embarrassing but hey I don't care, this bitch just took my last cent with no remorse or what's so ever!

Me: ulibambe lingashoni, you played with the wrong bitch... Uyezwa wenanja!!!... I will get you!!... So help me God if it is the last thing that I do, I will make you pay....!!"

Her: for all is worth I'm sorry..." She said slamming her office door and all eyes were on me now, I'm a joke!!, just two days in Durban and my reputation just went down the drain!

Me: what the fuck are you looking at!!" I screamed, and attack them, fuck I'm going to be on social media with all the cameras on me.

I fixed my hair and composed myself, I started walking out, I'm holding my head up high but inside I could feel that I'm like a dog with a tail in between her legs, the laughing, giggling and gossips that following me, to the door in this office made feel so small, shame washed over me. Yet I keep telling myself I'm never going to cry! But the reality is I should cry now.

My name is Nompumelelo Msimangu Dlamini the counterfeit

Part 10

*** everyone else is winging it, I Fake it until you make it***

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I set in restaurants, using the free wife googling this Nelisiwe Ngubane, first she still my man now my child? Who the fuck does she think she is,? Don't get me wrong I love Lubanzi but base on our past I know it will take a miracle to have him back, he's a man of principles and if you cheat on him you are history to him, trust me I know I have bared witness to how he treated his first ex-wife, and my situation that leads to our divorce is quite complex because I cheated on him not only was I caught, I came out with pregnancy on the side affair I had... So the man hates me if it's was not for our kids he would have long killed me.

It's sad to say this but I have long, come to peace of any feelings for my ex-husband... God knows if given a small window period to fuck him, I will jump for it, urge but there is this women Nelisiwe!!... She's the one I can't shake.

I'm embarrassed by it. I don't want to be this kind of woman! Here I check her Instagram and Facebook multiple times, Although I have met her once in the office with Banzi, what an embarrassing moment it was when Lubanzi decide to throw me out like a used condom worst kissed that bitch in front of me...

Well, it was expected he hates me!!

But to see him happy with this woman I just feel my insecurities mount with each glimpse of what I witness, Banzi still loves me that I know, but can this woman be my replacement? I boil with anger as I browse through her page, It doesn't help that she's

one of those tall mid skinny types with perfect bone structure and busy social life. Looking at her photos she posts of herself, I fall a little inside. This whole cycle of checking on her makes me feel small, mentally weak, and incompetent, I slam my phone on the table and hold my head...

" Shit!"

" hay I'm sorry I'm late, working for Mpilo is a nightmare"

Me: that busted got me fired and stole my job and destroyed my marriage I hate him! ... Why are you his PA"

She rolled her eyes

Her: because I got bills to pay, and wena stop giving him too much credit, you did that all on your own "

Me: who's side are you on? "

Her: the right side, angithi You do not blame your shadow for the shape of your body, Just the same, Do not blame others for the shape of your experience...can we move past this please "

Me: I did not call you here for life lessons! "

Her: yeyeye whatever... So how did it go?"

Me: I just lost money again Sam...and this time I don't know what to do, I have no plan or whatsoever... I'm basically fucked!"

Her: but I thought...?"

Me: you thought wrong ok!! I have nothing now, I don't even have patrol money "

Her: Mpume you stole chunks of money from the Dlamini plantation you telling me that within three years you blew it!"

Me: ooh shout it out! for everyone to hear that I embezzled money from my inlaws"

Her: aish sorry "

Me: are you?"

Her: wow! ... I'm not the enemy here you the one that screwed up your life stop blaming everyone and start fixing your shi!"

She took her bag and cell phone and walked out my first thought was to call her back but my pride got in the way, Fuck!

I know Sam back when I was working at the Dlamini plantation, she was just an intern that I hired, I guess her bitchy ways rubbed on to me, and we started hanging out, she made me believe that with beauty you can get away with anything, and for year's it was a wild ride being on the edge and sneaking around, fucking whoever and pretending to be the good wife when I walk inside the Dlamini house.

I lived a double life for so long till the other side outweigh the other,

I loved the independent me, with no strings attached, of crying kids and over bearing husband that I started being resentful of being Mpume the good wife,

I played Banzi for year's I loved him God know I did and I still do, but I was bored being the church-going wife, cooking and cleaning and cuddling

I wanted to be a free party and get waisted have rough sex and live life like there was no tomorrow, Banzi was too grounded,

boring if I may add and he only wanted a good wife in me, something I think I was never meant to become.

" Nompumelelo "

I froze I know that voice, I slowly raised my head and I was meet by his eyes

Me: Thabo "

He side smile, I'm shaking, nervous and I don't know how to react, I don't know if I should hug him or smile or frown, haven't seen this man for over 13 years,

Him: you still beautiful "

I blushed and looked away

Him: Is this seat taken?"

Me: no"

Him: wow... I can't believe it's you "

Me: it's me, you look good yourself"

Him: I know "

Me: still cocky as ever, I see "

Him: old habits die hard..." we both laughed

Me: what are you doing here? in Durban?"

Him: work "

A light bulb was turned on in my head the minute he said 'work', being an opportunist I always find ways to get myself out of a tight vacuum, so Thabo is a lawyer and I was just fucked up by a lawyer not so long ago, for old time sake will he take my case if I ask him nicely, but yet again his Thabo and I have a child with him that he does not know about, me being close with him will mess up any chances of winning my family back... decision... decision what do I do? I need Nyembezi for my financial security. Aish but asking Thabo for help is asking for my death certificate...

Him: I heard about the divorce "

I bite my lip looking at him,

Me: ooh "

Now, what do I say? Do I act like I'm hurt, or happy about the divorce seriously I don't feel anything about the break up it happened so what? Shit like this happened to everyone these days, there is no manual on how we must respond when a person says that line

Me: we'll I guess it was not meant to be "

I said looking at him dead in the eyes,

He ran his hands on his chin looking at me, his gaze toward me change from indifference to friendship, to open desire. That's what I was after, I'm bored, broke and well let's kill time with two birds, I just like how easy I use my telekinesis-like sensation of steadily dragging somebody's fullest attention toward me and only me.

Power of beauty yes I still got it!

I was only a teenager when we first hooked up, he is one of the pages in my life that has no Ending, he ghosted me, I got

married after so I always wondered what could have been like if he never left.

Might as well see where this conversation will lead, Right now I'm not exactly seeking love, I can't even say if it's the sex that I want from him, maybe Sex might be a gateway drug for me, a portal to the much higher high if I really wanted to push his button.

Him: so how have you been "

Me: buy me a drink and I will tell you "

He sides smile and called the waiter,

I don't know when or how I mustered Seduction but for me, it's the art of coercing somebody to desire me, of orchestrating somebody else's longings to suit my own hungry agenda.

Seduction was never a casual sport for me it was more like a heist, adrenalizing and urgent, it's such an adrenalin to break into his deepest vault of someone's desire and steal all his emotional currency and spend it on myself.

If the man was already involved in a committed relationship, I knew that I didn't need to be prettier or better than his existing girlfriend I just needed to be different. The trick is to study the other woman and to become her opposite, thereby positioning myself to this man as a sparkling alternative to his regular life, it worked with Banzi, I knew Nikiwe was no match when I came to the picture... Delane separated with his fiance when I started fucking him, so whoever is fucking Thabo mmmm lets the game begin.

Part 11

The future is already here – it's just not evenly distributed.

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

Ginger nagged us about her new business proposal not that we were interested, I was still hungry and need to eat, it something about being out of jail and wanting to try every food you haven't eaten in a long time, that got me going on a food hunt, so I suggested we go out.

Muntu was totally against it, she is practically a ghost since she was pronounced dead years ago, but because of me, she agrees.

Muntu: you do know there is Uber eat that we could have used"

Me: is that a new restaurant?"

Ginger laughed she was behind the wheel,

Ginger: child I still need to teach you things you have been locked up far too long"

Me: call me a child again I will bust you nose bitch "

Muntu laughed,

Her: Rosy lighten up please "

Me: that will take a bloody miracle to happen"

They laughed while I looked outside my window.

After about a 45-minute drive the car came to halt

Me: where on mother fucker are we? "

Ginger: this was Pat side hustle but with foreclosure knocking and this place not making any money I am forced to sell"

Me: a Pub "

Muntu: nop this was a hoe house "

We stepped out of the car and looked at it, this place was located downtown close to hubber and lighthouse, it was good business looking at demographic, I mean lighthouse alone is a tourist destination, and the number as well with SA Navy coming in and out this joint was a good business.

Me: what made it go under?"

Ginger:" when he died, I struggled with a lot of things, girls stole from me, vandalism happened so I just shut it down "

Muntu: and you want my money to reopen it?"

Her: yep" she said opened the gate and doors

Ginger: it's a good investment"

Muntu: count me out! I got kids to carry about I can't do this shit anymore"

Ginger: kids that know nothing about you "

Muntu: don't pull that shit on me "

Ginger: I saved your life... Muntu you ow me"

Muntu: ooh is that it now... Don't fuck with me bitch..."

I stepped away from Ginger and Muntu who were arguing like kids they even forgot that I'm even here?

This place smelled like something died and it was dirty as fuck, it was big with two floors but hoe house Good lord no, I kept on looking around, two doors lead to the terrace I opened then and stepped out, I just stood outside and smoked looking at ships moving in the dark sea, this was a beautiful view especially at night

" so what do you think"

Ginger said

Me: I'm not investing in a hoe house"

She looked at me and Muntu as if we said something wrong by disagrees with her

"Our husband sold drugs and used traffic mules for us to have this life, they killed a lot of people for us to survive it's a man from himself in this cold world "

Me: Ginger I'm not selling someone child to a man...so forget it is not running an investment on prostitution"

Ginger: Rosy you not selling no one..."

Muntu: technically we will be, look running a hoe house is depressing most girls get into this business to make money to escape poverty but this life is like a drug they get sucked in even deeper, most don't even survive, while we cash out on them and become filthy rich that worse than blood money, we killing peoples future here "

Ginger bite her lip

Muntu: not everyone will be lucky like you Ginger, you were a call girl and Pat fell in love with you...that miracle does not happen to most people"

I looked at Ginger I never knew that she was a call girl, she just told me she worked in a club, not this kind of a club, she cleaned up really good for umahosha

Ginger: but..."

I cut her short

Me: but tell me after how many times did he fucked you for money before he cleaned you up?"

She just looked away moving her hair from her face,

Me: I was a toy for year's a trophy wife, my mother warned me, marry him and you will lose your twenties and thirties and now you asking me to change someone's child to the very same life that got me to jail"

Ginger: you were not a prostitute Rosy you were married to him "

Me: now why every night did I feel like one when he was done with me?..."

I looked at her but she just looked down

Me: we legalized it gave it a name ' wives ' but at the end of the day we were hoes fucked man for money and glam "

I did not look at her

this hush reality just took me back to my life, I was no prostitute or call girl but I was given a luxury life to do anything he wanted to do to me sexually,

I gave him those keys, if I wanted to spend his money so rough sex was a small price to pay so I told myself,

The kind of abuse I experienced is just so hard to explain.

My cry for NO! ... was him thinking I'm saying YES, forcefully it will happen,

And during the act, if I had done or said something that set him off. My intentions did not matter. He had already assigned enormous meaning to whatever I did or didn't say or do and my attempt to clarify, explain, empathize, or talk through, had no bearing on anything. It leads him to attack me and leave me bleeding lifeless in our bed,

He will ice me out for days and as soon as I recover I was now to be punished for an undetermined amount of time.

I married a psychopath because Sometimes I will feel his whole demeanor shift out of the blue a dark coldness would grow until it seemed to consume him. Those were the days I really had to walk on eggshells because one misstep on my part would catapult him into an angry flurry of condemnation toward me. Panic would set in. Did I put on too much makeup? Was everything in its "proper" place? Did I shower too long? Is this dress appropriate? It was almost as if I had to hold my breath while in his presence because he would interpret even a glance from me in his direction as disrespect or hatred toward him. Yet I knew, deep down, that no matter how hard I tried, the storm would hit. Because in his world, everything was always my fault. . .

Ginger: I married a filthy rich man, when he died I came to realized that my marriage to him was fake, he was still pretty much married to his first wife the mother of his kids, she cleaned me dry and left me with nothing, I slept with a banker to get this place and this is all I have,

I have no money, nowhere to go tell me how on earth am I going to survive? "

Muntu: Ginger why you never said anything..."

Her: I guess I was not a gangster wife after all just his legal or recognized side bitch, I never escaped being his prostitute either, I was and still am that girl he found in this place"

I looked at her I have so much to say but words don't come out, I too am broken, fighting my own demons

Me: sell this place, cash out your money and start something legit "

I said throwing my cigarette away and walking back inside

Muntu: and now where are you going?"

Me: I need to be somewhere... It was nice seeing guys"

Ginger: Rosey! when you were in Jail what was the one thing you wanted to do when you got out "

Me: I will give you three things because I'm being nice today and because you reunited me with Muntu, "I said not even looking at her

"kill Oyama,meet my mom....and my son"

Ginger: killing Oyama would have got you back to jail, you just said you were being tailed"

Me: it's was a risk I was willing to take, like it or not the man is going to pay for what he did to me"

Ginger: an eye for an eye does leave the world blind you know... But a blind person who kill never comes out victories "

I rolled my eyes

Me: It's good to know "

I said walking

Ginger: let's say I help you kill him what's your plan?"

I stopped again not looking at her

Ginger: she killed my husband or let's just say pimp and almost killed Muntu lets say we help you what is your plan "

Muntu: I'm too old for revenge the less I know about this plan the better...speak for yourself"

Me: not that I need your help but the only thing that was my drive all this year's behind bars was getting out and killing Oyama, I had no plan or whatsoever on how I will do that or how I will need to accomplish that "

Ginger: many tried and failed... You were once his wife and you the only person that knows his weak spot so think... What is the only thing that he loves the most on Earth "

I slowly turned and looked at her

Me: power...money and pussy"

Ginger raised her eyebrow looking at me,

Ginger: I believe you have a plan... "

***Throw the first Punch ***

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

Everything just kind of fell into place perfectly. It felt like fate and a few other bullshit concepts I don't fully buy into.

I was feeling slightly emotionally, I blame the wine for that, but also I was a bit vulnerable, but yet also bold. I needed someone who could make me feel like I was worth a damn and I am not sure if it's Thabo.

He was the hit thing when I first meet him but just to think that he was paid to be with me, better yet used me, and lied to me for almost 12 months just makes me not trust him one bit, he is a two-face busted... A hot one, but his intentions right now are not clear and I hate reading a blank book, that is Thabo face...poker face at its best.

Me: so lets me ask, if the Dlamini did not buy you off would you have still been with me?"

Him: I was married Mpume at that time "

Me: yeah... But she was not me "

He looked at me and fixed his glasses

Him: you were young "

Me: cut the bullshit Thabo... You made me feel like a woman, you taught me a lot about sex while you did not even hit it, or was that an act too?"

He took his drink and took a long sip while his eyes were fixed on mine "

Him: how did we get here?"

Me: to where?"

I said biting my lower lip,

Him: to us talking about..."

He cleared his throat, while I laughed and shook my head...

So we moved from the restaurant to the bar of the very same hotel I was booked in, he kept looking at his watch avoiding answering direct questions, no doubt I loved fluting with him but gave up seducing him since he was just not buying into it.

If it was another man I will be on my knees and hands while he fucked me from behind.

But Thabo is just too reserved and has read through the fine lines, to be blunt about it he was just not interested, his indirect question just made me realize that he is not into me.

God knows sitting in front of him makes me admired how stocky and strong he has maintained his body, built like a wrestler. He still has that cocky, aggressive attitude that matched his muscular frame. . .a total turn-off but yet enough to turn me on, Honestly... I just wish we skip this talking before I get pissed of and recall what happened In our past, clearly I'm too tipsy to remember what we talking about right now, which has lead me to point out the obvious

'I want him'

It feels just like yesterday when I felt drawn to him.

The feeling of magnetic force gently pulling us together, and I wanted so badly to stop fighting it.

Him: it's getting late "

He said after I took longer than normal looking at him

Me: you that I no longer have a curfew..."

He ran his hand on his chin

Him: I have a very beautiful girlfriend Mpume and I love her "

Me: I didn't ask "

Him: I have to go "

Me: you look hot and bothered am I making you feel that?"

He chuckled

Me: I got ice tea in my room to cool you off "

Him: I bet you got more than that "

Me: you said it not me "

Him: so what's your plan Mpumi, we fuck, and then what?"

He says looking at me with tense eyes

Him: for old time sake right?"

Me: why not?"

He chuckled and placed his hand on his cheek

Me: you gave Lubanzi you're tight pussy, virginity if I may add... he enjoyed it and fucked you so much that you could not walk...during the early months of your relationship he did nothing but be in between thighs exploring your tight pussy that how he was so obsessed with your tight cunt, but because he treasures you ...love you more than life its self, he never fucked you but made love to you, while your clit throb for more he kissed your lip and snuggled you, and you went out there and got brutally fucked with no remorse, you went out there looking for dick and you got it

so why on earth must I be part of your list of man you seduced to roughly fuck you so you can have that satisfaction of having any man you want?..."

I looked at him and he was speaking very slowly but yet loud enough for me to read between the lines that he not into me and in his eyes, I'm a

"BITCH"

It scares me that he knows my past like he knows how to take a shit every morning.

I thought I had him all figured out but turned out that he read me first

Me: this was no coincidence meeting me here right?"

Him: now we catching on"

Me: what do you want "

Him: you have what's mine "

I was about pop my eyes open but I just decided to play it cool,

Me: mmm clearly you losing it now, mina have something that is yours, Njani? Because you left me high and dry "

Him: Mpumi!"

Me: yeyi wena just stop, ... I have nothing that belongs to uyezwa?? And reading about me in the papers has nothing on the women I am today, don't flatter yourself and think you have me figured out because lesifebe engiyiso awusazi...??"

Him: Mpume I know about Joyful"

Me: Good and you also know that his Lubanzi Dlamini daughter!!"

He sighs and shook his head, he knows way too much and it scares the shit out of me, I don't know how to act but only be angry, the only thing that aggravates me the most is him not saying sorry for the shit he put me through, but just want to pull the only lifeline I have of me and my husband ...my family

Him: look Mpumi I know our past was a lie but what I felt for you was not..."

Me: You're a sorry, stupid son-of-a-bitch you expect me to believe that shit!"

Yep, my gloves are out, if ever you find yourself in such a spot that I'm in, punch first before you get punched,

Me: you listen to me and you listen good!! If I had a goddamned penny for every time you've fucked me over I'd have more money than your new girlfriend has RANDES SHE COULD AFFORD TO LOSE. Cheer up though! Maybe like me, you'll make the poor thing so fucking depressed she won't be able to eat and she'll drop some of that weight off. That's the only thing you're good for! Fuck every diet I ever had, I owe losing thirty pounds allllll to you, buddy. I can't believe you made me open my heart to you, love you, and want you more than anyone I ever had before in my life and then fuck me over. You broke every promise you ever made. You're a disgusting human being. You are the DEFINITION of fuckboy! ... In your case BLOODY FUCK MAN!!

You make me almost SAD because the sort of person you are is the exact sort you said you never wanted to be. "I was raised to respect women" MY FAT ASS! You were raised to fuck women and then abandon them. Before you, I was naïve and believed in true love, that it conquered all, that as long as two people cared it would work. WHAT. A JOKE. What I felt for you? Yeah. That shit was true love. You were fucking LUCKY, you stupid, stupid bastard. I treated you wonderfully. I was caring and sweet and devoted, I showered you with affection and gave you everything I had and way beyond what I had because I adored you and for a while, I was getting it in return. We were so close.

And then BAM! I'm married with kids flag that you hit me with, and all I ever wanted was you to own up and just to be a man about it but what did you do fled the country, Ghosted me!

And manje uthini I have what's yours?"

He looked at me biting his lower lip

Me: try me and uzobona izinga zesele wenja"

I took my glass of wine and splash it over his face

I stood up and walked out, the minute that the elevators door shut I started scrambling in fear

I took out my phone my hands troubling like crazy

" what "

Me: He knows Banzi... Thabo Knows about Joy"

He cursed and sigh out loud

Him: meet me at 9th Avenue Waterside at 13:00"

Me: I'm scared Banzi..."

He just dropped the call on me, shit!

If you're offered a seat on a rocket ship, don't ask what seat! Just get on. . .The reward is in the risk.

🌹 Rosseta 🌹

No ways was I ever going to work with Ginger, to me she, not a person to be trusted, while I spend days if not months in the house as an obedient wife, she went partying with the boys,

My women intuition told me, years ago that, her and husband were fucking, so why now must I trust a person who has no bone for loyalty,

Yet again we have Muntu, no ways that she is living in hiding, she has protection and whoever is protecting her is respected, if Oyama wanted her dead she would have been dead a long time ago, a powerful person is holding her lifeline,

And to think of it, she is still rich as fuck and I don't think her life cover policy paid out so much, I know that that house and cars are maintained by dirty money

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whoever she is working with is powerful and since she is my husband enemy definitely she partners up with a person who more powerful than Oyama...

I'm biting my nails cracking my brain over this,

I was once the most respected women while I had Oyama by my side, I went to prison and still climb the leader of being the most respected, feared, and powerful women...and I must admit power is a drug and I need to be very powerful to take my husband down.

I said I don't want to part of this business, but I feel like the hate I have for Oyama is more of an obsession than just me feeling anger. . .to To be honest I need this woman to get what I want... But is it all worth going back to that life I resented the most? I just came out of Jail... God, what will my mother say? Worst what will my son think of me?

Am I anything better than his father ? or am I just worst?

God knows I should be grateful that I survived my marriage, I got out of my marriage alive. As many years in jail were hell but it did not mount close to the years I spend in my marriage.

Any sensible woman would have run for the hills the minute they were released from Jail but yet I'm still adamant to look at that busted in the eyes and watch him bleed as I pull the trigger between his eyes.

I don't even know how to use the gun but yet I'm thinking I can pull it off when looking at the devil in the eyes,

Anger... Hate...and rage is my only weapon right now, while my smart brain just took a back seat.

For a strange reason, it's days like this that I ask myself How did an intelligent, and confident person get herself into a life where

she felt forced to live a lie and did not see for almost a decade that she was in a situation that she had no power to change? Though the answers are complicated and unique to each situation, there are common truths: Education and intelligence cannot protect one from the powers of charm, until or unless you know better. That said it is usually very wise to have some life experience before committing to the first person who awakens your passion. But in many marital death sentences, and this was true for me, there have been great childhood losses coupled with misery at home. Above all, I was determined not to repeat these years of torment, or put myself or my child through that agony.

The only way was to know that Oyama was no threat.

I found myself making a U-turn and driving back to Muntu house

" you back"

Me; tell me I won't regret this!"

A boomerang returns back to the person that throws it.

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

There was no use in sleeping lot of shit was going sideways in my life, firstly I'm broke, ... Secondly, not one but two of my ex just flat rejected me, God knows I still got it, I'm Hot, and my body is too die for, yet man just doesn't seem to notice me anymore.

I'm pissed off because the last thing I need or scared of is to go back to the life I once lived, hustling for money to make a name for myself and living on a budget, God no!

I remember those days like it was yesterday especially when I hide the fact that I'm pregnant from my mother, Joy was a secret she was a mistake not that having her was, but the way she was conceived was definitely a mistake... If Banzi did not

show up the time he did, I don't know how my life would have turned out with a baby, a demanding job, school, and the whole identity crisis.

To be honest, Lubanzi Dlamini molded me to be this woman I am today, not this bitch or hoe you might see me to be, but he gave me dignity and contentment, he was rich but down to earth to him money meant nothing without happiness, so I gave him happiness and he gave me excess to his money, that was just straight up Good life for a girl who grew up struggling on a tight budget.

So here I am doing my face struggling to find the right outfit, fixing my hair, after two hours of hard work on making me look perfect I finally took my bag and walked out,

" you late "

He said without even looking at me

Me: I'm sorry "

Him: what did you tell him?"

Me: Lubanzi"

I said desperately wanting him to look at me, to look into my eyes

Him: I don't have the whole day "

He continued to type on his phone, I breath out loud and called out for the waiter and order food for both of us,

He places his phone down and looked at me,

It is not about the physical appearance that made my heart skip a beat abnormally, but it what I missed the most, him looking at me and not saying a word ... If I close my eyes and sit still, I can feel myself move back in time. I can still feel the ache in my belly. The hollowness in my chest.

I woke up in the home that we'd built together, sleeping on my side of the bed. Alone. he would have already left for work, but damn his scent still lingered in the bed. A scent I used to crave. I usually bury my face in his pillow and breathed it in, holding my breath as long as I could.

And now the very same scent I long for is engulfing my nostrils
as we speak

Me: Sawbona"

Him: what did you say to him?"

Me: nothing Joyful is your daughter

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Lu"

Him: I might be faced with a lawsuit, with all the money I have I
can't win this case"

Me: there is something we can do "

I said looking at him, but his eyes change I notice his eyes were
fixed to the entrance I turned my back and the skinny bitch was
looking at us,

I decided to hold Lubanzi hand and smiled, lucky for me he did
not pull it away

Me: Lu, I would do anything to make this right ...anything" I
meant it, I love him in fact he is the only man I would ever love,

I did him wrong and the divorce happened because There was so much that was said by everyone else but so many things left unsaid between you and me. I know I'm the reason of picked him up and breaking him down into million pieces till he was nothing. I can still remember like it was yesterday when he cursed me for the affair. Even went as far as raising his hands at me and roughly handled me to the point that I started bleeding in my already high-risk pregnancy.

Ooh, how I wish we could have stayed together and fought for our love... our relationship... our family.

He side smile lowering his head and looked at me, I have not seen that smile in year's, it just made me wish to confess my love for him

Him: anything you say?

I smiled and nodded still running my hands on his,

I was about to say he looks good but a male voice spoke over our head

" Sorry I'm late I got held up "

I looked up and I was meet by a colored man with the most intimidating face I have ever seen, he looked at me and pulled a seat,

Banzi: meet my ex-wife Mpume"

Him: it's good that she is an ex "

They bust out and laugh while I just looked at them, I don't know what going on but this must be really good for Banzi to laugh like this, and I'm sure if it's good to him it's the worst news for me.

Me: what's going on? ...I'm sorry who are you? "

Guy: I'm your worst nightmare, ... You made the wrong women cry and you threatened to take the only Joy she values in this world, I should kill you but because my daughter is siblings with your kids, and my partners is your sister I don't want to have your blood on my conscious"

Me: "what?"

Guy: I hate repeating myself!"

I swallowed looking at him he meant business he is more scary than Banzi, his deep husky voice, and foreign accent made me pee in my liner "

I look at Lubanzi his eating his food and not even paying attention to what's happening here, I keep asking myself who is this guy and what shit have I gotten myself into

Guy: I'm Nyembezi's father remember the child you left on the stoop? at your mother's house, ... I'm the man that's in Velile life make her cry you don't get to see another day or you bloody give us full custody of the child. ... So what is going to be?"

My heart stop my throat is dry and I'm shaking, this is the reason why that attorney said I'm fighting the wrong people, how could I have missed this, ooh fuck why am I so stupid!

Me: I d.i...dnt know "

Hiim: your attorney dropped the case so sign the bloody docs and fuck out of our lives "

I'm shaking I look at Banzi for help but he smirks it like in his head his screaming bitch you got served, karma is the worst bitch ever, I have tears in my eyes not for losing Nyembenzi but for knowing that I have nothing now. . . no backup plan or what's so ever. . . I can't ask this dude for money to trade my child with he already got me tongue tight this right here is defeat at its best.

I gave the guy the Documents he looks at Banzi

"Ooh before I forget, Mvelo told me to tell you that Mpume was only 17years when Thabo Fornicated her, it was consensual but let wait and see if his reputation will be enough for him to try and stand on trial for that, him having sexual intercourse with a minner..."

Banzi: that all I wanted to hear... Pass that message to your ex Mpume, he comes after me and my kids I will hurry him"

Banzi said looking at me and standing up

Me: Lubanzi I can't do this alone "

Him: you know how to cheat, blackmail and steal im sure making sure that Thabo aware of what's at stake, will be a walk in park for you "

I looked at him with tears in my eyes

Me: what about my kids...I'm still there mother"

Him: not in my books come any closer I will kill you, dot think I forgot that you allowed another man to cum inside of you while you were carrying my son!"

He squeezed my shoulder a little too tight making me scream inwardly, he whispered in my ear

Hi: THIS IS GOODBYE BITCH"

Only when the tide goes out do you discover who's been swimming naked

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

Muntu: it's risky...you may be jail smart but the outside world has more dangerous people than a scary female that was your inmate "

Me: I don't trust Ginger, I don't trust her one bit but I trust you, so I need you to tell me if what I think I'm about to do is right ?"

Her: let's step out..."

I followed her out

Muntu: you don't have to do this you know "

She said looking at the dark sky

Me: I'm an ex-convict the money I have will not last me forever, I need money and power...I can only achieve that if I start my own empire "

Her: I hear you...have you thought about Zuko?"

Me: ungakulinge ukhulume ngaye "

I said pointing my finger at her

Her: this business is dangerous Rosy you can die or worse you can go back to jail!!"

Me: it's the risk I'm willing to take!! I'm not only doing it for myself but doing it for my son, Muntu I only saw my son when he was four!"

Her: I know, look Rosy you been through a lot just a few days out of jail and you decide to do the most dangerous business on earth...all for what? to get revenge?"

I folded my arms and looked at her

Her: I understand, you were hurt and betrayed, you will always carry that around with you, the hurt, the weight of what he did. I get it. Right now all you could think about is getting back at him, you have no plan or what so ever but all I see here happening is that it's hurting yourself, worse than hurting him, I see the hatred in your eyes you wanting Oyama to feel the pain in his chest that you felt in yours, hate has taken over you not only is it toxic but it's destroying the true person you really are!! "

Me: Muntu...

Her: I have seen this a million times,

I spend years in this house, which felt more like a prison obsessing over the wrongs that happened to me. When I finally escaped the prison of my mind, instead of using my treasure to better my life and start over reunite with my family, I used it to destroy others. And guess what I'm still not happy "

Me: who did you work with to put together a plan the bust my husband?"

She looked at me

Her: what are talking about ?"

Me: Ginger is loudmouth no ways she would have kept quiet to you about the shit that was about to get down, you sold very highly classified information to people that waited for so long to put Oyama down"

Her: I don't know what you talking about"

Me: not only you hiding here but you using Ginger to be your eyes and ear of what and who my strike...the plan was good Kill Oyama and escape this prison but his still out there and it scares the shit out of you that maybe he knows that you sold him out "

She took out her cigarette and started smoking

Me: whoever you working with, I want to meet him, an enemy of my enemy is my friend "

Her: he might kill you to steer the waters Rosy "

Me: that the chance I'm willing to take... "

" Rosy I thought you left?" Ginger said walking towards us

Me: I changed my mind about the business offer,"

Muntu looked at me and just shook her head,

Ginger jumped up and screamed, bloody bitch she does not even know that she is bate in this shit!

It's been a month since I agreed to running this business, not in a million years have I thought I will run a business that sells lust, cigarette, and alcohol, but here I am working so hard making this bar the most upmarket gentleman bar there is in the coast.

I'm broke as a church mouse as we speak since I took all my money and invested it in this business.

Muntu was adamant in helping but I refused, she started talking about the disadvantage of putting all of my eggs in one basket but what I say is that Put all your eggs in one basket. Then you're less likely to drop that basket... I'm more book smart in running a business than she will ever be, this business is my baby and I plan to buy Ginger out of the minute it's up and running.

Ginger: " the girls are here?"

Me: you dealing with that "

I said counting the crate of alcohol

Her: it's just meet and greet nothing much... "

I sigh and followed her upstairs there were about nine young ladies waiting

Ginger: ladies meet our boss lady, Mis Rose"

I looked at them and faked a smile,

Me: welcome to the Black Velvet I trust will work well together, your workplace is ready for business, you report to Ginger and I hope we won't have any problems with late coming and all those stories of not coming to work, the minute you signed that contract you signed your life to Black velvet... "

I looked up and I was meet with Muntu calling me aside.

Me: so Ginger kindly show the girls to their workplace"

Ginger: I said, z meet and greet not scare the shit out of my girls!"

She whispered in my ear

Me: it's business don't make it personal"

Her: I know Rose

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but ..."

Me: that why I'm the boss and you not, stick to what you know, now can you please excuse me "

She sigh and caller the girls

"ok thank you ... Ladies please follow me "

They walked past me going upstairs, I frowned as I look at these girls most of them were too young for this kind of life, but hay I'm no one mother, this is business and I need them to bring me money, they are my only ticket in creating an influential client tell to create a powerful connection.

I made my way to my office where I found Muntu smoking

Me: did you manage to get security?"

Her: yes..."

Sh breathe out loud,

Me: but we have a problem?"

I said sitting down

Her: security comes with a high price"

Me: what do you mean?"

Him: they want part to the business"

I laughed shaking my head

Me: wow "

Her: an enemy of your enemy is your friend"

Me: I invested a lot in this business to share it with another person!!"

Her: Rosy let's face it you need him...this business need ruthless guards that will...protect you, your money...and the girls, it's a gentleman club and not all man that will come here are gentlemen, we will have half-naked girls selling lust to drunk man, surely not every man will hold his budge in, they will forcefully want I touch...and you need security that will throw punches and ask questions later... Break the law, shoot if needed... The kind of security that will not only protect your

establishment but will set an example to those who will want to take advantage of a female-owned business "

I looked at her... She right in every way

Her: trust me when I say you need this guy... "

Me: who is he? "

Her: you husband worst enemy "

I frowned looking at her

Her: it took a lot of convincing but for my sake, he agreed not to kill you but work with you... "

I pressed my lip together looking at her

Me: when am I meeting him?"

Her: he is on his way "

Me: fuck I need I need a drink!"

It's been a month now and life has thrown me to the deep end, I sold my car my clothes and I'm left with just a few items that fit in a small-medium gym bag, I'm sharing an apartment with Sam even she is annoyed that I'm her burden now,

Never ever been someones shiting pan like I am to her, I cook, clean, and do her laundry just for the sake of having a roof over my heard and meal for the day,

She just became Mrs or Madam overnight making me her help, she will use the bathtub and leave it dirty, she will make unnecessary dishes like use glasses and cups and plates just to pile up dishes for me to wash, when she comes back from work a hot plate should be ready for her and of late she prefers that she eats first before I eat,

For so many years I was scared of this, of this moment, of this life I'm leaving now.

My past catching up on me, this here is karma show me flames, I have wronged so many people that God now is just saying

what's goes around comes around twice as bad. I'm so depressed more stressed and I'm so afraid that should I try to get over my depression and start picking myself up another heavy tide of karma will hit me.

I just feel like all my stupid plans to get myself out of here will eventually get ruined, due to the things I have done in my past that will resurface and destroy me again

"Have you been in contact with your mother?"

I did not even look at Sam her face alone makes me wish I never had to rely on her

Her: lalela girl hhayi kabi but this apartment is too small for both of us... And my boyfriend is coming over, can you give us space?"

Me: it's almost 20:30 Sam where must I go at this time of the night"

Her: angazi but can I please fuck my boyfriend in peace with you not around "

I felt tears in my eyes and looking at her, she was not moved one bit she just looked at me up and down and walked away, I put on my jacket and sneakers and walked out,

I don't know where I'm going, when should I come back, or where will I sleep if she decided that her boyfriend is spending a night.

I was not the fastest or biggest player, but I am now determined to be the best

🌹 Rosseta 🌹

" Hi I'm Samukelo but, just like anyone else you can call me Sammy "

Me: I'm not anyone else, so I will stick to what your mother named you "

He chuckled and walked inside my office while I followed him

Him: They say you need security? "

I get easily annoyed by stupidity and this guy was just pissing me off, and that matchstick in his month even made matter worse

Me: I believe Muntu told you, not they"

He chuckled

Me: can we get to business please, now!"

He shook his head

Me: I'm opening shop this Friday and I need tight security...I know for a fact that where there is man and alcohol there is always chaos, so I need people who will put order in my house "

Him: that's where you wrong, where there are women around and alcohol, man course chaos, "

Me: if that how you see it fine, more the reason why to have security"

Him: alcohol, man and naked women do not mix, for such a business it will cost you"

Me: I know that that is why I can't compromise when it comes to protecting my investment"

Him: a whoe house is no investment, it's more like a war zone, women you just declared war on the Noth side"

Me: whoe house is selling women to men for sex this is gentlemen club..."

Him: Muntu said you have strippers?"

Me: she was right...but in my understanding, strippers are exotic dancer, that does not necessarily mean they are hoe"

Him: they are just naked women selling lust in a male-dominated bar and you want to modernize it and call it exotic...
Mmmm yeah right "

He raised his eyebrow and looked at me, this boy is big, scary

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with red eyes and a bold voice, I should be scared but all I see is a young boy that can be very useful in my establishment, I'm not once bit intimidated by his big body and devel markings on his arms, mina all I want to know is if he can help me, if not what ways will it convince him

Me: look Samkelo this business is by far an ordinary bar that why I chose it, because I need fast money...I built it from inside out and I know what's it's worth because you see,

Strong brands and customer loyalty are created by strong organizations. The exceptional quality and resilience of our employees are at the heart of our success. Despite the challenges like media and cops if we play our cards right we can create a good brand"

Him: So you got out of jail like when? a few seconds ago and now you open a business so dark that cops will be in your tail sniffing for anything to put you back in "

I sigh and looked at him

Me: ooh great we doing background checks now... Look Samkelo I know you not the boss...but I know that your boss trust so much that he gave you a position to run this part of town... Cops are on your payroll and you run the most establish car smuggling business, what good is that I'm close to the Huber shipment can be done in front of you while a girl gives you a lap dance "

He looks at me from head to toe

Me: I will give you the basement and a deck..."

Him: all of this for just security?"

I folder my arms

Me: we become partners "

Muntu: what!"

I just ignored her outburst and looked at Samukelo

Him: I'm not the boss I don't make such decisions"

Me: you the boss here and I know you need me as I need you "

He laughed shaking his head

Me: 25 % of every deal that happens under my roof "

He busts out and laughed,

Him: you must be joking '

He said walking around looking at art hanging on the wall,

Muntu looks at me like his shocked or even worse did not see this coming

Me: it's a good deal"

Him: we have one problem..."

Me: I know... You don't work with women, but I'm no women
I'm just a business-minded bitch that knows the art of business
"

Him: not our kind of business"

Me: you will be surprised"

He shoved his hands in his pocket and walked towards me, he stood in front of me

Him: you did a background check on me?"

Me: Samkelo I'm not going to repeat the same mistake twice...jumping into bed with a man I don't know... I did what you also did to me"

I said folding my arms looking at him

Muntu: Rose"

She said

Him: who are you? " he asked to close I could smell his watermelon gum

Me: I'm Rosetta Oyama..."

Him: the trophy wife!"

Me: the ex-convict"

I looked at him without blinking,

Me: now can we work on this arrangement Sunny "

He swallowed and looked at me but I had a poker face on, I could feel Muntu shock all the way from the corner she was standing in

Him: I will see what I can do "

He said walking out but I called his name

Me: bare in mind that I'm very impatient "

He just looked at me nodded and walked out, I smiled to myself

Muntu: Rose what have you done?"

Me: I just pitched a business deal "

Her: after everything I told you about this guy, he's dangerous and you had to act like tough women"

Me: The only difference between success and failure is the ability to take action, you see Muntu I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has had to overcome while trying to succeed... the only difference

between me and you is that I think on my toe, Look he wants a piece of my business and I want a slice of his pie... I just sealed a business deal"

She laughed shaking her head

Her: he said he will think about it "

Me: then why is his car not moving it's either he's talking to his boss or thinking "

Her: thinking yes! that man is a psychopath...most probably thinking of ways to kill you "

My phone started ringing I was an unsaved number not that I had any contacts on this phone, but I smiled to myself

Me: so we have a deal?"

Him: I'm sending a few men, draft the rules and contract for my man"

Me: we have a deal?"

Him: you just got into bed with the devil braise yourself"

He dropped the call and side smile

Me: we in business"

I believe that behind every closed door there is an open space

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I'm in a taxi the last ride I ever thought it will be in, I'm looking outside the window as I reminisce on my life, it not a life at all and I regret everything I have ever done, I'm left with should have, could have... Wish I had, but mostly I regret that why did I gamble with my happiness which makes my life.

I look at my life and I realize that it had been quite a journey, me and my life... We have been through it all...side-by-side. We have cried on our knees at 3 am, on the shower floor, we have laughed on mountain tops, and smiled at sunrises. My life and I, together, always, have been on quite the journey this past year.

From teen to mom to, wife to divorcee to slay queen to dust to nothing,

I have seen myself enter this year at what some might say was the highest any human could have ever been. I have watched myself fall, plummet even, to the very depths of despair.

I have seen myself have everything a women's heart ever wanted.

I have seen myself lose it all, slowly, suddenly, cruelly, repeatedly.

Right now I'm looking at my life ecstatically not sure if I should plan for the future.

I have seen myself feel each passing moment to be one moment too long-lived.

Through it all, side-by-side, I have learned some important lessons.

One of the most important lessons learned is that Some people create their own storms and then get mad when it rains... I'm standing in the storm drenching wet looking at those I once cared for and loved, leave their life to the fullest.

" ufunanj wena la!"

I looked at her she has not changed, still, full figure freckled face beautiful women

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her eyes are burning with fire, as she slams the door behind her

Me: sawubona m..."

I do not finish my sentence as my cheek sting when her hand landed on my chubby cheeks, I close my eyes taking in the pain

Her: call me your mother again and you will see!! "

I swallowed looking at her

Me: I have nowhere to go "

Her: manje ngihlanganaphi lapho?... You made your bed so sleep on it "

Me: Mom, I am really sorry for everything. Please forgive me. .
."

Her: forgive you... Do you know the word Nompumelelo?

I just looked down,

Her: yazi wena'nja! You took all the light I had and stomped it out until there was barely a shadow left of who I once was. You broke my spirit and changed who I was as a person.

We never had a relationship mother-daughter relationship, what we had was sick, I stole you from the hospital bed forgot that your parent's DNA runs deep inside you, honestly speaking we lived a

twisted lie. You were my disease, one that only I could cure. You left me battling the symptoms that you gave me as though they were a gift.

Once someone has seen evil, that is a hard memory to erase. Every time you ignored me when I said ' Nompumelo umhlaba lo, wuthande uwihloniphe " I died a little inside realizing that you will never be my daughter based on your actions, Every

time you treated me like I was dirt under your shoes, it crushed me. Every Every time you insulted me, it tore me apart. Every time you talked back shouted at me, You taught me what it was like to feel heartbreak.

You taught me that even when you feel like you are at your weakest point, you can go lower. I could never treat another human being how you treated me. Some days I am not sure I will ever recover from the things you did to me. It still hurts, all this time later, unghlazile Nompumelelo and I never want to see you again "

She turned and walk away crying I looked at my surroundings I'm just a few blocks from my house, from a shelter, I need to sleep, maybe tomorrow I will face another day, but today I need a roof over my head

Me; Ma!"

She stopped

Me: please give me keys to my father's house"

She turned slowly and looked at me

Her: uyihlo!!...

I cut her off while she was talking,

Me: or do you want me to tell Baba maJozi about how you killed him and buried him inside his house "

She looked at me and I looked at her with tears running down my cheeks, I'm desperate now and all I know is to manipulate people

Me: please...." I bite my lower lip

"give me the keys "

She held her mouth crying and walled back inside the house I just bust out and cry holding my chest, I felt something hit me and I realize that its the house keys

Her: I hate you and I wish I never raised you, I wish you died at your birth, from this day onwards anginangane! "

She slammed the door and I just fall on my knees and cried.

***Face it; life's gonna chew you up and spit you out ***

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I walked inside my house and I was shocked to hear loud music playing, the lights were on and I was meet by a some girl wearing short and a see-through tank top in the kitchen, she was cooking and dancing, strange enough her dancing made me froze, it's not your loxtion style or this hip hop dance that people do, its like bullet or contemporary dance it was just beautiful looking at, her long muscular legs moves intertwined with her body,

" huuuuuh"

She screamed as our eyes came to contact

" what the hack? Don't you know how to knock?"

Me: in my house, I never knock "

I said walking in, looking around the house that looks different than what it looked like before I left here

Her: your house?"

I turned around and looked at her, she is was a pretty lady I must admit, her long braids and dark gold skin made me frown with jealousy

Me: this is my mother's house... "

Her: good to know but I'm ranting it now "

Me: how long is your leas?"

She folded her arms and looked at me,

Her: 12 months "

Me: what?"

Her; I moved in here four months ago which leaves me with..."

Me: wait that can not be 12 months...No! Look here lady, I need to use this house and I'm not about to have a roommate, look legally this house is mine and I would like you out of here at the end of the month "

She busts out and laughed

Her: mmmm you have a joke "

She said walking back to the kitchen, I frowned even more following her, she was busy making stir-fry and nuddles, it was so good on a plate that it looked like Chinese food

Me: look I don't mean to be rude or anything...but "

Her:... But you need this house because what? life gave you ass instead of lemonade... Look sisi we all been there...kicking me out will not take away your problems or make you happy..."

Me: I just need my space ... And don't act as you know me "

Her: I don't know you, but I see right through you, you don't need a space you need a place to stay...and I hold that key "

She took her food and walked past me, God I hate how she makes me run after her, I found her on the couch with her legs folded eating her food, she is ghetto, straight talker if she was light-skinned with big curly hair she would have been Zoe

Me: lalelake sisi I spoke to mom "

She choked laughing

Her: you lying now "

I looked at her with my eyes wide open

Her: if you would have spoken to her you would have known that I paid upfront to rent this house for 12 months with legal documents signed as conformation, legally you in my property and you have no say or what's so ever "

I pressed my mouth together she was not even looking at me, she was chewing and watching T.V, I placed my hands on my mouth and I feel tears building in, I felt so lost and afraid, asking myself How many days must I wake up feeling like I'm a hamster on a wheel? I brush my teeth, take a shower, drink my coffee, reminisce on my past, eat dinner

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watch television, go to bed, and rinse and repeat.

My life is going absolutely nowhere, and I Don't know where to get it to go in the first place. I'm at my mother's house, the lowest point in my life, the last place I thought I will return to, yet there is a tenant that feels entitled to this house and God knows if she kicked me out I have nowhere else to go,

The worst part I have no direction on how to pick my life up, it's just a struggle, I can find a job if I start looking but the problem is getting hired, even pointless to even look for one because of my record, I'm too broke to do anything else, draft a C.v, buy iqwinya or pay rent... The worst part I'm afraid

Of the outside world everyone has turned their backs on me, and no one can help me, I'm sitting on this couch and my worst fear is to get thrown out, to die slowly of starvation, or whatever else might kill me out there, all I ever wanted was too powerful, rich and boss, I just want my chance at life but never thought that I will soon drop this law and be this worthless, I don't know what to do... Maybe it will be just best if I kill myself quickly and get it over with?

I did not even notice that I was crying but I felt hands on my thigh and when I looked up I was meet by brown eyes looking at me, she gave me a tissue and I slowly took it with my trembling hands

I was about to excuse my self but another set of footsteps approached the sitting room,

" you took the job " I female voice said, I quickly wiped my tears and looked away

Liya: yes I did "

" why... I told you that declined the offer "

Liya: it's good money you know very well my job doesn't pay that much"

She said walking away I looked up and I was meet by brown skin girl with thick natural hair,

" who is she?"

Liya: God why do you always ask so many questions "

I stood up and taking my broke ass to where? Only God Know
" uyaphi?"

Liya asked looking at me

Me: I have to go "

Her: Ngiyakubona that uyahamba, but uyaphi?"

Girl: who cares? Liya can we please talk about this "

I looked down and I decided to walk but Liya placed food on the
kitchen counter,

Her: eat and will figure out these living arrangements"

Me: I really can't... "

Her: do you have a place to go?"

I just looked at her

Girl: ooh Father God can someone please tell me who the fuck
is she?"

She screamed and I looked at Liya who looked at me,

Me: I'm Nompumelelo "

The girl clapped once looked at Liya

Liya: it's not what you think LT"

LT: I know that you don't know her and now you making her crash in!"

Me: look I don't want to cause trouble, I have done that in my past to last me a lifetime, so Liya ngiyabonga but I will be fine"

Liya: off cause and will figure that out in the morning

" Liyana are you serious?!"

Liya: not now Lethukuthula please...!!"

Liya raised her hands and the house came quiet, I was shoved in a stool and forced to eat, While LT was pushed to the living room...I know they are talking about me but I can only thank God that I have a roof over my head, I don't know what tomorrow will bring but one thing I know for sure is that today I lost a mother.

Strange how complicated we can make things just to avoid showing what we feel

🌹 Liyana 🌹

"You stayed up all night?" I said walking the living room fixing my hair

" Somebody has to look after your stupid ass " LT responded with her sleepy voice

Me: LT you are my best friend but stop acting like my mother it's annoying "

She yawned and jumped off the couch following me to the kitchen

Me: so how's is dad?"

Her: about to die, can we not talk about him "

Me: Lethu, Mntungwa is your father "

I said making her tea,

Her: that man died a long time ago in my life... "

I gave her tea and just looked at her

Her: So awusho why on earth did you take that Job"

Me: because I have school bills to pay "

Her: I'm your best friend and girl I'm willing to help you"

Me: and I told you I don't need handouts my brother is already doing that so nje ngisharp ngokuba I charity case"

She sigh took a sip of her tea.

Her: when last did you hear from him?"

Me: his engaged...his happy and maybe this Christmas he will visit home "

Her: engaged? ...are we still talking about the same brother?"

I laughed shaking my head,

Me: people change "

Her: Yoooh"

Me: so when are you going to introduce me to him"

Her: there is no he its just work"

She bites her lip and looked away

Me: mmmm I know that look you had it when you were falling in love with Sbu..."

Her: what looks like"

Me: now you are becoming defensive this is cool...you in love who is he?"

She just clicked her tongue and decided to make a bowl of cereal while I screamed and hugged her.

Me and Lethu have known each other, since high school days, till my girl left me and joined the army, she calls it an opportunity she could not miss I call it an escape or running away from family issues, well she is back and is angrier than the time she left, she hates talking about family and her personal life that's one thing me and her have in common, but I just love annoying her.

Her: how is mom"

Me: she still demanding money from me so I'm guessing she is fine"

I looked at my phone it was another text from her

Me: God it's not even the 25th and she blowing up my phone "

Her: maybe it's urgent "

Me: mac make up is that urgent?"

She cracks up and laughed

Born as a last born its been me, mom and my older brother for year's, till my brother decided there was more to life than just being a breadwinner to the family, like a good son he is, every month he still sent money to my mom's account, just not his presence or even worse a phone call to say

' hi. . . I miss you...I love you...I'm doing ok and I'm alive '

It's been almost 10 years with him gone, we only get one call from him every year which does not even last 10 minutes, I don't hate my mother but I can't stand her choices, the very

same choices that drove my brother away from home, and me as well.

Her: Liyana " Lethu called out my name,

Me: mmm"

Her: you want to talk about this girl in your guest bedroom?"

Me: I'm going to be late for work..."

She breathes out loud as I walked past her and made my way to my room and took my bag

Her: and the stranger sleeping in your house?"

She asked standing by my bedroom door

Me: ooh you talking about my roommate?"

Her: Liya uyahlanya... You don't know her, she has not paid rent, or signed any agreement with you, and the worst part you trusting her with the house that has your items???"

I walked close to her and kiss her on the cheek

Me: She won't be alone she will be with you...besides technically this is her house "

Her: what the fuck!! "

Me: you my friend and you love me, so kill her with kindness and make her stay"

I ran out while she called out my name,

Her: I can't babysit for you, mom needs me to..."

Me: thank you LT..."

I said running out the gate to catch a taxi to work.

I looked at my wristwatch as I jumped off the taxi

" shit !"

I ran quickly to the changing room to put on my scrubs, I made my way to my work station and arriving at my ward I took my file from the front desk, I looked at it and frowned

Me: there seems to a problem my morning schedule is canceled why ?"

I asked the matron in charge

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she just pointed with her eyes telling me that the big lady is coming

" Good morning Dr. Dlamini "

I said with the brightest smile.

"You late "

I bite my lip thinking of a lie

Me: boss lady my sister... is sick..."

Her: bloody hell... Liyana you don't have a sister"

Me: I promise..."

Her: promise ini? You won't come late? Awusho kanti senzani la? sidlala amapiyano? "

" but..."

Her: hhayi but nothing, mi... here is your file, you have a new patient "

Me: New...but Dr. Dlamini I..."

Her: Dr. Dlamini what?"

Dr. Dlamini is short beautiful and crazy as they come, she is the head of stuff in this hospital and rumors has it that she owns this hospital, but as much as she my boss...boss she humble as fuck, she shouts at me almost every day but also still get time to ask me how am I doing, I admire her, her bubbly personality has that effect on every in here

Me: aish nothing "

Her: and Liyana don't get intimidated by him I need you to get your job done"

Me: I'm on it Doc"

I giggled as I walk past her and made my way to the ward

"Good Morning my name is Liyana Ziqubu your Physiotherapist "

I looked up and I was meet by a guy sitting on the couch with his laptop open and eyes fixed on the screen

Him: go have an early breakfast or something and make up anything that you need to write on your file relating to our session "

Me: excuse me? "

Him: under the pillow, you will find your tip... Lock the door on your way out"

I popped my eyes open and looked at him,

Me: Sir..."

Him: you crowding my air..."

All along he spoke not even looking at me, I dropped my mouth open who the fuck does he think he is? ... I took the money under the pillow, fuck! I swallowed as temptation took few seconds in blinding me, but I quickly blinked and cleared my through

Me: look here Mr... " I read his file " Mr. Nstika Bhengu... I can never be bought, especially with R1200... "

I threw the money at him

Me: you waisted 10 min of my warm-up session so if you don't mind let's get on it "

He raised his head and looked at me, ok the rude guy is hot! His gaze and the way he tilted his head aside looking at me gave

me goosebumps, he has that effect, making me almost drop this file, I'm shaking as leave my heart rate is abnormally fast, I breathe out loud and cleared my through looking away, " his your patient Liyana get the hang of it " my mind convinced me

Him: get out now!"

I looked at him and looked on his side he had an electric wheelchair, this screams 'I'm rich, in my line of duty I'm faced with client's like this all the time, injury makes any human shut down his/her emotions and anger and rage takes over, him being a bully maybe this has become his permanent psychological problem.

Him: do you know who I am?"

Me: to me you are a patient that needs help with making your disability an ability... "

I slammed his laptop shut and took it from him and placed it aside

Him: what the fuck!"

Me: if you want to see shit wait till I tell my Boss, Dr. Zoe Dlamini, that you conducting bribery in her hospital..."

I looked at his hand that was holding mine, and when I looked up at him, his eyes was fixed on mine, he slowly let go of my hand

Me: good, let's start"

For there to be betrayal, there would have to have been trust first

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

It's Thursday and tomorrow night we opening business, I'm nervous but yet excited,

I walked out of the bathroom naked and set on my bed, I received a miss call from my mother I want to return it , but problem is, what do I say?

I took out a cigarette and started smoking, I keep telling myself that I will have to go meet my son but truth be told I'm scared of his reaction, one man rejected me and put me behind bars, what if my son does the same...not necessary put me into prison by jail my emotions after him rejecting me. . . can I take another rejection? Especially coming from my son?

" ooh come on Rose put some close on "

Me: what are you doing in my room?"

I frowned, I really need to move out of Muntu's house, Ginger thinks we friends and bitch has no boundaries or what's so ever.

She turned her back on me

Her: we need to go to work"

Me: what for?"

Her: meet the new bar staff...taste cocktails "

Me: take Muntu I'm busy"

Her: it's your bar remember "

I looked at her and clicked my tongue

Me: I will meet you there "

Her: I don't have a car since you took mine so..."

Me: Ginger get the fuck out of my room!!!!"

She rolled her eyes and walked out, damn she is so annoying.

I jumped into jeans and vest with a leather jacket and snickers, I decided to pack my clothes and walked out with my bag

Muntu: and the bag?"

Me: I'm moving out"

Ginger: what?"

Muntu just looked at me from head to toe, ever since the meeting with a Samkelo she has been acting like this, I understand why, Muntu has always been the alfa female even back in the days when she was running the street with my Husband,

Now there is me, new attitude and I moving up the chain of leadership, the worst part in her world

While there is this strong tie between us, it is common knowledge among the people that you cannot put two bulls into one kraal. They will fight each other unto death, causing the loss of the cattle and the destruction of the kraal. I'm

building an empire and truth the told I will have enemies from every angle from now on.

Muntu is my business partner now not my friend, not the lady who I saw as a mother figure back then.

Me and her are strictly business partners and the first run in business you can't have it both ways. A decision has to be made. While there may be two options, I must choose between them.

" are we going?" I looked at Ginger

Ginger: Rose you just said you leaving "

Me: I will be in the car...Muntu will call you later "

Not that I plan to do that but I said it out of courtesy, I walked out and I overheard Muntu say " Ginger let her go...if she wants to go let her go"

It hurt a bit to hear her say that, but betrayal has turned my heart cold, I don't trust anyone on this earth.

The drive to the bar was short music was playing in the car just another way to shut Ginger off.

"Did you get a chance to look at my email "

Me: no"

Her: we need a floor manager "

Me: you said you found one "

Her: well I didn't that why I sent you that email"

Me:... Damn it Ginger must I do everything?"

Her: yes because you always spit in my face every day that this your business... So fuck off Rose!"

She jumped off the car and slammed the door and walked out, I'm more pissed that now she tells me that we don't have a floor manager, we bloody opening tomorrow, is this bitch sabotaging me or what?

I walked into the bar and I heard someone panting behind me, I turned around and I was meet by some girl

Me: can I help you?"

Her: I'm sorry I'm late..."

I looked at her

Her: ooh im the new bar staff...today we came to do cocktail menu "

I looked at her from head to toe she is beautiful just the perfect fit,

Me: we not even open yet already you like... " I look at my watch " 14 minutes late?"

Her: I promise mam this is the first and last time "

I sigh and walked in, while she followed me behind,

" Wow....this place is dope "

Me: welcome to the...The Black Velvet"

I looked at her and side smile, now this is an expression I need from my customers

" ooh Good you here "

Ginger said walking towards us

Ginger: you must be Liyana Ziqubu?"

The girl nodded " yes mam...again I'm sorry that I'm late... My sister was not feeling well"

Ginger: you do know you suck a lying right?"

Liyana bite her lip and looked down,

Me: because you late, you will start with making that first cocktail"

Liyana: me?"

Ginger: girl don't make us repeat ourselves"

Liyana: I'm so...sorry, ...yes I will do it"

She walked to the bar,

Me: I don't think she has any experience "

Ginger: but her CV says..."

Me: she got the job because of her personality not because of experience "

Her: we opening tomorrow we don't need an inexperienced bar lady"

We stopped talking as we had a glass shatter on the floor, I looked up and I was meet by Liyana's pleading eyes

Liyana: I...I'm so sorry "

Ginger: do you even know what you are doing?"

Me: can somebody please teach her the basics "

Ginger: you keeping her..."

Me: worry about getting a floor manager than a girl who desperately needs this job "

I said making my way to my office

Never forget to be kind when you have to be critical.

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I was woken up by rap music playing on the radio, I wanted to scream, and say

"fuck off "

is this how I'm going to live? To be woken up by loud music playing!

I drag my sloppy body out, just to ask Liya if we can turn the radio down better yet turn it off, but I found her on the phone talking and laughing,

So I decided to just simply turn the bloody volume down,
one think I have picked up about her is that she has the most bubbly personality, loves to talk, and laugh, me not that much,

it's a habit I came to custom too, for the past year's I spend my morning quiet just me and my thought, and now I feel like I'm sharing a house with a DJ, I frown looking at her, I can't help to admire her body, she has the most beautiful slim body, kind reminds me of Sindy. My eyes shifted from her as She turns and looked at me and smile after she dropped her call.

"Hi"

I said walking in the kitchen,

Her: morning " she yawned,

She looked tired but she was all dressed up and ready to go to work,

Her: I'm glad to see you alive, I thought LT killed you or something "

I faked a smile, pretending to care, all I wish is that she can just take her bag and go, so I can have a quiet morning, I really do not feel like talking, or being around another human being today, don't get me wrong I like people. I like to hang out with people, just not that much. . .

Me: yeah she does not like me that much "

Her: she said that about you too...vele vele what went down izolo?"

Me: look Liya I'm not your charity case or thief and I did not like the way she treated me "

Her: what? Phela mina all I see hear is a person in need, you see Nompumelelo baggers can not be choosers"

Me: she is not ranting this house but you are so why must I tolerate her?"

Her: ooh so because I offered you a place to stay you will pretend to tolerate me! ... Treat me differently?"

Me: I didn't mean it that way"

Her: you know what your problem is? It's because you are rude and think way too highly of yourself !"

I looked at her not sure what to say

Her: it's like you lived under a rock for year's, yini are you suffering from social anxiety... Because when you open your mouth you send people packing "

Me: it was not my intention I'm just not a peoples person "

Her: wow! So in other words you not nice?...friendly person, who is warm and kind to strangers and people from all walks of life?"

I folded my arms and looked down, I have a problem with this definition. A "nice person" or "normal human being"... At times I ask myself that If I'm not a people person then what am I?

A cynic might call me a self-absorbed bitch, That would imply excessive contemplation of myself at the expense of everyone else...but to be honest, where has that gotten me into?

Her: you know what I give up..."

She said giving me her back she started making coffee, while I was biting my nails trying to figure out what does she mean by giving up? Is she kicking me out?

Me: Liya.."

She looked at her watch and back at me

Her: Nompumelelo... "

Ok, I don't know her that well but I could tell that she is pissed,

Me: please call me Mpume you sound like my mother when you call me by my full name "

She rolled her eyes taking a sip of her coffee, this girl is hot, I have seen dark skin beauty before but not have seen such beauty, thick lips lazy eyes, and that smile wow

Her: you starrng..._

Me; I'm sorry... "

Her: ok now you creeping me out..."

I just looked at her as she squinted her eyes

Her: hhaybo this is the part that you start talking!!"

Me: look I believe we started off on a wrong foot "

Her: look I only have few minutes to go to work...do you have something to say...then tell me the obvious,?"

Me: I don't know how to say this "

Her: ok when you figure it out let me know..."

She took her cup and made her way to the sink. I need a place to stay but I have this huge difficulty in humbling myself,

Right now my brain is receiving all kinds of conflicting messages about humility, they say you need to Be humble but confident, be modest but don't put yourself down, don't be too assertive but don't be too deferential either. At this point, I'm confused about how to be truly humble. . . I need this girl but I can stand low to ask her to help me...she already hates me for picking up a fight with her friend LT, and she has said ' I give up whatever that means but the truth of the matter is I need her.

I bite my lip thinking, I don't know about you, but I've spent my entire life being cocky every time I felt proud of myself, or I've

thought I was being humble when really I was just doing the opposite, I'm a self-centered bitch and in my current situation I have learned that umuntu umuntu ngabantu, no human is an island,

We know from every awards speech or best-selling book that humility is a desirable quality in every person, But how do I accomplish that without putting myself down? What does being humble even mean? How can one be confident, empowered, and humble all at the same time?

Her: ooh shit...I'm running late and my boss is going to kill me..."

She takes her bag and cellphone

Me: Liya... Thank you for offering me a place to stay "

There I finally said it ' THANK YOU'

Her: mmm and how long will this arrangement be?"

Me: it's just a few days or so... I'm kinda off in a jam with my old place "

She looks at me and raised her eyebrow

Her: few days you say?"

Me: I promise I won't be in your way...I can even apologize to LT if that will make you reconsider my offer"

She bites her lip thinking

Her: you forgot one word in that sentence "

I look at her and frowned

Her: are you sure Mom Majozi is your mother because clearly, you don't act like a PK ?"

"Technically I'm not a PK, my mother married Majozi when I was 22 years, so she married church, not me "

Her: wow!... "

Me: look I understand if you don't want me..."

" you got that right, I feel like you taking my kindness for granted its been few hours with you hear but I'm already regretting it"

I looked away I'm angrier now than desperate, this girl keeps throwing unnecessary punches at me does she expect me to beg her?

Her: God Nompumelelo... This is the part that you say please!
...are you even desperate? Because clearly you acting like you
have other options "

Me: why must I be a mind reader thing like you do and say
exactly what you want me to say when you want me to say it! I
need a place to stay can you stop kicking me when I'm already
down!..."

Her: maybe if you had tried to humble yourself ngabe we not
having this conversation... it's not need it may I please "

She said and walked out, I sat back on the chair and held my
head fuck!

...weariness seemed to settle on him like a coating of dust.

🌹 Liyana 🌹

It's my tea break and already I feel like taking a long nap, working two jobs is going to be very straining but I just got to do what I have to do... I can't really on my brother for everything and my mother is useless as they come.

Growing up in the suburban area you would have thought our mother will downgrade after our father left her, she was a housewife had no job and she still took the house and cars and worst part decided to stay in that house,

" my children we need to sacrifice to make a living this dog just left us "

While growing up I thought 'we' meant her included but no Mangalisa my brother was supposed to work and maintain her living standard, on the other hand, he was paying for my school

fees and putting food on the table, I have heard of black tax but my mother is just one of a kind when it comes to demanding money that she never worked for. . .

Me: ma"

Her: I'm late for my appointment Liyana"

Me: ma, I get paid on the 25th I don't have money "

Her: Liyana you don't have a child or a man Kahle Kahle uyenzani imali? "

Me: I got school fees to pay!! "

Her: yeyiwena didn't I tell you to drop that noncess and you did not listen to me, now it's my fault you have bills to pay!!... I'm on my way to the salon I better hear my phone beeping uyezwa!"

She dropped the call on me and I just place my head on the table, fighting my tears not to come out

I felt someone tapping my shoulder

" your phone is ringing "

I looked up and I was meet by some guy, I blinked recognizing him, no wait I know him

Me: oh my God are you Pastor Majozi Jr"

He laughed

Him: even without dreadlocks you recognize me?"

I laughed and drop LT incoming call,

Me: are you kidding me, I love your show I used to watch it every Sunday "

Him: it's a sermon "

Me: aish ya"

He laughed

Him: " what made you stop watching?"

I rolled my eyes

Me: life "

Him: maybe you should come to church and we can take that thinking too much about life and turn it into worshipping"

Me: no offense but I kind of have beef with Jesus, I will pass"

Him: wow that is interesting so if there is beef, there must be a plate why don't you dish up?"

I laughed, now that was funny he folded his arms and looked at me waiting for me to explain

Him: so?"

I laughed shaking my head

He looked at me and I just looked away, biting my lip urg might as well tell him

Me: you know When I was a young girl, I thought I was special to God.

I was convinced that He had big, important plans for me. I didn't know exactly what those plans were. But I knew they were extraordinary.

I'd quiver with excitement whenever I thought about it. Electrified with anticipation for my future life. I could see it whenever I closed my eyes. I'd go to the far corners of the Earth, and accomplish unimaginably wonderful things. All arranged by God.

I didn't know exactly what I'd do, or how, or where. But I knew God had special plans.

But then I gave up.

I gave up on him and I gave up on the still undiscovered plans He had for me.

I gave up because He seemed unexpectedly silent in my life. My cries for direction, for help, for knowledge of the next step all went unanswered. "

Him: how do you know they were not answered"

Me: because all my life I feel like a honey bee, was born by the Queen bee, and I must spend my entire life working for the Queen, protecting the hive and make honey for the Queen, day in and day out doing the same thing

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till I die with no purpose or direction "

Him: I don't understand?"

I notice Dr. Dlamini walking towards us,

Me: never mind " I said brushing it off, damn I talk too much it's even irritating me,

Dr. Dlamini: Sindy and Menzi are ready for you " she said to the pastor

Him: how long before the surgery?"

Dr: 15 min max... please Nkonzo I need you to ask your God that we deliver a healthy baby "

Him: it does not work like that Zoe and stop calling him my God"

I looked at them talking but Dr. Dlamini turned and looked at me

Dr: what are you looking at? Kokuqala nje you came late this morning go make up your time "

Me: uuuh yes mam" I nodded, smiled, and thanked Pastor Majosi for listening to me, it was inappropriate to just

dish out my chest to him like that, and fuck I feel a tad embarrassed right now for being such a loudmouth.

" hay...did you know that beef goes well with gravy "

I stopped and looked at the pastor with a side smile,

Him: look I understand Wars of life are exhausting, especially long-term ones. That's why you are often tired. Just like Many soldiers, who experience the fierceness of combat, want to get out of it. That's why you're tempted to escape too, That's why you're tempted to give up. When we experience affliction, whether it's the death of a family member, the pain of heartbreak, or family problems, the author of Romans tells us to be patient. Pray earnestly. God can work anything out for our good and His glory.

Have a beef with him it's fine but do not become weary in doing what's feels right to you, even when you hate it, for at the proper time you will reap a harvest if you do not give up"

Me: I will keep that in mind, thank you again, "

Him: thank you for the meal..."

I laughed walking away out, I took out my phone and checked my balance, I was left with R295,02, I bite my lip as I sent R200 to my mother's account, I'm left with less than R92.2 thanks to bank charges, this is not enough for transport or for anything of that sort, I got another side hustle at night and I still have a full week to work before pay date, how am I going to get to work?

I looked at my phone beeping it was a text from mom.

" what the fuck must I do with R200?... Uyahlananya yini!!!"

I breathe out loud and just switch off my phone stepping in my workstation...already drawing this day.

.

The caterpillar does all the work, but the butterfly gets all the publicity

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I decided to walk upstairs and check how the rehearsal is going, and I was meet by Ginger doing her thing, she is shouting and clapping and stepping her foot

" Take it from the top go...again"

I look at the girl dance as Ginger instruct her, her waste moves like a snake, she tweaks like her spinal cord and ass is a spring, and when she takes the pole, I just drop my mouth

" damn it! Candy spread your legs, use your arms to be one with the pole, control it! ...be in charge yes! Now use your legs... "

The girl spin, I have no idea how she is holding on to a pole because her arms and legs are spread apart

Ginger: perfect...now go up...yes slowly turn now....down...

Sunshine: I know... I know!" She said out of breath,

She does as told and drops down head facing down slowly slides down...I am tempted to clap but I just smile and say wow

Candy: can we please take five"

She says out of breath

Ginger: you will be working 8 to 10 hours making your paper, five minutes means you losing dough..."

Candy just rolled her eyes and walked away, Ginger eyes landed on me and she instructed the girls to continue

Me: she is good "

Ginger: I don't need her to be good I need her to be perfect... These girls are our money cow...they can't slack"

Me: I know...can we not overwork them?...tonight is the big night I need them to be on their 'A' game "

Her: I know what I'm doing Rose ...nawe stick to what you know ok?"

Me: ok "

I raised my hands up surrendering,

Me: did you manage to get the floor manager?"

She shook her head

" the agent is asking for us to adjust the salary...she says it's too little for a managers package "

Me: we can't... "

Her: I know, look for now I will deal with the two floors till we get the position filled"

Me: fuck. . . Ginger what if we get too busy ... I need you mostly here on the second floor"

Her: then you need to deal with the bar downstairs..."

I looked at her

Her: relax we got this, stop stressing..."

I folded my arms thinking, how the fuck we going to pull this off,

Her: this the dancer's register "

She gave me a file...I read through it and dropped my mouth open I looked at her and smiled

Her: side hustle on top of real hustle"

I nodded and first bump her,

Her: check with Sammy regarding his advanced security system
"

I nodded and I started walking towards the indoor security room it's a big mirror when you standing outside but inside it's a window looking into everything that happening inside the club, I found Samkelo and some other two guys, standing over a big-screen computer

" all good for tonight boss lady "

Me: should I be worried since you busy with those gadgets?"

He laughed

Him: I had a life before I started this life, so trust me, I got this "

I nodded as I set on his desk

Me: so how would I track my girls from not stealing from me?"

This is very critical for this kind of business, this place will have money flying everywhere, and I need to make sure that every tip this girl get I get a cut of 40%, so for every R100 a girl makes I get R40, if you off duty and wish to work to earn extra buck you pay R50 for each hour you worked + 40% of my cut, Stripping is hustling, and like a lot of freelance hustling, you pay to get paid, but the future can be scary... I can have a cash cow like this Candy girl whom I know will be loved by many and pays out a very high commission every night but just like any freelancer she might be pursuing a passion career

and the longer and harder she works the more likely she would find success somewhere else, let's face it, no one like to stick around this business for too long. It fasts cash to pursue a goal of some sort

"This screen is mainly for our girls, and I got four of my guys looking at there every move, all doors have now tech security"

Me: good "

Muntu Nocked on the window, she has no access to getting inside the security room, so I walked out and meet her, she handed me a pink envelope

Her: This is for you "

Me: gift?"

Her: yes...open it "

I looked at her and squinted my eyes

Her: just bloody open it!"

I ripped the envelope open and there was a spar and beauty voucher inside. I read it out

" Nicky's Beauty and Spar" I handed it back to her

Me: No thank you "

I said walking out

Her: Rose! ...Rose....just listen! God damn it!!"

I frowned looking at her

Her: you run The Black Velvet, it has beautiful girls, handsome men, look at the interior decoration, this place is an illusion of being in pussy and sex heaven, if you want to gain a men's trust and pull him to your corner make him desire you first and they talk business...trust me you not going to build a connection with a powerful man looking like a man too, this is not Jail this is a men's world... Look like a woman and think like a man and you will get far"

I looked at her

Samkelo: she is right... You look nothing like a boss, you need to sell a brand here and it starts with you!"

Me: I just hope I won't regret this!"

I said snatching the voucher from her hand.

So Muntu decide to drive me to this spar, I have not looked like a woman for over two decades and I was nervous about the outcome, the place was a bit far from my workplace and I was

more worried about making it back in time, I can't be late for my own launch.

" Welcome to Nicky's "

Muntu: we need to see your boss "

She handed her the voucher

The front lady smile a made a call,

We were asked to sit down and I looked at this place it was too classy I was even offered juice and champagne, damn talk about levels

Me: who own this place?" i

I asked Muntu

Her: she does " I look up and a young woman walked to our direction, her body looked like a model and she owned that walk, now this is what I call a confident woman.

" Mrs. Oyama "

She asked with the most polite voice, I looked at her and drop my mouth, she is drop-dead gorgeous, she has an afro, the most beautiful complexion, and those big eyes wow,

" yes "

She smiles and her face just lights up, fuck she is breathtaking

Her: I'm Nikiwe Blaik and welcome to my spar "

I stood up and shook her hand, I was more impressed that this place is a black female-owned business

Her: I'm so going to enjoy transforming you to be a goddess..."

She started calling people and I was surrounded by a lot of people talking in a language I did not fully understand,

Me: I just need a simple look"

Nokiwe side smile " I know the perfect look for you, first thing first steam room a good 30 min in the Sauna

... "

I try to protest but I'm pushed to an elevator...

***Get off your high horse **"

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

It's two days to Christmas and I feel like shit,

The day I've been dreading for over three years now, is finally here. I have to see him smile, Even though I saw a little glimpse of happiness in his life, I now know that even today, I won't be able to handle it well and I can not even promise to try, though!

I remember when he kissed her in front of me, I thought I was prepared to stand by and see it all. Turns out, I wasn't. I broke down, and how? Or should why? Because he was the first love of my life and that is something I can never change. I can vividly recall the first autumn we had, when the Universe introduced us to each other and then, there was the horrible split up there

was nothing in between no bumps or lips just the beginning and the end.

It's not easy to forget all that we did to each other during the break-up. Safe to say, we both had our moments of anger and heartbreak and so both of us are to blame equally.

But I take the crown for destroying our marriage, I didn't see my husband's value when I should have, because I was too young and naive to understand how relationships work. I am not ashamed to say this, but, if there's anything I could change, I would go back in time and ask him to be with me and do everything to make sure it happened.

When we first met, were each other's support, and, considering our past relationship history I thought we'd work things out, Little did I know he will call it quit and move on for good.

My face is wet, my throat so dry, I'm looking at Lubanzi Instagram page, his on a holiday with his lawyer girlfriend, I run my hand on the screen looking at him laugh, I should be the one next to him making him laugh like this, this woman is living my dream. me and Lu planned to make children after our wedding, have family and when the kids are old enough we can get the chance to play too, travel the world and create memories.

He took her to the Caribbean, the very same place he promised to take me for our 9 years anniversary, but instead of going to an exotic island he served me with divorce papers, I feel tears running down my cheeks as I look at the pictures

They are kissing on a boat, He's probably taking her to Nevis, I always wanted to go to that Island, I bet this woman feels so special right now, and nothing will stop her from giving him plenty of sex every second she gets, They probably will skip the helicopter ride to Charlestown and decided to spend the day in bed. I held my mouth crying

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We used to make so such plans together, and looking at him
live his life like this was painful,

Why was I so dumb, I lost such a good man, a good life and now
I'm back in this God-forsaken place with this woman playing
loud music every morning,

I jumped off the bed and made my way to the living room and
switched off the radio

"Hay!!"

She said walking out of her bedroom with only her boyleg panty
and vest

Her: I'm listening to that! "

Me: and I have a headache! "

She laughed clapping her hands

Her: ooh I'm sorry mam for disturbing your beauty sleep in this
five-star hotel you living in"

She busts out and laughed

Me: What is your problem?"

Her: I don't have a problem but you do "

She walked back into her bedroom, I could not help but follow her

Me: if we going to live together can we at least be civil with one another "

Her: civil you?...sister please, you think way too highly of yourself for that, ...you are living in my house for free, eating my food and yet you call the short's here as if you the boss..."

Me: I said will pay you rent!! "

She busts out and laughs,

Her: with what money, or are you planning on selling one of your body parts,? Oh wait you can't do that, you love yourself way too much that in your screwed up head you blame instead of admitting "

Me: you don't know me! "

Her: I know you don't have a job! and you spend days and nights crying for the past life you lost why don't you try moving forward and pick your life up...whatever that is left of it"

I looked away

Her: now get out of my bedroom and use that energy in finding a job, because you like it or not you owe this ghetto crash women, who are plays loud music every Morning!"

She banged the door on my face and I swallowed and walked back to my room, the walls suffocated me, I have lost so much, my self-control, friends, my dignity, and nearly my life.

I know what I have to do, but it's so hard to break away from that dark cloud that has consumed me.

I feel so lost and so alone, but that's my doing, by pushing people away that are important to me. The only person to blame is myself for making poor choices and ultimately paying

the price for my screw-ups, but I can't help myself from making those same mistakes over and over again

I wiped my tears, washed my face, and made my way to the kitchen

" I made you coffee"

I said to Liya as she walked into the room

Her: why?"

Me: Liya I'm trying please "

She sighs and took the cup from my hand

" thank you Nompumelelo"

Me: really? So you not going to stop calling me by my full name? "

She raised her head and looked at me

" it's your name right?"

I side smile and looked at her, she added two more spoons of coffee grains to her cup

Me: wow that is too much caffeine are you applying for an early heart attack or what "

She yawned and responded

Her: I work 20 hours every day, I only relax on Sunday and I don't even get to relax because I have laundry, cleaning this house, shopping..."

Me: what? "

Her: that is my life... "

Me: why you working so much? I mean you have no kids, not married you don't have a car or mortgage are you in debt?"

Her: Nompumelelo living is a debt and when I grew up I learned that imali impande yesono...so I don't have all those things but I'm paying for being raised...

Me: and yet I thought I had problems, how do you do it?

She smiled and placed her cup on the sink

Her: do what?"

Me: be so free-spirited"

Her: my father used to say, Our sun is just one of the one hundred thousand million stars that make up our galaxy the Milky Way. The Milky Way is only one of the many galaxies in the local group. The local group, in turn, is just one of the thousands of groups and clusters of galaxies which form the largest known structures of our universe.

Now think of your place in that universe. Why are you so preoccupied about what happened yesterday or stressing or dealing with suicidal thoughts or even depression why do you care so much about what others will think of you when you're an infinitesimal space of existence?... if life gives you second chances embrace it, if not go get it"

I nodded

Her: food for thought...thanks for the coffee I have to go"

Me: sure goodbye"

The thing women have yet to learn is nobody gives you power. You just take it

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

" you definitely need a PA now "

I walked into my office and threw my hills across the room

Me: I need a long bath and a bottle of wine "

Ginger laughed walking behind me, she took my hills and bag and moved them away from the entrance

Her: it's all part of the Job, so engulf me with the good news"

She sat at the table looking at me

Me: we got the Playboy deal"

Her: ooh my God..."

" they want to use the club and our girls to promoter their new product "

Ginger screened in excitement

Me: stop screaming or else I will stop "

She held her mouth and I just shook my head

Me: If...I mean it's a big If...the guy in charge might future us on the magazine "

" what?"

Me: it's a big IF, he still need to speak to the big boss...so this photoshoot I need for us to nail it, I want them to feel like having sex when they walk in the lounge"

Her: live that too me, I know exactly what do "

Me: I know I could rely on you my bitch "

She dropped her mouth and we laughed

" Mis Rose you have someone that would like to see you downstairs"

Me: and why are you telling me?"

She blinked her eyes biting her lips,

Her: I don't understand"

I breathe out loud

Ginger: Sweety we got something that hangs on the wall, rings at times "

She stuck her tongue out

"ooh yes, that... "

Me: who is it?"

Her: who?"

Ginger: ooh father God Sweety stick to your Job of selling lust...
Get out "

She popped her eyes and walked out,

Me: hot body, but damn she is an air brain"

Ginger giggled

Ginger: God does not give us everything "

She said giving me my shoes, I put them on and fixed my hair and makeup, I looked myself in the mirror and saw a glimpse of the beautiful woman that I once was, I brushed the thought of Oyama kissing my neck

" I'm the man, I work and I bring the bacon, and you my beautiful Rossetta spoil yours and remain to be radiant as a morning rose "

And that is how he convinced me to quit my job, I believe I lost a part of me then, the ambition the drive the spark mostly my power.

Taking my freedom and independents back was done through me seeking validation on myself that I can do whatever I put my mind into,

It's been two weeks and my business is thriving, profits are sky high and I can finally say " fuck! I did it "

" Ms. Rose "

A fine gentleman stood up the minute I approached the VP booth,

I gave him my hand

Me: I'm sorry but do we have an appointment?"

He sides smile and see down, I sat opposite him and crossed my legs,

Him: Nop, I decided to wait for you till you became free"

Me: ooh... I guess you got lucky for finding me here"

Him: indeed..."

He said smiling, it's been year's of a dry spell and I never thought that they will be a man in this world that will make me blush a bit,

Him: they told me you are beautiful but not once I thought you this beautiful "

I wanted to roll my eyes, but on the other hand, he might be a potential client, so first impression

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count

Me: Thank you "

He smiled, this guy looks clean, his a bit older but his body looks like his a fan of the gym, I'm not sure what was Agreeable about him, guessing his eyes, or is it his smile

Me: so how may I help you Mr..."

Him: Msomi "

I nodded

Him: I would like to book this place every Saturday night..."

Me: which place are you referring to we got two floors "

Him: I need the private room upstairs me and guys will like to use it as a gaming place "

Me: gaming?"

Him: yes...poker "

Me: I'm sorry sir but..."

Him: it will be discrete, you will get entrance fees, 5% of what's ever in the bag of the participant that will book a seat at the table, and the winner will pay 10% to the club from his earning, We only drink bottle expensive whisky or Cognac, we smoke the finest Cuban cigars... And allow your girls to entertain us while we play, all expenses will be paid for by the round table "

Me: what's in it for you "

Him: to see your face every week"

I'm shocked blown away, he talking about a lot of money here, money that I need, not to mention

Marketing and business influencer, this will be good for the business

Me: how much is the pair of poker hands "

He smiled and drank his orange juice

Him: minimum is R15 grand max R100 grand or more "

I nodded biting my lip, no this is too risky I need a background check on this guy

Me: unlicensed pocket games are illegal, I'm sorry but..."

He stood up,

" you are a smart woman and I know for a fact that you will make an exception, here is my card give me a call "

He placed the card on the table, and left about a thousand rand notes for a glass of juice, I looked at him walk away, he had the most perfect walk and that tailor-made suit made him ooze with confidence.

Samukelo walked to the VP booth,

" who's is that man?"

I asked him playing with the man's business card in my hand

Samukelo: that is Sandile Msomi... CEO of Mecca SA...he has chain Tech stores around the country and

Tenders with the government..."

Me: he too clean "

Him: I would not say that, but I would say that he covers his tracks...never been to jail which means he plays smart...what does he want?"

Me: Poker night every Saturday in the club "

Him: say yes, that will draw in the crowd that will bring Oyama out of his hole"

Me: it's illegal Samkelo..."

Him: so what? You have underage girls stripping for money in this club, you run a car auction for stolen cars in your basement, Rossetta like it or not, word has gone out that there is a new Gangsta Lady in town, keep this up you will run the north!...not forgetting you will be untouchable"

I bite my lip thinking

It's easier to bleed than sweat

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I rush to my locker and put on my t-shirt, shove my things inside the locker and run out,

" fuck! "

I say as I looked at Rosseta standing by the bar,

This woman is hot and today she was looking like someone who just stepped out of the cover of the magazine, over the knee body-hugging red dress, black coat over her shoulders and black stiletto, damn I wish to be like her when I grow up,

To me Rossetta is a true definition of a strong, independent woman, she is perceived as a rude or cold-hearted bitch, because she calls people out when they start misbehaving or disrespecting her. She exercises the power of not letting them get away with it. Yet she entails supporting and protecting female staff in this male-infested environment.

"Liyana You are late again! "

Me: uuum..."

" save it, and get to work "

She does not even look at me, she the female alfa in this place and she knows it, I look at her walk away, her light skin that glows, her afro hair tied in a bun, you may mistake her to be Lisa Ray the way she is so beautiful,

" mmmm you definitely are crushing on her "

I look up and I was meet with Candy, she one of the dancers here

Me: can you blame me, fuck she is hot"

She bust out and laughed walking away,

The club is always busy it's Thursday and this place is packed, I'm beyond tired and getting very cranky now, I blame my mother for making me a meal ticket, these days I only have two

hours of sleep almost every day, working two demanding jobs it is literally grating my nipples.

So it's been two weeks working at the bar, My first shift was rather memorable crazy, I knew I was working in a gentleman bar, but nothing prepared me to see the other side of the bar "The Strip Club", the opening night it was packed, running around like a headless chicken, smiling to demanding customers, I was somehow also distracted by half-naked women dancing and swaying their ass if I'm not mistaken at some point I even froze just looking at how they moved, I broke glasses mixed drinks and my boss almost slapped me for not paying attention to my job. If it was not for Sammy I will be long fired in this place, His head of security but the guy is multi-skilled

' sit this one out '

Me: I can't I need this job'

Him: how about you watch and learn...first "

The rest of the night I was cleaning the counter and removing dirty glasses and taking them to the kitchen.

Sammy quickly became a friend of mine, taught me tricks and how to handle a rude, drunk, or overly happy customer. Throughout the shift, I made many mistakes that for sure, but it was exciting to be in a new place and to learn so much about the world behind the bar. It triggered my intellectual curiosity, and later I began learning how to claim my space and use my skills to teach customers the different tastes and textures that exist in what they are drinking.

As always my night is moving fast, yet work is smoothly no mistakes and my bubbly personality is making customers generous when it came to tipping me,

But my excitement came to a crashing halt when I went to grab a few bottles from the stock room above the bar. Before I passed the ice machine toward the rickety staircase upward, a customer grabbed my arm and cornered me into the wall

“You are so beautiful. Let me take you home tonight.” he ran his hands on my thigh, I pushed past him and said

“get off me!!”

I'm angry pissed but mostly terrified, I rushed into the stock room and caught my breath,

It's close to the end of my shift just one more hour and out, I breathe out loud put on a smile

" you got this Liya," I said to myself,

I took the bottles and made my way to my station, im still much shaken by what happened to me

worst part by how this one particular customer is looking at me, A part of my job is to pay attention to those that I'm serving but every day I receive a different type of attention from customers than the one I give it's starting to creep me out.

"You're a hottie, I don't blame him for lasting over you," a male bartender friend said to me as I told him the customer is making me uncomfortable,

Me: I'm here to serve drinks and not to be manikin that man can lust over"

Him: babe you suck at this Job only reason Ms. Rossy is keeping you behind this bar it's because of how you attract this man, if I

were you I will allow that pretty face to pay my bills...and stop complaining"

I looked at him, not sure what to make out of his statement, is he right? Was it my looks that determine my eligibility in this place? God knows it felt like I was being told that my skill level wasn't as important as my level of attractiveness.

Realizing now I have been called beautiful or gorgeous more times than I've heard "thank you."

" the driver is on his way"

Sammy said walking in the bar, making me come back from my haunting thoughts

Me: thank God, I'm so tired"

He laughed and immediately frowned when he noticed the same customer who grabbed me inappropriately coming up to me and asked me "What time do you get off? I hate waiting"

Bartending, like in this situation, can be scary sometimes, especially when you have hostile customers or feel threatened. You can't leave your bar, you're stuck there if someone is

fleeting, rude to you or if someone disrespects you. There is a mentality and an expectation that if you are a female bartender, you have to be strong and have thick skin because people treat you without respect more often than with respect. But, at the same time, in order to make money, you also have to be sweet and flirtatious, attractive and smart, attentive, and be a good conversationalist,

Me: the night is still young, can I get you another drink ?"

The customer bites his lip looking at me,

Him: how about we leave this place and allow me to buy you a drink?"

I frown but quickly smile, I don't like how he is looking at me, it's like my body is being used as a vessel to hold his attention,

Me: Beer or Gine?"

I said smiling but his eyes are looking at my boobs I swallowed and stepped back, Quickly, and out of nowhere Sammy punched him in the face

"Fuck off," Sammy said, he then clicked his fingers together and security escorted the man with the bleeding nose out

Me: Sammy that was..."

"I saw what he did a few hours back, Look, unfortunately, that type of stuff is going to happen. But if someone touches you, scream or better yet shout my name are we clear, !"

I just nodded,

Him: cash up and get out of here "

Me: my shifts end at 3:00 am"

Him: I will finish up, just go "

I smiled and thanked him, I cashed up got my tips, through it all I was holding my breath that Rosetta does not give me a warning for coming late, but she just thanked and me and said " good night Liya"

Me: good night Mama"

I went in the back to get my stuff it's 2:58 am, I'm dead tired and my feet are killing me,

Sammy: I need you to talk to Rossy about the floor manager job"

Me: but Ginger..."

Him: she does not own this place talk to Rose, tomorrow..."

I nodded and thanked him, I made my way to the stuff taxi, and the minute my but hit the seat I dozed off.

I sleep throughout the trip and the other girls woke me up when the taxi was parked outside my house, I jump out yawning it's 3:45 am...I want to scream because at 7:30 I should be at the hospital, for my day job.

I drag my body to my bedroom and threw myself on my bed,

The things we do for family.

disability is a state of mind"

🌹 Liyana 🌹

It's payday and my phone stopped buzzing for a change because I deposited money to my mother's bank account, I text Mangalisa and ask him if he's coming this Christmas

Him: nop "

I got excited thinking that will chat but my next text was greyed out, I sigh and walked around my station I'm bored and I hate that I drank caffeine this morning and, now sleep is something of a memory to me.

It's so funny that I work so hard that I even forgot that today is Christmas eve,

I breathe out loud and made my way to the Dr restroom, I kept counting sheep's backward till sleep finally script in,

" Liya...Liyana"

Me: what?"

I opened my eyes and noticed one of the nurses standing over me

Me: what? "

Her: your 3 o'clock appointment called and said he is not coming in, "

Me: yes! now can I sleep "

I said pulling the covers over my head

Her: but you making a house call to him "

I slowly pulled down my covers

Me: No!"

Her: yes. . .staff car waiting for you and Dr. Dlamini approved it "

Me: but it X-mas eve "

Him: and you an essential worker you have no holidays so get to it "

She left the room and I furious kicked off the covers,

I know this guy will give me grief,

Through all our sessions he has never cooperated, he hates me, has not done anything I asked him to do, his stubborn and does not want to be touched at all, reason why he comes on time for a three-hour session just to ignore me, I don't know,

The car dropped me off at River Side Hotel, I walk in and the minute I said his name the receptionist scrambled and took me to his suite, I walked in and this room was wow, big and beautiful, the room looked like a presidential sweat I wonder what does he do for a living? Besides being a jackass

" hallo "

I said softly as I take grapes that are nicely laid on the counter

I walked outside and found him swimming, I popped my eyes open, his good, his moving underwater like he a fish, even I can't swim like him, and I'm his physiotherapist,

I sat down and look at him more like admire him, My first thought about him is 'mysterious-typical-guy' who has been winning so many nurses hearts with just a single glimpse since the first time he stepping into hospitals,

I was wondering why dos he has such an effect on every girl he meets? What kind of charm or spell is he giving these women? I should feel sorry for those who have that kind of feeling towards him but how can I when I'm also one of them.

I think about it over and over again, wondering what is this strange feeling that has been fulfilling my heart recently. Is it how he looks uncommon black hair with fade hair cut, brown eyes, his built, is it in the way you dress or talk that is Why all of those matters keep haunting me? Am I falling in love?

No, I guess. Maybe I was just enchanted by his appearance. Nothing more. I'm not in love.

But why my heartbeat is racing every time I think of his smile. I wonder if all of that bitterness of his is just a mask

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i wonder if actually, he's warm inside. I keep guessing who he truly is, and it stimulates my hopeless heart to know you better. I want to be close to him God I am crazy? What do I exactly feel toward you? Is that a crazy little thing called 'Love?'

" how long were you standing there? "

His bold voice makes me stop thinking, I cleared my throat

Me: technically I'm sitting down and enjoying the view "

He lifted his eyebrow and a hint of embarrassment made me wish I did not say that,

I look at him lifting his body and he sits on the edge of the pool, I swallowed as looked at him wipe his face with a towel,

Him: you early "

Me: I'm here now... So why you told me you can't swim when I suggested the water physio"

Him: I didn't say I can't swim I said I don't want too "

I looked at him as he lifts his leg out of the water,

I was about to stand up to help him but he looked at me and I slowly set down,

Him: so what are we going to do today?"

He said distracting me from looking at how he lifted himself to the wheelchair, he did it without hustle or out of breath, the guy is not paralyzed yes he is but I mean with surgery and rehabilitation he can use both his legs and walk

Me: we going to talk...about your legs they are working! "

Him: I know "

He said wheeling himself inside the room

Me: you have an incomplete spinal cord injury, Ntsika this means you can walk "

Him: I know "

Me: are you even listening to me?"

I said blocking his way

Him: I did four surgeries to get me this far, if I do the fifth one chances are might not walk at all "

Me: that is 50/50 chance "

Him: I'm tired of the pain, rehab, and putting myself through hope ride, I can use my legs to walk small distances and I'm fine with that"

Me: but you could walk "

I said softly looking at him, they say a man is not beautiful but him, wow his just breathtaking

Him; Liyana...I'm still a man with or without my legs I am able not disable, in fact, I love my life just like this...now please let this go"

I stepped back and I looked at him, minutes later he came out of the bedroom all dressed up, he is wearing all black and I just drooled

Him: ooh sure help yourself" I stopped eating and looked at him, as he side smiled

Me: why you doing physio again ?"

Him: because my family is forcing me to it, look what you going to say now I know it so doesn't say it "

He stepped out of his chair and took few steps and slowly set on the couch and looked at me, it's longer than normal and making me hot

Him: come here "

I swallowed and walked towards him and set next to him

" it's Christmas Eve why are you working? "

Me: I have bills to pay "

Him: or you don't have a life you just work to exhaustion so that you would not think about how lonely you are? "

Me:uuuh I'm not lonely "

Him: that is convincing"

I laughed and he joined me,

Me: you talk about family why are you not with them ?"

Him: they not interesting as the person sitting next to me "

I looked down, ok I should be going I don't like what I feel for him, especially after he said that, I'm buzzed battling with my

mind. I'm not in love. Hell no. I'm busy right now, I don't have enough time to be wasted in this kind of situation. Ooh, shit his stuck in my mind. I have the urge to be by his side. . . fuck I am by his side,

Him: Liyana look at me "

I slowly looked up our eye locked and he side smile,

Him: what's stopping you?"

Me: uuuh?"

Him: from kissing me?"

He says coming close to my face,

Me: you able not disable what's stopping you?" I said softly

Even death has a heart.

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I'm woken up by a car door banging outside I jump up to look who is that, a drunk LT walks in

" what are you doing here..."

I look at her as she stumbled with the bottle of Hennessy in her hand

Me: LT did you drive here?"

Her: step out of my way "

She pushed me off her way and stumbled to the bathroom I stood by the doorframe between the lounge and kitchen and waited for her, few minutes later the toilet door swings open, she is really waisted

Her: Mpume right?"

She said coming out of the bathroom,

Her: do you love your father?"

Me: what?"

Her: do you love your father!"

She threw herself on the couch and looked at me

Me: I don't know my father... I know that he married my stepmother and fucked my mother who's also my stepmother's sister on the side and boom I came along "

Her: what?"

She looked at me in shock more like she kind of sobered up a bit,

Her: you have not answers me?"

Me: he died when I was very young I can't love a man I do not know "

Her: damn you such an abomination"

Me: I know that's why I'm such a screw-up! ... I not only inherited good looks from my mother but I became a hoe like her too "

I hate talking about my father, how I was conceived, worst how much of a fucked up person I really am, to be honest, I don't know where this courage came from, I frowned regretting speaking about my personal stuff to her, I took the bottle of alcohol in her hands and downed it,

Her: I wish I was like you"

Me: what? A hoe?"

Her: not hoe of cause, but I wish my father died when I was young "

I looked at her

Me: I think maybe my life would have turned out differently if I knew mine "

Her: you would have not cheated on your husband and abundant your kids if the man that conceived you out of cheating was part of your life?"

She raised an eyebrow looking at me

Me: what...how did you..."

Her: you are a stranger staying with my best friend so bite me for doing a background check on you?"

I pop my eyes open looking at her

Me: so how much do you know?"

Her: a lot let's just say I know that a church girl changed overnight to be a hoe and a thief, !"

Me: just because you did a background check does not mean you know me!"

Her: I know that you are a screw-up, and you blame everyone for your fucked up life... Most probably hate me too for knowing is much about you"

Me: bitch give me the bottle "

I took it from her hands and started drinking,

Me: don't you have a life or family instead of constantly bucking in my ear, is Christmas Eve for goodness sake!"

She heavy sigh and looked away,

Me: I bet your mother is throwing those big Christmas events..."

Her: why would you think of that?"

Me: ain't what you suburbs people live your life?"

She looked at me " you don't know me Mpume and I would prefer if you shut the fuck up about my family "

I bust out and laughed

Me: I may not know you but I know that you swimming in money, your car, that watch you wearing, your phone and perfume scream that I'm a wealthy trust fund baby... "

Her: I'm not sure if I should call you stupid or what? life learson number one is that money does not buy you happiness Mpume "

Me: but the love of family does I know that, but I just don't get why you here on Christmas eve when you should be with your family "

Me: I can't!"

I bust out and laugh more like giving her a kicking laugh

" too much love is suffocating from mommy and daddy right? "

Her: my father just died this afternoon!! So just shut the fuck up!!"

I stopped laughing and felt like kicking myself,

She took the Hennessy bottle and drank from it,

Me: LT I'm so sorry I didn't know "

She bites her lip

Her: my family has all the money in the world but ever since my parents separated when I was a young girl we never ever spend holidays together, this was the first Christmas that we were supposed to spend the holidays together as a family my mom, sister, father and I under one roof trying out this family thing, it's was the perfect moment to feel the family love all over again

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but yesterday while we chatting and laughing on the dinner table my father start choking, mom suggested that she takes him to bed but I requested that I wheel him to bed. I rode him up, propped him in bed but could not get him comfortable. In his agita, he looked straight ahead, as if he were staring at death. . . then he said the magic words to me " I'm sorry for everything...and never forget that I love you "

I was in so much shock that, I told him oxygen would help. I put tubes in his nostrils and turned on the machine. I said everything would be fine. His breathing slowed and he fell asleep. Every few minutes I checked on him. The machine purred like a human sigh.

He slept peacefully as a newborn for three hours and awoke cherubic and bright, smiling his I-love-you-unconditionally smile. I sat down looking at him I wanted to say I love you too but words did not find a way to my mouth, this morning he opened his eyes and he laid his hand on my cheek, warm and comforting. This was the same hand that had tucked me in as a

baby, taken care of me during childhood asthma attacks, the hands that cradle me, at that point I wish that God could give him time...to be my father again, His palm on my cheek, Daddy spoke to me, struggling to pronounce the words. I wish I could remember what he said. Suffice to say I felt I was receiving his blessing.

I told him that I will be the one preparing Christmas lunch, I ran across the hall as soon as my sister woke up. I wanted to tell him that I will be cooking his favorite meal but,

I saw my mom in daddy room crying it finally hit me, I had misheard. Daddy was not dying. Daddy was already dead, he died before I could tell him I'm sorry... I love you too...what kind of a daughter am I Mpume?"

I looked at her

Her: for years I hated this man...the man I called my father even on his dying days I never once showed him an owns of love, My father is dead Mpume...his dead! And he never got the chance to hear me say I forgive you"

She held her face crying while I pulled her to a hug, this was sad not only did I connect to her pain but I also realized that I too have bad blood with my mother, what's going to happen should she pass on now? But what actually got me crying too is the realization of the relationship I have with my kids,

My daughter is a teenager and last time I was with her she told me on my face that she hates me...should my time comes too would die without the love of my children?

Me: Hey it's ok... Look LT, if you feel it in your heart that you love your father then even if you did not say it out loud it does not matter, you not holding any grudges or hatred which means when your father died he was free of all the hate, allow him to rest now by allowing yourself to love him unconditional even beyond his grave"

She smile nodded

Her: thank you "

Me: it's going to be ok"

Her: I hope so... And I'm so sorry Mpume... I didn't mean to just drop this all in your lap, it just that I didn't have anywhere to go, my mom is heartbroken my sister has locked herself in her room, I just needed air!"

Me: it's ok... I'm truly sorry about your loss"

She held her face crying

God knows I suck at being sympathetic I just continued to brush her back,

I took my phone and texted Liya

" LT lost her father please get home soon she needs you"

Longed for him. Got him. Shit.

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" I have to go "

I said pulling away from his lip but he pulls me to sit on top of him, his lip finds mine and I forget I'm lost again, I feel him getting hard underneath me, We are so close to one another. Each blatantly invading the other's space, a wall of electrically charged energy making our breath come in short gasps. It is warm, I can feel the heat from his body moving into me, as blood rushes to my head, my face becoming flush with desire. Our eyes are locked together, searching. I feel his gaze uncover my soul, the very core of my being, and I have never felt so exposed before, so utterly naked while I have my clothes on. I jump, as his fingers first contact with my skin as they make their way under my top, they move following the curves downward, he grabs my waist positioning me to seat right on top of his bulge I swallow I want to pull out of his kiss but I'm drunk in his lips as my hands run on his head,

His hands now run on my forearm and make it's way to my wrists and he take my hands in his. Our hands intertwined, exploring, memorizing each line, intimately tracing each digit, working together finding each other's strength, connecting us.

A bare fraction of an inch separates our bodies and time comes to a complete stop as we continue our erotic lip dance. It is amazing how aroused I am becoming, locked together by eyes and hands, I feel as though I cannot get enough air. Nervous, or is it excitement, energy flows through my stomach, and, yes, the amazon begins its flow between my legs.

I can feel his sweet breath on my face and I yearn to taste more than his lips, so I start slowly grinding on him

Him: mmmm fuck"

A gentle breeze glides past us, caressing my face, sending yet another chill through me. I hear the steady lap of the river's water against the rocky shore and feel the cold steel of the

bridge's rail in the small of my back as he holds me captive in his strong, unforgiving, arms.

Me: mmmm " a moan escapes my mouth, as he brings my hands, still wrapped in his, behind me, pushing my chest out towards his. My nipples, already hard from the slight chill in the air, feel the heat of his body through the fabric of both our shirts. I moan softly when I feel the tickle of his stubble against my cheek, leaning me back further, he is now in control of my balance, in control of me. His warm, wet, tongue traces the curves of my ear, his breath heavy, his lips kissing me softly, driving me wild. I can feel the heat of his very erect cock pressed hard in-between my legs, and I try desperately not to rub to hard against his swollen member. He chuckles, the, oh so evil chuckle, and whisper

“patience”

as he continues to ravish my neck with attention.

I am aware of nothing

except the excitement that his causing to flow through me, head to toe. Each nerve in my body, utterly lost in him

" Wow...."

I froze as I heard a male voice speaks in the room,

" so this is the reason why you refused to go home this Christmas?"

I jumped off Ntsika and fixed my top

Ntsika: what are you doing here... How did you even find me?"

I looked up and I was met with a tall light skin dude with blond hair eating on gelly beans like his life depended on them, distracted by the water fall between my legs I stood up

Him; mmmm hallo mis dark beauty "

I swallowed moving my braids from my face,

Me: hi"

I shyly smile while I scrambled making my way to the bathroom, I look at myself in the mirror and held my mouth, what just happened?... i feel my thumping heart and my hand moves down from my chest making its way to my nana, God im throbbing, I sat on the toilet seat thinking about Ntsika, I know I

don't need a man in my life right now, my life is already complicated as it is,

I look at my wristwatch and panic hit me like a wave, It was late really late which means I'm late for my second job, at this point, I can't even go back to the hospital to change, I disposed my liner and washed my face, stepping out I found the two guys talking.

Ntsika: Mlondi I ask you a question what are you doing here?"

Other guys called Mlondi respond

" to get you off course technically I'm sick and tired of being the head of the family, mom hates how I do things..."

Nstika: what do you mean?"

Mlondi: I almost took out the Blake trash"

Ntsika: what?... Blake as in Vuyo family?"

Mlondi: yes, did you know how they treated Nwabisa... Fuck!"

Ntsika: Mlondi what did you do... "

I made my way to the room and they stopped talking as Mlondi looked at me

Ntsika: I believe our session is over "

I just nodded

Him: did you come in your car or should I call a cab for you? "

I looked at Ntsika he gave me his intimidating look, damn it how do I react now I was tongue tight with the guy a few minutes ago, and now he's kicking me out? Hold up did he just use me?

I looked at him but he just looked at me back, I want to scream but he continues to talk to the other guy,

I find it very rude of him to have a conversation with this other guy and not once acknowledge me or think of introducing me to him,

I put on my shoes and did not say a word

Him: are you all done?"

I looked at Ntshika, I don't like his tone one bit,

He just looks at me with a blank expression, at this point I feel shame wash over me, his not the man I was kissing a few minutes ago but a totally different person,

I just nodded,

Him: Thank you...see you on our next session "

My heart sink, my throat becomes dry I feel used, I ran out of the hotel with tears clouding my eyes, I took out my phone I notice that Mpume texted me, but disregarded It, just requested for a cab and drove straight to the club, I'm late...way too late! Thank God it's Christmas Eve and the club is not busy, because I was in no mood to smile and make meaningless talk

" Liya boss lady would like to see you "

Me: Fuck! "

The other bartender laughed shaking his head " good luck"

I stood outside Rose door just composing myself, the door opened and Sammy stepped out, he smiled at me but quickly stooped

Him: what's wrong?"

Me: what?"

I guess he noticed my bloodshot eyes

Me: nothing I just had something in my eyes"

I faked a smile and walked past him to Rose office

"Hi Liyana," she said looking at me, the meeting was not about me being late thank God, she gave me my bonus and told me that the club will be closed on holidays, wow bonus that alone lightened my mood,

Her: go get your things I guess I will see you next year"

Me: thank you so much, mam "

I stood up and was about to walk out but I remember sam talked about the floor manager post being available

Me: Mis Rose has the floor manager post been filled?"

She folded her hands and looked at me

Her: No..."

Me: may I...."

Her: no! ... "

Me: what?"

Her: you are already working two jobs and the less I see of you in this club the better... This place is no place for a bright beautiful girl like you, get your paper pay off your debt, or whatever, and leave this place, do you hear me!"

Me: yes mam "

Her: now go before it's get too late "

I smiled and nodded,

The smile on my face was immediately erased as I received a phone call from MPume while on Cab going home

" me and LT are at the Chisa nyama we too drunk to drive can you come and get us!!"

Me: what?"

Mpume: ooh and LT father died so..."

Me: fuck Mpume she lost her father and you bloody took her to Chisa Nyama!! Instead?"

Mpume: she was...crying I could not deal "

I dropped the call and cursed instructed the driver to change directions.

Fear is the mind-killer

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

It's Christmas Eve and my mother has been blowing up my phone about me coming home for the holidays,

" Mom I can't, I have work "

Her; it's your first Christmas outside Rose and I told Zuko to visit as well "

I bite my lip thinking

Me: Ma I have work "

Her: Rose I thought jail will change you... But you still very much a self-centered being, my child when are you going to learn that family is the most important thing in this whole world...you have not made any effort in meeting your son, is this still Oyama's doing or it's just plain you

I sigh and looked down

Me: I will see what I can do "

Her: how about you make it happened"

She drops the call on my ear, damn it!

I stood by the window that overlooked the bar downstairs thinking,

no amount of access could make up for the fact that I abandoned my son, and I am really struggling to humble myself to face him, mostly it's fear of what will I say, how would he act? Is he too grown up to need a mother?

These lingering thoughts have made it harder for me to reach out to him with every day that goes by, I don't feel I'm a "proper" mum and feel misunderstood by many people. I bet Other mothers won't even understand how I could possibly let my son go in the first place but at the time I was protecting him from his father, later on, I was protecting him from me, now I just feel he better off not knowing that both of his parents exist..."

My office door buzzer went off, I press the intercom

Me: talk"

" we short stuff tonight I was thinking we close early it's Christmas Eve after all "

Me: ok "

I said without even opening the door,

" Rose are you ok?" Ginger asked but I just nodded stupid of me thinking that she can see me,

Me: sure, please call Samukelo for me "

She sighs and walked away, a few minutes later another buzzer, I opened the door and set down,

" you asked for me? "

Samukelo said walking in,

Me: my books don't add up, we banking way too much cash and with poker night about to happen I'm going to be in shit, we need another way to clean the money we getting from the car auction "

He bites his lip thinking

Him: I told you what we need to do"

Me: I'm not going to do what Oyama did to me to another innocent person !"

Him: we can't keep money in the office Rose it's dangerous and risky...look with the money you making you swimming with the sharks now, it's either eat or be eaten, integrity does not work in this line of business "

I looked down biting my nail,

Me: can't we invest in a bookkeeper we can trust "

Him: that too risky we talking about trusting another person with our money...you already have the cops in your tail questioning you about the new house and car you bought, it's not going to work "

Me: I ran out of option"

Him: I created an off shore account under your name, but if shit goes down I don't need you going to jail again, pin this on some bimbo...that is money hungry and dumb enough to sign and not ask anything, you know someone like Ginger?"

Me: I don't trust here....., How about one of the strippers ooh this new girl that bartending, "

Him: No!"

Me: what? "

Him: not Liya"

Me: Liya?"

Him: Liyana "

I raised my eyebrow looking at him,

Him: it's not what you think.. "

Me: enlighten me?"

He chuckled and ran his hand on his chin

Me: look she is a good girl, life might have thrown her in this pit of hell, but she does not belong here, and I can't allow you to make her our mule"

Me: this life ain't cut out for no one!"

Him: can we take her out of the equation, please"

Me: mmmm she has created a very soft place in your heart "

His eyes ran around the room while I side smile

Him: she is a young beautiful and smart girl, as much as I don't want to see her working in this place I can't up and ask you to fire her"

Me: I get you...I trust that you will find a person to get us out of this mess because I don't want SARS and the Hawks on my ass "

Him: just give me few days I will see what I can do"

Me: thank you...that will be all"

He nodded stood up and attempted to walk out, but stopped and looked at me

Him: can you please do me a favor?"

Me: why?"

Him: because you are my businesses partner and talks like this should happen between us from time to time "

I breathe out loud " I'm listening"

Me: I need R5k

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...give it to Liya...I mean Liyana she won't accept cash from me, but she will accept a bonus from you "

I laughed shaking my head, I picked up the phone

" call Liyana to my office "

I said to the bartender downstairs

Him: yes mam"

I dropped the call and looked at Samukelo

Me: you like her a lot so why don't you come up and tell her?"

Him: my hands are too dirty for a girl like her"

Me: I was a good girl once, innocent and naive, I married a man whose hands were not even visible due to the thick blood he had on them, I knew this about him but love made me see the good man within an evil man, few years of my marriage was the best years of my life I knew the real Oyama, not the Nigerian drug cartel, if you treat her well she will only see the good human side of you, fuck her over not only will she see a demon in you, it will mean you created her to become bigger Simon then you... "

Him: aish I don't know "

I looked at my CCTV screen and saw Liyana standing outside my door,

Me: Focus on what you want to do, don't be scared to try stuff. You only live once. You gotta take risks at times... Now get out of here your girlfriend is here "

He side smiled and walked out, I looked at him talking to Liyana outside my door, Samkelo is kinda rough on the edges but with his tattoos, matchstick on the mouth, and that forever frown on his face, his just your typical thug, while Liyana looks like black Barbie she just gorgeous, and way too innocent.

" you asked to see me? "

I smiled looking at her,

Me: hi! Liyana... Please have a seat "

She set down I looked into her eyes and noticed that she has been crying

Me: you ok?"

Her: yes mam "

I breathe out loud, I gave her R5k cheque and told her to take few days off, as in stay home the whole of December,

" thank you so much "

Me: you welcome "

She stood up and stopped walking turned and looked at me

Her: Mis Rose has the floor manager post been filled?"

I folded my arms and looked at her, if Samukelo did not show interest in this girl she would have been the right candidate that I would use, but now I can't help to have a soft spot for her too.

Me: No..."

Her: may I...."

Me: no! ... "

Her: what?"

Me: you are already working two jobs and the less I see of you in this club the better... This place is no place for a bright beautiful girl like you, get your paper pay off your debt, or whatever, and leave this place, do you hear me!"

He: yes mam "

She sounded disappointed but this is for her own good than mine.

Me: now go before it's get too late "She smiled and walked out,

I followed suit shortly after her,

I stopped by the security room I found Samukelo talking to the bouncer

Me: can I ask you a favor?"

Him: ooh crap I know I'm not going to like your favor"

Me: son you are my business, partner, and things like this I am going asked from time to time "

He chuckled shaking his head

Me: I will be gone for few days, I trust you know the ropes to run this place on your own "

Him: few days is how many days? "

I ignored him because I myself did not have an answer on how long I would stay at my mother's house, sooner or later I have to put fear aside and confront my son.

Me: I'm a phone call away should you need anything, happy holidays "

I said walking out, I made my way to my parking and froze as I saw a white rose on my windshield, I looked around with my heart thumping on my throat, only Oyama gave me black or white roses, that could mean one thing he is in town!.

If they do it often, it isn't a mistake, it's just a behavior

🌹 Mpume 🌹

I looked at myself in the mirror, it's the morning after and I wish I can turn back the hands of time, I'm in total disgrace, as I keep seeing flashbacks of what transpired last night,

I found myself being In a local tavern on Christmas eve, this is by far the last place I thought I will find myself in, but there I was drunk as fuck, the aim of going there in the first place was to talk to LT try and comfort her, eat meat so she may sober up but one drink turned in to a

" cwalisa itafula " party.

There is something about drinking yourself to numb the pain, that just feels right in those few hours while you doing it.

After downing few drinks I realize that it was not about me comforting LT anymore for losing her father but was more about me dealing with neglect or should I say my death.

My life for the past years I felt like I'm inside a coffin buried alive and only given a pipe of air to use to breathe in with, I realized that I could disappear on the face of the earth and no one would care anyway.

To most people I'm just a bad memory or maybe to most I am just dead, so why not numb the feeling that My mother, my ex-husband, my children... My bank account, have buried me and placed a tombstone over my heard.

Not so long ago I had it all but now My life existence Just vanishes into this dank, grey layer of society at street level. The soft muck at the bottom. It's funny how I just got swallowed up in it and become another lonely woman whose body will never be identified because she has no next of kin.

With alcohol in my system and these loud thoughts in my head, I found myself crying a waterfall of tears.

" hay "

I looked into the mirror and I was meet by Liyana's huge smile,

Her: got you something for the hangover "

Me: I'm not interested!"

Her: Mpume look about last night..."

Me: don't ask me if I'm ok, don't ask me if I want to talk about it... Just don't say shit about last night ok!"

She just looked at me and bust out and laughed

I clicked my tongue and walked back to my bedroom, just when I was about to slam the door on her face she pushed her way in,

Her: you taking this way too personal

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everyone gets drunk and does crazy things, it's not a big deal "

She busts out and laughed

Me: Liyana just gets out!!"

Her: ooh come on Mpume lightin up its Christmas day for fuck sake "

Me: Liyana you find this as a joke! While there might be a video of me out there going viral, now the whole South Africa will see me crying, dancing on the table in a bloody tavern!...yet wena you laughing at my face, telling me it's no big deal"

Her: hold up! and just take few seconds and think about what you just said, I'm not sure if it's stupidity or what? But look around you, your highness! we in a fuckin township!! no one knows or cares about you!!... We are more worried about how expensive data is than to just waste it on posting yet another video of a drunk woman acting crazy! ...in this part of town you no one, just another drunk woman who had drunk way too much! And lost your morals, so relax it's happened to everyone, get over yourself"

Me: funny you should say that you are just another hoodrat that has not made it out in these slumps, You may see me as a

nobody but trust me I am something... Something that is much better than you!!! Now get the fuck out of my room"

Her: wow!"

She said and walked out, I held my mouth realizing the way I just spoke to her, Fuck!! Why do I always do this shit, the minute she banged my door I sank down and held my face,

This won't have happened if LT did not come over, and from how I acted last night that just shows that I have hit rock bottom like I have the ground under my feet now, to make it even worse

This was supposed to be LT numbing party, but here I was crying like it's my last day on earth

They say tears cleanse the soul but I feel wearier than I was before, I am insanely burned out to the point where I am physically unwell, and I have absolutely no idea what to do or

what I can even do when it comes to putting the pieces of My life together

I open my mouth and I spit toxics, I can't ever keep a friend because of my attitude, It's scary being down here, I just realize that I have a very real chance of staying down here for a long time most probably never getting up again... How do I crawl out of mud that keeps sucking me down?

The pain of being treated like a mere object. And a sense that this pain would turn into pleasure

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I have been told how nice I am my entire life. This is usually a great compliment to me. I love it when people tell me I'm nice because I am nice. In fact, throughout my life, I've tried my best to be kind, caring, empathetic, and helpful to just about everyone I meet. These qualities are the bedrock on which much of my identity is based.

I have learned over the years though that "nice" is good, but "too nice" is not. "Too nice" is the person who doesn't like to ruffle feathers. "Too nice" is the person who is afraid to set boundaries. "Too nice" is the person who is afraid to say no. "Too nice" is the person who I used to be and still am,

When I reflect back on my life and my various relationships with men, with friends, with family, and even with some co-workers, I can now see how being "too nice" was my way of staying safe, of avoiding conflict, and of remaining emotionally intact.

In a matter of few hours, I was used and spit out like I did not matter by a man I'm so much attracted to as if that was not enough my roommate just decided to insult me in my house.

I'm not sure if my humble carrying bubbly, personally is a weakness that's why people take me for a bloody ride or what!

"Can you believe mon just push forward the funeral for tomorrow!"

LT said walking into her bedroom

I lifted my head from her bed and looked at her

Me: it's festive season LT...I don't see the reason why she must be stuck in a mattress for five to ten days"

Her: Liya in case you did not know we are African that is how we do our funerals, we are not Muslim having a funeral a day after a person passing!! "

Me: you exaggerating now... You know very well that I'm right

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so out with it What really bugging you besides this? "

Her: urg forget it!"

She threw her hands in the air and stood by the window

I breathe out loud, I know she won't say a bloody word to me about why she is so upset so I decided to change the topic

Me: I'm thinking of kicking Mpume out "

Her: you still thinking?... Why usenzi?"

She rolled her eyes. . .

Me: she is selfish and I can't stand narcissist ways!!... Urg fuck maybe I should be the one moving our since it her house after all"

She busts out and laughed,

so the thing is I don't HATE Mpume but I am beginning to strongly dislike her. I have had my share of living with shitty people my mother being one, But, my current situation takes the cake.

I have lived with Mpume for few weeks but I have had enough!

I hate that I'm such a sucker for carrying for people in need, I wanted to be a good Christian and help her through all her struggles but it has reached the point where now, I think she wants to be a human dumpster fire of bad decisions and fuck it I'm done

"So she is kicking you out?"

Me: no I'm moving out! "

Her: you paid 12 months for rent in advance Liyana really? you saving on this end yet you allow yourself to lose on the other, just kick her out!"

Me: she has nothing LT!!"

She just laughed and continued to look outside the window,

Her: she is a grown-ass woman... She will find the means to survive! "

Me: it's not that simple she has fraud case over he head and she is also blacklisted to work at any financial institutes, you heard her when she was crying about the bad choices she made izolo"

" she is not your problem! ... God why do you always do this to yourself "

I just held my face

Me: because Liya The world is pretty fucked up. Good people like me always get hurt when they try to help "

Her: and then go hurt other good people. It's will be the perfect circle of life"

Me: Lethu come on! As funny as it may sound I kind of understand Mpume"

Her: ooh here we go again the pull and push stupid act!!"

Me: Lethu People don't automatically wake up with a mindset to take advantage of other people ...Mpume is just going through a lot!.."

Her: ooh bloody hell what world do you live in? The Minute you allowed Mpume in your space you gave her the keys to getting comfortable enough to treat you anyhow she wants....she is not even paying rent! But she busy Eating your food, yet now treating you like shit..."

Me: can we drop this "

She walked towards me and stood in front of me

" Listen here, The only thing that going to suck is you finding out too late, that you have a snake in your house, a vicious predator. Mpume is fighting with her demons and won't make it far in life trust me I know people like her, they drag the naive kind down with them,

As your friend please don't allow her to take your kindness for granted and knocking your shine. People can only take advantage of you as much as you let them. You do something for them once okay cool. They ask again and again then that's your part to see the same sequence and end it right then and there. . . The bitch got to go!!"

I breathe out loud and rolled over the bed picking up my cellphone that was ringing,

" hello"

" Liyana how are you "

I pop my eyes open and froze

Him: I'm sorry to call you like this but I just wanted to wish you Merry Christmas"

Me:... Who is this?"

He laughed " Oh shit...I'm sorry damn I forgot you don't have my number... It Sam...Samukelo "

I saw LT's face changing and looking at me,

Him: LIYANA are you still there ?"

Me: yah sure...wow thanks... Merry Christmas to you too "

He chuckled

Him: I was in the neighborhood and I was hoping I will see you"

I dropped my mouth open and LT was busy doing sign language asking me who am I speaking too but I was shocked to the point of my throat being dry.

***The past beats inside me like a second heart**

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

You wake up one morning and ask, "What happened?" It seemed like just yesterday that your precious son was cuddling in your arms smiling up at you and giving off those precious cooing sounds that forever melted your heart. And now, 26 years later, you find yourself at odds with him, arguing over anything and everything.

Hate is a strong word. Defined as "feeling intense or passionate dislike for someone," the description of hate is anything that resembles the child you nurtured, loved, and cared for all those years, and nothing exemplifying the grade school kid who would run home to show you that he could write out his ABCs.

"Give him time!"

I held on to the table, as my mother ran her hands on my back

Me: I can't do this...ma, nothing I say or do is getting through to him "

Her: you last saw your son when he was just a boy, he's a man now just think about all those year's he spent without his parents all I'm saying is that get to know him and create that mother and son bond"

Me: it's hard ok!! Maybe I'm not cut out for this... To be a parent!! "

Her: first and foremost change that attitude and be patient...now wash the dishes please "

She walked out and left me in the dining room, I look around this house that I once called home but it feels so cold now, these walls are so unfamiliar to me... They say Christmas is time to bring families together but I'm just hating every moment.

Zuko is his father-son, he is not afraid to talk back and that temper he displayed showed me that he has huge anger management issues,

After washing dishes, I took my car keys but stopped by the door as my phone ringed

Me: Muntu "

Her: your husband is in town "

I drop my mouth as I felt my heart beating in my throat

Her: I know you went to see your mother and son, for their own safety get out of there now "

I felt my blood gets cold as I saw my mother walking towards me with black and white roses,

Me: I need a gun and I need man to protect my family"

"Consider it done... Come straight to my house!"

I dropped the call

Mom: I found this by the gate they have no card or what's so ever "

Zuko looked at me it was like he read my expression

"Nigerian cartel wife drops in our doorstep and we found expensive black and white roses on our gate, now is that a coincidence?"

He said folding his arms

Mom: what are you trying to say these flowers are from Oyama?"

I looked down,

Me: I have to go"

Ma: Rose...my child no!"

Me. Ma I can't stay here... if he is out there..." I held my tears but they dropped down my cheeks, Mom tried to hold me but I just shook my head, I looked at Zuko

" I'm sorry," I said to him, He clicked his tongue and walked back inside the house,

My mother just cried holding her mouth, looking at my car
drove out...

Another Christmas lost

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🌹 Liyana 🌹

Samukelo hijacked me from helping my friend moan her
father... Not that I was doing any good job at it anyway, I mean
LT never shows any emotions I'm not sure if she is hurt,
heartbroken, depressed, or what? I do not expect to grieve but I
know that people grieve in different ways, and with LT, my
friend got me thinking she is somehow relieved or very mad
that her father is gone.

I was tired of trying to console a semi- grieving friend that I
resorted to agreed to spend the day with Sam, he took me on a
drive around the coast, we talking, listening to music

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grabbing food on a go and I must say I'm having a good time.

Him:...I don't work for Ms. Rose but we partners "

Me: so you telling me you did mechanical engineering and worked as security to pay for your fees?"

Him: bouncer "

I laughed " yes bouncer and one day you just decided to open up your own company that caters to security and security system for clubs and hotels?"

Him: ya!"

Me: why do I find that hard to believe?"

Him: wow are you calling me a liar?"

I laughed

Me: No but tell me something, why are you always at the club Mr. I own my own company? "

Him: to monitor my investment!"

Me: or just to look at half-naked women"

I bust out and laughed while he just sides smile,

Him: I'm more attracted to a woman with their clothes on
Liyana than half-naked women "

He said looking at me, I just smiled and looked down

Me: your girlfriend must be pretty understanding that you work
in such a place? "

I'm fishing and he can see right through me,

Him: I guess your boyfriend must be too"

I looked outside the window,

Me: I work two jobs I don't have time for relationships"

Him: Liyana now that, I don't believe"

Me: honestly I don't get guys, maybe it's me angazi. I am at a
stage in life where I think and look back that all the guys I have
met have never wanted to be in a relationship with me.

I mostly question myself if there is something wrong with me? I
just feel I'll never find someone who will truly love me, would

want to be with me and that I'll also have the same feelings for him. . . it's just complicated"

Him: maybe you just searching in the wrong places... "

Me: urg it does not matter now, I had high hopes when I kiss a guy I was crushing but he just turned around and ghosted me, I said fuck with this shit I'm done "

He looked at me for the longest time making me feel way too uncomfortable,

Him: I don't think that the loser that ghosted you is the real reason you are single or have such hate or doubt when it comes to love, if I heard you correctly you spoke about past relationships, I believe you learned that love should constantly feel like you exist to serve someone else's needs, and never express your own...that love feels like not being able to trust your partner, but not trusting yourself, and so never felt sure of anything.

You experienced intense cruelty, then intense relief in the moments the explicit cruelty stops. You learned that love feels like you're constantly chasing someone like you're auditioning for someone else's approval like someone else has the power to decide your worth. I'm not sure if it's your longing for safety, respect, affection – and never receiving them. You learned that love is never feeling loved back. You learned that you do not deserve love, and should be grateful for any attention you get. . . These lessons were wrong, so wrong. But they're what you know...you have invested your energy in other people's needs before. Do it for yourself, now. Invest in friendships, creative pursuits, hobbies that make you happy. Remember what happiness feels like, cherish it, so you won't let someone steal it from you."

Me: wow "

Him: I see you Liyana I just hope one day you will see yourself too"

I nodded I did not even realize that we are outside my house until the car came to a halt,

I was quite as well as him, no man has ever spoken to me like this, ... I'm conflicted on what to do next,

Him: I had fun..."

Me: me too"

I pressed my lip together and ran my eyes around the car,

Me: ooh by the way thank you for talking to Mis Rose to me about the manager's post "

Him: ooh... I'm sorry you did not get it...

Me: yah it was such a bummer I mean she just said no, without even listening to me, Do you know why?"

Him: uuuh she just told me she needed a person with finance background willing to earn minimum wage...and you did not have that experience so yah"

I nodded looking down,... I may not be the right fit but Mpume is, she knows book was a CFO for Dlamini Plantation now the tricky part is confusing miss all high and mighty to apply for a job at a strip club so she can get the fuck out of m hair!

The sleeping fox catches no poultry

🌹 Mpume 🌹

It's the day of the funeral and I'm forced to attend, I made scones and biscuits for Liya to take to the Khumalo family as a good gesture, I slaved in the kitchen baking the whole night but she just said

" you bake them, you take them "

As much as I may have apologized for talking to her in a bad manner yesterday, she is very much still angry at me.

Me: I don't have any clothes to wear"

Her: how is that my business?"

I sigh and ruffled up my old clothes, one designer black dress and hills,

I have sold all of my wigs and. rocking my natural hair felt like a nightmare, I'm too plain with a touch of scrap makeup I got on.

I walked out with a huge frown on my face, Liya did not even look at me

Her: I requested, our car is coming "

I just nodded and continued to fix the most unfixable outfit I have ever worn.

The car finally comes and the drive to the Khumalo house was quiet, the minute the driver took a turn to

Glenashley the most expensive suburban area in Durban my heart stopped.

I can't be here I can't be seen in this place worst looking like this...

"Let's go"

Me: Liya, I can't...."

Her: ooh sure, feel free to pay the driver for another trip back towhat is the word....uh the slumps!"

She said walking towards the Most beautiful house I have ever seen,

" wenzanjani Sisi uyakhokha or?" The Uber driver said,

I swallowed, breath out loud, and stepped outside the car, it's me and the Tupperware container in my hand as I followed Liyana when I finally catch up with her stopped her

Her: what?"

"I hate that you find pleasure in bossing me around look I may have nothing right now, but stop using that as a tool to be the boss of me.."

Her: me boss you around?, last time I checked I'm not the one that doesn't pay rent, eat free food and yet bite... spit on the hand that feeds her "

Her: ooh for the fuck sake how many times do I have to say sorry to you!!"

Her: I don't need your sorry I need you to take the job offer and get off my hair Mpume, I'm sick and tired of babysitting your grown ungrateful ass!!"

Me: I am not working at a strip club!!!!..."

I said with a frown this girl does not recognize me yet allow see my value,

Her: do you have another option... Better yet a choice?"

She said folding her arms looking at me, I looked down not sure what to say back

"Look Mpume Since childhood

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our parents and teachers start motivating us by saying,

“Just study hard for 10 years and life will be easy”.

Then after 10 years we go to college and hear the same thing, study hard for few more years, you will get a good job and then life will be easier.

After you finish your degree, you are ready to reap the rewards of the hard work you did in college. Then you start applying for jobs but the real struggle begins when you can't find it due to you not having enough Experience, that is the real world

Mpume! that the world that most of us graduates deal with every day,

You keep applying for jobs but are stuck in this frustrating vicious cycle

Of not getting what you want, but anything will do now!! To build up to get where you want to go...I hate that I have to work two jobs worst part work in a bar, but I do what I have to do!...

for your information I was not bagging or asking you I was telling you to take that job or get the fuck out of my house!"

I continued to look down

Her: bloody Take charge of your own life. Take the initiative to see what needs to be done, determine your priorities, and let people know that you will take care of your own, then do it. It's called responsibility and accountability. . . bloody grow the fuck up and stop leaving in the world of handouts! "

She looked at me and I opened my mouth to say something but she stopped me with her hand

Her: what the fuck?oh my God "

I turned and looked behind me where Liya's eyes were fixed at and I saw my past flashing before my eyes,

Me: ooh Shit! "

I saw Mvelo, Menzi, Nkonzo, Austin, Sbu, Thami and some other two fine-looking guys approaching us, behind them was the wife's and girlfriends I presume, Sbahle, Sindy, Siswati and some other gorgeous women looking like international models, I wanted to dig a hole there and there to shove my self in. Ooh no, this is not happening to me not when I look like shit!

Broken glass. It's just like glitter, isn't it?

🌹 Liyana 🌹

This girl tells me she has no clothes while she wearing a Harry Winston designer dress, red bottom hills, and that hair does not even look natural from the way she has fixed it, I'm tall, skinny two shades of dark compared to her glowing light skin yet she still thinks she is not pretty enough?

Ok, I know I said I'm disliking my so-called roommate but looking at her all dressed up and polished, I fuckin envy her!

They say never wish to have another person's life because all that glitter is not gold, but come on, The bitch had it all, the looks, the money, a loving man, good Job, and I still say stupidly got her back to the dusty street of ekasi. If it was me married to the Dlamini Gold mine I would have done way better than her,

It's true that God only gives idiots such a life while we loyal people remain his servant, I work two jobs making scraps worst part my love life is none existence.

I'm pissed not at Mpume, but at my life as a whole, and coming to this high profile funeral, just made me hate my life, even more, my self-confidence has just taken a back seat and I'm dealing with anxiety and a whole of why not me God silent cries.

It's not helping that I got Mpume by my side who is making the most irritating nags with her voice, while all the men in here are busy lusting at her, while I just remain her shadow, fuck I hate her!

Just when I was about to tell her to shut the fuck up, out of a blue qhamu thushu the last person I thought I will ever see...

In his Slim cut black suit, his more handsome than the last time I saw him, his side smile slowly dissolves as our eyes meet,

Our eyes lock he narrow his eyebrows while I mouth " what the fuck?"

I look at him and I notice that he's surrounded by the finest guys I have ever seen in my life, hold up is that King Mnguni? And Pastor Majozi Jr

" I think I'm going to be sick "

Mpume said and shoved the Tupperware container in my hands and dash off inside the house, now grate I look like a scarecrow with goodies on my hand.

"Liyana "

His voice says next to me, I look at him from head to toe, I'm not sure if I'm angry or hurt or surprised, I mean he's the guy that abandoned me to look after our mother the minute I finish matrix, he sends R500 cheque every month and R1500 once in every Blue Moon while I have to hustle to feed her, clothe her, pay her bills, I feel a lone tear running down my cheeks

" what's going on here?" a red hair girl said, standing next to him,

she asks, not even looking at me, does she know about me? or My brother has just forgotten that he once had a family,

Me: Mangalisa " I finally open my mouth,

Him: what are you doing here?"

Me: out of everything you could ask me, you rather ask me that? "

Him: I'm... "

Red hair girl: Zichubu I ask you a question? "

The white girl said frustrated, she even pronounced our surname incorrectly busy looking at me up and down.

" hay Liya are you ok?"

tears drop from my eyes as I felt Lethu hands on my back, I just shook my head, looking away I think whatever Mpume had was contagious because I too feel sick now,

We were disturbed by another person walking in this small reunion circle me and my strange brother have created outside the Khumalo residents,

" hi Lethu "

Sbusiso Ngcobo said looking at Lethu, he did not say much but hugged her,

The hug lasted longer than usual, and I notice that there were more of these high-profile people walking towards us

I just stepped back and walked inside the house leaving him behind with his eyes burning my back.

I found Mpume on one of the guest bathrooms fanning herself,

"I can't be here," she said pleading with me,

Me: I don't want to be here too but I'm here for Lethu "

Her: you don't understand..."

Me: just cut it off! God damn it this shit is not about you!! Look I got shit load of stress as we speak... So bloody put on a smile...a pretty face and let's go face this douchebag that are making more money than us!"

I breathe out loud and looked at her she swallowed and nodded, as we walked out of the bathroom, Lethu gave us her car to drive to the service, for once I felt a little classy, it ain't my car but the saying says fake it till you make it right?

The service was boring but thank God it was short, my body was in there but my mind was at home under my bed covers crying my lungs out, I kept taking glances at my brother, he looked good very good I wonder if he knows that our mother has made me her mill ticket, that I got bills up to my neck paying for our mother's medical bills and her expensive lifestyle, he looks happy with the white girl, he must have made it in life to be dating such a hot girl and did just like most black guys do when they reach this stage, turn their back on their family... I'm not surprised it's the norm in African culture but I'm disappointed but mostly I wish I was free from these chains im in as well.

"Dated him or fucked him?" Mpume said next to me,

Me: I shared a womb with him "

Her: ooh I see the resemblance now... So that makes you Becky sister in law"

Me: Becky who?"

Her: the red hair, hourglass body, holding on to your brother...her name is Becky Van Vyk*

Me: you know here?"

She just gave me the are you going to ask me that question?"
Kind of a look

Me: urg of cause you do "

We chuckled while making our way to the buffet table

Her: cover me..."

Me: what?"

Her: follow my lead..."

I was about to ask her what for when a gorgeous lady stood before us,

" hallo Nompumelelo "

She said with the most brightest smile I have ever seen, she is tall caramel in complexion, with sexy round boobs showing on her black dress damn are those fake or real?

Mpume: Sindisiwe"

The Sindisiwe lady smiled back

Sindy: you know I heard you were in town "

Mpume: you heard right "

Mpume faked the smiled

Her: damn you still look good..."

Mpume: I see motherhood got you a little bit wider in the hips and boobs... How many kids now three?"

Sindy looked at me and back at Mpume, I know that look that says if only we were not in such a place I would have kicked your ass, that's the look Sindy has on her face, I want to intervene and say shut it too Mpume but something was amusing to watch her talk and act like this,

Sindy: I see things don't change...you still hating on everyone as if we the one that ows you an apology "

Mpume: just like the things don't change when you think you have figured everyone else but forgot to acknowledge your own problems, get out out of my face Sindy and attend to your husband his kind of getting too comfortable with his baby mama, they may be thinking of making another child behind your back "

I pop my eyes open in shock fuck this girl's mouth is toxic, I saw Sindy bite her lip, she pointed a finger at her, she was about to throw shades too

But just smiled and shook her head and said :

"Only those beneath me can envy or hate me but the truth of a matter is I have never been envied nor hated since I'm above no one, however Only those above me can praise or belittle me, but in my case, I have never been praised nor belittled cause I ain't below no one. . . continue to run your mouth I ain't shaken, have good life Nompumelelo"

She turned and shook her ass leaving me with a boiling Mpume

Me: wow what just happened?"

Her: reality check... Of what I was once used to be?"

I laughed shaking my head and looked at my buzzing phone "

" meet me, at River Side hotel at 15h00... Ntsika"

I pop my eyes open in shock how did he get my number? Urg!

Her: and that look?"

Me: it's nothing "

She grabbed the phone from my hand and looked at it

Her: wow... Five-star hotel? Is this your boddycall?"

clicked my tongue and snatch my phone from her hand,

Her: girl it's the festive season and you don't want to be stuck in the house with the broke me, if you got a man who wants to spoil you in a five-star hotel go for it, "

Me: it's not like that...urg I'm not sure if the guy feels me or not and...you know what forget it "

She busts out and laughed

Her: what? hell no if I'm taking the club job you also going to take my advice"

I laughed shaking my head

" you suck at giving advise who knows I might end up in tavern as well"

We bust out and laughed

Her: I know... I know but getting you out of the house for a day so I can have peace and quiet so listen to my thoughts is worth the try"

I drop my mouth open like this girl can she really?

Her: look no matter if he likes you or if he does not, it doesn't matter. if he wishes to see you it means he likes what he saws in you, "

I rolled my eyes feeling embarrassed

To be having this talk in such a place,

Her: man are stupid they fall in love with their eyes FIRST"

Me: what?"

Her: It's true; men are the most superficial people out there. Women are much more flexible when it comes to looks. Men are blinded by the physical, so badly at first, it's literally all they see. They overlook many aspects, which may be detrimental to their relationship, and they undervalue qualities that are good for them; the things they should be looking for go out the window. But this is only temporary. So while he's on the look and lust stage that where you grab him use him bling him make him see what you want him to see "

Me: ooh my God Mpume what?"we both bust out and laughed, we even forgot we in a funeral, I look around trying to spot Lethu the only person we came here to console and she is nowhere to be seen,

Her: fuck your brother is coming this side are we still going to look for Lethu or should I scare the birds away like I did with Sindy "

I bust out giggled and dragged her by her hand and we walked out laughing,

We jumped in Lethu car and we drove off,

I have seen Mpume grumpy, crying moody but mostly just plain rude but today I just saw another side of her, she is crazy fun when she feels like it.

Her: you were right!"

Me: about?"

I said looking at her

Her: I need to take control of my life!... Seeing what used to be my life today made me sad but not depressed enough to run and hide,"

Me: I found you in toilet Mpume unable to breath"

Her: do you really have to correct me at everything?"

I laughed " ya... Because you act stupid at times "

Her: I'm broke like a church mouse can you blame me "

We bust out and laughed

Her: but on the real thought today I realized that I just need to get out there and do what I do best..."

Me: Which is?"

Her: make money grow bitch! "

I looked at her and bust out laughed

Me: even if it means working in a strip club?"

Her: let's just say I just see a bigger picture in everything... Just like Jay Lo started from there...and look where she is?"

I pop my eyes open and shook my head

Don't forget - beautiful sunsets need cloudy skies.

🌹 Liyana 🌹

They say After tears are a way in townships of 'celebrating', paying of last respects to the deceased and way to send condolences to the bereaved family. ... This phenomenon is something many people who live in the townships have come to accept as part of living...

What me and Mpume did was just utterly crazy, we bought Savannah ciders and started drinking, sharing stories from our past.

There was no point in keeping the fact that my mother is the president of black tax,

And avoiding the topic with Mpume was just useless because my mother has been blowing my phone for hours on end.

Looks like my brother made himself the most crowned Ziqubu Prince yet again, yet I'm used as the sacrificed lamb for the feast,

Last time I checked my mother has two working children but even with his child under her roof she still calls me demanding more money,

"Liyana your brother is home, and he has brought along with him, his WHITE fiance, I need to make special dinner for them can you transfer R1000, to my account"

Like really mother? I gave you my entire bonus money to use for Christmas but still, I'm asked for more?

" your mother has issues "

Mpume said in her drunk state

Me: your mother has even bigger issues "

We bust out and laughed,

Her: you right about that, I wonder what would have my life turned out to be like if I was not raised by her"

Me: you still blame her for how your life turned out"

Her: she is my mother of cause I blame her!"

I raised my hand to surrender but she continued

Her: look I was groomed to be the perfect wife, not a woman not mother to my kids but a perfect wife, 9 years of my life I spend with a man with trust issues he loved the happy home, the warmth of it and I had to be his barefoot wife slaving in the kitchen, Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal ready on time for his return. This is a way of letting him know that I have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs.

..demanded I give him more babies...which means I have sex with him to fulfill a purpose, don't get me wrong his sex game was good...but most important he wanted a family which I gave him, so here I was breastfeeding taking care of his children They are after all his little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part. Minimize all noise. At the time of his arrival, Try to encourage the children to be quiet.

Be happy to see him.

Greet him with a warm smile and show sincerity in my desire to please him.

Forced to Listen to him. I may have a dozen important things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. I will just have to let him talk first – remember, his topics of conversation are more important than mine,

My goal: Try to make sure that our home is a place of peace, order, and tranquility where my husband can renew himself in body and spirit. My mother told me never ever greet my husband with complaints and problems.

So I learned to keep quiet Don't complain if he's late for dinner or even if he stays out all night. Count this as minor compared to what he might have gone through at work.

Make him comfortable. Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or lie him down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him.

Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soothing, and pleasant voice.

Don't ask him questions about his actions or question his judgment or integrity. Remember

he is the master of the house and as such will always exercise his will with fairness and truthfulness. You have no right to question him.

A good wife always knows her place..."

She took her sip and down her drink

While I was still trying to pull up my bottom lip from the floor

Her: yet the world says she is a bitch, she is cheater... Had a busted child outside her marriage worst part she abandoned her children after divorce, ...girl I say fuck them!! They don't know my life, the painted perfect family picture was just that a picture! I got married when I was 19 for year's I slept with one man for years my husband, I knew no life than the life of being a good wife....so I started hating, envying, lusting, and desiring the world outside my walls, I wanted what Zoe Cindy and Gugu have a fun relationship with their partners "

Me: so you cheated?"

Her: my husband was gone for weeks out on business, when he got home he just wanted to fuck me, play with his children... Fuck me again, eat his food and just say I'm tired baby will go on holiday next time"

Me: not a reason for you to cheat though "

Her: shut up!!"

I laughed

Her: you lost a good life... When you could have just resolved this issue by talking...seeing someone..."

Her: good life!?... I was bored to death "

Her: urg you rich people and these white problems... So you were depressed and fell on top of another man's dick loved it so much you did again and again..."

She hit me with popcorn telling me to shut up, I bust out and laughed and made my way to the door, to attend to the knock, in my mind I'm thinking it's LT coming to get her car but a man stood there looking at me more like looking down on me

Me: may I help you "

Him: are you Ms. Ziqububu "

" mmmm hulala hay handsome"

Mpume said standing next to me,

Me: Mpume shut up!uuu. Yes I am"

Man: please come with me "

Me: I'm not going anywhere with you until you tell me what do you want?...and who are you? "

Him: Kin...I mean Ntsika asked that I come to get you "

I looked at Mpume in shock

Me:...uum tell him I will see him tomorrow "

Man: please tell him yourself mam his in the car waiting for you "

I pop my eyes open, I kept hitting Mpume's hand that was fixing my tank top that was dropping over my one shoulder,

Me: stop it " I said to her

Mpume: tell your boss she is coming she is just freshening up "

Mpume slammed the door on the guy face

Me: Mpume what the fuck!

Her: go wash your mouth, fix your hair, change this slutty shirt"

Me: I'm not doing that shit!"

Her: if that fine-looking guy is your man's driver it means your man is loaded... Now listen to me, if you want to be out of this place and you want to get your mother of your hair, there is your ticket outside the door! So what is it going to be?"

Me: Mpume my mother never raised me to be..."

Her: to be what her mill ticket?"

I bite my lip looking at her...

"I'm no slay queen Mpume...I'm, no gold digger...stop talking to me like I'm you!!"

She laughed shaking her head

" of cause you none of those things... All I'm saying is that what if the guy likes you...like really likes you then what?"

I pushed her off my way

Me: I guess I will just have to find out!"

Her: Liya...not dressed in denim shorts and tank tops"

I rolled my eyes and opened the door and walked out,

I found the driver standing outside a shiny black car, I don't know car models but this car looked expensive, too expensive. fuck now I feel underdressed damn it! I should have listened to Mpume, the driver opened the door for me and I reluctantly jumped in, the feel of the leather seat under my thighs made me hold my savannah smelling breath in

I looked next to me and he sits there, His eyes are fixed on his tab all I'm seeing is stock market candle bars in different colors fluctuations on his screen his cologne alone is intoxicating making it hard for me to breath

Him: I texted " he said not even looking at me

Me: I saw "

Him: I called "

Me: I ignored "

He snickered

"Kaye asivaye Mfethu "

" Sure boss, " the driver said

The car engine started and I shifted and looked at Ntsika

Me: Ntsika I'm not going with you!"

Him: I ignored"

He said looking at me for the first time, I looked at his eyes and I swallowed...not this again I'm not falling for this again!"...oh shit!

Sometimes you don't know when you're taking the first step through a door until you're already inside

🌹 Liyana 🌹

The drive to nowhere was quiet, it was just me looking outside the window, I was not angry as I thought I should be feeling at this point, maybe its the expensive car that I'm in, or the piano mix playing in the background that got me bouncing my head in slow motion,

" Liyana..."

He said softly in my ear making my blood rush, I turned to look at him and his face was too close to mine, looking at him through the ray of light that came through the dimmed window of his car was like me looking at the sunrise, his arrogant as fuck but his looks always leave me breathless...

I swallowed looking at him, with his small eyes I was not sure if he's looking at me or what,

Him: I...im mm...just..."

He cleared his throat and ran his hands on his head as the car came to a halt

me: what are we doing here? "

him:" I left the oven on"

I gave him what the heck look, he chuckled and bite his cheek

him: "I just want to talk "

me: we could have done that outside my house "

him: "we could have, but I hate public space "

I just looked at him and folded my arms

him: "Liyana ngiyakucela"

I just nodded and we made our way out, it was the very same hotel that I was in two days ago the very same hotel that I walked out with tears in my eyes after the stunt he pulled,

he navigated his eclectic wheelchair while I followed him, I'm folding my arms, I feel way underdress and the staff here is looking at me like I'm some kind of hobbo

him: " are you ok? "

me: "yah"

him: "Liyana? " I looked at him not sure if I should tell him of my insecurities or not or should I just keep it inside, the debate in my head faded as the elevator door opened and I realized that we were in a different room this time, it's not like the one I was in last time, it looks more like a pant house bigger, open space, with different deco

I stepped out and looked at this beautiful place, now this is a place that I would love to own one day,

Me: Is this your place?"

I turned and looked at him he was using a walking stick walking to the kitchen

Him: I only use it when I'm in Durban, can I offer you anything....juice, coffee?..."

He did not answer me at all and I was not sure if I should persist and ask more about him owning a five-star hotel or a room in such a place, so I just looked away and asked for cold water.

Me: you said you want to talk... Wow! " I froze I looked at him moving like wind making his way to the fridge

He laughed

Him: it's a hoverboard my niece got it for me for Christmas"

Me: and yet I thought you were flying on broom or something"

He busts out and laughed, damn his hot that smile alone made me forget that I was even annoyed

Him: yah because a man like me practice witchcraft right?"

I bite my lip and looked away, as he placed a bottle of Appletiser on the counter, and looked at me make his way towards him, it was something about the way he looked at me that made me feel like he's undressing me, why this walk to the counter feels like a thousand miles,

"The things that the scrubs can hide mmm fine legs you got "

I blushed and looked away,

Me: thank you "

He stood there just looking at me, and as I took the appetizer and drank up,

Me:uuuh so your niece, how old is she?"

I said avoiding the topic of my legs, he side smile

Him: aish I don't know how old Zee is...I know she is an inquisitive teenager though"

Me: and she got you such an expensive gift?" I said with a raised eyebrow, She must have a hell of an allowance I thought to myself

Him: it's just a gift Liya.., come help me dish up in here"

I notice that he was cooking indeed

Me: so you were telling the truth? "

Him: yah... I kinda wanted us to cook together but you ignored me earlier"

Me: do you blame me?"

I jumped and sat on the counter,

Him: kind off...."

I swallowed my drink and looked at him as he made his way to the oven

Me: what does that supposed to mean?"

Mmmm that Lamb roast looks wow

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hold up did he cook that?

Him: it means if you have something in your mind just say it" he said taking out two plates as he started dishing up.

Him: I'm waiting..."

I finally look up and our eyes locked, his eyes are small, yet big like Korean or Asian eyes, he has the most distinguished look that I have ever seen,

Me: waiting for what?"

He side smile

Him: for you to correct my wrongs"

I bite my lip looking down

Him: look Liya I'm sorry...for Whatever selfish gratification I thought I'd gain by my foolish act that soon disappeared like a wisp of cloud under the noonday sun when

I saw the look in your eyes when you realized what I had done. Your pretty mouth dropped open slightly and you were at a loss for words. You didn't need to say anything, anyway, because I saw it all in your eyes--betrayal, disillusionment, revulsion. At that moment, I just wanted to crawl under a rock somewhere and hide. But now that I understand the gravity of what I've done, my actions have filled me with self-loathing and remorse. It's difficult for me to look in the mirror and I'm not proud of the man I see there when I do.

Look I have no excuse for what happened and saying "I'm sorry" hardly seems adequate. But if you could forgive me this time, I promise you this will never happen again"

I looked at him and noticed that he was standing between my legs, he meant every word I confirmed it in the tone of his voice and the look in his eyes, I looked down not sure what to say or what to do, no man has ever apologized to me in my entire existence.

Him: Liya?"

Me: I don't know..." I said softly, he then raised my head with his finger making me look at him

Him: don't know what?"

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Him: allow me to know for the both of us and allow me to make you figure it out in due time "

Me: what are you trying to say?"

I said softly as I felt his breath too close to my face, he side smiled but frowned and held on to my waist

Me: Nstika?are you ok, does it hurt? "

him: uuummmm "

Me: oh my God, can I get your wheelchair, "

Him: uuuuuh no! just hold me"

" Ntsika you straining your legs...you need to sit down "

He raised his heard biting his lip,

Him: help me!" He said out of breath, I held his shoulders

Me: what should I do?"

Him: this.."

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As I also worked my tongue against his, moaning into his mouth, as I desperately tried to keep up with his voracious appetite. He pulled his lips away, still glaring down at me with those sultry eyes

Him: I can't get you out of my mind "he said softly running his thumb along my lip moving them to my cheeks

Me:mmmm"

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***Sometimes our walls exist just to see who has the strength
to knock them down ***

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

It's been three days since Muntu told me that Oyama is in
town, not only did I rattled everyone I work with but even the
cops became my friends

My entire movement is under gape,

My house is heavily guarded I now have a driver and the club is
like another prisoner, all for the fact that we all think that
Oyama is in town,

Yet None of us has ever seen him and we take all these extreme
measures for a ghost,

This was a strange feeling altogether for me, I want to kill the man with my bare hands but I'm a nervous or should I say I have anxiety about what if, what if I froze what if he overpowers me worst what if he kills me?

I'm brought back to reality by my ringing phone, I picked it up and rolled my eyes.

" ma, I'm fine"

I say pinning my phone on my ear as I type on my laptop.

Her: Have you called Zuko?"

I breathe out loud and stopped what I was doing,

Me: he is not picking up my calls, "

Her: I don't know whether you understand yet why your son has pulled away, but the good news is, he has given you some clues. Keep in mind that none of what your son says makes you bad parents. Even parents who do their absolute best will sometimes unwittingly leave their children feeling hurt in one way or another. . . don't give up on annoying him as I do to you "

I laughed

Me: ma, you not annoying "

Her: mmm that is why you roll your eyes every time you pick up my call"

I held my mouth and laughed, truth of the matter is my mother is the only person that makes me grounded or remind me of the person I used to be, I wish at times I can go back to that simple life but I'm too far gone now, we talked for few minutes and finally hang up.

I look at the time shit I'm late for my meeting,

I walked out of my office and meet Ginger walking in with a thick light skin girl, damn she is hot

Me: I'm out, for my meeting, "

Her: dressed like that?"

It was just a black jumpsuit nothing fancy, I don't know what's the big deal,

Me: don't start..."

Her: I see the ladies came out to play... "

I frowned and fixed my breast as she giggled

Me: Who is she?"

I said pointing at the girl with my eyes

Her: she came for the floor manager position, referred by Sam "

Me: she is gorgeous"

Her: and Smart too, will see if she agrees to our package"

I looked at how the girl looked around my club and notice how her posture alone made customers look at her

Me: we desperate Ginger and a girl like her will do us good, please don't fuck this one out "

She rolled her eyes and started walking away,

I jumped in my car and the driver drove me to the spot, I look at myself in the mirror and I breathe out loud,

"Act like a woman to him not this arrogant boss lady in a club...we need his connections " I remember Sam words as I enter the place and scan the room, I force a smile when I saw where he has chosen our table,

Me: I'm sorry I'm late "

Him: traffic?" He raised his eyebrow and I smile as I slide into the seat. Now the game begins.

Him: can I order you anything?"

I'm agitated I haven't done this coffee business meeting in year's, especially with a man, a man that looks like my ex-husband dark skin, well groomed, and well built

Me: coffee please "

I said placing my diary on the table

Him: How was your Christmas Rose?"

I look at him and breathe out loud how do I act nice when I hate everything that has a penis that's trying to approach me.

Me: I spend it sleeping "

Him: mmm loneliness?"

Me: Mr. Msomi..."

Him: please call me Sandile "

Me: Sandile...uurm please can we focus on Business..."

He placed my order with the waitress while I opened my diary

Me: So I looked at your offer, and I'm glad to say I can squeeze you in, but it will be very costly "

Him: excellent... Don't worry money is not an issue" he not even looking at me but busy looking at the menu

Me: however I did few changes, I can only host poker night in my club on Thursday, between 18h00 to 21:00 am... "

Him: why not Friday?"

Me: The club specializes in adult entertainment during the Weekends"

Him: I see I will run that by my partners but I don't think it will be a problem"

I nodded

Me: should we proceed to..."

He faked a yawned and placed his hand on his chin looking at me, I was not sure if I should go on or stop

Him: Wouldn't it be easier to erect fences rather than a wall? "

Me: what?"

Him: a fence has a dual purpose mechanism, you still feel protected yet you are in control of who you allow in

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more like a filtration system..."

I set back and looked at him

Me: I don't quite follow on what you saying "

Him: I invited you out to have this Lunch with me to talk about business but also get you out of your comfort zone, but these walls you have on are hard to break, frankly I hate chasing a women Rose, and looking Into your eyes I see that whatever you have been through I will have to prove to you a tan thousand times more that im, not him..."

I cleared my thought I was not liking where this conversation was going now

Him: why prove something that I'm not interested in "

Him: because walls exist just to see who has the strength to knock

them down"

He side smile

Me: and you think you have that strength? "

Him: as odd as it may sound, I never married, worked hard to build my empire...money power is everything

To a man like me, But at my age, I feel like I'm a hamster running on a spinning wheel. The wheel may be turning, but the hamster has no life or what so ever, The only thing that makes me feel human is having my grandchildren visit me during school holidays... I have nothing but time and strength is mustered through time and patience"

I opened my mouth to say something but the waitress placed a plate of food in front of me,

Me: I did not order this? "

Him: I did, may you kindly have lunch with me please"

Me: but..."

Him: it's just Lunch Rose "

I sigh and bite my lip, looking at the mouth-watering food in front of me, I kept telling myself that we are just business partners or soon to be and we just having businesses Lunch... Although anyone that sees that glint in his eyes might think otherwise. . . God knows that I'm not going to entertain whatever he has to offer apart from him making me more money.

We eat in silence kept taking glimpses of each other, my head keeps telling me that I'm not attracted to him one bit but my heart is thumping like a drum debating with my head

Him: you look way too uncomfortable "

Me:... I'm sorry but this is not my kind of a meeting "

Him: you overthinking it, besides we done with business now, just consider this as new found friendship which may represent a new world in us, a world possibly not born until you have arrived, and it is only by this meeting that a new world is born."

He says holding my free hand, I look at his hand and I feel like screaming, I should be standing up and making a scene but my feet do not move and my mouth those not open,

The waitresses come to fetch out empty plates giving me a chance to slowly move my hand under his,

He's busy talking to the waitress, while I take some time to look at him, he's wearing a shirt, crispy white shirt that is hugging him on his arms which I kind of enjoy looking at, he left few buttons open and flapping revealing a white t-shirt. My mind wanders, lamenting getting to watch each button pop open and showcase some flesh, but I catch his eyes looking at me, and I look away He sees my smile and his expression changes to amuse causing me to Question him with my eyes

Him: you have a beautiful smile"

"Mr Msomi, I don't mix business with pleasure"

He nodded

Him: nothing attractive like a hard-working lady... But have you ever asked what is pleasure in business? Cause to me is just an

act to feel good. You can choose to feel good with accomplishment from your business..."

Me: you sound like an expert "

He laughed revealing his perfect white teeth

Him: I don't see you as my business partner but a beautiful woman that knows her worth that alone makes me feel lucky to have this chance to spend with you"

He said looking at me for the longest time

I'm not ready for a relationship my head keeps telling me, it isn't a good time for me to have a relationship.

I can't plan to spend any of my free time with him, because my work, family, and my own personal crap that is too overwhelming to allow someone new to occupy any time. . . the worst part is I don't trust into ethi Ndoda, no matter what he says or how good-looking he may be he will always walk with the shadow of my ex-husband... I frowned and immediately stood up, how can I be so stupid to allow my heart to feel things for this perfect stranger.

Him: Rose "

Me: I have to go..."

He was also on his feet he tried to hold my hand but I stepped back,

Him: Rose..."

Me: thank you for lunch... But I'm sorry I can't do this..."

I said walking away from him, I rushed outside and jumped into my car,

Me: take me home now!!"

I held my mouth suppressing my tears from falling down as the car drove off,

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love is only a sweet poison for the weakling, but for those with a lion's heart, it is the reverently reserved wine of wines

🌹 Mpume 🌹

I look at this place and I smiled to myself, this is the platform I need to start all over, a chance to leave the ghetto and to be independent again.

Me: I will take it "

The lady looked at me with a raised eyebrow, she is one beautiful lady I must say, she looks mixed, colored with a big ginger afro, her future reminds me of someone that I know but I just can't seem to put my finger on who it is though?

Her: are you sure?"

I smiled and looked at her

Me: yes I am certain"

She nodded,

Her: ok will draft your contract, it will be good for signing when you report for duty"

Me: ook thank you "

Her: Ooh and Mpume be mindful I'm just a senior manager in this place, I mostly run the upstairs bar so the one lady you need to impress is Miss Rose who overlooks everything in here"

Me: I will do my best "

Her: good then... So I have your contact and will call you when the paperwork is ready"

Me: Thank you Ms. Ginger this means a lot "

She smiled, we shook hands, both stood up, she walked me out and finally when I was outside I screamed

" did you get the job ?" that was Liya text

I decided to text her back

" yes, I can't believe I'm going to be your boss"

Her: LoL the hell will you ever be the boss of me! "

I laughed shaking my head, making my way to the taxi stop,

thanks to Liyana for giving me this opportunity God knows where would I have ended up if she did not take me in,

I was smiling to myself, I was so happy that I did not even mind the Durban sun, even though I wish my skin was not this light because I know that this heat will leave my skin red, finally, I find a shaded area and now the waiting begins, 5min of waiting for a public transport felt like an hour to a person like me who hates waiting

A car park in front of me and my heart skips a beat, looking at how flashy the car is.

The dimmed windows slide down and my mouth slightly opened as my eyes meet the driver.

"Do you need a ride?" He said looking at me,

Me: yes...but I don't think you can take me to where I'm going
"

He smiled looking at me, his teeth too white for his skin color, I could not see his eyes since he was wearing sunglasses, but I noticed that he was a bit older judging from the gray strands of hair in his beard

Him: baby girl gets in the car...before you turn tomato red"

I bite my lip, I looked in the direction of where the taxi should be coming but nothing in sight, I looked at the car in front of me and I decided to press my phone typing Liyana

" I'm about to get in the car, of this hot man I'm nervous as but I'm taking my chances"

I press send and sigh jumping in the car,

He smiles and looked at me,

Him: so where is this place you thought I would not go to?"

I faintly smile looking at his arm that was covered in tattoos, his gold watch, and the gold ring on his pinky finger,

Me: uuum I'm going...."

His phone rang making me hold what I was about to say to him

"This better be good..."

He said answering his phone and his tone or should I say accent changed it foreign African kinda foreign my heart stopped as I also notice that his stereo was playing African song, ... I turned to look in the backseat and I saw white and black roses on a black and white ribbon, Ooh shit Mpume what have you gotten yourself into now? I swallowed as I looked at the guy.

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🌹 Liyana 🌹

Today I have been doing nothing but daydreaming of the night I had with Ntsika we don't have a title on it yet but whatever that is developing between us feels so damn good,

We talked a lot even though I felt like he left a lot of loose ends on his side of the conversation and restricted me from asking questions with kisses in between that made me forget everything, I guess I was caught up in the moment that I never thought that tomorrow will come.

He drove me home after midnight because I had to prepare for work, I was even shocked that he can drive

"I can do a lot of things Liya some things I will just have to show you for you to believe me"

It how he said it that got me blushing like crazy, damn he knows how to work my button

I receive a text message from Mpume while I was busy with paperwork, I just looked at it and laughed, she must be crazy if she thinks that I will believe that crap,

" Liya your phone is ringing, " my colleagues said, pointing at my phone vibrating on the counter I looked at the screen and smiled

Me: Hi"

I said blushing stepping away from the nurse station

Him: hi!"

He said with his deep voice driving me to giggle

Him: how was your day?"

Me: busy

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im helping out in the nurse station they are short stuff"

Him: mmm it's 16: 30 now ain't that home time "

Me: ooh shoot I didn't see the time "

He laughed

Him: quickly finish up there I want to show you something "

I smiled

Me: what are..."

Him: yeah I'm outside now get you plumpy ass here"

I giggled and dropped the call, I made my way to the lockers to change, I'm not impressed with the outfit that I had on a vest, jeans skirt, and sneakers but oh well it's either this or scrubs, I

put on my sling bag and walked out, I found him standing outside a car, it's a different one than the one he was driving yesterday.

I decide to make a mental note in my head to ask him what does he do for a living.

He looks up and our eyes lock, his showing off his legs today, wearing ripped denim shorts and a plain t-shirt, he has a cap on, and damn he's such a panty dropper with those looks.

I smile looking at him thank God our outfits kind of match.

Him: are you going to stand there drooling at me or are you going to give me a hug"

I laughed throwing my head back and made my way to him,

Me: what are you doing here?"

Him: I missed you "

He whispered in my ear as he kissed my neck while we share a long hug, I have noticed that he loves kissing me on my neck and he knows that I like it too.

Him: come, I want us to go somewhere?"

Me: where?"

Him: it's a surprise "

He said holding my face and he kissed my lips deep and passionately, he definitely knows how to shut me up I just smile and look down the minute he pulls out.

Him: you driving "

I pop my eyes open, No! this car looks expensive for me to drive.

He opened the driver seat for me and makes me jumped in,

Me: I can't..."

Him: why?"

Me: how expensive is this car?"

Him: it's just a car Liya"

Me: don't talk like that what if I crash it"

He laughed and made his way to the passenger side, he walks slow holding on to the car for balance, not like a snail slow but he has that lazy swag that is just a turn-on, it's great to see him walk and not using his wheelchair.

Me: look at my hands there are shaking " I show him the minute he jumps in the car he laughs

Him: press the button Liya and let's go"

I bite my lip and started the car, the drive felt like a dream, I'm bragging in the car about how good the car feels while he is busy directed me to where we are going.

Me: tell me the name of this car so I can put it on my bucket list, knows I may but it on my next lifetime"

He laughed shaking his head

Him: it's just Mercedes-Benz EQC..."

Me: mmmm noted "

Him: why do you always do that?"

Me: do what?"

Him: talk about bucket list and next lifetime?"

Me: my life is complicated Nstika...maybe one day I would be comfortable enough to tell you why I say that my next lifetime will be much better than the life I'm living now "

He holds my thigh and rubs it, making me turn to look at him, his smile alone just told me that

'it's cool I understand'

We drove a short mile and he told me to park the car,

Me: what is this place? "

He looked at me, "it's a pottery painting place..."

Me: why did you bring me here?"

Him: because I wanted to get you flowers, but none of the flowers I thought of matched your beauty, so here I was checked variety stores just when I thought I found the perfect flowers I realized that what if you allergic to the kind I picked..."

I laughed biting my lip

Him: but because I was adamant about brightening up your day, I decided that I was going to take you to this place, we going to make a ceramic vase, paint it and you will tell me what

is your favorite flowers so that when I buy flowers for you, you will then put it in the specially made vase"

Me: what?"

I held my mouth thinking about the time and effort he put into brightening up my day,

Me: oh my God"

Him: this place is very close to my heart, my father loved art, and on his first date with my mother he took her to his studio, they created a pre-made ceramic piece that they both painted. . . even today that Vase is still in our house as a symbol of there union"

Me: ooh my God that the most romantic thing I have ever heard"

Him: so you think I'm romantic?"

He said wiggling his eyebrow"

Me: your father was romantic but you not too much you are just a copy cat "

He laughed and kissed my hand

Him: come let's start creating our own memories to tell our children..."

I blushed looking down,

As we made our way inside the place it was nothing I pictured it to be, I held my mouth in shock,

The warehouse had the beautiful ceramic piece on display, there was a clay and pottery machine, in the center a table with painting and brush, when I look on the side there was a fluffy rug, with a small table, with two stainless steel lids covers, two wine glasses and wine bucket with champagne, and some other goodies

Me: ooh my God this looks amazing "

He held my waist and kissed my neck"

Him: you like it?"

Me: I love it " I felt tears in my eyes this is the most beautiful thing any man has ever done to me, this right here feels like my first time being on a date...

Sealed With a Kiss!

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I don't know if its the feeling of Ntsika hands on mine while we work on the slippery vibrating mud that got my panties soaking wet,

I was sitting between his legs and his head was resting on my shoulder while he showed me how to use the pottery machine

" slowly Liya... Take your time"

Me: mmmm"

Him: now put your fingers in gently...work the inside nice and slow... Circle around and slowly "

I squeezed my lady part I'm so turned on I even got my eyes closed,

Him: nice and slow...yes just like that "

Me: Ntsika...."

Him: mmm..."

I bite my lip as I feel his member poke my ass, whatever we doing here is turning him on as much as it did to me, I want to turn and look at him,

But he tells me to focus.

The piece that we made its not the best or prettiest but it's our own muster piece, we place it in the oven to dry and it did not take long for us to be sucking face like our lives depends on it, I'm panting and he groans, the lustful tongue dance subside after few minutes, I'm wet his hard, he runs his hand on my thigh

Him: I got us food "

Me: I see that..."

I said without moving my eyes from his, he chuckles and sits up straight,

He takes one of the plates with crackers biscuits that have delicious creamy cheese toppings, he feeds me one and packed my lips,

Him: babe "

Me: mmm"

Him: I'm going to be gone for few days "

I stopped chewing and looked at him,

Me: ooh "

I said avoiding eye contact, some relationship are just to good to be true I feel my tummy turn thinking that me out of all people I can be with a man like Ntsika? Getting hurt was bound to happen, what was I thinking falling for him,

that insecure girl with issues wanted to resurface but anger pushed her back as I fight my tears back.

Him: Liya look at me"

Me: I'm fine Ntsika... "

He sighs,

Him: Liyana it's a business trip "

Me: we in the middle of the festive season Ntsika what business is that? "

Him: making money has no holiday babe "

I rolled my eyes and looked away

Him: look Liya I am a very busy man, my life is not even here in Durban but because I'm captivated by you I fly here almost every chance I get, you are the most amazing women I have ever met and I know dating a guy like me will come with a lot of challenges but trust me when I say I want to make us work "

He pulled my chin up to look at him,

Him: uyezwa baby?"

I nodded not looking at him,

"How long are you going to be away?"

Him: just two days if not three...ok..."

He said running his fingers on my ribcage

Me: stop it "

Before I could protest that he stop tickling me, he was already doing it and I was laughing mass

He stopped and looked at me

Him: did I ever tell you how beautiful you are ?"

I shook my head no

blushing and looking into his eyes

Him: you are so so...beautiful" he said kissing my neck, I didn't know what to say back. I just lay there frozen as he touched my thigh. He moved his hand up a bit, lifted my skirt to touch my inner thigh,

"I think you're really sexy," he said whispered to me, once again giving me goosebumps.

"Th-thanks," I managed to say, not knowing what else to say, becoming more turned on by the second. His hand moved higher up the thigh, moving gently, driving me crazy. As he went higher, his pinky brushed the cookie, God is throbbing now,

"Oh god," I whispered out loud as his fingers began to lightly knead my pussy lips and clit through my panty I knew that my first orgasm of the evening would take very little effort. this was starting to turn me on like crazy that I wanted him,

"Mmm, damn you driving me crazy" And once again I was silent. I was lost in the pleasure now, his hand traveling up and grabbing my punana causing me to moan, his lips found mine, and we kissed passionately, spending several long seconds pressed against each other in the fluffy rug,

He finally broke the kiss and look at me with his eyes slightly open,

Him: let's paint that vase and create memories"

I giggled, as he placed his head on my forehead, I don't know know how love feels like but what I feel right now is enough to make me believe that it must be it.

*** Wrong Turn ****

🌹 Mpume 🌹

Today I woke up feeling blessed, Liya hooked me up with a job and what was left to do is just bag it, I decided to wear my best dress, that lovely white dress that highlighted my curves and lines, The dress made me sexy, it hugged my shapes and caressed my body.

As I walked into the club, all eyes were on me, and feeling blessed paid off as I bagged the Job,

When I stepped out, my day turned even better a good-looking man showed interest in me, I was scared to jump in his car but his look made my boobs shoot out. My cleavage stood out like two mountains on the verge of eruption. They stood erect, with the cup bra that only made them more tempting to behold,

His hot might as well seduce him...I thought to myself,

The car was supposed to take me straits home but the guy said something about sharing a drink with me, I guess fleeting with him worked, a tiny part of me was scared of where I was going with this foreign man, but I like how he did not ask me or waited for me to respond but just took a turn...I smiled to my self I guess he knows what he wants.

To be honest the man is intimidating as fuck,

"Mpumza relax..."

That all he said something about him calling me like that, that just made my face flush,

A few minutes later I was already inside Cato Suite Hotel and I felt like a million bucks dinning with the most hottest man in this building.

His name is Yama a pretty sexy name that matches his looks, the man may be old but damn he is GORGEOUS, He is so uniquely attractive looked more like Dennis Haysbert and made my palms sweat,

A corner table just the two of us, made me blush every time he told me I was beautiful, God I miss that attention from a man,

And it was not helping that his bloody hot, his six-foot-five, with abs like something out of a porn flick, skin like a supermodel, and the kind of lazy smile people only flash when they're fully aware of their own sex appeal. Ice bath, anyone? Because I sure feel like one right now as he whispers in my ear,

He's telling me a joke about how he grew up,

I'm laughing and throwing my head back, the joke its not even that funny but fuck it! I loved his attention.

I was curious about where this chemistry between me and this strange is going to end up, Was this going to be just once-off drinks, or maybe it's the first of many dates? We hadn't set that up, but I was ready to know him better, better yet date him.

"it's getting late may I drive you home "

I smiled " yes please "

He stood up after dropping R200 notes on the table, the money was way too much compared to the meal and drinks we ordered, damn! I need me some him!

I decided to hold his hand as he helped me up, he looked at me but I showed him exactly what he wanted to see

' I want him '

Besides the fact that he's a bit older, He was hot, sexy, irresistible, and erotic. When he moved close to me, I almost melted in the fragrance of his cologne. As he held my back and we walked out of the restaurant.

He had such a profound effect on me that I felt my legs start to buckle, The kind of a sensation I had not felt in a long while coursed through my entire body. If he had not opened the car door and guided me in, I was sure I would collapse in his arms. I wanted to collapse. I wanted to be held in those strong arms

He shut the door on my side, crossed to the driver's seat, and started the engine.

As we zoomed off, I was conscious of how close he was to me. My eyes never left his crotch. Within an arm's reach, I could zip down his jeans and bring out his dick. I knew he would be well endowed. A man could not be this good-looking and muscular, only to end up with a small dick. That would be grossly disappointing and I hated disappointments.

While he was driving he started a conversation. His voice was deep and guttural,

Him: so why is a beautiful women line you still in the ghetto"

Me: I'm waiting for the right man to see my worth "

He side smile,

It was an unspoken truth, but the heat of the moment had spelled it out loud and clear for both of us. I wanted him. He wanted me.

We were practically strangers, but I wouldn't mind having a go at him, vele what do I have to lose?

He might even be married, but at this point, I didn't give a damn. I might be the day mistress if that pleased him,

He brought his hand on my neck, caress my cheeks with the tip of his finger, lingering caresses where my neck met my spine. I tilted my head, back, shoulders, to give him access to one of my favorite hotspots

my neck, my earlobes, His eyes focusing on the feminine material, my breasts blooming out of the confinement were in the desire of being touched, demanding the feel of his hand.

Surprisingly he took my hand and put it on my breast,
“Make yourself cum,” he told me, surprised by what he just
said I opened my mouth but closed it as
I noticed, His cock now erect, pushing the cloth of his pants. So
I started Caressing my breasts, pinching my nipples, my
womanhood wetness starting to flow.

As I played with myself he joins in on the pussy side of things,
the Feeling of his palm on my thigh, every fiber of my being
stood out. His touch sent a neutron into my brain. Although his
touch was gentle, I could feel that he had strong hands.

He started rubbing his hand on my smooth thigh, and it felt so
good. His attention was fixated on the road, but I could see that
he was enjoying the touch as much as I was. He guided his hand
deeper between my legs. My eyes closed to ecstasy as his
fingers probed my wet pussy. He brought out a wet finger and
put it between my lips. I licked hungrily at my wetness; it tasted
of my desire.

The car tires stopped inside the driveway, the house was
secluded, big with a lot of light, how did I get here I ask myself,

I was disturbed by the passenger door opening, he drag me out and pushed me against the car and started kissing me vigorously, this time, he was dedicating his total concentration. He kissed like a professional. Damn! He was good.

His tongue moved delicately and expertly in my mouth. While he kissed me, his hands were busy fondling dress, within the wink of an eye I'm left with my bra only on the top of the car hood with Yama head between my legs,

He flicked his long tongue on my wetness and I gasped in pleasure.

“Oh my God!”

I could not help exclaiming.

“What are you doing to me?” I finally say

Him: Wait and see and ask me later "

" uuh..." As I felt his finger deep inside of me,

He knew how to transport a woman to the peak of ecstasy. I had never felt like this in a long while.

He pushed me back so that I was lying on my back. I parted my leg and welcomed him to my pulsating pussy. He stroked the clitoris with his fingertip for a moment before He ate me with relish. His tongue worked all the corners of my pussy. When he ran his teeth across my clits, I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

He savored everything my pussy could offer him. He sucked me dry. When he was satisfied, he raised his head and held his dick in his hand.

"Please enter me," I begged. "Enter me right now! or I'm going to die."

He looked at me. His eyes were devious. He was no longer the calm and collected man anymore.

“Say please,” he said deviously.

“Oh, please, Yami!”

I couldn't control myself anymore. I was ready to do anything just to have that massive cock in me.

He didn't enter me directly; he first rubbed the tip of his cock across my clitoris, punishing me further. I continued begging him to enter me. When he finally did – oh, how do I say this? Well, I will just say it.

I cried... I screamed... The stories we hear about Noth African man having massive dicks, ooh shit they are so true!

The pain; oh ooh my God! Mix with the apex pleasure. Every synapse of my body, every cell, every blood vessel, every muscle, every nerve ending they all felt the impact of his huge cock inside me. My body practically shook all over. He pushed in very hard, allowing me to feel every moment of thrust. My

pussy walls expanded to a limit they had never been. When it finally accommodated the entire cock,

He stopped and waited a few moments we both savored the perfection it was a novel case of a round and long peg in an equally round and deep hole.

Him: now ask me that question again "

I bite my lip as I felt cracks, something tearing up, this was not normal ooh fuck what have I gotten myself into

Him: fuck I'm going to enjoy you"

The tempo he was moving in made a clapping sound, his balls deep inside of me, he was giving it to me straight and hard. I was screaming fit enough to wake the whole neighborhood

Him: this is what you wanted right!"

I felt tears in my eyes, but what came next, I was not ready for it,

Car lights blinded me and parked in front of us

Me: Yama stop... Please stop some...one just packed in front of us "

Clap...slam...clap...slam and his heavy moan and breathing was the only sound I heard, he didn't care. . .

He fucked me harder than I had ever been fucked. The car door slam and Yami said

" leave your headlight on...I'm almost done "

I held my mouth as, His hands pressed my legs to the hood, giving him better access to my pussy. I'm spread wide open I see two men looking at us more of looking at him fucking me, they commented "you got a juicy one there "

I just held my mouth crying looking at his dick that is was so long and hard that I thought my cervix was going to collapse.

Me: please....stop they watching us..."

Him: get the fuck out of here..."

He screamed to the guys that laughed and made their way inside,

Him: uuum arhhhh... Uuum "

He slammed on me, I'm sore, in pain and I'm praying for him to finish..., as I look away and take it all in,

After what felt like a decade His body spasm, he groaned loudly. It was an indication that he was about to cum,

He pulled out and spread his seed on my tummy some shoot to my neck, and face,

Him: wow!"

He kissed my lip and pulled up his pants, I feel so dirty, so degraded in pain and all he asks is

Him: what's wrong?"

Me: please take me home " I say softly not even looking at him

Him: put on my shirt and come take a bath inside"

Me: Yama please "

I looked at him and I notice that he was totally different man from the sweet guy I was with in the restaurant, ooh Mpume what have you done!

Mpume

I'm walking on barefoot I smell of cum, my hair is a mass, not to mention the burning sensation between my legs,

and this man who wants me to get cleaned up is typing on his phone while I follow him behind, with a dripping wet pussy

I look at his body since he's topless, damn this dark chocolate muscular guy is just so sexy, with his jeans just resting on his lower waist, my pussy throb,

Yama has tattoos like Banzai all over his back, chest, and arms, and that is a clear indication to me that he is or was a bad boy,

I keep asking myself who is he? What does he do for a living? ...what have I gotten myself into? The worst part is why am I even following him inside his house, I just met the guy and he just fucked me like a hoe, why does he have so much hold on me,

Could it be his intimidating look, how I find him sexy, or the fact that this house and the flashy car belong to him, and I want in on his riches.

I froze as I hear laughter inside the house, I turn my head and look at the drive way his car is visible enough for anyone who stands by the door

Him: come "

Me: did you have to do that?"

Him: what?"

Me: fuck me on top of the car?"

His ain't you the one that said fuck me please "

Me: that's not the point!"

He looks at my finger that pointing at him and raised his eyebrows at my voice that was a bit too loud,

Him: Mpumzi what's the problem? We both adult here we wanted to fuck so we did it?"

Me: and you had to show off, damn it Yama my pussy was open for your friends to see... The car headlights stunt!! "

Him: I just wanted to see why you tested so good...what the big deal?"

Me: what's wrong with you, you see nothing wrong in this?"

Him; look here this whole place... The cars the house, fuck even those mountains and trees are mine if I want to fuck I fuck where ever!!"

Me: they we're people watching my us "

Him: as I said everything in this house is mine, the guys you saw are under my pay role, they are my man, if I want to fuck in front of them I will do it!..."

Me: I did not consent to that "

He laughed shaking his head,

I folded my arms looked away, I'm angry pissed worst part this man is calling the shots

Him: what the fuck now!!"

I looked at him

Me: I can't face those men inside your house "

Him: damn so you rather stand here"

Me: tell them to go. . ."

I said pouting, he laughed at me

Him: you cute but this shit is wasting me money,

He said turning and walking away, I quickly followed him and when we were inside the house he wrapped his big arms around my neck, I feel very short without my hills, his laughing greeting everyone, with no care in the world that I'm half-naked with a look of shame on my face,

I swallowed looking down, feeling embarrassed does not come close to how I feel right now.

He's doing it again showing off, I feel like I'm some price he worn, he's busy standing around his friends clotting in front of people who watched and heard me scream as he fucked me, hard.

Him: Gorge I hope you have all the answers I need, don't waste my time with shit! As you can see I got myself a juicy plump that sweet in the middle that I won't devour all night"

I try to wiggle myself from his hold, but he holds me still and whispers something in my ear

" ... We have guest behave "

"Let go of me..."

I say through my teeth but he just sucks my cheek,

"As promises, I was able to keep up to my promise..." Gorge said

Yama: ooh finally we meet Mr. Motaung"

"It was not by choice "

I froze as I listen to the voice, my eyes slowly lifted up to look at my worst nightmare, when our eyes locked I felt shame but mostly tears in my eyes, its Thabo the father of my child, my first love his looking at me with so much disappointment then disgust I want to open a hole and throw my self in it right now

I feel Yama hand loosen up, on my neck and it moves to my waist and land on my ass,

Him: sweetheart go upstairs I have business to discuss with my lawyer"

I hear Yama talking to me but my body is just frozen my eyes are fixed on Thabo, I feel a huge slap on my ass and I jump, Yami just spanked me and told me I must go, I turn and made my way upstairs.

Yama: mmmm she is so juicy "

I hear him say as I walk up the stairs I feel Thabo's eyes on me, whatever pride, self-confidence, or worth I had just gone out the window I'm nothing but a gold-digging hoe now!

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🌹 Liyana 🌹

" my family is big made up of uncles and Aunts, cousins, nephews and niece, but inside my father's house I have my

Queen, my mother, I have three siblings, two sisters went their separate way got married and my younger brother you meet the blond idiot... "

I laughed as he ran his hands on my shoulder,

"Well His just all over...and lives on his own world, leaving me to overlook and run all of our family business "

I look at him,

Me: you said your life is not here what did you mean?!"

Him: that Ngiyintsizwa yasehlanzeni emhlathuzi, Mpangeni hilly countryside, overlooking a flat coastal plain and the major harbour town of Richards Bay...when I am in Durban it's just an escape of the busy life, that I have to keep up with back home, being the head of the family is exhausting Liya, I'm expected to walk in my father's shoes, act talk and lead like him, at times I wish I was just... I don't know normal..."

I just look at him

Me:you should raise that up with your mother "

He just chuckled

Him: it's not that simple, my family is very cultured, besides it's my birthright, a duty I need to uphold to the best of my abilities..."

I turned to look at him but he kissed my lip shutting me up, Ntsika has a way of telling me something big about his personal life but leaves it hanging when he sees the I want to know more, I know will never revisit this topic even when I ask he will just brush it off,

Him: I enjoy this?"

Me: what?"

Him: talking to you like this... it just feels right "

I smiled at him, he's a great guy too great and I'm in love with him and it hurts so much how scared I am of him breaking my heart

Me: I enjoy being with you too "

Him: spend a night with me "

Me: I have work tomorrow"

I said running my hand on his chest,

Him: I know, but I just want to hold you and fall asleep in your arms "

I bite my lip thinking

Him: what's wrong am I moving too fast?"

Me: No...not at all, "

Him: then what?"

Me: I would love sleeping with your warm body by my side, but part of me will always wonder when the time will be up and I'll be sleeping alone again.

I know I would love to text you all day, but part of me will always wonder when I'll start staring at my phone and it will no longer light up with your name.

I know I would love to get comfortable with you, but part of me would always be a little reserved because I'm so used to people always leaving.

I want to believe your different, but the thing about loving a girl like me is that we know that most relationships have an expiration date because that's all we know. There will be the time when you can't take the holding back, or the emotions, or the way I am set in my ways and you will leave. Or maybe I'll just push you away without even intentionally realizing..."

He kept quiet for the longest time just looking at me,

Me: Ntsika say something"

Him: in actual fact, you trying to say that you are scared to fall in love with me?"

I held my breath looking at him and I slowly nodded

Him: So call me a romantic, or call me crazy, but I do believe in that "one person." I believe that you have no say in the person you fall in love with, but instead, the choice comes in fighting for that love to burn. Truth is, the most passionate love may even stem from an encounter in which you didn't even know

you were searching. That person may randomly stumble into your life at the most unexpected moment. But don't run. Don't you dare run away out of fear you may hurt them. Don't pretend that in leaving you are sparing the other from heartbreak. Stay. Stay and learn every last detail about the person that destiny has brought you to. Learn about the way in which they smile at the smallest things in life. Learn about the way in which they cry and place their heart on their sleeves. Learn about how this person complements all that you already are. And learn to fall in love..."

Me: wow "

Him: I'm not scared to fall in love with you, but I'm scared of what that will do to our relationship"

Me: uuuh? "

I asked with a confused face

Him: woza la..."

He grabbed my face and kissed me

***It's that short-lived happiness, which empowers us to bear;
long-lasting pain in living.***

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" hay...Liyana....babe...I'm leaving "

I felt his kiss on my neck and I slowly opened my eyes to look at him, he was all dresses up looking so damn hot,

Me: what time is it?"

Him: it's still early...go back to sleep "

He kissed me and whispered ' I love you in my ear'

Making me smile to myself, he tuck me in, before he stood up, I looked at him with my heavy eyes full of sleep, and he slowly walked out, I looked at the time it was 4:10 am so I rolled on the king's size bed and pulled his pillow and smelled it while hugging it and I finally went back to sleep...

A few hours later my phone alarm rang making me shoot my eyes open, damn it, it was morning already I huffed as I jumped up from the bed and I froze looking at my surroundings, then it hit me I'm in Nstika penthouse, I smiled thinking about the night we shared together I can't believe that he made love to me without even penetrating me, it's in the way his hands moved and touches me in a way that always gets me hot, while spooning me he made my back arched so my ass is direct with his shaft. He then ran his hand up the length of my spine to my neck.

I could not hold my moan as he massages my back and leaving wet kisses as he moves his hand all the way to my lace bralette. He runs his middle finger over my nipple until it's hard.

His breath was so hot he whispered in my ear,

" you so perfect "

as he fondles my right breast while his other hand unhooks my bra. He pulls bralette off as he gives my left breast a final squeeze.

He simultaneously takes both hands, one running down my spine, the other down my stomach, until he reaches my hips. He grabs my hips and his other hand moves to my lower abdomen. Just as his fingertips reach my lace thong, he stops. Teasing me. . . by blowing air on my ear,

He barely reaches under the top of my underwear. The way He pulls his fingertips out and then moves his hand down further until he is on top of my vagina. just the thought of how wet he made me feel as he begin moving his fingers in a circular motion....mmm Ntsika!

I smile to my self holding my breast, I threw myself on the bed and wiggle my legs in the air, damn I'm so in love.

I finally found the strength to roll over the bed and my eyes landed on a note on the side table,

"I have waited so long for the perfect girl, and now my patience has finally paid off...good morning my sunshine...drive safe to

work and keep your phone on because I will call you every
chance I get"

I looked at the car keys on the note and held my mouth,

"Ooh my God!"

with only his shirt on I look around his house and felt like
screaming in joy,

I connect my phone through his radio what better song to play
than Halo by Beyonce

I started singing along as I took a shower

~~Remember those walls I built?

Well, baby, they're tumblin' down

And they didn't even put up a fight

They didn't even make a sound

I found a way to let you in

But I never really had a doubt

Standin' in the light of your halo

I got my angel now...~~

The song was on repeat the whole time.

After taking a bath I made up the bed, and it was time to dress up, I have seen girls do this in the movies wear their boyfriend clothes, so I walked into his closet and took his shorts and basketball vest topped it up with a cap, I look hot that I decided to take pics of myself and sent it to him,

I took my bag and car keys of Mercedes-Benz EQC 400 and made my way to the basement, I drove out, and damn was I feeling myself, I think I'm late but who cares when you just had the best night, and driving suck a car,

A few hours later I parked outside my workplace, the minute that I walked in I saw the staff look at me as if I have pee on my legs,

Me: what?"

I looked closely and I saw a delivery guy with a bucket that was nicely wrapped with pink balloons,

Guy: Mis Liyana?"

Me: yes "

Him: please sign here this is for you?"

I looked at the basket and gasped

I signed for the package, the guy handed me the bucket, as I was reading the note

" I left early without making you breakfast, so I hope with this brunch I ordered I will be forgiven...love N"

I look at the stuff they whispering ooh shit now im the talk of the hospital

" ooh my God, Liya is that Mec car keys ?" one of the nurses said,

I'm surrounded by people, I feel suffocated, I want to talk but everyone is talking and screaming at the same time

Me: excuse me..." I push my way out to the locker room I put the gift down and breath out loud,

My phone ringed as I was still breathing heavily in shock

" hay baby "

It's Ntsika

Me: hi"

Him: what's wrong "

Me: nothing. . . thank you for breakfast "

I said walking around holding my forehead

Him: you don't sound convincing "

I bite my lip not sure if I should tell him that this grand gesture his giving me are bringing unnecessary attention to me, I know for a fact that will bruising his Igo, ooh shit what do I say

Me: I'm fine babe I just miss you "

He chuckled

Him: I miss you too, look I have to go... I will face time you later
"

Me: I would love that "

We said our goodbye and dropped the call, after changing to my scrubs, I decided to take my gift to the car and when I closed the door I saw my mother's car parked few parking lots from where I was, I swallowed looking at her jump off the car moving her weave from her face, she wore slacks and match shirt, I still think those stilettos are too high for a woman her age, I see her moving towards the entrance I ran after her God knows I don't want her to embarrass me in front of my co-workers

" mom "

I said behind her

She did the dramatic turn and looked at me moving her hair from her face, looking at me from head to toe

" I did everything for you, raised you, fed you, took you to a good school but just like your pathetic father you decided to be ungrateful and walk out!!... I call you, you don't answer, I have guests in the house and wena you decide to think you to better to show up... Yet alone help me accommodate them "

Me: mom Mangalisa is not a guest his your son. . . "

" you talking back at me now! ... Hhhe nanzi ingulube inginonela "

She clapped once and her voice was a bit loud now drawing too much attention to me, that I just looked down,

Me: you are selfish wena, you are ungrateful and all you think of is yourself, you know very well that I'm not working... God knows I pray for you to change but no, you sold your soul to satan...remember the tan

Commandments Liyana... Honor thy father and mother...

This commandment tells you Liya to obliges the faithful to show respect for their parents — as children and adults. Children must obey their parents, and adults must respect and see to the care of their parents when they become old and infirm...."

Me: how much do you want mother !"

Her: this is not about money "

Me: mom please I know you want money!... Just tell me how much?"

She swallowed and tap her feet,

" R2000 plus R500 for fuel money"

I took out my phone my eyes are glassy my hands are trembling, I transfers the money to her and her phone beeped,

Her: that was not hard at all my child, all I ask from you is that you respect me, as your mother you ow me that "

She forced a hug on me and wiped my tears,

Her: stop these tears now, God will bless you abundantly"

I just looked down

Her: on the bright side I'm throwing a get together this weekend, the whole family will be there, to see Becky make yourself available ooh and bring refreshment ok "

She slapped my cheek a bit and walked back to her car,

She start singing Hlengiwe Mhlaba songs as she drove out leaving me feeling like a wet chicken, I was not in a mood for work all I wanted to do was drown my sorrows and sleep, why is my happiness always short-lived!

***Walk of Shame ***

🌹 Mpume 🌹

My heart is pumping so much about meeting my ex inside the house of the guy I'm currently shagging, I'm wondering what does he think of me now? I mean the guy knew

me when I was just 17years, when I was still pure and innocent, now I'm being fucked outside a yard on top of a car hood, I'm definitely sure he saw that if not he heard about it as the guy was bragging about my big thighs spread open, receiving deep brutal fucking,

And if that was not worst Yama had to speak dirty about me in front of him and spank me as if I'm his special meal for the day, God how do I flip this script and make it looks like me and Yama are dating not just me being his casual piece of ass for the night.

I ran my hands on my face and breath out loud, I did not even notice that the bubble bath water was even cold now, so I jumped out, put a robe on, I still can't feel my legs, my pussy is sore and just think about Yama wanting more sex tonight makes my blood cringe in fear

As I set down the bed a housekeeper came in with a tray of food,

Me: can you bring me red wine please "

I said without looking at her

Her: yes mam"

I continued to google who is the fuck is Yama? but no luck, the guy is a ghost not on social media or whatsoever, I clicked my tongue and threw my phone on the bed, just great I'm fucking a man that I don't even know his last name Jesus what kind of a woman have I become? Is Yama even his name? Ooh, dear God sex with no condom to a stranger too!

I jumped as the maid came back with a bottle of wine and wine glass,

"And where is the ice bucket?"

She looked at me and apologized

Me: just get out!"

I said dismissively, she jumped and promptly walked out, I took the bottle and poured myself a glass, I made my way to the balcony and just looked outside, I love this house it feels so earthly with the beautiful mountains, tree view it's like the countryside in an urban area,

But none of this beauty will stop my mind from racing and telling me this is where I should be, but my heart was pounding so hard asking me " what price must I pay to have all of this"

I felt the chill of fear and shivered

As the door slammed closed, it was Yama, I looked at him and he was only wearing a towel only wrapped around his waist, I smiled at him but his face was straight as a ruler,

he grabs my hand and pulled it behind me and pushes me towards the bedroom. Once in the room, he releases my hands

Him: so you know Thabo Motaung?"

I looked at him with eyes popped out, I gave him my back placing the glass of wine aside thinking of what should I say lie or tell the truth

Him: don't even think of lying!!"

I swallowed slowly looking at him, I nodded "yes " I said softly

Him: yes what?"

Me: I know him"

Him: you fucking him?"

Me: no... "

Him: you lying... "

Me: I swear I never slept with him...I knew him years back there is nothing between us!"

He breathes out loud stepping close to me,

Him: never ever look at another man the way you just did with him do you hear me "

I just nodded and felt chills go down my spine, his breath smells of cigars and whiskey, his eyes are bloodshot red, I'm in the bedroom with a stranger practically naked and his tone and body language just proved that he has anger management issues,

He pull me by hand more like grab me roughly and made me stand in front of him, I want to say something but I feel him untie my robe,

I hear him suck in his breath. "God, your tits are so beautiful close-up! And those nipples, so succulent! " He growls, as his hands cover my breasts, his thumbs rubbing my nipples and I feel his teeth nibbling and licking at the side of my neck.

As I try to push him away, he needs to stop and apologize for manhandling me better yet shouting at me,

but he just side smile and he pushes me down on the bed, "Don't push me away... And don't even try to talk back!" he whispers hoarsely into my ear, I swallowed

I realize by the huskiness of his voice that he is completely turned on and is enjoying this and struggling seems to make him more aroused so I lie on the bed limply and let him do what he wants.

he leans down and tugs and pulls at my nipples and I feel his teeth nip and bite at them. As much as I don't want this, I feel them harden and the heat spread through my body down to my pussy, I close my legs as I don't want him to know how much he is affecting me. Unfortunately, he notices my legs close and moves down to them.

" Mpumza don't piss me off "

he says as he spreads my legs apart, sliding his hands from my feet, up to caress my calves, and then gliding his fingertips along my inner thighs, ever slowly caressing and rubbing my mound, I'm mad I can't allow him to shout at me then use me,

I'm not that kind of girl, Trying not to moan but yet feeling so good, I bite into it his lip, trying to keep my breathing normal.

I wrestle with him trying to be on top but he pins me down,

"I want to touch you," I say with a shaky voice,

He ignores me and sliding his hands further down towards my ass, squeezing my ass cheeks,

Him: fuck I don't have time for foreplay he flips me over I'm in my fours and he enters me, with no warning, as dry as I am I feel the most unbearable pain in my life,

"This is for lusting over another man while standing next to me... "

Me: uuuuh.... "

Him: nobody fucks with me!!"

I'm screaming and trying to push him away, but he's too strong, I don't know when pleasure kicked in but I know I was crying and praying silently for him to stop

" Cum for me, girl. Let me feel that tight pussy squeeze my cock. Cum for me now." He said, still thrusting his cock deep inside me.

My orgasm hit hard. I closed my eyes, letting them wash over me. He kept stroking and moaned, "God damn, girl, that feels so fuckin' good!"

When my orgasm subsided, he stopped.

Pulled out and smacked my ass, I opened my eyes looking at him as I rolled over, He looked into my eyes, a strange expression on his face. I wondered why he'd stopped. I knew he hadn't cum yet.

" listen here from now on you fuck only me"

We looked into each other's eyes for a long time. I could still feel his hard cock pulsing inside me, I just nodded not sure what to say next, he wiped himself and left the room.

I got under the cover terrified waiting for him to come back, but I felt soft hands shaking me, It was the maid

Me: what?"

Maid: the driver is waiting for you to take you home, "

I looked at the sunray coming inside the window and I knew it was morning

Me: where is Yama"

Maid: sir, left last night and asked that the driver takes you home in the morning "

I frowned and nodded, I jumped off the bed took a shower mostly cry, I just slept with a man not once but twice, I don't know his last name or have his contact number, just left with a swollen private part and walk of shame I have to do walking out of this house going home.

I jump in the car the driver just looked at me, but I just looked outside the window, it was a long drive from Kloof to my area the driver not once asked for my location but dropped me outside my house.

"This is for you mam" it was a gift pack, I nodded and stepped outside the car, as the car drove off a Mercedes-Benz EQC 400 drove in the yard,

Me: Liya?"

Time and tide wait for no man

🌹 Rosette 🌹

" theft...embezzlement

money laundering ... How old is this girl ?"

Samkelo: she old enough to be street smart"

Me: and I must trust her with my money!"

Him: our money Rose, look she is perfect has a criminal record over her head if she gets caught it won't take much to convince the judge she is not guilty"

I stopped and looked at him

Me: you keep saying this sentence that if shit hits the fan who must take the fall, do you know something I don't know? "

Him: no, I'm just being realistic, we playing with fire here, I don't plan that we get sucked in this dirty game forever one

way or the other we need to be legit, crime pays good money but comes with lot of risks "

Me: I hear you " I bite my lip thinking

Me: walk with me "

He nodded and put on his cap and following me,

Me: so you and Liya hit it off? "

Him: naaaa, last time I saw her was on Christmas day, she was cool and all but lately she is not picking up my call or if she does she quick drop the call, "

Me: she is not into you?"

Him: I don't know, we had a moment but as I said before she is a good girl and I just don't want to pressure her to be with me while I'm still trying so hard to be clean "

I nodded and looked at him,

Me: you sound like a junky now"

Him: the love of money got me feeling like one "

We busy out and laughed

Me: It takes courage to act. And for that I applaud you, It takes courage to start over again and for that, I pray you reach that goal,

But Samukelo you missing the bigger picture here, besides getting the girl you need to first have the courage to be who you want to be. No fear. Fear kills dreams...fear kills hope...fear can age you...fear can hold you back. Don't be afraid; make your goals become a reality. . .if you love her fight for her, but you can't do that if you don't accept where you are and the responsibility that you're going to take yourself where you want to go. It's not going to be easy- she a good girl you keep saying but you also good guy too, you just need to prove it to her "

Him: I hear you. . ."

He smiled and looked at me,

Him: if only your son knew this side of you he would have not given you such a hard time getting to know you"

Me: all things happened for reason Sammy, I waited years in prison to be reunited with my son, I guess having talks like this with you makes me have patience mostly faith that one day I will have a relationship with him "

He nodded

Him: Time and tide wait for no man...you old and you might think you have time but what if tomorrow never comes?"

Me: who the fuck are you calling old?"

I punched his shoulder and we bust out and laughed,

We found Ginger on the second floor doing her routine with the girls, she should have been a choreographer as old as she is she still got it

" take five girls"

She said breathing out loud making her way to us,

Me: I see you cut the number down "

Her: I need girls who are hard workers and willing to make money

Advertisement

girls, who know how to sell lust%

Me: mmm I feel you "

She giggled and wiped her face,

Her: so what's up?"

Me: Nompumelelo Msimangu tells me about her ?"

Her: beautiful girl, but very...very hungry"

Me: you missed one point in her application, she has a criminal record! "

She laughed throwing her head back

Her: ain't we all... " she said with a smile on her face, I turned to look at

Samukelo was also laughing and shaking his head

Me: ok...ok... since you both have so much faith in her, I need her to report on duty tomorrow"

Ginger: I will call her "

Me: God save us all and let me not regret this"

Samukelo pointed a work mobile phone in his ear

Him: Rose you have someone downstairs to see you "

I frowned looking at him

Him: dark...tall...handsome...you know your kind of a man "

Ginger: woohoo Mr. Msomi does not give up!"

Me: urg " I said and walked downstairs, and I was met by Sandile

Me: Mr. Msomi"

I folded my arms and looked at him as his hands were deep in his pocket,

Him: Ms. Oyama"

I breathe out loud looking at him I'm not sure what annoyed me the most, the fact that he called me by my marital surname or the fact that my stuff is looking at me standing with this fine-looking man in the center of the room

Me: what do you want?"

Him: that obvious but if you wish to hear it again I might as well say it then..."

I raised my hand and him, and told him to follow me to the terrace,

Him: you not picking up my calls "

Me: we approaching the weekend I was busy "

Him: that is very childish of you, frankly I hate that excuse...speak your mind women "

Me: look whatever you selling I'm not buying, I can earn my own money, find and cook my own food, live relatively safely alone, and I don't need sex for reproduction or pleasure purposes. So, for me to give up my alone time with myself, you've really got to set my soul on fire. Anything else just isn't worth it. I value that time alone to discover myself more than I value company in times when it gets a little lonely... So for further due can we keep this strictly business... "

I felt his lips on mine and I froze he pulled out and looked at me,

Him: I'm old and tired of the dating game.

I'm tired of the incessant desire that humans have to chase the things that they want the most, and then run the other way when they finally catch up. I want to stand in front of you bare-skinned and exposed to all my fears and insecurities and demons and aspirations and desires, and I want you to do the same.

I don't want to follow the rules and miss the day when I could've called you mine because our misguided, passive gestures were miscommunicated.

I want to tell you right now. . .

I'm tired of having to pretend that I am not interested and play the role of the "cool guy" in order to latch your attention from

across the room. . . you not interested well tough luck because I am "

He said stepping back and walking away

" I will pick you up after work, we having dinner tonight and we going to settle this feeling once and for all "

He said walking out leaving me stunned, I'm still stuck at the point that his lips meet mine ..hold up did he just kiss me,? And walked out on me?

The tide will always turn at the set time

🌹 Leyana 🌹

" your eyes are red were you crying? "

Me: you walking funny, what's up?"

She rolled her eyes and hugged me God knows I need that,

Me: are you ok?"

Her: are you ok?"

We said at the same time and we bust out and laughed,

We walked inside the house and I looked at her, as she threw her big self on the couch

Me: if my memory serves me well you were wearing this same dress yesterday. ..ooh shit where the fuck is your bra?....did you....? Ooh my God Mpume!?" I held my mouth " girl is that the walk of shame written all over your face?!!"

Her: please don't judge me?"

Me: from the morning I had you go first and make my life a little bit brighter "

Her: you drove in the house with the most expensive car and you want my dirt!?!... How about you tell me what happened with Ntsika?"

I breathe out loud and set on the couch

Her: he broke your heart right? Damn, why do men always do that!... You know I thought I met me right, the nice car definitely wealthy and he turned out to be a pig..."

She was busy rambling on and on about the guy she meet yesterday and how sex turned out to be torture, then pleasure, frankly I think she acted like a hooker that why the guy gave her an envelope full of money after having his way with her, who hooks up with a guy and sleep with a guy on the same day, all I

see here is Mpume acting childish she so eager to leave the hood that she will even sleep with the devil himself

Her: Liya... Are you even listening to me "

Me: uuuh"

Her: what did Ntsika do?"

Me: Ntsika did not do anything..."

She moved close to me and held my hand

Her: look Liya Even if you feel as though you're in a great relationship, if there are little things that keep pissing you off, it could mean that it's not meant to last. If Ntsika can't please you and constantly disappoints you too often and you can't seem to get over it, it might be a major red flag that he won't be able to improve in the future. . . look he had money flashy car but does he have love?"

Me: he told me he loved me this morning... Surprised me with a gift basket at work, girl I'm even driving his car and he left his pant house keys with me... Listen me and him are good... I am just stressed by something else"

She frowned and looked at me,

"Look I'm not pissed at Ntsika but at my mom..."

Her: what... So you telling me the rich mystery guy loves you?"

Me: Mpume that not the point!"

She stood up and just said the most outrage phrase ever

" God this is unbelievable"

Me: what does that supposed to mean? "

She was about to open her mouth but her phone started ringing,

She hushed me with her hand, my mouth was wide open in shock

Her: hello "

...

Her: yes it's she "

...

Her: really... But I thought..."

...

Her: no no no, tomorrow, it's fine ... Yes...oh thank you so much...thank you bye"

She turned and looked at me,

Her: guess who's your new boss?" she said with the most widest smile after she stopped screaming, I rolled my eyes and stood up,

Her: they say I'm stating tomorrow ooh my God Liya this is a sign, you can't put a good woman down "

Me: Unbelievable!!"

I said to her rolling my eyes and made my way out to the car,

Her: Liya..."

Me: I'm in no mood for your selfish act, for once in your life try and understand that people do go through things too...either it

can be good or bad we go through it all, so for you to think you are entitled to the finer things in life and hoodrats like us don't, it's just shows that all the life lesson life has thrown at you, you have not learned even one lesson!"

Her: what?"

I shut the door and jumped into the car and drove off to Ntsika's house.

Life is full of trials

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on its, own and healthy relationships can offer invaluable support. But in this society, we live in we have people like Nompumelelo Msimango that will only leave you feeling pressured to maintain any flow or achievement you might have in your life to yourself, from her attitude it's easy to fall into the trap of comparison and insecurity particularly because she thinks she all that

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🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" you father just died Lethu you can't be thinking of going back to work!"

Me: mama why are we pretending as if Mntungwa was the father of the year "

My mother just looked at me, no matter how crazy I may get at times I never ever talk back to my mother, because she can whips like you stole something

Me: ngiyaxolisa "

Her: I know you did not have the best of relationships with your father but, his your father his late now and we need to respect that uyangizwa"

Me: yes Mama"

Her: Mbali is broken as you know how close she was with your father, me and Jisha can do so much but at the end of the day she needs her big sister...can you focus on this family for once in your life!"

I nodded and told her I will speak to her when I get back,

I jumped into my car and drove to work, I had an urgent meeting with my boss.

" you late "

She said without looking at me, this old woman and smoking it will be the death of her,

Me: I'm sorry but it's kind of hard getting out of the house since you know..."

Her: mmmm Mntungwa was the born leader great man, I'm so sorry for your loss, how is your mother "

Me: thank you, mom is taking it one day at a time"

Her: mmm"

She turned and looked at me,

Her: I read your report I'm very impressed so tell me how soon can you go under "

" me?"

Her: Lethu I got big cases on my lap and I need to close them, the big boss is on my ass for taking this long to close these cases... But I can't do two things at once that why I need you to go under "

Me: with all due respect Captain I'm a train military killer, being a sniper meant I had to take cases outside my country, for year's I was away from home, when I finally left the army and join the special forces I aimed to be close to home that is why I took the job to collect and analyze data, I have never done an undercover job ever in my life! "

Her: Lethu you are the only person that knows how this man operates and is being. A beautiful woman it will be easy nail, Shaka Zulu"

Me: Muntu I don't know about this!"

I said biting my lip looking away, she place hands on my shoulder

Her: you the only person I trust with this case..."

I shook my heard

Her: I promise you that once I find Oyama Nqeve I will pull you out of the case I will deal with it myself, I just can't juggle these two major cases together, Lethu I need you I really do "

I looked at her and nodded, I know what I am about to do I will regret it no doubt, but with the death of my father looming over my head I need a huge destruction,

Me: if my cover gets blown in whatever way before we close the case I will kill him first before he kills me, I don't care about you wanting to nail him, I'm not going to have a dangerous gangster on my back!"

She smiled and nodded

Him: Fine with me "

I breathe out loud

Me: tell me about my cover..."

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There's nothing more beautiful than the way the ocean refuses to stop kissing the shoreline, no matter how many times it's sent away.

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

I stepped out of the club at 10:17 at night I'm exhausted and all I need is a hot bath, a long puff of my cigarette, and good sleep.

I look at my phone that is closed and toss it back into my bag, I practically ignored every call and every gesture that Sandile made to take me out on a date, the nerve of that man thinking that because of his charm, his perfect physic, his deep voice that just mmm, and that exceptional fashion sense thinks that he can just win my heart? kiss me and practically force me to go on a date with him,

Urg he must not know who he is dealing with, I have bigger priorities in life than to worry about a man, and in retrospect, looking back at the places my love life has taken me, I can't imagine the strain of trying to keep something up with someone else. I have worked hard to get to where I am, my business has made me forget or better yet ignore the thought of the blood-sucking tick called my ex-husband, my anger level is slowly subsiding ever since I enjoyed my newfound freedom, I'm not looking for stress from no man, God knows I hate any human thing that has a dick.

" ready to go, Mam, " my driver said, I just nodded the minute he opened the door, a male figure came out from nowhere grabbing my arm, the next thing I know I'm pointing a gun at him my driver has a gun pointed at him and the idiot just laughed shaking his head

Me: what the fuck? ..."

Him: women put that shit down "

Me: Sandile! I could have killed you"

Driver: Mam do you know this man"

I lowered my gun and nodded

Me: what the fuck do you want "

Him: There's nothing more beautiful than the way the ocean refuses to stop kissing the shoreline, no matter how many times it's sent away."

Me: Jesus Christ I can't do this with right now!"

He did not say a word but just laughed and started walking towards his car,

Him: are you coming?"

Me: what?"

Him: it's after work right? and you ow me dinner "

Me: ow you?"

I said charging towards him, he opened the passenger door of his car and looked at me

Me: look this thing is not going to work, I don't want to have dinner with you! let alone be in a relationship with you!!...."

He came close to me, very close to me that I can smell his expensive Cologne and that alone got me frowning

Him: I know "

Me: what?"

Him: I understand, why you say that,

You have been hurt too many times and I know that you are afraid that it would happen again. . . from your facial expression I know you hate male spics as a whole,

I understand you feel the need to punch me in the face right now, you hear many says, let someone in your life again, but your heart would start to ache just the thought of it,

To a point that you could not take it anymore so you desperately want to replace the anguish of waiting for someone to hurt you with complete isolation from any kind of romantic affection... "

He raises his eyebrow and looks at me

Him: now can we talk about this feeling over dinner "

I swallowed looking at him, he held my waist and escorted me to his car

Driver: mam...?"

Sandile: please be so kind and follow us"

He said to the driver, shutting the car door and made his way to the driver seat

I looked at him and wondered what just happened, I'm tongue tight, the way he held me got my heart raising,

Him: buckle up" he said pulling the seat belt, looking me deep in my eyes, this man is more than just a panty dropper but his every women's dream, his just mmmm ridiculously handsome.

The car was moving but there was no sound of the engine but only his stereo was playing the most soothing sound of jazz saxophone

Me: who is this?"

Him: mmm"

Me: the guy playing the saxophone?"

He sides smile and looked at me

Him: it's Kirk Whalum... You like this kind of music?"

Me: it's good "

A smile appeared in my mouth, when I realized that he saw it, I just turned and looked outside the window, his look alone just send some kind of wave over my body that I just can't explain.

Him: so you carry a gun?"

Me: I own a club "

Him: that makes it legal for you to point it to civilians?"

Me: only to a man that grabs women in the night "

He laughs and shook his head the drive was not that long as we stopped outside by the hubber by the sea,

He opened my door for me and we walked out, he guided me to the fanciest boat I have ever seen.

Me: I hate water or anything that moves in the water "

Him: ain't all African women "

Me: I hate seafood "

Him: what makes you think we going to eat seafood?"

Me: I don't know? Phela nakhu you... inviting me to a boat floating on the ocean, eating seafood it's just inevitable"

He laughed and helped me up the boat

Him: Just because an apple falls one hundred times out of a hundred does not mean it will fall on the hundred and first....stop assuming and thinking negatively, just relax for once"

I breathe out loud, he held my waist and laughed as we walked to the terrace, I have been on many exclusive dinner dates with my ex-husband but not have I seen such a beautiful setting, it's dinner under the stars nothing fancy just a rug and pillows on the floor I don't see any food around but something smells really good,

Me: Is this your boat?"

Him: it's a yacht and no it's not my boat"

He helps me seat down,

Me: you did not have to high this boat...I mean 'yacht just to impress me? "

Him: I'm not a 15-year-old, Rose the word impress is not in my vocabulary anymore"

I rolled my eyes and look around and I see the name of the yacht written in bold, I read out loud the on the roof of the Yacht

'JAMA-MY-RIDE-OR-DIE'

Him: the yacht is my son-in-law, my daughter bought it for him on his birthday... I was just using it today to take my grandkids dolphin watching "

Me: wait you said your daughter bought this for your son-in-law?"

He handed me a glass of juice and sat next to me

Him: yes they are billionaires they spend money any way they want, and the boy makes my daughter happy and as a father, I could have not asked for more"

He stood up and left me there in aw, he made his way inside while I took off my shoes and walk around looking at my surroundings, I finally picked up where the aroma came from, it was the grill, I wonder what cooking? I smiled and looked at this beautiful boat I'm in, the massage below the name of the yacht grab my attention and made me smile as I read it

~~~~His heart? I own that...His back? I got that...His weed? I roll that...My baby? He knows that...My hands? He holds that...His role? He plays that...They Jealous? We know that...We're Happy? They hate that... Love his Snowflake~~~

Sandile came back with two small potjie pots in his hand

Me: Wow... Ok, this message got my curiosity spiking like crazy, who is your Daughter?"

He laughed,

I said drowning my drink,

Him: this just proved that you really do not know me? I mean like if you don't know my daughter then you definitely do not know me "

Me: do I have to?"

I rolled my eyes like yah, dude I have been in jail like half of my life, I don't even know if hipster pants are still a thing or not?

He laughed,

Him: my name is Sandile Msomi, my Daughter is Nokuzola Msomi, now Dr. Nokuzola 'Zoe' Dlamini, she is a Cardiothoracic surgeon, a co-founder and chairman of one of the major private hospitals in Durban, has a chain of medical centers under her name around KZN,

she is married to Langa Dlamini, SA tycoon, Google them they are trending, I don't need to brag about me, just give me a chance to get to know me and you can judge for your self"

Me: wow!"

My mouth was literally on the floor, he pulled my lips together making the both of us laugh,

Him: I hope you can stomach African cuisine I cooked amadombolo and inyama yehloko, I got steamed chicken if you don't eat beef, "

Me: did I hear you correctly did you cook"

I sat down, the food look wow, he started dishing out for us

Him: I can't take all the credit my grandchildren helped me out "

Me: ncoo that is so sweet...this food looks amazing"

Him: and yet you had to point a gun at me from trying to feed you, look how you stuffing your face"

I held my mouth and laughed, this food tested like home, I was in heaven after the first bite.

The night turned out to be something I have never experienced, Sandile is a proud family man, he talked about his family, mostly about his grandchildren and his daughter, I got to know more about what he does for a living the guy is genius, tech guy Hot with brains can never be so attractive.

Me: if I stomach another glass of juice I'm going to puke, do you have wine or anything stronger "

Him: nop"

Me: what? You don't drink?"

Him:" I have a bad heart condition, so the Dr suggested I eat healthily, stop drinking, smoking, and work out, I do the rest but life is too short to eat leaves "

I bust out and laughed, this guy is something else from the way he laughs, he talks he has just won my heart by putting a smile

on my face, even though he has careful walked around in asking me any personal questions about my self I have noticed that he is gentle enough to try to know the real women in me, brick by brick he has taken initiative to take my walls down, today I laughed, as in genuinely laughed, I forgot about my past or what the future holds, I was in the present moment, I love the feeling I have, to think that all these years I felt like I was in a glass box all my life, and now that I've broken that glass, I feel so free. I have never like I have never felt before. I feel like my heart was electroshocked, suffered the unbearable pain, but suddenly felt more alive after that. I honestly did not expect this would happen to me and the worst part to be triggered by the opposite sex, Sandile has just introduced me not to a new version of me, but the real version of myself.

I looked at him, as he looked at the stars and the dark sea ahead,

Me: thank you for tonight "

Him: like I said before There's nothing more beautiful than the way the ocean refuses to stop kissing the shoreline, no matter how many times it's sent away."

\*\*\*Calling this a family doesn't make it a loving home, it just makes it a hateful lie\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Is being an adult just the process of becoming more accepting of disappointment in life?

I'm approaching my 30s and awakening to the fact that nothing in the life I have spent a decade building, relationships, career, skills, hobbies, home, is fulfilling to me at all. . . or worst, meant for me,

I'm looking at my life-changing from this to that but I feel like I'm running a mile in one spot, it's the first of the new year, and already I feel like I would not accomplish any resolution or what so ever,

I wish I had a chance to rewrite my future, maybe get a chance to walk away and start over as a new person.

But adulthood also means agency, there are no fairy tale shortcuts to life.

I walked into the house and Mpume stopped putting her makeup on and looked at me, she looks super surprised to see me, even more surprised that I did not make a statement at my arrival

with the big car, I was driving the past few days,

Her: hi!"

Me: hi"

I made my way to my room, she stops by the door

Her: Liya about the other day..."

Me: I'm over it don't stress "

I said opening my closet

Her: ooh, ...uumh can we get drinks later"

Me: I don't know...I kind of have a thing today"

Her: with Ntsika?"

Me: Mpume I will see later if I will have time for those drinks or not?"

I said dismissing her, I'm not gonna talk to her about my personal life, she will jump with excitement at the fact that all those glitters I thought I had in Ntsika are not gold,

Her: ooh ok... U um I'm off to work "

I look at her, she has fake hair, fake eyelashes, that face beat has turned her to look like a doll of some kind, I sigh thinking that she had about R5 in that envelop the least she could have done was to pay me rent or better yet buy food in the house, but here she is looking like single housewives, I don't know if she is even able to breathe on that tight jean she's got on,

Me: ok shup!"

She faked a smile



Her: my ride is here I have to go "

She walked out, leaving feeling like turns of break are on my shoulders I threw myself on the bed, and closed my eyes,

I'm alarmed by my phone ringing in my pocket, I lifted my head and picked it up

"Hi"

He said with his deep voice, I'm mad, I miss him and he keeps telling me that he's coming back soon, it's been three days already, why is he doing this to me? The worst part I spend new year's eve alone in his house waiting for him to show up but received a text saying that he's sorry he could not make it.

Today it's the 1st of January and to think that this year I was praying for it to be different than others, but no it's just pile of disappointment nje waya waya.

Him: Liya..."

He breathes out loud, the most brutal thing that can happen to me is for him to lie right now, when I'm already on my lowest and feeling different kinds of insecurities,

Him: I swear it was not my intention, babe things just...look I'm sorry...I'm on my way to Durban and I promise I plan to make it up to you "

Me: I said I'm fine Ntsika"

Him: you not I can hear it in your voice "

I sigh and told him I have to go, at this point, it's the norm to feel like this, it's ALL I experience. Being me means I learned giving up on fairy tales a long time ago, ...a girl like me can not have love, money

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and happiness is just a cycle of pile of shit! , so reality has concluded in teaching me to accept disappointment.

I rose up from the bed and picked out a summer dress and gladiator sandals to wear,

As much as I thought taking few days from work and being away from the loud Mpume will bring me peace but I'm all alone in this loud head of mine to make things even worst,

today is the day of the family gathering and my mother has been another person blowing up my phone as if I'm the one hosting the party.

I jumped out of the ubber, and breath out loud, looking at what was once my home, I started feeling anxiety and having loud thoughts in my head God knows I hate family gatherings, and judging from the cars parked outside I'm going to regret setting foot in this place, The Ziqubu family is a big family, my father might have left my mother but my mother has never left her inlaws,

It's like she finds joy in rubbing it, on their face that  
" look at me I'm surviving....im boss....still leave in the suburbs...no man will ever bring me down "

God knows I hate this but mostly I hate being forced to hang out with this family. i meet my long lost cousin by the gate rocking her baby with tears in her eyes

" if I were you I would turn back and walk away, " she said  
biting her lip

Me: are you alright"

Her: I'm in your mother's house try asking me that question  
again?"

I swallowed and nodded she had a baby in March and I feel so  
sorry for her that she had to answer the same 100 questions  
about who the father of the baby is her employment status,  
over and over again, and how useless she is, ...yes that is my  
mother for you Queen of all Judges,

I was made by my loud Aunt just standing by the gate thinking  
of my escape, she pulled me by the hand and escorted me to  
the dining room area, People were eating loudly and boy I  
hated the noise, The fake smile I had to put in my face, It's hot  
and these Hugs are getting too much!

I have nothing in common with any of them. They're ok people  
yes, but I just prefer my solitude because there are better  
things I could be doing with my time than sitting here trying to

look happy and interested. .. My initial thought was to do my time, pay my debt to society, then go, just a few minutes in and then I'm out,

" look who finally showed up!"

She said when I walked to the back yard, the white makoti is sitting next to her,

Her: you did not even carry a gift?"

She looks at me from head to toe

Me: Sawbona ma "

She rolled her eyes,

"Come! stop speaking to people with no value, look at this beauty... Her name is Berky she is a photographer and has a rock in her hand which means wedding bells are ringing soon... Yoo Mangalisa he is such a blessing, I can die happy now "

Why? Because she brought a white girl as Makoti for you to show off with? I rolled my eyes looking at Mrs white, she smile, she is beautiful no doubt, has the most banging body, for a white chic she takes the cup

Her: hi, we meet the other day at the funeral...Mangalisa has told me so much about you "

I looked at her and the hand she offered me for a handshake,

Me: I have not seen my brother over 10 years, he does not call, or visit and knows no shit about me "

Mom: Liya! ... Stop you embarrassing me"

Me: sure sorry to speak my mind in front of the white girl! After all, Mangalisa is your blessing he brought you a white girl that I have to feed with my money,?"

She stopped and looked at me

Her: what did you say?"

I looked away

Her: so you are jealous of your brother... Why unosathane Liyana!!... Didn't he raise you and pay for your school fees, ..."

Me:... and the bills he left behind, the house was almost repossessed, we had no light and water for months, ... You talk about school fees didn't you take most of that money to buy shoes and clothes..."

I didn't even know I was shouting till I felt a sting on my face...

Her: you ungrateful busted... You are no different than your father!!.... After everything..."

" ma you making a scene..."

I looked at Mangalisa holding my mother,

Mom: ooh Mtanami why is your sister so evil...she is not even an hour in my house and already she is showing signs of jealousy, and envy, why Liyana...why are you so bad-hearted???... "

Mangalisa: mom please come down..."

Her: I'm tired of this child Mangalisa, I swear to God she wishes to kill me... "

While they hug each other I felt tears run down my face. . . why am I even here?"

\*\*\*Only when the tide goes out do you discover who's been swimming naked.\*\*\*

Narrated storyline

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

she woke up with her phone beeping, she smiled to herself, she already knew who it is, never in her life did she think she will start dating at her age, her only main goal when she walked out of the prison gate was to bond with her mother and her son, now there is a new man in her life.

She does not know if she must call him boyfriend, Lord know the man is old to be called 'boyfriend, she smiled to herself as she thought of the right word to call him "companion"



Companion is the right word to call him, she smiled agreeing with her thoughts,

"I tried to think of the sweetest way to wake you up. But all I can think of is you. So I ended up giving you the simplest morning greeting my heart could ever know... I miss you and I want to see you"

Rose laughed sitting up straight, this was old feelings she thought she never had in her anymore, ever since that dinner date with Sandile on the yacht, she started to see life in a whole different light, does God really give people a second chance to love, in her books she thought she was in love with Oyama and by life rules, true loves only come once to a human, but now this happens again,

She typed on her phone but a hint of sadness makes her put her phone away, Sandile is a man and just like Oyama all that Glit may not be Gold,

She ran her hands on her head, frustration took over making her jump off the bed, she started smoking walking up and down her bedroom in her birthday suit.

Clearly, this feeling she has for this man needs to go, she can't believe in love anymore. Yes the concept and principles of love, of loving mankind, each other that she can do, but as far as romantic love, between two people, not in this lifetime.

Her intercom rang telling her that there is a delivery guy with a mug and bean parcel for her,

" I never ordered anything," she said to the security guard,

Guard: It was just a drop off mam, I will put it on your doorstep"

she angrily walk down the passage, but stopped as she realized that she has no clothes on,

" Fuck " she screamed and pulled a throw on the couch and wrapped it around her body when she opened the door a brown paper bag was on the floor, she picked it up and walked inside,

She opened it and there were two croissants and an empty moca paper cup,

She held her mouth in shock, the only place she last ate croissants was in prison, could this be some kind of a massage? .. She held her heard and looked around her house for answers to drop on her lap,

After several minutes of debating of what she must do? why is she receiving this? Who sent her this? Why now? She finally turd her attention to the brown paper bag on her kitchen counter,

Within a split movement the paper bag was torn into shreds, the soft buttery rolls were on the floor, she looked at the empty paper cup it was just not one cup but a stuck of two cups, when she lifted the one cup, the message was written on it :

" Nongoloza... Happy New year... We need to talk... Mehlo"

She held her mouth in shock, as she sank down on the floor.

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\*\*\*Somewhere in Kloof \*\*\*

🌹 Oyama 🌹

Oyama set in the dark corner of his office, this is the only time he feels small, when he is all alone, to think that he is living in hiding and he must walk in shadow was totally getting to him, his anger grew higher realizing that the only true power you can take from any man is his freedom.

To think that whenever he is so close to conquering the world make it band on his knees, shit has to happen to drag him a hundred steps backward,

First

it was when Rossetta was arrested his whole operation scrambled down, then it took him almost another decade to get it up, and he was almost busted when his operation went wrong.

Now he's the most wanted man around the world, and he has to live like a cave animal all over again, this shit got him thinking where about in the food chain is he at? And who must he takedown to be on top, because this was no life for a notorious man like him

The crack of his door opening brought light in the room, as one of his men walk-ins

" boss Mr. Motaung is on the line "

He huffed and stood up, making his way to his desk, and picked up his phone

Him: you on holiday with your family while I sit in the dark shadows"

Him: some of us left this life of crime years back to be a family man "

Oyama grinded his teeth, thinking about Rossetta the only woman she ever loved in his entire life, and how he blew the chances of being a good husband to her and a good father to his son, all for the sake of power and money.

" you have news for me?"

Thabo sigh on the other line, his mad as hell that he's doing dirty dealing all over again especially with a man like Oyama, it's not by choice but because this man has dirt on him that can strip him of his position in the provincial magistrate court... His whole career lays in him helping him,

Thabo: as far as South Africa is concerned you are not their problem! special forces...the military...the hawks...they just want to capture you torture you and then return you back to Nigeria

Oyama: I know that! as my attorney did you do as I said"

Thabo: it's not an easy process, no legal system wants to deal with you. . ."

Oyama banged the table

"MAKE THEM DEAL WITH IT! FOR FUCK SAKE I PAID YOU TWO MILLION TO MAKE THIS SHIT GO AWAY, I DON'T NEED YOUR EXCUSES BUT I NEED THIS SHIT DONE!!... "

Thabo: it's going to take time..."

Oyama: who once had twins now has one son, who once fucked a skinny bitch now is moaning her death....tick tock...you running out of time"

Thabo breath out loud " get my family out of this shit!" He said with a hint of fear in his heart we talking about Oyama here and he will not hesitate to kill one of his sons or Portia to make his point

Oyama: good I have your attention now bloody get to work! "

He threw his phone across the room and grunted in frustration, he then walked out and made his way to his bedroom, he set on the bed and ran his hands on his face, he felt gentle hands on his shoulders,

"Morning Baby "

A soft voice said, in his ear... He then felt wet kisses on his neck

Her: I have few minutes before I go..."

Oyama: I'm not interested... Get out of here!"

She smiled to herself, this was him having a bad morning nothing she can't handle, she started kissing him and made her way around him to sit on his lap, she took his hand and moved it in-between her thighs,



Her: I'm wet and ready for you..."

Oyoma looked at her there was something about loose women that turned him off, he loves to fuck but nothing turned him on like a woman who knew his worth, and who did not let her panties fall easily! But throughout this year's, every ass, pussy, and woman he has been with has never come close to his sweet Rossetta elegant woman, classy and so beautiful, he got so angry thinking about how hot she looks this day and he can't even come close to her and say hello let alone kiss her,

He pushed the woman off his lap and she screamed as she landed on the floor with her butt

" Oyama!! What the fuck? "

Him: you have work to do! so get to it!!"

He said standing up,

Her: I'm not Rossetta's babysitter Oyama! And I'm tired of being her fuckin puppet! Do you know how that bitch treats me... I'm tired baby"

Oyama stopped and slowly looked at her

" Ginger are you forgetting your place, "

Ginger swallowed and looked at him this look he has on his face, she knows it very well

Ginger: baby no... All I'm saying is that you have me, why are you so infatuated by Rose, she can't give you what I give you, I'm here I love you, you know..."

She did not finish her sentence as she scream in agony, as Oyama slapped her across her face, he held her by the hair and made her look at him,

"You will babysit my wife as long as it takes, you will be her puppet, her bitch... And you will tell me everything she does, who she talks to when she talks to them, now be a good bitch and do as you are told, or else..."

Ginger looked at him with teary eyes, nodding to every instruction given, the grip on her hair was so tight it was as if he was pulling her hair from her skull, he smacked her again and dropped her on the floor,

" Never ever call her a Bitch!!!"

He roared and then made his way out...while Ginger curled up on the floor and cried.

\*\*\*Sometimes it takes a wrong turn to get you to the right place\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

She knew that her mother will hate her for this, she did not even wait for the festive season to be over, and already she is back at work,

To her, This was a perfect time to blend in, where the place is still buzzing with tourists and visitors so that it will not draw too much attention to herself, and worst blow her cover,

Esten Cape is the most vibey place there is, people are drunk and having a time of their life, while she had to hold her breath and wish to blend in.

She breathe out loud as she drove through the fuel station, this garage was just no ordinary gus and fuel garage but more of a

chill spot, the rooftop was grill bar, and she knew that with her wheels and her dress code she will draw a lot of eyes to her self, especially eyes that can get her close to Shaka Zulu,

One thing that was annoying with this mission was that she has to look for a person that she has no facial identification on, just working on a hunch and a lot of sources that claim they know the guy,

She jumped out of her car, wearing a see-through shirt dress, with bikini underneath, the big tattoo on her thigh was there for show, her smooth glowing skin got man fixated on her, she typed on her phone trying to distract herself from the eyes she was getting in this place,

But to her luck Liyana did not pick up her phone, she walked inside the quick shop-bought water and chips, she smiled at the girl behind the counter

" may I get steamroll please as well "

The girl smiled back and nodded after She bought a few staff on the quick shop she made her way out and noticed a car similar to hers parked next to her

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and a guy was looking at her car

Me: excuse me is there a problem?"

They looked at the guy

Him: Is this your car?"

Her: I asked what's the problem didn't I?"

The guy side smile and nodded, he looked like a punk dresses like a white boy, and those tattoos and piecing was just a turn-off,

He reached inside his car and handed her a flyer

"GTI excursion?" She read the flyer and looking at him

The guy smiled

Him: you must be new around here, look it's a tradition that on the first weekend of the new year we take a trip from Makhanda to East London..."

" tradition for people driving GTI?"

he chuckled and ran his hands on his unruly hair

Him: we kind off set trends it's just for the gram, but I would love it if you can come... You can bring a friend even "

Lethu looked at him and nodded

Her: what time. . ." she trailed off as she was distracted by a Black Jeep wrangler that parked next to them, the driver looked at her more like scan her, even with his glasses on she could tell that he was looking at her from head to toe.

" meet us here within an hour..." The guy said to Lethu his busy giving out details about the excursion but Lethu's attention is now on this tall guy driving a Jeep who just jumped off the car, wearing a cap, glasses, rough rider white t-shirt, denim shorts...and white all-star tekkies, never mind that his hot but he took every one attention including Lethu's

" GTI Excursion?" He said leaning over Lethu head and reading the flyer

The punk guy swallowed looking at the Jeep driver

" I did not come here to cause trouble "

Jeep driver: I find that hard to believe four girls were drug and raped on the last excursion and yet you still handing out these flyers, so what does that look like?"

The punk guy tried to speak but, the Jeep guy grabbed the flyer from Lethu hand and threw it on the punk guy face

" Get lost, Zula... "

Zula: it's Zuko..." The punk guy responded

Jeep guy: I don't give a fuck "

Zuko looked at Lethu, he knew better than to say anything now, so he just walked away

"What are you five thinking of going to an excursion ?" he said to Lethu

Lethu: what are you five finding pleasure in bullying people around?"

The guy was still behind Lethu smelling her sweet smell, it's the way she looked so short in front of him that made him wish to hold her

" I'm Mlondi," he said whispering in her ear

Lethu: I don't give a fuck "

She said turned around and looked at him, more like look up at him, the guy was captivating no doubt, they had a moment looking at each other, she finally dropped her shades from her head to her face and jumping in her car,

Mlondi: I just ask for your name?"

He said looking at Lethu

Lethu: I don't fuck with Cops"

She reversed and drove off, the way she spine her tires when she drove off Got Mlondi blood rushing leaving him biting his lip.



\*\*\*I'd rather have an enemy who admits they hate me, instead of a friend who secretly put me down.\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" Liyana ima... Please "

Mangalisa held her hand but she yanked it away from him

Mangalisa: I'm sorry that Ma had to act like that..."

Liyana: you are sorry? ....you left me with her when I was only 16th you knew what kind of a woman she is, you saved your own skin and left us with bills that we had to pay, I started working when I was 17years to put the plate in our table, work twice as hard to keep this house from being taken by the bank, and you come back after 10 years and you take all the credit!!"

Mangalisa: I'm sorry..."

Me: are you? ...you think a lousy R500 change you sent to us every month paid for of this, my mother's car, the house she

lives in, the clothes on her back, God you even indulging in food and drinks paid by my hard-earned money and you come back with what? Sorry!!"

"Mangalisa come back son let her go, ..."

Liya mother called outstaring by the gate while the two siblings argued back and forth on the road, Liya mother was getting really mad, she had an image to protect and if Liya carries on like this people she invited into her house will gossip about her instead of the other way around.

Mangalisa: Liya ngiyakuzwa but just come inside and let us talk about this "

Liya: I'm done talking... I'm done sacrificing... As a big brother take care of your mother from now on..."

Mangalisa looked at her with a big

'O' on his face, God knows he can't do half of the things his little sister did, which shows that Liya grew up very fast not just physically or age grew up but more like, she is matured, he still shocked at how she did all of this, fix the house take care of their mother all this year's, in his eyes, she was the strongest, courageous and selfless being he has ever met, but why was their mother so ungrateful?

He was about to speak bagging her to come inside the house, but a car parked in front of them, and Liya jumped in the Uber taxi

Mangalisa: Liya... Liyana!! "

He screamed at her as Liya told the driver to drive...

The car parked outside her house at the very same time Ntsika car parked his car,

She breathe out loud, fixed her face, and jumped out,

Her eyes locked with Ntsika, she pressed her lips not trying to cry but her tears failed her, and she looked away,

Ntsika jumped out of his car, the fact that he can't run to her made him hate that his in this condition,

" Liyana"

She slowly walked towards him and he pulled her to him and hugged her when she was close enough,

Him: I'm so...so...sorry "

He felt bad really bad that he might be the reason why his love is crying like this,

Liya hugged Ntsika so tight that she wish he never to let her go, Lord Knows she need something to go right in her life for once, on the other hand, Ntsika felt that she was broken and needed him more than anything right now, and he only wishes to be her smile keeper from now on.

"Come with me," he said in her ear, Liya was reluctant this is the same man who broke his promise, but why does being in his arms feel so right?

A few seconds later, and Ntsika wet kissed on her neck, they finally jumped inside the car and Ntsika drove off

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He held her hand throughout the drive, while Liya just placed her heard on the window and looked outside,

•  
•  
 Rossetta 

" I would like to introduce you to the lady that made this possible Ms. Rose "

Sandile said introducing Rose to the guys,

Rose scanned the guys she has never seen them before but somehow she trust Sandile that all transactions will go as planned,

This was the first poker game to be held in her club, she is scared but yet excited, after the shake of hands and smile was done, Sandile pulled her to the side

Sandile: are you ok?"

Rose: I'm fine "

Sandile looked at her and nodded,

He does not believe her and her eyes are telling him something is wrong,

Him: Rose " he said rubbing his hand,

Her: I have a meeting to attend to..."

Sandile nodded, Rose was just one of kind, sexy, gorgeous, and intelligent she was the kind of woman he wish to spend his life with, strong and her fearless side intimidated at him but also turned him on at the same time if only she could just drop all this wall prevent her to enjoy life.

Rose: why looking at me like that "

Sandile: because you beautiful and you driving me crazy with your pull and push feeling "

Rose: what?"

Sandile: stop being such a traffic light changing colors to the wrong person "

Rose could not help but laugh

Sandile smile and decided to kiss her on the cheek and told her,

"I will see her later "

She smiled, more like blushed, and nodded.

" good luck on your game," she said to him

Sandile chuckled

Him: who cares about money when I have already worn. . ." he winked at her and she side smile walking out of the game room, leaving tight security guards on the door, she made her way to her office.

Butterflies filled her tummy when he thought about how sandile held her hand, how he kissed her cheek, there was something dangerously interesting with this man.

She shook he head and breath out loud.

"focus Rose!" She told herself.

She started working and a few minutes later Samkelo walked into her office, Rosetta closed her laptop and looked at him,

Her: does she suspecting anything?"

Sam: she is too focus is getting herself a cow to milk than the documents she is signing, ... Overall she doing a good job as a floor manager "

Rose: that good... She is no different from Ginger thinking that being boss you need to have a wealthy man by your side...stupid girl! "

Sam chuckled, today Rosetta did a fifth transaction moving money from Mpume secrete account to the Botswana account, it may be too early to say this but comes to the end of the year Rose will be a very wealthy woman,



"Look I need to be somewhere...take care of the club for me "

She said to Samkelo who was laughing to himself, he too realized how much they have made with Rose, Poker game it's going to be a very profitable side business, he thought to himself

Samkelo: Rose you do know that I'm your security guy here "

Rose: you are what I want you to be... You got the jet?"

Him: yes, and I added two extra guys to go with you "

Rose: I'm not the 1st lady to have so much security with me "

Him: mmmm I beg to differ, you sure I should not tag along "

Rose: I trust you with my money "

Sam: yet Ginger is your partner"

Rose laughed "don't believe everything you read on paper boy... " she said standing up and taking her things

Sam: what? "

Her: close this place up after the poker game, it's a bloody holiday let my stuff rest "

She walks out with Sam,

Him: ok will do that "

When they walked downstairs Ginger looked at her and envy washed all over her, Rose was tall, beautiful and she wore her class on her sleeves, even with decades in jail she still came out turning heads,

" What happened to your face?"

Rose stopped and asked Ginger

Ginger: choreography went wrong "

Rose: mmm I see "

She said walking away

Ginger: and where are you going?"

Rose: out "

Ginger: out with who? "

Rose raised her eyebrow and slowly turned to look at her  
" what's in it for you to know?"

Ginger: I'm just...."

Rose: you ask too many questions these days what's the sudden interest? "

Ginger: Rose come on now, why are you always questioning everything I do? "

Rose: no amount of makeup will hide the fact that you have a blue eye and to make it worse you just lied through your teeth, take few days off and fix that shit!"

Rose said walked out she still does not trust her and only keeping her close to prove her suspicion, Oyama is presumed to be back in town and Ginger is over-inquisitive, comes to work late and now she got bruises on her face. . . something is brewing under this waters.

\*\*\*Sexual intimacy is not the destination, it is the path - the path that leads to mental union.\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" baby wake up..."

I rose up from his lap, the last time I was awake was when we were changing cars and he had asked his driver to drive us, I only remember resting my head on his shoulder I must have fallen asleep,

Me: where are we?"

I asked looking around, all I could feel was a cool breeze on my skin

Him: you in my house...come "I jumped off the car and I dropped my mouth in shock, ok hold on wait who is this guy?

He held my hand and we walked slowly and walked inside, I look at the house and all I could see was a maze, the house is an open plank most probably due to his conditions, there minimum furniture

you know like your Japanese house, there sliding door that leads to another room to another I was just in awe

I felt him wrap his arms around my waist,

Him: hi"

I smiled looking down, as his lips left a tickling feeling on my neck

" Hi"

I said softly, I turned to look at him, and I smiled, damn he's so hot, I felt my tummy going crazy as his hands ran on my face and, he cupped my face with his hand and kissed me hard, He moaned against my lips as our body came to full contact, he pulled out to give me a tight squeeze

"I missed you so much baby," he said. I nodded my agreement against his chest, He cupped my chin in his strong masculine

hand tilting my head back so that he could kiss me again, he leaned down and kissed me so gently, covering my lips with his. His hand gripped the back of my head bringing me closer for his hard passionate kiss, desire rippled through my abdomen, A desire that had been building up since the first day I saw him.

" Nkosi Yami welcome back home "

I jumped off him and noticed that there was a middle-aged lady in the room,

Ntsika kept his hand on my waist not wanting to let me go

Him: Ma' Chiya "

The lady smiled and bowed her head

Him: Is everything ready?"

Her: as you wish Nkosi Yami"

Ntsika smiled and kissed my cheek,

Him: babe this is my ma'Chiya my housekeeper anything you want please speak to her..."

I just nodded, I was just still confused on why she is calling him Nkosi Yami? Before I could ask, Ntsika just told this lady to show me to the master bedroom to freshen up, because he had to make few phone calls,

I walk with this lady in a maze passage, I'm blown away by the design of this house, I notice that Ntsika is a lover of art, the paintings on his wall were breathtaking, and somehow had his personal touch.

She opened the master bedroom and I walked in,

"I ran you a bubble bath, your dress is on the bed, dinner should be ready in 30 minutes just call me to escort you to the dining room "

She pointed at the phone by the side table

Me: I'm Liyana..."

Her: I know miss Ziqubu "

Me: ooh "

Her: is there anything else you wish I help you with?"

Me: uuum no tanks..."

She nodded and closed the door, I was left feeling stuned, Ntsika bedroom is so big, its size is like the four-room house I'm currently renting, I'm afraid to touch anything my heart is just beating out of my throat right now looking at how exquisite it is.

As I stepped out of the balcony, I realize that I'm far away from Durban, where am I? And the million rand question is who is Ntsika Bhengu?

I finished bathing and getting ready. I felt smooth, buffed, and prepared for the night ahead to be kissed all over.

From the way he kissed me tonight I knew he wanted more than just kissing and cuddling,

If his heart-stopping kisses were anything to go by, his skills in bed I knew were going to be first-class, God knows I'm unskilled at all when it comes to sex, I was busy making money to



support my mother instead of worrying about the lady between my legs.

One last look at my reflection in the mirror and I felt ready,  
I left the bathroom and started to parading around in my towel,  
I set on the big kingsize bed, I looked at the cocktail dress laid  
on the bed and I just ran my hands on it too afraid to even wear  
it,

I'm scared now the insecure girl in me sees all of this not fit for  
me, I'm not deserving of such luxury, I held my mouth.

A light knock came through the door,

and my eyes were meet with Ntsika

Him: dinner is ready..."

I nodded

he came and set on the bed looking at me

Him: do you like it?"

Me: it's beautiful...looks expensive, hold up how did you know  
my size?"

Him: I have cuddled with you and my hands have traced every inch of your body...women I know you "

Me: I can't we're this "

Him: my love for you has no price tag "

I looked down, as he pulled me to stand in-between his legs and I decided to wrapped my hand around his neck

Me: thank you... I love it "

Him: I'm sorry about last night "

Me: babe how many times do you have to apologize "

Him: up until you believe me, ..."

Me: I believe you "

He ran his hands under my towel grabbing my thigh, I felt his breath changing as he placed his head on my tummy

Me: our dinner is getting cold "

Him: I'm not hungry "

He said looking at me with lustful eyes, I bite my lip and I unbuttoned his golf shirt

Him: Liya..."

I pulled up his t-shirt as he raises his hands up, I needed to get closer to him so I pushing him over to his back and I sat astride his hips and leaned down, and took over kissing the life out of him. I couldn't resist fondling his cock, I wanted to feel his hardness. Stroking him through the material a kissing his plump lips turned me on more. I had control, even if it was only for a few minutes. His hands grabbed my ass and I moaned

Him: God damn it. . . Liya" I kept up this frantic pace when I finally slide down and stripped him of his jeans,

When I came up he held my waist and tossed me over, guided me to the center of the bed, The air in the roomed stilled and a hot flash of heat covered my body, his passionate kisses increased, as my towel unwrapped itself leaving me with just my birthday suite,

He stopped to look at me, his eyes were barely open, I knew that tonight is the night we consummate our relationship,

My nana is really aching. And just in time His fingers start to roam all over my body, he kisses me on my hard nips, and I lose myself as his hands rub my pussy lips, I wish I had the guts to stroking his fat prick that is poking me with but instead, pleasure is so intense got me spreading my thighs for better excess as I moan so loud closing my big brown eyes as his tongue dances on my pink folds, the pleasure was driving me crazy as he sucks on my pink pearl, his Long licks and gentle flicks, made me call out his name

" Ntsika oooh my God!!!"

My nana was very slick now, he just hit my g-spot, I let out some moans, as I felt really hot, I scream and then I groan, as I exploded in his mouth,

He licks me slow and moves up for me to my lips to taste my juices

"I love you so much," he says

My pussy elixir flows, as I fill his finger work in a fast motion,

I scream ' ooh shit I'm coming' he just hit the jackpot yet again. Jesus Christ, he really know my sexual plumbing, I feel him move into position, he eased himself to me, God knows I wanted this, ever since I meet him, he forces the head in, I flinched, made him stop to get used to its size, he started pushing against me and each stroke went deeper into me, finally, he was all the way in me, it's burning as I felt my walls stretch to its extent, I bite my lip taking the pain mixed with pleasure.

" God Liya...holly fuck! ". He cursed

Our foreheads are pinned together, as he slowly Deep thrusts in me he holds my hips, as I feel like whatever that is inside me is a size of a pole. I keep squirming every time he tried going fast, till finally, I start to drip, then he went all crazy on me, I'm screaming, his groaning and boring my neck, how is he moving so fast in his condition?

I try to push him a bit telling him to slow down, but he pines my hand above my head

" let me have you sthandwa sami "

I swallowed and nodded as he devoured me,

\*\*\*If love has a price tag, I guarantee that the one I have for you will be the most expensive, that no one will be able to afford\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

The night of passion was rough, yet gentle yet the most unforgettable night of my life,

Ntsika made love to me in ways I never thought existed, not only was sex the best I have ever had but my love for him jumped from 60% to 100%,

I slowly opened my eyes and he was not next to me, I frowned and I turned around and I found him sitting on the couch looking at me,

Him: Morning "

I looked at him and pulled the cover over my head giggling,

Me: Morning"

He chuckled too, walking close to me and set next to me,

Him: what's so funny "

Me: nothing "

I bite my lip as he pulled the covers and ran his hand on my face, our eyes locked, he has the most beautiful dark brown eyes I have ever seen, and you can only see this when he's really close to you because he has the most smallest eyes

Him: I wish to wake up next to this beautiful face every morning "

Me: wishes may come true you know "

He lowered his head attempting to kiss me,

Me: no Ntsika I have not brushed my teeth"

I said pushing him off me,

Him: women let me have my morning kiss "

I gave in, and he kissed me,

Him: join me for breakfast outside "

I nodded, he then kissed my forehead and stood up,

Him: I think you broke my back"

He said holding his waist

Me: luckily for you, you are in love with the physiotherapist  
what I break I know how to fix "

Him: mmm I love the sound of that "

He walked out slowly and the minute he walk out I bite my lip  
throwing my feet up and down in excitement,

" ooh, shit " I flinch in pain, damn it he says I broke his back  
what about my punana that is still burning now, I can't believe  
he devoured me In every position there is, fuck I know exactly  
what he means when he says I'm not disabled but able, the  
man can Fuck!



Jumping off the bed I noticed that the linen had few blood spot on it and a lot of after sex fluid that painted a map on the sheets, it was gross just to witness and my first thought was to take a bath and change the linen

My salty bubble bath did the trick in numbing the pain between my legs, and thanks to God for my dark skin I don't have any visible evidence on my neck of our lovemaking.

When stepped out of the bath I found the bed all made up and Ma'Chiya was taking the dirty linen, I frown

Her: Good morning Ms. Ziqubu"

Me: morning... But please call me Liya"

Her: yes mam "

Me: I was going to do that "

I said feeling embarrassed this woman is old enough to be my mother and she just cleaned the bed that I had sex on a few hours ago.

Her: I don't think Inkosi izokuvuma lokho "

Here is this name again, why is she referring him to king,

She left the room, I lotioned my body and put Ntsika shot and T-shirt on with his big sleeper, I stepped out of the bedroom and sigh, thinking where to go, I followed my instinct and finally

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I found him in the garden with Kay his driver.

He smiled as he looked at me but my facial expressions made him dismiss Key so that we can be alone

Him: what's wrong?"

Me: your housekeeper just change our linen "

Him: it's her job "

Me: job? ... The linen that had our sex stains on?!"

He set back and looked at me,

Him: ok... so?"

He down his juice

Me: ooh my God you don't see anything wrong with this! come on Ntsika don't act like King of Zamunda, please... it's not right!  
"

Him: Kind I am, of Zamunda no! ..."

Me: what?"

Him: Ngiyinkosi Yama Bhengu and this is my land "

Me: what?"

Him: sit down Liya please "

I set down and ran my hands on my face, this he just say his king?

Him: before you get mad and hit me with the line that I lied to you... Well, the truth of the matter is I just chose not to tell you,  
"

Me: wow are you serious!!?"

He did not respond but just looked at me, I held my mouth in shock

"No!"

Him: babe for once in my life I meet a woman who loved me for me not for who I am "

Me: Ntsika just. . . Ooh shit!... I can't believe this!"

He pulled his chair and set next to me holding my hand, looking in my eyes ooh my God he is totally serious!

Him: damn it Liya why are you such an antisocial person, now I have to explain myself to you?"

He stood up and gave me his back looking at the beautiful landscapes, running his hand on his heard

Me: whooo ar. . e you?"

Him: I'm the man who loves you, I say this because when I'm with you I'm not the king of this land or one the most wealthiest man in Mzansi, I'm just a man that fell in love with the most selfless, gorgeous and intelligent women Before I met you, I didn't think love was for me. It was something other people had and felt. Something that my family desperately wanted to arrange for me, It felt more like a wish I had, than something real. Now that I'm with you, love is so much more tangible. It's something I can reach out and touch. It's so much more than a wish or a hope, though it does give me hope, for so many things, it's the very real, wonderful person I wake up to. The warm hand next to mine, the brush of hair against my cheek. I love you and because of that love, I love so much more than you. I love myself and the world in a way I never thought possible. You've made that possible for me. You've made everything possible..."

His words...damn it! his words got me falling in the deep ocean of love for him, I found myself walking towards him and hugging him from behind, I rested my head on his back as he held my hands tight,

Him: your heart is raising, I assume that you have questions about me and you coming from different worlds, ...baby allows me to figure that one out "

Me: but Ntsika I'm just...."

He turned and looked at me, holding my face so that I could look into his eyes

Him: don't say it, don't ever degrade or think less of yourself because what I see in you is more than just beautiful women...I see more "

He kissed my forehead and hugged me tight,

My heart is raising, I have a lump on my throat, I am losing air, my head has so many questions, my heart just went to that dark place of the insecure girl, Ooh my God this is not happening to me! Girls like me don't get this lucky...No...this must be a joke,

I felt light-headed and before I knew it was light out for me.

\*\*\*Blast from the Past \*\*\*

🌹 Rosette 🌹

Prison is my least favorite place yet here I am back to the same tall walls I walked out on a few months ago

I breathe out loud and set on the visitation stool waiting for Mehlo,

The grey old lady walked in escort

by guards, she smiled when she saw me,

We shared that warm hug that anyone behind these walls desperately needs,

Her: it's good to see you "

Me: likewise "

Her: ooh my God look at you "

Me: what can I say I thought I will find doom waiting for me outside but I found a small window of opportunity and I took it "

She nodded and smiled,

Her: Smart girl"

I looked down nodding, if it wasn't for this woman right here, jail would have swallowed me whole, but she groomed me to be this fearless woman I am today and for that, I will forever be grateful

Me: I got your message "

She turned and looked at the guard,

Her: make me invincible "

And just like that the guards switched off the camera and alarm system and walked outside giving us privacy

I handed her a packet of cigarettes, and a lighter, she smiled and started smoking,



Her: I have eyes and ears inside and out!"

Me: I know that otherwise, I would have not come "

Him: your Husband is back and he is closer to you than you know "

Me: How?"

Her: just saying never let your guard down because shit is going to get pretty messy"

Me: Mehlo you speaking in codes "

Her: am I?"

I sat back and looked at her, this was one of her ways of talking, she wears a poker face and makes me guess the card she has,

Me: Ginger?"

She nodded taking a puff

Her: the bitch has been in his pay role even before you made picture in that man's life, "

I swallowed, this where I learn the truth about Ginger and Oyama, am I ready for his? I breathe out loud and looked at her

Me: I know that... the question is, is she still loyal to him now?"

Her: if you have a child with a man at the age of 14 what do you think?"

Me: what?"

I felt my armpit getting soaked etching like crazy, I stood up and started walking around

Me: a child!!! "

Her: she is a grown ass woman now "

Me: and ...does...does, Oyama know?"

She nodded pulling her cigarette

Me: damn it!! All this year's she had been his bitch?"

Her: pretty much so"

Me: where is the child?"

Her: Just like what happened to you, happen to her, Oyama does not have any fatherly bone inside of him, so when the child turned 3 or 5 years they gave it up for adoption..."

Me: all this time!!!....all this time Ginger lied through her teeth about not having an affair with my husband "

She looked at me with a raised eyebrow, urg I just realizing that I just called that busted husband! , I clicked my tongue and looked away,

Her: it's not like you trusted her, you knew she was fucking Oyama, you just turned a blind eye, I don't blame you, love makes us blind vele, "

I turned and looked at her with a frown

Her: Look Rose the tides are changing the only thing you have to do is find that girl and you paralyze Ginger with whatever connection she has with Oyama

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"

Me: what?"

Her: it's a game of dominoes, Ginger knows too much and she is a valuable asset to Oyama, if you cripple her from his hold you got the upper hand "

Me: what makes you so sure she will band just like that "

She laughed shaking her head,

Her: you are a mother you know that kind of love mothers have for their offspring, find the child and you will see that there is nothing as powerful as mother's love, and nothing as healing as a child's soul..."

I held my mouth in shock, I can't believe this, the bitch has been fucking Oyama when she was just a preteen, all along... I thought... Fuck!

I folded my arms looking at Mehlo's smirk and I knew that this information does not come cheap,

Her: I know this is not free information you need something?"

Her: you know me too well "

Me: What can I help you with ?"

Her: ever since you left, the business had been running low, there is a new group terrorizing our group we need money, mostly power!"

Me: how am I supposed to do that Mehlo, while I'm outside?"

Her: you just do the trade and the girls outside will handle the rest "

Me: trade for what?"

Her: white powder"

Me: what?"

I leaned closer to her " how and where the fuck am I going to get drugs?"

Her: talk to Samukelo he knows a guy that knows a guy, he will make it happen "

I held my head bitch ways too much about all the people I'm connected to, damn it!

Me: I'm out on parole this can land me right back in here"

Her: you smart, I know you and I know how you think, once bitten twice shy... You will make it possible... Without implicating yourself."

I sigh looking up

Me: we talking how much here?"

Her: 50 grand...whatever profit we make we split, till my debt is paid"

Me: only one trade right ?"

Her: oof cause, "

I nodded,

Her: one more thing..."

I sigh and looked at her, She took out a file from her jacket, I looked at it and the first picture on the file was Sandile

" What is this?"

Her: I believe he's the man that is trying to get into your pants, I hope for your sake you not jumping from one Oyama to another, ask him about his past if he loves you like they claim he does he will tell you everything if not the proof is in the file"

The Guard banged the door,

" Mehlo time up! "

I took the file and shoved it inside my bag

Her: will keep in touch "

Me: wait where do I start looking for the girl"

" Zama Zama tuck shop it is somewhere in KZN Endwedwe or was it Stanger...yoo I'm too old my memory is not good anymore "she side smile

Me: Mehlo you doing it again!"

She chuckled and stood up, she gave me a warm hug

Her: the map is THE mother"

Me: Mehlo!"

Her: don't be a stranger now "

I side smile shaking my head, this is how she gives out information, clues, and puzzles for me to solve on my own, damn I hate this game.

Me: it was good to see you " I secretly pushed a roll of money in her pocket, she winked as I watched her walking out.

The minute I stepped out of prison I felt my tummy turn and just like that ran to the side of the road and vomited, my head was more conflicted than ever, at this point I want to squash Ginger, for being a two-faced bitch, but yet again I'm sick in my stomach that for year's I shared a bed with a pedophile!





\*\*\*love in the strangest places\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" any news?"

Me: no, I have turned this place upside down and its pretty small for me to sniff a rat but I have come out with nothing, we chasing a Wildgoose" I said frustrated running my hands on my head,

"Being a detective you need to bend in "

Me: that is the thing I'm not a detective God, I'm just an information collector Muntu!"

Her: look Lethu stop overthinking this, being undercover takes time... You need to be one with your cover and stop thinking like a killer you not in the jungle here looking for prey, it's the other way around you are the prey in Shaka's territory, ... Stop sniffing around too much you drawing too much attention to yourself "

Me: I'm not cut out for this shit!"

I dropped the call and held my head, I'm an impatient woman, and to look for a needle in a haystack that is not me, I don't know why this old hag trusted me with this shit!

"Let me guess you found him in bed with another woman, or he cheated with your best friend? ..."

I looked up and Mr tall guy stood in front of my table looking at me, I just rolled my eyes and looked outside the window

Him; ooh shit so your sister fucked your man, in your house and you beat the shit out of them so that is why you ran away from home because your family thinks you acted like Looney?..."

Me: what the fuck?... "

He side smile and that alone got me chuckling, he decided to pull a chair and sat in front of me,

Me: so you stalking me now?"

He took a jellybean and threw it in his mouth, and looked at me... I notice that he has lazy eyes or it's just small big-eyed ok that looks mmmm, I cleared my thought and looked away,

Him: you new here? ... Running away or...

Me: I'm part of the or...."

Him: you not a tourist because your car runs this street like a local so what's your business in this small town"

Me: wow are you admitting that you stalking me?"

I said looking at him, he side smile ... I noticed something familiar about him, wait do I know this guy?

Him: naaa I'm too busy for that bulshit, let just say I noticed few things about you that grabbed my attention"

I sip my drink and smiled looking at him

Me: like what?"

Him: you driving the latest GTI, and damn you drive as if you stole something, I bat you have speeding tickets, not to

mention my favorite, you speak Isizulu endaweni yamaxhosa  
...."

He said chewing another jelly bean in his mouth

Me: I told you I don't associate myself with cops...why do I feel  
like I'm scrutinized here?"

He busts out and laughed shaking his head, ok this guy is a  
bloody destruction everything about him is breathtaking, it's  
like God took his time creating him, never mind that his arms  
are covers in ink.

Him: now that line again, clearly you haven't meet any Cops of  
this area"

Me: actually I did, the potbelly, skopo smelling Cop that gave  
me a speeding ticket, he kind of has your resemblance"

He looked at me with a wow sigh and we both bust out and  
laughed, when the laughter subsided and we were both left  
with a smile on our faces,

He licked his lip and offered me his hand

Him: I'm Londi "

without thinking twice or without realizing what I just did I find myself shaking his hand and bluntly saying my name to him my original name Fuck!

Her: yoooo long name does it even fit in your ID book?"

I chuckled uncomfortably damn it, what have I done, I just blew my cover!

Him: so, ...Le...Thu..Ku...Thu...la...what brings you to this part of town"

This felt awkward now I have no story why I'm here, I'm not buying the cover of being a student, it's just don't feel right that I'm hanging around no one yet I will call myself a student that is just stupid, think Lethu think, ... Fuck I'm blank! and it does not help that I'm looking at this hot guy in front of me, fuck!

Him: hey, it's cool if you don't want to talk about it,... Trust me I know that stress of life that got us packing a bag and moving to a small town"

Me: I guess all runners always meet each other in a crossroads"

I downed my drink looking at him

Him: true, that why they say to protect yourself from others hurting you, you locked everyone out but at the same time you locked yourself in. And All you now have is yourself for company, but you never took the time to quieten all those negative voices in your head, You spent so long running away from you, escaping with different vices over the years that now you have locked yourself in those voices end up hurting you worse than anyone else ever could"

Me: and the solution is to return home?"

Him: Naah, just Don't lock the doors, that could lead you to freedom and peace of mind what you left behind let it not follow you to where you going "

Me: mmm and what do you know this cop is also smart!"

Him: usuyaphaphake manje "

We bust out and laughed, he stood up and looked at me

Him: let get out of here "

I frowned and looked at him, mind you he is incredibly tall, and I was hesitant about agreeing to what he's asking. With his eyes fixed on mine, I asked him,

"where too?"

Him: anywhere but here...." I wish to stop this butterfly's in my tummy that making me short of breath and sweaty, but his voice is just hypnotic

Him: come, asilule izinyawo kancane"

I nodded, took my phone, bag and stood up, I have no idea what gotten into me, but this guy just made me forget everything, about my father death, the reason I'm in this place, it's just me and him in one bubble,

He opened the cafeteria door for me and just like that he had me believed that there is still a gentleman in this world. And No doubt he is such an epitome of such manliness.

Walking around the block was relaxing...reflection

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he is way too smart, and from the way, he talk I could see that he also street smart, like Pansula like throwing a bit of slang here and there,

When the real conversation started, I could not help but get lost in his beautiful smile and expressive eyes.

Me: So let's say you were given one chance to change or enhance

one thing about yourself what would it be?"

Him: I wish I was more grounded...you know to live my life with intent and purpose rather than just passively watching my life



go by...I wish to Just to have that desire of owning my feelings, emotions, and body by just being in the moment and allowing myself to express my true self, who knows maybe I could even blossom."

I looked at him with his hands in his pocket, cap almost hiding his beautiful eyes, and the wisdom that is coming out of his mouth, I'm in awe right now,

I look away whenever his eyes looked my way to keep my heart from pumping so fast because it hurts. It hurts that my blood comes rushing from my heart to the different parts of my body, it hurts that I feel nervous when there are exactly nothings to be nervous about, and it hurts that I'm starting to like him when in fact I shouldn't.

Me: what stopping you from blossoming" I said softly

He chuckled

Him: a lot happened in my life while I was growing up, and I guess I have never stopped to heal or forgive, so I lived my life recklessly...fast and in the moment"

He turns his head to look at me our eyes lock

Me: it's never too late you know to be who you want to be "

Him: that's true, maybe I was waiting for a night like this, to walk with a person who can actually listen, ...somehow it's kinda off making me feel in tune, it's like every sensation in my body and mind is just letting go of the negativity the darkness. I'm just in the moment and it feels like for the first time I just experiencing the world as it is rather than through past memories or a filter... "

He said with his eyes looking directly into mine, I could feel he meant every word, I opened my mouth to say something but nothing came out, I just blushed and looked down,

He lifted my face with his hand

Him: you very beautiful...and I would like to get to know the crazy side of the beauty"

Me: I'm not crazy!"

Him: you are Khumalo women you have not one but a few screw loose"

I slapped his hand " that's a myth"

Him: you just slapped my hand so point proved"

I laughed out loud, holding my mouth,

Him: so what do you say?"

He says stopping in front of me, His voice is something I have to mention. It's quiet and calm. I wished our conversation never have come to an end, or is it just me wishing to just listen to him talk, all day long, but I can't do this now...

Me: Mlondi...I just..."

Him: look, Le...Thu...Ku...thu...la"

He made fun of my name making me shake my head laughing

Him: Lethukuthula We are not here to fit in, be well balanced, or provide an example for others. We are here to be eccentric, different, perhaps strange, perhaps merely to add our small piece, our little clunky, chunky selves, to the great mosaic of being. As the gods intended, we are here to become more and more ourselves...I like what I feel when I'm with you, so shoot me for taking a chance to explore more "

I turned my head, and I noticed that we actually stopped next to my car, ooh shit why is this happening to me now! I felt his hand holding my arm

Him: I don't know the trends of dating these days so I will just blunt it out, can I see you again please"

Defeated by looking in his eyes I find myself saying

"you already stalking me, I'm sure that won't be a problem of you finding me "

He chuckled, and ran his hand down from my arm to my hand, that I found myself holding to his hand,

Him: Ok that's true, ... You got me there, so how about I call you tonight?"

I bite my lip looking at him, ok his asking for my number, fuck why am I overthinking everything, God knows I'm blank like he claims to be with the dating trends too, what do I do now, I was told that giving in so easily would make me come across as "cheap" or "easy to get" and I wouldn't want that, I learned my lesson with Sbu I'm not going through that route again. And I've

heard some men say that they've been "chasing a girl" for up to 3 months before she finally agreed to giving her a number or going out on a date. Shit why am I even think dates, I just had a walk in the street with a stranger, a hot fine stranger that asking for my cellphone number.

"Hay? what are you doing!?"

I finally come back to reality when I noticed that he just wrote on my dusty window his number,

Him: call me! "

Me: really Mlondi?"

He chuckled, and frowned when he looked at his wristwatch,

Him:aish I got to bounce, but I would love to pick up where we left off" I nodded

He licked his lower lip, touched my chin,

Him: call me!"

He winked at me and started jogging back to his car,

I stood there looking at him driving off, damn he just scoped my heart. . . not this love shit again!

\*\*\*When we're incomplete, we're always searching for somebody to complete us\*\*\*

Narrated

🌹 Ginger 🌹

She walked into her apartment and threw her new clothes on the bed, she took a long deserving bath and started doing her hair,

She overheard Oyama telling the cook to prepare special dinner for two, in her mind she presumed that it was his way of saying sorry for roughing her up the other day,

She did not once focus on the shining bruise on her eye, to her it felt like a scratch as she had worst beating than this from him,

Her phone ringed and she smiled like a love-struck teenager

" hi baby "

" I got your message you said Rossetta left early yesterday? did you find out where she went too ?"

Her smile fell on the floor, the Rose name again! is in his mouth will this shit ever end, him loving her more then she, this was solely taking a toll on her, Loving someone she can't have, for years she has been longing to be with him completely but all she got in return was heart-wrenching. This type of emotional turmoil felt unrelenting as she wished to see what he sees on her that he can't see in her, she breathed out loud.

" I don't know, the security in her house said she never left her house "

Him: call her God damn it and find out how is she?"

Me: SHE IS NOT PICKING UP MY CALLS!!"

she said in anger, she breathed out loud moving her hair from her face,

Oyama kept quiet on the other line and waited for her, while Ginger wiped her lone tear and sniffed, this has been her life ever since he announced almost 30 years ago that he is in love with her, ...she will marry her and start a family with her, while Ginger was supposed to befriend her and keep an eye on her, his precious treasure.

" I'm sorry..."

Him: raise your voice at me again...nci...nci....nci "

Ginger: I didn't mean to...I'm just.... "

Him: I don't care...!!! What the fuck is wrong with you!!....this shit is bloody pissing me off!"

Her: I'm so...rry " she said softly holding her mouth with tears running like a flood on her face, she had no choice but to bury her feelings to avoid the painful realities of your situation, not to speak back or even try to question him..."

Him: Tell me about this poker game at the club?"

Ginger swallowed and sniffed



Ginger: it happened in a private room Rose made sure that I'm not involved in this at all "

Him: give me something to work with!"

Her: all I know is that Rose is in partnership with a man called Sandile Msomi"

Oyama banged the car steering wheel

Him: Fuck!!!" He breathes out loud, he wants to know more about this poker game but the reality is this man has an eye on Rose, and just the thought of knowing that another man is getting too close to her just drove him crazy as Fuck!

Him: get hold of her and keep me posted...look I have to go"

Ginger: baby are we still meeting tonight ?"

Him: get to work Ginger..."

Her: but Oyama....what about dinner tonight...

Him: dinner?"

Her: I thought...."

Him: you thought wrong...."

He dropped the call,

They say that love is a many splendored thing, but it's also complex, nuanced, and painful from time to time. Loving someone is no guarantee that they will return that love, and decades spent together is no guarantee that forever will actually manifest. Ginger was in that predicament, asking herself when would this ever end!

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🌹 Nompumelo 🌹

Mpume set on the couch painting her toenails, she loves the quiet house and having the house all to herself but she hates that her life is just standing still, a week ago she had sex with a guy, the man was a bit rough on the edges and rude but that affection or feeling of being needed made her feel something igniting in her but a full whole week the man has not called her

or checked up on her, she only got paid for sex as if she is a hooker or something

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She took her phone and then frustration kicked in

" damn it!" She said tossing her phone aside, Yami did not take her number or viser verse,

She desperately needed someone to love her, to shower her with gifts, and over barring attention, she wants what Lubanzi offered her all these years ago! And Yami was just the guy that gave her that glimpse of hope,

Desperate was getting the best of her now, and instead of asking herself "what is good for me" or "what do I truly need now" or "is the person truly good for me"?, she was busy standing in front of her mirror and constantly thinking, "Why does no one love me?"

The hunger affection got so loud that she started craving for just a small connection, with all the red flags Yama displayed she just saw past through them and all she could think of is the desperation for someone to love her, with thoughts that maybe the potential partner is going to fill that void rather which will mostly enhance her life.

She stood in front of the mirror looking at her,

" nothing is wrong with me, but what is wrong with me "

She asked herself, she thought of herself in the past and the reason why she is constantly hungry for love and desperate for connection, perhaps because she did not receive it as children, no doubt her mom raise her well but women had no affection or what's so ever, could be the reason why she had an interpersonal connection in her marriage with Lubanzi which has left her starved.

He phone beeped and she looked at it, it was an international number she picked it up and answer

"Hello"

" Mpume it's Thabo "

Her heart skipped a beat, the sex scene in Yami car hood flashed her mind, she found herself holding her chest, she may not be in a relationship with Thabo but he was her first love, the man who made her a mother at the age of 18 and ruined her career of being a Dr

Her: hi!"

Him: how are you?"

Her: I...I'm fine " she cleared her throat,

Him: look I know this is not my business, but please stay away from Oyama"

Me: what, who?"

Him: the man is dangerous Mpume, trust me when I say whatever you have with him won't end well..."

Mpume frowned something about Thabo acting like he cares about her pissed her off, wasn't this the very same man who was married but was busy with her on the side

Him: I know it's not my business..."

Her: listen her Thabo I'm a grown-ass woman and I can take care of myself...

Him: Mpume this is not about being grown or not!

Her: what the fuck? Yeyiwenanja you don't know me and frankly, my life is not your business!! What I do with my life...

Him: is none of my concern I know... Mpume you like it or not you the mother of my child, for once in your life think of Joy when you do something stupid like sleeping with a Nigerian drug lord"

Me: what?"

Him: cut your ties with him now!!.."

He breathe out loud and softly spoke to her

Him: please Mpume!"

He did not say much but dropped the call,

Mpume looked at her phone, she could not dare call him back since he called her from an international number...

" Nigerian drug lord?"

The house started spinning and she needed air, she pushed pulled the kitchen door open only to land on some's chest

She screamed in shock, when she looked up Yami looked at her with a dreamy eye

Him: hi "

Her heart literally stopped as she looked at him, and in her heard Thabo's words kept ringing like an eco...

She was about to fake a smile but Oyama's lips were on her lips, now how does she push him off.

\*\*\*There is only one happiness in this life, to love and be loved.\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I slowly opened my eyes and I was in his room, I looked up and he was sitting next to me looking at me,

Him: hay "

Me: hay"

His hand was holding mine and rubbing it gently

Him: are you ok?"

I nodded looking at him,

Me: Ntsika...."

Him: everything we talked about this morning is true and that does not change how I feel about you...and don't even try fainting again "



I laughed hitting his shoulder, he came closer and kissed my lips, leaving me smiling to himself.

He then decided to feed me food, even though I told him that I can do it by myself but he insisted, I have a million questions that I want to ask him and just because he has the ability to read my mind, he just answered me

Him: life in the royal house is not glitz and glam my love, what you read about or hear about royal houses is the absolute truth, it's game of thrones, there is backstabbing, witchcraft, conspiracy, and a whole lot of spilling of blood...my family put me and siblings through hell after my father died, I was still a teen and already they saw me as a threat, my mother tried her level best to protect us almost losing her sanity in the process and for that, I will forever be proud to call her my queen "

He stopped talking and looked down, rubbed his legs,

"Tell me about your accident"

He looked at me, and bite his lip

Him: my uncle, he thought he left me dead but his worst nightmere came to reality when he realized that he took only my legs not my brains..."

Me: your Uncle?"

He side smile

Him: he short me and my brother, but because,

I shield my brother from the gunshot I took most of the bullet, I have no idea how I and Mlondi survived, but here we are today I have a bullet in my spine, Dr say if I move it I would not be able to walk again, and Mlondi walks around with emotional scars that keep him poised.

He wiped my mouth and gave me juice to drink, As he continued to tell me about his life as Ntsika Bhengu the King, I was in awe, and also shocked to find out that Nstika is Queen Sibahle older brother.

How could I have not know who he is? This shit just became real, I was in shock yet so interested to know more about him

and it did not help that he did not find this conversation interesting frankly he was just bored telling me all of this,

Me: so you and Queen Sbahle Mnguni are siblings?"

Him: yes she is the last born, my little sister "

Me: that makes the Mnguni royal house your inlaws"

He pulled my neck and started kissing me,

Him: yes "

Me: but Ntsika..."

Him: I keep my life very private Liya I don't attend these social events and I hate the spotlight... My mom does it for me, she just thinks that because I'm in a wheelchair I'm insecure but frankly I'm just not that kind of a man "

Me: you are the Bhengu King "

Him: in the flash!"

Me: yooh!"

He chuckled

Him: close your mouth you turning me on "

I pressed my lips together, and he laughed kissing me, His one hand made its way under his t-shirt that I'm wearing, squeezing my nipples

Me: Nsti....."

His mouth was on my neck and gently kissing me, it felt so good but come on, I still want to know more,

Him: we have a lifetime together to talk about this....but now can we..."

Me: but Nstika..."

"I wanted to kiss every inch of your body on the first day I saw you." he lightly pecked my shoulder with his lips and then graze it with his teeth. I flinched and the opposing sensations.

"As I'd watch you walk down the hall at the hospital, your beautiful curly braids would tease me, resting on the top of your plump ass accentuated by those tight scrubs you wear."

He grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back to suck on my neck again. He nibbled on my ear and whispered, "I want to make love to you...enjoy your delicious body...I confess, your beauty is my weakness"

And just like that, we were already undressing each other with wet lustful kisses in between

God I'm so wet, I swear to God he will be the death of me, Laying on my side his hands found my wetness "You're so tight I can barely get my finger in there." he said In my ear as he lifted my but spreading my cheeks to make the entrance wider as he spooned me,

Haaaa! The sound came out of my mouth like a stolen whisper carried through the air. I'm relieved and my body relaxed when he pulled his long finger out but my rest was short-lived. His hand once again spread my cheek, I'm on my four and I felt the massive head of his dick poke its way into my tightness, Ahhh!

He paused. I could feel the head throbbing, pulsating as it stretched me with each beat, he forced the rest of his dick into my tight hole with no hesitation until he was balls deep. My eyes rolled to the back of my head and I moaned, groaned from deep within my throat.

Somehow he found the nasty girl in me. The girl that lives in the black and red of the Sexual Rainbow, I couldn't resist the full feeling of Ntsika's deep strokes pumping his thick monster in places no man has ever ventured to. He took his time with the first few strokes but once I felt open, he picked up the pace and pumped with so much force,

I'm screaming my body is just on its own cloud

" ooh my God what's happening to me "

Him: fuck Babe... You driving me crazy "

my knees could not hold my body I fell on the bed as unstable waves got the best of me,

He spread my one leg and devoured me deeply,

"Damn Whoa! Oh my god! My baby is a squirter. That's so sexy." he pumped harder and faster. I'm wetting the bed and he is not stopping, I could feel the warm liquid from my squirt running across my thigh, soaking the sheets beneath me.

We flowed from position to position with ease. On my side, he raised my leg and hooked it on his arm so he could stroke me deep and long from behind. Being with him felt so comfortable, so natural. The new position got me thanking God for suck a dick, he grabbed my legs flipped me over, plunged deep between them, positioned and repositioned them several times. He spread me wide, bent me at the knee, squeezed them together. After a few positions and several deep strokes, I closed my eyes to fully enjoy the experience and suddenly I felt moisture on my feet. Ooo, he's a toe sucker, a man with a foot fetish. Now whose surprised?

And then the next wave hit. Before I could relish in the first eruption, I got hit with an orgasm the force of a tsunami. I had to cover my mouth with both hands to keep from waking the

entire house and with the waves repeatedly washing, crashing over me, I might have disturbed the entire neighborhood

With my legs stretched high alongside his shoulders, he stoked me long and hard holding my toes close to his lips. As I was recording the feeling in my memory, I felt the muscles in his body tighten and I knew he was ready to cum.

Him: fuck I love you!!!" He said dropping on top of me, I'm shaking unstable, I have tears in my eyes, he looks at me, moving my hand from my face

Him: what's wrong?"

Me:...

Him: babe talk to me, did I hurt you?"

Me:...

Him: Liya!"

Me: that was amazing...."



he laughed...." Then why are you crying"

Me: I don't know "

He looked at me and bust out and laughed " Jesus you're so crazy "

I held his face and kissed him

Me: I love you "

Him: I love you more"

We snuggled, kissing and gazing into each other's eyes. I thought to myself, I hope I'm not dreaming. This was absolutely amazing. He was worth the wait.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Nstika and I looked at each other and tried not to laugh.

"Knock. Knock. Knock".

I turned to look at the door, hoping if we were quiet whoever that is behind that door would go away. Knock. Knock. Knock.

Him: WHAT!!"

I pinched him that rude of him to answer like that,

"Nkosi Yami, the Jet is ready "

It was a male voice

Him: thank you Key gives us an Hour "

Him: come let's get ready "

My face dropped his going to his business trip again and taking me home, ooh God why is my happiness always short-lived

Me: how long will you be gone "

Him: mmm"

Me: businesses trip?"

He laughed and kissed my lips,

Him: No, it's a baycation... Because you need to fill your empty closet in this house"

I pop my eyes open

Him: woza sogeza "

Me: No! don't joke like that!"

he kissed me again " you so cute when you doubt how much I love you...this, what we have is real, trust me when I say you the one for me"

My heart is beating so fast, I drop my mouth open,

Him: Liya don't fuckin faint on me!"

He said shaking me! I bust out and laughed more like screamed jumping on top of him.

\*\*\*If you want to fly, you have to give up what weighs you down\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

I got home tired like hell I got a lot to think off to be honest my brain was exhausted from trying to figure out how to process the stress called my life,

" the answers rest in The mother " I keep recalling my conversation with Mehlo,

I took out my cigarette and started smoking, looking at my pot plant, Mehlo said a lot of shit and now I'm just not sure which step to take first, finding the girl?..., The mother? or confronting Sandile?

I slouched on the couch confused as hell, but these walls were closing in and everything got magnified. Faces seemed to loom over me and the sounds were deafening.

I didn't know what was happening to me and I was very frightened. Could this be another panic attack?

I stepped out of my house and I finally could breathe, looking at my car I knew I had to step outside of my head or else I will go mad, I decided to jump into my car.

" Mam I need to drive you "

My driver said

Me: follow me, please... I just need to be alone today "

Driver nods and I jumped into my car,

It took courage to drive to nowhere even though my heart knew where it wanted to go.

My attacks come and go and Even though I had the support of my wonderful Mother I felt very alone. To make it even worse while I was in prison I was put on anxiety medication, the panic subsided but something else kicked in few years inside the joint... depression.

I've suffered from anxiety and depression since the day I served my sentence, The anxiety was always there but kept well hidden. The depression, well that was something that arrived out of the blue, I have not taken my medication since I got out and all I wanted to do was to stop these voices in my head that are driving me crazy,

I packed my car in the crossroads and bite my nail dialed his number

" wow she calls," he said amused

Me; I'm lost I was kind of going to..."

Him: you coming to my house?"

Me: I was in the neighborhood"

I said biting my lip looking outside the window

Him; wow and what do you know she is coming to see me "

Me: Sandile man! "

He chuckled and I heard my phone vibrating when I looked at it, it was his location

Him: Lunch?"

Me: with proper adult drink please "

Him: your wish is my command my lady "

I smile and dropped the call after few minutes of driving to his location I found the place and I parked outside his house

I breathe out loud looking at his house, big beautiful Tuscan designs

"what am I doing here?" I held my face,

My head tells me, I am here to confront Sandile about his past, but my gut tells me, No you like the guy and you like being with him this is more than just a casual visit!

While my heart and gut are debating if I should just drive off, I soft tap on my car window made me jump a bit.

I rolled down my window looking at him,

Him: you coming in?"

Me: I shouldn't be here "

Him: then why are you here ?"

Me: Sandile "

I looked into his eyes and I was lost, I have never been attracted to a man the way I am with him, How is this possible?

Him: Rose "

He opened my car door and offered me his hand, I grabbed it and found the courage to step out, I should be yanking my hand from his, protecting that I hate all-male species, But there was something about the way he approached me like I am a scared animal. He was calm, collected, and respectful. And it made me think about the message my mother left for me on my phone

She said," I have walked past your bedroom four times when you first visited me and have heard you crying each time. I decided enough was enough and I had to come to speak with you but I woke up and you were gone, I don't know what's causing you to hurt. But I know you feel unsupported. I know



you feel alone. And I know you feel broken. You see, there will come a day where God gives you a man who fits. A man who supports you. A man who truly loves you. And you'll know it by the way he holds your hand."

I looked at Sandile and smiled, holding his hand even tighter,

We walked inside his house and sat on the couch by the window, he looked at me, running his hands on my face,

Him: what's wrong?"

I just looked down and he just pulled me to his arms and made me rest his head on his chest

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while feeling his heartbeat, I continue to remembers yet another of my mother massage

"Sometimes, you will feel small, scared, and vulnerable. You will need that same man to be your protector, your warrior, your defender. And before he ever stands his ground to do so with words, he will silently protect you by wrapping his hands

around your fist. Showing you you're safe, while also proving you are a rock of your own and just as strong."

I don't know what happens to me, why Sandile arms feel right to be in right now, why these unspoken words make me feel whole,

We lay like that for few minutes and he finally whispered in my ear

Him: can I get you wine?"

I looked up at him

Me: you trying to get me drunk?"

Him: naaa, just tippy enough for me to have my way with you"

I smiled shaking my head, as he kissed my forehead, I blush and feel all fuzzy inside I can't put to words how awesome he is. I feel like I have feelings for him, and I get that vibe from him too, his hugs are amazing, I can usually tell how much I'm missed from them, he kisses my forehead at the most random moments and that alone makes me feel like his my

second chance, but yet again I still need to know more about his past

He brings me wine Nederberg Alto Rouge, with a big wine glass

Me: wow my favorite, how did you know? "

He side smile

Him: you are the special women in my heart, so I took the time to know what you like"

Me: Special?"

Him: yini? you want me to tell you that I'm falling in love with you because the answer to that is YES!.. "

I opened my mouth tried to say something but his gaze made me hot in places I thought that long lost the feeling of feeling hot,

Him: How was your trip to Johannesburg"

I frowned, I never told anyone I'm going to Johannesburg besides Samukelo.

Me: Sandile how did you find out about that?"

Him: your Ex husband is in Durban the last thing I need is for you to get hurt or worst lose you when I just found you "

I looked at him,

Him: I'm attracted to you to a point that I have feelings for you, so I had to know the story behind the beautiful women before I open my heart to you completely "

Me: you did a background check on me?"

Him: ya and I also believe you have my file too?"

We looked at each other eyes not blinking, his eyes show nothing but the truth in his words,

Me: I can take care of my self "

He stood up

"I don't doubt that one bit, but I have doubt that you not over your man "

Me: he put me to jail and...

Him: and....and. ...and...yah I know the bullshit he put you through but why don't you start by divorcing him, so I can put a ring on that "

Me: Sandile...what?"

I stood up and ran my hands on my hair, I was not expecting this he is just saying all the things I was not expecting I have no words I'm shocked and it's driving me crazy that he is so fuckin cool and calm while dropping such huge booms on my lap, ' he is in love with me .... He knows that I'm still married... He knows about Oyama... Now he wants to marry me?' .... God this is too much what the fuck am I doing here worst part is why do I want to kiss him so badly right now?

I turned around and looked at him, he had his hands in his pocket looking at me,

Me: my life is complicated... And..."

Him: woza la"

I slowly took few strides towards him,

Him: when Zoe gave birth to the twins it was the day I buried my guns and knives to a place where I must never reach again, I wanted to be a good father to my daughter and son in law and

an amazing grandfather to my kids, but you came along and you steered things up in my quiet life, and I knew that to have you all to myself I had to be that man again...That heartless busted ... Just say the words and I will make you a happy widow "

I looked at him and all I could feel was my beating heart, butterfly in my tummy, I don't know what's got over me, but I found myself kissing him, I wrapped my arms around his neck,

Him: I don't kiss married women"

Me: you promised to make me a widow "

Him: mmmm my kind of a woman"

He said pulling me close and deepen our kiss as we staggered and fell on top of the couch...

\*\*\*The first date \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I'd fallen into the job by accident, and I'd fallen in love unexpectedly,

Why does my life becomes chaotic when there is a guy involve and when I least expect it to, I'm on a mission but already I just agreed to go on a date with Mlonzi.

Yes it's a date because last night he told me so, don't look at me like that, of cause I called the hot guy, he was on my mind the whole time and I felt hypnotized by the thought of him, so I made the first move and called him.

After two hours of a telephone conversation, we texted till the early hours,

He invited me to hang out with him, and now I am a pile of mess not sure what to wear, my big afro decided to have a mind of its own and my clothes screamed 'fuck me please' God I have nothing decent to wear and Mlodi will be in my doorstep in 30 min time.

I decided to wear short denim dress sneakers and a cap and just a bit of makeup,

A knock on my door Got my heart beating so fast, shit his early.

I attempted to answer the door but my phone ringed it was Muntu, I frowned and just dropped the call,

I opening the door and I was met by his back, he slowly turned and greeted me, I wanted to say hi but I'm smiling at myself as he engulf me into his arms, how on earth did such a guy like this become interested in a girl like me?



I did not Realise I was still staring at him when he broke the hug, so I jumped back, fiddling with items in my small bag just to look busy.

“The wind’s really getting up out there, I think there’s a storm coming in,” he said

Me: ya I don't think will do any outdoor activities?"

Him: ya indoor is fine with me "

He looked at me and I felt an unstable wave hitting hard making me short of breath

Him: we should get going!"

Me: sure"

I locked my door and followed him to his car, he took a moment to look at me,

Him: you look hot "

Me: thank you... You not bad your self "

He chuckled and opened the door for me,

Him: I don't do dates and I hope where we at going you going to like it "

Me: let's hope so "

Is he kidding me this guy can take me next to a dumpster to have ice cream with him and that will still be the perfect day for me,

We made our way to ekasi, the cars on the road that we turned to did not match with the houses around here, it was a house party judging from the music, and cooler box and people dancing like the is no tomorrow,

Him: we here "

Me: it's too loud"

Him: you such a snob... Come, "

I jumped out of a car looking around I felt out of place, firstly I don't know how to dance, I don't know how to socialize, I don't know this kind of environment I was just a tourist, holding into Mlonde hand for my dear life,

People are greeting him, saluting him, handshakes and bro hugs here and there,

I'm smiling as they call me Vro... Queen waselandani, Maid yakhe... You name it, I'm still puzzled that girls are practically naked in such weather!

We finally make away inside the four-room house, it's not a house but a chill spot, there is a bar in one room, VIP section on the other, take away kitchen on the other, and bathrooms on the other, we made our way to the VIP, the room was foggy with hubby bubbly smoke, cigarette smoke, I started coughing and Mlondi laughed holding my shoulder, we had no seat at all since all seats were taken in this small VIP room, Mlodi did not say much but just made his way to the one-seater and the guy who was sitting on it quickly moved, Mlondi decided to sit on the now empty seat and made me sit on his lap, with his hand rested on my thigh,

" She is Lethu, my women it ends there, I don't want to see you bitches smiling or talking to her...or else kuzocwala am a popcorn Phansi "

A buffed up guy with a match stick on his mouth laughed

Him: yooo kuqonywe isilima, zisuka nje sishaywa ngama terms and condition "

They all bust out and laughed, I scan the room there were about six guys in the room with doll face girls by their side, dresses in designer clothes and I Lethu I just look too simple for this crowd.

Mlondi: brutal fruit or red square "

Me: Savannah please"

He laughed

Him: Brutal fruit it is "

Me: Mlondi...I said "

I turned to look at him, but his lips landed on mine

Him: not happening ""

He rubbed my thigh and looked at me

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giving me a butterfly, Have you ever met someone for the first time, and the chemistry was so strong you could cut it with a knife? A few laughs, great food, and several drinks later you acting like a couple then just two strangers who just met a day ago. That was me and Mloni.

I'm tippy now, and my arm rest around Mloni neck, The guys talked about a lot of stuff soccer, money, cars, and the whole shebang, the girls danced those latest dance move and I was just nodding my head, joined on few conversations, laughed at the jokes but mostly fleeting with Mloni,

His voice in my ear, felt like there was a tempest brewing right inside me, His voice had an immediate effect on me, causing a pang in my stomach, a weakness in my knees. It wasn't just that yummy Kasi accent – I'd heard loads of those since I got here and they didn't all cause me to react like this, No, it was just him. It was that slightly gravelly quality to his voice, that way he had of looking into my eyes when he spoke, making it seem like I was the only person in the world and that he really cared about.

It's official I'm dating a kasi guy, who knows how to dance, knows how to make jokes, and make the party come to life, I was blown away by his social skills,

" uyaphi?"

Me: I need to pee"

Him: Lethu this is your fourth time going to that toilet?"

Me: I'm drinking njena"

I pouted

Him: aish uyahlupha asambe "

I giggled it not about me being pressed but what we get up to in that small room, I walked out of the toilet and found him pressing his phone standing by the sink, I pulled my dress down but he told me to stop,

Me: what?"

I heard his phone camera click, he just took a picture of me, and at the speed of lightning he pressed me against the wall and

was kissing me, after intense tongue play, I pull back, and he just said

" fuck you hot"

I giggle, I still have my hand on the back of his neck and, again, I pull him in for another deep passionate kiss. He spins me around where we are facing the bathroom mirror and I could see him behind me with that all-so sexy look he has. I close my eyes as he begins kissing my necks ear and his hands reach up to my stomach and work its way up to grab your breasts, I'm not sure if his kisses that got me moaning and feeling all kinds of wet or maybe the intake of alcohol I just had,

Him; fuck, let's get out of here "

I nodded and smiled,

We did not even say goodnight to his friends but sneaked out and jumped into his car, the vibe in this place is toxic, it's already after midnight but these people are acting as if the sun is still up, the worst part is the weather is too windy and a bit chilly,

In the car, His one hand is on my thigh, while the other is on the steering wheel, I noticed that his obsessed with my dragon tattoo on my thigh, he would stop and kiss me whenever we stop at the traffic light and just continue to look at me with those dreamy eyes.

Yet I thought I was the bad driver but truth be told Mloni drives like the driver of gateway car of bank robbery, a few minutes later, he parked outside my flat, and insisted on walking me to my room, my heart is thumping I don't want to be loose and easy and sleep with him on our first date, but yet again I have this waterfall between my legs that says " you only live once LT but Let's face it – there has always been a double standard when it comes to sex "too soon" when viewed from a man as opposed to a woman even though both parties are present at the time and both made the decision to literally "jump in" full speed ahead! The problem is the morning after for all women you wake up with questions like



"What is he thinking?"

"Will he call me tomorrow?"

"I really like him, but now what?"

Me: I guess this is goodnight"

I said standing by my door

Him: I'm going to tuck you in make sure you sleep peacefully "

he said, pushing me in and the door closed behind him while he was holding my waist,

Me: do you want coffee"

Him: isn't that something white people say when they want to get laid after a night out with a guy "

Me: coffee it's too sober you up dummy "

Him: Or just an offer for me to fuck you?"

Me:urg . . . get out!!"

Him: go take a bath women while I sober up and stop acting crazy "

He gives me a long lustful kiss, I bite my lip and made my way to my bedroom smiling to myself, my shower was short and quick I kept looking over my shoulder thinking he will show up but nop, I made my way to my bedroom put on a night short and vest and I dragged my sleepers and I found Mlonde passed out on the couch in my living room, I stop there looking at him, more like admiring him I took a throw from my room and covered his body

I then kissed his lips

" good night"

\*\*\*The gold which has lain for centuries unsuspected in the ground reveals itself one day on the surface\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I have heard people say that there are 7 shopping destinations in the world that most the rich and influential people travel to, Namely, New York City, Paris France, Milan Italy, London, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and Los Angeles, when Ntsila said let's go shopping I thought his taking me to the local mall, you know like Santon or maybe Cape Town, but my boyfriend The King decided to Fly me to Milan Italy...you have no idea how happy I am right now! So this is how it feels like to date a guy with money...wow!

I'm overseas, in Milan! I mean this place is one of the most fashionable cities in the world. Home to luxury fashion houses like Prada, Valentino, Armani, Versace, Dolce & Gabana, and much more, with well known main shopping area the Fashion Quadrangle.

And I Liyana Ziqubu I will be shopping here! Pinch me please because this feels like a dream.

I look at Ntsika sleeping and I wish to wake him up, I want to go sightseeing and take so many pics, but this man is just too tired and is not waking up.

We arrived here in the wee hours last night we only ordered food ate, made love like crazy, and passed out in each other's arms, so like a child on Christmas day I'm all up and looking outside the window of this beautiful place, I just can't wait to go out!

Him: morning my sunshine "

I turned to look at him and mmm does he look like a snack under those white silky sheets,

Me: morning "

Him: it's still early come back to bed "

Me: I can't sleep I'm too excited"

I made my way to sit next to him,

Him: I'm glad you like this place "

Me: are you kidding me love this place is so beautiful and the language so romantic,... I can't wait to explore the culture, the food, and wine"

Him: you left something out "

Me: ooh yes fashion! "

I said spreading my arms and hugging him, God knows I have not been outside the country yet alone outside the province and here I am in Italy

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with a man I just meet a few months back, who has been nothing but the perfect man in my life,

Him: if every morning I have to wake up to that smile then next week we can go to the big apple "

Me: money does not make me happy Nstika but you do... I hope you understand that"

Him: I know my love..."

He pulled me to rest in his arms,

Me: borrow me your phone please "

Him; and then?"

Me: I can't take pictures with my mobicel come let's take selfies with your phone"

Him: Babe I hate taking pics "

Me: tough luck "

I said clicking on the camera

Him: we can't post this picture you know that?"

Me: pros and cons of dating ' your Majesty ' I know babe " he busts out and laughed,

We started taking pics, but most he took pictures of me, for his private collection he said.

While he was taking a bath our food came and damn was I blown away by the presentation, I started stuffing my face, " \_ooh my God " I screamed you know that sensation feeling that just melt in your mouth that was what I tasted in my breakfast

Him: don't tell me that the food is giving Orgasms?"

He said stepping out of the bathroom with his towel wrapped around his waist...damn his so sexy,

Him: you drooling "

Me: I can't help it "

Him: Lord Liya stop it!"

I licked my lips and he busts out and laughed,

Him: you so crazy "

He took his ringing phone and made his way to the balcony to answer it, while giving me his back to admire him, I don't know if I am lucky or what? But I feel blessed to have Nstika in my life

Him: babe "

Him: my loud cousin is coming over "

Me: what ?'

Him: apparently she was in Paris on business, and found out from my sister that I'm here so I guess you will be meeting one of the Bhengu loud mouths "

Me: No Ntsika I'm not ready, not prepared "

Him: what's the big deal my brother already knows you..."

Me: Ntsika we have not talk about this..."

Him: we talking now!"

Me: I stood up and place my hands on my lap "

Him: babe you the women in my life soon or later people will know about us, "

I pouted and looked down

He walked close to me and held my hands



Him: look my love as much as I like to spend the day with you I'm afraid I will only slow you down and just thinking about it it's exhausting for me "

Me: but babe..."

Him: she is crazy wild and outspoken you going to like her "

Me: she is your cousin....she has royal blood what if...?"

Him: Sthandwa Sami, I love you, and trust me my family is not like that, I want you to have fun and maybe work on your Queen skills while you at it "

Me: Queen skills?"

Me: try convincing her to come back home "

Me: what?"

There was a knock on the door, Ntsika made his way to the bedroom,

Me: Nstika... Ntsikayesizwe Bhengu you can't do this to me "

Him: I love you "

The knock on the door was persisting, when I opened the door I was meet by a Short big eyes chubby yellow bone, she smiled

Me: hi"

Her: ooh my God! " she placed her hand on her mouth

I looked at her confused as fuck she takes her phone out and dial a number

" hlehle there is a woman in his room"

...

Her: not a maid or a savent this one looks like a model "

...

Her: our King has found a mate...I tell you "

...

Her: I didn't ask...should I?...ok let me?"

All along I'm just looking at her talking to whoever is behind that receiver, she has not moved inside and I'm just overly curious about this one-sided conversation I'm hearing,

She finally drop the call and looked at me with that so bright smile

" hi I'm sorry about that I'm just shocked"

Me: I see that "

She laughed

Her: ooh by the way...I'm Dudu "deede" Bhengu, the cousin"

She offers me a hand to shake

Me: I'm Liyana " Liya" Ziqubu the girlfriend"

She screamed and hugged me

" finally ooh lord am I so happy to see you..."

She is hugging me and I just froze not sure what to do,

" you told Sbahle?..."

Nstika said walking in the room, pulling down his T-shirt,  
looking at Deedi,

Her: I was shocked " she said with the most bubble voice I have  
ever head

Him: DuDu!"

Her: what? "

Him: what if I told you that Sbahle is on her way..."

I pop my eyes open

Her: excellent the more the merrier why are you hiding this beautiful gem from the family, isn't like your wedding day is long overdue or something.... mmm I'm going to love designing your wedding dress?"

I looked at Ntsika then back and Deede, shock was an understatement of what I'm feeling right now

Ntsika: ooh shit!.... Babe look at me "

My head was buzzing Queen Shahle is coming here? What this thing about a wedding ...

\*\*\*Screw Stress Have Sex\*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

Slowly opening my eyes I hear the rush of the water from the bathroom. I first hold my mouth in shock that I did the deed with Sandile, ooh how hypothesized I felt In his lips, the way he held me and lay me down.

Even now the wetness between my legs so greets me as I awake after the amazing night spent with him like a whisper from him in my ear confirming his love for me. Damn his love, that has made me shine brightly, glowing within, making me vibrant for the first time in as long as I can remember. His love, his touch, his lovemaking got me feeling free, like a breeze I feel so much alive, All because of him. my lover... the Man I have given myself to so readily.

I can't believe I'm in his bed, the morning after, feeling like I just lost my virginity to the right man, Smiling wide, closing my eyes picturing his perfect sexy master in all his naked glory washing away the leftovers of our night together in that shower. I moan as I feel the delicious ache between my thighs from his attentions during the night, reminding me of every mind-blowing moment we shared,

his deep stroke, soft and hard kisses love bites the sucking, and the way he held me just right, that thought alone just gave me an ache between my legs, Jesus this will become my new friend whenever I think about our first night of passion...

Was it worth the wait to give myself to Sandile like this? most definitely...he was gentle and made me feel like a woman not like a sex tool, the night was all about him giving me pleasure, and waking up in his bed makes me feel some kind of a way about him...is this a start of a relationship?

The water stop and he walked out our eyes lock and he side smile,

" hi," he says sitting next to me,

Me: hi"

Him: How was your night?"

Me: I have had batter "

Him: what? " he started hitting me with a pillow and I'm laughing mass, he stops and kisses me moving my hair from my face

Him: don't go yet "

Me: I have work " I whisper drawing circles on his chest

Him: Rose we just had an amazing night..."

Me: I know..."

Him: then stop acting as if I'm your one night stand "

I bite my lip and he kissed me,

Me: just one cup of coffee won't kill"

Him: and who do you think will make that for you?"

Me: Sandile No..."

Him: I'm a Zulu man Rose, not that think you once called a husband "

I drop my mouth open but he kissed me

Him: so while you in the kitchen making a coffee stop by the stove and make me soft porridge"

I bust out and laughed,

Me: you have maids for that "

Him: a way to a man's heart is through his tummy my love didn't your mother teach you that? "

"I need a smoke... It's too early for this kind of crazy"

Him: God you smoke like a chimney "

I giggled as his hands got under the covers cupping my breast while we exchange a deep kiss

" Mkhulu...Mkhulu...." His bedroom door swang open while I quickly

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pulled up the covers, to cover my naked body ... I gasped in shock, a little light skin boy just budge in the room looked at me



and then Sandile he was not expecting to bump into this, I could tell by his expression.

Boy: Wow... I didn't see nothing "

The little boy said making my eyes pop out, even more, when he suddenly covered his eye

Sandile: Zibusiso really Boy! ..."

Boy: I didn't see nothing!"

There was another Male voice screaming

"Baba..." In the living room

Sandile: ooh shit that my son in law"

" Mkhulu you used the 'S' word, " the little boy said,

Sandile rolled his eyes pulled his robe and put it on while pushing the overly talkative boy out,

I laughed shaking my head, I decided to take a shower in the meantime and when I got out I remembered that my clothes are scattered in the living room,

There was no use hiding here I need go, with only a towel wrapped around my body, my thoughts were to quickly go to the living room grab my clothes and dash out

Walking in the hallway I hear Sandile whispering,

" Langa why do you have to be like this I said will meet you at the golf cause...now can you just go"

"You know your daughter can't cook, worst part I paid millions of Lobola money, can I please eat proper food in peace please...what the fuck who's bra is that...?" the Langa guy said

Sandile; none of your business....look I will dish up for you or better yet take the whole pot with you... Just fuck out of here!"

" Mkhulu you said the 'F' word "

Langa: so the car outside...Sandile you old dog you have a woman in this house?"

" she is pretty too daddy has big hair like Mommy," the little boy said

Langa: Boy! where did you see her?"

Boy: I saw her..."

Sandile: Zibusiso you did not see anything remember!!"

Just when I thought I was close enough to grab my jeans from the floor, and making a run for it because it's just kind of embarrassing to listening to Sandile and his son-in-law discuss my sleepover.

I froze as I saw a little girl standing in front of me, I looked at her she looked at me, I smile but she shook her head, I place my finger on my mouth and the little Rascal just decided to scream pointing at me,

" Da....dddddd.....yyyyy!!!!!!!!!!!"

Sandile and another tall good looking guy I presume it's Langa rushed in the hallway and froze when they spotted me, this Langa guy looked at me with his eyes wide open, he had a plate of food in his hand and his mouth was wide open

" Holy shi...eep!" He controlled his tongue looking at the kids,

Sandile breathe out loud and picked up the loud screaming girl and walked close to me,

" Nozibusi baby please meet my good friend Rose... Gogo u'Rose this is my granddaughter Nozibusiso... "

Wow did Sandile just call me Gogo? I frowned, somehow that made the little girl chuckle making me smile, ncooo she is so adorable... so cute,

Nozibusiso: hello Gogo ' Rose"

Me: hi baby... "

Langa cleared his throat and we turned and looked at him,

Langa: this looks interesting...so Rose are those your clothes in the living room?"

\*\*\*"The devil's finest trick is to persuade you that he does not exist.\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

What I have with Yama was far from what I will call a relationship let alone love,

The man has no respect for women or what so ever, and my desperation of feeling whole has just become my downfall.

I signed my death sentence the day I let him in my mothers hours, diamond earring with a matching chain made me scream and I easily opened my legs for him,

Lord knows after the rough sex I had with him in my mother's house, was just me degrading whatever dignity I had left.

I kept picturing if God or if My ancestors are looking at me right now, what do they think of me, being fucked like a hoe, a cheap thing, from the counter to the floor to the wall,

Laying next to him did not feel right I wanted him out of my life, I wanted my self worth or whatever small dignity I had, back, my control over my life, but he just rolled over and said

" pack a bag let's go "

I wanted to scream "get out !"

But the diamond necklace on my neck and looking at his fat wallet I said

" Bitch it's just sex... You can do this "

Vele to me Having a healthier relationship to sex meant getting to know myself sexually, but where to start? I didn't know how to navigate sexual or romantic encounters at all as a civilian. The idea of trusting in a relationship seemed impossible how long would it be before I'm bored and I went in search of a new dick? Scared of true intimacy, I chose this sort of hookup however I I am never able to shake the feeling that I myself am tainted.

Me: babe let me clean up first, kindly fetch me later ok?"

I said running my hands on his chest,

Him: my time is money ..."

Me: but babe you can't expect me to just up and leave, the house is a mess, my roommate will kill me if she found it like this "

I tried jumping off the bed but he held my one hand and twisted it, and his other hand held my face to look at him

Me: ouch....you hurting me!"

Him: that mouth of yours must learn to say ' yes' to everything I say or else I will mouth fuck you so hard that you will gag on my dick till you choke and die "

It was not just a scare his voice alone carried out that confirmation that he might actually do it, with his other hand squeezing my cheeks together, I knew I have met the devil himself...and I'm on a slippery slope to turning back and walk away,

" now be a good girl and listen to daddy "

I nodded rapidly, I wanted to call someone, but who do I call? even if I had the number to call, what do I say? That I have taken a big bite out of the Devil pie and I'm struggling to chew worse swallow?.

It's been just a few days in his house, and like a dream come true I have money, new clothes, expensive jewelry and I'm living in a big house

...this was my wish...my dream after all.

But just like my mother used to say 'all that glitters it's not Gold' There is always a price to everything!.

So here I am in this big house with everything I want, but I'm still empty...hole! I haven't gone to work for days now, I'm not allowed to use my phone in this house and I don't even know



where it is, my body has become his sex tool, I like it or not I have to give him sex when he needs it...

Tears blinded me as he continues to huffed and groaned on top of me, I'm thinking about how I burned the only bridge I had yet again due to my stupid action!

I left the only place called home looking and smelling like a brothel, I walked out of my house, leaving it a mess, I know for sure Liya will definitely kick me out now, I had a man in the house and not only did I have sex with him in her furniture I left evidence of cum and the smell of sex in every room, broken glasses in the kitchen and the frame that fell off the wall, what have I become? Money hungry bitch that, that I step on everyone's toes to get ahead?

" Fuck.... Shit! ... " I flinch in pain as feel his dick pounding the inner skin of my pussy, I have cried moaned, and asked him to stop but we at it every time he gets a chance, I'm just numb now, the only thing that makes me tolerate the pain is to think of the times Lubanzi use to make love to me, it's the only way I could cum when he starts shouting

" cum for me bitch"

He readjusted his body, slinging his arm around me, pulling me into him. He is sticky with sweat.

I struggled to quell the nausea.

My skin was on fire, burning me alive. I wanted to scorch it off, to peel away my scarred leftovers, to walk out of this body and into the next one. I wanted to walk into the body that once laid next to Lubanzi,

I wish he fucked me the way you did, with one hand around my neck, the other on the small of my back, his voice low in my ear, you're beautiful, you're beautiful, you're beautiful.

Not just hearing "move... Fuck... Shit... Take it bitch... Cum...Cream on me mother fucker!"

I wiped my tear and rolled out of bed

Him: we going out tonight can you doll yourself up "

I nodded and made my way to the bathroom, I jumped inside the shower and just sank down rubbing my body, I held my mouth crying

I can't do this anymore...

\*\*\*Caught With Your Pants Down\*\*\*

(Narrated )

At Sandile house

Langa pulled Sandile outside and looked behind him to check if Rose was following them or let alone

listening

Langa: is that Rosetta Oyama?"

Sandile: look...."

Langa: look???.... Do you know who the fuck she is?"

Sandile: I thought you called me out here to talk not act crazy, you not even whispering, God damn it she can hear you!!"

Me: what the fuck are you doing with her out of all the women Baba?"

Sandile opened his mouth to talk but when Langa get stressed and confused he start asking questions and end up answering them himself,

Langa:...Sandile that woman is married to the very same man that almost made my wife a widow, my children were almost born without a father and you could have lost a great son-in-law... But here you are fucking her!!!"

Sandile: she is not with him anymore, I mean the guy framed her and she was locked up for years in jail "

Me: as if that will ever stop Oyama from taking his wife back...."

Sandile: look Langa this is grown-up stuff"

Langa turned to look at him and placed his hands on his waist, it how his wife normally act when she is about to blow up, and as crazy as it might sound Sandile noticed and shook his head

Langa: I'm not a kid... God, what will Zoe think of this? "

Sandile:yooo Langa can you just hold it right there for a moment, I will tell Nokuzola when the time is right"

Langa looked away, avoiding eye contact, trying not to give out that he basically told everyone now that his father in law is banging a hot gogo,

Langa: you slept with her so this looks like you two are taking things very curiously now...besides if I know, it's only a matter of time before everyone knows "

Sandile looked at him, this was Langa standing in front of him, the son-in-law that has no filter and can't keep a secret, his only fear was this news causing harm than good if received by the wrong ears... Yes, he has feelings for Rose but this relationship had two roads

happiness or death... He is after all sleeping with the drug lord's wife... The Nigerian Cartel this was a deadly obsession and tables my turn in the most deadliest angels.

Just as his mind conflicted with what if's, A car drove in his yard...he knew that Langa's big mouth was either responsible for this car driving In or if not his presence will just make things worst.

Langa looked at Sandile and back at the car that just parked in the driveway

Langa: what is he doing here?"

Sandile looked at the car and cursed

" Shit!"

Langa popped his eyes in confusion as his father stepped out of the car,

Sandile: damn it... Did you tell him?"

Langa: No... I just told Banzi maybe and Sbu..."

Sandile wanted to strangle the life out of him, it's not even noon but the whole Durban now probably knows that he boned Rose... Oyama wife!!

Sandile: yini kodwa ngokuba isolezwe?"

Langa: I was shocked, never thought that my beautiful morning I will walk into m father-in-law fucking married woman"

Sandile pointed a finger at him and grinded his teeth, the car door opened and Selby Stepped out

Sandile spoke between his teeth

"Whatever ever you don't mention that Rose is inside the house "

Langa: what's going on?"

He asked following Sandile to the driveway as Sandile tried stopping Selby from coming close to the house

"We talked about this Sandile, this was just a business deal, use Rose to get Oyama's location, we kill the busted and we cut all ties with this woman but you had to think with your dick!!!"

Langa looked at his father in awe

Sandile: it's just got complicated"

Salby: complicated... Sandile... Kevin tells me you are in love with her"

Langa: wow!"

Sandile: I'm handling this "

Selby: there are feeling involved now... How can you possibly handle it!!"



Langa: hold up...time out! so you trying to tell me that you were using Rose as bate and you caught feeling?"

Langa said looking at Sandile

Sandile: stay out of this Boy"

Langa: wow you definitely think with your dick, so sleeping with her was part of the plan too?"

Sandile smacked Langa in the back of his head telling him to shut up

Selby: INI?"

Sandile: it's not what you think"

Selby: are you trying to get us all killed, do you even know what kind of a man we're up against?"

Langa: all I want to know is that what is your business with Oyama? ... And why you so badly want to kill him?"

Selby: because as long as he's out there his a treat to this whole family, you almost got killed for stilling from the devil... And all we know is he thinks you rat him out on that bust a few years

ago, Langa when are going to learn that a guy like him never forgets, this time around he will make sure teaches you a lesson"

Langa looked at Sandile and then back at his father, he could not believe his ears, he smiled like an idiot overlooking the most crucial part of that statement but just realized how his father's tough is in actual fact really love, his father always has his back.

Langa: angizwa?"

Selby: the man almost killed you and you think I will let that slide... "

Langa: ooh my God you do love me? "

Shelby:urg shut up boy..."

Langa Laughed shaking his head. The conversation was disturbed by Nozibusiso running and screaming

"Mkhulu... Papa... Daddy look at what Gogo Rose did to my hair  
"

Selby: ooh hell no she is in your house with MY GRANDCHILDREN???"

Sandile: aish! about that...."

Langa bust out and laughed while his father cursed and marched to the house holding Nizibusiso by hand,

Sandile: this is your fault do you know that once your father becomes grumpy it will be like hell on earth...fuck he won't stop shouting "

Langa: I know I'm that product of that grumpy... "

Sandile and Langa snickered following Selby to the house.

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\*\*\*I just loved you because you're you\*\*\*

Narrated

🌹 At Lethukuthula's apartment 🌹

In Lethukuthula apartment, Mloni woke up with his phone buzzing in his pocket, he opened his eyes and noticed that he was in an unfamiliar room, then it hit him he was in Luthu flat, he side smile thinking about the dimple face girl that is driving him crazy,

He took out the phone from his pocket and answers it

" sure!"

Caller: " I'm outside"

He yawned and walked out of the flat, taking an elevator down

" This better be good"

The guy looked at him and shook his head,

Him: I'm leaving for Durban"

Mlondi: so you want a kiss goodbye?"

Him: ncooo you did not forget, come here blondy "

Him: fuck you..."

They both chuckled, but the guy stopped and looked at Mlondi,

Mlondi: I know that face...you going to fuck up my morning don't you? "

The guy looked down

Mlondi: Sam out with it!"

Samkelo looked at him and threw his matchstick that was in his mouth and sigh

You see Mlondi and Samukelo have been best friends since high school, and when shit hit the fan and Mlondi and Ntsika had to go to hiding in Qwaqwa Samkelo was there with them, as much as the whole world fears Shaka Zulu the man who made Shaka Zulu invisible was Samukelo

Sam: I received news from Pro and Duma that the cop from cape town has been doing a lot of digging, "

Mlondi: who? Sfiso Mngadi?"

Sam: yes... He got short and the fact that no one went to jail for that pisses him off, "

Mlondi: Manje thina singenaphi lapho?"

Sam: the shooting was pronounced as a hijacking that went wrong, and we..."

Mlondi ran his hands on his chin " I know...I know...our boys did a lot of hijacking embazwana around those days of the shooting, fuck!"

Sam: I'm thinking we should just stop with car smuggling deal for a while till this shit blows over "

Mlondi: Fuck! ...look wena talk to Rossetta about this, I will see how I can stop the investigation with Sfiso"

Sam: don't worry about it"

Mlondi looked at him perplexed

Sam: Duma said he is going to make it go away if only we settle the debt we have with Pro"

Mlondi: what? ... Pro ows me! Ooh fuck No!"

Sam: I know...but mfethu the guys are starting over... Duma' Garage service center is picking up and since Pro's sister married that farm boy Pro had to continue running his Add business..."

Mlondi: are you becoming soft on me?"

Sam shook his head

Sam: Mlondi the running... the killing... the blood money its...."

Sam breath out loud trying to find the right words to say to Mlondi

Sam:...what I'm trying to say is that...This fast life is good but...look Bra yami we have made more than enough money now, this is the right time to bounce before the ground gets too sticky....wasn't that the plan?"

Mlondi: I don't know man "

Sam: we filthy rich Mlondi its high time we hang our talkies on the cable settle down...there is more to you than just a muster mind in crime"

Mlondi looked at him again folding his arms and shook his head

The two guys stood by Sam car and were both lost in thought, Sam debated in telling Mlondi about Lethu, he has never seen Mlondi this happy with women...he breathe out loud and looked at Mlondi

Mlondi: say it "

Sam: you in love with her..."

Mlondi: you saw me once with a girl and you presume I'm in love "

Sam: you forget that I know you "

Mlondi bite his lip thinking,

Sam: look bro The idea of finding "the one" can be daunting, especially when there are 7 billion other people out there.



But no-one can deny the power of finding love being with someone who feels like your soulmate.

It's incredibly special to find someone we believe is "the one". And it's also a lot of pressure!

You are used to the single life and your head is telling you, What if you fall for the wrong person? What if this person isn't actually "the one", but someone with who you'll end up having a less than satisfying relationship with?

But all I can tell you is that If you like her, you like her. She doesn't have to be different, unique, or special. You don't have to compare her to others. Because in the end, you like HER, for who she uniquely is, and that's all that matters."

Mlondi turned and looked at him with a raised eyebrow

Mlondi: ok I hear you Dr. Phill, so tell me when are you getting to the part that she is a cop? "

Sam choked on and stepped back looking at him

Sam: you know ?"

Mlondi: from the first day I saw her,

Sam: Mlondi what sick game are you playing "

Mlondi: go to Durban push i-businesses and let me worry about Lethu"

Sam: Mlondi mngani wami do not do anything stupid "

Mlondi laughed and ran his hand on his hair and walked back to the flat,

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🌹 In Milan Italy 🌹

Didi looked at Ntsika with her arms folded

" I love her "

Didi: I see that "

Ntsika: she is my physiotherapist"

He said chuckling

Didi smiled and answered:

"that explains her banging body"

Ntsika: in my heart I know she is the one "

He said looking down,

Didi: you have people to lead Ntisika

your heart, you're feelings don't matter to them, they want you to follow the old ways of leadership"

Him: I guess that is all about to change... Because before im king im also a man, a man who is very much in love with that womwomanidi: Ntsika you my big brother, and I love you, but you know very well that this blood in our veins detect who we must love, it's not your choice but the choice of the Royal seat...do you really want to put this beautiful girl trough that mass?"

Ntsika looked at Didi, he knew there was a bigger fight to fight waiting out there, will his love for Liyana survive this?

He sigh and ran his hands on his face, falling in love with her was not planned at all even though he knew that getting in a serious relationship with her will do, but he still chose to go ahead with it, and this is just to show that Humans are often attracted, from a psychological standpoint to that which is considered inappropriate for them. Part of it is that they want to rebel against their parents. They want to show that their parents don't always know best, and because of that, they want to try testing forbidden waters. They want to engage in promiscuous sexual behaviors because their parents told them it was inadvisable for them to do so.

Him: Didi I need your support and help right now not your realistic overview of my love life "

Didi:...but..."

Him: no but! I called you here because you and I are in the same boat, and all I ask is that you talk to Liya about our family... you know enlighten her more especially about my mother "

Her: firstly Don't compare yourself to me we are not in the same boat because I'm not King!....futhike I'm the last person not give you support considering my situation...but I know what you are about to do will...."

Ntsika: Didi!"

Didi rolled her eyes, He just looked at her

Ntsika: take my beautiful girlfriend shopping, take her to the spar... best restaurant... Make her feel like a Queen that she is and leave it to me to figure out how to tell my family about her!"

" I'm ready to go "

The air in the room just stop moving as Liya appeared from the bedroom, This was the most perfect girl Ntsila has ever seen. She was the kind of beautiful that causes temporary paralysis in his brain. All he could do was just stand there and stared at her, perfect in every way. Just in her simple Jean and T-shirt, she

looked like a cover girl, Her eyes were so full of life you could see them shining bright and clear from twenty feet away. She had perfect breasts, not too big and not too small for her ninety-five-pound frame. They were firm and round with nipples that were poking her top just enough to see them through the thin material. Her ass was also firm with a perfect shape, and I mean perfect. Liya was tan to a golden bronze skin color shined just a little from the suntan oil on her tight body.

She finally broke the silence with a big smile

" you steering again!"

Ntsika side smile

That was it for him, he was in love. Died and in heaven, this girl was just too hot to believe, and he was looking right at her.

Ntsika: do you blame me "

Liya giggled and walked towards him they shared a kiss and Liya blushed realizing that Didi was still in the room.

Ntsika: Didi take her before I lock her in this room again "

Didi: ooh lord no.... "

Didi laughed and pulled Liya by the hand

Liya.; wait Uuum Ntsika your card, what's is my limit?"

Didi and Ntsika looked at each other and laughed

Didi: ooh lord this is going to be fun, come miss gorgeous!"

Didi left with Liya, giving Ntsika time to think about what his going to tell his mother about Liya, this love he has for Liya was forbidden she a commoner, a girl with no status or royal blood...choosing her will turn tables in the royal house on the other hand not choosing her will only make him miserable

To him Forbidden love isn't romantic, it's painful. It's tragic. It hurts. Just the thought of it, it was terrifying to love someone who was forbidden to him. Terrifying to feel something he could never speak of, something that was taboo to almost everyone he knew, something that could destroy his life. . . .

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\*\*\*The morning kiss \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I shoot my eyes open as I heard the sound of a T.V playing and the smell of bacon, eggs, and chutney,

I fist frowned wondering who is in my house, just when I was about to jump up to take m gun the hangover headache made me recall that I left a man in my living room,

Just like any crazy girl who likes a guy I jumped off my bed ran to my bathroom, washed my face and mouth, fixed my breast on my vest, and roughled my hair up, I walked out acting sleepy and found him sitting in the kitchen counter eating a sandwich, his eyes glued to the loud soccer game on the TV screen, Jesus so all this noise is just soccer?



Him: morning "

He looked at me and side smile, his eyes ran from my legs making their ways slowly up to my face, our eyes locked while I did a catwalk towards him, I took the remote on the kitchen counter but he was quick got it first and he holds my hand,

Him: so you the grumpy type in the morning? "

He raised his eyebrow to look at me,

Me: there is a noise policy in this building "

Him: well fuck them "

He said pulling me to stand in between his legs and he kissed me, I was kinda reluctant but that tongue play got my tummy doing flips,

Him: I made you breakfast "

He said after pulling out,

Me: mmmm"

He laughed and ran his hand on my face

Him: you so beautiful "

At that point I did not know what to do with myself, looking in his eyes for the first time with him not wearing his cap I saw the worst fear of my life Mlondi is drop-dead handsome, and no doubt he is a Bad boy,

He stares at me with those captivating, dangerous eyes. His good looking handsome face gives me more excuses to study it, ordering me not to take the risk of pushing further.

But lord knows I want to do it anyway because I'm curious. I want to know what's lurking behind that look, and I want to understand how it can be both innocent and troublesome.

Him: I would love to have that cup of coffee you promised me yesterday "

He said biting his lip, I was not sure if he's talking about the actual coffee or sex, I want to speak but I'm lost, the chemistry

its too much that got my heart beating so loud my chest is even moving,

Me: Coffee?"

Him: yes the water just came to a boil,"

Me: ooh Coffee"

He laughed " yes Coffee "

As I was busy making coffee he takes time to study me, while I do that with him as well, there is a silent conversation between us only spoken with our eyes,

God, why am I attracted to him, all I see in him is that he is a guy who seems to be a walking disaster, an accident waiting to happen? Mlondi has perfectly embodied a beautiful tragedy. And I know better not to be associated with a person like him. . but here I am lusting over him,

Damn it Lethu you never learn You have seen such guys in a movie. You have heard your friend cry over someone like him. You have read about him in the articles online, in short stories, in novels, you grew up loving.

But here you are trying to figure out that particular thing that makes him so mysterious,

Looking at his skin as I want to know the story behind those tattoos that are inked in his arms, What do they symbolize in his life, and what inspires him to have them be displayed permanently in his skin? I want to know what's beating in his heart. If it gets soft, too sometimes, or if it is pained

or if it is as strong as his facade appears to be. I want to be friends with him...more than friends with him, be near him most of the time and test whether the stretch of his tolerance and acceptance of people is really that extensive.

Me: how many sugars?"

Him: none"

I give him his cup and I walked to the couch while he followed me behind,

I caught him staring at my behind as I sat on the couch, he sits on the couch next to me and looked at me

Him: I had fun last night "

I looked down " me too "

Him: so? ... "I raised my head to look at him

Me: so?"

Him: I want to see more of you "

My head is screaming no, but I found my head nodding,

Him: look I'm not good at putting my feeling into words, but Since I saw you for the first time, I knew that I wanted to be with you. Whenever you look at me, I can hardly think because you completely confuse my feelings. Since the day I meet you I have spent every spare minute thinking about you. That may sound a little over the top, but it is true and I hope we can try this thing out..."

Me: what thing "

Him: Lethu why are you acting dumb"

Me: all I'm saying is I would love to hear you put it into correct words "

Him: here what?"

Me: the thing...what is it called? "

Him: fuck...kanti kuzobanje ukujola with smart girls?"

Me: ooh Siyajola "

He placed his coffee down and took mine and placed it on the table and pushed me to fall on the couch with my back, he then got on top of me and pushed my hair back while looking into my eyes

Him: What I feel for you is something new, something special!

You are something special!!!

You give me so much affection, tenderness making me have feelings of wanting you

Every time I look into your eyes, I can see a glimpse of my future.

**OUR FUTURE!**

A life without you is inconceivable to me.

You are the best, most wonderful, greatest, most brilliant, most perfect thing that could happen to me.

And uyathanda awuthandi Siyajola mina nawe "

Me: By force yini?"

Him: I'm a prince what I want I get, what I need I take...wena you are mine now, "

I opened my mouth to say something but his lips found my lips the kiss was gentle not rushed, my heart picked up a beat. Anticipation or fear, that I wasn't sure which arose, Something hot and risky drifted through my body, pooling in the aching area between my legs.

He stopped and looked at me and for one long moment, everything caught and held words, breaths, gazes suspended as the charged air pulsed between us, saturated with anticipation. His mouth moved closer as the air thickened and smoldered hotter, shutting out everything like night shut out day.

And the eagerness expanded inside of me began with a sudden obsession to run my hands on his head,

I grazed his lower lip with the edge of my teeth. Heat flared in his eyes. As he moaned He brought his mouth down on mine, harder, hungrier than before. He entered my mouth, thrusting his tongue inside with an eager moan.

I was so hot at this point that I welcomed him, sucking at him, drawing him deeper, tangling my tongue with his, rubbing, stroking, enticing, he dipped his tongue into the heat of my mouth again and again. Making me lose air

A moan caught at the back of my throat. Through his jeans, I could feel him pulsing with need. His hand grasped around my hip heading to my feminine mound,

Me: uuuh!"



As he sliding in between my legs, cupping, rubbing the fabric of my robe against the heat of my desire, he opened the robe, his hand cupping my breast. His mouth left my wet lips and moved to the side sucking my neck. Tremors of excitement rippled along my nerves.

Me: uuuuh "

Him: I have to go" he whispered in my ear

Me: what?"

Him: this is was just my morning kiss to you muntu wami "

He kissed my forehead and got off me,

\*\*\*Some part of me can't wait to see what life's going to come up with next! Anticipation without the usual anxiety\*\*\*

🌹 Rosette 🌹

Few weeks into a relationship and Sandile is already acting like my life partner then just a man I meet a few months ago.

He had no hick up's or what's so ever in telling me about his past, while I, on the other hand, did not want to touch on the fact that my husband abused me for year's and I have major trust issues.

He says he knows how I feel because he was once that kind of man my husband was to me, with him undergoing rehabilitation he has found ways to heal my hidden scars and for that, I feel more connected to him.

You see when you fall in love at my age, it's like you're taking everything you've learned in life and pouring your best self into your new love. And Sandile 's action showed me that he is doing the same right back. The ingredients that make falling in love at my age wonderful I would say it's self-awareness, maturity, vulnerability, authenticity, and appreciation for everyday

It so crazy, but after our second night we share together, I fell in love with him, It was so totally unexpected, but the new relationship had all the components of what my heart desired, I know it may be too soon to pinpoint what I assume might be Love, but in my new found relationship there is respect, trust, likability, attraction, chemistry and a lot of laughter. I feel like he just gets me, and there is something about this whole thing of being in a relationship with him, that feels very... very right.

" Ms. Rose this came for you," one of the security guys said to me,

I looked at the gift box and smiled, it can only be Sandile

" mmmm another gift?"

Ginger said walking towards me with an annoyed expression,

A part of me still wishes to beat the shit out of her, on the other hand, another part of me has more questions that need answers than any beating I can give to her,

Me: you late again?"

I said not even looking at her,

Her: I had things to do "

Me: ooh konje you are the boss in this place you walk in and out as you please?"

She looked at the bartender and other staff members who were now looking at us.

Her: can we not do this here please?"

I handed her an envelope

Advertisement

she looked at it and frowned

Her: written warning Rose...?"

Me: I started this club with my own money, sweat and blood, just because you had an input, an idea per se of this establishment does not make you my equal, I can easily replace you so let this be the last warning or the next is the door "

Her: Rose!"

I ignored her and spoke to Themba one of the bartenders

Me: Mpume called in and said she has family crises, in my books she is already fired ... I trust you can do her job?"

Themba: yes boss lady I won't disappoint"

Me: you better or else... " I pointed a finger at him and started walking away,

Her: Rose, is this how things are going to be between us? You humiliating me every chance you get "

She said following me

Me: it's not personal, it's just business "

Her: the very same business I helped you start"

Me: ooh and for that, you deserve special treatment? "

Her: what have I ever done to you!? Yazi all I do is try and try but you... "

Her voice was a bit too loud making my hand ich so bad to smack her backstabbing ass

Me: why!!!! You keep trying and trying? Clearly, you don't like me and the feeling is mutual on my end, what's makes you keep trying so badly? "

She opened her mouth and closed it

Me: could it be, ts because you only in my life to watch my every move...who are you working for Ginger the feds? ...the Hawks? .. Special forces? ... Or is it Oyama?"

Her eyes ran around the room while I put her in a tight corner,

Me: don't you get tired of being a backstabbing bitch working for people that are only using you for their own personal gain, awusho what are you getting out of this?"

Her: I'm not working for no one, damn it Rose what do I have to do to make you trust me "

Me: how do i even start trusting a woman who fucked my husband behind my back while I was still in the picture!"

Her: Ros..."

Me: don't think about lying because I know everything "

She popped her eyes open, but I didn't not wait for her to make up a story, I just clicked my hills and walked to my office, I turned on the CCTV, looking at Ginger's every move, she was agitated and kept pressing her phone looking behind her back as if she is not supposed to be seen doing this...

" come on Ginger give me something, "I said biting my nails, I was disturbed by my phone ringing

Me: hello"

Him: not even a thank you message for your gift?"

Me: uu uummm" it was Sandile

Him: you have not opened it?"

I pressed my phone on my shoulder unwrapping the gift with my hands, I smiled when I looked at the Black stilettos,

"Mmmm black hills?"

Him: I love my women tall "

Me: so where is the matching dress?"

Him: dress?"

Me: that goes with these matching shoes?"

Him: I want to make love to you tonight with nothing on but those hills..."

I bite my lip thinking about how good sex is with him

Me: Sandile we too old for this kind of talk "

Him: life begins at 50 my love, and me and you just started living"



I place my hand on my neck, looking outside the window of my club

Him: my house at 19:30?"

Me: I will be there at 20h00"

Him: don't keep me waiting Rose "

I laughed shaking my head

Him: I love you "

Me: Goodbye Sandile "I dropped the call with a huge smile on my face, but my smile quickly turned into a frown when a tall, dark skin gentleman walked into the club,

A buzzer came through and I picked up the call

" who the fuck is that Themba?"

Him: King Ntsika Bhengu he says he wants to speak to you"

" King?"

While I was conflicted by who this 'king' is I saw Sam and the mystery guy shaking hands and sharing a joke, while Ginger sneaked out behind them,

" Fuck!!"

\*\*\*The biggest lie women tell themselves about men: When I get what I want, I will be happy.\*\*\*

🌹 Mpume 🌹

I folded my arms and watch him walk in the room, smelling a female perfume,

This shit has been happening for a few weeks now, he goes to God knows where and come back smelling cigarettes and sex

I knew Yama was a player and he also lets on a lot of details about his dating life which normally is a major red flag for me including sleeping with other girls while having me as his girlfriend in the house

I know when I first started this he was just supposed to be my meal ticket to the good life and I wasn't really looking for a

relationship at the time and saw him merely as a hook-up, casual relationship person so the red flags didn't bother me.

Up until the abuse started, verbally he treating me like trash disregarded my feelings or what's so ever, and then the manipulation beginning, emotionally I feel brainwashed to be with him, and physically I'm his prisoner.

He gets mad when I go out alone, and when I tried reaching out to Liya he manhandled me to a point that my neck has bruises for days,

I don't know why I'm still with him or what I expect to gain from a man who has told me he does not believe in love, When I asked him explicitly why. He told me "sex is easy to get, but not everyone is worth keeping in touch with"

After that, I thought it would be easy just to milk him for his money, but he has told me numerous occasions that :

"steal from me I will kill you, run away from me I will find you and will kill you"

Although he has a ton of red flags, I find myself thinking about him romantically, with a man like him by my side with so much power I am practically Queen, I just need to make him value me more but how on earth will I do that when He tells me he has a rotation of 5 girls he sees regularly. I don't see him giving that up for me and the likelihood of me being hurt inadvertently is very high.

"Mpumza..."

He said rubbing my shoulder giving me a massage while looking at me in the mirror

Me: Where were you?"

He side smile looking at me,

Him: you see how good I treat you, I made you my Queen gave you things no man can give such a beautiful woman like you... I don't need this bullshit of you asking me about my whereabouts"

He took off his shirt and looked at me,

Him: did you do what I asked you to do?"

Me: I have already given the drivers the keys..."

Him: I'm so lucky to have you...thank you "

Me: why did you make me higher those trucks?"

Him: business purposes..."

Me: Yama I'm not a child and that driver works at the Black Velvet... What is your association with that Club...?"

Him: you ask too many questions..."

He does this all the time make me feel like a bimbo, ignores me totally when I ask him about his plan,

Me: I have been running errands for you the least you could do is tell me what the fuck is going on!"

He grabs my shoulder a little bit too tight that I winced in pain

Him: I need you to go back to work "

I tried to turn to look at him but he forced my head to look right through the Mirror

Him: you see your Boss has what I want and I need you to help me get it"

Me: my Boss?"

I said softly looking at him in the eyes

Rosetta is one smart lady to associate himself with a man like Yama, but what do I know I just worked at the bar less than a month to know her that well

Me: I have not been to work for over..."

Him: you are a smart girl I'm sure you can find your way back inside the club"

Me: how much does she ow you "

Him: everything she owns belong to me...including herself"

Me: what...?..."

" Oyama...Oyama!!!...."

I ladies voice screamed his name downstairs,

Voice: I'm sick and tired of this bullshit Oyama, so your sluts are coming to our house now?..."

Yama face changed and he marched out while I followed him behind,

"\_what the fuck, you not taking my call, you told you, security guys, that they must not let me inside... Oyama after everything I have done for you, you turn around and treat me like this...."

I drop my mouth open when I saw the lady who was talking,

Me: Ginger?" it came out as a whisper,

Ginger looked at me from head to toe, she then looked at Yama and her tears got the best of her,

Yama: what do you want?"

Ginger held her mouth crying, but the worst happened when Yami held her by the hair and drag her across the living room

Ginger: you hurting me....uuuh...!"

Yama: what the fuck did I tell you about coming here alone...  
You could have been followed!..."

Ginger: I was careful... I promised no one saw me "

Him: you dumb bitch...!"

I held my mouth in shock I was not sure what to do, help her or just run for my life, who is this devil I have been sharing a bed with? Ginger's face was red, nose bleed, while Yama was screaming at everyone, all I saw was his gorillas with guns running around while I stood in that corner not sure what to do.

Yama: you don't fuckin listen!!! I'm tired of your old wrinkle ass...you always have to ruin everything with your nagging... How many times do I have to tell you to stop thinking with your loose pussy!!! "

Ginger: I'm...i...uuuum sorry...."

Him: what the fuck do you want!!!'

Ginger continued crying hiding her badly injured face Yama got so pissed off that he took out a gun from one of his men and pointed it at her, I screamed...Ginger screamed the house was



chaotic, he screaming in Nigerian laungage he looks like a mad man, the gun went off and I just held my head coiling on the floor

Ginger: she knows....she knows!!!....your wife knows...oh please don't kill me, my love!"

Me: wife?...." Did she say, my love?

\*Remember diamonds are created under pressure so hold on,  
it will be your time to shine soon.\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Italy was amazing, the shopping the food the touring and  
sightseeing it was out of this world, best two weeks of my life  
till I finally came back to South Africa,

Ntsika wanted to spend more time with me and we had  
another two weeks at his house, we were in our little bubble,  
till I realize this was just him asking me to move in with him  
indirectly,

" I have work Ntsika"

Him: it's in Durban "

Me: my life is there not here "

Him: my life is with you Liya...how many times must I tell you that!"

I don't know what got me mad the most, is it the fact that I loved him too much not to picture my life without him, and ignoring the pink elephant in the room, that our families come from different walks of life,

It can never work I kept telling myself, but Ntsika was too possessive to even care of what I think.

As much as we have been dating for almost three months now. He hadn't dated for a few years before he meet me, because he was so wrapped up in work, and family stuff, so in a sense dating again is somewhat "new" to him not an excuse for his behavior, just an explanation. He constantly gets self-conscious and upset at the prospect that he's "not making me happy ", and we've been fighting about it constantly and I'm not sure how to help him get over it, or if it's even possible. I love him a lot but he clearly has some controlling...insecurity issues, and while I want to be with him, I can't shake the feeling that this relationship it's getting too serious for my liking.

So in the midst of our crazy fight, I found myself packing my bags and I came back home...just to get a breather from my crazy love affair with King Bhngu, and to my astonishment, I found my house a mass and lord do I wish to strangle Mpume for turning my house into a hoe house.

With my phone switched off, I spent the whole day cleaning the house, no matter how much I scrubbed, mopped the floors, and wiped the kitchen counter the house still smelled funky, even made me sick to my stomach.

Morning came and I did the usual, prep for work, I felt like I was coming down with something, but that did not stop me from getting on with my day,

" Liyana ukuphi?"

Me: I am at work Ntsika, we talked about this "

Him: wow and you left the very same day when I told you I wanted to introduce you to my family"

I breathe out loud

Me: Ntsika..."

I said softly

Him: mmmm Ungijwaywla kabi yezwa"

He dropped the call in my ear, I breathe out loud and decided to switch off my phone.

The hospital shift was busy as usual till the knock of time came, I wish someone would have told me about being in a serious relationship because I thought I had it all figured out but turns out that I knew nothing.

My relationship with Ntsika had its first period, first pimple pop, first screaming and shouting and banging of doors,

He's angry at me and I'm also angry,

He looks at me and then clicks his tongue and continue to drive, I want to say my piece but Bhengu has the most commanding voice when he's angry, I can't even say a word out,

" This is what you were so eager to get up too when you kept nagging me, telling me you have work!!!"

Me: Nagging Ntsika wow!"

I jumped out of his car and slammed the door, he drove us to his pant house,

Him: ooh so you have legs to walk away from me when I am talking to you!, damn it Liyana that's below the belt"

Me: you able not disable nxa!"

I jumped in the elevator looking at him, as the door closed when I got inside the house, I took off my jeans that were suffocating me like crazy and I was left with vest and underwear, I ran myself a bubble bath, but I jumped when he banged the front door

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He walks into our bedroom and looked at me, his frown still says I'm angry at you,

Him: so every time we have an argument you going to walk away from me?"

I just look at him and I continued to walk around the room,

Him: Liyana!"

Me: you have said enough Ntsika and I'm tired "

Him: do you blame me, damn it Liyana!! When were you going to tell me, you bloody working at a strip club?"

Me: I was working at the strip club before you decided to get me fired!!"

I still want to know how he found out but his king with a lot of money, probably paid people to get information about me.

Him: you are my girlfriend do you know what news like this could have done... if the media?...."

Me:Ntsika I am not a King you are!... You decided to fall in love with a commoner I had a life before you, bills I had to pay so I did what I had to do!"

Him: you had your life... You lived it... But now you have me, which means me and you will never have a normal relationship now!!..."

Me: I'm not one of your possession Ntsika... And stop confusing that with love, because Love is not about possession. Love is about appreciation...!!"

Him:...Liya I appreciate everything about you"

Me: then why can't you accept me for who I am not what you want me to be... All I see here is you forcing me to your life, the life I don't know...the life I fear...the life that I'm not even sure I will be accepted in..."

Him: If you think I'm going to apologize for my action? For loving you, forget it!!... Listen here I never told my heart to love you,

But I've found myself in love with you!

And all see in you is women who complete me. . . I don't mean to be overbearing, but with a heart as big as mine, sometimes it



is hard to keep it from jumping straight into your face and latching on for dear life.

I am sorry for being too pushy about the future, but I will never be sorry for wanting one with you. I'm not demanding that you marry me or buy me a set of legs to run after you. I am simply envisioning my life with you and I am looking to see if you are too. Yazi you don't know how excited I get when I envision where life could take me, and I plan to take you with me. Sometimes, I may talk about the future "too much???" and it might come across as a little too pushy. For this, I am sorry. You might not be the type of person to talk about these things as much as I do, and this is something that I need to work on understanding. . . "

I breathe out loud looking at him, he ran his hands on his face,

Him: Liya I love you just the way you are, and I know you think I do not see you but I do, I see your inner beauty, your fears, but mostly I know that I'm in love with an Insecure woman"

I bite my lip surprising my tears

Him: Sthandwa sami I did not ask to be a king or passed an interview to have such a high profile position but I was born to lead, so stop my heart for beating for you, for wanting you by my side esihlalweni sobukhosi! you angry I get that but I will not apologize for doing the best that I can to protect us, to keep us intact, and to make sure that nothing or no one gets in the way of what we have. I will not apologize for this, because I love you too much to let us fall apart "

I opened my mouth to say something, but I suddenly felt light-headed, I held on to the vanity table

Him: Liya...babe are you ok?"

He held my waist hugging me from behind, I breathe out loud and rested my head on his chest. he kissed my neck and His fingers feathered over my hips, my stomach. My muscles danced under his touch.

I breathe out loud tried to untangle myself from his hold but he held me tight

Him: this is me, I give love through my actions, my emotions, my words, and my silence. I am an affectionate person both

psychically and emotionally... Please give me the chance to appreciate you, to worship you, and to give you whatever your heart desires...

Me: Nts..."

Him: you deserve happiness... this is your time now to be selfish"

He then kissed my forehead and said he will order in while I take a bath,

I dragged my feet to the bathroom and took a long deserving bath, he said way too much and I'm more confused than angry with him now, when I walked out of the bathroom, he was not in our bedroom,

I put on his T-shirt and walked out busy rubbing my eyes, it's high time I told him about my side of the family.

I froze when I heard someone clearing their throat, my eyes almost pop out when I came face to face with her majesty the gorgeous women I only saw on t.v, newspapers, and social media pages. I stood there frozen

" Mama... Please meet Liyana Ziqubu the woman in my life "

The Queen looked at me from head to toe and she then stood up,

" So this is what you get up to in Durban Ntsikayesizwe Bhengu, you neglecting your duties and you have the nerve to introduce me to a naked girl? Have you forgotten who you are? What you are?"

Ntsika: ma..."

Her: I did not come here for this... As I was saying uyadingeka ekhaya!" he looked at me and then shook her head and walked out.

.

\*\*\*A rainy day \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" leave it," he says hitting my hand

Me: no! "

I continued to hold my dresses, giggling and running away from him, as the wind found pleasure in blowing my short dress away, Well, it was overcast all day, but there wasn't any thunder and lightning to warn us. It just started coming down, so Mlodi grabbed my hand, and we ran to his car,

We were both drenched soaked but all we did was laugh at our self,

"Ooh my God I need to stop taking these walks with you "

Him: I hate indoors and you will just have to learn to love it "

I laughed trying to wipe my now very wet face, he took off his t-shirt and started wiping my face and hair

I looked at his toned body his got a lot of tattoos but that did not hide his abs and the hairy line that run from his belly down to his mmmm. . .

I looked up but I found him glaring at me, I'm practically naked now since this white t-shirt dress is so wet it's like I'm in a wet t-shirt competition, my nipples are just sticking out

He cleared his throat and started looking around his car.

God damn it this guy is playing mind games with me. I was curious as to how long is he going to play this game, I mean we have been seeing each other for over a month now

" Mlondi..." I said softly

He gave me this stare that I swear I could never forget. There was lust in his look. It was almost as though he was ripping my

clothes off with his eyes. I felt myself becoming wet. Too shy to make the first move I looked down,

But He grabbed the back of my neck and pushed me into a kiss. I didn't hesitate to kiss him back. His tongue dipped into my mouth and he sucked and pulled at my bottom lip. His hands traced from the back of my neck to the front of my wet dress. He gripped my left breast hard, a moan escaped from my mouth. He kept forcing his tongue down my throat while roughly rubbing my breast in a circle. I leaned back in my seat as his hand traveled down to my inner thighs. He slipped his hand into my panty and rubbed my clit with his fingers. The car smelled of my sweet pussy. He pushed his fingers into my pussy and began finger fucking me. His tongue moved from my mouth to the crevasse of my neck. He licked and sucked all over my neck, hard enough to give me a hickey, and began furiously finger fucking me.

"F-f-fuuuuck," I moaned, pulling on his wet hair.

I was so close to cumming, then he stopped. he quickly took his hand out of my panty, he jumped out

"Where are you going?" I asked, confused.

He gave me a smirk and jumped out, I looked at him as he ran in the rain to my direction damn he so is sexy he opened the passenger door led me to the back seat.

"I'm sorry we have to do this in my car, but I can't wait any longer "

he groaned laying me down. He looked so hungry. I wanted him to but I was a bit nervous I haven't had sex in such a long time, but a slut in me wanted to feel his dick in me. God knows I have been waiting for this too.

He got on top of me and began slobbering all over my neck. I don't know how or when he took off my dress, I was just glad



that it's raining cats and dogs outside for people to notice what's we doing,

I could immediately feel myself getting wet again. As he ripped my panties off and grabbed a condom from his glove compartment. He slipped it on and looked at me in my eyes.

"If it hurts too much, tell me

" he said. I swallowed... nodded,

He got back on top of me and bit my neck, sliding his cock in my wet pussy. A loud moan escaped my lips. It sounded of both pain and ecstasy.

Him: hawe ma!... Fuck!

He slowly raised his hips and dipped his cock back into my wet hole, My hands traveled from his neck to his lower back, digging my nails in him pushing his pelvis deeper into me. After a few times of him slowly thrusting me, he moaned into my ear.

"I'm going to fuck you now"

After hearing that I pop my eyes open, as he quickly flipped me onto my stomach and grabbed all of my hair into his fist. He pulled on my afro with one hand to arch my back and had his other on my back. He began fucking the life out of me. I could feel my pussy clenching on his hard dick. I could hear the sound of my wet pussy welcoming him in and out, as he fucked me hard. It sounded like a puppy drinking water. My juices began leaking down my leg and onto his.

"You're so fucking wet, babygirl," he groaned.

"Uuuuum hhhhh" I moaned, wanting to take more of his dick.

He sat in his seat and pulled me on top of him. I guided his dick into me and began riding him. Damn, I suck at women on top,

but his strong arms bounced me up and down making me scream his name,

Him: ooh sweet Jesus...."

I felt his dick pulse all around my pussy walls. He rubbed my clit in circles with his fingers, fuuuuuuck it felt so good.

"I'm close to cumming,"

He laid me onto my back and started fucking me hard.

"Ooooooooooh f-f-fuuuuuuuuck Ml....oondi" I moaned, scratching all over his back.

"Cum for me baby," he groaned, giving me a sexy look. "Cum for me my love," he said sucking on my neck. "I want to feel your pussy cum all over my dick."

I felt my orgasm rising. I was going to cum. My back arched as high as it could, and Mlondi began to thrust me as hard as he could. "Uuuuuuh," I yelled, pushing myself onto his shaft, My eyes rolled to the back of my head, and I felt my pussy clench on his hard dick. "Ohhh fuck...." he groaned, cumming into my pussy. I felt his dick pulse in me.

He collapsed on top of me, breathing hard... He kissed my neck, I notice that the car door was not closed

Me: Mlondi the car door is open..."

I said out of breath

Him: muntu wami we just had mind-blowing sex in the car and now going to tell me about a bloody car door

Me: so all along?"

Him: babe I'm too tall for sex in a car..."

He said all along with his face buried on my neck and his shaft still inside me,

Me: Mlondi get off me... Ooh God what if someone saw us"

Him: people see my car, they turn and walk the other direction... Relax"

\*\*\*Red flags are moments of hesitation that determine our destination.\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

My stay in this small town has taken a huge turn, To say I have forgotten what I came here to do is an understatement, ever since I met Mlondi my head has not been in the game at all, Vele how can it be? when I'm busy chasing ghosts, this case I'm working on is a dead end so I decided to just make this trip more of a vacation than an undercover job,

And I must admit I owe it all to Mlondi for making my stay in this place worth the while, you see when you start dating someone, everything that you use to think is more important it just gets thrown out of the window, with how the new relationship is unfolding everything just seems perfect never mind that it's still early days, to be sure it will last.

Right now we are in the honeymoon phase, we both trying to impress each other, both hoping not to do or say anything that could scare the other off, and we are both cautious to open up and expose too much, too quick.

Because let's be real, people bolt real fast if they think your problems and issues are too much. If YOU are too much.

I admit I am a handful. I cuss too much. I am not "ladylike" by society's definition, I am strong-willed, stubborn, sassy, and I am impatient. And to make things worst I'm head over heels in love with a man who is exactly like me, at times I ask myself if we would work out, or not?

" opposites don't really attract. Opposites attract if you're dealing with magnets. With people and relationships, it gets complicated." Mlondi would say,

I looked at him and smile, he makes me so happy, and I'm in love with him, and God I hate that a part of me is living a lie with him...

I run my hands on his chest and kiss him, the love-making ended in his house, finally, we are here we are alone for the very first time. It is like the very first time we have been together, just the two of us. It is raining outside while we are cuddling in his bed. It is still dark and I look at the muscular handsome man. That beautiful snake shape birthmark on his neck inviting me for a kiss. I slowly move to smell the scent that surrounds the pillow. I will never forget how he smells like, I look at him and smiled to my self " you smell like the man I want to spend my life with" I confess to myself,

I kiss the tenderness of his neck and I experience a slight movement in his legs, just a hint to keep me interested. I am encouraged and spend an extra few seconds on the kiss, a slow wake-up, I proceed to a little touch on his face to entice him. What I see is the hint of the smile on his lips

God, he is turning my world upside down

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with his eyes still close, his lips quivering in the dark as I try to act a little surprised but in my heart, I feel “Isn’t Mloni beautiful”. I wait, wait for that amazing moment where his eyes slowly start to open, he is wondering why I have not kissed his lips.

Him: dimple face staring is rude you know " "

I laughed and placed my head on his chest

Me: so you were not sleeping "

Him: ushisa kanje how can I sleep?"

He pulled my head up and with every passion in my soul, I move closer that our breath are one, his arms pull me even closer our bodies collide together, his body keeps me so warm inside. And the moment, the lips touch, the mouth opens as I surrender myself to him, It is like a kiss that just takes my breath away, our tongues moving around, as he starts to pull my head towards his. I hear a sigh, the words come to me, his first words in a magical start to our morning – “Hmm baby, why umnandi ka so? ”. It is not a question, it is an approval, it is a passionate recall, a little lovemaking awakening with a touch of naughty humor and expectations of the physical and yet highly emotional experience at the peak of passion. I giggle

" you are so not romantic Muntu wami "



Him: urg Futsek woza la "

I'm snickering as we begin rolling on the bed, he's kissing me and getting in between my legs

But stop as his phone started ringing, no wait that was not his smartphone ring tone but more of those burner phones,

" what's that,?" I ask

He jumps off me and looks for his jeans, and takes out the phone in the jean pocket, he has a frown on his face,

Me: Mlondi ?"

He does not answer me, but puts on clean jeans and takes something behind a drawer, ooh my God that is a gun.

I jump off the bed with only a bedsheet covering my body

He holds my shoulders

Him: I expect to find you in my house when I get back "

I frown, he lowers his face and kisses me on my pouted lips

Him: Ngiyabuya. . ."

Me: uyaphi?"

He runs his hand on my naked body and side smile " I love you  
" he says whispering in my ear, when he moves his face to kiss  
my lips I found myself responding to his lustful kiss, he pulls  
out and looks at me

Me: I love you too..." He bite his lip taking a dry t-shirt from the  
closet and walked out talking to the burner phone,

I pull the cover over my body thinking about what just  
happened, why does he have a gun? why does he use a  
burner phone?

but I'm distracted when, I look around the room and I realize  
the mess we created I found myself having a shy grin on my  
face, but I also know it is the intense feeling of love and  
belonging that creates sensual fire within me, God knows that  
give a women good sex...good loving she will overlook the red  
flags of burner phones and guns in her boyfriend apartment. . .

\*\*\*If the home is a body, the table is the heart, the beating center, the sustainer of life and health.\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I'm woken up by my phone ringing Ntsika was not next to me probably taking a bath,

" hello"

I said rubbing my eyes

" Liya it's me "

I frowned and looked at the screen of my phone

Me: Sam?"

Him: yah...I'm just checking up on you ...urh mean you left the club pretty upset last night "

Me: it's nothing...I'm fine now "

There was silence on his side while I just bite my lip thinking too,

Him: so you are dating Ntsika Bhengu?"

I felt a lump on my throat just to think that I had a moment with this guy I mean he did not have to tell me that he likes me, he basically showed it all the time, while I was not honest about my true feelings for him

Him: do you know who he is?"

He asked me another question when he realized that I was not answering him

Him: Liya his royalty and people like us don't belong in such like...

Me: excuse me!!?"

Him: all I'm saying is that ...look I just don't want you to get hurt "

I bite my lip thinking about what his mother said last night how she looked at me, I stood up and made my way to the window wiping my now falling tears,

Him: walk away Liya you fragile and not strong enough to face what waiting for you in that house...look baby girl all that glitters he has shown you may not be gold "

Me: i....i....I love him Samkelo "

There was a moment of silence between us after I just dropped that bomb in the midst of the conversation

Him: Liya...we all love the moon and sun but we can never build a life with it... please listen to me..."

He said softly

Me: I have to go "

Him: Liya...why you bringing yourself heartache by trying to move in a house with wolves instead of running away from them. . .'

Me: it's complicated"

Him: Liya You cannot see no build the future with tears in your eyes...is this what you want to spend your life doing?"

I started sniffing,

Him: Liya you are a very special woman in my heart...I'm not him but I can bring you the joy you deserve...tell me you don't feel something for me"

I kept quiet Sam is the opposite of Ntsika quite kind loving and he loves the simplest stuff his not complicated

Him: I know you love him... But I lo..."

I dropped the call as I had the bathroom door opening I wiped my tears and continued to look outside the window, thinking about what Sam said

" hi"

Ntsika said

Me: hi"

I said not looking at him,

Him: about last night "

Me: I don't want to talk about it "

Him: Liya...we have to, look my mother did not mean..."

Me: she did not even acknowledge my presence... People like me are nothing in her eyes"

I said turning and looking at him, he frowns noticing my teary eyes

He walked close to me,

Him: I will talk to her...please trust me"

Me: Ntsika why are you complicating my life!... You know that that I'm not your destiny... You have a legacy to build and I can't do that with you "

He opened his mouth, but I shut him up by saying

"I'm your little secrete, you meet me in dark, fuck me in your own little private space, take me across the world but not once you spent a day out with me, you tell me you love me, but I can't even tell a living soul about us yet alone post a picture of you and I, I'm more of your mistress then your girlfriend...you say you care about me, but yet this relationship is condemned, you know it I know it! ... God knows I love you but I'm tired of living a lie, I'm tired of thinking that my life is a fairytale, Cinderella meets the prince and lives happily ever after, in real life that bullshit never happens, we come from different walks of life Ntsika and this right here scares the living shit out of me..."

Him: what are you trying to say ?"

Me: I can't do this anymore "

Him: angizwa?"

He said stepping back looking at me,

Me: I just can't "

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🌹 Mpume 🌹

Reality kicked in when I saw how badly Ginger was beaten up, I'm shaking and I want to escape, but I'm scared of what he will do to me,

I swallowed as I walked down the passage to the room where Ginger was, I knocked and opened the door, she was curled up on the floor crying, this woman may be old as my mother and to think all of this year's she has lived such life, scared me of my what my future with this man will be like



" go away "

She said softly, I moved closer with a medical aid kit and knelled in front of her, I looked at her face and I felt tears in my eyes,

Her: you know he's using you right? when he has had enough of you he will get you high and sell you to his friends for them to have a taste of you, you will bounce from dick to dick while he made money out of you, the first few guys he will force you to sleep with you will cry at night asking God why? Maybe even try committing suicide buy time goes you will be too high to even care who fucks you... "

I held my tears looking at her opening up the medical kit,

Her: I thought he loved me, my ticket out of the village but...."

She cried holding her face shaking her heard

Her: I don't know you...I don't know your end game...but Oyama is...."

She bite her lip holding her sobs, she started laughing and shaking her head

Her: you probably asking yourself why I never left him? Well, that is an ignorant question. There is a pattern to abuse, how it starts, escalates, and how it messes with your mind. . . I have no one

my mother kicked me out cursed me, told me I will amount to nothing, well look at me now her wish came true, I lost my child, I lost my confidence. I am recovering financially dependent drug addict, on this man, I'm his puppet doing everything he asks of me just for him to treat me well "

My hands started shaking looking at her, is this my future? Is this going to be me now?

Ginger looked at me and laughed she laughed so hard that I dropped the medical kit and stepped back,

Her: all that Glitter is no Gold you bitch... You think you can have my man with no consequences you idiot, he will destroy you....!...I will always be his number bitch!!"

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He runs his hand on my back while I rested my head on his chest,

Him: you miles away, what wrong?"

I kept quiet and just laid there in his chest listening to his heartbeat,

Him: Rose "

Me: Sandile please stop asking me questions I can not answer "

He pushed me off his chest and jumped out of the bed he put on his robe and stepped outside his balcony

I sigh jumped off the bed and put on his shirt and followed him

Me: I'm sorry...I just have a lot on my mind, my son, the club...

Him: you thinking about Oyama Rose don't patronize me by lying"

I swallowed and looked down

Him: you only tense up and bite my head off when you thinking about him"

I breathe out loud and folded my arms,

Me: it's not what you think "

He chuckles

Him: you don't know half of the things I think off when you sleeping next to me "

Me: Sand..."

He cuts me off and says

"I love you...but just so you know I was not joking when I said will kill Oyama"

Me: Sandile I Love you, but I can fight my own battles...this is not your fight to fight "

With his back facing me he said

"When we're you going to tell me that he sends you roses...black and white roses to be precise"

I opened my mouth to say something but stop to think about how does he know this

Me: how do you know this?"

Him: Same way I know that Ginger has a child with him"

I dropped my mouth open, that information is on my laptop which means

Me: you hacked my computer? "

Him: your husband threatened to kill my daughter and my son in law, his out there and I have no doubt in my mind that he wants to take what I value the most in my life "

Me: what?... So meeting you was not a coincidence?... You were using me to get to him?"

He did not respond

Me: Answer me god damn it! Who the fuck are you!?"

He slowly turned and looked at me, I have seen Sandile eyes that gives me goosebumps but this morning his eyes are dark, scary, I don't know this man

Him: I'm a cold-blooded killer, and By accepting the fact that I am a murderer. I told myself, okay you killed for fun. They're

dead. Ain't nothing I can do now. Crying doesn't help. Slapping myself to find a bit of humanity in me was useless,

I can't live with the anxiety of the am-I-bad. Either accept I'm dirty or stay virtuous, but for the love of my family, I got out of the loop. I Choose a side. And I Dealt with it by being a business, man... 6 years ago that busted almost took what turned my life around and I will be damned if I sit back and say justice will take it course"

Me: so all along you were using me to get close to him"

He laughed shaking his head

Him: Rose you may think you tough you have killed few women in prison but tell me something can you actually pull a trigger to your first lover, your husband the father of your son?"

I swallowed

Me: you don't know me!!"

Him: I know you, and you don't have to tell me, I just see it right through you, but I also see how you wish to make him suffer, torture him to make you feel what whole? Or even... But You can never have the strength or courage to end his life because physiologically you are inbonded with him "

Me:clearly you don't know me...and if you know what is best for you stay away from me"

I said walking back inside the house,

Him: I share a bed with you almost every night, I make love to you, make you cum I show you almost every second of every minute of every hour of every day that I love you... I love you enough to tell you what was once a game had become real for me!!"

He held my hand but I turned around and punched him, but hurt my hand in the process while he just looked at me,

Him: I lied to you but that does not change how I feel about you "

Me: stay the fuck away from me!!! You have just proven that all fucken men are dogs you lie, use and spit us out, but trust be told, you have messed with a wrong woman"

I picked up my bag and shoes

Him: yini uzowenzani leave me?"

Me: ooh Fuck you Sandile uyezwa!!"

Him: so kuphelelephi ukuthi uyangithanda"

I started hitting him with the shoes he bought me, his such an asshole!

Him: fuck Rose get back here and let's talk about this "

I walked out of his bedroom and made my way out cursing and shouting at him,

He ran after me held my hand but I turned around and slapped him, he held my arms and shook me

Him: damn it women stop fighting me"

Me: let go of me you busted..."

" I guess she knows..." I jumped a bit when I turned around, I was meet by four men in Sandile living room looking at me, Sandile held my arms, and moved me behind him, shielding me,

Sandile: Rose go back to the bedroom"

I frowned looking at him, but the tone in his voice told me I'm not going to repeat myself.

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### \*\*\*Love VS Family\*\*\*

Narrated

🌹 Ntsika 🌹

" where is my mother!"

He said navigating his wheelchair inside his mother's house, at some point he wanted to make a dramatic entrance but his condition will not allow him,

The servant bowed her heard and answers

" she in her study Nkosi yami"

He stopped the wheelchair and stood up in the living room,

Him: may you kindly call her for me "

Her: yebo Nkosi yami "

he looked at his father's picture on the wall for the longest time and a part of him wished he was still alive to give him answers.

" I see you canceled all your meetings today "

His mother said walking into the room with his tab in her hand.

Ntsika nodded and ran his hand on his head, Ntsika has always been timid when it comes to expressing himself, speaking his mind, and standing up for something. This stems from being raised in a culture where showing emotions is frowned upon.

Nothing he ever did seemed good enough he had to continuously prove himself. There was constant criticism that he could have done better, and be better. He was raised to never to talk back to his seniors and not to say anything when he had nothing nice to say.

So he always played it safe and stood by the sideline, and never wanted to rock the boat. And sometimes, when he felt like saying something, it always came out wrong due to his tamper

Because, frankly, sometimes people talk just for the sake of talking or because they want attention, and that angered him. However, he also envied his younger brother who did not have such big shoes to feel, no hanging title of King over his head, Mloni can just say what he thinks and speak his truth, even though his family may or may not have agreed with it, but he would have said his peace

But Liya came along in his life as much as he stayed mumbled, the more horrible his body and mind felt. He eventually was stuck between following his inner voice or listening to what people say, Not wanting to blame the past anymore, he knew he needed to find something to take him away from this darkness. And Liyana the first girl he ever loved was his light.

Him: may we talk please "

His polite voice got his mother tilting her head and looking at his son, his eyes were full of sorrow and sadness

Queen: what's wrong?"

Ntsika set down and rubbed his hand together

Ntsika: ma, You are one of the most caring, selfless, and kind souls I have ever met. You are constantly putting others before yourself and I cannot name a time where you turned down anything that me and my siblings, ask from you, no matter how ridiculous the request. You were always willing to ensure we had a smile on our faces.

I am sorry that I have rejected every arranged marriage offer you threw at me as much as you said you were ok with it and you only wish to see me happy I could tell that I disappointed you and put you in a difficult position... "

Ntsika breathe out loud

"I love and respect you very much but what you did last night not only hurt me but coursed a drift between me and the women I love"

Queen: Ntsika I'm sorry but culture does not allow me to sit in a room with one of your maidens dressed in sleep ware or walking with a towel that was an insult to me "

Ntsika: I know ma and I'm sorry that you had to witness that, but was there another approach you could have used than choosing not to acknowledge the women that love?"

The Queen looked at his son, she could not believe what he is asking from her, this will just cause more conflict to this family,

Queen: Ntsika we have a meeting with the Ngwane family next week...why are you doing this now?"

Ntsika: ma

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I already found the woman that I love...I'm not marrying the Ndebele Princess "

The Queen's mother frowned five months ago he was ready to settle down with the Ndebele Ngwane princess and now this?

Queen: Ntsika you are a king..."

Ntsika: I'm a man before I am king and I love Liyana...she completes me "

The Queen stood up and ran her hands on her head

" Ntsika do you know what this will do to this family, to the entire royalty community "

Ntsika: Ma, I know Dating wasn't a concept we had in our home. we the Bhengu's are a traditional, loving, Royal family that needed to be paired with potential partners from other royal houses to make our alliances strong, the ideal scenario would be an arranged marriage. And growing up –even still – I see the value in this system.

After all, it worked for you, didn't it? Despite your age gap with baba, you have gone on to have four children, seven grandchildren, and through all your hardship your crown is still intact in your head, this family is respected, powerful, and still standing because of you and I admire that about you.

But The family seeking out a partner for their children, matching these prospective unions as closely as possible on all kinds of factors – education, work, religion, background, hobbies – in a well-meaning attempt to maximize the possibilities for a successful marriage by minimizing possibilities for conflict. Sometimes these pairings are successful,

sometimes they are not. Although I assumed I would find my future partner through you, now, after so many years of searching, I recognize that life held a different path for me. . . "

Queen: Ntsika kodwa Mntana wami...you said you will marry..."

Ntsika: I'm really sorry but I did not love her Princess Anele Ngwane, I only said that or was willing to do it to stop these controversial conversations of me being a bachelor,

But through the middle of the confusion I've found someone and decided to become serious with her, because, with each passing day, I'm slowly uncovering the mystery feeling of love, I see Liyana exceeding even my biggest dreams. She is far more than my beautiful girlfriend, and to be honest, it hurts me knowing you refuse to see her otherwise. "

Queen: she a commoner! "

Ntsika: she is the woman that I love "

Queen: do you know what are you putting this poor girl to?"

Ntsika: I know..."

Queen: this family will rip her apart... If she is not strong enough she will leave you causing another scandal... Ntsika isigodlo sobukhosi need to approve this...oh my God do you know this quarrel you are about to start ?"

Ntsika looked down he already know that isigodlo will ask from him and he will rather die than make Liyana a second wife.

"Sanibona "

Ntsika and the Queen turned to look behind them

Queen: Sibahle? What are you doing here?"

Sbahle laughed pressing her eyes to a point where there are invisible, Ntsika smiled looking at her little sister

Sibahle hugged her mother

Sibahle: this is my home you can't ask me such a question  
maka'Sibahle "

The Queen smiled as Sibahle made his way to his brother they shared a warm hug

Ntsika whispered in Sibahle ear " I'm glad you could come "

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\*\*\*when the day sunk in hideous night\*\*\*

Narrated

🌹 Thabo 🌹

He bite his lip thinking he knew how much of a hot head Mpume is and knowing that she is now kept captive in Oyama house it was a matter of time before she sold her to the highest bidder, trade sex for money, the girl was too naive to think that Oyama was his meal ticket fuck what happened to the church-going Nompumelo that he was once in love with?

He picked up his phone and dialed a number of the last person he thought he would ever talk too

" before you drop the call in my ear hear me out "

He said after the other person on the receiver said " what do you want? "

Thabo: Mpume is in trouble "

"\_how is that any of my business?"

Thabo: Lubanzi please this is not about you and her but it's all about her being a mother of your children "

Lubanzi: uyangidakelw wena "

Thabo: she is fucking Oyama... And I heard that in two days he may auction her"

Lubanzi: what?"

Thabo: I tried to warn her about Oyama but she is stubborn as a mule, my eyes on the inside tell me that there is a Meeting with the Nigerian Gang tonight they are organizing something big, and you know these guys they specialize in drug and human trafficking, I'm just afraid that Mpume might be in one of those trucks, she too smart to know too much and what's going on in that house"

Lubanzi: what the fuck!"

Thabo saw his bathroom door opening and Portia stepped out drying her long her,

Thabo: I have to go... "

He faked a smile as Portia locked eyes with him

" what's troubling you? " she said making her way towards him and

kissing his lip

Him: I need to go to Durban "

Portia frowned and set on his lap,

Portia: why?"

Him: a case I'm working on is getting out of hand I just need...."

Portia: Thabo last week you were in Nigeria and two days ago you were in Johannesburg babe I thought today will have time to..."

Thabo kissed her and rolled her to the bed, he unwrapped the towel and ran his hands on her small bump,

Thabo: I love you, and I promise that when I get back I will spend unconditional time with you two "

Portia smiled and ran her hand in his face, as Thabo kissed the baby bump thinking that he might as well make her his wife, it's been 12 months together and Portia has been the best thing that has happened in his life, his second chance to love, fatherhood and maybe being a good husband.

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🌹 Lubanzi 🌹

After Thabo dropped the call he called Langa

" did you know that Oyama is in town "

Langa: uuum... Baba said I must not evolve you "

Lubanzi: what the fuck!!...you out of all people decided to keep such a huge secret from me "

Langa: technically it was not a secret I told you that Sandile is fucking Rose, Oyama wife "

Lubanzi: ooh and I was supposed to read between the lines?"

Langa: you were once working for special forces dude, it's much easier for you to put two and two together, I don't get why you biting my ear for "

Lubanzi: because the busted has Mpume!! "

Langa dropped his mouth on the floor,

Lubanzi: the mother of my children is going to be auction as a sex worker in a few hours Langa!!"

Langa: ooh my God....i...i...."

He started stammering losing words, shock got him feeling like he was having a panic attack

Lubanzi: what is our father up to Langa?"

Langa: I don't know... All I know is that Keven and Sandile want to take Oyama out and they are using Rose as bait... I was told keep my wife and kids safe and stay out of it"

Lubanzi: knowing Kevin there are going to go there gun-blazing fuck Mpume life is in danger "

Lubanzi dropped the call and put on his jacket when he turned around he found Nelly looking at him

Lubanzi: babe...how long were you standing there "

Nelly: long enough "

Banzi swallowed and looked down

" I have to go "

Nelly: I'm not going to allow you to leave this house putting yourself in harm's way Lubanzi... We got children to raise remember "

Lubanzi: I will never forgive myself if anything happens to Mpume and I knew about it, ngizothini to our children?"

Nelly: Lubanzi No!"

She said with tears in her eyes

Lubanzi: she is the mother of my children Nelly and she is in trouble... "

Nelly: what do I tell our kids if you don't come back? "

He walked close to her and kissed her forehead

Lubanzi: ngiyabuya Themba Lami, I promise "

he hugged her and Nelly held him tight

Nelly: I have a bad feeling about this Lubanzi... God knows I can't lose you, just because of her...stay with me, please...I'm sure you can call someone to help"

Lubanzi held her cheeks and kissed her

Lubanzi: Themba lami I don't regret the amount of love I have given you. I don't even remember how much it is. All I know is that I have loved you to the fullest from the first day you walked in my life, with no limits, no doubt, and no fear...and when I get back I will still love you even more... Ngiyabuya ungasabi "

He let go of her and walked out but stopped by the door and smiled at her

" Sishwapha sami... Wipe those tears from your eyes uphekele indoda"

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🌹 Oyama 🌹

Everything he touches is falling apart, every plan, every attempt to get back in the game is an utter failure,

Most business partners want nothing to do with him, he lost a lot of money trying to rebuild his empire but it's like building a sandcastle,

It's so strange how the table turned and Rosetta is having more power, more money than him

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she is sleeping with the most powerful man in Durban and Oyama can't even get close to her, because of how influential Sandile is.

This whole shit is still puzzling Oyama, that the woman he married smacked around is now the most feared in the gang world, she turned out to be very smart for his liking, all of her money is not under her name and the worst part is it's an offshore account, how did the table turn?

He finds this whole thing confusing that Rosetta was scared of holding a gun while she was still married to him, now she is called general and is not afraid to kill to survive.



He smack his desk and looked at his safe and notice that she is running low on cash and doing a drug deal now will only make it easy for cops to bust him, human trafficking is a smart plan but customers on the South African border leaves no stone unturned when they are doing an airtight investigation that nothing will come in or out without there knowledge, worst part He is the most wanted man in Africa he can't allow things to be pinned back to him...

" Fuck.....!!"

He screamed! He looked at his table and took another sniff of the white powder into his nose,

He felt the white substance causing electrical waves in his brain

" boss partners from Legos have arrived "

One of his goons said, He swallowed and nodded,

Oyama: good, get the girls ready " he said taking another sniff off his powder and he finally made his way up to his bedroom to change

Mpume jumped when the door slammed behind him,  
He looked at Mpume who is all dressed up for the dinner, the woman is beautiful but rage kicked in when he thinks about how she has been snooping around the house

Him: you went to see Ginger in her room this morning "

Mpume swallowed looking at his eyes that showed only darkness

" so tell me what did Ginger tell you ?"

Mpume: no...nothing"

Him: I know everything that happens in my house, and you when to her room for quite a long time, you left the room like you have seen the ghost, even now look at how you shaking... You know something that you shouldn't know and I want to know what? "

Mpume: I just... I went to her to help her...she was badly injured...uuuuh "

Oyama slapped her across her face and she fell on the floor

Mpume: I'm sorry..."

Oyama started kicking her and pulling her by her hair

Oyama: so you are a nurse now...? did I bring you in this house to care for the injured?!!!"

She raised her hand saying sorry but she knew that look, and what she saw happen to Ginger a few hours back is now happening to her

"What did she tell you!!! You bitch "

Mpume: Nothin... Uuum mmmm...Yama you hurting me" she cried in agony covering her face while Oyama slapped her and kicked her, her whole body was in pain, and crying begging him

to stop did not help but only fueled him to beat her up even more...

Oyama: I took you in, gave you life but you think you too good for me, you want to know my business!! Do you know what I do to people like you "

Mpume cried out loud trying to crawl away from him, her dress ripped, her hair pulled, all messed up, her face bruises, split lip, blue eye, and bleeding nose, she dislocated her shoulder when he pushed her to the vanity table, broken ribs as his big boots meet her abdomen, the pain alone was unbearable, Oyama pulled her by the hair and threw her in the shower

" you need to know your place in my house you bitch wash and meet me downstairs "

He spits on her and left the room while Mpume cried uncontrollably loud on the floor

\*\*\*True love is usually the most inconvenient kind.\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I'm all alone in Mlonde house, it's a beautiful beach house small and looks more of a guest house than his actual house, there is nothing that stands out about his personality besides different art sculptures and paintings it's like a museum with other paintings that are still covered and not hanged on the walls,

He has told me that art is kind of a family thing, and he is a collector, at this point I'm more interested to know more of who is the guy behind the tattoos because truth be told I'm taken by him,

So I have eaten, watched t.v now I'm bored as hell I'm biting my nails debating in my head if I should or should not, Confession is, I have violated the privacy of every boyfriend I've ever had, I think the habit stopped when I went through Sbu harddrive and saw pics of his late wife damn Pam was beautiful, insecurity kicked in and I kinda knew I can never feel such big shoes when the brake up happened, I kind off told my self never again will I snoop in my boyfriend stuff,

But I'm bored and to be frank I know nothing about Mloni but I am too scared of what I will find out, Should I...should I not?... My position on snooping at this moment is more nuanced than a compulsive behavior, To quickly summarize, I DON'T NECESSARILY THINK WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO IS THAT BAD, I mean, snooping is wrong and I believe people have a right to privacy, even partnered people, but its kind of hard to stop paranoia, and acting out of character, so I'm opening drawers looking at his things, the house is clean, too clean, not a trace of his belonging besides his clothes and to keep me my mind at ease not a trace of any famine items,

"pew! So he was telling the truth that I'm the only girl he is seeing"

I say throwing myself on the couch, I'm tired...nothing on the T.V is interesting and Mlondi's music collation is just too mellow for my liking,

I found myself falling asleep, on the couch I was not sure if I was dreaming or what but it felt like I heard someone say

" Shaka there is a beautiful girl on your couch... Who the fuck is she?"

...

Him: I'm asking because I'm in your house, you idiot"

...

Him: shit... Too late I think she is waking up"

...

When I slowly opened my eyes I was met by a dark-skinned guy with hazel eyes looking at me, I jumped off the couch, it did not

help that this man was looking at me from head to toe, his aura was overpowering that I felt kind of intimidated or scared, Shit I'm wearing only Mloni's t-shirt and trunk with a strange man in his house, I panic

Me: who the fuck are you!!"

He just looked at me and shook his head, wait I know this guy I have seen him before, if my memory serves me right he is...

Me: wait... I know you...You..."

He walked past me and made his way to the kitchen,

Me: what the fuck... Are you Impi Mnguni?"

He bite his apple and rested his arms on the kitchen counter, while I popped my eyes open, ooh my God it's him, he is bigger now broad shoulders and looks more manly now,

Him: Nice to meet you mamNtungwa"

I stepped back in shock

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🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I realized when I was in the Sandile bedroom that the four guys I saw in his leaving room are the very same guys that play poker in my club, I took off Sandile shirt and stop to s think,

why did the light skin quiet one called Mzamo said " I guess she knows "

Does this perhaps mean that the poker game was another strategic way to watch my every move, fuck!! I can't believe I was bait all along,

I put on my robe and stepped out of the bedroom I aimed to give them piece of my mind, I found them all glued in a laptop screen

" This place is a fortress he has surveillance everywhere no way will come out there alive," Selby said

Sandile: that why I'm going with Mzamo in this "

" don't tell me you all going soft on me...our guys can pull this off

" the loudmouth with an attitude said I think they call him Kevin

Sandile: what do you say, Selby"

I stepped closer and I looked at the screen it was Oyama house that is located in Hillcrest,

Me: the house is a decoy, he stay next door, you will not find him there...Selby is right, those Gorillas will kill you...if the minefield doesn't kill you first "

Selby shut the screen of his laptop and looked at me,

Mzamo: minefield?" I roll my eyes not paying attention to him

Me: wena Sandile...woza la"

I said pulling him by his collar,

Kevin: wow she is not only beautiful but also feisty, damn she reminds me of my wife"

He said laughing while Selby and Mzamo stepped out,

Sandile: Rose... Baby... Just come down! "

I continued to pull him to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him

Me: you have the nerve to tell me you used me as bait and now you are busy planning a suicide mission!"

He just looked at me

Him: God damn it Sandile why did you act like an asshole and not tell me your intentions from the word go, you just ruined the little trust I have in you!!"

I'm busy shouting at him and he just decided to walk to the bathroom

Me: God damn it I'm talking to you!! "

I follow him and he just jumped inside the shower and started taking a bath

Me: fuck you! For using me, for making me fall in love with you, I hate you uyezwa!!..so go...go kill yourself the hell I care...."

Within a split of an eye, he pulled me by my arm and dragged me inside the shower

Me: let go of me!"

I try to fight him but he held my arm and made me look at him, water is pouring over our head, he slowly let go of me, and ran his one hand on my face the other lifted up my robe, I look down at him he has a raging hard-on and I knew I'm in trouble, my body betrayed me as my nipples became so hard they could cut diamonds!

Me: shit " I say as our lips meet, he kisses me, pushing me up against the hard marble wall of the shower, his hands roaming over my breasts, my flat stomach, my hips, and my inner thighs. I moan into his mouth and suck on his hot tongue. I wrap my hands around his neck pulling him closer and wrap my one leg over your hip.

Him: the plan was to use you, but the first time I saw you I fell in love with you "

He says pulling me farther up his body so that I am straddling on his cock,

Me: mmmm"

Slowly I run my pink lady lips up and down the underside of his throbbing shaft

Him: I love you Rose...and I am planning to kill for you to make you all mine "

Me: "I know I... Know stop teasing me, I need you inside me!"  
He growls, kissing me hard on the mouth.

Slowly I move his hardness so it's pointing straight up, and sink my body down on his thick pole, groaning as I feel him slide deep inside me, filling me up.

His breath catches in his throat, and I moan as we begin to move in a dance as old as time itself. We start out slowly, and move faster and faster, harder and harder, our bodies slapping against each other, grinding and pulling back, slamming up and down over and over again, until we both are moaning over and over again, so close to the edge.

He holds my mouth shutting my now loud moans, The new fast rhythm sends me over the edge,

I was shaking uncontrollably through my orgasm. My nana spasms on his hardness, repeatedly, sending him over the edge, growling and hissing his own pleasure as he explodes deep inside me, shooting his cum in spurts over and over again. He finally let go of my leg and we both collapse on the floor, with hot water running over our bodies,

Him: are you calm enough now to talk to me"

I nodded

Him: do you trust me when I say I love you?"

I nodded

Him: now let's go plan ways on how are we going to make you a widow"

I looked at him and bust out and laughed as he kissed my hand,

\*\*\*From The Pan To The Fire\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

For my whole life, I have been a strong and brave girl, but when it comes to love, I somehow totally lose all my power.

I transform into a girl who just wants to crawl into a hole and let someone else do the hard work for her.

And I am not doing that because I am a coward but because I can't stand fighting with the man I love especially saying things like

'I Can't do this " ... " it's over " spitting every word out my head through my mouth while my heart and soul say hold me,

I knew what I said came out totally wrong and Ntsika did not hide his disappointment, worse how broken he felt.

I somehow wished that my tears would make him fall apart, and do what he always does, beg me to stay with him, to tell me that he will sort it out, but politely he just did the opposite making me confused and regretful even more.

I was caught up in apologizing and taking every nasty word I said to him back but what kind of a woman would I be, if I chose to come in between a man and his family, ...come in between a man and his destiny.

With a broken heart, I chose to stand on my word and I looked at him sink down,

I know that he loves me, but love should not be this complicated and I chose to walk away.

"Liyana I don't want to give up but every day that passes by I felt like you are drifting away...I guess I felt right, I hate that you look at me like you hate me but at the same time I hate that you look at me like you love me.



I need you way more than I ever thought I would ever need anyone right now. But you are so consumed with "what if" Questioning every possible event, outcome, or result, predict what will happen, or make up possible scenarios. Which has only leads to disaster since most of these questions you have in your head are created by anxiety, then the answers you have create lead towards the tendency of being negative which has only lead to you doubting your abilities and a possible future with me.

Funny how I never thought you would really love me. I never thought you would ever say "I love you Ntsika" but you did, and from that day, that moment you made me realize that I want to spend my life with you, no matter how hard it will ever be wanted to be with you. As much as Love has flaws, it has its doubts and tough times, I just had faith that our love will stand the test of time.

But here we are now, look Liya ngiyakuzwa and I respect your wishes, just know that All I want is for you to be happy, for you to have everything you ever wanted.. and if that happiness doesn't involve me anymore, then I will go and leave you alone. But please just remember that I will always be here, I will always love you and I will always be sorry for being the man that you love not the man you need "

He left me in his penthouse told me to stay he will leave, car keys on the side drawer and when he closed the door he took a part of me with him,

I'm a boil of mass right now, crying vomiting, and feeling all kinds of sick

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from what I picked up There are no two ways around this, heartbreak sucks. That numb ache in your stomach, feeling like you're going to throw up, going back and forth between feeling nothing at all and being unable to stop crying. I feel like my entire world is crumbling beneath me. And I keep having that terrifying feeling of being alone forever.

I look at my phone, his pic is saved as scream saver and I feel more tears blinding me, I don't know when sleep kicked in, all I remember was my phone buzzing next to me, I jumped in excitement thinking it's Ntsika,

"Hello"

I said rubbing my eyes not even looking at the screen, busy fixing my hair as of he can see me,

" oh Mntana wami you are alive !"

I frowned and looked at the phone, shit I picked up my mother's call, how can God hate me like this...

Her: I have called you so many times in past weeks and your number just rings answered"

Because I blocked your number, damn I hate Ntsika for buying me this stupid expensive phone, now I have to deal with receiving calls from my mother... The she-devil,

Me: Ma what do you want?"

Her: look Liyana I know things got out of hand the last time you were here...you acted out of character the things you said to your brother.... "

Me: So, I am the one to blame ?"

Her: I'm not pointing fingers, but kwafika wena kwaba nokuxokozela nje... Liyana khula and accept what you can't change and stop blaming people for your own setbacks, can't you see this sinister attitude is getting out of hand now"

Me: ma! you kicked me out of your house, called me name's, in front of the whole family that is not me getting out of hand that was you showing your true colors of the kind of mother you are..."

Her: Jesus have mercy on me! Liyana, whatever I said, I said it out of anger I did not mean what I said "

I sniffed crying again, the pain I felt that I just went through a breakup with the love of my life does not come close to the pain my mother continuously inflict on me, my agony just jumped from the pan to the fire right now.

She is doing it again shifting the blame, guilt, and shame whipping me to submission,

Me: you humiliated me ma, you made me feel like an outcast!"

I said softly with a lump on my throat,

Her: you exaggerating Liya! And you know very well that is a lie, you walked out shouting and cursing, Listen here for all we know you misheard what you think I said to you! aish awumekancane ngokuba too overly sensitive about useless things!...kwenzekile nawe dlulisa phela"

I shook my head listening to her flipping the story around making me look like I'm a bad person, my wicked actions,

Her: yoooo abo-Liya izingane zo Queen Elizabeth umuntu ngo kuthetha nje kancane you decide to hold that against me, yini are you forgetting that I'm your Mother!!... Stop this nonsense

Because your attitude it's causing a lot of unnecessary conflict between me and my son!"

Me: what about me ma?"

I said looking up unable to hold my loud sobs

Him: hhhaybo we can't talk about your issues over the phone, come back home so we can fix this mas you created Liyana!!"

\*\*\*Beauty is vain. It appears and like the wind, it's gone\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I look at myself in the mirror and I felt like killing myself, I never thought I'd be this person. never dated anyone before that even yelled at me. but here I am.

All the signs were there that his no good but stupidity and being a lover of material things got me to this quicksand, I remember the first time his behavior degraded me and made me feel worthless, he threw me on top of his car hood and fucked me in front of his friend with no care in the world later on that night he pulled me by my hair and violated me in the most painful way, next morning he paid me and kicked me out, I combed out the hair he pulled out and wore my torn dress, I folded my arms so that his driver could not see the carpet burn on my arms.

The second time he twisted my arm, told me straight up that I'm his property and he will kill me if I leave him,

The third time the insult started, the shouting and him constantly manhandling me,

This time my face is fucked up. he punched me between the eyes and there's a huge still-sorta-bleeding gash there. I don't remember it, but I guess he punched me in the cheek afterward. I look like a chipmunk and two of my front teeth are loose. the bruises are still forming, but I don't know how to cover this shit up.

Good lord helps me because I just never considered myself in this demographic.



What happened to the charming, witty, romantic, and incredibly loving man that I had lunch with the first day we meet.

He showed me to be Very successful yet so humble .he made me feel so special, treated me like a piece of rear jewelry... He felt so much love and endearment. I thought I'm beautiful this guy must truly love me. But, turns out he's an animal.

I hold my face crying thinking about how he was beating me senseless, looking at myself closely in the mirror I realize that I have two black eyes, a busted lip, bruises on my ears, throat, chest, arms, all over, a held my nose up and blood oozed out

I flinched as I see that I have a broken finger while trying to defend myself from him

I look at how green my body just turned yet his demanding I join him for dinner!

A knock startled me, the door opened and I quickly stood up and ran next to the bathroom door.

Our eyes meet and she just laughed shaking her head

Her: you think running to the bathroom will actually stop him?"

She bust out and laughed again, she placed garment bag and looked at me,

Her: sit down let me fix your face"

I looked at her, a few hours ago Ginger looked like me if not worse and now she looks like a cover girl,

Her: I don't know what she sees in you or other women he thought might replace me, you young and stupid, lesson number one ' Beauty is vain. It appears and like the wind, it's gone' look at you now

She yanked my hand and made me sit down,

Her: listen here I'm the ice queen in the palace and you are snow-white, your long internal sleep is approaching, and trust

me in the thorny forest where He will leave you there will be no prince charming to rescue you or give you a kiss of life! ...."

I swallowed and looked at her,

Her: cry and mass up your make up I will fuck up your face, now lift your chin up "

I lifted my chin as she did make-up and hair, she had some great concealer and planted fake big lashes in hopes no one would see the burst veins in my eye.

" Dress up"

I try to stand but my body was in so much pain

Me: I can't "

She took out her cigarette and started smoking

Her: you will and can you NOW GET DRESSED!!"

I looked at the dress laid out on the bed it's a red freakum dress, it's too short, to reveling I turned and looked at Ginger, so everything she told me it's true? ... Tears clouded my eyes

Her: welcome to Hell!!"

Me: Ginger please no... Please help me... He can't do this to me "

She laughed and threw a small plastic wrap on top of the dress, I looked at it and back at her

Me; I don't take drugs"

Her: I know, this all the help I could give you, one sniff will ease your nerves make your body ready, you won't feel a thing when they...."

The door opened and Oyama walked in he looked at Ginger and back at me,

Him: what the fuck is taking so long! "

My tears ran down while I held my mouth

Ginger: damn it look what you bloody did your makeup now! "

Obama looked at me,

Him: you have five minutes..." He said to me with his angry face

Him: Ginger... "

She walked to him and he held her hand, Ginger slowly turned to look at me, and that smile said it all, that " you just lost this game! Bitch"

\*\*\*There comes a time when the world gets quiet and the only thing left is your own heart. \*\*\*

-Narrated-

Lubanzi drove to the one place he thought he will get all the answers he needed, his brother's house, when he got there he found Langa and his family in the Cinema room watching a cartoon movie

Banzi decided to switch the lights on, The twins lost it when they saw him,

Nozibusiso: Baba...baba!"

Banzi smiled and picked up the bubbly little girl, while Zibusiso just set there and faintly smiled,

Zoe: Zbu your father is here "

She said raising her head from Langa's chest

Zbu looked at Lubanzi " what's up" he said standing up and fist-bumping him, Banzi just shook his head and laughed

Langa: he reminds me of you when we were growing up"

Zoe: yoo I'm worried every day about what kind of man he will become "

Lubanzi laughed and placed the little girl down,

Zoe: I know that look, what's wrong now? "

Lubanzi: Nozibusiso go tell Anti Sarra to make me ice cream "

Sarra was Zoe and Langa's stay in housekeeper.

Banzi heavy sigh and set down the minute Nozibusiso left the cinema room

Zoe: what's wrong?" She asked giving him a consent look

Banzi looked at Langa like what? you did not tell her?

Langa: I told ubaba he is on his way to Sandile house as we speak, from what I heard the house is a minefield, I tried to hack to security I had no luck, whoever designed that system is smart as me.

Zoe: what's going on?"

Langa: Zoe baby go tell Sarah to make me ice cream "

Zoe smacked Langas chest

Zoe: Dlamini out with it now!"

Lubanzi: do you have the location "

He asked Langa ignoring Zoe

Langa: sure let me get my laptop"

Banzi: fuck I wish I still had my old team "

Langa stopped walking and looked at him

Langa: No! ...don't tell me you think of going to the lion's den? "

Banzi: I would have not become a father if it was not for that woman locked up in that house, I'm going there for only rescue mission the rest I'm not going to get involved "

Zoe was looking at the two brothers talking going back and forth arguing about a mission, rescue, killing, security, hacking she got so frustrated that she screamed at the top of her voice



" WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!!"

Banzi: Mpume is held captive or Fuckin Oyama angazi but she is in the house against her will..."

He held out the part that Oyama is trading girls for sex tonight to his Nigerian brothers, knowing Zoe she will just lose it

Zoe: Oyama Nqeve?"

Lubanzi nodded

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Zoe: how the fuck did Mpume associate herself with that man? was it to get back to you?"

Lubanzi: I doubt it! Nompumelo was down an under the last time I saw her and I guess she saw a gold mine when Oyama approached her..."

Zoe: ooh my God... "

Me: I need to make few calls..."

He stood up but Zoe held his arm

Zoe: I'm with Langa on this, Banzi the man almost killed my husband five years ago you can't be thinking of going after him as well, his dangerous "

Lubanzi: I'm only trying to get the mother of children out of there... I know a man like Oyama and Mpume fate is not looking good..."

Zoe bite her lip she wanted to think of a way she can stop Lubanzi or anyone of his family from going on this suicide mission but as much as she hates Mpume, she does not deserve what coming to her, especially if Oyama finds out that she was once a Dlamini if he not only knows already

Langa came back with his laptop and showed him the location, Lubanzi took out his phone and called a friend who is now an enemy

Lubanzi:Vuyo who is leading the Oyama case? "

Vuyo: I'm not in the special force Banzi you know that "

Banzi: I need a name, not your business "

Vuyo swallowed

Her: Mis Grey took over when I resigned "

Banzi: Muntu?"

Vuyo: you needed a name and gave you one"

Vuyo dropped the call after, making Lubanzi clicked his tongue.

He then stood up and thought of making a call to Muntu, but the team will go gun blazing on that house Mpume might just be collateral damage after the shootout,

He bite his lip thinking and finally decided to make the call he once made five years ago

" who is this?"

Lubanzi: it's me"

..." I knew you were going to call "

Lubanzi: I'm guessing you know "

" ya, I got the call this morning that the Nigerians are meeting in Durban what a party it will be"

Lubanzi: you missed your short five years ago... This is your second time to take it"

" I'm a criminal Lubanzi not stupid..."

Lubanzi: Shaka you wanted to kill him and take over his empire "

Shaka: I manage to do that when he missed the bullet in the head five years back"

Lubanzi: you want to kill this busted as much as I do...what the fuck changed "

Shaka: life happens... Look I do want to blow his brains off, but I still love my freedom very much, special forces on my tail and you know how much I hate the attention, so I made a deal with Ms grey... My Immunity for Oyama, as we speak the special forces is grouping up to take him down "

Me: fuck!!"

Shaka: hay! Banzi... You know I dislike your arrogant ass, but Mfethu, stay away from that place it will be a blood bath all over, few will come out alive"

Banzi dropped the call and sank down,

\*\*\*Thow pass\*\*\*

Narrated

Ntsika walked out of the house while Sbahle and her mother were catching up about life at the Ngonyameni village, he decided to walk outside jumped inside his car, and drove few houses to thrown room.

He looked around and breath out loud, this was his life...what he was born to become, as he set in the thrown his heart started beating fast, he rubbed his hand on the leopard skin on his seat and he looked next to him, the Queen seat and he sigh holding his head.

You see Being a Member of the Bhengu Royal Family comes with many privileges. However, it also comes with a high risk of public scrutiny and security risks. Due to their prominence and

wealth, the Royals are often targets. In the 80s, Princess Luthando, Ntsika's Aunt, was the target of a kidnapping attempt. . . few years later, there was an assassination on King Bhengu, Ntsika's father, and today Ntsika is in a wheelchair because of a failed assassination against him, all these events were orchestrated by Bhengu family members, the killing, kidnapping, witchcraft, abuse, assault.. all for this for the sake of power. For the seat. For the throne.

Ntsika did not choose to be a part of the Bhengu Royal Family, he was born into it. As illustrated above, being a Royalty comes with significant risks. He thought about what if he just conducted a rescindment of his public duties, but still, it's impossible and will not alleviate the danger he and his future family could face because of his public status.

Even if it were possible to give up all of this he will still be entitled to security as a Royal Birthright.

The only thing he feared the most was losing Liya, not due to break up or separation but if any of his family found out, they might remove her from his life because she is a nobody,

So he has left heavy security watching over her because of the potential threat to her wellbeing that will forever remain high because of him.

" makaSibahle said I would find you here "

Sbahle said walking in the thrown room, Ntsika raised his head and looked at his little sister, not so little anymore, because of her status but hay in his eyes she will forever be the annoying child that took most of his father's attention.

Me: thanks for coming "

Sbahle: Ma, fears of what you about to do, and how it will destroy that maiden life"

Me: she may not be royalty but she was born to lead"

Her: does she know who we are? ... our family?"

Ntsika: the only important thing Sbahle is that she knows me"

Sbahle: Bhuti ...i mean does she know our family...."

Ntsika: ALL I HAVE DONE WAS FOR THIS FAMILY

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THEY PUT ME THROUGH HELL, KILLED MY FATHER, PUT ME ON THE WHEELCHAIR, I DONT WANT TO MENTION WHAT THEY PUT MOM AND YOU TROUGH, BUT STILL I WAKE UP, WORK HARD TO MAKE THEM WHAT THEY ARE TODAY...!! "

Sbahle: I know..."

Ntsika breathe out loud

Him: look Sbahle I might put up a front with this family, might also be someone else with my people, but when I'm with her, I can be everything I truly am. She loves me for the person I am, and I do the same for her. All she wants is for both of us to be equals in the relationship, where both of our needs and desires have an equal voice. I knew from the word go that by getting in a relationship with a strong independent woman, I will eventually see how she makes me want to be more and give more. I just wanted to Treat her the way she deserves to be treated, to spend years by her side even when I feel like a lifetime is not enough to love her completely..."

Sbahle breath out loud and sat next to his brother

Ntsika: I love her Sibahle...I love her so much that I can give up all of this just to be with her!"

Sbahle held his brother's hand



Sbahle: ubaba used to say, Our life is designed to inspire. Let's make footprints worth following. Nobody ever changed the world by following someone else. Instead, people who change the world live differently and inspire others to do the same. Possessions may briefly impress, but they never inspire.

Our life is important. Our hearts and soul make us valuable. Don't sacrifice your important role in this world by settling for possessions that can be purchased with a card of plastic.

Our life deserves better. Joy, happiness, and fulfillment are found in the invisible things of life: love, hope, peace, and relationships. And they are not on sale at your local departmental store. Stop looking for them there. People who live their lives in pursuit of possessions are never content. They always desire newer, faster, or bigger because material possessions can never satisfy our deepest heart desires. . . ."

Ntsika: I wish I had a talk like that with him"

" he speaks through her all the time"

Ntsika and Sbahle looked up and their mother stood by the door with her arms folded

Queen " your father is gone Ntsika but he is amongst us, if you want to be a great king you need to create your own path and if that means archiving those Goals means you need Liyana Ziqubu by your side, so be it..."

Ntsika looked at his mother with a faint smile

Ntsika: ma uthini?"

The Queen came closer to him,

Queen: I am saying you have done a lot for this family with my help of cause..."

They chuckled

Queen: but you deserve to be happy..."

He places her hand on his cheek,

Queen: this family has put you through hell and I will not allow them to take whatever joy you have found in that beautiful girl  
"

Ntsika and her mother hugged, Ntsika turned and looked at Sbahle and mouth

"thank you"

He knew that she was the only person that can soften his mother's heart, but never thought it will be this pronto

Queen: I want to meet her, properly meet her, go get her"

Ntsika stood up if he could jump he could,

Ntsika: and the Ndebele's? ..."

Sbahle: Muthi our cousin is coming back from Scotland, and I think he and Anele Ngwane will make a perfect couple, what do you think ma"

Queen: urg let's throw pass this to your Aunties house...let her deal with arranged marriage"

Ntsika looked at Sbahle and his mother and busy out and laughed.

\*\*\* Love and War \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I'm shocked worst petrified

Me: you know me?"

I asked in shock

Him: you ask that as if it's a bad thing "

Me: you are an ex-convict, convicted of rape! Don't fuck with me! "

He raised his eyebrow, ok now I see the resemblance he has with Mvelo.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

Him: I'm jetlag and you just messed up my mood!... i don't have time for this bullshit "

He attempted to walk away but I called out for him

Me: hay!! You don't get to walk away from me while I am talking to you "

Him: watch me!!"

Him: I'm calling the court Marshall... You going behind bars "

Him: knock yourself out "

I'm thinking about my cellphone that is in my bag in Mlondi's car that he drove off with, now there is a man in my presents that I least expected to see, I'm debating what's going on? What is Mlondi relationship with Impi? fuck I know nothing about the man that I had sex with a few hours ago.

Me: damn it ... What the fuck you doing here Impi!!"

Him: I should be asking you the very same question but angizingeni izindaba zabantu!"

I look at Impi walk down the passage I'm confused I thought he was sentenced to 10 years, it's only been few months if not a year and now boom his out?

I wonder if Mbali knows about this? Shit, I can't bother her with her ex-girlfriend problems when she has Jisha in her life...

Damn it, this right here screams Mvelo, he most probably used

his power and money to get his brother out! ... fuck I hate the South African justice system

" muntu wami...."

Mlondi said walking in the house, his facial expression was very hard to read, I place my hands on my waist

" you better start talking now!!"

He took off his cap, and smiled walked close to me, and kissed the living shit out of me, leaving me panting

Him: don't start this kak yamantombazane of making my house a courtroom, angizwani namacala"

I was about to open my mouth to tell him about Impi, but his eyes shifted from me to Impi who just walked in the room,

" what the fuck are you doing here?" Mlondi asked Impi, the guy just decided not to answer him but pushed me aside as in separated me and Mlondi and set on the couch, placing him in

the center of me and Mlondi who are now both standing over him

Impi: me being here does not come close to being interesting than you two screwing, so what do you call wrong turn and right turn that collided with each other? "

Me: what the fuck do you mean?"

Mlondi: ya man! what the fuck do you mean? "

That was more of stop what you are about to say kind of question that Mlondi just threw out there,

Impi: this calls for disaster... Really Mlondi, her out of all the girls you could have picked up!"

I frowned what the fuck does he mean? Pick up as of I'm trash or something

Mlondi: Impi not now..."

Me: what the fuck is he doing here?"

I directed my question to Mlondi but Impi responded

"we more like family just like you and I?"

Me: what?"

Impi: I mean Ma Khumalo is more of mother to me and my brother which makes you and Mbali my sisters and Mlondi is...."

I cut him short

"...that one twisted thing to say, ain't you the one that raped and impregnated Mbali's " your sister, as you say '...girlfriend!"

Impi: I meet my baby mother when she and Mbali broke up, a few drinks and sex later was then pronounced as rape... Lalela la you don't know half of the story between me and Jabulile so butt out of my business!!!"

His tone was a bit aggressive even his facial expression made it clear that I have stepped in his tail

Mlondi: Impi Mfethu..."

Impi: what the fuck is she doing here?"

He is now on his toes looking at Mlondi

Me: excuse me?"



Impi: what? Just bloody tell us your really reason you are here...  
Are we under investigation?"

He said that looking at me, with his big eyes.

I almost popped my eyes open, looking at Impi he knows way  
too much about me

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and I can't allow him to blow my cover, I have been Lying to  
Mlondi for weeks now that I'm a trust fund baby with no  
direction, which is actually true because my father left me, my  
mom and sister a fortune, but that is not the real reason I'm  
here, damn it, now I'm not sure how Mlondi will react when I  
tell him I'm special forces worst part I have been lying to him  
for weeks now

Mlondi: aish Impi awume kancane! Can I please talk to my  
girlfriend alone !"

Impi: What? Girlfriend???"

I heard my phone ringing and Mlondi pulled it out from his pocket, he looked at it and back at me, I noticed that in his other hand he hand my bag

Him: we need to talk!" He looked at me with his clenched jaws, I looked at him and back at the ringing phone all I could think about is that he opened my bag...which means he saw my gun!

Impi: mmmm this is interesting now... "

I felt like smacking Impi, damn his so annoying,

I followed Mlondi to his bedroom, I found him looking for something,

Him: where are my sweets!"

Shit, I ate them all, fuck he is going to be very agitated now, he only eats jellybeans sweet to control the urge to smoking,

Me: I ate them "

He looked at me and growled

Him: lock the door and sit down Lethukuthula"

I did as I was told I set on the couch and I looked at him opened my back and flipped it upside down, my gun, my badge, my id and license my parse and a million receipts fell on the bed,

Him: I called my brother this morning and told him about you, I told him I'm in love with a girl that might kill me, or worse..."

He chuckled as he took out his gun and threw it on the bed, he took out his wallet and took out his id card and license, he went to his safe and took out a brown file, and threw it on the bed.

He set on a stool by the window opposite my direction, I look at the bed with our Personal belongings and back at him. Shit!

Him: I hate lies especially since I plan to share a bed with you for a very long time... So here goes nothing... I am Londi Bhengu the second son of...

\*\*Night falls. Or has fallen. Why is it that night falls, instead of rising?\*\*\*

🌹 Rosette 🌹

" his security system is so hard to crack!"

I placed a serving dish with pap on the dining table, and I looked at Sandile as his face changed from a frown to a smile, he closed his laptop

" let's eat first and will talk about it later, " I said running my hand on his shoulder,

He smiled as I sat opposite him, I looked at him in virtual admiration, we had a huge fight, made out, and God knows I am head over hills in love with him,

Him: baby we, not whites, I need you next to me so woza la"

Me: you such a none romantic guy, this is my first dinner to you, so lets us at least act like we know how to wine and dine like civilized people"

Him: urg the next thing you will be asking me, is to eat pap with a fork, women bring your pretty ass over here" I giggled and stood up,

After our makeup love, we found the house empty the guys were gone, Sandile blames my loud moans, while I blame him for fucking me to submission.

I hate that he is so obsessed with nailing Oyama and keeping me protected that he decided that I not leave his sight, for me that just made me love him even more, that I decided to cook for him,

so here we are together the ever first meal I cooked aver since I was realized from the joint.

I set next to him, I said grace and we dug in, I looked at him as he takes his first bite, waited for his approval, I'm nervous my first time cooking for him or any man after so many years so I was kind of worried how will this meal turn out,

Him: mmmm spicy but mmm delicious...I love it"

That gave me a smile on my face

Him: now if only we could stop the smoking, you can be the perfect wife material "

I hit his shoulder as we bust out and laughed,

I like what we have, it's transparent, Sandile is just a straight talker I know who I'm dating there is no hidden agenda when it comes to him

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Him: and that smile you have on will make me choke on my food"

Me: hawu I'm just admiring you nje... Angithi uyangi chamma"

He busts out and laughed,

Him: Rose awume ukungisanganela and let me enjoy my food "

I laugh out loud Downing my wine

The front door swung open a big dark skin guy with the most captivating features walked in, I looked at his eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes and damn that body who's mother-child is this?, he looked at me then at Sandile

" Baba may I speak to you please"

Sandile: Lubanzi!"

He looked down and then looked at me

Him: Sanibona "

Me: yebo..."

Langa, Selby, and a colored girl walked in after Lubanzi,

Ok, I'm not used to this life but looks like Sandile's family have no knocking or announcing their visit policy they just show up and budge in,

Sandile: what the fuck is going! "

Banzi: Look Baba Sandile, whatever

you and Baba are planning I need for you to stop..."

Sandile and Selby looked at each other, speaking with their eyes,

Sandile: I'm not following ?"

Langa walked towards me

Langa: hi, Gogo u-Rose" I laughed shaking my head, I stood up to get more plates since Langa decided to take my plate,

"Sawubona...."

I turned and I was meet by this beautiful girl looking at me

Her: I'm...

Me:... Nokuzola... I know" she smiled and looked down

Me: your dad speaks so highly of you, "

Her: So you and baba?"

I smiled and nodding,

Her: wow...ok that great uuum, may I help you with that "

Me: sure "

She helped me with plates and cutlery but to our surprise we found the guys eating with their hands in the dining room,



" what is Nompumelo Msimangu doing there in the first place ?" Sandile asked in frustration

Lubanzi: Thabo mentioned that Oyama might traffic her...look baba angazi all I know is that her life is in danger"

I dropped the plates on my hand and looked at them,

Zoe: ooh my God"

She kneeled down to pick the broken pieces

Sandile: hay are you ok?" He was right by my side holding my trembling hand,

I shook my head No

" light skin, freckle face with curves... "

Lubanzi stood up " yah that is her... How do you know her? "

Me: she worked for me, for few weeks...and she went awol after "

Langa: this is no coincidence, you are Oyama's ex-wife, and a girl that works for you goes missing

...I'm not buying that it's all a coincidence"

Lubanzi: Mpume is known for doing anything for quick cash...I don't see this as a surprise though...all I know is that if I don't help her my children will blame me one day"

Me: who is she to you?"

Selby: ex-husband... They have kids together, look Rose I know we started off on the wrong foot you and I, but I need your help how can we win against Oyama?"

Me: you can't get through to him in his own tuff, he needs to lure out to you "

Sandile helped me sit down and crouched in front of me,

Sandile: how can we do that?"

Me: get me my phone..."

Sandile: Zoe get i-phone ka mamncane wakho it's on the kitchen counter "

Zoe got the phone and rushed back,

Lubanzi: what's the plan ?"

Me: I know someone inside

Sandile: Ginger? ... "

Me: I have to try...I know it's a long shot but Ginger is the only person that can get her out!"

Lubanzi said "shit!" looking at his phone

" in an hour Muntu and her team will parade the place..."

He jumps up and walks out Langa tried to follow him but Zoe held him,

Zoe: Langa No! ..."

Langa: I can let him go there all alone..."

Selby: Langa track his move I will call amabutho to go with him  
"

Me: did he say Muntu? ..."

.

\*\*\*The spirit finds a way to be born.

Instinct seeks for ways to survive.\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

Ever since the divorce, I had been struggling with self-harm and a whole host of mental health issues that were at the time nameless to me. I didn't know what they were I just knew it felt like monsters came for me in the dark. I knew it felt like drowning, like rage. I knew it made me want to die.

I had never made a serious attempt on my life before but rather lingered on the edge of it. Each of these instances had something in common, a sense of deep, agonizing despair.

I looked at the cocaine sachet and I swallowed, as much as I had my days of being a heavy drinker, going through depression, being broke and stripped of my family and life, I

have not once considered taking drugs, no doubt, the situation I'm in is forcing my will power and this white powder looks like an easy way out, but God forbid, I will not start today to self-harm and to be controlled by a substance or any human being. .  
. I'm Nompumelelo Msimangu I'm stupid... an idiot...a naive slut to be precise but I'm a survivor.

I stepped outside the balcony but the room I'm in was too high for me to jump, or better yet escape.

I'm scared of what awaits me downstairs but I knew my only way out of here was to kill myself or die killing someone, hell will freeze over before I allow to be violated by any man, I am not a sex worker, yes I give sex for money but I have the choice to who I give it too!

I roughly wiped my tears, this shit has to stop now, these tears of fear won't allow me to achieves anything, but to share my misery with everyone else who will take that as a sign of weakness, I have been strong all of my life and I know for a fact

that Feeling vulnerable It demonstrates the weakness of courage...

I'm pacing up and down in this big bedroom, you could swear that I did not receive a beating of my life a few hours ago the way I'm walking around in circles in this room, I start doing breathing exercises, stopping my heart from thumping.

" think Mpume... How the fuck are you going to get yourself out of this shit!"

I place my hands together as praying signed, fuck screw this, I started praying altogether, I make my way to the bathroom I look at myself in the mirror, now I realize that my beautiful face, body, and smooth skin are not only is my most prices gift but it also my downfall, you can just say it's a blessing and curse at the same time.

It finally come to me, Fuck with the bull, assholes, let me get the horns.

So the very same thing that got me in this pit will get me out, I have survived a whole lot shit in my life I'm not going to end my life without fighting for my life. I'm doing this for my children whom I need to build a relationship with if I survive here. This boils up to the fact that the strength of a mother is second to none. Even when she is in times of stress, when she is fighting her own demons, when she is beyond exhausted both mentally and physically nothing will stop her from finding her way back to her children.

I breathe out loud fixed my face, I look at the shaving razor and I banged the shaving razor on the sink and took out the sharp razor and inserted it in my bra, I walked out fixing my hair in a mass burn, I looked at the cock screw on the side table I shoved it in my thick hair, I breathe out loud said a short prayer

" to kill or be killed No man will fuck me over!"

I said walking out, the first person who looked in my direction when I walked out was Ginger, I gave her a wide smile

Bitch I'm stronger than you think

She frowned looking at me,

It was not because I smiled at her but the amount of attention I drew my way

my heart skipped the bit when I realized how big and tall most of these men are, shit how am I going to pull this off?

" come let me introduce you to my brothers?" Oyama said holding my hand

Me: let go of my hand, I'm trying to get a good dick...I will find myself a broth to leave with tonight"

He looked at me with that look of what did you say,

But the bitch inside of me did not give a rat ass, scanning the room I wanted the weak link, fuck these gorillas look way too intimidating worst part their English sucks, I can barely understand half of the things they are saying, all I'm doing is smiling, drinking and dancing.

I feel like a piece of meat with all these eyes on me, well what do you expect from a bunch of guys hanging around half-naked women, alcohol, cigars, and cocaine,



I think the girls in here were about twenty if not fifteen in numbers and the man were just seven, hungry perverts treated us like pieces of meat.

Another Nigerian dance hall music started playing, just to prevent this Tony guy from finger fucking me, and grabbing me appropriately I stops up and danced with

Jimmy, he was tall and did not speak too much, I could almost have fallen asleep dancing with him, but when I felt his

hands slip down to my butt, that woke me up! Massaging my ass he began talking in my ear asking me

"I need you to give me a private dance" At the same time he began pushing

his crotch into mine and there was no doubt that a hard

penis was grinding against me. . . I smiled...giggled I looked at Oyama and Ginger making out on the couch damn I felt used falsified, all along I thought he was my man but Ginger was the main chick,

I could not help but look at them, even when Ginger received a phone call, that left a huge frown crossed over her face, I

looked at her as she whispered something in Oyama's ear and left the room with the phone in her ear,

What the fuck does she have a phone with her, while I'm kept with no means of communication or what's so ever in the house, fuck I need to make my move Now while the eagle is away... This is now or never my escape move!

When the song ended I pulled Tim or Joe fuck whoever his name is outside

Him: where you too"

Me: "the jacuzzi"

He laughed

Him: I'm going to enjoy my night with you "

I giggled only reason I'm taking him outside is to see if I can run away from here or die trying...

He sat down on the outdoor couch and pulled me down into his lap. Almost immediately he grabbed me and brought my

face to his. Soon his tongue was in my mouth. As our tongues played with each other his hands began to grope

my tits through my thin top. But I removed them and made him feel my ass, I had weapons that may slit my breast in there, Between kisses he kept

telling me what a cute little slut I was. I could hardly control myself as anger and rage took over me,

As his hands slide between my thighs feeling my pussy, his mouth sucking my neck

Me: mmmm ooh baby..." I faked a moan, and took out the corkscrew from my hair, pooled out the screw from the handle with my teeth, as his fat finger started to finger me, I flinched, and that alone triggers something in me that I raised my hand and the screw punch through his vain, he tried fighting me pushing me off him, but something in me just said kill or be killed, I just keep jabbing him with the screw over and over and over again, as much as he screamed the music was too loud for any of the people inside to hear him, his body was numb and I had blood all over me,

I pushed him off me and I held my mouth crying...

" you stupid bitch what have you done!... " a voice said coming my way... Fuck the guards!!! that did not cross my mind when I was killing this busted until a gun was pointed at my face. . .

\*\*\*The answers rest in THE mother\*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I had tricked Ginger to help Nompumelelo escape, told her I knew where her daughter is, I only had faith that her motherly instinct will be powerful than her love for Oyama, I guess she took the bait because she agreed to help Mpume escape but that was hours ago, my mind is raising at this point I ain't sure if she agreed willingly or if she is playing me, my worry now is that they are other peoples lives at stake, innocent people, Lubanzi and Nompumelelo.

I try calling Muntu but her number is not going through, to say I'm surprised that she is special forces is beyond me, how could I have missed it? So along she was playing me?

" when Oyama held me captive forced me to work for him, Muntu was supposed to be the one that was going to put him behind bars, I worked closely with her right-hand man, Vuyo, but the day of the bust the plan just went sideways, Oyama's rival's decided to budge in and kill everything on site and that is how your husband got away and went into hiding"

Me: I don't understand if Muntu is special forces? ... No man, I know her husband, her family, she married one of the big five... I mean the Cape town gang leader"

Langa: I know, but the government was tired of hunting criminals that were proclaimed ghosts

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so they used an integration system that allowed the deadliest hitman or women to kill legally by opening up classified special forces team, my brother was part of that list too"

I ran my hands on my face, I look at Sandile and Selby they keep drinking and no words are spoken, they are stressed because we have not heard any news from Lubanzi who was supposed to wait for Mpume on the other side of the enemy lines,

" his car tracker is immobile now!... Mpume has 10 minutes max to make his way to the car..."

Zoe: 10 minutes? or else what?"

Langa looked at the plans... " this is the only safe passage that Oyama will use if he gets the chance to escape and it will lead him right to where Banzi car is... A man on the run, running from the bullets following him will do anything to clear his way ...."

Selby: Lubanzi knows he has 10 minutes window or else the guys will drag my son out of there kicking and screaming because I will be damned if I'm going to lose a son over that bitch! "

He clicked his tongue and downed his drink, Zoe held her mouth and walked out of the room, while Langa followed her, I too walk out I need a smoke I can't think when I am this overwhelmed, I felt hands on my waist as I rested my head on his chest

Me: this is all my fault"

Him: off cause it is "

I turned and looked at him like what the fuck?

Him: you married that guy, I mean I ain't xenophobic or shit but damn women with all the South African guys you could have married you decided to marry a Nigerian man! What the fuck were you thinking?"

I dropped my mouth open and Sandile kissed my lips,

Him: I'm just playing with you, come here "

He pulled me to his arms and hugs me,

Him: this will soon be over "

Me: it won't be over till I blow his brains off "

Him: and then what would you tell Zuku? "

Me: Sandile..."

I untangle myself from his hold,

Him: I'm not going to put a man's blood in your conscious uyangizwa!"

I was about to open my mouth when Selby walked in on us,

"May I steal him a bit "

I nodded, Sandile kissed my cheek

Sandile: call Mehlo it's high time she tells us who is Ginger daughter is "

I nodded as he walked out, I looked at my cigarette and immediately I thought of what Mehlo told me,

"the answers rest in THE mother"

I started smoking and dialed Mehlo's number

.



\*\*\* Thin line between love and hate \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" what did you say? "

He tilted his head and looked at me, I'm pissed no wait, I'm angry this can not be? So Mloni Bhengu is the Bhengu the crazy prince? Sibahle brother?

Me: hold up...hold it right there "

I said standing up, waving my manicured fingers at him, this can't be, I look at him his too ghetto, unruly compared to his brother and sister not to mention The Queen, fuck how could this be?

Me: I should know you... I mean..."

Him: ooh because your mother is my brother inlaws spiritual mother whatever that is... You should know me?"

I frown his making me feel stupid now and that just pissing me off

Him: so that is out of the way, can we now proceed... Ngane ka Mntungwa"

Me: what the fuck? you did a background check on me?"

I said folding my arms looking at him trying to play it cool while I'm just boiling inside, I have been blinded by lust and love that I had let my guard down, now the man I thought I was in love with is not who I think he is, so what does this mean now? Is he pissed that I have lied to him and I have deceived him for months? does he maybe think what I feel for him is all an act since I have been living a pretense life?

But on the other hand, my mind immediately snaps and I am like WTF, as in seriously WTF did he just indirectly say he had googled me or did he actually go out of his way and paid a person to conduct an identity search on me? why because he's the fucking royalty?

His look still has not changed his still tilting his head, hands deep in his pocket, and looking at me with his small eyes, bloody hell this guy is hard to read

Me: So you think you know me?"

Him: Look Lethu I feel like I was born to have an empty, clear head and experience life in the most primal, simplest way possible. But this societal mess is clearly built on nothing but thoughts and all kinds of intellectual nonsense, so I obviously have to use my brain in a consciously thinking way, to be able to function within it, and that alone annoys the living shit out of me, just the mere fact of how complicated a human brain is and it's idiotic fucking, just drains me, I feel it's one of the reasons for the sorry-ass state of humanity to constantly have an over usage of the overthinking mind...so I just resorted not to think, I collect information to feed my brain so what I'm telling you now, I know!"

I frowned, there he goes with philosophy, God I hate it when he talks like a professor from England. I have a big frown on my face, but he just looked at me with not even a slight change in his expression.

Him: more like what you do for a living right? ...collect information?"

I looked at my gun then back at him, this shit just hit the fan... right now I don't know if Mloni is an enemy or what?... I mean, only Mbali knows I work for special forces, how the shit did this guy find out?

Me: How did you find out that...?"

Him: the very same way I know you are on an undercover mission looking for this notorious guy called Shaka Zulu"

I dropped my mouth open

Me: how long have you known?"

Him: from the first day I met you..."

I'm shocked so he knows?

Him: this is small town Lethu and to be honest you know nothing about blending in or being an undercover agent, God damn it you could have gotten killed do you even know how dangerous this job is"

I bite my lip in frustration so all along I was guilty of lying to him while he already knew my true identity? The worst part is his angry and shouting at me.

Me: what you know about me is classified... I don't know how and where you got this information but I was not going to up and tell you why I came here and what I'm assigned to do "

Him: makes me want to ask if you being with me was work?.. an act/maybe?"

Me: no! of cause not...Mlondi I don't mix my personal life with my work...look I came here to do an assignment and you came along unexpectedly what I feel for you is real ...look I'm sorry I lied to you, I just did not have a choice"

Him:..damn it Lethu why this Job why this assignment? ..."

I didn't know how to answer that, he is angry for what, I don't know, will my job be a problem in our relationship, I can't believe I'm all up in my head worried about us than the fact that he knows shit that he is not supposed to know.

Him:... you were better off as a soldier, you had good stripes

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you should have remained in the navy, not to mention you look sexy in a uniform, ...but this suicide mission you got yourself into is the most stupid thing you could have ever done, I mean what if I ... I mean you don't even know how dangerous this guy is that you are busy you looking for!"

Me: Mlondi can you stop shouting at me, I am not a child but a trained soldier and I am fully capable of taking care of myself!"

He laughed shaking his head

Him: I don't think that it will be that simple this time "

He said running his hands on his face, now makes me wonder if he knows Shaka Zulu, from what I picked up about Mlondo his very influential runs this street as if he is president,

Me: what the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

Him: you way over your head thinking you can arrest a man like Shaka Zulu!"

Me: you read my file, so you know what I am capable of"

Him: yep you were a sniper I read that, killed people as if it was sport to you...sure you were trained mercenary and following orders, but The worst killing you are faced with now is that which kills the joy you got from life..."

Me: what do you mean?"

The room became dead silent, you could actually hear a pin drop, his eyes did not leave my eyes, my heart started beating fast, I'm trying to register what he just said to me,

Him: you say he is a ghost ... You have looked for him everywhere even resorted to saying that you are chasing a wild goose, ...Shaka is not dead no, is he a ghost his closest to you then you could eve imagined..."

Me: what?"

He side smile shaking his head and walks close to me but I take a step back

Him: he walks close to you, kiss you, hugs you, spend every day showing you his love...and you made love to him Lethu"

I step back it's like someone just pressed the play button in my head

" Shaka there is a beautiful girl..." I recall Impi saying that when I was in a deep sleep, I look at Mlondi and wonder... The burner phone, the gun... No, it can't be, could it be?... I looked at him, who is this man?

Me: what are you trying to say?"

It came out as a whisper, even choking on the lump on my throat,

He drops his gaze and in a split second I grab my guy and I point it to him, my heart is beating out of my mouth, from what I read and what I know Shaka is an animal, a psychopath a man with no conscious an unemotional sick busted, he slowly raised his head and looks at me, he sides smile

Him: so what? you going to shoot me?"

Me: who the fuck are you?"

He bites his lip looking at me



Him: first let me start by saying you look sexy with that gun pointing at me"

Me: you pissing me off...!!!"

Him: you finished my jelly beans I'm more pissed at you because I'm having this talk with you feeling very agitated...and now you got this bloody gun pointed at me!"

Me: start talking or else I swear to God I will pull this trigger!!!"

Him: your instinct to pull a gun at me has already said a lot, what the fuck do you want me to say ?"

Me: you are Mlondi Bhengu...no man how... Why did you become this lunatic ...?"

Him: I'm still the same man you are in love with "

Me: just stop it. . . STOP IT!!!... I DON'T KNOW WHO THE FUCK YOU ARE!!!"

Him: only my family and the women that I love, who is now pointing a gun at me know the real me... know my identity, Lethu I am Mlondi!"

I started crying

" you the most wanted man in South Africa..."

Him: that man is my alias...I bloody did what I did to survive, now please babe put the gun down. . "

Me: was this all your plan? destruct me, make me fall in love with you then what? kill me?"

Him: damn Lethu put the gun down and let me explain!"

He was waving his hands up and coming close to me but stopped when I cooked the gun,

Him: Shit!.... Look Muntu wami, my personal life and work are... "

Me: shut the hell up!!... "

My tears fell down the gun was shaking,

Him: no...no... No Lethu look at me babe... fuck! "....The gun went off

.

\*\* The enemy lines \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I once read that there's a moment right before a heinous crime occurs when the victim knows what's about to happen, and the body becomes paralyzed by fear as the brain processes the horror of it. A fear so intense it can only be understood by those who have experienced it personally. Now I knew that fear. I imagined the police finding my body beaten and attacked and calling my mother to tell her.

I imagined a nightly news crime segment with a reporter saying, "A woman's body has been found; she was gang-raped and beaten." I was overcome with a sense of terror so debilitating that I felt myself gasping for air.

I pushed my panic down, shouting "STOP PLEASE HIS GOING TO KILL ME" over and over again. But it was like that nightmare where you scream but no sound comes out. He wasn't listening.

I had to try something else. Fight but I already received I slap across my face that left me with bleeding nose,

I'm being dragged by the hair, I'm trying to fight but who am I kidding this man is strong, I'm drenched in blood of the man I killed and now my fate is clear as moonlight this man will kill me for killing their own,

" hay where you taking here?"

That was Ginger, Fuck she is going to have field day that I did something so stupid that will cost my life

" I'm taking her to the boss "

Ginger: don't worry I will take it from here"

Man: with all due respect mam but let me do my Job "

Ginger: I said I will take it from here!! "

Her eyes come in contact with mine, she looks at me and frown, I guess she noticed my body, face, and hands that are covered in blood, she gives me a shocked expression, I'm not fazed at all I look at her straight in the eye, all I'm thinking is that should I get the chance to be free from this grip I will fuck you over.

Her eyes shift to the dead body on the bench and she gasped,

She was about to ask questions and then the alarm system went off, the guard looked at me and told Ginger to hand me over to Yama, as he ran to the house, Ginger grabbed my hand

Ginger: we don't have much time...come this way "

I turned around and slapped her across her face.

Me: I'm not going anywhere with you!"

I yanked my hand from her hold

Her: \_Mpume I'm getting you out here can you bloody cooperate, we running out of time damn it!"

I have a lot of questions but rather I put my trust in her for now than go face what's waiting for me inside! Besides I have shown her what I am made off, she better not be fucking with me!

I follow her, but I screamed and held my head crouching down, as I heard gunfire thundering in every corner,

Me: ooh my God what happening?"

Her: Shit...move and stop with these dumb questions"

The house was buzzing, light everywhere, a helicopter circling over us, not to mention the gunfire and an army of people that came from nowhere pointing guns, there was a lot of commotion and loud explosions that made me want to pee myself, Ginger dragged me by the hand and told me to go through the small fens opening, that lead through the field of trees, all I could see was darkness ahead,

Her: now you run till you reach the highway "

Me: I don't know how to run?"

Her: you have too because this is the very same way Oyama will use to escape..."

Me are those cops?"

Her: I don't know, all I know is that they after Oyama and we are just collateral, so go before you get caught between the crossfire "

Me: what about you?"

Her: I'm buying you time... "

I swallowed looking at her, I had no idea when I will see her again if she will make it out of this place alive I held her hand  
" thank you...thank you so much "

Her: a car will be waiting for you...down the cliff " she looked behind us and we saw lights,

" HAY YOU!!! " a male voice said approaching us, she let go of my hand and I started to run, my heart pounding, putting as much physical distance as I could between my body and that house I ran in my feet, I did not care by spikes and dry grass hurting me

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tears stinging my eyes, adrenaline shooting through me, in the late midnight air.

I ran until I saw the car light creeping up with its beautiful yellow-white bright light, I froze in shock as I heard Ginger voice crying in the distance, more gun shot followed me,

I felt tears running down my eyes, blinding my vision, I fell down hitting my head on rock with blood flowing down my face I slowly lost my vision, I felt hands picking me up, I slowly open my eyes, my heart skipped a beat as our eyes meet

Me: Lu"

Him: you run like a duck... Come on get up!"

There were more men pointing guns at whoever is following me,

" Lubazi get her in the car will hold these rats off, "a big man said to Lubanzi, but the look in Lubanzi eyes said that we were screwed,

Him: get down Mpume!!!" I held my head as a gun, shouting and a whole big bang went off,



Being in Lubanzi arms was the highlight of my night regardless of the deadly situation we were in, I felt safe, with all the loud gunshots, I smiled, cried with a fuzzy feeling in my heart, I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carried me to his car, my knight shining armor, Lord if this a dream do not wake me up.

As he placed me on the back seat of his car, I wanted to pray to thank God, I never thought that I will walk out of that hell alive, I thought of the women who were not able to get away from their assailants like I was. The women who never made it out of the house, traffic to the highest bidder, I slowly closed my eyes I heard a huge bang, and another and another...

"Uuuu bloody Shit! ... " Lubanzi said, I tried to raise my head up  
Him: keep your head down!!"

The car windows shatter on the backseat making me scream, as the car sped off, after a few miles away from the danger zone, Banzi started granting as if his in pain

Me: Lu?"

Him:...

I slowly raised from the back seat as his breathing became louder but yet shallow,

Me: Lubanzi!!" I looked at him in the review mirror his eyes looked at me, but they slowly slowed as he hung his head down

Me: oh my.....my God... Ooh no! ... No! Baby please no!... "

The car started swaying on the road I tried to jump, move my big body to the front seat to take over the steering wheel as I noticed that Lubanzi was not in control anymore, I'm crying, panicking before I could take over the steering wheel, I look up and notice that the car is headed over a cliff, I scream shaking Lubanzi to wake up but before I knew it the car start to roll over the cliff...

\*\*\* When it Rains, It Pours\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Have you ever had a time in your life where you felt like everything was just dumped at you? That you have a load that is too much to carry out,

I do, and undoubtedly it happened just as I came to realize that I just had my first breakup.

You know that saying, “When it rains, it pours,” it just seemed to fit me perfectly at the moment. Within just a few hours my boyfriend walked out on me, and just when my heart felt shattered I received a call from my mother, the worst call to receive especially in my situation.

I've always felt like my mother's been distant from me, even as a little girl. I've never felt like she loved me unconditionally, or even really loved me at all, just 'put up with me. She only really seems to like me when I do something that pleases her,

whether it's giving her money, calling her just to listen to her ridiculous demands, basically me never saying NO to her and even that wears off quickly. She's been this way since I was a child and insulted me when she didn't like something, She's never been happy with my accomplishments like getting good grades and making a name for myself, she only acted proud of me if her friends were around.

As a child I assumed that I must not have been doing something right and I needed to do better so my mum would love me, which has left me extremely self-critical and battling with mental illness, depression being major one of them, now I've realized no matter how well I do she'll just never love me and it really hurts. I shouldn't want or need her approval but I do. I just feel like if not even my own mother loves me, how can anyone else? What's so wrong with me that she doesn't love me?

Her words and tone on the call I had with her felt like salt on my already bleeding wounds, do I even have the right to feel this way? and if I feel this way, why do I let it happen? Why

does my mother have control over me? Coastally leaving me feeling guilty!

I know for a fact that I owe her nothing. But this naïve girl in me always let it happen over and over again like a vicious cycle, losing a part of myself every time. Don't get me wrong I love my mother but I know with every ounce of my soul that there are no motherly feelings I feel for her and no daughter feeling she feels for me, ... it's just the bond and time we spent together I'm still holding on to, but how come when I know this relationship I have outgrown a long time ago.

I'm so old to be trapped in a relationship that is purely in my head. A fantasy about having that warm hug of family values, its an infatuation at its best

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an imaginary relationship I dream of, and when reality kicks in, I am left feeling like an empty shell, a stray dog that just wanted a warm home and wanted to be held, but looking at where I am, I am still freezing all alone on the cold winter rain.

I don't know when I stopped crying but all I knew is that I am between feeling sick and being very hungry, emotionally drain and feeling very suicidal, I do not know what time it is the house was so dark while I am all curled up in the couch watching TV, but the bright box just looked at me and the mute sound was even deafening,

I'm angry, but mostly I'm sad I'm back in that dark hole again where my thoughts consume my sanity, I had the best few months of my life with the man I love, without my mother in my life, Ntsika completed me, I almost felt human, whole and alive... I go through a break-up and every wall of my existence comes rambling down.

Tears roll down my eyes I suddenly feel sick again I jump up and rush to the bathroom,

I raised my head from the toilet seat and rinse my mouth, but I suddenly feel the edge of throwing up again I rush back to the pan and started cleaning my guts out, I place my head on the toilet seat

“babe, Are you ok? “

His voice sounded like an echo in the room, he looks at me, his eyes are fixed on mine, looking or searching for my soul, I want to cry fuck no I am crying, my emotions are everywhere and I just can't help myself but want to be in his arms.

Me: you came back?"

Him: yah I forgot my wallet..."

Me: what?"

I said blinking my tears away, he side smile

Him: so you prefer kissing the toilet seat than my lips?"

Me: uuuh?"

I looked at my awkward sitting position and I frowned

Him: baby bring your sexy ass here "

He said pulling me up from the floor, I fell in his strong arms and just melted.

\*\*\* you short me \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

With my line of work, my attitude I knew I've never wanted the perfect man or perfect love. I've always known those weren't real, didn't exist, only a fantasy. Sure, I've dreamt about a 'good guy,' the one who will treat me right and love me tenderly, but I've never wanted perfection because frankly, perfection is boring.

And none of us live up to perfect anyways.

I've always wanted a man who could love me fully, but drive me wild, light a spark in the depths of my belly, make my heart sing and dance and do backflips.

That, to me, is real love. Beautiful. Passionate. Real.

I've always wanted a man who is strong, strong enough to match my strength, strong enough to handle my sass, strong enough to love me without drowning me.



And strong enough to know that no matter how deeply I love him, I will always be my own person.

I've always wanted a man who would treat me right, but skirt on the danger. Not always do the right thing, not always let me win the argument, not always be so damn good, but make mistakes and raise his voice and pull me towards him and kiss his apologies onto my lips.

I don't want someone who is static, who thinks that he has to be cautious with me, who thinks he can't express his true feelings for me or reach for me when he wants me close. I found all of that in Mlonde and I found out that his on the other side of the tracks making our love story even more complicated, I'm crying, I'm angry God I wish to kill him right now

The gun went off and all I could think of is that I was short the man I love...

Him: uuuuh fuck Lethu you short me!!!"

Me: you lied to me!!!"

He held his arm and bite his lip, this is masses up I'm not supposed to be in love with him, I am supposed to be putting him behind bars and throwing away the key,

Him: fuck get me a towel or something, "

Me: why? ... How about you bleed to death! "

Him: what the fuck? you think I sat down and said ooh jeez Mlondi how about you make this hot cop lady fall in love with you!!!"

" Shaka... Lethu are you guys ok!"

Impi banged on our bedroom door but tempers were really high between me and Mlondi that we paid no attention to him.

I take the file from the bed and read through it, banging my gun on my head, the information was infuriating me to the core, Mloni keeps grunting and hissing,

Him: fuck!"

Me: ooh shut the fuck up, I only graze your arm, "

He clicks his tongue and takes off his t-shirt and wraps it around his bleeding arm there he goes again destructive me, I look at those two lines that point right to his crotch, There's probably a technical name for them but I'm going with dick lines, sex cuts, penis arrows, or the most famous 'v' line, below his waist, fuck I tasted that and it was sooo good, Lord how can you hate me so much, I'm caught up between a rock and a very hard place now! I move my eyes up and our eyes lock,

Him: SO YOU GOING TO SHOOT ME AND THEN DROOL ON ME, WHAT KIND OF PSYCHO ARE YOU?"

He says raising his upper lip ooh no he does not get to be angry and cocky, I got the gun I call the shots,

I point the gun at his leg he looks at me with popped out eyes,

Him: you would not dare! "

I side smile

Him: Lethu... No... No uuuuuh fuck! ARE YOU CRAZY!!!!!"

He screamed, as the gun went off and the bullet went through his thigh, damn that got to hurt

Me: bang bang to the arms that hold me, bang bang to the legs that walked to me and turned my life ups side down!!!"

" damn it guys... can you stop killing each other and talk like a normal adult!!" Impi screamed outside our door

Mlondi grants holding his bleeding leg,

Him: what was that for!!!"

Me: for making me fall in love with you!!!"

He raised his head and gave me his angry look

Me: and you called me crazy so yah!"

Him: I'm going to kill you uyezwa"

Me: mmmm now to the lips that talk shit what are going to do with them?...."

He grinds his teeth and walked towards me,

Him: fuck I get it you are angry, confused, and maybe a bit crazy... Ok, you have made your point!"

Me: just stop right there "

Him: this is my bedroom don't tell me that shit...and can you stop waving that thing on me"

He says not even looking at me, but pushes my hand with a gun away from him, he then pushes me out of his way, I stumble the gun I'm holding is no use, my hand is now trembling

palms sweating, his cologne is not making it easy for me to breath he moves to the side drawer, I'm hating my self now for drooling at him, damn it Lethu Focus! the guy just told you his Shaka Zulu, the file on your hand is enough proof

Him: you look pail. . . drink this "

He throws a bottle of Jack Daniels on the bed

Him: fuck I need to smoke"

Me: you haven't smoked for over 15 years you not going to start now "

I push him on the bed and he screams in pain

Him: what do you care you just short me! ....not once but twice  
And to make things worse you ate my sweet!"

I clicked my tongue and unbuckled his belt he looks at me and  
holds my hand, he looks at m eyes

Him: love wami... "

Me: not now Mlondi!"

Him: so you prefer undressing me than talking to me? "

I clicked my tongue and untangle my hands from his hold

Me: do you realize what shit you put me through? ... Do you  
realize that I have to take you in "

He busts out and laughed, but I roughly pull down his pants  
making him frowns,

Him: shit happens Lethukuthula, you in love with a criminal get  
over it!! "

I looked at him and frowned, I stood up and make my way to  
the bathroom to take a clean towel, When I turn I found him  
standing by the door,

Him: this still does not change the man I am to you!"

he runs his hands on his hair, Lord I'm in love with a guy with white hair, lots of tattoos, a criminal record so long he should be given a death sentence, his strong, broken, dangerous, arrogant, and mmmm so hot, yet he so wrong for me.

Me: you bleeding go sit down "

I said softly avoiding looking at his eyes that have made me tamed puppy,

Him: can we talk about this..." His voice so softly, He says moving close to me, I don't like the way he's looking at me, it the very same look he gave me the first day he saw me, he claimed me with his eyes

Me: and that suppose to make everything better "

I said pushing him away from the door as I attempted to walk out but he held my arm.

Him: we Lethukuthula ngiyindoda yakho mani, can you stop and listen to me for a second! For fuck sake this attitude is starting to piss me off "

He says pinning me against the wall, he looks into my eyes and lowers his head, but I push him back, he smiled and pushed me back ... I flinched as my back hit the wall, he held my chin but I roughly moved his hands from my face, slapping him, he looked at me and his eyes changed

Him: I love you Lethukuthula"

Me: just stop! ....."

He grabs my neck and I try to move from his hold, but he was too strong, I tried to kick his private party but his body was pinned to me, with his other hand His fingertip stroked my skin.

He looked at me and slowly loosen his grip and he started caressing my neck, I gave him an utterly surprising look! Before I could talk though, he timidly kissed me on the lips. Now I stared at him in shock. A second later he grabbed my shoulders, and kissed me again, bolder this time, and longer. I tried to stop



him, but his strong warm lips on mine made me weak in the knees, and I let myself be kissed.

Soon his hands were all over me. A delightful shudder went through me as he caressed my breasts over my t-shirt and impulsively I started kissing him back. For minutes it did not matter who he is and what he has done, his strong rough hold on me was enough to make me want him even more as our tongues intertwined, making little or no sound,

Me: I can't do this?"

I say as his hands made their way under my t-shirt

Him: you will... Because you are my girlfriend" I never imagined it would go any further than that, but he started caressing my thighs.

I pushed his hand away, but he kept his mouth glued to mine, and his roving fingers quickly found the soft fabric that was his target. He possessively cupped my nana over his boxer briefs

that I had on. The intimate touch aroused me beyond belief, and silently I allowed him to fondle me,... until his hand slipped under my waistband, and he started to explore my lady part. Now I had to stop him. " Mlond! No! I gasped, " Not th – o-ooooh" His fingers were on my soft wet flesh. His body suddenly felt heavy

Him: I don't feel too good" he let go of my hold but I quickly grabbed him before he fell down, I drag him to the bed,

Me: damn it... You losing a lot of blood. "

He pulled my face and kissed me,

Me: babe you bleeding "

Him: I know... And I'm also hard...damn it women you drive me crazy and horny at the same time!"

Me: how can you possibly think about oooo...mmm"

His finger gently pushed down my slit, finding me very wet, and with a tiny movement, he opened me up. His index gently glided over my moist lips and dipping in between my slippery

folds, soon I was squirming with pleasure, his heavy body dropped on top of me

Him: fuck my lag is so painful... "

Me: get off me so I will take you to the hospital "

Him: And say what? I got two gun short wounds on my body Lethu "

Me: shit!"

Him: not too crazy now I see? ... Lalela la! fix this shit so I can fuck your brains off, I swear to you I won't stop until your legs are shaking and the neighbors know my name."

\*\*\*Bloody Night \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

" I do not have that answer "

Me: Mehlo I would not be asking if this was not important "

She breathes out loud

Her: I don't know the child, but there was a guy that used to clean Oyama money back in the days, ...last time Ginger and Oyama were seen with the child was when they visited him, I swear that is all I know... "

I bite my lip thinking

Me: so what did you mean when you said the answer is with the mother? "

She laughed out loud

Her: you were married to Oyama for year's, when he beat you up, kicked you out of his house, insulted you, and degraded you in the worst kind of a way, who did you consider the mother in your life, the only one person you ran too?"

Me: Muntu!"

Her: there you go,"

Me: so she knows that Oyama has been fucking Ginger while I was still married to him"

Her: Muntu knows a lot about your husband then she put out "

Me: did you know that she is a bloody cop?"

Her: yes I did"

Me: and you did not tell me?"

Her: not my business to tell"

Me: damn it! Mehlo!!! you just allowed me to walk into a dragon's mouth... My business is not 100% legitimate I could end up in jail again!"

Her: she would never arrest you twice while she still feels guilty for doing it the first time!"

Me: what?"

Her: so she a cop, I know and you know, did it once occur to you that she is the reason you got arrested in the first place?"

Me: WHAT?"

Her: the first day you lend in South Africa...there was a police raid in your house...only close people to Oyama knew that you two were coming back, Ginger being one of them and the loudmouth disclosed that information to Muntu..."

Me: ooh my God!"

I held my head in shock, I felt betrayed I don't know these people I once considered family, I blamed Oyama, even went as far as confessing to Muntu on how badly I wanted to kill him, but all along she was the one who put me behind bars knowing very well that I had nothing to do with my ex-husband shady businesses.

" Rose I know this is too much to take in..." Mehlo said on the speaker,

I even forgot that I was on a call with her as my head was buzzing

Me: I have to go... "

Her: don't act crazy remember what I taught you, use your brain before you use your fist. . ."

I decided to drop the call as the bedroom door swerved open

" there has been an accident "

I popped my eyes open as Sandile said softly walking in the bedroom,

Me: no..."

Him: we have to go..."

I swallowed, self-blame was like acid running in my veins, I knew this was going to happen, a lot of people were going to get hurt because of me, I blame myself because this would have not happened if only I got to Oyama first.

God knows this was my fight, and yet I was kind of relieved that I dodge the bullet by not being on the battlefield, damn it! Why did I overlook the fact that when dodging the bullet, is that the bullet is still flying, and still needs to be dealt with, if I dodge it,

then it will probably hit someone else. And in this case, it was Lubanzi!

If only I did not get sidetracked by making money and working on being the powerful woman I am today, not forgetting falling in love. I should have focused on my ability to do the job, the mission to take down Oyama the minute I knew of his existence.

Damn it why do I feel like I failed myself

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failed my son more especially.

And now displeasure makes me feel like most of these people in this house blame me for the tragic accident, I mean why wouldn't they when they ended up paying for my mistakes, while they were trying to clean up the mess caused by the man I once called my husband or should I say still is my husband!

Shit! I have distracted so much havoc that I feel like this may not even get cleaned up till I step up.



"Are you ok?"

Me: I'm shup, so what happened"

He is busy talking and my mind is everywhere but here, half of the things he is saying I did not get them because his grinding his teeth, rage is rushing over his dark skin and I could smell it.

Stepping outside Sandile bedroom I found the house buzzing, by nature Selby has a short fuze but right now he was just a raging bull, I feel sorry for whoever is on the other line of his phone call, but I don't blame him for his reaction I mean any loving parent will act like him if he found out that his son was in a car accident trying to save the mother of his children from a man like Oyama...God to think I was once married to Oyama makes me feel so sick.

" Langa whatever you do, don't tell your mother about this siyezwana?"

Selby lashed out at Langa

Langa: are you coming or are you going to stand here and keep shouting at everyone while meanwhile, my brothers lay in a cold hospital bed!!!!"

Langa lashes back at his father and walked out with Zoe running after him, Selby clicked his tongue and followed them,

Sandile: damn it where are my car keys "

Me: here I got them, I will drive... "

I said holding his hand,

He just faintly smiled, his eyes are cold, I don't even recognize him, I don't know how to react to him when he's like this.

I just stepped on an accelerator and allowed the car to fly while I followed Langa's car.

The drive to the hospital was like lightning, to think that the hospital was miles away from Sandile house but we got there less than an hour with no speeding tickets was just grace from God I guess.

"Lubanzi Dlamini!!!"

Langa said to the front desk lady, while Zoe just made her way to the patient board, she walked back to us while Langa was fighting with the front desk lady

" Langa just step back and allow me to do my Job "

She pushed him off the way and looked at the lady

" I'm Dr. Zoe Dlamini... cardiothoracic surgeon from Durban google me, ask about me at your own time, right now I need scrubs and I need you to lead me to the ER where Dr. Phillips is cutting my brother open "

I looked at her and almost dropped my mouth open, but the front lady took the cup at how shocked and amazed she was

Lady: Ummm... Did you say, Dr. Zoe Dlamini? The Dr. Dlamini head surgeon..."

Zoe: fuck you wasting my time...take them to the waiting room now!!!"

She said running and taking an elevator up... I guess I had to be strong for these men standing before me, just when I was about to walk them to the waiting room or convince them to go there since they were not budging and demanding answers the hospital door flapped open with paramedics wheeling stretchers and shouting medical teams, the hospital reception area just became a freeway of stretchers, there was so much blood, the patient crying some not responding, cops walk in with guns, or is it special forces judging from their armed uniform, it just looked like a war zone.

While every staff in this hospital was going crazy and assisting wounded patients my feet ushered me to the entrance where I gasped, as my eye came face to face with Muntu... She was screaming for help, as she held Ginger's bloody chest, who was just laying there not responding at all

Me: No...No...!

\*\*\*Heaven did not seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth\*\*\*

🌹 Mpume 🌹

What started as a road trip to freedom, easily end up a nightmare, my smile, my excitement was worn off, the drive was mostly uneventful,

But everything just happened in a flash, I saw a glimpse of metal. Before my brain could even register what I saw, it was crashing through my windshield.

My brain panicked, but my body knew what to do, but at the same time was just in shock and all I could do is scream.

I tried everything I could to avoid hitting the steal bar, but the narrow mountain roads were so unforgiving.

The next thing I knew, I am hearing the loudest sound of crunching metal I've ever heard and the sound of glass breaking. For some reason, I just wanted to get the car away

from the cliff, but I couldn't drive it. It wouldn't even move but just went straight down. I just kept thinking, "this is a nightmare. I will wake up from this in a minute." It was a nightmare, but it was real.

The car flipped and started rolling down into a valley, tossing me and Lubanzi around inside. With no seat belts on we were rolling with every turn, the airbags helped cushion some of the impacts but it felt like we were tomatoes inside a blender.

When the car finally came to a halt, I was dizzy, and my head was pounding. I made my way out of the car and could hear moving water. A couple more flips could have forced us into the river. I was only a few more flips from catastrophe. It was the scariest thing that has ever happened to me,

My mind clicked that Lubanzi was in the car, but when I got off he was not there, so I started calling out for him and looking for him and he was not there, I started crying dragging my body around the car looking for him, moving like a serpent who knew

this day would come when my true form will be shown, everybody knows that I am the queen of spades, I am the wasp that stings, I am the dark serpent. I am the invulnerable animal who passes through fire and is not burned. How the fuck did I survive this crash?

" Lubanzi!!!!!"

I screamed holding my head, my hands came back soaked in my own oozing blood, but I did not care, It took me some time to really realize what had happened to me as I moved around the car, dragging my body, I blame the adrenaline my body pumped during the crash... Or could it be the fear of losing Lubanzi? I didn't even feel pain right away.

I looked at the driver's side door it was completely crushed but Lubanzi was not inside, I'm panicking and I even forgot about the men who were shooting us till I heard a male voice screaming

" I got him... "

When I turned I saw a man with flashlights coming my way, I knew that I was going to die, I could not run nor hide anymore, and I did not care.

With the light shining bright in my face

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It blocked whatever clear vision I had

" Nkosazana ukahle?"

A deep male voice said, spoke on deep Zulu, I frowned for a minute, no ways this are Oyama's Man it finally hit me that Banzi cane with his man,

Me: Lubanzi uphi?"

Him: we need to get you away from the car... It may engage in flames, "

He was not answering me, the next thing I know I was in his arms, he carried me as if I'm light as a feather or leave.

Banzi's car went in flames as he rushed me up the hill,

" she does not look too good take her to the hospital now!!"



He said as he put me on the passenger seat

Me: where is Lubanzi!!???"

I keep asking, it's dark and this man all look the same to me  
black, big and speak farm Zulu,

" relax we taking you to the hospital"

He said slamming the door on my face, I start feeling dizzy, or  
was it pain in my arm that I was feeling, or was it my leg or  
back, ooh God my heard,

The car speeds off as I cry in pain, the blood from my head is  
now running down my face, I try to lift my head up, but the car  
or was it me spinning in the car again? and just like that the  
lights went off.

I woke up to beeping sounds, I slowly opened my eyes and  
looked around this white room...damn it!! it's no heaven, it's  
just a bloody hospital room, it's now I recall that I have cheated  
death yet again!

I felt tears rushing down just thinking about the traumatic experience I went through, the car accident, the shooting, you know being inside the danger zone when disaster strikes can expose your life to vulnerabilities in a second, I keep asking myself how did I survive?... But with all the pain I feel in my body at the back of my mind and deep inside my heart I still have that unshakable fear, I try to recall what it is, and my heart almost stops as I froze.

" Lubanzi!"

I panic just thinking about him, firstly where is he? Is he alive? ... God please don't punish me like this! Don't take him from our kids...don't take him from his family...he has a whole lot to leave for than me, why save me? What would I tell my kids, the Dlamini will hate me... Ooh God, why was Banzi even there?

I cried trying to sit up straight but my whole body ached, I try to scream but my voice was not loud enough, the nurse rushed in Her: mam don't move please you going to hurt yourself"

Me: where is Lubanzi... Where is the father of my children!!!"

I'm screaming like a madwoman fighting her, taking off this drips from my arm, the Dr walked in and gave me informant that I was not looking for

Dr: mam, you suffered from multiple broken bones and ruptured a few of your vital organs, please stop moving... Or else I will be forced to sedate you!"

Me: fuck you!!.... I asked you where is LUBANZI!!?"

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\*\*\*Don't call me crazy \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

"I can't take it out!!" I said with my hands trembling,

Him: I don't have another bottle of whisky Lethu just take the damn bullet out!!"

Me: stop shouting at me "

I say raising my hands up in frustration,

Him: I would not be shouting at you if you did not shoot me!!!  
"

I drop the towel and knife I was holding in my hands,

Me: so I'm at fault... What the fuck Shaka?"

He grabs me by my hair and made me look at him, I should be fighting him slapping him even punching him, but his grip and the way he is looking at me, just aroused me in the most

craziest way, he knows I like it, he saw it when I responded to his grip when he has slammed me on the vanity stand with my but out, as he slammed into me, it how he holds my hair just the right way close to the scalp, he does not yank the ends, because that's just painful. With my head tilted and me yanning for his lips on mine, he reads my thoughts and sees my thirst as he smashed into me, Kissing me like he means it or making a statement. Thrust his tongue inside of my mouth and moan like he just tasted the best thing in his god damn life. I like how he just doesn't just focus on my lips. But how he will just Push my head to the side so he can suck and nibble on my neck...

" mmmm" I let out a moan

Him: don't ever call me that "

He whispers in my ear giving me goosebumps,

Me: call you what?" I said seducing him running my hands on his thigh pulling myself to be close to him, teasing him so much that I wish he can torture me, grab my neck and have me on this bathroom floor, You see he does not realize that my body is submissive to him, it belongs to him and I will have no reason to stop him from getting the best out of it. I wish to cry for him out of pleasure, moan and scream because of his blessed dirty

hand around my body. I wish to get him so excited that his aggression will overtake him as I get more pleasure from his beast.

Him: Lethu I'm wounded...stop looking at me like that "

I bite my lip I'm kneeling between his leg, He just chuckles shaking his

Him: you know that I can read your wild thoughts that you having about me right now ?"

He said bringing his face close to me making me lose my breath as I take in his oxygen, My heart leaps like a hummingbird in flight every time he does this, I feel like my heart will burst with all the longing and excitement I feel when I'm this close to him,

Me: I know, do I make you uncomfortable?"

He licks his lips and looks deep into my eyes, all I'm thinking is wild sex on the bathroom floor, but he just had to be an ass and say

"crazy women stop seducing me and get this bloody bullet out of my thigh... "

I looked at him with a dropped jaw, he just ruined the perfect moment

Me: urg! " I clicked my tongue and stood up, I'm horny and worst part I'm trying not to think about Mlonde being Shaka in simplest terms I'm using sex as destruction.

Him: Baby yinimanje, ngiyadlala...hello!! man down I can't walk remember? ....urg fuck"

Me: you know what? I wish you remain like that futhi! ....in fact, I should have aimed for your heart!"

Him: Lethu!!! "

I clicked my tongue and walked out of the bathroom and when I noticed he was following me, I made my way to the living room, he is busy limping and calling my name but I'm just pissed now.

" God you crazy, I can't bloody deal with this crap"

He said mumbling but the worst mistake he made was that he was not soft enough, for me not to hear it, I obviously haven't gotten along perfectly with every man I've dated, but the ones who called me "crazy" were never the ones who knew how to resolve conflict like adults. Ironically, the men who call me nuts are always the ones who throw things when they're angry and think that the silent treatment is an acceptable way to communicate their frustration with someone, and Mlondi is the most crazies guy I have ever dated out of them all...what the fuck is he calling me crazy for?

Me: what did you say!!!?" when I turned to confront him, he held me close

Him: I'm joking...i...I'm sorry "

Me: how many times must I tell you to stop calling me crazy!!?"

Him: it's kinda hard when you love me and think of killing me at the same time, that just to me not a mind of a stable person "

Me: bloody hell! "

He's right, but he has no right to call me names, sure I have anxiety and depression and they affect my life in a lot of negative ways. I already hate how much my brain seems to be working against me, so even though I know it's not true when



he calls me insane, it still hits a nerve. I have to fight off the thoughts that maybe I am more unstable than I think and it sucks...God, why must I act like this with him?

I tried to trip him on his weak leg and it worked as he fell down,

Him: shit Lethu are you trying to kill me!"

Me: that was the plan till you bloody made me fall in love with you !"

I jumped on top of him and started smacking him

Him: Lethu cut it off!! "

Me: I hate you!!"

Him: I got two bullet wounds from you clearly that means something!!!"

I slapped him again and he pinned my hands behind me,

Him: damn Lethu stop using your military skills on me or else I will fuck you up!"

Me: just try it "

He did the unthinkable and kissed me, biting my lip, he let go of my hands and ran his hand on my ass the minute he started

squeezing me, I let out a moan and ran my hands on his unruly hair, God I love everything about him!

"Oooh lord, Jesus Christ!!!...guys I also stay in this house!!"

Impi said walking in the room and found me and Mlondi in a very sensual position,

Mlondi: awuphume kancane"

Mlondi said running his hands under his shirt that I was wearing

Me: stop it I have nothing underneath" I whispered in his ear

Mlondi: awe ma...Impi phuma mfethu..."

" you guys really scare me one minute you shooting each other, you fuck like dogs on heat, you fight like sworn enemies yet you love each other like Romeo and Juliet, why do I feel like this will end in tears? I mean let's not forget that you are two idiots from different paths of life... So I wonder who is going to choose a side between you two?"

Mlondi says a man who is in love with a girl he raped...who is an idiot now?"

Me: Mlondi!"

Impi: fuck you Mlondi! Just to think I went all the way downtown to get you a medical kit since your cop girlfriend decided to shoot your thug ass and bring my baby mama in your shit!"

Mlondi: ncooo that so sweet but that still won't change the fact that I need you to get the fuck out of here so I can make love to my sexy crazy girlfriend "

Me: Mlondi damn it!"

I smacked his shoulder and he cried in pain, fuck it's the same wounded shoulder.

Impi: you know what fuck you and your crazy girlfriend"

Me: who the fuck are you calling crazy you pervert!!"

I said narrowing my eyebrows and looking at Impi

Impi just clicked his tongue and dropped Discam plastic bag on the floor and walk out,

\*\*\*For there to be betrayal, there would have to have been trust first.\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

I looked at Muntu help the Dr escort Ginger inside the hospital, it's like everything happened in slow motion, me looking at her in her full police uniform with bulletproof and all, our eyes locked as she moved past me, I had a lot of questions to ask her but the first thing that came to mind was rage, which is totally normal...I was betrayed... God damn it! I felt very betrayed.

I stood there looking at her with this mixed emotions, you see with me mostly two things come to mind when I feel like this and it happens simultaneously at the same time. I desperately want to wound the person who has hurt me, as deeply and as excruciatingly, as I have been wounded by their actions,

But my mother always says in situations like this I must continually rise above the situation and offer that person forgiveness. But neither of these tactics would work with me especially when I'm this angry, Wounding words will tend to boomerang and make me feel as terrible as the person I wanted to hurt. Forgiveness, especially if halfhearted, will tend to come off as condescension. I felt stuck on one spot frozen not sure what to do.

" hay"

Sandile says wrapping his arms around me.

I did not answer him but untangled myself from his hold and stepped out of the hospital, I have loud voices in my head that just want to make me self-destruct yet again, I was not in no mood to talk or to show my vulnerability to him.

You see when you're left to deal with depression on your own for so long, it becomes this gigantic beast of a thing that's often indescribable. In my worst moments, I thought, No one will understand, so why even bother? That's how isolating

depression can be. No one knows what it's like so let me be alone in this.

Not to mention that I lost my trust in people. I felt that they were never going to understand why, or how, I get sad, so there was no point in opening up and putting my emotions on display for Sandile.

Him: Rose!"

Me: I need a smoke Sandile!!"

Him: Rose..."

Me: Sandile just back off!!"

Did he listen no, but he just stood there with his hands in his pocket, I looked up suppressing my tears but failed dismally, Sandile tried to walk close to me but I stepped back,

Me: just don't ok!"

I said running my fingers on my nose and turning my back at him.

As old as I am now, I can count on one hand how many people I've cried in front of. I'm not talking about strangers, that number is the equivalent to how many fries I've consumed in my lifetime. I mean people whom I can actually name.

Being born and raised by a single strong woman who is by far as strong like me, I have learned to hide my feeling and dried my eyes.

And when the time does come where I feel like I can't hold it in only then I will be bound to have that moment of breaking down, and I normally do it in public. Many times I've made my way downtown, walking fast like Jonny Walker, tears streaming down my face, trying to make eye contact with no one while actually making eye contact with everyone.

I have the same mentality about crying in public, as I do about tripping. I might be doing something wildly embarrassing, but in about five seconds I'll turn the corner, and will never see any of those people ever again. But crying in the presence of people I actually know, that's another story...

That raw display of emotion makes me so incredibly uncomfortable that I automatically reject even the idea of crying in front of people I know, If I'm alone, then I'm the only one who has to deal with it or even go as far as to judge myself

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the big soggy mess I become when I cry.

Him: babe..."

I shook my head telling him to stop, not come close to me, he is the only man who has seen me have a meltdown without crying in pain while being beaten up.

I feel his hands on my face, he wipes my tears with his thumbs, I look down feeling embarrassed but he lifts my head making me look at him,

Him: hey, I got you my love, and I want you to know I see you, okay? I can see the pain written all over your face because I know the look of someone trying so hard to pretend like they're alright when they're crumbling on the inside. You're not alone, you have people in your life, me...and even people you didn't see coming, who are more than willing to reach out and be there for you.



I know you feel like you can't get through this. I know it seems like your world is coming down on you and you can't find the strength to get back up...but I got you, baby, ok?"

My lips are trembling my hands are shaking and the lump on my throat just wants to pop out, I look at him gently holding me, I then conclude that I needed to reevaluate how I deal with my sadness. I don't owe anyone anything, especially a detailed explanation of my emotions every second of every day, but at this moment I became aware that there was this person, who really cared about me, that just wanted to help.

All my life I shut myself off to people who lend out a helping hand. Instead of just trying to push through my issues, painfully and silently, sometimes I just need to tap someone on the shoulder and say, "Hey, I'm fucking sad, can you hold me?"

I'm in his arms silently sobbing, I know his shirt is wet now, but he just squeeze me tight, we finally break the longest heartfelt, emotional hug I have had in my life and he holds my hand,

Me: Muntu arrested me, she bloody put me behind bars for decades, knowing very well I was fucking innocent "

Sandile: what ?"

I held my mouth,

Me: all this year's Sandile the women I called my mother, I confided in her, she knew how that man treated me, and she decided to overlook that and put me behind bars... "

I said crying while Sandile holds me, when I lifted my head I found Muntu standing there looking at us,

" Rose "

She said softly, I let go of Sandile and marched to her

Her: I'm so..sorr..."

She did not finish her sentence as I punched her on her lips the lips that have deceived me all this year's, she held her bleeding mouth looking at me

Me: you what?... You bloody sorry!!!....."

I was about to jump her but Sandille pulled me back

Me: let go of me!!!"

Sandile: not like this...not here Rose..."

Me: you took my life Muntu!!...destroyed it!!!.....

\*\*\*Life's biggest miracle is the gift of having life growing inside of you.'\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

We were just laying in his bed and I dozed off, then whenever I woke up he was laying there on his side next to me staring at me. when I caught him he put his eyes down and started to act as if he wasn't staring.

I chuckled, he's actually done this before but not while I'm asleep only, we'll be eating dinner or I'll be doing whatever and I look over and he'll be just staring at me.

once I jokingly said

"what? "

he said "what?"

I said, "why are you staring at me?"

He responded "I wasn't"

That memory alone and looking at him right now just made me smile,

" why you always look at me while I'm sleeping?"

Him: How is that possible when I'm also asleep"

I playfully hit his shoulder, he side smile with his eyes still closed

Him: Everything you do... The way you eat, the way you smile, the way my name rolls off of your tongue the way you softly snore when sleeping next to me... That is just breathtaking. It gives me so much joy to look at you because I can't believe you are mine.

So shoot me for looking at the vessel of strength that is your body. Feeling the kindness that is in your heart. Listening to the incredible ideas that are in your head. Trying to read your dreams because I can only wish you dream of our us, our future, I can't choose to love any part of who you are, because to be honest, you are truly incredible... "

Me: Ncooo Ntsika"

Him: No matter how cliché it may sound, let me tell you, you are truly beautiful. Don't try to tell me I'm wrong, don't try to find a way to prove me wrong, let the fact that you're beautiful sink in for a second. . ."

I looked at him not saying anything but just smiling, he opened his eyes and looked at me, I ran my hands on his face,

Him: when I look at you I look into our future and I see you blooming, if you would just stop trying to look just like the other flowers and let me water you the way I know you need to be... "

I felt tears in my eyes

Him: I love you Liyana Ziqubu... Stop pushing me away because you not only hurting me but yourself too"

Me: I'm sorry..."

He sides smile and pulled me by my waist, leaving no space between us

I could feel his breath over my face, as my heartbeat was now going through the roof. He then went ahead and moves his

hand from my waist to my back and gently moved it up and down, I missed him so much that instinctively I simultaneously guided my soft palms around his neck that has been twitching out of anticipation and excitement. I moved my leg over his that now our legs were intertwined like the stems of two flowers.

We leaned together towards each other as if our souls were synced and heartbeats were synced. My pink tender lips met his petals, and sent a quiver down my spine, with rainfall of endorphins and adrenaline all inside my mind. Pure bliss. Pure heaven.

The firecracker of our kiss continued with Ntsika cutely biting my lips, with each gentle bite giving explosions of pleasure in me.

I have kissed Ntsika before and it was great he is after all my man, and everything about him is mind-blowing, but today this morning I tasted something different in his kiss, it like his warm sweet spit was like nectar, which lathered and drenched my lips, that were now swollen as a cherry because of all the

sensitive touches. My tensed back was being scratched by his strong grip, as he swayed his hands all over my back. It was the slowest that I have ever experienced time passing. My mind was playing songs for us, just as if bees were buzzing and birds were chirping, as I felt his hands caressing my back and ruffling my relaxed hair.

He moaned as I guided my hand down his ribcage as our two pairs of lips continued their sloppy rendezvous as my mouth opened wide to welcome his tongue to caress mine. We both were breathing each other's aromas and the sweet scent of our wild, rustic, sweet sweat.

He tossed me to lay on my back, with him on top I quenching my legs around his, as our pelvis touched it was met with equal reciprocation

enthusiasm, and initiation.

The kiss was then broken for a big gasp of air from both of us, as we breathed to calm, our racing hearts and red flushed faces. He gave me the longest, deepest stare it's like our two souls went into an oblivious attachment.



I felt a certain chill as the morning cool breeze cool down our bodies and minds.

His eyes spoke the sensual language I only can understand, I bite my lips and nodded, As he pulled my underwear down, I knew that my sunflower is soon going to be sucked its sweet pollen by him, as expected felt his lips on my other lips.

Me: uuuuh...."

I grab the bedsheets as I lifted my pelvic to slam on his face, I began to thrust my pelvis towards his face as he began licking my kitty, this morning he wasn't as gentle. He was rougher. He pushed his hard tongue against my clit and then circled it with the tip of his tongue. After circulating my swallowed bud, he went down my lips and inserted his tongue into my already dripping wet petals. My pelvis thrust more and more as he inserted his tongue deeper, moving it around to satisfy my needs. Then, after reaching down to rub my bud; I reached the best orgasm I ever had in my life. I moaned so loud, After the

magnificent orgasm he does not wait for me to come down, he is already inside me,

Me: ooh my God!!!"

I scream as his fullness stretches me, I feel like his sex slave a submissive sex slave and I like it,

He keeps stroking me hard and rough, Lord what is he doing to me? Suddenly, he stops and lifts his head up. What? Why would he do that? I'm close. He starts kissing my stomach, lifting my shirt up. He lifts it over my head and throws it away. I'm totally naked underneath. He takes one of my nipples in his mouth and starts biting, licking, and teasing. Pleasure flows in my whole body. I grab the back of his head, my legs around his hips. I want him inside. NOW!. He keeps teasing my breast.

"Ntsika, Please," I cry.

He covers my mouth with his in a swift move. I start tugging his hair. He thrusts his tongue in my mouth. He sucks my tongue. I

kiss him back fiercely. He's incredibly hot. I can feel his erection. He's hard. I try to lower him with my legs. He just keeps kissing me. Jesus this torture. His hands are all over my body. My breasts, my stomach, my clit.

"Ntsika, please," I mumble in his mouth.

He breaks the kiss and looks down at me. All along he does not say a word, His dark small eyes are full of heat. He takes my wrists and pushes my arms over my head. The tip of his shaft teases my entrance. He puts the tip of in me. A moan escapes from my mouth. Our eyes lock. Full of need. He thrusts forward and he's in me fully again

" YES!!....oooh yeh..."

Delicious moans come from my mouths. He starts moving slowly, looking into my eyes.

I kiss his lips softly while moving with him. I feel myself flying. I say his name again and again while I feel an orgasm building inside me.

"Liyana "

He whispers my name and kisses my neck. My arms are still over my head, my legs wrapped around his back.

" Liyana..." He says again

I look at him

I'm close, I'm on the edge... He is calling my name, not because he's moaning but because he wants to say something, Lord can it wait... He goes deep in me, I cum with a loud cry.

" shit!"

He's angry he hates when I to do this him, I can feel his muscles are tight. He comes right after me. We say others' names again and again while waves of pleasure flow through us. He drops his head on my shoulders. We're panting heavily. He's still inside me. I can stay like this forever. He takes my earlobe between his teeth and tugs.

I move my fingers through his hair. Finally, he lifts his head up and looks at me with love. He kisses my forehead. I smile and hide my face in his chest. My favorite and safest place in the world.

"when last was your period?"

he says in a husky voice.

I look at him in shock I try to move him off me but his hold was strong.

Me: what?"

Him: I believe you are about to make me a father my Queen"

.

.

\*\*\* it's time to come clean \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Me: that is crazy I'm not pregnant..."

Him: I know your body Liya, and there is a change in it, your breast, your hips, your stomach, I know where I must touch you to make you cum, I know what you like to eat and I know how strong you are... This forever emotional horny thick girl I made love to right now is not the one I first made love to"

Me: thick?" I chuckled

Him: I know your size remember I bought your a dress and you are size 30, when I brought the designer with new clothes a few weeks back she said you not size 30 you now 34, "

Me: so I'm just fat? Yeah right big deal "

I said standing up I took my robe and put it on

Him: think about it, all these months we have been making love without any protection...not once have I pulled out, and you told me you are not on contraceptives"

Me: oh my God!"

I'm thinking, trying to figure out when last I had my period, I panic when I realized that ever since I started sleeping with Ntsika I have never had my period, well it did no matter then because my cycle was abnormal but realizing now that it's been months since I had my period! Just got my heart beating fast. I immediately felt anxiety and worry, I was not expecting this, could it be? No man I feel fine, look fine this man must be crazy.

Just when my heart rate was subsiding to normal the conflicting emotions just swiftly took over, thinking of the morning sickness, the exhaustion, dizzy spells, me crying all the time.

For the love of Christ, I'm a health worker how could I have missed that my body is going through changes

Me: No! "

Him: Liyana!! " he is standing next to me holding my hands, I feel tears in my eyes, damn it I'm crying yet again, this can not happen my mother already thinks I'm a disappointment in the Ziqubu family and being pregnant will just drive her over the edge.

" I think I'm going to be sick," I said

running to the bathroom and start vomiting, Ntsika walks in the room and brushes my back

Me: please step out you are not supposed to see this " I flush and sat on the toilet seat, he kiss my forehead and wipes my mouth

Him: I'm in love with you so, you may fart, take a dump, or vomit I wi be by your side because I plan to spend my life with you "

I ran my hand on my face.

Me: Baby we are not sure if I'm pregnant or not only a test will prove that, so can we not jump the gun "



He side smile

Him: I know you pregnant...but let's do it your way I will book an appointment with my Dr "

I looked at him, I can't be pregnant not know, his mother will think I trapped him with a baby, my mother will think I whore my way to riches, God no please not now.

Him: everything will be ok I promise "

Me: baby or with no baby right?"

Him: you really don't know your body

what are you five or something?"

Me: shut up!"

I playfully hit him and he chuckle pulling me into a hug.

I begged him to drop the pregnancy topic even though it ate me up inside just the thought of it. But for now, I was not going to entertain it. I just pray that I'm not pregnant.

It's the wee hours in the morning and my man decided to destruct by cooking for me,

Well, whenever he decide to step behind the stove he also wants me to get involved, Ntsika liked to cook, not just fry an

egg or all those greasy food but really well balance food, and that alone intrigues me. My curiosity about his cooking skills led to me having more dates with him, and our first "I love you's" were exchanged over a feast of Asian-fusion dishes and a bottle of wine, and boom here we are now.

Our cooking has allowed us to translate past experiences into the present, sensory ones. He has introduced me to the serious art of sandwich construction, where each ingredient is thoughtfully balanced according to texture and structural soundness. We've picnicked on mountains, art galleries, roof tops, and seashores, I have learned how to pickle things, I have felt myself learning and growing and upskilled my cooking skills in a way that has never before been possible because, to be honest, no women prefers a man who cooks better than her.

So Cooking is an important creative outlet for me, and I'm blessed to share it with my partner. Even though I know he is only doing this to test our communication,

As I prepare the stir-fry he drops the most unexpected topic

"When last did you speak to your mother?"

I stop steering the pan but I did not look at him

Him: babe we can't avoid this topic forever, you know my family I have told you about them, even evolved Dudu to tell you more, but you always cagey when it comes to your family "

Me: it's complicated "

I said wiping my hands

Him: I'm building a future with you, and there is a baby on the way..."

I cut him off

Me: we don't know IF THERE IS A BABY!!"

he sigh and looked at me

Me: I'm sorry... "

Him: you always get worked up when it comes to talking about your family, should I be worried?"

Me: we come from different worlds Ntsika my family is...."

I breathe out loud and looked do

wn

Me: I love you so much and I'm just afraid that when you get to know my roots, my family you will look at me differently "

Him: baby come on, why do you always think I will leave you "

Me: because I grew up not loved or cared for, so I have major insecurity issues..."

I bite my lip trying not to cry

Him: talk to me about that, when it started, how it started why it started "

Me:you see The hot pursuit of love can be blinding, it's no lie that you love me and Of course I love you too. My love for you brings you joy, sends you to joyous, lofty heights that when you with me you never want to come down from, but the same heart that can send you into a loved-up euphoria can trip you up and have you falling into something more toxic. . . "

I sat down and breath out loud, it's time to come clean,

Me: It all started when my father left my mother...

\*\*\*Crossing the line \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

He grinds his teeth as I remove the bullet from his thigh,

Me: I'm sorry?"

Blood oozed out and I pour disinfection on the wound, he squeezes my shoulder making me feel his pain, His grip on my shoulders changes into a massage that causes me to close my eyes. He could touch me like that for the rest of my life and I'd never move.

I looked into his eyes, they are red, if it was another person he will cry, better yet screaming in pain, but Mlondi's tolerance to pain is just remarkable.

" do it now!"

He said grinding his teeth, I swallowed as I stick my finger inside his wound to feel if the bullet did not fracture his bones,

He grunts in pain, I stop but his looks tell me,

"Don't stop! do it!"

As I proceed to feel inside the bloody wound he throws his head back shutting his eyes.

Me: I think the bullet did not touch the bone, but a few of your muscles are slashed and split, you need to see a Dr and do an x-ray to be sure also get stitches "

Him: dress the wound please "

Me: Mlondi!"

Him: ooh must I do it myself?"

I sigh and did what I was told, I handed him pain killers but he refuse them and stood up

Me: Mlondi "

He limps and makes his way to his bedroom making me follow him, he's in pain, et lost a lot of blood but that has not made him weak, Mlondi is built like a Titan.

Me: your wound won't heal without stitches "I said softly, I found him getting under the bed covers and he looked at me,

Him: come to bed "

I look at him, the way I'm so terrified to be with him right now it's crazy, we had mind-blowing sex a few hours ago, and I have never felt so connected to any human being as I was with him, it was rough, dirty painful and lustful the passion we shared was indescribable I found my self saying " I love you... " in between our lovemaking as he made my body submit to him, he made sure I know who is boss and who is the man in the relationship...

So I know that him calling me to bed means something else since sex... angry sex is out of the way.

I look at him and swallow, My heart is yearning for him. But this feeling is wrong I can't be in love with him,

Him: Lethu woza la " I look down this is what it feels like after a volcano had erupted, the true feelings come to play now

Not so long ago adrenaline rush made me shoot him, fuck him, make love to him, and then nurse him to health,

But after that is said and done I'm afraid of his touch now. I'm afraid of the ghost of the touch when his fingers travel down my spine, of the fire and sparks he will leave behind on my skin as he sets his hands on my waist and pulls me close to him. When he softly whispers words only for my ears and his breathing stirs my hair.

My breath change and my chest tightened as his eyes look into mine. I'm losing myself in the wonders of his eye colors as they dance and blend into one.

I take a few steps towards him, I'm biting my lip m heart and my head is fighting with each other,

I found myself in his arms the softness of his lips and the overwhelming sensation that erupt from my chest as soon as



his lips meet mine, my entire body is consumed by the heated feeling when he wraps his arms around me and continues to rain loving kisses down my lips and neck,

This is what Impi warned us about, and it's bloody happening, the choosing of side,

Him: come back to me "

He says as he feels my body tense up, I am busy thinking about how I'm so afraid of being in love with him. But I just can't resist him when he feels like home. Even though my body and soul are having a world war three in my heart

He stops kissing me and makes me look at him, I run my fingers through his face, ...his hair, and I realize that I want all of this. I want to love him, and I want to feel all the little things in between. Though I know, if I choose to love like so, I will have to let myself go. The thick walls I've forged and built piece by piece with my bare hands in all these years will have to be broken down. I will be thrown into an abyss of chaos and the confusion of the unknown and I will have to learn to accept it.

Him: I have never loved any women in my life the way I love you "

I smile and suddenly I felt tears in my eyes, he motioned for me to rest my head on his chest as he told the story of where it all began. . . how he became Shaka Zulu, it was as if I'm watching a movie his life was not easy when he was growing up.

Him:...I was not born a killer but I was made to become one..."

He keeps quiet for a while only making me read subtitles of his life while rubbing his hands up and down my back in a gesture that's supposed to be affectionate.

I close my eyes and enjoy the "stealthy" movement of his hands, the way my back is now warm and relaxed as he graduates to squeezing my upper ass. His hands move down to grab a nice handful of ass, then gently caresses it as if to apologize for his brutish behavior.

There's no greater stroke of the ego than listening to a man's breath catch in his throat from the mere feeling of your body. The "just cuddling" effect damn I just died in his arms.

There are a lot of unspoken words said but our hearts do the talking,

My stubbornness is defeated by his touch by his brutal honest truth

Him: in your eyes am I the monster?... When you look at me am I the devil's son ?"

I raised my head to look at him, his eyes so small but that did not stop me from seeing his pain

Me: what are you afraid of?"

He smiles then laughed, I'm captivated by his cocky laughter, with no doubt Mlondi is God most finest creation

Him: absolutely nothing makes me afraid than the thought of losing you "

We lock eyes for a few seconds he means it, this is the line....this is the line that I need to cross ...Because the line between love and hate is thin, So-fucking-thin. I chose to love him more than I hate him. He lowers his head and kisses me

Him: are you sure? you know the repercussion of this?...of choosing this?"

Me: shut up and kiss me"

\*\*\* The rollercoaster ride \*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

My life is not always an uphill battle. Sometimes I'm in a valley. The land is flat and easy to navigate. The grass is soft beneath my feet. And sometimes I'm in the sky, floating on cotton balls in the baby blue. It's not always bad. Most of the time, I'm happy. I guess compared to how things used to be, there isn't much to be unhappy about. At least when I'm removed from the noise.

But It's back. The enemy I've tried so hard to defeat. The battle I've been fighting for years anger... Or I can say today it mostly rage, my peaceful landscape I call my life destroyed, the tides change, the clouds sink and the valleys end. Storms begin, and I'm climbing mountains. I feel like I am left in thickets and thorn bushes, bruised and broken, scraped and scarred. I feel alone, My mind is noisy, and my heart what can I say is empty.

I heard the door open and I closed my eyes, pretending as if I am asleep.

Sandile drove me to his house last night after the fight I had with Muntu, more of a beat down I plopped all up on her old ass.

Any way Sandile was afraid that my behavior was going to get me back in jail, I assaulted a police officer in public, and being out of jail on parole chances were slim for not going back. Especially with me beating up the very same person who put me there.

I wish I had ways to control my anger but being in jail just unleashed the parasite inside my body that gnaws at my skin and my bones and my muscles until it has fully become me.

The turmoil I feel is numbing and painful at the same time, and I don't know why.

I don't know why this enemy of my mind chose me to kill, but it did, and it hurts. Hurts more than the punches I throw, or the ridicule I receive for being so angry because self-destruction is uncontrollable in my state. It hurt me more than anyone's

words or fists I ever had. I can't control it even when I want to, and the hardest part is that nobody can, the magnitude is overwhelming. And every fight I ever had, every venom I ever spit I'm left helpless, the power knocks me on my ass,

And the sad part is I wish I had warning signs but no, I can't feel it coming, it just shows up like a bad memory, which I coincidentally create.

"Sweetheart"

Sandle says softly, I frown, He has been hovering over me like a warm fuzzy blanket on a hot sunny day, with his constant gesture;

"Are you ok?"

" eat something? "

" talk to me? "

" I'm here for you "

" it's going to be ok "

I shut my ear when he start talking, and I push him away. I promise you, it's not because of him that I'm like this, I know he means well but how can I trust anyone when every corner I turn people tend to be wolves hiding under a sheepskin ready to betray me and kill my sanity.

Lord I have been here and I never thought decades later I will feel like this, It's not me. It's the monster that's consumed me, that makes me wish to scream

" LEAVE ME ALONE!!!"

It's hard for me when I get to this point. Just a few hours I was more in, denial than believing anything that Mehlo said.

I refused to sink into that dark space so I programmed my mind to say

"I can't be sinking again. I've worked so hard to be happy. I know how to be happy. My mind knows how to work properly.

I'll be okay." But I was not, No matter how much I tried, the gears suddenly got stuck and didn't work properly.

It took just one look at Muntu and I blacked out, now I'm left with the exhaustion of the aftermath, the lack of desire and motivation, to see anyone or do anything.

Then the gloom has started. The thoughts rumble. My mind is a mess, and I feel so misunderstood and frustrated. I'm annoyed and angry at everyone and everything. I cry a lot and break down. I can't control it, even when I try.

" morning"

He says running his hand on my back,

I keep quiet and do not answer him

Him: your mother called, she is worried about you..."

He sighs and as he noticed my silent treatment

Him: Samukelo also called..."

I stop him by pulling the covers over my head,

Him: babe? "



I shifted on the bed moving, away from him,

He kisses my covered head and I hear him walking out, I drop a tear as I can't stand this lump on my throat. Ironically

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the lonelier I feel, the more I isolate myself. It doesn't make sense, I know. But this sadness leaves me drained. It leaves me exhausted. Mostly I'm angry

I don't know when sleep came but I was woken up by a sweet perfume next to me, I opened my eyes and I was met by Zoe's amber eyes

" hi," she said softly, she sleeping on her side and looking at me, she moves the hair from my face and I smiled

Me: hi"

Her:I know that you're hurting. I know that you're sad and you feel so alone. I know that a lot has been happening in your life

lately, you feel like the entire world is against you. I know you feel like you're alone, lost in the sadness, misery, and chaos of heartbreak.

Well, I'm here to remind you that you are never alone. You are my father's light, and that means that what you feel, we feel too. Your pain is our pain. Your fight is our fight

If you need someone to talk to at 1:00 in the morning, I'm probably already up. If you need a shoulder to cry on, it's right here. If you need someone to get you out of the house and do something fun, trust me I'm your girl, If you need someone to just sit by your side, silent, not saying a word, just call but I doubt I will ever keep quiet"

I smiled looking at her

Her: Gogo Rose, My father loves you and ever since I was born I have never seen him so in love, so happy, and hurt and stressed that you are not ok"

Me: he called you?"

Her: as private as he keeps his life I was also shocked that I received that call...' Hhayike Zoe umamcane wakho is scaring me here she is all angry and moody what do I do? "

She said mimicking her father putting a smile on my face She chuckled, this young lady is so gorgeous

Me: I'm fine Zoe"

She bite her lip and we continued to look at each other

Her: are you sure?"

Me: ya, I kind of beat up a cop so I feel a bit better "

Her: what? you did what!? Ooh my God You such a badass"

We both chuckled,

I noticed that she is still wearing her scrubs, and I remember why I was in the hospital in the first place.

Me: how is Lubanzi?"

Her face changed and she looked sad,

Her: he is in a coma, we transfer him to one of our hospitals this side "

Me: coma? that sounds..."

Her: don't worry he will pull through, his stable for now and I have the best Dr taking care of him"

Me: I see...look I'm sorry, this is probably all my fault and to make it worse I shouldn't have acted like I did last night especially when your father and your family needed me "

I looked down

Her: it's ok... I understand... Please stop blaming yourself for the shooting or what happened, me and my family don't blame you one bit we are just happy that you are part of the family now"

Me: wow "

I said popping my eyes

Her: you are beautiful, smart, and crazy, just what my father needs,"

I giggle

Her: so I'm here because I was worried about you and since you said you are fine can you please speak to baba before he goes crazy?"

Me: urg he can wait...awusho how is Nompumelelo, Any news on her condition?"

She set up straight

Her:well she is not my concern "

Me: Zoe your brother-in-law almost lost his life trying to save her and now you say this ?"

Her: we have a long bad history me and that woman, so I can not overlook that and overstep my personal and in-laws boundaries I'm sorry "

Me: so you telling me she is all alone in that hospital?..."

I said sitting up straight

Her: she is receiving medical treatment... surrounded by medical staff, alone? nop she is not!

Me: Zoe!"

She yawned and jumped off the bed

Me: I'm talking to you "

I said following her out of the bedroom

Her: Gogo Rose, your past has just taken a major U-turn and caught up with you, and wena you worried about unondidwa omdala uNompumelelo? hhhaybo!"

Me: Nokuzola!!"

I scolded her and she side smile.

Her: ok ok... will check up on her later, maybe call her mom whom I know will not be bothered, but Gogo let me wary about my family for now ... "

Me: can you stop calling me GOGO!"

Her: ooh hell no! Gogo Rose"

Me: Zoe cut it off "

I said throwing my slippers at her she busts out and laughed and ran outside, I ran after her and found her outside hiding behind Sandile, he turned to look at me and I smiled, I folded my arms and looked down.

Zoe: mmmm this looks cozy, well that is my queue to go "she said hugging her father,

Sandile: thank you baby for popping by"

She ran to me and kissed my cheek

" will check up on you later... Stop giving my father a heart attack you do know that he has heart condition angithi"

Me: I know "

Her: Good...baba take care of her ok"

Sandile walked toward me and held my hand

Him: with all my life" he said kissing my cheek.

We both stood by the porch and watched Zoe car drive off,  
Sandile then turned and looked at me

He opened his mouth to say something but I kissed him and hugged him whispering in his ear

" I'm fine, ...and thank you for being patient with me "

He bite my neck and squeezed me tight

\*\*\*cast the first stone\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I found myself in this cold room it's dark but not pitch black it's like all lights are dimmed, I want to walk around but I realized that I'm laying down, a door open or is it light of some sort, but whatever it is it had brought light in this room,

" you look like shit "

The voice made me jump not in a nervous way but enough to give me that knot in my tummy making me almost pee myself. I slowly raise my head up and I was met by his big dreamy eyes, I look around and notice that the room is changing from dark to light and suddenly I have a clear view of where I'm at, I am in a hospital, I frown not sure what I'm doing here but when my eyes meet with his, I did not care or give a shit of the reason, I



am sure that whatever sickness that got me here is now gone, just by looking at him and having him by my side.

He's wearing black long sleeves back muscle t-shirt with black jeans and sneakers, he looks different his face is soft and welcoming, he stood by the door looking at me, my first instinct was just to blush, I can not believe that after so many years together he still gives me goosebumps, I have this inner giggle, the butterflies, lord how I wish you can see how red I have become now, I look like a riped tomatoes

him:how are you? "

Me: I am all good since you are here"

I smile as he walks closer to me, he sits next to me on my bed, his cologne is intoxicating as always, his eyes look straight into mine searching for my soul.

me: what am I doing here? " I ask him,

Him: you don't remember "

Me: no "

Him: do you remember me?"

Me: of cause I do "

I giggled

Him: why did you forget who I am to you along the years then?"

Me: Lubanzi I was young and stupid I'm so sorry... You know If I can turn back the hands of time I can..."

He holds my hand and drops his eyes looking at my wedding finger, I noticed that I did not have my wedding ring on,

him:you know When I met you, I knew in some way, shape, or form, you would hold incredible significance to my life. I knew you were going to be a constant. I knew you would change me, Then, as I had suspected for years, our relationship changed.

We became lovers more than friends. And I knew, the second I held you close to me, I knew, just like I had known all those years before, that this was it for me. You were it you were All that I wanted, not forgetting the miracle you brought to my life, you made me a wonderful father to our kids and a loving husband to you "

he smiled and looked at me, my heart breaks to million pieces just listening to him, he is not fighting, shouting but his voice has that sadness he may hide it with a smile but I see right through him.

" Remember what I told you on our first anniversary when you said you were afraid of not becoming a good wife to me and your fears that our marriage may not work out?"

I nodded with tears running down my face

Him: I don't think you remember because along the years you forgot, "

he looked at me and I shooked my head saying no I did not forget, he chuckled shaking his head

me: " I don't think there's ONE secret key in a marriage. I don't think it's at all possible to avoid the change that will materialize over the years. Marriage is a tide of easy waves, then hard waves. It's a constant ebb and flow of happiness, hardships, challenges, adventure, excitement, and every emotion in the book. There are no promises it will be easy, but nothing worth it in life is ... you took me for an air balloon ride that day, you held me tight when I told you I was afraid of heights, you told me that you will never let me go, no matter what challenges we

face and taking a bullet for me will be like a walk in the park for you as long as you get to protect me from harm's way "

He looked down avoiding eye contact with me

him: I meant every word "

me: I know ... Lubanzi " I said softly

him: you gave me the best years of my life but that was not compared to the worst years you gave me "

I swallowed as he let go of my hand,

him: for years I have been unhappy, felt lonely when you were sleeping right next to me, I felt sadness from you, but mostly felt sad For you. For myself. For our kids. For the life that we were meant to have together. . . but I'm here to tell you that it's ok ...

me: Lubanzi no! " I held his face making him look at me but I screamed when he turned his head to look at me, his face was cold, he had blood running down his face his eyes turned dark, suddenly I found myself in car accident scene the car is rolling and I'm screaming, as the car rolls into the dark whole I see Lubanzi eyes looking at me

" you see what you have done???" he said looking at me with scary eyes,

I'm shaking as he changes and I see him laying in a coffin his eyes shoot open and his face change to anger

" breaking my heart was not enough you finally killed me!! Took me away from my kids...my family...why are you so selfish!! "

I shook my head no, I'm on my knees apologizing asking him to come back to me, I look around I find eyes looking at me his entire family, my children the people I once called my friends, they are all looking at me wearing hateful faces, I screaming as Joy started throwing stones at me

her: "I hate you !! " and suddenly there is a rain of stone

I know now how the women in the scripture felt like when A group of scribes and Pharisees confronts Jesus, interrupting his teaching. They bring in a woman, accusing her of committing adultery, claiming she was caught in the very act. They tell Jesus that the punishment for someone like her should be stoning, as prescribed by Mosaic Law. . . I was crying asking God to forgive me, asking my family to forgive me it all fell on deaf

ears as every blow I received made me realize how many people I have hurt, I was so consumed in blaming people for my behavior that I never took time to humble myself and say

" I'm sorry "

My scream gets louder and louder, I feel my body slowly shutting down,

" you should be the one that is dead!!!" Siseko said throwing a big stone on my face I raise my hands to cover my face I feel the massive blow of the rock on me I screamed and shoot my eyes open

" mam it's ok it was just a dream "

I look around I'm in a different room hospital room, I feel gentle hands on me I look up and I was met by some woman, she is a nurse judging from by her uniform,

Her: it's ok "

My eyes are heavy and have a dry throat, the Dr must have sedated me because I feel so high as a kite now,

The nurse gives me water but I shook my head

Me: where is Lubanzi?"

She looks at me

Me: God damn it I ask you a bloody question!! I came to this hospital with Lubanzi Dlamini we were both in a car accident you going to tell me if my husband is ok or not and stop acting like a bimbo! Do you hear me! "

" mam please let me go!"

I noticed that I was clenching on her uniform more like pulling her with it, she looked terrified but I did not care, I want to know if Lubanzi is ok or not, in my dream, I saw coffins, Siseko talk about death my mind is raising now.

Me: where the fuck is he!!" I said pulling her petite body close to me,

" let go of the of me!"

"Nompumelelo that is enough!"

I looked up and I was met by the last person I expected to see, I let go of the nurse and she ran out, my mouth is dry again, the eyes his looking at me with is the same eyes I saw in my dreams, could it be that my dream is coming true, was it a revelation of what bound to happen in my future.

" Sir I need you to step outside," the Dr said walking in with the nurse,

But he just stood there looking at me,

" get out!" He said to the Dr and nurse, not even looking at them but straight to my eyes his tone made me flinch I have never seen him like this,

Dr: excuse me...I'm sorry who are you, sir?"

Him: you worst nightmare if you don't do as I say at this point "



He said speaking through his teeth and the Dr saw that his not bluffing he started backing off me and made his way out with the nurse leaving me in the room with him,

" you finally did it! I should be giving you an applaud for an outstanding job, we are all back here again picking up your mess, stressing over shit you created..."

Me: Langa " I said softly

Him: Langa what? Ooh, you did not ask Lubanzi to help you, you were perfectly fine whorering your way up to your grave? this is not your fault...ooh what is your favorite line, ' it's not my business ' ..."

I looked down shame washed over me,

Him: you know I tried to stop him, I told him don't do it she is not worth it, she is a whore, after all, this is who she is, but my brother always has that soft spot for you, he said he's doing it for your children to keep you alive but I know he was doing it for you... Lord knows I hate you! I hate him for loving you so much and the worst part I hate that you are still alive..."

I dropped a tear looking down for year's I have known Langa not once has he ever spoken like this to me, his word cut deep like a knife in my already bleeding heart, I sat there listening to him spit venom in my face, I felt my self worth Dropping like the length of my favorite dress when Oyama fucked me in the hood of his car in front of his friends, I'm the woman who is only seen as a fuck slave, a gold digger who is not afraid to dig her own grave. . . in means of trying to get some fulfillment out of life, Having people marked me as whore was the list of my problems, up until now.

My mother never raised me like this I just learned along the way to never close my legs.

Drinking straight from kegs, sleep with the devil if I have to, for what? Designer Clothes on my back, jewelry, money, and expensive cars? Where is it now?

I want to scream Rape so bad but to a person like me that is just a meaningless word and it does not exist, to think that It was all a game, and now I am caught up in a scandal.

No one sees that I am lost, I'm Broken and scared,

" Please help me I'm not fine."

My inner voice scream to be heard but today in this world we leave in names that can be easily translated into actions.

A girl can get rapped. . . And she can't escape. Because fate is fate.

You should not wear that because it's cut too low. . . you flatted with the wrong man, if you are a slay Queen you deserve it, you are a slut any way it's not rape it's rough sex!

" Bitch"

A title that never dies, it Breaks ties, because my actions were not seen as a cry for help but more of disgusting, behavior.

The door slams and Langa is gone, he just threw his first stone, and just like my dream, I know there is more to come.

\*\*\*Meal Ticket\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I looked at him, Lord knows I'm grateful to have him in my life Ntsika is brilliant at supporting me through the frequent bouts of anxiety that I experience and even better at hiding his frustration, but I hate that he has to.

So where do I start telling him about my life, my past, my family, Although I know that I can't be the only person in this situation, in my own circle of friends, I'm alone on this? Or at least I think I am. To be honest, I can't bring myself to discuss it with anyone. Since I'd feel an immense sense of guilt talking about it openly with anyone.

I think this feeling comes from the fact that, apart from the financial burdens I've been placed with, my mother has always been incredibly transparent about how she dislikes me,

"The man was the breadwinner, worked hard and provided for us, gave me, my brother and my mother the best life, house in the suburbs, private school, and mom was like a kid spoiled to the 'T' she never worked a day in her life, and her love for expensive things was fueled by my father

Then the fights started my father lost his job or so he said and one morning we woke up he was gone, that was the time I was made aware of how little money we had, with my parents separated, Throw in a myriad of health issues, my mother failed to save for emergencies, and, to my dismay, a 30-a-day smoking habit, and boom we had a recipe for financial disaster. I became just another child from a low-income family and it was not a nice place to be. Especially having a mother like ours, she still pretended to have it all, wanted to live in a house she can't maintain, book clubs and branch with her society group,

Though I was always aware as a child that we were struggling, I was of course in no position to help. But things changed when I reached my late teens.

I couldn't take any more worry, and I'd heard debt collectors threatening to take the car and the house if the money wasn't paid immediately, the significant sum of R15000 from my brother's college tuition was paid, it was not enough so I reluctantly, I told my mother that I'd pay the arrears with my childhood savings. I was 17 years old, and debt collectors had come knocking at the door several times before I had to step in.

Her relief was palpable, but so was the sense of my brother's guilt. Of course, he didn't want his teenage sister paying such a huge bill, but what choice did we have? My mother had no savings and bad credit scores. Payday lenders or loan sharks would have been the only alternatives. . . "

I looked down playing with my fingers

"So there you have it, the first time I lent my mother money was also the time I handed over the best part of me... 'My youth'"

He breathe out loud and I could feel his eyes burning me,

Me: you know the funny part about this is that I often hear stories about the Bank of Mum and Dad, helping children to pay for big purchases and life events that are otherwise out of reach for so many of my generation.

While most of my friends have been supported by their parents to buy their first cars, go to university, organize big weddings and take a step onto the property ladder, I've been the bank for my mum, saving as much as I can so that I can give her money whenever she needs it. "

I chuckled and stood up,

"In fact, over the last 12 years, I've paid my mother's bills

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mortgage, buy groceries and even prevent the bank from taking her car, which she later sold and did not give me a cent and instead decided that I buy her a new car because she outgrew the old one.

And yet, even during those years, I kept on giving my mother money, even when all I could afford to eat was instant noodles. I was giving her money when I couldn't afford to take the taxi to work before I had a single penny to waste let alone save.

Throughout, I remained resentful at the injustice of it all. Was I selfish for wanting to say no when she called me to ask for money? Why should I have to feel guilty? Did she not realize how unfair this was?

I am not a selfless person. I am materialistic. I like going out, and spending my limited money on myself. But I just still couldn't shake the feeling that it would be unkind not to help my mother when she brought me to this world and raised me "



I felt tears now rolling down my cheeks

Me: My heart still sinks every single time I get her phone call, I know she does not feel guilty for asking. At the same time, I wish she would stop to consider how much pressure she putting on me as her designated financial safety net, my life has not been easy to rent privately and pay the bills too, especially when I'm earning minimum wage, there's a limit to the support I can offer. And I have to think about myself. I have my bills to pay, I'm not sure how much more of this my mental health can take, so this ever-growing heap of responsibility has taken its toll on me and I'm scared of what would that do to us, to our relationship"

He walks slowly to me and pulls me to his arms

Him: Liya baby I'm here now "

Me: I'm not your charity case my love, I don't want you to see me as that too, I'm your independent girlfriend Ntsika..."

Him: I know that and I love that about you, but one way or the other we are going to be a team there will be no I or independent girlfriend but they will be a we and an us..."

I looked down

Me: if my mother finds out about us..."

Him: she will and that will need to happen when you talked to her about what you have been bottling in all these years"

Me: I have tried so much but she uses this reverse psychology on me, shifting every blame to me, in her eyes I'm just a tool an object, in her eyes, she does not see me as her daughter "

I step back from his arms, wiping the rain of tears that just showers out of my eyes,

I chuckled not because I hate that he can see right through me that I'm holding back deep dark secret but because I find it funny that my mother hates me, so how do I tell the man that I love this? How do I tell the man who wants to marry me that my family will see my marriage to him as a meal ticket?

Him: it's ok... Look she is your mother and I'm sure what she said or done she did not mean it"

Me: you don't understand my mother dislikes me, I have always felt like an outcast in my own family, I don't recall having a

particularly close bond with my mother let alone my father. four of us lived in the same house but we lived different lives, when my father left I felt awful, awash, and clueless, my mother told me I was useless and could never achieve anything. My brother her 'favorite' since he was the first person to support her after dad left was and still is the apple of her eyes even when he walked away from us when the tough got going.

So I took myself back to college, got some qualifications, went to university, and had total financial independence. Even with her constant call and demands of money, I finished my master's six years ago but graduating into the depths of a recession and debt, I was obsessed with job hunting. I constantly scrutinized my CV and watched videos on interview techniques. I felt lost, betrayed by my own hard work and determination, I had a meltdown one evening and raged at my mother's house for their lack of interest and lack of emotional and financial support. My mother bluntly told me

"You did this yourself who needs a college degree when you need to work, so now we are in more debt because of your stupidity"

That was a huge blow for me and I felt like archiving a master (MSC) in Pharmacy and Physiotherapy was useless and I took a huge step back. . . a good friend told me it's time to move out

from home I can't be my mother's keeper for life so I did just that

“You won’t be able to afford to live by yourself.”

But I pushed even harder for a job using my qualifications, despite being seen as useless or stupid

A few years back I got a job which is I had wanted since I was 17. When I told my mother, she said "great! end of the month sends people to fix the pool"... No you did it, my baby, you made it, I'm so proud of you but it was just her seeing a much bigger paycheque not the one I used to give her with my student loans.

So here I am paying off all the debt I accumulated during and after University, Despite the seemingly happy ending, I feel exhausted. I grieve for my 20s as I spent much of them struggling financially and feeling awash with no direction and no hope. Everything I have done, I have done through sheer determination and bloodymindedness. I am gritting my teeth and stashing money away for a mortgage. . . call me heartless but I don't want anything to do with my mother or brother, A Part of me does not care anymore all I want to do is leave and cut ties. My stable job and the sensible part of me that is saving keeps me here, but if I am honest my family make me feel desperately unhappy. . . and I'm scared of what will happen if they find out that I am dating you!"

\*\*\*The truth is, staying broke is just as hard as becoming rich\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I'm resting in his chest as he brushes my hair, I think I have cried waterfall in his chest and he just held me close and told me everything will be ok.

We were disturbed by my phone ringing,

Him: it might be important"

Me: or it can be my boss firing me for taking so many leaves "

He laughed

Me: not funny, I blame you for messing up my life "

Him: women I found your life already complicated I just gave it a bit of excitement and thrill"

I looked at him and bust out and laughed

Him: so did you know that Zoe kind of hooked us up?"

I turned around and looked at him

Me: what? Zoe as in Dr. Dlamini? my boss? "

He wiggled his eyebrows and nodded

Me: what? how?"

He chuckled,

Him: well let's just say my brother-in-law Mvelo, forced me to go to Your hospital, something about a vision he had of me walking and you being the reason behind it... He told Zoe and she just saw that as hook up for us"

Me: so you telling me being assigned to your case was Zoe doing?"

Him: her exact words were " she is beautiful, single and so amazing you going to love her "

I held my mouth and Ntsika just laughed throwing his head back,

Me: I don't believe this! "

Him: I don't too, but your sassy attitude got me on my knees when I looked in your eyes for the first time

Everything went blank for a second,

There was magic in the air that intertwined your soul with mine. “

Me: I know, I felt it too but you were so arrogant...rude and...”

He squeeze my waist, I opened my mouth taking in the pain

Him: and what?...”

Before I responded his tongue was shoved in my mouth making me quiver in his kiss

My phone was making the most irritating sound ever by ringing nonstop,

Him: pick that up it giving me an earache”

Me: or I can just switch it off” I said pulling his head, he bit my lip and gently pushed me off him, as he side smile.

Him: I will make our food go answer that phone”

I rolled my eyes and stood up dragging my feet to our bedroom, I caught Ntsika busy checking my ass and I pulled my robe slightly higher giving him a clear view

Him: damn!"

He said smiling and positioning his fist on his mouth, I bust out and laughed and ran to the bedroom, I picked up my phone while still laughing I did not even look at the caller ID

Me: hello"

" Liya please don't hang up !"

I frowned and looked at the number on my phone screen

Me: what do you want?"

" just to talk...please!"

Me: it's been over 10 years Mangalisa and now you want to talk?"

Him: look I am the one to blame for the crack between our family I just want to try and fix it "

Me: Fix what?"

Him: I have been through shit the past year almost lost my life in the process, I was in a very dark place and all along I blamed my father for leaving us, but honestly from how I have been treating women in my life I now understand that I don't have daddy issues or commitment issues I have huge mother



issues and judging from what transpired on the new year's lunch between you and Ma, I knew you have issues too"

I bite my lip thinking

Me: why now?"

Him: why not now? ... Liya we both grown up and we need to sort our lives first, address these issues before we commit to any serious relationship you are a ticking bomb and I'm worried about you"

I kept quiet, not sure what to say

Him: please I need to see you, talk to you before I go...ngiyakucela Liyana...Ngonyama yenduna...."

Me: just don't start with the clan name bribery..."

Him:...Luphondo! Nina babiya ngomkhonto amahlahla ehleli ..."

Me: urg cut it off!" I said laughing dropping the phone

I walked back to the dining room area and found Ntsika dishing up,

Him: and that smile?"

Me: my brother just called "

Him: mmm that's a good thing right?"

Me: he wants to meet and talk "

Him: ok that definitely a good thing "

Me: Ntsika I don't think I can "

He pushed my plate forward on the kitchen counter, indicating that I take a seat and eat

Him: what stopping you "

He asked the minute I sat down,

Me: I don't know what to say to him"

Him: he asked you for a talk, so let him do the talking... You are not obliged to say anything rather than hear him out"

I sigh playing with my food

Him: babe, do you want my opinion?"

Me: your opinion is for me to agree to meet with Mangalisa"

He laughed

Him:you got that right, I mean what kind of a man would I be if I don't agree for you to go have a seat down with the man I will be paying Lobola too"

I looked at him and frowned, he winked at me and I suddenly felt sick, I was not sure if it's the smell of this food or just the thought of marriage to the mighty Ntsika Bhengu, that got my stomach upset, I held my mouth and ran to the bathroom and puked my lungs out,

"The Dr appointment is at 14h00..."

I looked up and Ntsika stood by the door with his phone giving me that irritating smug shit!

" for the love of Christ, I'm not pregnant!!!"

I stood up and shut the door in his face

Him: then the Dr will prove me wrong!"

Me:" Leave me alone!! "

He busts out laughed,

Him:ooh Mangalisa texted asking where you should meet ?"

Me: ooh bloody hell leave me alone!"

He chuckled

Him: I texted him that you will meet him at your mother's house,"

I screamed in frustration damn it Ntsika can be so annoying, I started feeling hot so I decided to strip out of my robe and jumped into a shower, I kept looking at my body in disbelief My breast are kind of big and sensitive, urg bloody hell I ain't pregnant just my cycle playing tricks on me.

I pushed the thought at the back of my mind, and jumped out of the shower

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I made my way to the bedroom, Ntsika was on his phone talking business judging from the frown on his face,

I buttered my body, put on jeans and a t-shirt, tied my hair to a messy bun, walked out dragging my flops, I took the car keys and kissed Ntsika on his cheek

" hold up...."

He said on his phone and placed the phone on his chest

Him: where are you going?"

Me: to meet up with my brother "

Him: I'm driving you there! "

Me: I need to drive alone gives me time to think and blow of steam before I step foot in that house "

Him: Liyana!"

Me: I will be fine. . ."

I kissed his lip and he told me to give him a call if things go sour

I smiled and walked away.

Driving to my mother's house was nerve-racking, my palms are sweaty and my heart is beating outside my throat, God why am I doing this?

What I expected to be a long drive to clearer my wild thoughts became the shortest drive I ever knew.

I parked my car outside, Ntsika car to be precise but what the fuck its mine now he gave me the keys after all.

I breathe in and out but my phone started ringing disturbing my peace,

Me: hello"

Caller: ooh hallo Liyana how are you, my child... It's me Mama Majosi "

Me: ooh Mamfundisi I'm fine thanks for asking, I trust you also well ?"

Her: yes I am, the reason for my call is to ask if it's true?"

Me: I don't entirely follow Ma?"

Her: Nompumelelo is in the hospital something to do with her being involved with drug dealers?"

I pop my eyes open,

Me: What!!!"

Her: oh you didn't know"

Me: no! oh no! Is she ok? ... What happened "

Her: they say it's a car accident hhhaybo mina angazi!"

Me: I'm sorry to hear about that I was out of town for a few weeks, honestly ma I did not know... Is she ok?"

Her: I don't know I'm on my way to the hospital now... I'm sorry to bother you with this news"

Me: no ma it's fine, please text me the hospital details so I may also go visit her"

Her; ooh thank you my child may God bless your kind heart "

Me: thank you "

Her: ok baby take care goodbye"

Me: bye"

I dropped the call and shook my head, I jumped out of the car thinking about Mpume's involvement with drug dealers? Yoo and I thought I knew her. . . considered her a friend and I miss this how?

I'm busy thinking about Mpume that I did not even notice that I'm standing outside my mother's door, my heart skip a beat when the door swang open,

" God I thought you were joking when you sent that text "

Me: I did not send it "

Him: but...i..."

Me: is your mother home?"

I said cutting him off, He smiled and shook his head opening the door wide open for me to make my way inside, walking inside my mother's house I am met with a flood of bad memories lingering in every corner, my mom pointing a finger at me uttering profanity to me, there is no curse word I was never called by in this house.

Suddenly I feel like I'm in that hole, where im made uselessly, treated like shit, my voice was taken from me. I start suffocating I think I am having a panic attack my lungs shut down as I held on to the wall struggling to breathe,

I felt hands touching me I jump but only to realize that it's Mangalisa,

Him: it's ok! ... It's ok! Please drink this "



He hands me a glass of water, my shaking hands tremble as I take the glass and gulp the water down,

Him: Jesus Christ Liya what did that woman do to you?"

I looked at him and my lone tear made its way down my cheek, I felt his embrace, the same kind of embrace he gave me when he told me that our father left us, the very same kind of embrace he gave me when he left for Cape Town, he told me he will look after us, take care of me, but look where I am right now... I pushed him off me because everything I feel in his hug and everything he has promised me was a lie,

Me: I'm sorry I can't do this! "

Him: Liya... Liyan wait please "

I walked past him and I was met by my mother in the kitchen talking to herself

" there is a flashy car outside my yard Mangalisa you didn't tell me you expecting guests"

She looked up and our eyes meet,

Mangalisa stood by my side

Ma: Liyana? What are doing here?"

Me: I am sorry was just leaving"

Mangalisa: Liyana just stop!"

He shouted making my mother look at him with a raised eyebrow

Mangalisa: I called her, I need to talk to her, for the love of Christ ma! where do you get off asking her what is she doing here? technically this is her house!"

Ma looked at Mangalisa and back at me, I kept my eyes low playing with my car keys,

Mom: where did you get the money to buy a Mercedes-Benz? Because every time I ask you to help me around the house you always say 'im broke... budget this...budget that, but all I see now is you glowing, jewelry...expensive car? Look at you even gain weight.... "

I swallowed and slowly raised my head to look at her

\*\*\* "Grandmothers are a gift not to be taken lightly"\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

The house is buzzing, cottons are playing on full blast, the twins are running around not even paying attention to the T.V I have been screaming countless times telling them to stop running, they fight and cry... Jesus this is just too much!

Sandile walks on me answering numerous questions from Zibusiso

" if a whale is a mammal and can't breathe underwater, but lives in the water... How does it sleep because it does not float at night?"

Zibusiso ask me with his big inquisitive eyes fixed on me

Me: what?"

Zibusiso: sharks are predator which eats mammals which are whales, so whales can't sleep on the surface because they will

get eaten by sharks, so they dive under to the deepest sea, so how do they sleep

If they can't breath underwater?"

I look at Sandile like what the fuck how on the bloody hell am I supposed to answer that shit

Me: mmmm I remember Mkhulu telling this, konje Sandile the answer to that is?"

Sandile: what?"

I stood up and rolled my eye walking away from the loudmouth, God I need a drink or a walk out of here.

I breathe out loud, I know I'm probably the small minority when I say I'm NOT excited to be a grandparent. I've never really liked children and used to be determined against having any of my own. But mainly because my husband urg that thing was just no father figure. Even though we had Zuko, I vowed not to have another child with him, Looking back, I feel my main goal was to have a balanced life even with a child, and my goal was to raise Zuko to be independent of me, basically, that would have

worked out well as a parenting philosophy, although I suspect my interests and freedom were really in the forefront. . . but table turned I never raised or stayed with my son lost years of his life, he grew up in my mothers care and her wisdom. . . which makes me question my parenting skills if I have bloody any?

And now while I'm still struggling to connect with my child, trying this love thing with Sandile, the shooting, with no news of Oyama, if he's dead alive or on the run! I'm street to the 'T' and Zoe just decided to hit me with a parenting card, It's official she has made me gran.

Looking after kids it's just exhausting! Not forgetting that I'm still not a fan of kids, and even though I find them adorable, they quickly wear me out.

But the man I love comes with a package, " family and kids "  
Only this time it actually hit me that

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I'll have responsibilities without the "power" to discipline them, and to make it worse I'm not even sure I want that disciplinarian role.

I love Sandile he is the best partner I could ever ask for but for the love of Christ, I do not look forward to spending all my weekends with his grandchildren, which is what I fear will happen once me and him become really serious.

Frankly, I don't know what this new role of being Gogo u-Rose would end up doing to our traveling plans. I just feel like once again, I'm getting into this barefoot midwife from Ndwedwe... Gogo taking care of kids when I'd rather not!

"They are such a handful I know, but I was hoping that having the twins around will get your mind off things "

Sandile said as he found me standing by the kitchen counter taking deep breaths

Me: Sandile how is that possible when I don't even know if Oyama is caught or not, I'm on the edge with anxiety ... "

Him: you beat up the only person who was supposed to give us this news... Now this whole shit is classified "

I narrowed my eyes looking at him,

Me: not funny! "

He laughed

Him: relax will get news soon Langa is digging for an informant"

I bite my lip thinking about how I feel like a prison in this house, I can't go to work or my place because Sandile wants to make sure I'm safe...

I was ok while it was just me and him now the kids are here, with my stressed condition I'm terrified that my temper may go from zero to a hundred in a split second.

But what can I do I'm stuck with them play with them?

Honestly, the twins are not bad, maybe sometimes when I'm feeling spontaneous and I have put this whole mass behind us I can even babysit for some time, only if asked, yes you heard

me, and "Some time" is the keyword here because like I said, kids wear me out and I'm not even young anymore to keep up.

We heard something break in the seating room and Sandile screamed

" Zibusiso!!!"

I placed my hands up telling him I'm not getting involved,

Sandile hugged me from behind and heavy breath

Him: lest go put them down "

Me:by poison or strangulation"

We looked at each other and we bust out and laughed, with him by my side I can actually crack this Gogo thing.

We found the glass sculpture broken scattered on the floor,

" who did this!" Sandile asked with a commanding voice, while the twins pointed at each other

I want to bust out and laugh but were disturbed by a house buzzer going off



Me: great that must be the nanny "

Him: don't joke like that "

He said running to the monitor but miss Nozibusiso was holding the handle,

" who are you?" She asked

...

" no" She laughed

...

" you funny "

...

I looked at Sandile and he looked at me and strung his shoulders

Him:baby who are you talking to? "

Nozibusiso: Gogo Rose friend"

My heart skipped a beat, Sandile took the phone from Nozibusiso and answered

" How did you get this number?"

...

I quickly called the kids to me, because the tone of his voice scared the shit out of me

Sandile: why?"

...

Sandile: don't bull shit me!!! "

...

There was a long pause as Sandile looked at me busy listening to whatever is said on the receiver, he breathed out loud and made his way to the security monitor on the wall, and pressed a button, and dropped the call.

Me: who is that? "

Him: Muntu! "

I popped my eyes open what the fuck is he allowing that bitch in!

Him: I think what she has to say you need to hear it! "

\*\*\*Blackmail\*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I did not like this one bit, my gut feeling told me that whatever Sandile will let through that door will turn my life upside down, something told me that the visit from Muntu that came out of the blue was not right. But this feeling was quieter than anxiety a low hum of a household dryer as opposed to a shrieking kettle,

" I came to inform you that Oyama is dead "

I found myself smiling at that thought but what if she says

" he is on a run again...!!"

These pieces of false information downright tormented me. questions after questions in my head with no answers led to a different type of anguish. Intuition became my obsession. I wanted to know whether the voice I was hearing was fear, anxiety, my gut, or something else...

I'm shaking, sweating I almost jumped as I felt a tinny hand holding mine, I looked down and the little girl smiled.

Me: my beautiful Munchkin's please go to the garden and pick me beautiful flowers " I said to the twins,

Nozibusiso: beautiful like a Rose?"

I smiled and kissed them on the cheek and they ran off,

Sandile opened the door letting Muntu in,

She walked in and our eyes locked, I folded my arms and gave her that look that says what you have to say and get the fuck out!

" Rose!"

She said making herself comfortable on the couch

Me: what do you want?"

Her: you need to sit down for this!"

Me: bitch just say what you bloody have to say and get out of here!"

Her: Ginger was short twice one bullet went through her abdomen, and she experience a lot of blood loss, her surgery made things worse and she needed a blood transfusion, which kind of helped but her being anemic, her blood transfusion cause a lot of complications, she was later diagnosed with Anaphylactic reaction... When the Dr tried to clean the blood off her system her body rejected the second surgery and now she is faced with TRALI - Transfusion-related acute lung injury

Me: and you telling me these big English words because...?

" she needs a donor," Sandile said softly

Muntu nodded

" The Dr did not pick up that her lung needs repairing, so she needs a match, " Muntu said looking at me

Me: you came to the wrong house I ain't no match "

Muntu: I know but I need you to inform someone who can "

I looked at her what weed is this old hag smoking?

" even if I can...which I won't! I would never help you, After the lying, the betrayal you two bought to my life?..."

I said looking deep into her eyes but her face changed, she was not here to beg me or ask me kindly she is here to blackmail me to do whatever she wants me to do.

Her: coming here was not for me to kiss your ass and beg you to do this, this was more of me reminding you that you are still Mrs. Ngeve...your husband took Ginger from her family when she was only 14, molested her, feed her drugs made her pregnant and later sold her for sex, I found her high as a kite when Oyama left her for you, I cleaned her up, and made her go back to school and you come back, Rose it's not even six months and she is back in a hospital bed yet again fighting for her life, because of you!!"

I swallowed looking down

Her: to you, she may be a whore, homewrecker, but to me, in my eyes, she is the girl that lost her innocence to the devil, a demon! your bloody husband...the father of your son!"

I stood there frozen this was not shock but it was more of Hypovolemic shock

my body just shut down, I could not hear anything or assert anything, I was feeling downtrodden to no extent of surviving

I finally looked at Muntu tears ran down my face,

Me: why you telling me this?"

"Because you need to know that this mass was created by you, and it's close to home than you think, so two girls from the same village... One treated like a princess the other as a slave, you see Ginger stayed with her mother and brother,

In a small village in Bergville called Emazizini..."

Me: what?"

Her: yep, her house was down the hill from your mother's house...'

Me: what?" I said holding my head feeling dizzy

She side smiled

"Oyama saw you first, loved you from the shadows, I remember one day we pass you by, you were coming from school, a figure like a model, so tall, so clean so perfect so

beautiful, I was in a car with Oyama, he looked at you and said "that girl I will make my wife one day"

And down the road a thick girl with a bucket of water on her head, dirty raggedy clothes, and barefoot, it took only a lousy R20 for Oyama to get her, promised her life she only dreamed off she then became Ginger... "

Me: ooh my God !'

my knees felt jelly but Sandile was quick to catch me before my head hit the floor,

Sandile: babe... Just breath "

Muntu: Ginger....her real Name is Nombulelo Sibiya... I believe your mother attends church with her mother...so it will be best, you, her homegirl to Inform her family that you found her...and she needs a donor "

Sandile: and if she says no?"

Muntu looked at me

Me: I can't because she has Oyama"



" smart girl, you see Rose knows the consequences to that, "  
Sandile: You have your man so what the fuck Muntu!"

Muntu: Ya I do but Rose legally she is still married to a  
foreigner... Married in community of property...

The Prosecutors has hard evidence of Oyama's crimes...he is  
after all the most wanted man in Africa,

As much as there are no charges brought against Rose, there is  
implied guilt by association. This means that although Rose may  
not be charged with any crime, she is still an ex-convict on  
parole, she is in danger of being swept away as collateral  
damage through civil asset seizure and forfeiture.

And her business is not that that clean so legally she may be  
associated with her husband's crimes and boom back inside!.

But with her luck, if not found guilty the jurisdiction of  
Community marital property will gets consumed by a TRO  
(temporary restraining order) which in the end turns out to be

permanent because the government can legally seize all assets may be held for either restitution or punishment. And trust me regaining her fair share of marital assets is next to impossible when this happens even if you can afford the best attorney in town. . . so she can't say No because I hold the keys to her money, her freedom... her life!"

I looked at Muntu with tears running down my face

" Why are you doing this to me ?"

Her: as you can see I got a lot on my plate, trying to get you out of jail, keeping Ginger alive, filing for motion that Oyama serve his sentence in South Africa....all I'm asking is for you to tell Ginger family that she is alive and needs medical help, it's a win-win-win situation"

I looked at her without saying a word

Her: hate me all you like I don't give a shit fact remains you are Oyama's wife...so fix some of your husband mas, who knows, this might help you get closure...

She threw her business card on the table and walked out,

\*\*\*I hate my mother \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I choose to not respond or stoop to her level. But take in the toxic words she throws at me.

Regardless of how many times I show her compassion, kindness, support, and love, that has not stopped her from verbally slapping me, on my one cheek, and when that cheek starts to burn I let her slap the other.

At times I look at my life and think of everything I have archived and I realized that having a mother like her has made me use her as my teacher in life, As much as I'm hurt, have been through the worst kind of depression and fighting suicidal thoughts caused by how my mother treats me, it's so strange that I have developed a deep sense of compassion for others, the importance of being kind, patience, emotional intelligence,

the strength of character and there isn't much anyone else I face in life that can say anything worse that will shake me.

I have learned how to handle difficult people. And try to mitigate the damage her behavior has done.

As much as Mangalisa wants to sort this shit we call a family out I know for a fact that my mother will never listen or better yet control her behavior. But I'm hoping that throughout this meeting it can teach him a lot about what I have endured and what I deal with.

I look at her and I want answers to why she hates me, a part of me understands it has little to do with me, and everything to do with her own psychological pain. I know I am an Obedient child, a good kind person, and that what she says is just an attempt to hurt me or make herself feel "better".

I was brought back from my thoughts as I heard Mangalisa laughing so hard,

" it's like you forget that she is the only person with a master degree in this house, She studied Pharmacy and Physiotherapy that to me makes her a Dr, so she is entitled to spoil herself... And from where I'm looking it's way overdue!"

Mangalisa said to my mother but the women turned and looked at me,

" shut up Mangalisa I'm not talking to you !"

Mom said looking at me

Fear crept in, I wish Mangalisa did not say that

Mangalisa: tough luck cause I'm talking to you, so what do you want from her? Is it the car? Her glow? Her watch?...or the fact that a few months away from you she gain weight?"

Ma: ooh I see what this is, so this thing came to my house and decided to turn you against me! ...Liyana unoSatane uyezezwa... Kakhe kahle ufunani la?"

Mangalisa: wow Ma, really... Don't you get tired of pulling this card of projection on Liya, your life is so miserable and instead of fixing it, you blame the only person who has to help you! Never leave your side, feed you, and take care of you! "

Ma: you don't know nothing about what I have to put up with!"

Him: I know that my father left because of you!! "

Ma: Mangalisa you starting to piss me off "

Mangalisa: iqiniso liyababa mommy dearest, look around you, you have no one, first dad left, I left and Liyana, but out of everyone that left you, you blame Liya for baba leaving! I know you hate that she achieved her goals without depending on a man or anyone, I know you hate that she gives you money instead of me... You desperately want to see her fail but your words, your insult only make her rise...so who is the devil between you two?"

I took a few steps back my head is screaming to walk out of this house but my feet feel like there are glue to the floor, Mangaliasa just dropped the microphone, the house is quiet, and if looks could kill I will be long dead judging from the look my mother is giving me,

Ma: what did you say?"

Mangalisa: you heard me... So let's cut the bull shit and place all our cards on the table... I'm tired of this... You like it or not we going to hush everything out and fix this family you have destroyed"

Mangalisa looks at me and he sees that my heart is beating in my throat

Him: hey look at me "

I feel his touch on my arms my eyes slowly look up at him

Him: I got you ok "

I bite my lip nodding

And right on queue, my mother started screaming, she started with the name-calling directly thrown at me.

Her: ooh cut off the melodrama bullshit!... Liyana! You enjoy this, you just could not stand seeing me connecting with my son, you are so toxic, you have poisoned my son against me!!..."

" melodrama!!" That name again, I felt tears run down my eyes this name just reminded me of When I was a young girl, I fought bitterly with my mom and often said terrible things to her. I am sure I told her I hated her on one occasion, but after one of them, provoked beyond belief, she said she hated me, too. . . It was perfectly understandable that I hated her. I was in

the seventh grade, and there is no better time for mom-loathing than that. But she hated me back?!!!

Were mothers allowed to say that? Were they allowed to feel that? Was it true, even in part? The danger of putting certain things into words is that they never go away. They cannot be unsaid. I already believed I was unlovable, and now I had new evidence to stew over. What kind of vile creature is hated by her own mother?

As I dropped down on the couch feeling deezzy

“Oh for God’s sake, Liya ” I picture my mother saying, with a heavy sigh, “still with the melodrama?”

She might not know this but to me, Words on any topic had terrible power over me. No matter how much I disagreed with them, how fast I flew to the opposing camp, how vigorously I discredited her values, her pronouncements and commandments felt inescapable.



I know she wouldn't remember that this event happened years ago the same words she used to pull my self-esteem down, she might even claim that it never happened and it's all in my head because we all know that My mother is a complete narcissist. Can never admit she's wrong, needs to control everything, according to her she knows everything

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yells at people liberally, and at me even more.

" what have I done to you?"

I said softly, no one heard me due to the arguing that was going on between mom and Mangalisa

" WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH!!!"

I screamed with tears in my eyes looking at her, I felt like my soul left my body, I haven't released anger like that in my entire life.

Me: I don't know how to love because my own mother has never taken the time to love me or care for me, you see me as a failure, a disappointment when I have archived so much in my life, all I ever did was for you, was for this family, !85% of my salary goes to the countless bills I pay for you! Spar days, book

clubs, shopping and brunch with your society friends, you driving my car that I'm still paying for, while I take taxis to work every day, I had to work two jobs!!!! to keep up with your demands, end of the day I am called uSatana!!!?... "

She looks at me, in disbelief I have never raised my voice at her like I did today, it's so sad that I used to see her as this loving mother as a kid, but as I've grown older, and seen things much more clearly and seen her true colors. I've grown to like her as a person less and less, to the point that I'm repulsed by her.

Her: Liyana who are you talking to like that!!!?"

Me: I'm tired of you of this family, ever since baba left im your punching bag!!!"

Her: the day I gave birth to you was the day I also felt tired, you came out looking like him, acting like him, you ruffle your wings in my face every chance you get about you spending your money, who the fuck asked you!!!, I gave you life, raised you, my marriage failed and I still became your mother, feed you, shelter over your head, and you decide to come to my house and tell me you are tired!!! you ungrateful bitch "

Mangalosa" Ma, what's wrong with you!!!"

Ma: ooh what do you want me to do, say sorry? I gave Liya everything wenzanjani yena ran away from home, even now I don't even know where she lives..."

Mangalisa:God damn it ma! I ran away from home because of you too!!!...."

Ma: I guess the apple does not fall far from the tree like father like kids "

Mangalisa:Ma this is getting on my last nerve now you constantly talk and act as if my dad wasn't worth for anything when he used to provide for us and took you from the slumps and gave you this big home and many luxuries. But in your eyes, he was just an all-around shitty person!!"

Her: oowu Jehova ngabola amathumbu...khathi ngizala nina... You going to side with that man, that man who left us with nothing! Liyana is this what you want? Braking this family apart? Feeding Mangalisa with lies!!"

" out of everything, you can call me, you calling me a bitch?"

She clicked her tongue not answering me

Me: this makes sense now I'm a bitch because I was born by a female dog too"

Her: " WENJA! WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO LIKE THAT!!??"

I laughed shaking my head as I stood up, This set me off, and when I say I yelled, I fucking YELLED. Like off the top of my lungs, pure fury. I don't think I've ever gotten this pissed before.

Me: EVERY FUCKING TIME I SPEAK WITH YOU ITS CONSTANT CRITICISM!! HOW CAN AN OLD PERSON LIKE YOU TALK SO MUCH FUCKING BULLSHIT,

YOU WERE NEVER A MOTHER TO ME, BABA LEFT WHEN I WAS TEEN, I FEED MYSELF, I PULLED MY OWN BLANKET WHEN IT WAS COLD, THE HOUSE IS LISTED UNDER MY NAME SO GUESS WHAT? I SHELTERED YOU,

YOU KNOW I DON'T BLAME MY FATHER FOR LEAVING YOU, NO HUMAN CAN STAND YOU, EVEN YOUR OWN CHILDREN HAVE ABANDONED YOU, YOU ARE ALL ALONE, SERVES YOU RIGHT BECAUSE YOU ARE A HYPOCRITE

HIDING BEHIND YOUR LIES AND FAKE LIFE, YOU ARE A MISERABLE, BITTER AND HEARTLESS, I HOPE YOU DIE ALONE BECAUSE I'M DONE!

AND WHEN YOU ALL ALONE REMEMBER THIS MOMENT,  
BECAUSE THIS IS THE LAST YOU WILL SEE OF ME! OOH, WHEN  
YOU TALK BAD ABOUT MY DAD AGAIN, REMEMBER THAT  
YOU MADE HIM LIKE THAT, YOU FAILED TO KEEP A MAN, YOU  
FAILED TO RAISE YOUR, KIDS, YOU FAILED TO PAY YOUR OWN  
BILLS, MAINTAIN THIS HOUSE, YOU NOTHING BUT A BLOOD-  
SUCKING DEMON, AN UNEDUCATED NARROW-MINDED  
VILLAGE GIRL WHO CAN'T DO SHIT FOR HERSELF!!!

**\*\*Light Out \*\*\***

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Few slaps on my face, and boom im down as she starts to strangle me,

" I hate you! I wish you were never born! That busted loved you more than he loved me... You got everything the love, the money the bloody house! ... I hate you!!!!"

I'm on the floor choking to death I can't breathe I try to push her off me but she is too heavy, Mangalisa pulled her off me but mother got his face with an elbow, as I tried to stand up her hands are on me again, she pushed me so hard that I felt like I was flying as my head landed on the coffee table and that was lights out for me.

I'm in a cold place so cold that I started shivering, but there was noise around me, I could hear voices are far but when I slowly

opened my eyes the voices slowly became loud and clear, as I attempted to open my eyes the

the light was too bright so I shut my eyes closed again, now the noise was clear I could hear familiar voices

" Dr tell me if she is ok?" That was Mangalisa voice

Dr: I'm sorry that information will need to be given to her family "

Mangalisa: yes we are her family im her brother "

Dr: I'm sorry but non of her medical record is noted that she has family, the only person noted here is her fiancee "

" WHAT???"

My mother loud voice asked with so much anger,

Mangalisa: there must be a mistake... This right here is Liyana Ziqubu, look at my driver's license we share the same surname, she is my blood sister! she is not engaged!!"

Dr: I'm sorry but I have to ask you to leave!!"

Ma: Heeeeh so she has a fiance... Yoooh losathane wengane ulobolwephi? Esezobhala ama doda as her emergency contact!!"

" I NEED EVERYONE TO GET OUT NOW!!!"

The room became quiet as much as my eyes are closed and I have this banging headache that was agonizing every time I try to open my eyes, my sense of smell was working perfectly fine, my heart skip the beat, his here I could smell his cologne that filled the room, my handsome man just made a grand entrance.

Ma: What? ... You ... You are....oooh my God are you...King..."

Ntsika: why was I not notified about her being in the hospital?"

Mangalisa: who the fuck are you "

Ma: Mangilisa don't speak like that too..."

Dr: I'm sorry sir but..."

" What happened to her? "

I felt my body tingle as his voice approached me, I felt him hold my hand, his looking at me, damn it why are my eyes so heavy



Dr: Mr. Bhengu Liyana had an accident, looks like she bumped her head on a very hard sharp object "

Ntsika: Liya is not clumsy, and no way could she just slip and fall, so who bloody pushed her? "

Dr: we don't really know what happened but her head ..."

Ntsika: shut up! I was not talking to you!!"

The room became quiet, I felt Ntsika run his hands on my face, and down to my neck,

Him: you bloody bitch you laid your hand on her?..."

He chuckled not because this was funny but he is boiling with anger, ooh shit, baby please don't do anything stupid they are not worth it

Him: you strangled her, and when you saw that was not enough to kill her you pushed her!!!"

Ma: no it was not like that my...."

Him: And wena Mangalisa you were there and you allowed this woman to put her filthy hands on her!!!" Ntsika roar in anger,

"Look Mfethu this is a family matter I don't give a shit who you are but get the fuck out!"

Mangalisa said ooh shit he just made things worse, Ntsika chuckled yet again I felt him let go of my hand, damn it open your eyes Liyana, and stop this fight that's about to happen.

Ntsika: family!!!! you call this shit family???, where we're you when she was diagnosed with depression

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spend weeks in psycho ward because she was suicidal, where when your when your mother took her credit card and spend it on clothes and wigs and makeup, where the fuck were you when your mother took her car, made her use public transport, did you even know that she had to work in a strip club so that she can pay endless debt caused by this wet dog you call a mother, you live in an apartment with a view of the table mountain in Cape Town, while your sister lives in a rented house in a township with a view of a local tavern, you talk about family? You n, not even man enough to take care of one, today she came to see you, to talk to you, God damn it!!!! and you handed her to this blood sucking vultur!!! Look at her and tell me if this is what you want for her!!!!"

I slowly opened my eyes and noticed that Ntsika is close to punching my brother, mother was holding her mouth she had tears in her eyes, I don't think she was crying for me or what she did but crying because of how the realities of who Ntsika is too me.

I looked around and notice Mangalisa holding his head, Ntsika was screaming kicking everyone out, the Dr stood there with his file on his chest, ain't he supposed to keep the peace

Ntsika: don't just stand there get these shitheads out of here NOW!!!!"

Me: Ntsika..." My voice finally came out,

He moved so swiftly towards me you could not even tell that he has a nomadic condition on his legs

Him: Sthandwa sami "

He engulfed me with a hug making my head throb even more,

Me: ouch..."

Him: I'm sorry... "

I faintly smile, I looked at my brother and mother being escorted out by bodyguards I'm guessing they are with Ntsika, my mother looked at me with regret or shame whatever it does not shake me,

Him: what happened?..."

He asked me but quickly screamed at the Dr " why are her eyes like this, ... What's wrong with her???"

I placed my hand on his cheek

Me: I'm fine "

Ntsika: did you do a cat scan, does she have internal bleeding? bloody talk to me!!... Is my son ok?"

Me: BHENGU PLEASE!"

he breathe out loud and closed his eyes,

Dr: she has a minor skull fracture, intracranial hemorrhage, we still running tests but her collapsing was due to lack of oxygen to the brain, and yes we did a scan there is no internal bleeding sir... And I'm glad to say that you have strong growing baby sir"

Me: what?"

Him: and why is her beautiful eyes blood red?"

Dr: that is what we call Hyphema may cause Blurry cloudy vision for few days and will soon dissolve and that red tint in her eyes she needs to be looked at by her optician...she might need to use glasses in the future"

Me: what son?"

I said looking at Ntsika and the Dr, but I felt like I'm mute as they talked to each other and disregarded my presence

Ntsika: I'm going to ask you this again..."

The Dr laughed shaking his head

Dr: your highness she is fine and she needs to stay like that especially in her condition, so no stress, no bumps to the head, and she needs to be away from the toxic environment "

Ntsika: I will make sure of that "

Me: what condition ?"

The Dr looked at me with the most biggest smile

"congratulations Ms. Ziqubu you are three months pregnant..."

I looked at Ntsika, no!...no...i can't be pregnant....his smiling ear to ear, that irritating smug I hate the most that say I told you so, I felt my head spinning or was it this head injury but all I was able to hear was Ntsika saying

" baby breath... My love look at me, God damn it Liya... Shit!"

And it was light out for me yet again.

.

\*\*\* Mam-Ntungwa\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I looked at my laptop biting my cheek I want to press send but how can I do it, how can I just end my career like that? End it for a man?

I stood up and started walking around my apartment, I pick up my phone and I called the only person who can help me with this predicament

" wow! she is alive!"

I sat on the window seal and looked at the beautiful building outside my flat

Me: Sawbona Ma"

Her: urg don't sawubona mina, lalela I need you home next week"

Me: mama I did not call you for that "

Her: I can't get hold of you so luckily for me you called, siwasha amafosholo next weekend"

Me: ama...what?"

Her: just get here and you will see what it is "

I rolled my eyes

Me: sure mama I will be there "

Her: awu siyabonga mam-Ntungwa"

Me: what? Why are you calling me like that?"

She laughed out loud

Her: because finally, I can expect grandchildren from you"

Me: what? Ooh hell no ma!"

Her: then tell me what's the reason for this call?"

Me: mama?"

Her: mmmm I thought as much "



I place my hand on my face feeling embarrassed

Me: can I please speak to my mother, not ukhokhovula who sees everything "

She busts out and laughed,

Her:you call me that now, will see when I die who will inherit this power "

Me: obvious uMwali !"

Her: mmmm look at how in denial  
you just quickly became ?"

I laughed out loud Jesus speaking to my mother is always a breath of fresh air, I can spend months without talking to her, and when we finally do it's like we never lost touch

Her: so phuma nazo, what the reason for your call?"

Me: so I meet someone "

Her: mmmm now that interesting"

Me: mama I know you already sensed it, just tell me if what I feel is real or just an infatuation?"

Her: baby you know very well that my calling does not work like that, "

Me: kodwa mama?"

She breathes out loud

Her: ok what I sense is that you are happy, conflicted but happy, so I'm guessing he makes you happy... But you have doubts about him right?"

I ran my hands on my eyes

Me: many doubts mama"

Her: you are my daughter and your brain can not function that much, you only have one doubt..which is your doubts about yourself, more of your behavior towards your partner that you are projecting. And knowing you, I know it must be ' Trust' so, If you doubt that you can't trust your partner, is it possible that deep down you aren't sure if he can trust you?"

Me: I hate it when you're so right!"

I mumbled while frowning

Her: look babe you are a grown woman now, I don't have to teach you about love, I think you know how to feel it... But I have a feeling that this, what you feel is not about love, more about if loving this guy is the right thing or not "

I bite my lip nodding as if she can see me, we both kept quiet for a while

Me: mama can I ask something ?"

Her: anything my baby "

Me: you loved Mtungwa right?"

Her: yes and I don't think I will ever stop"

I smiled thinking how sweet that sound

Me: you two came from different backgrounds right?"

Her:yes we did "

Me: he was a rebel politician, while you were just a church girl, so when you meet how did that work out?"

She breathes out loud

Her: Most people assume that since I was dating the wrong guy, he will never be capable of being a great man and, certainly, he was not the right man for me especially with my background and being seen as a "good innocent girl".

Me: but you made it work "

Her: yes because our love was not for them but for us, and we accomplished that"

Me: that sound like a beautiful love story "

She laughed

Her:look Lethu, It's common for a "good girl" like you to constantly feel attracted to the bad boys and vice versa. It certainly makes for an exciting beginning, as two opposites attract and ignite the love hormones like no other combination!

Good girls follow the rules or should I say don't get caught if they break them. They're intelligent, friendly, honest, often overly accommodating, responsible

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and trustworthy.

Some people would argue that good girls are really bad girls who have not been caught... But either way, it's fun running with the pack of wolves."

Me: what are you trying to say?"

Her: that There's nothing wrong with pursuing what you're heart desires, it can be for a fun dating experience, a hot one-night stand, or even a long-term exclusive and healthy relationship. So my answer to you is that yes, it's possible that "a guy from the other side" might end up being the "great man" you marry!

But first, you got to understand that it's not always fun, I was married to that kind of a man, so beware of the mood swings, because your typical bad boy tends to run hot and cold. He's spontaneous and will swoon you into a risky dose of sexual passion only to follow that up with an emotionally aloof cold shoulder.

understand that these "dangerous Men" are men who are confident, honest, assertive, and don't sweat the small stuff because they're oh-so-certain they have it all under control.

So Lethu be careful love him with your eyes open and never be afraid to walk away when it gets too much! "

Me: his asking me to quit my job mama "

Her:Being in the military was not your passion but your escape, maybe it's time you find what you are passionate about and stop chasing pavements and running away "

I nodded as if she can see me,

Me: mom I have to go "

Her: next week I need you home njalo! "

Me: I will be there! Bye mama"

I dropped the call after we said our goodbyes,

While I was wrapping my head on what my mother told me I heard my door open,

" mam Ntungwa!!!!"

I pop my eyes open didn't my mother call me like that a few minutes ago?

"Mam-Ntungwa!"

Me: yebo "

I said walking out of my bedroom I found Mlondi in my house with four other guys, Samkelo, Impi and the other two I forgot their names, Mlondi stood in front of me, He looked at me from head to toe

Him: go put on some clothes we have guest"

He kissed my forehead, I looked at myself, I was wearing shorts and a sport bra, what the fuck?

Me: not happening! "

Him: angizwangwa?"

I rolled my eyes and walked past him,

Me: sanibona " I greeted the guys,

They greeted me back,

" awu sawubona...Mam Ntungwa wakhe" ooh lord this name is going to stick I can feel it.

I felt Mlondi hands around my waist he wrapped a throw around my waist

Me: what the fuck?" I said looking at him, the guys started laughing

Mlondi:Mam - Ntungwa ngilambile... ngcela ukudla "

Me: Mlondi what is this ?" I said through my teeth

Him: you left my house in the wee hours, not even bothered leaving me incwadi encane, knowing very well that I'm wounded, I thought you said you take care of me, nurse me to health,"

I pop my eyes open looking at him

Him: so before I faint and die ngcela uwaqazise ekhishini Sthandwa sami"

He spanked my ass and pushed me towards the kitchen, he then made his way to the couch, I look at this guy watching soccer in my living room, there are Heineken beer cans on my coffee table, and Impi is smoking on my balcony, I look at Mlondi in disbelief what just happened?

.



\*\*\*Running with a pack of Wolves\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

There are lots of traditionally “female” tasks that I’ve never quite gotten a grasp on walking in very tall heels, putting on eyeliner, wearing flattering pants. But while I’m okay with my fashion and beauty choices leaning toward the whatever-is-easiest option, there’s one arena where feminism be damned, I feel guilty for failing to live up to my “womanly” duties, and that’s the domestic sphere.

Since I started dating Mlonzi he has hinted countless times to me that he loves an allrounder of a woman, a freak under the sheets, the lady on the street, and domesticated women.

I’ve realized that the two points he needs from his women I have mustard and the last one I know for a fact that I am outclassed, I am domestically challenged when it comes to cooking, cleaning, decorating, and all things related to keeping

a home looking like, well, a home. I didn't grow up learning about those kinds of tasks. Mostly because I was born in a house where there were maids and housekeeper

Sure, my mother and I did laundry, vacuumed, and washed dishes, it was not doing it because we have to, more as we did it for fun to catch up, and I paid no attention to the chores at hand, things were more often haphazard than immaculate. My boyfriend, however, takes after his mom I think, Mlondi is so polished, I lovingly refer to him as a "neat freak." He objects to the term, but I consider it 100% accurate. He gets antsy if even one bed pillow cushion is astray. I've gone to the bathroom and returned to find he's folded the blanket I was using mere moments ago. His closet is color-coordinated, and I bet he can cook, course ya he did make me breakfast on one occasion, and there is me,? Well, I'm the exact opposite. I can hard-boil eggs and make noodles, and that's about it. I toss my belongings wherever is most convenient and don't care if a stray pile of mail sits on a living room chair for days or weeks or months, if I'm being honest, thank God for emails that had helped me with less paper clutter. I've never purchased a bed, couch, or any other furniture, instead, I buy or rent an apartment that is fully furnished, I make my bed when we're having company,

but otherwise actually prefer to climb back into my already nicely rumpled sheets.

And this man knowing the kind of woman I am decided to bring friends along and demanded me food!

I jumped a bit as the loud roar of laughter shook the house, my guy is busy shouting at the T.V and God can this guy swear at each other.

I hold my kitchen counter breathing in, Lord what have I gotten myself into?

I tried calling Liya but her line is on voice mail, damn it!

So what do you feed hungry Zulu man? I looked at the frozen lamb chops in front of me, I bite my lip thinking will this be enough?

" urg fuck this!"

I took my phone out from my pocket and ordered food

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I took my wine bottle and started drinking from the bottle, I leaned over the counter and looked at my social media on my phone, yooh Mbali and Jisha are trending again

The LGBT community has rated them the couple of the year, I smiled looking at one caption with them in an all-white party states that they are "Goals" I smile and sent my comment

~~ I'm glad that Mbali Found a heart that will love her at her worst and arms that will hold her at weakest, you two are the couples that are meant to be, the ones who go through everything that is meant to tear them apart, and come out even stronger #goals~~

"Hahyi hahyi Mam-Ntungwa kunamododa lendlini and wena udunusile nje"

I rolled my eyes at him, he moves closer to take the throw from the kitchen counter

Me: you put that think over my waist one more time and I will shoot your hands"

I said without looking at him, he raised his hands surrendering, he slowly moves towards me, more like limps to stand behind me,

Him: I would like this view to be for my eyes only "

He said running his hands on my ass, he place his hands on my waist and started dry humping me making me giggle

Me: stop it!"

He rested his body on top of my back,

Me: mmmm Mlondi you heavy "

Him: where is my food " he said biting my ear, I pop my eyes open shit, I suddenly felt inadequate that I don't have a simmering pot of something delicious bubbling on the stove,

Him: Lethukuthula " he said stepping away from me,

I slowly turned around to look at him, God his so tall and intimidating

Him: mmm"

Me: it's coming "

Him: ini?"

Me: babe the meat is frozen and... "

Him: and what?"

Fuck! I bite my lip thinking of a lie,

I found myself grappling with a strange mix of guilt and shame around not being more domestic. I suddenly mentally compared myself to who I imagined his ex-girlfriend to be. I wondered if he missed having a partner who'd spend her weekends creating grand edible concoctions rather than lying curled up making crazy love under the sheets or fighting even worst shooting each other.

I pouted as I felt a discomfort stemming from feeling like I don't measure up to what I "should" do for my Men. Lord knows I want to be more of a Martha Stewart than a Max on 2 Broke Girls. But I have a feeling my fantasy version of myself as a domestic goddess will remain just that — a fantasy.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and looked up at him, I pouted my lips giving him my cute puppy look

Him: yoo usuqalile "

Me: I'm not in a mood for cooking "

I lied I don't know how to cook but I will keep that to myself for now, while I take an online course to upskill myself

Him: Mam-Ntungwa I'm still very much hungry "

He said looking at me with his so seductive eyes, My phone beeped and I beamed

Me: Then let me feed you babazi "

I said jumping off him,

Him: you walking around naked!!"

Me: hhayi suka "

I said waving my hand off him, he stood there shaking his head, I collected the food from the delivery guy and made my way back to the kitchen to plate it up, I found Samukelo and Mlondi talking softly, their facial expressions said it all, something is wrong.

Me: what's wrong? "

Mlondi looked at me, and then back at Samukelo

He then pulled me by my hand and dragged me to my bedroom, I was still shocked that how quick that was since he was limping and all, he pushed me to the bed and banged the door, and locked it

Me: what?"

He looked at me not saying a word, God this look again, the very same look he gave me when he told me about his true identity

Me: Mlondi you scaring me "

He ran his thumb on his lip looking at me

Me: Mlondi Mani just say it!!" I said banging the bed

Him: what I'm going to ask you, you better not lie to me. . . because ..."

He bites his lip,

Right there I knew that I'm not speaking to Mlondi but the ruthless Shaka Zulu, the side of Mlondi that scares me the



most, I swallowed looking at him as he came forward and place two of his hands on my side pressing the Mattress, caging me in his hold while looking at me straight into my eyes

Him: in your report that you sent to Muntu did you tell her about me?"

Me: what was there to tell when I only knew who you were 24 hours ago"

Him: I need to see all your reports "

Me: Mlondi I just gave you my word, why do I feel like you don't trust me? "

Him: I asked you to choose a side Lethukuthula"

Me:and I did! I chose you!!!"

Him: me who?"

Me: all of you, Mlondi! The good, the bad, the ugly all of you God damn it!"

Him: then why you haven't sent your resignation letter..."

I looked at him with an ew expression, how the fuck did he know that?

Him: not only that but why is that few hours with you away from me there is suddenly a headhunt sent for me by your boss! "

I dropped my mouth open

Him: tell me you are not part of this Lethukuthula!"

He said grinding his teeth he is mad very mad, ooh shit the animal is out.

### \*\*\*Self Destructive Behavior\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

During these few days in the hospital, I have learned that Oyama was caught he is held in a very high-security cell, I have had detectives coming in and out of my ward asking me questions about my relationship with Oyama, frankly, what do I say when all of this people have already labeled me as a hooker.

I know that the word has gone out most probably in newspaper and TV that the Nigerian drug lord was caught in his brothel surrounded by his whoes and pimps. knowing my share of bad luck that always followed me everywhere I'm most probably on the front page of every publication. And the Dlamini family ooh lord they are probably digging my grave as we speak. Not only did I drag my name to the smelly gutters but since I was once a wife of the most high-profile family in KZN I have definitely tainted their name yet again.

"Ms. Msimangu your mother said she is not going anywhere till she sees you "

The nurse said I just looked at her and turned on my side, giving her my back, this day I just want to be locked away, not speak, not be seen, not be judged, and definitely not be reminded of how much of a disappointment I am.

I feel sorry for my mother, shame the poor thing had unrealistically high expectations of me, which I couldn't meet consistently, so that made me a disappointment in her eyes. It seems to me that parents who have a lot of narcissistic traits tend to view their children as an investment, and they expect that investment to pay off, or they view their child like a prize poodle that is supposed to win at all the dog shows, so they, the owner, will have lots of blue ribbons and trophies to display.

" But miss Msimangu..."

Me: get the fuck out!!"

The nurse sigh and walked out, I know I can't keep this attitude in a public hospital and I know shutting everyone out is not going to get me anywhere, especially since I have no place to go once I'm discharged from this place.

But the thought of having my mother walk in here crying and quoting Bible verses about how I have humility her is the last thing I need when I already feel like shit as well.

Tears run down my face, as my soul tries to break through these chains,

So with no background to fall back on too I might as well start drawing a pentagram on my forehead and try to invoke Satan, saying some sort of prayer.

But guess what even 'HE' don't give a shit about me. No creature with hooves and horns came to visit me my time and of despair

You ask yourself why I'm thinking of selling my soul to the devil, is it another easy escape? a quick way to make it to the top, not by a long shot I just can't love myself because I am my own worst enemy and I don't forgive my enemies.

I know if I should confess this statement to my psychologist he will probably laugh because he himself will not understand my twisted mind. He may even start comparisons for example, like there are so many diseases and suffering in this world and this idiot cries about being a failure, being humiliated, and not amounting to anything.

Ooh, fuck it! Just as I don't understand the pain and anxiety of dying patients, so why would the common people understand the depression, anticipatory anxiety, and misery I have been carrying for my whole life? Yet again I'm the talk of the town, hated by many...a laughing stock.

My angry thoughts boil down to meltdown as the rape scene, the beating, the shooting, the car crash come flooding back on my face, I held my mouth crying

'Lubanzi '

oh how I wish I was by his side, Lord knows I feel there is so much left unsaid between me and him if he?... Ooh God no, please. I love him still. While I know I was no good for him, but my love was real. It's not a switch I can turn off or on. I am so

terrified that he might die without either one of us ever having the chance to say we're sorry for the failed relationship. I want to tell him I love him, to say I'm sorry, to wish him well to set him free because his love for me will destroy him.

I'm so so so brokenhearted, mostly because I'm the cause,  
THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF HE JUST STAYED  
AWAY!

Where was Nelly? why didn't she stop him, If she truly loved him, she should have?

I wish I knew the status of his condition, my mind is boiling with distress the man that I love almost died trying to save me

I say almost died because I know for a fact that he is still alive because his father has not come to my hospital room and placed a pillow over my face smothering me to death!

The pain I feel on my entire body does not come even close to what I feel in my heart, I'm sick to my stomach thinking of the place Lubanzi found me in.

What has become of me, I mean I Lived a stinkin' good life. How could I be so stupid and destroy my loving home?... blinded by lust, for the love of Christ my mother is mom mfundisi, I have a college degree, I had one shot to turn my life around and I blew it by chasing pavements, how I wish I can save my self from my self... Because this is not a life at all.

I cry silently as regret, shame wash over me.

I heard the door opening, I'm too drained to wipe my tears now, so I let them flow, there is no movement inside my room but I know someone is inside.

" I said go away "

The room became quiet I can feel somebody present, I realized that whoever is here is not a nurse no it was a Dr,

I slowly turned and my eyes landed on her, she looked at me with a blank expression, she was wearing a body-hugging Ndebele print dress just above the knee, white takkies, she has matching beads on her wrist and gold watch, her face has minimum or no makeup at all, her glow was immaculate and her natural black hair was so thick, rich and healthy in that halo



twist hairstyle she is rocking, the woman is beautiful... Good lord The woman looks like me.

Her: " sawubona Nompumelelo"

She greets me with her small voice, so polite so ladylike

Her: may I take a seat"

Me: How did you get in here?"

She set down folded her smooth legs,

Her: I have my ways "

Me: ufunani?"

It came out as a shout

Her: impakamo sisi, your ego, your I don't care attitude, your self-righteousness and pride It will sweep the ground under your feet, for a moment you will fly...fly high up in the sky only when the wind is in your direction.

Once the wind changes its direction, your flight in that blue sky when you were soaring high above the clouds just near heaven will end!

You will lose control, your wings will tear themselves as you atone for your power. And you will start falling without bidding adieu to the clouds, and without your parachute, you'll fall freely under the gravity with no one to hold you except the ground you betrayed to achieve the unknown. . .That feeling, when knowing you were all-powerful and feel absolutely powerless like a scrap of paper that was used and thrown away is something, its something you will remember for eternity and for you that moment is now,

Look Mpume I'm not here to fight with you to judge you or to give you a mouth full about right or wrong, but I'm here as your only sister, so stop pushing me away because angiyi ndawo manje!"

I looked at her and my tears ran down my face,

Me: I need you to go " it came out as a whisper

Her: and then what? Nompumelelo... Do you think I wasted money traveling all the way from Ngonyameni to KZN just to say, ok I tried...bye"

Me: what do you want Veli????"

Her: I want you to stop this self-destructive behavior!!!"

She shouted, her voice came down with tears from her eyes

Her: you selfish idiot! you are all I got and you keep... Damn it Mpume just stop!... Sekwanele sisi, just stop"

She said wiping her eyes, and then she looked at me with glassy eyes, her eyes fixed right into mine, I saw something I have seen in my life, I don't know what happened but I felt something wanting to come out, I tried to hold it in, but it was overwhelming, overpowering me I held my mouth but my stomach tightened up, my lung bust out as I wailed out loud!

\*\*\* We Are Pregnant\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I woke up to a throbbing headache, I look next to me and notice Ntsika busy on his laptop his working again, I sat there motionless just looking at him, I swallowed thinking about what the Dr just disclosed to us

I did not plan this, yes I was stupid I should have known better, but when Ntsika is in between my thighs I lose all my senses, he Ignite a fire within me that I have never known I had, I immediately feel a whirlwind of emotion inside of me that I am nearly driven mad by my desire just the thought of the sound of his voice, his breath on me, the way he can make me wet with the way he kisses, he just knows how to kiss me the way I love to be kissed, Lord it's so remarkable how a simple kiss can reach every nerve in my entire body---how the fuck does he do that? There isn't a part of my body, inside and out, that hasn't been felt by him and still yearn for more.

God, I feel like a freak just having these wild thoughts, Never has anyone been able to even make me want sex the way that he does, and he does so without even trying. All it takes most times is the sound of his voice, or the warm air he will breathe on my neck just before he kisses me, God I love that. Never ever, have I wanted to make love to anyone slowly and with so much passion,

It's like God creates him just for me, to fulfill my wild desires, how can I explain how I love how he can be very gentle at all the right times and swiftly thrust harder and harder at all the right times, my body just submit to him as he makes me tremble at his slightest touch. He can fuck me with such fury, as I have always secretly desired, yet there is so much kindness in his eyes and a gentleness in his touch. The sweetness in his glance as he gazes into my eyes while he penetrates me...

Now I get why he said he is able not disable, this man can suspend me between two worlds, the innocent girl and the whorish tramp, leaving me lost in my desire to be both at once.

I hope he knows that he has found my treasure that one spot that can make me come over and over and over again, one that all others have been unable to find. At times, I think he must have put it there. I smile to myself, I look at his arms strong, muscular the arms that lift me up to hold me into place, I bite my lip as I think of how I love the way he feels when he's inside me! Those hands that run on my skin, those fingers that flick inside me. Mmm The way he touches me, it sends shivers up my spine and back down again. God his so perfect, I can't even describe the splendor when he put his tongue inside of me

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and not to mention that my fingers cannot replace the feeling of his deep within me.

As I'm lost in thought thinking about his fullness between my thighs. . . a hint of fear kicks in as I think about what our passion lovemaking has created.

I bite my lip regretfully, I was supposed to start birth control after outfits night together but decided not to because I just didn't want to deal with side effects, and finding the right one for me was just too much work.

As much as I had told myself to not make love to him during my fertile window, I broke that promise countless times lord knows I could not resist Ntsika, I relied on My app which said my period isn't due until the 18th, but I start having weird symptoms in place of my PMS, but I just thought it was this back and forth traveling I was doing the past months.

I can't believe that Ntsika knew about me being pregnant before I did, even so, I still went as far as convincing myself that his just paranoid, but this shit is real I'm Pregnant and I have been like this for a while now, Jesus what am I going to do with a baby?

I look stupid finding out so late. I don't even know how to feel, I feel like, the timing is bad.

I have a toxic family, his royalty, We live separately right now. We haven't had enough US time together before the whole have a baby thing, not forgetting we just started this thing not so long ago, I just don't know what to do or how to feel.

I ran my hand on my tummy and felt tears in my eyes,

"Hay "

He said next to me, He kissed my forehead and placed his hand on top of my hand making us touch our creation

Me: what am I going to do with a baby? "

Him: we are pregnant Liya me and you... We are expecting a baby, not you!... "

I sniffed and he wiped my tears

"Siyezwana? " he said kissing my forehead again

Me: Ntsika it has not even been a year with us dating and now this?"



He took off his shoes and asked me to shift making space for him on the bed, he climbed on the bed and spooned me.

Him: you know that I love you "

Me: Nts..."

Him: shooo let me finish "

I sigh and I allowed him to pull me close to him while he rest his head on my shoulder,

Him: I'm sorry love...I'm sorry I got you pregnant. Even though we never practice safe sex or ever careful when making love..."

Me: but Ntsika we talk about this"

Him: I think the time we talk about it you were ready pregnant "

Me: so it was intentional?"

Him: Liyana this baby was not a mistake, it was conceived out of love

Out love... I admit I may not be entirely ready to be a Dad or know how to be one, but I will try because I love you so much and that's just how life goes. I am not afraid to be a Dad if I have you in my life. . ."

He turned me around to look at him,

Him: Look I'm sorry I've put you in such a difficult place, but I want you to know that you have all my love and support, I will be there for you every step of the way. Whatever happens, I love you"

He kissed my lips and held me close, I could not help but close my eyes and feel his beating heart,

Him: how are you feeling?"

He said breaking the silence

Me: mmm"

Him: I really want to know how you feel about us being pregnant right now- what does your heart tell you? "

Me: I am just shocked... overwhelmed but mostly scared!"

Him: are you mad at me?"

Me: it takes two to tango?"

He laughed,

Him: well I guess Congratulations! To us"

Me: too soon Bhengu"

He chuckled

Me: so what's going to happen now? "

Him: mmm you're going to be growing my baby inside of you and the process is going to be painful. You're going to be changing, growing, and stretching. There are going to be things you won't understand, pains you've never experienced, and your hormones will be going nuts throughout the duration of all of this. For the next nine months, you're going to go through something that is both beautiful and agonizing. It will be the best thing you'll ever do and also the scariest, You might love it... but you might not. I can promise you that I will be grateful to you for the rest of our life for doing this hard thing not for me not for you but for our baby... Thank you for making me a father "

I looked up at him and smiled with tears in my eyes. . .

\*\*....Trust me!...\*\*\*"

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

I set outside the house to think but all I found myself doing is smoking instead, Muntu has placed herself on a very high pedestal, I laughed to myself, to think that she sees herself as the Queen now, with Oyama behind bars all of us have instantly become her puppet, do this do that or you will end up in jail,

Fuck! ... Yet all this year's I trusted that bitch, told her my darkest secretes in her shoulder while she was laughing at me looking at me as if I'm an idiot...

She holds all the cards and I'm forced to do as she says

" you still thinking?"

Sandile said standing next to me, he pulled the cigarette from my mouth and threw it on the floor, and stamped on it.

Him: Every minute you spend thinking about someone you don't like or complaining about someone you don't want to be around, it's 60 more seconds you give that person. When you dwell on negative people, you give them power over your thoughts."

Me: I should have killed her "

Him: it's would have been too easy, she is expecting that, if she dies whatever case she is constructing against you will be leaked "

Me:then I should sell my business and gain my power back "

Him: what?"

Me: it's a bar/ strip joint / car smuggling/poker night... I do more illegal activities there which will lead me back to jail "

Him: you did all of that to get power"

Me:power I needed to destroy Oyama, but now the guy is in jail, and now I have this woman who knows too much and wants to take me down "

Him: baby you are a black woman, Smart, strong and ambitious, you started a business that most men feared to start, you walked on the other side of the law, just a few seconds after

walking out of jail, not only were you smart on running such an establishment but you took it to greater highs, and that for me is being fearless, not only are you fucking amazing... You know your worth, you hold your own, and you powerfull... And most women will hate you for that, while some will envy you, you see Life is ten percent what you experience and ninety percent how you respond to it, If someone is affecting your emotions in an unhelpful manner, take positive action. Either change the situation or change how you respond to the situation... Never give them your power "

I bite my lip nodding

Me: so what do we do "

Him: we get ready to go to Bergville we have a life to save "

He said walking back inside the house,

Me: Sandile!"

I found him in our bedroom taking off his shirt

Me: how the fuck is that going to help us?"

Him: just like how Muntu said will happen "

Me: I can't believe this you actually agree to this?"

Him: Rose can we drop this shit please I hate talking about it more than you hate thinking about it!"

I breathe out loud and sat on the bed looking at him, this conversation is going nowhere he is more pissed than I am, and talking to him right now is like talking to brick wall.

Me: so how was your visit to the hospital?"

Him: Selby locked us out of Lubanzi hospital room "

Me: what?"

Him: yah that what I said but Zoe said the man is going through the most with his wife fighting cancer and now Lubanzi, it just too much for him?"

Me: ooh my God that so sad "

Him: if Zama dies, mmm may God forbid, I don't know how cold will Selby get...."

Me: people do beat cancer she will survive, don't think like that "

Him: mmm "

There was a moment of silence as he punched his phone, I'm not sure if he is mad

sad or just both this kind of a look I can not read.

Me: how is Banzi's condition?" I finally asked pulling him back to me

Him: he is now stable...the swelling in his brain is gone so the Dr's have hope "

he faintly smile but I could see in his eyes that he's not himself, a hint of guilt washed over me, words can not explain the excruciating pain I feel right now, I'm responsible for hurting him, for hurting his family, even though it was never my intention, but my heart is still shredded, knowing I am the cause of Lubanzi being in hospital

Him: don't do that?" He said looking at me



Me: I'm sorry... But I feel like this whole mess was created by me "

Him: stop blaming yourself for things that we're out of your control, you see Ruminating on the past is like waking up every morning and consciously putting on a hideous fashion trend that belongs back in an earlier decade. You have the power to make a deliberate choice to live in the now. Any event, negative or otherwise, belongs in the time period in which it occurred. The only direction you can move in is forward,"

Me: easier said than done "

He sat opposite me and held my hands

Him: Rose "

Me: I am sorry but I can't help but worry about the past, the future, and the now? I feel like my life is on a never-ending battle!"

Him: do you trust me "

Me: Sandile "

Him: just answer me "

Me: I do "

Him: let me help you take down Muntu"

Me:by killing her?"

I said smirking, he laughed shaking his head

Him: I am not opening up that portal of blood bath "

Me: then how are you going to do it "

Him: just trust me "

Me: my love I married a psychopath strange enough he loved me... And the people he hurt will want to hurt him so they can break him especially since now that his behind bars...what Muntu has started is just the beginning"

Him: I know but we can't kill them all, but we can instill fear and respect in them "

Me: Sandile I hear you talking but I don't hear you"

Him: you are my woman now you will see"

He winked at me and I smiled,

Me: So do you think that Muntu is doing this to get back at Oyama? Or she just hate me?"

Him: what the fuck do you care maybe she is Bipolar"

Me: Sandile!"

I playfully hit his shoulder, he ran his hands on my thighs and leaned forward to kiss me, and I kissed him back

Him: I will do whatever it takes to protect you, but I need you to stop thinking and worrying about this... Just trust me"

Me: why do I feel like you are up to something and you are not telling me?"

Him: mmm what makes you say that "

He said kissing my jawline

Me: Call it a women's tuition "

Him: I don't know what you talking about "

He said kissing my neck and pushing me on the bed getting on top of me but I held his head

Me: Sandile!"

He grunted and rolled over the bed,

Him: everything is still a puzzle for now but I need you to help Ginger out "

Me: what?"

Him: I need you to act like Muntu's puppet while I work on destroying her, "

Me: mmmm so you are going to kill her "

Him: no!... Stop putting words in my mouth..."

I side smiled as he kissed me and got on top of me, I felt hot needles of desire sear through me as our lips came to contact, it was a matter of time before he got me to my birthday suit, he trailed his fingers over my nipples, lust, and anticipation coursed through me, His movements were slow and sensual. With each thrust, I felt my body shudder, responding to the sheer eroticism of fulfilling my every fantasy...

we did the deed, and as always it was amazing, Sandile left me breathless trembling, I love how our bedroom prayer is always about me, him testifying me, and ooh boy those that leave me with the after-sex glow.

Mmmm Sex so good I was smiling from ear to ear as we walked out of the bathroom together, just thinking of our passionate moment on the bed in the shower, how his love washed over me and came tumbling back into my mind in technicolor. Mmm Sandile's fullness has definitely bathed me and dried me, then bound me gently, I press my lady lips together prolonging the moment damn I just can't get enough of him.

As I was lotioning my body he walks

in and opens his side drawer and hands me an envelop

Me: what is this?"

Him: I need you to serve Oyama with these divorce papers!"

I pop my eyes open! What the fuck?

\*\*\*Wild Goose Chase \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

"You see that was not hard "

He said rubbing my shoulders, I looked at my resignation letter go through, so this is how my life has come up too, I love a man so much that I threw my life away just because I have to prove to him that I chose him, I know that many people don't believe in love and second chances. Some people don't believe it even exists at all. But I do.

Love is all about chance.

I had the chance to know him the real him The Mloni Bhengu. That first time I saw him in the in guess station staring at me, I started to choose him. That first night we meet at the restaurant and took a long walk, talked for hours about nothing

and everything all at once I chose him. That first fight we had, after making love I thought I might lose him right then, when I shot him, and yet I chose him.

I kept choosing him over and over again after that.

Remember when we were young when they said that love is not complicated but so easy that it complicates things?

It's true. Love is all about our choices. Love is holding on even when it is so easy to let go when you have to. Love is choosing another's happiness even when it hurts or is confusing. Love is trying to smile away the pain because you know you just can't force things to be.

I had the chance to love him and so I did. I loved him on our best days. I loved him on our worst days. And he loved me too, made me happy,

Even when he doubted me, does not trust me but I still choose, I chose his happiness. . . when did the table turn? When did I become this shallow?

He kissed my cheek

Me: stop it "

I said moving his hands away from my shoulders and turning my face away

Him: so we going to fight about this? "

Me: your problem is that you don't trust me "

Him: hawu mamaMtungwa, Sthandwa sami ngisuke nje ngathatha ngo shukela..."

Me: urg shut up!"

He looked at me raising his eyebrow,

Me: I was also a puppet in Muntu plan"

I said throwing my USB at him



Me: that stick has all your details, the case, see for yourself that I had no information or whatsoever about you!!!"

Him: baby... "

Me: shut the fuck up and get out of my house "

Him: Lethu now you overreacting"

Me: overreacting!!! Don't bloody give me that bullshit... "

Him: you shouting and insulting me, there are people in the other room! "

Me: ooh! it was ok when you drag me across the room to lock me in this room intimidated me with your eyes, accusing me of doing something I did not do, fuck you Mlondi!!"

He grinded his teeth and looked at me, I was hoping not to cry but damn it these tears just ran down

Me: you just don't get it... No matter what I do what I say you will still think I'm with you to get you, damn It Mlondi... When I said I chose you I meant it, I chose you because you're perfectly imperfect, I chose you because you kiss away all of my fears. I

chose you because you have the most genuine heart. I chose you because you make reality better than any dream I ever had.

I don't give a damn about your past, about the man the world has painted you to be, because I know the real you... You asked me to choose sides and I told you I will be your Bonnie and you will be Clyde through everything, I said that without a doubt, without hesitation, without fear, and with every beat of my heart. . . but you going to stand here and accuse me of stabbing you in the back, for trying to kill you? how can I when I have fallen so deeply in love with you "

I said with tears running down my face,

" Fuck!" he punched the door, making me flinch,

Him: look mama Ntungwa ngiyaxolisa..."

Me: get out!!" I screamed

The knock-on my bedroom door made me turn my back at him, while I wiped away my tears

" Mlondi! ... " it was Samkelo knocking like a mad man on my bedroom door

Mlondi: not now!"

Samukelo: don't do anything stupid... Lethu has no part in this...  
Look just open the door so I can explain!"

Mlondi:" I'm kind of off in the middle of something!" He said  
moving towards me, and hugging me from behind,

Me: let go of me..." I tried to wiggle myself from his hold but he  
was too strong

Him:sphalaphala sami

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words can not explain the excruciating pain I feel right now,  
hurting you was never my intention, my heart is shredded,  
knowing I made you hurt and upset, and worst made you cry,

If only I could undo the mistake I made for doubting you, . . I  
just overthink even the slightest thing, and my weakness is that  
I quickly jump to conclusions, the thing is in my line of work I  
overanalyze the smallest of things and I'm sorry that you had to  
witness that side about me...please forgive me '

" Mlondi!!!" Samkelo shouted banging the door

Mlondi: fuck! ... " he cursed but Samkelo kept knocking or should I say banging my door calling him,

Mlondi breath out loud let go of me after kissing my neck and made his way to the door

Mlondi: yini!!!"

He sounded annoyed as he unlocked the door,

Samkelo: Lethu are you ok?" He said badging in my bedroom

Mlondi: hhayi ndonda you out of line now! what the fuck is it too you!!!"

Mlondi anger was just hard to hide from the tone of his voice, I know these two are best friends so I'm not going to be the cause of them fighting over something so petty

Me: I'm ok Sam " I said turning and facing them, Samkelo frown looking at my eyes

Sam: you made her cry!"

Mlondi looked at me and shook his head running his thumb on his mouth, he did the unthinkable and pushed Samkelo out of my bedroom, the funny thing is Samkelo is a big buffy guy and Mlondi is just tall and toned up, but he manage to throw him out!

Mlondi: what the fuck is wrong with you this is my girlfriend's bedroom what gives you the right to budge in as if you were the man of the house!!"

Me: Mlondi "

He turned and looked at me, that eye alone told me to zip it, good lord why does he intimidate me like this!

He continued to push Samkelo and slammed the door behind him, I sat on the bed trying to compose myself, but Mlondi loud voice made me jump up, I quickly walked out of the room, and I found Mlondi and Samkelo fighting, testosterone levels were high, fuck how do I stop this!

I looked around the room the other guys have left, damn it!

Mlondi: mama Ntungwa give us a moment "

Me: we got bigger problem and you two are busy acting like kids! Cut it off!"

They both kept quiet and looked at me in shock

Me: good now that is out of the way, let's get to business, you know that I did not leak any information to Muntu so who did?  
"

I asked Samkelo disregarding the angry look my man is giving me

Samukelo looked at Mlondi, they had this long conversation with their eyes

Me: who the fuck wants to kill my man!!!"

I shouted looking at Samukelo, Mlondi looked at me in disbelief and side smiled,

Mlondi: well talk bro my women needs answers"

I folded my arms and tilted my head waiting for him to swallow the lump on his throat

Samukelo: we fell in her trap, the bitch knew that the security company was a front when we conducted our other business in the club..."

Me:she put two and two together...because in my report it's noted that Shaka runs most of his major operations via car smuggling... "

Mlondi: so all along we thought that Lethu is conducting the investigation but in actual fact, you were the bait...he place you in the bar so that he can have easy access to get to me ?"

He said looking at Samukelo,

Samukelo nodded

Mlondi: fuck!

Me: look let's not jump the gun firstly we don't know how much she knows"

Samkelo:whatever she is planning is big and can destroy us, already she has Rose by the leash...all I'm saying Mfethu is that this could get ugly "

Mlondi: fuck!!!... We have been blindsided "

Me: she used me... Played me! I was the decoy sent on a wild goose chase while she worked in the shadow fuck! "

Samkelo: as much as I did not have all the facts back then I had hunch that..."

Mlondi phone started ringing, I knew that it must be one of his siblings or mother calling him since his smartphone never rings,

He picked it up and I saw his face lightening up,

Him: what ...finally!!

....

Him: sure...I will be there "

He dropped the call and looked at us,

Him: I need to go home play prince for a few weeks, Ntsika got some girl pregnant and wants to marry her... Babe go pack a bag.. "

Samkelo dropped the glass of water in his hand

Sam: what!!!"



\*\*\* It runs in the Family \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I cried so much till I could not cry anymore, the strong fearless girl I knew I was, was gone all I was left with was an empty shell, I had no fight in me no strength and I have given up hope of finding myself,

All along in my meltdown Veli held me and hushed me in her arms, strange enough her arms gave me that warmth, that feeling of hope that foreign feeling of home I just did not know how to hide anymore or did not have to, not to pretend anymore,

When all emotions settled down I laid on my bed looking down, the shame of showing my emotions, feeling vulnerable took over me, making me wish I was all alone

Me: I'm sorry about that " I said to her

Her: don't do that "

I slowly looked at her

Her: act as if you ok, when you know you are not!"

Me: I will be fine "

Her: Mpume!...My experience of being human is that it's messy and difficult angazike if wena you are an alien?"

I side smile and looked at her

Her: you know mom used to say that, There's no shame in showing your tears. So why hide a part of you that actually makes you stronger? Why hide your tears? It takes a lot of courage to show your pain and your vulnerability. But just as sure as the morning, you'll emerge from it tougher and better. So I encourage you to move past these stereotypes and notions of I'm strong and I don't break... Bullshit and let yourself face the music of life and dance with your tears "

Me: funny because I thought my tears has long dried out..."

She just looked at me

Me: a lot has happened in my life Veli...I don't even know who I am anymore? "

Her: You're going through a transitional stage in your life, sometimes that can happen without even knowing it...especially when you had numerous traumatic experiences that you have decided to brush off and not face or find self-healing, You might see yourself as a stranger because something isn't aligned. Keep moving forward, you'll get reconnected soon enough, Keep walking until the winds that torment your mind cease. Keep growing until the mess that has consumed your soul blossoms into the unkempt garden that it was destined to become.

Just keep going, because I promise you that one day you will wake up and all you will feel for yourself will be an intense fulfillment, I promise you that the road to contentment is always supposed to be riddled with uncertainty"

Me: keep going? where do I go now? where do I start? the woman that raised me hates me, wish death upon me, I almost killed the only man I ever love because of my stupidity, I have four children that I never mothered, I sit on the sidelines in the shadows and look at them being raised by other women, I wish I was never born...because life never loved me, from the date I

took my first breath, I was kidnapped by the same women who killed my father, I have no identity... Or what so ever, and throughout my life, I have been so desperate in finding me that I ended up destroying the only reflection I ever had of me..."

She just looked at me and did not respond as my tears ran down my face like a waterfall

Me: everything is going wrong in my life, I have suffered more pain than happiness, I have physical ailments, I'm deeply distressed and my life seems to be going nowhere. I Look at my share troubled and I begin to wonder, what did I do to deserve this? Is it karma? Is God mad at me? Am I cursed? "

Her: God molded you and put you inside your mother's womb, before we start pointing a finger at him let's look at the egg and seed that was infused to make you "

Me: uuuuh "

Her: I believe some of us are destined for certain life paths regardless... I understand the irrational anger you feel towards people because I have felt it! You want to open up and let people into your head and heart, but you decide it is unfair towards them to reveal those dark

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undesirable places, you became bitter about the fact that they will never understand what you went through because it did not happen to them. Most likely, this bitterness triggered a wave of guilt, resentment, and anger that threatened to drown you, because, in a way, you indirectly wished that kind of pain on someone else, just so you could feel less lonely.

I understand that it is all very exhausting. I am familiar with the threat you feel when the noise of your overpowering emotions, starts bouncing around in your head, becomes too loud. I know that you want to turn it all off and become numb."

I looked at her...

Her: I have six failed suicide attempts because at some point in my life I wish I was never born at all too"

She stood up and wiped her tears

Her: Mpume I know your pain and I feel it and trust me when I say, there nothing more vexatious in life than repeating history" she faked a laugh

Me: " so it's a Msimango thing?" I said looking at

Her: sithi isintu amacala abazali awela ezinganeni...looks like you and I are paying the price"

I looked at her and felt the sadness in her voice, she sounded different now, broken shattered, it's like my tears took her to a dark realm only she and I existed.

Her:for a long time I always wondered how everyone on my mother's side and our father's side of the family didn't get along. How every gathering turned into an argument and fistfight... the Msimango family and the Ncube family showed more hate and Tension to one another and that in the long run, it became a more dangerous force than any feud known to man...

Even though I was young I witnessed How jealousy and resentment ran rampant amongst the different age groups in our family. It wasn't until I was thirteen few days before my mother died the first year in high school that I realized that both families had similar issues. On the train ride from school, I asked my mother why she no longer visit her parent's house

She responded and said "We all have two parents, whether they are around or not, their crap becomes our crap until we stop and say NO...Promise me you will fight this curse... " By then I did not know what she was talking about but I promised her, it was only after she died that I realized that The Ncube and Msimango family were animals.

When our mother died I was left in the care of my uncle our father's little brother, he was a few years older than me so I called him Bhuti...Bhuti Musa..."

She cried and roughly wiped away her tears,

" I told my grandmother from my mother's side when it first started ...that uncle is hurting me, and I want to come back to Lundi to live with them, she said, she does not have money to feed another mouth and I must do what Musa wants to survive... I was made wife to my uncle at the age of thirteen, to give him sex in exchange for a plate of food, clothes on my back, and shelter... "

I held my mouth in shock

Her: our mother knew this was going to happen, our existence, how we were conceived it was an act of shame and disgust! so you say you are cursed...you are right you are... It creeps into the tiny door it finds. It takes root. Then it starts to disintegrate generation after generation. It deteriorates your advancement, your happiness, and long before you know it, your entire future. It's happening to you... it happened to your mother... and grandmother and great-grandmother and as far as we can go. It latches on your name. And we can't neglect its potency. It won't stop until it finds the next victim.

I look into Nyembezi's eyes every day and cry because she is the result of this curse, conceived by the same

Maternal and Paternal blood that runs in our veins, I ask myself is she next in the cycle?"

Me: No not my kids?"

She turned around and looked at me with her face red and wet with tears, I'm a crying mess myself realizing my origin and reality of being a Msimangu woman.



The door swung open and my mother walked in she looked at Veli and back at me,

She held her chest and stepped back...

"ooh, Nkosi Yami!" She said as tears ran down her face.

\*\*\*Cutting Ties \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I don't know what the heck

k possessed Mangalisa to take me to the very same hospital I  
work in,

My personal life is now every one business,

Whoever did not know that I'm dating Ntsika sure do know  
now.

Do I hate the looks I'm getting, the questions I'm getting, the  
phony smiles, and the extra being nice attitude? hell yeh, I hate  
it!!!... I'm still the old broke-ass Liya... Ok not so broke anymore  
but hay you get my point.

" Liya are you going to look at your food or are you going to start eating?"

My mind was brought back by Ntsika forcing me to eat Greek salad

Me: all I see is green stuff here "

I frowned and pushed the plate away,

Ntiska: you carrying my seed feed my baby, proper food women"

Me: I rather starve to death, go get me my kind of proper food "

He laughed and called Key his driver to order food.

I wish he gave me space but he all up in my face not even giving me time to think, worst part this ' you my world... You my Queen attitude ' is done in front of my colleagues, Lord I wish I can tell him to stop fussing about me.

Him: want to talk about it?"

Me: mmm?"

Him: you pulling up your nose, it's the look you give me when you pissed "

Me: I'm pregnant and this im pregnant face"

He laughed " or you just avoiding talking about your mother, brother, or how uncomfortable you are being here ?"

Me: urg don't remind me "

Him:Cutting ties with your family is difficult and not what most people want. But sometimes it's the only way to save your sanity and heal the emotional pain caused by a "toxic\* or abusive family."

Me: cutting ties you say...don't you think I tried doing that ever since I realized what kind of a person my mother is?"

Him: I'm here now and will do it my way, "

He placed his hands on my stomach,

Him: she hurt you, put you in this place I don't know what I would have done if I lost you "

Me: I'm a fine baby... You blowing this out of proportion "

Him:it could have been worst, you could have had a miscarriage, or died, that is why I say stay away from your family"

Me: Ntsika!"

Him: just think of it as an act of self-care. Not something you do because you're mean or spiteful. It's something you have to do to protect your physical and mental health. And our precious cargo "

He kissed my forehead and I looked down

Him: Liya what your mother did or what she has been doing rather is disgusting, no one deserves to be abused. So, why do you always give her a free pass? And why would you think I should tolerate such hurtful behavior from her?... I'm your man and part of my role to play is to protect you, trust me won't be easy to cut her out of your life. Especially since she is the only family you know, I know that it's hard to accept that your mother is creating so much stress, anxiety, and pain that you can't continue to have a relationship with them but enough is enough!."

Me: I'm just tired of fighting "

Him: good it's time for me to fight for you"

Me: Nts... "

He just got off the bed, to him this topic is over, he is no longer wants to talk about it

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I still wonder what does he mean by fight for me, all I know is that the man that I love hates my mothers gut, not what I pictured when I was drawing my family tree in elementary school, but hay no one can predict the future.

I don't know how our relationship will work especially now that I am pregnant and this pink elephant is hanging over us of marriage that is not yet properly addresses

" so how and when did you make yourself my emergency contact? "

He laughed, as I set up

Him:the day we went to Italy"

Me: How did you get into my medical records?"

Him: what makes you think it was only your medical records I was able to get into?"

Me: Ntsika that just..."

Him: wrong? yah I know... Sorry"

Me: you could have just asked "

Him: and you most probably would have lied... Or said no"

Me: mmm you got that right..."

We chuckled

Me: so they call you my fiance?"

Him: we are kind of engaged"

I looked at him

Me: most probably in your head cause I don't have a ring on"

Him: that can be arranged "

Me: Ntsika...."

Him:Liyama I was not joking when I said I see my future in you,  
"

Me: that why you knocked me up so I can agree to marry you???"

Him: it takes two to tango " he winked at me while I bust out and laughed

Me: ye ye ye... Mr. I can't get enough of you "

Him: yeyeye Mrs yes yes right there...uuh uh "

He mimic my voice and started moaning, I threw a pillow at him

Me: shut up!"

Him: mmmm the things you do to me under the sheets" He said biting his lip and packing his staff, I blushed and placed hands on my face.

Key walked in with my food, finally, I can eat

Ntsika: thanks Key but will eat on the road get the car ready and tell the guards to clear up the whole floor..."

Key nodded and walked out

Me: the Dr has not discharged me "



Him: you hate this place so I'm taking you out of here "

Me: Ntsika you can't do that? "

He laughed and took a bag, taking my clothes out,

Him: get dress baby... "

I just looked at him...

Him: you know if I do it, I won't stop there "

He said running his hands on my arms,

Me: ooh lord no..."

I said jumping off the bed and dressing up,

Him: how is the headache?"

He said fixing my hair, as he looked at me dead in the eyes,

Me: it's mild now "

Him: mmm" he lowered his head to kiss me, but the knock on the door made us stop,

" sir the floor is clear, the elevator and the ground floor, "his bodyguard said walking into the room

Him: ok "

Ntsika pointed at his laptop bag and my bag, with his eyes for the bodyguard to pick it up,

Him: there is Mr. Mangalisa outside who request to speak to Ms. Liyana "

Ntsika: get the begs and let's go "

I looked at him I have no say or whatsoever that my only brother is standing outside and wanted to speak to me,

He's on his phone and holding my hand with the other, we make out way to the car,

Him: Key is the jet ready?"

Key: yes sir "

Him: good then drive us to the airport "

Me: where are we going?"

Him: home "

He runs his hands on my thigh, and gives me my food,

As I was busy unwrapping my food about to eat, I hear him curse

" Fuck!!!!!"

Me: what's wrong?"

Him: your mother just made our relationship public "

Me: what?!!!"

Just as I was asking, his phone started ringing...

Him: damn it! Now my mother is calling me shit!"

### \*\*\* The Engagement\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

The drive... to the plane ride.. to us walking inside the house Ntsika is on his phone the whole time, he is speaking to his mother, his PA, to his handler the royal PR, ... He took my phone and walked to his study, all I could hear is him swearing and placing orders, I wish he can evolve me in this because this is also my life but to be honest I know nothing of his world.

I bite my lip and walk to our bedroom, I'm stressed and anticipation is killing me, at this point I'm in the dark I have no clue or whatsoever what my mother said, where she said to whom she said it too? I held my face in frustration and decided to strip down and take a long bath, I stepped out of the bathtub when the water was getting cold,

I walked out wrapping a towel over my body but froze as I saw maChiya, holding a tray of food, Didi was busy with some dresses on the bed and some on the rail and to my amazement, the ever-gorgeous Queen Sibahle Mngunu, was there looking at my picture that was on the vanity table.

" Well don't just stand there come give us a hug "

Didi said with her forever bubbly smile,

I walked towards her and hugged her

I looked at Sbahle and she smiled

Her: Sawbona Liyana "

Me: uuum...Que..."

Her: please don't even try calling me Queen in this house, my mother is Queen and me I'm just Sbahle "

I smiled, she did the in expected and hugged me,

Her: welcome to the family, Ntsika has told me so much about you "

Me: ooh wow I hope good things only "

Didi: girl you are miss-perfect in our brother's eyes"

I laughed,

Ma-Chiya: Miss Liya welcome home, I prepared sneaks, is there anything you wish I also get you?"

Me:No ma, thank you "

I said smiling at her as she walked out,

Didi: so choma I see you glowing and have that Queen look "

Sbahle:you can say that again Didi, she is so gorgeous in real life the pictures don't match what I am looking at now"

Me: stop it! guys"

I said blushing and looking away, I started looking at the dresses on the rails and the bed

Me:so many new dresses what's up? "

Sbahle: dinner with your future mother in law "

Me: what?"All the emotions I have felt in my life are all put together in a little mixing-pot and not even allowed to boil over when I was told I have to meet Ntsika mother in just an hour,

Anxiety attacks me like a piranha. I suddenly become sweaty with bouts of clumsiness. I'm not ready for this especially when I am dealing with so much, the pregnancy, and my toxic family scandal I'm scared beyond my wits.

I breathe out loud but keeping my cool seems like a Herculean task. Why didn't Ntsika give me a heads up at least?

Didi: you can't hide forever boo, one way or the other you need to take your position "

Me: I'm not ready... I mean the last time I meet her we..."

Sbahle: that was then Liya trust me this time around it will be perfect my mother is the most loving soul I ever know, stop stressing '

Didi: stop feeding her bullshit, Liya is after all the girl that will take her throne don't act as if that was easy when for you married Mnguni "

Sbahle: ooh lord Didi why are always so blunt "

Me: what?"

Sbahle: look at me babe, don't pay any attention to her"

Didi: listen here Leya Royalty is just bling on the outside and charcoal on the inside... it even worst now with you trending before the official meet and greet with my Aunt now the demons of this family have been are resurrected "

Me: Wow! and I'm guessing that is the reason you are here"

Sbahle breath out loud,

Sbahle: I made it here to prevent this from happening...but don't worry Ntsika can deal with the media "

Didi: oob geese Sbahle just pull the plaster and let the wound burn "

She said pouring wine, Sbahle sigh and held my hand

Sbahle: I'm not going to run behind the bush Liya our family is narrow-minded..."



Didi:have you ever heard that Intelligence arouses fear and respect, the lack of it keeps one on the narrow-minded road of disrespect, stupidity, and inferiority complex. That is the Bhengu's in the nutshell!"

Me:ooh lord "

I sat down on the bed

Sbahle: all I can say is that there is a difference between criticizing people and criticizing a people's uninformed ideals. Didi father is like that And oddly enough, he is always the one, the 'open-minded' one, who adamantly protests for, not only himself, but others not to listen to any type of scholarly theological truth inherently for the sake of his own personal, moral beliefs. . ."

Didi: cheers then welcome to the family!"

She handed me a glass of champagne"

Me: God knows I need it but I'm sorry I can't "

Sbahle and Didi looked at each other and back at me I nodded looking down

Sbahle: uuuuuh!"

She screamed as she hugged me,

Didi: it happened Milan-Italy right? "

Me: yah...judging from the number of weeks "

Didi: I knew it! The way Ntsika was all over you it was bound to happen"

Sbahle: ooh my God I'm going to become an Aunt!"

I smiled this was just crazy, not quite what I expected from the Bhengu girls to react like this, I can only hope now that when the news finally reaches the Queen she will be more accepting and not look at it as me trapping Ntsika with the baby.

However at this point, though I'm scared of meeting the rest of the family lord knows I can't deal with stress.

The girls started dressing me up

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talking and laughing, Didi is skilled in making people look gorgeous, the dress she picked up, to the makeup and those shoes ooh Lord I never thought I will look this ladylike this glamorous,

Sbahle: wow..."

Didi just finished doing my make up I just dropped my mouth, too.

Didi: if you look good you feel good, this outfit screams confidence "

Me:more of announcing to her that I'm here to stay "

Sbahle: yes girl... The take over has begun"

We bust out and laughed the door swung open and Ntsika walked in, he has a frown on his face but quickly hides it with a fake smile.

Ntsika: can I have a moment with my Queen"

Didi: woohoo" she squirmed in excitement "

Sbahle: of course Nkosi yami"

She said pulling Didi as they walked out with a bottle of champagne,

I look at Ntsika with total admiration as he slowly walks towards me, I'm drooling and my heart is stumping so loud, I don't care what they say about his darker aura but I will choose him over and over again, they can offer me a Romeo in tights or a battle-scarred Leonidas, and I'll pick the Spartan every day of the week, Ntsika is a true definition of Alpha male, he is top of the social status hierarchy, he has this greater access to power, money, and mates, which he most probably gain through physical prowess, intimidation, and domination. But he chose me, A common girl with nothing but love and he made me his one true mate,

My affection thoughts are stopped by the look on his face, and I start panicking wondering what his mother had done or said

Me: why you never told me about the dinner with your mother?" I sidetrack my fears to see his scale of being angry is on which level but he looks at me without saying a word, I swallow giving him my back as I turned on my chair, playing with my hands

Me: please take me out of my misery and just tell me what my mother said"

He still did not say a word but breath out loud, I felt him stand behind me, he looked at me on the vanity mirror as he placed his hands on my shoulders,

Me: my love talk to me you scaring me ...now" I said slowly raising my head to look at him, he clutched his jaws sending shivers down my spine,

Me: baby...."it came out as a whisper.

Him: how long have you been fucking with Samukelo "

I looked up at him in the mirror with my eyes wide open, his eyes are red he was boiling with anger, I swallowed taking my breath in

Me: Ntsika you the only man I have been intimate with in decades without being.... "

Him: ooh that bull shit suppose to make me feel better, you may not have been fucking him with your legs open but you have been fleeting with this man...I need to know for how long!  
"

Me: baby I swear nothing..."

Him: the day we had our first fight, it was after you received a call from him, and not only that but he was the first person you confided to that you are pregnant with my child, who the fuck is this man to you "

Me: what No!"

Him: he sent you a text message asking you if it's true if you really throwing your life away by being pregnant with my baby!!!!"

Me: I swear I did not tell him "

Him: damn it Liya so all this doubt you have had about us it's because of him do you love this man!!!?"

Me: no Ntsika..."

My tears run down my cheeks,

Him: is he the reason you have one foot in this relationship and the other foot out!!"

Me: baby I swear nothing is going between me and him, I used to work with him that all..."

Him: he calls you baby, sunshine... gorgeously is that the proper way colleagues call it each other this days "

Me:...Ummm"

I lost my voice and started crying, Lord this is not happening to me, not now!

Him: I'm busting my ass off trying to solve this shit your mother created and the last thing I need is for another man to call the women that I love ' baby' ... 'Sweet heart' damn it Liyana I'm king I do not need this shit... That will come back and ruin my family and my reputation family!!!"

I felt his hand leave my shoulder and heard something shattering on the wall, making me scream only to realize that it was my phone,

Him: bloody start acting like my women... Like the soon-to-be mother of my child, like the woman I plan to sit with on the throne because I'm tired of your childish behavior!! "

I held my mouth looking at him,

Him: fix your face and put that on... We running late "

He said putting a small gift box on the table, as he made his way to the bathroom,

I looked at the box and when I opened it I cried, even more, it was a Tiffany cushion cut engagement ring



### \*\*\*Obsession \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I watch him fix his karflings, he has not looked at me after our argument and has not spoken to me, frankly, I don't know what to say to him as well that side of him scared the shit out of me, I know Ntsika loves me but if love looks and feels like an obsession it can turn deadly.

Often, an obsessive person can become verbally or physically abusive and express great amounts of remorse afterward, yet they consistently blame their partner for bringing on the abuse themselves. Over time, they reduce their partner to a helpless, dependent individual that is a mere shell of the person they supposedly fell in love with. This is done in a subconscious attempt to maintain control over their partner

I have been through a lot to be another case of gender violence, it even worse because he's powerful and has all the money to make it look like it's all my fault.

I applied my lipstick on with my trembling hands looking at him through our mirror.

One thing that pisses me the most is how the fuck did Sam know about my pregnancy, even I only found out today too not even my best friend knows that I'm pregnant but now a guy who wanted to date knows? How?"

I look at Ntsika put on his blazer and he walks out, I held my face as tears were on the verge of falling but a light knock made me wipe them away,

" Mis Liyana...your majesty is waiting for you "

I nodd not even looking at her, I breathe out loud and looked at myself in the mirror, at least I was able to fix the makeup,

I looked at the ring and decided to just not wear it at all, I took my clutch bag and held my head up, and walked out,

I found Ntsika in his car, he was looking outside the window avoiding looking at me,

"Did you at least get a gift parcel for your mother since you decided to take it upon yourself to organize this diner meeting without acknowledging me first? "

He slowly turned and looked at my hands

Him: you not wearing your ring? "

Me: I need your mother permission to be part of this family, I may be pregnant with your child but I'm still a commoner"

I said buckling up my seat belt

Him: how many times must I tell you to stop referring yourself to that"

Me: It is what it is...don't try to sugar coat it and don't take offense in that"

He opened his mouth to talk but quickly closed it

Him: this right here is just another way of showing me that you don't want to commit to me "

Me: I'm not from this place, I don't follow you and will not start now to put you on the pedestal just because you are king, you the man I am in love with and I respect, don't get it twisted and

think by me being in your life I need to worship you and do every little thing you demand me to do!"

Him:Liyana drop the attitude cause it's pissing me off "

Me: crack it on the wall like you did to my phone since its pisses you off! "

I said looking at him

Him: you shouting at me"

Me: do you blame me? ... You said you will protect me, but what you did made me afraid of you! You did not talk to me you talk down on me

that is not the relationship I want for myself"

He breathes out loud

Him: ooh you want the relationship Samukelo is offering to you!"

He roard

Me:what the fuck does that supposed to mean? when I'm bloody with you!!!... i chose to be with you!...you talk about marriage and commitment but you don't know anything about relationships and commitments "

Him: ooh don't give me that crap you know that I love you...."

Me: and that is supposed to sum everything up, Ntsika Love is a feeling from the heart, but your love is mixed with obsession and to me, that can be termed as a crazy feeling. Though love and obsession are related in some aspects, the two can never be thought to be the same.

Love is an uncontrollable feeling and a feeling which one has for another person. Love always means caring, support, and giving. But what I saw tonight was you having the crazy idea that you failed to think affectionately. What happened to communication? To trust?

I love you and truth be told I had a lot of men lined to be with me before you, some approached me as friends some just got to the point, if you love me you should trust me not doubt me, I'm away from home, in a foreign land, I have no family and friends in this place, I'm not sure if I'm even allowed to work now because you decided that I must be yours only, I must be by your side all the time, that is not love more of you controlling me, and showing me how obsessed you are with me"

He looked at me for the longest time while I kept my gaze at him too,

Him: what now?"

Me: you apologize you arrogant prick"

He side smile

Him: that boy wants you"

Me: I know and I have told him that I chose you... "

Him: why is he still calling you?"

Me: just the very same way I found your sister and cousin in our muster bedroom, Ntsika what are you getting me into? "

Him: what? So you rather listen to a total stranger than me, damn it Liyana didn't I tell you about my family "

Me: your family I know...but what about your Uncles? The royal counsel? The extended family? What the fuck are you getting me into?"

He breathe out loud and ran his hands on his face

Him: don't worry about it" he said softly

Me: you toying with my life Bhengu... "

Him: Liya awume please "

Me: Ntsika you just meet my family we are screwed up! The last thing I need is to be called a gold digger "

Him: stop it Liya"

Me: I just don't get why you doing this!"

Him: here we go again "

I looked at him and frowned

Him: your insecurity are such a turn off "

I opened my mouth to talk but he just rolled his eyes

Him: I'm rich, stinking filthy rich I'm king, powerful and have big companies all around south Africa I have few partners around the continent and planning to trade internationally... That is me Ntsika Bhengu on paper but you know Ntsika's insides ...my heart, I gave it to you... But still...."

He sigh

Him: Liyana Sometimes we meet someone in our lives and it feels like we have known them forever. Like we were destined to meet. As if we knew along all of the twisting paths of time. You are that person for me, I know that the journey will be rough and tangle but I promise not to leave your side... Look at me"

I continued to fix my eyes outside

Him: Liyana... Look at me "

I slowly turned to look at him

Him: I'm sorry for being irrational earlier. I know I overreacted and you didn't deserve to be treated the way I did. I admit that I was jealous, I was insecure and I was irrational in my acts. But all I ask for is that you forgive me as I promise to be more understanding and never doubt the sincerity of your love to me again "

I chewed my inner lip looking at him, he held my hand

Him: I know it hurts not to be trusted but I think it hurts more to see someone you love being hurt because of one's insecurity. The truth is that I didn't mean to say those words and in the actual sense of it, those words do not exist in my heart for you. You're all that I have and you're all that I want



and I can't imagine my life without you... Can we please move past this?"

Me: we running late "

Him: I love you "

Me: I am still mad "

He chuckled and started the car

Him: I need to have a word with Samukelo "

I turned to look at him

Him: I am territorial get used to it..."

He squeezed my thigh with his hand and we drove off,

\*\*\*Home Sweethome \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

Several things went wrong before I went on this mission to look for Ginger family, Samukelo just told me he has personal stuff to deal with and won't be at work, and Sandile told me to present Oyama with divorce papers, and just when I was wrapping my head around everything I found my son's car parked in my mother's house.

Now I'm not sure if I should proceed with this witch hunt, I got a lot on my plate, and dealing with Zuko just wears me off, I really don't know where to start regarding my son, He is so angry, last phone call I had with him he screamed aggressively in my ear 'that I was an embarrassment from being a jailbird to running a whore house. I removed myself from the situation by dropping the call, but he followed me with a chain of SMS - continuing to shout and swear as I was trying to just avoid him.

He wrote something about him being better off because I'm a vile mother and selfish.

This sort of thing happens regularly every time I tried to call him, to reach out maybe he has a few issues rooted deep within because As a child, he witnessed me and his father argue all the time, to an extent that he witnessed his father raise his hand at me, I don't know if that played a role in his current behavior or the fact that I was an absent mother... But either way his words, his action hurt me more than the years I spent in an abusive marriage with his father or the years I spent in jail.

I take a huge deep breath and make my way inside the house, I knock and let myself in I found my mother on the kitchen table drinking tea

" took you 45 minutes to decide to walk inside the house "

Me: you were counting?"

Her: From the minute the gate opened "

I smiled and made my way to kiss her cheek

Her: you look troubled "

I poured myself a cup of tea and set next to her

Me: Oyama is arrested "

Her: I know it's kind of all over the news "

I sigh and took a deep breath,

Me: Is that the reason why Zuko is back home?"

Her: he has been asking questions, questions only you can answer "

Me: I don't want that man in my son life "

Her: I know but that is not the decision you need to take for Zuko, his not a boy now, he's a man, and a part of his identity is linked to Oyama "

Me: kodwa ma"

Her: Hhhayi Rose this is not about you and him ...think like a mother now not like the little girl that married an old abusive man "

I looked down, my mother never like Oyama, but she pretended to tolerate him for the sake of my happiness, and now since my marriage failed she is done pretending

Me: how is Sandile?"

I looked behind me,

Ma: ma, you can't ask about him here, what if Zuko hears you "

Her: while he is busy dropping panties everywhere he goes

he except you to remain verging marry? Nonsense!"

I held my mouth in shock the things that come out of this old lady mouth

Me: Ma!"

She just took a sip of her tea and side smile

Me: his Good "

Him: I know that his good but give me more "

Me: no!"

Him: I played a huge part in you dating Mr 'Good' so you owe me this "

I chuckled, So before I started dating Sandile I used to tell my mother about this Guy who just take the air from my lungs, trust me telling my mother about my relationship with Sandile I was tense and anxious, but as a loving mother, she is she convinced me to take a chance in him,

so where do I start telling her now how my love life has progressed, I can't tell her about how sex is so good with him, I can't tell her that he forced me to move in with him, especially since I had one failed marriage with Oyama that will look like I'm giving yet another man my freedom my power, mmmm lord why it's so hard to just blunt out and Say mom I love him, could it be the fact that Across generations in Africa talking about relationships with parents has been a tough task any child has ever done

I believe that A relationship is a personal choice but when it comes to a stage where one decides to move forward with a particular relationship it becomes important to convey the decision to your parents. . . especially since I already had one failed relationship it's good to know if I'm on the right path and not blinded by love.

Her: you know that smile on your face is not telling me anything"

Me: he is good ma, supportive and very loving... we currently taking things just ted step serious"

Her: you in love with the Msomi boy"

Me: as scary as the feeling is, yes mother I am "

She clapped and beamed with excitement

Her: I told you needed a Nguni man in your life, not this..."

Me: ma just Because Sandile is Zulu does not make him perfect...his still a man after all "

Her: all I'm saying..."

Me: you sound like a leader Xenophobic rioters and I don't want to hear it!"

She dropped her mouth and I decided to clean up the table,

Her: if given a chance I will choose him over Oyama anytime "

I breathe out loud

Me: Oyama is still Zuko father "

Her: more of sperm donor"

I bust out and laughed lord my mother

Me: he wants me to serve Oyama with divorce papers "

Her: you already divorced the guy in your heart so what would it be so hard to make it legal "

Me: it's the thought of looking at him that I'm trying to avoid I already know that he won't sign the papers "

Her; why?"

Me: because he is the most wanted man in 9 countries and all of these countries want his heard, South Africa is so corrupt even our maximum prisoners can be bought, and it will be like a five star hotel to him "

Her: so his only option is to serve his sentence here?"

Me: yah..."

Her: and he can only do that if he is still married to you "

I nodded

Her: yooo in our day's divorce was easy, I don't love you, boom papers are signed "



I nodded and started washing our cups, ya if life was only easy as back in the days.

Me: Ma"

Her: mmmm"

Me: do you know of a Ntombenhle Sibiya "

She looked down thinking

Her: I don't recall.."

Me: she stay's lana esiqodini, I think you go to church with her her husband was a farmer or something ?"

Her: Sibiya... Sibi....ooh Ma- Sibiya once married to Nkomo...that one?"

Me: I think so...she had two children a colored girl and a boy...I think "

I said wiping my hands with a cloth

Her: ooh that albino girl... You know it's so tragic what happened to her years ago no parent deserves to go through that "

Me: what happened? "

Her: it happened a long time ago but rumors were, the girl was abducted her body parts were used for witchcraft "

Me: what?"

Her: yes she was about 12 or 13 years, the last time she was seen, get into a black car and that was the last of it "

Me: so it's believed that she is dead? "

Her: we all have our conclusion or rather made our conclusion some say she is alive, some say she died some say...yoo  
Mtanami I don't know, I just never paid attention to that story"

Me: if there was never a funeral it means she is alive"

Her: possible "

I ran my hands on my neck, extortion from driving from Durban to Burgerville finally took its toll on my body

Her: why do you ask?"

Me: mmm"

Her: ungizwile!"

Me: mama what if I told you that Nombulelo is not dead "

Her: who is Nombulelo manje?"

Me: the colored - albino girl yaka Sibiya"

Her: haybo Rose!!!" My mother exclaimed

Me:but she might be if her family does not help her "

Her: hhhaybo Rose how do you know this girl?"

Me; it's a long story ma... But to make the story short she is Oyama's Baby mama "

Mom held her mouth in shock

"so I have a sibling out there?"

I looked up and I was met by Zuko,

\*\*\*A long way to go \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

" let me go prepare your room "

My mother hugged me and kissed my cheek,

" it's good to have you home my angel "

I smiled at mom she turned and looked at Zuko,

"it surprising that you hate your father so much yet you act like him...this right here I did not raise...start being your own man Zuko, because I will be damned if another Nqeve man walks all over my child ever again uyanginzwa Zuko "

Zuko just looked at me it was as if my mother was just passing hot air and not shouting at him, it took a smack on the head for Zuko to respond,

I decided to place the cups in their place avoiding whatever venom that will come out of my son's mouth

"So all along you knew I had a brother or sister out there but you never told me?"

Me: I was in prison for over 10 years Zuko, your father put me there, So in your little twisted mind you think coming out of prison I was going to be more worried or fussing about a busted child than my own child "

Him: I deserve to know! "

Me: Well there you have it!"

Him: who is he?"

I felt my blood boiling this bloody child he wants to build a relationship with his half-sibling instead of me, I'm here busting my ass off trying to save his father's side chick so I can at least stay out of prison and try and build a relationship with him and this is what he does?

I took out Muntu card from my pocket and placed it on the kitchen counter

" call her make an appointment to meet your father... I sure he will gladly organize for a family reunion with your strange siblings "

I pushed him off my way and walked to my room,

I'm tired of apologizing to this child, Lord knows I mess up, abandon him when he was still a little boy, but the first thing I did when I came out was express my remorse, I accepted responsibility and apologized, Lord knows my life was a mess and I am currently doing something to rectify the mess-up. But still, he will not budge no listen to me... So screw this! when he's ready to talk he will know where to find me.

Morning came so fast it's like I never slept, I stuck my head out of the window smoking and gathering my thoughts, I opened my laptop checked on the bar mostly last night books if everything is in order, and I must say I am impressed with the new floor manager he knows his shit.

I closed my laptop took a shower and dressed in simple clothes jeans and a t-shirt,

I found myself in the chicken at 5:00 am making a cup of tea I swear being a light sleeper reminds me so much of prison,

I decided to call Sandile, I know he will be pissed that I woke him up, that man loves sleeping

" Rose it's too early "

Me: I miss you "

Him: why not 'I miss you' wait for another three hours at least "

Me: wake up I need to talk "

Him; for fuck sake baby, I have a busy day today and..."

Me: wake up!!"

Him: fuck!.... I'm up..im up!"

Me: So I looked at the divorce papers last night and noticed that Kerven Smith is my attorney "

Him: yes "

Me; so can you set up a meeting with him I want to proceed with the divorce settlement "

Him: that's good, but why do you want to see him?"

Me: just make it happen"

Him: you have something up your sleeve "

Me:Oyama took yeas of my life so I will take years of his hard work"

Him: Rose this is a dangerous game you want to play you know very well that Oyama does not work alone"

Me: one thing prison thought me is to think smart..."

He chuckled

Him: what's the plan?"

Me: just trust me on this"

Him: so, you going to say that just because I said it last night?"

Me:Touché"

He laughed making me smile

Him:so how is Zuko?"



Me: he is still pissed and blames me for everything"

Him: took me years to reconcile with Zoe just give him time  
I know he will come around "

Me: I'm just tired of apologizing "

Him: then don't... But show him with your actions that you love  
him "

Me:how? "

Him: you his mother that shouldn't be hard to figure out"

To be honest I don't know my own son... I don't know what he  
likes, what his favorite color, what movies he watches or music  
he listens to, baby as much as I buy his art I don't even get it..."

Him: firstly stop analyzing him as if he is your new boyfriend,  
favorite color, movies, and songs? What are you? 13 years,  
crushing on a guy?"

Me: you being mean "

Him: you being ridiculous... Zuko is a man now not the 7-year-  
old boy you dumped at your mother's doorstep...

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"

I hate it when he speaks so harshly, Lord why can't he just sugarcoat things like most men do to their women.

Him: stop being an anonymous buyer, attend his show, support him, ask him how is he doing? even if he will not respond, sit in the room with him and just watch t.v you don't have to speak but just sit there let him feel your presence... "

I started nodding as if he can see me

Him: Rose I love you and one thing I love about you is that you are a mother and you are great with kids, what's stopping you from showing that love you have to your son?"

Me: it's...."

Him: ooh fuck ' it's complicated ' bull shit! just bloody make your son breakfast and stop running!"

He dropped the call in my ear leaving me with my mouth wide open,

I shook my head laughing as his massage popped up on my screen

" I love you " yep it's official I'm in a relationship with a hell of a crazy man, but pens down he has a valid point I am afraid of my son.

I did what I was told and cooked breakfast my mother was the first one up,

Her: ooh thixo you did this!"

Me: yah... "

Her: I don't know when last I ate proper breakfast, "

Me: well consider yourself lucky to have a daughter because today you are not eating umdokwe '

She laughed as I pulled a chair for her,

Zuko walked in wearing only his track pants, he may have ink on his body but that body is not appealing at all, he's all skin and bones, what is he eating if he's eating at all?

" Morning " he mumbled, but I greater him back and took a seat opposite my mother, my mother got my massage just by

looking at me, and we started talking about random staff ignoring Zuko was also in the room, in the mix of the conversation Zuko dishes up for himself and took his plate to sit outside I wanted to scream thank you Jesus but it's too soon I still have a long way to go.

Me: so how we'll do you know maSibiya"

I asked as I cleared the table

Her: why you doing this konje?"

Me: a women's life is at stake ma "

I lied I was not going to worry mom about the threat of me going behind bares again if I don't comply with Muntu instructions,

Her: she is your typical village woman, caggy and keeps to herself, I don't know much about her either than the fact that we go to church together "

Me: ok wish me luck "

I said walking out, I jumped into my car and drove out, the Sibiya house was not too far from my house but I guess mom left the part that this house looks nothing like a village hut she thought it was, it's big and undergoing major construction or renovations.

I parked my car outside and made my way inside, I asked a few construction guys busy with the wall if Mam Sbiya is available they told me I will find her in the small outside room in the back yard.

I made my way there took a few deep breaths as I stood opposite the door, I finally knocked and she opened the door, I almost choked in shock when I saw her wow this woman looks so much like Ginger as much as she was dark skin than her, she gave me a wide dimple smile

"Ooh you came early, I thought when my son said you will come over today it will be in the afternoon "

Me:...." I opened my mouth and closed it as this lady was busy rambling on

Her: forgive me, I know nothing about these things, and frankly, I think Enzo is wasting money..."

She laughed and offered me a seat

Her: so tell me what on Jesus name is this thing marble counter top you here to fit?"

She chuckled

Her: ooh phela thin we old and this modern things are just way past our time "

She laughed again as she set down, after almost ten minutes of her talking none stop about the countertop she finally settled down and looked at me

Me: my name is Rose... I am a friend of...

\*\*\*No crime goes unpunished\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I've come to notice that whenever I'm in my hospital room alone, I seem to get this...strange feeling. It's hard to explain, but I never feel quite truly alone in here even though I'm perfectly aware that I'm the only living, breathing soul in here.

The feeling especially gets worse when I lay down to rest, it looks like a dream but I feel like all my senses are wide awake, I suppose all I can say for now is that I wake up feeling...hot...or cold, even worst I feel someone choking the living shit out of me.

I would find my heart beating just a bit faster than normal, when I finally open my eyes, I will be short breath, my skin nearly burning to the touch,

My face would grow flushed, the back of my neck a little clammy, my breasts just a smidge more sensitive, and I often

found a strange heat growing a bit lower than I'm comfortable saying so.

Dare I say it, but it almost seemed as if I'd wake with someone breathing on top of me and suffocating me,

I can't say that a ghost of any sort has been appearing in my room for the past few days, for I fear that no one would believe me. But what I fear the most is that the man I killed has been coming in my room, in my dreams, tormenting the living hell out of me, and worst part what I go through every day I can't confess to anyone, that I have blood in my hands.

Even if I am given a chance to confess, not the killing part but the actually dreams or should I say visions, nobody believes in ghosts anymore, nor would they believe that specters exist either, nor ghouls, nor phantoms, nor even restless spirits.

People are far too focused on more important things than fiction these days. Such silly thoughts wouldn't dare intrude the mind of the sane. But reality is this shit I'm going through is



real! as much as I can pretend that it never happened, block it off my mind, try to act normal because as far as I can tell the cops are to focus on nailing Oyama than any dead body found in Oyama's shanty,

But the truth of the matter is no crime goes unpunished because I on the other hand I'm troubled by a restless spirit.

I hear him walk inside my room, I smell him, I feel him breathe as the air on the room change

" who's there?"

My voice sounds so shaky it can even crack at this point,

I sit up straight my eyes are wandering everywhere I feel the hair at at the back of my neck stretch of

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it's freezing cold now, but my body temperature is boiling, I feel tears in my eyes, as I feel my bed move as if someone is sitting next to me

HIS HERE

" go away please!" I softly scream, as I pull my legs up, to reach my chest, fear strikes my entire body like lightning, as an unknown atmosphere closes the air that I breathe.

I place my head on top of my arms, crawling my body into a ball as I feel my skin being inhabited by another soul, I can feel it, even though he does not talk, but his presence alone sends shivers down my spine.

I have requested numerous times that I want to be discharged, but

My therapist says it's part of the traumatic experience I went through, that is why anxiety levels are not stable, I'm kept in this place for observation, heavy medication therapy being the

main part of it. But in return, this is what I have to endure every day.

I hear him clearing his throat in my ear, I flinch, at this point, I am beyond terrified,

But who can help me? I certainly couldn't tell my dear mother or my older sister that I fear the restless soul of the man I killed haunting me every day.

I'm a crying mess now I keep apologizing to an entity that I can not see but only can feel,

" Mpume!!!....Nompumelelo!!... "I hear a voice from afar

" Mpume it's ok... Hay... Nompumelelo look at me it's Veli... Mpume....!!!"

I feel hands shake me, but I suddenly start fighting back, I kick punch, scratch, and slap, I totally blackout, the minute I open my eyes I'm surrounded by Dr's and Nurses holding me down,

Me: get me out of here... Get me out of here now!!... He's going to kill me!!"

Dr: Ms. Msimangu calm down .... No one is here it's only your Sister"

Me: No! "

I roughly run my hands-on my hair,

Me: he wants to kill me... He was here...!!!!"

I suddenly hear a soft voice, a calm voice calling my name

"Mpume?"

I look up and I see Veli looking at me, with eyes full of worry, I notice a nurse holding her, I place hands on my mouth in shock realizing that I had blackout ...and the person I thought I was beating was not a ghost of the man I killed but my alive only sister

.

\*\*\*Dead men tell no tales, but evidence do\*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I find myself silently crying, but in my head, the sobs are loud and hysterical, I keep replaying the scene of what happened, I feel like I'm losing my mind, what has my life become? on one hand, the Dr thinks I am crazy, on the other hand, I am still dealing with this genetic curse that was passed down from my mother to me and to make things even worst im haunted by a ghost,

I look at the nurse that was busy picking up fruits on the floor that was scattered all over, I guess the fruit basket must have been knocked over when I attacked Veli,

I look up, through the small crack of the door when the nurse made her way out and notice that Veli is having the most intense conversation with my Dr. She turned to look at me and faintly smiled as she made her way back inside my room

Her: hi"

I just looked down

Me: I'm so sorry just..."

Her: it's ok..."

There was silence between the two of us, I could feel questions arising within her but she chose to a heavy sigh

Her: what's wrong"

I shook my head avoiding the question, she pulled a seat and set next to me, she pulled my hand to hold it but suddenly frowned

Her: ooh my God you so cold, what is the temperature in this room?"

I just sniffed and wiped my tears

Her: let me get the Nurse to adjust the temperature"

Me: please... Please don't go " it came out as a whisper, as I grabbed her hand tight, she continued to wear a frown on her face, looking at me

Her: Mpume you scaring me now, look at you, you shaking like a leaf, it's like you have seen a ghost"

I just pressed my mouth together, holding my sobs in,

Her: talk to me ?"

She said brushing my hand

Her: Mpume I know you went through hell in that house but I can't help you when you continuously bottling things in?"

I just looked at her, where do I start to tell her this? what would she think of me? I opened my mouth and closed it, in this country women get raped and beaten up all the time, as long as there are alive there are called survivors or victims, but if you protect yourself and kill a man in self defense tables turn and you become a criminal, Siswati spend years in jail for killing a man in self-defense, so as much as I am tormented by the man I killed every day I am afraid of the consequences,

Her: I get it in your estranged sister, even I don't know you yet. You're not much other than a faint idea in the back of my mind. You're a warm feeling in my chest, strawberry pancakes on a Saturday morning, and summers spent at the pool. Maybe I won't know you for another ten years, or even another twenty, but that is well worth the wait because I am not giving up on you, I know you have your own flaws and beauties and places that need healing, but I promise you now that I will hold your hand and help you mend every bruise on your soul and help you fly again..."

Me: Veli..."

She faintly laughed

Her: The future is mysterious and frightening to those who are blind Mpume.

They say you never know what the future may hold. They say you can't trust in a happy ending if Our fingers haven't quite touched, and I know I haven't been wrapped in your glory as yet. But I know what you are

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who you are. You are the only family I got in this world and we have a life ahead of us to create that sister bond because You are my hope..."



Me: karma is a bitch, you know all

It took was one mistake, and it permanently changed me for the worse, with no way of recovering what's been lost. it's really a shame, something that could have been prevented yet it was cataclysmic to my entire existence.

I didn't give a fuck about anyone, including myself. I hate myself for what I have done to my family, my kids, and myself. Each day I strive to get out of this quicksand I created but I get sucked in even deeper, I'm so afraid Veli...this pit that I'm in is too deep"

Her: If a tree falls in the forest, and there is no one there to hear it, did it make any noise? The logical answer is yes, it did, but what difference does it make? Mpume That is essential, what happened to you, you went through the worst ordeal in life, but refuse to do anything about it. The

perpetrator is your pride, you were too embarrassed, incompetent, or afraid to come forward. Did you give birth to Nyembenzi? Did the divorce happen, did you lose everything?

Of course, it happened, and it's something you'll have to live with, whether you like it or not!

The only difference is, you are the only one who suffers by pretending that you are ok"

I looked down

Her: listen here, I'm a strong proponent for women, and believe women are strong and capable of greatness in whatever they choose to achieve. What I cannot stand, though, is when women are ashamed to claim their power back"

I smiled nodding at her, but my smile quickly turned into a frown as two male cops walked into my room, I know these guys it's the same two officers that have been harassing me with Questions, my heart skip a beat.

" I'm sorry to disturb your visit but can we have a few words with Ms. Msimangu "

Veli looked at the two cops and my facial expressions told her that I'm in trouble, she tried to say no but the detectives insisted and his voice sounded a bit hostile and impatient

Veli: I'm not going anywhere she is my sister, what you have to say to her, you may say it in my presence."

The detective nodded and took out a notepad with a pen,

Him: I'm detective Sean and this Detective Mlangeni we just have a few questions about the night you escaped from the Nqeve mansion "

Me: Nqeve?"

Him: yes Oyama Nqeve"

Me: ooh..."

I felt like an idiot, I slept with a man, even went as far as cohabitating with him but I did not know his last name,

Me: I already gave my statement "

Directive Sean: ya you did but you left just a few parts of the story "

Me: I don't understand"

Him: tell us about your relationship with Timothy Ngozu?"

Me: I'm sorry who?"

Him: the dead man we found with a corkscrew on his neck"

I looked at them my first instinct was to deny everything, which I opened my mouth and did.

" I don't know him"

Him: so do you care to explain why the DNA test shows your fingerprint on the murder weapon? "

I look at Veli with glassy eyes, she popped her eyes open,

" Mpume don't say a word, I'm calling Mzamo! ... "

\*\*\*Half Crazy \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" I need to talk to you, are you back in town?"

I said whispering on the phone stepping outside,

" I need to talk to you... "

Liya said whispering back

Me:why are you whispering?"

Her: why are you, whispering?"

We both chuckled

Her: you go first"

"I'm wearing his t-shirt, I'm in his house had to walk to the garage so that he won't hear me, I think I'm going half crazy one minute I want to kill him the next I want to fuck him... Lord why does love do this to me "

Her: oh my God, you are in love? I thought you said he is not your type"

Me: his not, mom will probably kill me the day I introduce him to her, but there is something about him, something dark that just drive me crazy "

Her: ooh my God... I got to see you now, this I need to see with my eyes "

She chuckled

Me: ooh shut up... Well.. and you?"

Her: white silk nightdress with matching gown, he is making me breakfast "

Me: mmmm classy "

Her: I have a bun in the oven and he wants to marry me "

I dropped my mouth open and started screaming

Her; Lethu! Cut it off..."

Me: you are pregnant! Damn it girl you have been with this guy not even a year and now this?...what?"

Her: I know...ooh lord don't remind me, worst part I even meet his mother yesterday and tonight we have this big dinner with his whole family... Lethu I am so scared"

" what the fuck mam Ntungwa, you having secret calls in my house?"

My focus shifted from Liya to my prince charming, Lord his so sexy

Him: woza la! "

Me: babe I have to go "

I said to Liya

Mlondi: who the fuck is babe?"

I side smile and started teasing him by responding in a fleeting way to Liya

Me: When are you coming back?"

Liya: I don't know when I will be back but can I face time you tonight "

Me: yes my love, I would love that...I cant wait to see you Sthandwa sami"

Him: urg fuck wena, ngizobulala inja yezwa!!"

He said charging to me making me giggle as I ran away from him, his long stride made it easy for him to catch me and he flip me over his shoulder,

Him: you left my bed to have secret calls...what the fuck is that?"

He smacked my ass

Me:ouch!!! it was only my friend..."

Him: so you gossiping about me in the garage...with your friend ?"

He smacked me

Me: ouch...Mlondi that is going to leave a mark"

I wiggle my ass at his hold, but to him, it looked like an invitation that he needed to take and gives me more, My skin prickles with goosebumps as he runs his palm on my but cheeks as he teases lightly over my skin. The moment before the third impact leaves my breath caught in my throat. He smacks my ass with a sudden ferocity. That delicious impact which leaves me wiggling for more. He holds me still with his left hand.



Me: Mlondi...uuuh"

"Be well behaved and take it," he says.

"I'm never well behaved."

"Well, I know you secretly want to be my good girl. You're just predisposed to being bad."

His voice takes on that deep, lusty edge. I still my movements to escape his strikes. Instead, my ass leans into the sting of his hand. His palm keeps striking, first my left cheek, then my right. I'm so caught

up in him spanking me that I don't notice what he does next.

I scream as he throws me on the bed,

I look at him like a cat looking to play with her toy. The scent of cedarwood fills the air. The candles next to our bed flicker and snap. He stands there just as a silhouette within the darkness.

My curves invite him to come over again.

We've fucked three times in every position possible last night as of his way of saying sorry for our little fight not forgetting the candlelight dinner accompanied by his deepest sympathy...who knew that a thug can be this romantic?

I look at him, he's only wearing his briefs, I bite my lip, I can't help but tempt him to have me yet again. We're insatiable in the best way possible. His long stride makes quick work of his hand running on my tattooed thigh, He looks like nothing but a beautiful shadow with the dimmed light in his bedroom swallows his form whole. My smile says everything, but my lips keep quiet. As his t-shirt is lifted over my head

"I'm going to enjoy putting you at your place."

"Oh, really, you and what army?"

I say biting my lower lip

"You want me to handcuff you and fuck you? To make you compliant?"

Me: so you keeping your worst enemy weapon with you now?"

He sides smile and bites my lip

Him: I'll make you submit to me while I violate your...

ooh and it going hurt"

He licks his lip looking in between my thighs as I slowly spread my legs.

“That sounds rather delicious if I do say so myself,” I reply.

He joins me on the bed. The mattress sinks down with his body weight. And suddenly I'm flipped to lay face down with my stomach,

He kisses my curled up back. There's the feel of his tongue tracing the curvature of my spine. I sigh at the sensation. My body leans into his soft exploration.

I'm positioned with my ass sticking out. I'm on all fours like when he takes me doggy style. I could say that's my favorite position with him but nah It will be a lie since every position we make love in, I adore for different reasons.

Doggy style is delicious because I feel like a mare in heat. He can and will mount me like a stallion from behind. Its lovely, delicious brutality leaves me breathless. The rawness of each thrust leaves me screaming into a fluffy pillow. It takes the brunt of my squeals of submission. There's also how each push shoves me further against the headboard. Mmmm just breathtaking...

He kneels behind my ass on the bed. My muscles tense wondering what he has planned.

“Or should I just spank and play with this ass until you’re begging me to take it?”

Me: burn my ass with your palm one more time and I will shoot you "

I feel a hot sting on my ass and I close my eyes, the pain makes me want to scream but a moan escapes my mouth.

His strong hands press my upper body down, My head presses into one of the nearby pillows. I huff into it with a visible agitation. The heat from my breath warms my face. My ass still burns from his smacks against the sensitive skin.

He rubs his hand over my ass cheek. I feel him spread it. My nana is on an exhibitionist display for him. He closes the cheeks and opens them wide again. My body tenses, anticipating his next move. He pushes his body weight against my back. It’s oddly comforting and exciting to have him pin me underneath him. My heart races like a trapped bird’s wings in a cage.

"You're nervous, aren't you?"

I swallow as He whispers in my ear. I shiver as his fingers invade my pink folds. It makes me writhe into him. His radiation hot body makes my cooler skin burn with desire.

"Maybe."

I grumble the word. Like admitting this might shatter me into pieces. I'm nothing but the hard, immovable edges of a woman. Something that bends, but never breaks.

He runs his fingers over my ass. I can feel him stroking it like he's trying to soothe a cat.

"Breathe. And trust me. Know that I want you to know that you are my woman, so spread my juicy flower so I can fill it so deep and full"

he says in my ear.

I groan at the delicious naughtiness of his words. I feel the heat of his breath. He spreads my legs wide. His tongue licks the sensitive skin of my puckered pink lips. I writhe underneath him as he explores this uncharted territory. When he stops I'm left rubbing my legs together in desperation. My lady vibrates with my need for him to take me.

Never once I had sex with his alter ego 'Shaka Zulu' and this morning I knew I will experience rough sex at its best,

As hit tip throbs in my entrance, a hard knock makes me frown, urg damn it!

He ignores the knock and his head is knocking on my entrance,

Me: mmmm" I bite my lip while he gives me a taste of his royal dick

" Mlondi!!!... Mlondi!!!!!" I shoot my eyes open, It was a female voice

Mlondi froze, and within a millisecond his shaft soften and he steps back, what the fuck?

" Open this door you busted!"

I turned around to look at Mlondi, he ran his hands in his head,

Me: who the fuck is that?"

Him: shit!"

He jumps off the bed and put on his track pants

Me: Mlondi you better start talking! "

My voice was a little bit loud

Women voice: you have bitch inside this room don't you? ...

You busted how could you do this to me!!"

Me: Who? is this bitch calling me a bitch?"

I said getting off the bed

Him: fuck! ..."Mlondi ran to me and place his hand on my shoulders

" I love you... "

Me: don't give me that bullshit..."

I said pushing his hands off me

Him: Lethu my love just trust me to take out the trash!"

He kisses my lips driving half crazy, he walks out, and locks me inside his bedroom, I scream in frustration no he didn't,

Me: Mlondi!!!"

I hear a lot of arguing in the other room, glass shatter, and a lot of banging...I put on his t-shirt and my jeans and make my way to his safe, I try a few combinations but still, it was locked, I remembered his side drawer I made my way to it, I smiled as I saw his gun

" bingo!"

I cock his gun and aimed it on the door nob,

Mlondi: Get the fuck out!" He roared in the other room

I shoot right through the door nob it unlocked the door in the process,

I walked out as I found this other woman screaming or was she crying and fighting back while Mlondi was dragging her out with her pink braids

I look at Mlondi, he quickly pushed the women off him and opened the door, the house was mass looked like they have been fighting or something

His eyes shifted from mine and into my hand, I saw a hint of fear in his eyes

Mlondi: babe...Sthandwa sami put the gun down !"



\*\*\*Dead Alive\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

" Now get out of my house!!! "

She said opening the door wide open,

Me: your daughter is alive ma, and she may die if you don't help her"

Her: my daughter died when she was fourteen, now get out!!"

She banged the door on my face, I stood there puzzled as fuck, Have you ever had an argument with someone where you felt you were saying all the right things and making valid points, yet they still won't change their mind? it felt like she was not even listening and more focused on saying her piece than hearing mine? That is what I just had with ginger mother, one bloody-sided conversation.

What kind of mother hates her child that much that she rather bury her alive, regardless of how much I pleaded with her, told her that her only daughter is alive but very critical, in her own opinion Ginger died when she ran away from home and she was not going to budge in helping an evil child she long killed in her heart.

What kind of mother says such malicious words?

Don't get me wrong I'm not trying to be all holly and angelic or something I have wished death deeply and intensely on a few people who I really believe the world would be better without. They never died, Instead, the hatred hurt me. But I still felt it.

Ginger was one of those people but to justify my action or feeling, I kind of believe it normal to hate someone who is not blood-related to you, you see with me, I so badly imagine how peaceful my life would be if Ginger or anyone from my past was not around. How relieving life I would be without none of those people causing me stress.

But looking in the now that feeling doesn't solve or fix anything but destroy me the anger carrier, I can admit that I hate Ginger

but my intense hate has lessened over time, Lord knows that constant anger is draining, I now realize Ginger is just a none factor in my life she is one of the most pitiful people in existence, and her narcissism has nothing to do with me but with her own demons.

But for her mother to react like this I was startled...it was a horrific thing to witness.

After a few seconds paralyzed on the Sibiya doorstep, trying to understand what just happened I finally walked to my car, I ran my hands on my face still very much taken aback by how a mother's love shifted to hate!

" How did it go?"

My mother asked me the minute I walked inside the house with a tail between my legs

Me: I just don't believe this... "

It came out as a whisper

Her: what?"

I looked at her just to think of the idea of a mother hating her daughter seemed inconceivable and beyond comprehension. . . I don't know where to start with this, I mean we all know that women are nurturers and carers. . . I'm still puzzled about what made her that way

Me: she says she has no daughter...she is somehow adamant and will not budge saying that her daughter died "

Mom placed the dishcloth on the table and clapped once

Her: uthini kumina "

Me: she just started screaming when I mentioned her daughter's name, worst kicked me out like a dog "

Mom exclaimed in frustration or was it anger I don't know

Her: you did tell her that her child is dying"

Me: yes ma...but she said whoever I'm referring to, ain't her daughter "

Her: ooh my God...but this is crazy and not like ma Sibiya at all "

Me: mom that woman is nothing like who you describe

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when I walked into the house she was bragging none stop about her son who renovating her house, she brags about her son so much as if he is the only living child she has " but the mention of Ginger she just turned ugly..."

Her: what! ?"

I just nodded, I felt defeated

Mom: maybe I should talk to her..."

Me: mom don't, that women are nothing then what you told me she is, she no longer a struggling woman doing peace jobs in the community,"

Mom placed her hand on her lap

Her: so what are you going to do?"

Me:I was so angry and confused that I forgot to ask around the neighborhood who is the son and where I can get hold of him "

Mom: I can get that information for you, let me go change... The last time I checked the son worked for Mbovu "

" Not anymore"

Mom and I stop and looked at Zuko I was so stressed out that I did not realize he was in the room

Him: his Name is Enzo Dlamini... Long lost son of the Jabulani Dlamini... You won't find him around here, he left last year, last time we heard he is now leaving in the North of KZN..."

Zuko said not even looking at me, he was busy on his sketchbook,

Me: North of KZN?"

Him: Lundi to be precise, his father owns a large timber and sugar plantation a ranch and few lodges, so that how he came to money, born with a silver spoon in his mouth that he did not even know it existed till last year"

Me: Dlamini? Sugar plantation... Is that..."

Mom: And you know this how?"

Mom asked Zuko, while I was thinking if this Dlamini is related to Selby Dlamini?

Zuko just looked at my mother and took his things and walked away,

I opened my mouth to say something but suddenly close it as I receive a call from the bar,

Me: hello"

" boss lady it's Candy, we have a lady in the bar that wish to see you "

Me: Candy we have managers to deal with any work-related matter, why are you calling me?"

Her: I know...and I would not be calling if it was work-related... "

Me: tell her to leave her business card and I..."

Her: boss lady she says she wishes to talk to you about your husband!"

I stood up biting my lip...my husband?

Me:my husband?"

Zuko stopped walking and looked at me

Me: Is she a cop?"

Her: no... I think it's more personal judging from her teary face"

Me: put her on the phone NOW!!'

I heard shuffling around and I finally heard a sniff then a women voice

" Hello," she said softly

Me: hello"

Her: I have so many questions that perhaps only you can answer, since you were married to Oyama Ngeve..."

Me: who are you? And what's is your..."

She did not let me finish

Her: I believe the man you married is my father "

Me: your father?" I said as I felt a lump on my throat

Her: how soon can you get back to Durban?"

Me: I'm...i....im what did you say?"



She sniffed again and dropped the call,

I dropped my mouth open as shock took over me,

" Rose are you ok?" I heard my mother saying from afar, I tried to walk but something, some force made my knees weak and I slouched down.

\*\*\*The in-laws\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I cant sum up the entire experience in words, I had with my very first official meeting with Ntsika mother, Still to start with I was nervous when the car came to a halt outside a big beautiful triple story house, my first thought was that Ntska is more nervous than me and I was right he was, because I am going to be introduced before his mother and he will expect her more than anyone in his family to accept me to be part of the family.

As much as we argued and fight throughout the drive to his mother's house when we walked to his mother's house, I fixed his blazer, kissed his lip, and held his hand... After all, he is my man and I don't need anyone's validation to say I'm not good enough for him when I know I am the perfect woman in his eyes, and to top it up I'm soon to be a mother of his son.

I knew being brave for the both of us was going to make this dinner less tense,

As Ntsika once mentioned that her mother is more nervous and has her own insecurities about me like:

'What kind of a girl I am ?',

'Am I cultured or willing to be ?'

'Do I know the values of the royal family?'

'what if in the long run, I hate the idea of being part of the royal family?'

'What if I'm too educated ultra-modern with less sensitivity and more pragmatism?'

As much as Ntsika reassured her that I am special and she would love me, she still was not certified and was still doubtful.

On the other hand, I myself walked inside the house with my own insecurities as well, as in

'Will she accept me, give me the love and care I longend for?'

'If not more, will she help me with the baby and how to be a mother "

'What bout my independence? What about my lifestyle will she be ok with my job that I love so much..."

"Will she understand my aspiration to become more than somebody wife of Queen?"

'Will she respect my opinion and values'?

Well with all these insecurities when we met, after a few hugs and a warm welcome I was then faced with my first question and I was stumped for a minute. I am a straightforward person, but I didn't expect someone bowling bouncer as the first ball. So Ntsika's mother just up and asked me 'What are your views about Marriage'?

I was speechless for a minute as I dint know what to say. I mean I can't share my views with people I dint even know a couple of hours before. But I could sense the insecurity right behind the question and to assure them I dint answer their question I addressed the insecurity by saying

"my Queen I come from a joint family set up, and I don't see much of a difference in your and my family' except that my parents went through a divorce when I was a teenager, and

maybe that gave me an unsettling impression about the marital union but neither less I know better now that there is no happy ending in life,

However we both follow rituals, we both believe in culture and the importance of tradition, we may come from different parts of KZN I am from Ixopo situated in the middle lands of Natal, and the royal Bhengu is in

uMhlathuze North East coast of KZN, but the end of the day we both Nguni people..Zulu people to be precise and maybe our ritual and culture may differ a bit,

But emotions don't need culture, but all lineage needs emotion.

So I can say I understand what you may feel

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about accepting a total stranger in your family, but let me assure you I believe in relations, I respect emotions and things will change in the future but for good. I will not break this family, I will be an adhesive to bind it together as long as I am here. But this will be possible only if you bind me with trust.

Her smile alone was enough to reassure me that I have worn her heart, So that was the first meeting and it was a success and within few minutes we got acquainted, laughed and talked like we have known each other for years,

I will be too soon to admit that the Queen loves me but she has showered me the warmest love I have never received from my own biological mother, and that for me is a good start.

So I guess it helped that through out the dinner, I was myself, I was respectful and assertive. . . I guess that was the key aspect they needed from me and I delivered just that.

Even though the mother of my man showed that she accepted me and my unborn baby there was still a long way to go before the Bhengu family can acknowledge me as their own.

Especially since my mother has acted out of character, to her my relationship is a meal ticket to riches, and now the Bhengu's think of me as my mother-daughter...

" that frown is not good for the baby "

Ntsika said walking into the seating room, I looked at him he looked like a train wreck, he threw himself next to me on the couch and rested his head on my lap, I ran my hands on his face

Me: hi"

He faintly smiled while his eyes are shut closed

Me: well how did it go?"

Him: we keeping this pregnancy a secret till this shit blows over "

Me: I don't understand?"

Him: my uncles are not happy..."

Me: is it because of what my mother did?"

Him: babe stop stressing I will resolve this..."

Me: so what happened"

Him: I don't want to stress you with this kind of talk... "

I looked at him and ran his hand on my tummy

Him: I have called in a sangoma to shield you and my son from harm's way "

Me: what?"

I snapped a sangoma??

Him: your brother is coming over tomorrow... He refuse to hear me out when told him about my intention of marrying you, so he needs your validation that I'm not kidnapping you "

Me: what?"

Him:since you decided to give our housekeeper a day off, did you cook Mkami?"

Me: Ntsika hold up! .... Time out!....what happened in the meeting with your uncles? You not making sense, first, my pregnancy must be kept secret, and now you calling a Sangoma... can we at least talk about this first?"

Him: aish my head is pounding sthandwa sami, hhayi kancane but so hard... I need to shower, eat your delicious food and go to sleep holding you tight..."

I opened my mouth to say something but he placed his finger and said " shuuuuuuu"

I looked at him and nodded he slowly stood up and walked down the passage, I dished up for him, places his food on the tray and made my way to our bedroom and found him sleeping across our bed fully dressed with his shoes still on,



I sigh and placed his plate on the side table, I took off his shoes and set next to him, and ran my hand on his head

I keep thinking about what he said, so now I need to consult with a Sangoma to be protected? I feel like I'm losing myself, just the thought of the things I have done or still have to do to endure my relationship with Ntsika...

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\*\*\*His past...my Doom\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

"Lethu... Look...it not what you think...." That line that fuckin line, which just means it is what I think it is,

What is considered cheating? Is it cheating to send a naked picture? To watch porn? To develop feelings for someone else? Or in this case to have your boyfriend fight with a strange woman in the next room while he locks you inside the other room? That to me screams cheating.

Now I feel like a total idiot because this woman sounds like she has been in the picture way before I was in his, so in other words, I was just his new thing to play with,

To my experience, Betrayal is defined by the betrayed... No other definition, no sugar coating.

I felt my body getting weak and just like that I turned around went to grab my stuff in his bedroom, as I was pacing up and down not sure what I came here to do, my mind bouncing everywhere, thinking Oh my god, this whole thing is a lie. . . him loving me, this relationship? I feel him behind me.

Him: I can explain..."

I just held my mouth hoping and wishing not to cry

Him: I was going to tell you about her..."

I looked at him with glassy eyes

Me: are you fucking?"

Him: Lethu..."

Me: just answer me damn it!"

Him: we...uum..." He can't talk he stammered,

Me: wow!"

Him: it's not what you think "

Me: really what then?"

Him: Lethu just give me time to explain "

I can't believe this, Mlondi had me where he wanted me, he was very calculative not forgetting to manipulate me, and was I very dumb to notice, He had psychopathic tendencies and I didn't realize what was happening because I was infatuated by him.

I started laughing to myself in disbelief,

"Babe I can explain "

He said kneeling in front of me the gun next to me felt so heavy and what the point in using it on him,

Him: she is nothing to me I swear "

I wanted to look at him but my eyes looked away, I decided to stand up taking the car keys my eyes landed on

Him: Lethu ngiyakucela don't leave me "

I had no strength to talk I was just numb, I passed Impi in the other room he was on his phone,

I felt a hard hold on my arm and I felt like screaming

Me: let go of me!! "

Him: over my dead body will allow you walk out on me "

I pulled my arm but he was too strong, and I slammed on his chest he hugged me tightly but I wiggled myself out of his hold slapping and punching him, tears rolled down my face as I finally set myself free from his hold.

To think of it now I was always a bit on the edge throughout the relationship, he wanted to put a label on it within weeks and his grand gestures of emotion would freak me out. But there were so many good things about it and I was going through a lot, grieving my father death, work that had no direction and here Mlondi was, the fantasy of the relationship I so baby wanted it to come true, I roughly wiped my tears and made my way to my car

Him: she is my past, I sweat to you nothing is going on between me and her... Lethu just stop and listen to me please!!!!"

I just continued to walk out,

Him: damn it Lethukuthula you the only woman that I love... "

I looked at him and I felt a sharp pain in my heart I know I'm acting childish now by walking away without getting any clear answers from him, but what I saw was enough to give me concern about this relationship

I jumped in his car I'm about to start the car and drive off but I heard a loud bang, I scream I notice that Mlondi just slashed the tires of his car

Him: get out!" He banged on the window

Me: ooh my good! "

The car keys fell off from my hands and when I raised my head I was met with the shatter of glasses,

Me: uuuuu!!!" I covered my heard

He just hit his car window with a brick

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Him: I'm not asking you... Fuckin get out!!!"

Me: we in the middle of the street and you have a knife in your hand demolishing your car, are you bloody crazy!!!"

Him: I don't give a shit!!!...."

His anger, his face just turned red, his eyes I barely see as his squinting tight, I see the veins in his neck and arms pop out in the most ugliest way, I feel like peeing myself, but I put on a brave face, he can't be this angry when I'm the one who is supposed to be bloody angry,

He banged the car door, even harder now

Him: GET OUT!!"

The alarm system in the car is triggered it's wailing like crazy deafening me and drawing too much attention to us,

I slowly step out of his car but he yanks my hand almost causing me to trip,

Me: Mlondi you hurting me "

Impi: shit...Mlondi what fuck man "

Mlondi: call Sargent Nqele and tell him that Shaka was playing with fireworks... He will know what to do "

He throws his command to Impi, the poor guy just nods and looks at me with pity,

Me: Mlondi let go of me !"

Him: I owe you an explanation my love"

He says mocking me, that devilish smile on his face sends shivers down my spine, I looked at him and I swallowed this

man before me I don't recognize, the most frightening thing happened he is pulling me by the hand as I try to thwart his hold, he put a vice grip of his arms around my arms holding me into place and lifts me up,

I kept saying no, he must let go, but the knife in his hand scares the shit out of me to fight back,

He throws me inside his house my ass landing on the cold tiles, he locks his house and walked to the kitchen, I'm assuming to lock the other door too, I am panicking about what will be his next move I need to defend myself, I can't fight him his body is made out of steel and I have tried and failed miserably, I run to the bedroom but the gun is no longer on the bed and I suddenly hear the door slam behind me making me jump

Him: so you decide to leave me!"

I want to scream and say don't hurt me, but that will make him think I'm weak so I put on a brave face and ask him the only true question don't get us in this mess,

Me: who the fuck is she?"

Her: the bitch I used to fuck before I meet you... Damn it Lethu I had a past before you and you fail to ask for an explanation and you just bloody walked out on me!!"

Me: you expect me to believe that you locked me inside your bedroom for just a random bitch?"

Him: she is..."

He kept quiet and ran his hands on his head whatever this girl is, is more than just a random bitch

Me: who the fuck is she!!!?"

Him:look Lethu, I love you and would never want to jeopardize anything we have. . ."

Me: you not answering me you busted "

Him: she is my ex "

Me: you still fucking her!!!"

Him:I wish it was just physical attraction and could blame that on stupid lust and attraction. But...."

Me: but what?"

Him: I am emotionally connected to her because she is the mother of my baby "

Me: wow more lies were you ever going to tell me about you having a child with another woman?"

Him: just shut up!!!"

Me: you kept this from me, we have been seeing each other for months and you hide a human being, your flesh, and blood...a child from me... Fuck you Mlondi I'm not dealing with this shit... I'm not going to be caught up in a baby mama drama bull shit "



Him: Lethu!"

Me: I'm done, go play happy family I ain't about to be no busted stepmother uyangizwa?..."

I made my way to the door

Him: she is dead "

I froze,

Him: there you have it... She is dead "

To be continued...

\*\*\*The Bone Man\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" you are miles away," he said running his hands on my tummy  
me: so are you "

he sigh and ran the sponge on my shoulder, as he continued to  
give me a sponge bath

him: what are you think about? "

me: "everything"

Him:" It will soon be over "

Me: kanjani Ntsika? when I have to go to the witch doctors..."

Him: it's a Sangoma, my love"

Me: whatever it is!"

Him: you say that as if it's a bad thing ?"

Me: I'm not accustomed to what you call normal Ntsika "

He breathes out loud, he does not want to talk about this but  
yet in an hours time we have to consult with a spiritual  
mysterious bone man

Him: Liya..."

Me: Ntsika this is...."

I held my face feeling frustrated, never have I ever been in Sangoma house, phrophet, or a witch doctor"s hut, to be honest, I don't even know how to differentiate what is real or not in all the stories I have heard about this kind of people and here I am being in my first trimester being dragged to consult with these kinds of people. For what? Love???

I don't want to say I don't believe or do, but all I know is that Belief in witchcraft is linked to a lack of trust in people, and in this royal household it's the main thing that unites and separates them at the same time, the Bhengu's have lack of social trust, period!... It's even scary just to think how am I going to survive in such a place

Him: Liyana please trust me on this "

I slowly looked at him

Me: it is days like this that I wish I had my family, to support me, guide me... I'm all alone in your world Ntsika and that alone scares the daylight out of me... because I'm slowly losing myself, my belief, all in the name of love"

him: I know" he said softly and kissed my neck

him:" Just know that I will never put you and our baby in hams way, that is why I'm trying my level best to protect you "

me: "I don't think I'm comfortable with the way you trying to protect me..."

I mumbled as I looked down, He looked at me and ran his hands on my face,

him:" You are going to be Bhengu soon Liyana, my beliefs will be our beliefs...ngiyakucela...ehlisa umoya and trust me on this please "

I swallowed and just looked away as he tried to kiss my lips,

Him:come let's get you out of this water it's getting cold now "

I sigh as he helps me up from the bathtub

The minute we stepped into our bedroom his phone started ringing, He stepped outside the balcony and left me dressing up as he answered his phone, he kept glancing at me while I put on my dress, his tired I could tell, this whole thing is stressing him, I just hoped and wished that there was another way around this, but knowing Ntsika he won't budge.

A light knock from our bedroom door made me jump a bit,

Ntsika walked past me to answer the door, he hardly uses his wheelchair when he's in the house, and somehow from his stride I could swear that he is not walking slowly or finding it difficult as he used to or is it my eyes playing tricks on me, he turned around and looked at me, our eyes locked, my heart skipped a bit, this could only mean that the bone man has arrived.

" babe he is here "

I stood there looking at him not sure if I should move or what, I'm scared but yet curious of what waits for me in the other room

Him: come..." He offered me his hand to hold, I put on my sleepers and walked towards him, holding his hand, he kissed the back of my hand as we walked down the passage,

My heart was beating on my neck at this point causing me to breathe very loud

Him: breath my love "

He whispered in my ear,

Arriving in the leaving room I expected to see a man in animal skin, bones on the floor with impepho fogging the room, but we walked into a neatly dressed guy, wearing jeans and a white shirt, nothing stood out that he is a Sangoma, he even has a clean hair cut, now I'm confused, where are the beads?

Dreadlocks and amabhayi?

" Njomane...I'm glad you could come on such short notice "

Ntika said extending his hand to him, they shook hands

Him: Nkosi yami... Ugogo uma esekhulumile angiphikisi "

Ntsika laughed,

Ntsika: awu asibonge khehla...ooh please meet umama wesizwe so shongololo, Liyana Ziqubu..."

He extended his hand for a handshake as Ntsika introduced him to me as Makhosi Mhlongo

Me: Makhosi" I greeted him back, and he nodded

Makhosi:Nkosi yami...engathi uqale ngokucinwa ngakho, is that the reason why you called me?"

they both chuckled

Ntsika: that is true...and the situation in the royal house has become unsettling, I fear for the love of my life and my unborn baby "

Makhosi Mhlongo noded

Makhosi: mama may you kindly get me a glass of water please " he said looking at me

I nodded and made my way to the kitchen, my hands are shaking I have no idea what was going to transpire this man looks nothing like a Sangoma, and why does he want water from me when the table is set with refreshments by maChiya, I place the glass on the sourcer and place it on a tray and made my way to the living room.

Makhosi: you have a room in this house that you were planning on turning into a nursery, am I correct?"

I walked into them talking about the nursery, I looked at Ntsika he never told me about this room,

Makhosi: Ngyabonga mama" he said taking only the glass of water from the tray distracting me from asking Ntsika about the nursery

Ntsika: yes..."

Makhosi: can we go there please?" he said on his feet already he was leading the way,

I looked at Ntsika asking myself what the heck is going on?, but this man just shrinks his shoulder, We made our way to this room its was opposite the main bedroom, hold up, was this not Ntsika study? I looked around and noticed that renovation is still being done in this room, I looked at the baby equipment still in the boxes and smiled to myself,

him: this was supposed to be a surprise "

me: "I can't believe you knew before me that I was pregnant, and now this? "

we giggled as he helped me sit down on the rocking chair

The Makhosi guy looked at me,

Makhosi: you said your surname is?"

Me: Ziqubu"

He looked down,

Him: Paternal or maternal?"

Me:paternal"

He chuckled a bit shaking his head

Me: your mother has kept a huge recreate from you, ...but it is not for you to ask her but the truth will soon be revealed...anyway let us pray"

I frowned looking at him

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and he chuckled again looking at me

Makhosi: "You know Mama When I tell people that I am a sangoma they always react with shock. They say: 'How? You don't even look like one. Judging from your facial expression I believe you are that kind of person too, so you also think we can't pray? "

He chuckled again, while I felt a hint of embarrassment

Makhosi: Look don't worry yourself or feel offended, There are still many misconceptions about how traditional healers should look, but I guess that is a story for another day, "

Me: ooh my apologies"

He placed his hand on the glass and started praying,



" Siyakhuleka kuwe Nkosi Mninimusa, Siyakhuleka kuwe baba, siyakhuleka kuwene jehova, siyakhuleka kuwe Ngelosi yokulnga,

As we begin to take steps in the direction of our purpose, we ask that you give us wisdom. We ask in faith, that as your Word promises us, that you will give us wisdom in every small and large decision as we step into our purpose. We thank you that we don't have to rely on our own understanding, as we know that your wisdom will guide us to our exact purpose. Thank you that we can come to the throne and ask anything. We ask for your guidance, and we thank you for the gift and power of the Holy Spirit. In Jesus' name, amen..."

Me and Nstika: amen!"

Makhosi stated yawning and speaking in tongues,

Him: so you two have been fighting, she wants to leave, you Ntsika are fed up running after her, she is not sure about this life, of royalty as she feels she does not fit in, am i..right?"

Ntsika: yebo kunjalo "

Makhosi: umaya oncwele uma ngiwulalela uthi, Liyana the problem of fitting in is not something new to you, you have had this problem for years, in fact since childhood..."

I nodded not sure what to say as he was looking at me directly in my eyes

Him: this has robbed you of one of the greatest joys in life, being fully expressed as the unique individual...to live your life the way you chose to, No man why is this woman detecting your life?"

I felt tears cloud my eyes, he shook his head " Bathi ingane yaziwa unina, hhhayi mani, lonfazi kumele akukhulule manje...uthi umoya oyincwele, kunosiko olukhalelekayo kuwena... Ithi into thola uyihlo and lizoqaqeka lelifindo eliboshiwe empilweni yakho"

I looked down not sure what to say at this point my tears are just running

Makhosi: Bathi abadala you were chosen for him by his late father, it was your pure heart and love that has healed him, that his even able to walk now, you are his light ... But there is so much you need to learn about usiko and being undlonkulu, since you are carrying the next king, ..."

I looked at Ntsika and he opened his mouth words not coming out,

Makhosi: ooh you did not know the sex of the child? Well I picked that up by just looking at you, you carry your baby lower, you hardly suffer from morning sickness, you have acne and your complexion has changed you lighter now? Trust me You definitely carrying the next king"

Me: uhhh?"

Ntsika: wow!" He said holding my hand.

Makhosi: thixo kunesikhalo la kubantu abadala, bath, You should not be walking around without a headscarf, and by now your last name should be Bhengu, . ."

Ntsika: Makhosi as much as I want to make Liyana my wife as in yesterday, I can't the elders of my family will never allow me to take a wife who's not royalty"

Makhosi: kunezinqinamba...I see"

He looked down and held his nose, and suddenly I felt a cold splash on my face, I tried to jump up but Ntsika held me down, Makhosi just splashed me with water that was in the glass all over my face

Makhisi: you need to be cleaned, there are things done to you, you walking with this dark cloud that has caused you to have this feeling of committing suicide,

your mother cursed you that you will never find happiness, uyosebenzela yena use ungene encoding,

but idlozi lakoyihlo loved you so much that they Turned the Tables,

they gave you a king to love, that must be a thousand needles in your mother's heart by now... "

Ntsika: I hope so "

I looked at him and frowned but he just side-smiled and looked away

Makhosi: Does she know that uzithwele?" He asked me, by she, he was referring to my mother I presume

Me: no "I said softly wiping my face with my hand

Makhosi: keep it that way... Who knows about your pregnancy?"

Ntsika: we have not announced it to the whole family, just my mother, and siblings "

Makhosi:look your problem is simple, yet so hard, for this union to happen Nkosi yami whole use ka Liyana"

He said as if he knows that my father vanished on the face of the earth

Makhosi:secondly you know very well you don't belong in this house, Inkosi uBhengu iyabuza la it, is halo sunshine nobani?..."

Ntsika looked down

Makhosi: as of today ithonga likukhomba ekhaya, you can never win this war with your family if you do not take your place by the throne"

Ntsika: Makhosi" he chanted

Makhosi: you have work cut out for me, there is a ceremony you need to do, at your father's house Nkosi yami, but before that, there are a few rituals in line to do... Bafikile abaphansi bakutshela emaphupheni but you ignored them, ulaka lwabaphansi luphezulu now and you being next to Liyana will make them think you choosing her over them, over your birthright which will mean danger for Liyana and your unborn child

Ntsika: ngiyezwa"

Makhosi: kuhleke... may I get 2lt bottle so ngizowenzela umama isiwasho azosisebenzisa "

He said walking out, Ntsika looked at me but I nodded permitting him to follow him.

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To be continued...

\*\*\*Stress is an ignorant state...\*\*\*

🌹 Rosette 🌹

Just the sound of a girl's voice saying 'I'm Oyama's daughter my heart started pounding so hard and fast that I felt like it might explode, while I was gasping for air because no matter how many times I try to fill my lungs, it was not enough. It hurts to inhale; it felt like someone was sitting on my chest.

My skin started crawling as I start sweating, shaking, and fidgeting.

It felt like if I stop moving, all that pent-up nervous energy will accumulate and I will combust.

I've never died before, but what I am experiencing right now feels like I was pretty damn close.

The thing about having an anxiety attack is that it makes you feel like you're dying but arguably in the worst possible way. It feels like you're drowning and about to combust into a sizzling spectacular electrical mess.

I screamed as I felt a burning sensation on my fingers

" fuck!"

I said to myself throwing the cigarette stomp out of the window, which was starting to burn my fingers, I was so lost in

thought that I even forgot that I lit a cigarette a few minutes ago, And I did not once take one puff

I started fanning the room and opened more windows since the cigarette was practically engulfing the whole room with smokes

" I know you smoke, but finishing the whole pack of cigarettes in one go will defiantly give you another stroke"

I froze hearing an unfamiliar voice yet familiar

I looked up and I was met by Zuko standing by the door

Me: I did not have a stroke "

Him: mmm"

He said looking away, but remained standing at my door, ok that was a first? ok, what happening hear? Who is this handsome boy and what has he done with my rude son

Me: so how did you know I smoke?"

Him: is that a trick question?... " he said raising his eyebrow and looking at my hands that had a lighter and pack of cigarettes

Me: I..." I ran out of words as I shoved the pocket of cigarettes into my hoody pocket

Him: Rose my bedroom is next to yours, you know sticking your head out of the bedroom window and taking a quick puff does not stop the cigarette smoke from blowing back in the house"

Me: uuuh" I felt a hint of embarrassment washing over me

Him: not to mention that it's a very awkward position and way too uncomfortable for anyone to smoke like that "

I scratched my head not sure how to respond to that as I found myself standing in this room with No words spoken just me and my son having an awkward moment, his eyes are fixed on mine and I just realized that this is the first time I saw his eyes without a frown or that attitude look he always gives me, now I'm not about to get too excited that I am having a moment with my son because his temper can easily jump from 100 to zero, but this right here is the best moment that I have longed for, for year's

Him: so how are you feeling? "

He said with a calm familiar but strange-to-hear kind of voice, as he ran his hand on his chin

I was about to open my mouth to say something but he immediately changed and he narrowed his eyebrows, I licked my lips and followed his eyes and they landed on my packed bag on the bed

Him: you leaving? "

Me: uuum yes "

Him: you just passed out not so long ago and now this? "



Me: I am... "

Him: no you are not FINE!, and this thing of you acting strong all the time need to stop! ..."

Me: I don't have a choice"

Him: everyone has a choice Rose, but you are more worried about shit than how this is affecting Gogo"

Me: Zuko, I'm doing what I'm doing to rebuild my life with you and my mother, If I don't I will lose everything I have worked so hard to rebuild or worst find myself back in prison "

I looked at him

Me: prison? What the hell? "

I bite my lip not sure if I should tell my son about my shady business or fabricate a lie

He bite his lip and looked down

Him: it's because you still married to him right?"

I looked at him and slowly nodded, he looked up pressing his anger and I could tell because this is exactly how Oyama used to do when his business deal fall apart

Him: so what's the plan?"

Me:Zuko... I don't want you involved in this mass"

Him: A mass she calls it! Rose this man is dragging you down his rabbit hole yet again, while I call that a mountain of crap! you going to politely call it a mass ?"

Me: I know it's too much and that is why I don't want you involved in it!"

Him: Rose I'm not a child cut the bull shit please!!"

I breathe out loud

Me: Zuko I'm trying here to protect you and Ma"

Him: who the fuck needs it!!"

He said giving me the best of his mocking laugh

Me: Zuko just listen to me!..."

Him: I'm done listening to you...urg what the fuck do I even care! "

And just like that, he said walking out of my room and Banging on the door in the process

Me: ZUKO!!!....SHIT!"

I looked up and felt tears clouding my eyes, why can't he understand that I need to do this shit to keep myself out of prison so that I can work things out with him, I'm doing all this shit for him!

I hold my mouth as I felt this lump in my chest battling to come out but yet again I hold my tears back and suffer in silence, truth be told no doubt that one of these days I will pass out and die for real since I have all these emotions bottled up inside

I threw my back on the bed and closed my eyes, the voices are back there are loud I want to scream, smack something till my knuckles bleed,

My breathing changed as I place the pillow on my face, trying to stop the loud voices, stop these torment memories of me and Oyama but my hellish brain is making it so difficult to simply exist in this dimension. I wish someone to just rip my soul out of my body because it's like inhabiting a toy that's short-circuiting in hot bath water.

Damn

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I hate being in this place where my brain is basically going into overdrive like it just took five shots of espresso in one sitting.

I am pulled back by my ringing phone it's sound far but yet so near I slowly open my eyes and realize that I'm not dreaming or imagining things my phone is really ringing

Me; what?"

I answer without looking at the caller ID

" wow...your meeting went that bad with Ginger's mother?"

I breathe out loud realizing that it's Sandile

Me: Sandile can I call you later?"

I said softly

He sigh and softly said

"talk to me "

Me:...."

Him: Rose.."

Me:...."

Him: Baby...please "

He breathe out loud and cleared his thought

Him: Baby, I know nobody asks you this, and yet here I am, craving for you to give in to your emotions. You aren't really fine, and there's no point in hiding it away from me. My love, there is nothing in this world I will not do to wipe the grief in your eyes because this feeling is heart-wrenching."

He said with a deep voice yet with so much concern, at this point, I want to cry I want to say I can't do this anymore, I want to give up... I'm tired of fighting...

Me: I'm tired Sandile...why is this shit happening to me, why can't I get a break...I'm so tired I literally don't have any energy left in me to do this "

Him: I know that is why I always say you are not alone, now talk to me please "

Me: Ginger's mother wants nothing to do with her daughter if she dies..."

Him:her life those not lie in your hands"

Me: but Muntu..."

I try and stop the cyclone of thoughts in my head, before they spread through the rest of my body, causing turmoil. But the unthinkable happened I bust out and wept

Him:ngungancamele kuchitheke igazi kunokuthi ubuyele ejele uyangizwa "

Me:...

Him: your tears are hurting me, Rose"

Me: I don't know what to do Sandile"

Him: I will fix this "

Me: how?"

Him: I will fix it... For now, I need you to come back home and let me be your man, let me protect you, babe you are no longer

in jail where you had to do things on your own, please allow me to be your Shiel"

I shook my head looking up

Him: gogo Rose please breathe for me..."

Me: I..."

Him: shoooo...just breathe babe "

I focus on deep breathing exercises and sit up straight wiping my tears and listening to the comforting voice that was compelling me to talk, I found myself telling everything, my visit to Ginger mothers house, the phone call I got from Oyama's daughter, and how this whole shit is messing up my only hope of having a relationship with my son

Him: I'm sanding a driver to come pick you up "

Me: Sandile no!"

Him: I was not asking..."

I sniffed and looked down

Him:So this girl did she give you a name? "

Me: girl?"

Him: Oyama's Busted "

Me: no..."

Him: forward me the number she called you with, and ooh babe consider the Ginger situation dealt with "

Me: how?"

Him: I will have to look into her mother's past, no woman has no skeletons "

Me: no Sandile..."

Him: Rose my love I got this, wena

can you now focus on talking to your son and Fixing things with him"

Me: What? ...where do I start? "

Him: stop being scared of him you gave birth to him talk to him, all of this mess is not only affecting you but his also caught up in it too, "

I bite my lip and looked away

Him: I love you..."

Me: I love you "

Him: now can you relax and let me handle this "

Me: promise me that you won't kill anyone"

Him: as I said before if kumele kuchitheke igazi to keep you from harm's way so be it "

Me: Sandile!"

He just dropped the call without answering me, I looked at my phone perplexed in confusion,

My mind is racing asking myself what the worst could happen, on the other hand, my anxiety has subsided knowing that Sandile will take care of this mess.

I rolled my eyes with no care in the world, as I felt a huge weight on my shoulder being lifted,

So yeah, I might not have died before, but thanks to stress and anxiety for making me feel like I've been there.

I won't sugarcoat this; it's hard to live with this feeling. The thing about having infecting my brain is that you're always there. I worry so much about everything in the worst way — I overthink everything, and I'm unhealthily obsessed with it.

But who would have thought it will take a man to put me in this state I was in and will take another to pull me out of it, fuck Tables do turn when you least expect it.

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To be continued



\*\*\*My Past...My Mistakes \*\*\*

🌹 Rosettar 🌹

I walked out of my room debating on what I'm going to say to my son, I'm not sure if I'm more nervous to talking to him or what his venom mouth is going to say now,

I shoved my hands into my pocket as I approach him in the sitting room flipping channels

I thought of turning back but deep down I knew that despair drove me here as much as I may not have even noticed that it was happening at the time that I have taken all of his crap but to realize how far we've drifted from one another drives me crazy, yet sad, but mostly it's bloody frustrating!

And the thought that in his eyes I'm only his mother on paper that alone makes me feel so lost as a parent.

"Hi"

I said to him, he just raised his eyes to look at me, God damn it those eyes, why did God do this to me? After I carried the thing for 9 months. And then boom Oyama's copy! regardless that only His eye shape and forehead and hair look like Oyama while his cheeks and lips and eye color are like mine. But all that I see are the shapes of the eyes hence the comment " Oyama's replica"

Me: can we talk "

Him: I'm busy "

Me: Zuko"

Him: what?"

Me:look I know you have so many questions that you wish to know about me and your father and mostly about our current situation ..."

I breathe out loud and folded my arms,

Him: wow, whoever told you that crap was playing mind games with you "

Me: Zuko we can't go on like this "

Him:so you just going to abandon me for decades, then pitch up, and ooh! wait for it! don't talk to me for months and puff we need to talk now?!!! "

Me: you never gave me a chance "

I said with tears in my eyes

Him: you abandoned me when I was just a kid...what did you expect I to do? jump for joy the first time I saw you in years???"

Me: I did what I did for you...to protect you!"

Him: bullshit Rose!"

He roar and stood up, looking at me,

Him:...I found the letter you wrote to grandma you know the one you said she must tell me that you are dead... remember that!!!"

Me:that letter I wrote when I was in prison Zuko I did not think I will make it out alive!"

Him: then consider yourself dead and berries in my life"

" Zuko!!!" My mother shouted making me and Zuko to both look down

Ma: how long will this fight go on?... How long are you going to fight about the past "

Him: the past made me like this!!!"

Me: I never chose such a life for you,

Yes, there are certain things in my past that I'm not proud of.

When I think of them, the first question that arises in my mind is, "What the hell was I thinking?"

But I remember that I was too immature! in that age where people make mistakes. As much as considered myself to be the most intelligent and the smartest person on the planet, thought I knew things better I consistently took decisions without really

worrying about the consequences. Why because I didn't understand myself. And for that, I'm so sorry..."

I breath out loud and looked at my son whose face was full of wrath, looking at me with so much hate.

Me: I wish I could undo the pain you're feeling in your heart right now. I wish I had the power to just wash it away, make it disappear, close my eyes and take a deep breath, and have it no longer weigh on you.

If I had the power, it would be to heal you, to make you feel alright again, to hold you in my arms and have every little drop of sadness suddenly fade. If I could have one guaranteed, answered prayer, it would be for your sake. To allow you to start new without this heaviness, this burden, this exhaustion.

But I am no superhero. I am no magical being, filled with powers beyond my human strength. I am no healer, no medicine woman, and even if I talk to God, I cannot demand Him to behave a certain way. He works according to His will and I am not foolish enough to think I am in charge.

I don't have much to offer you, no promise of healing or the ability to solve the struggles spinning in your brain. But what I do have is my love for you

And I know my love can't save you, but maybe I can help you hurt just a little less.

Maybe if I told you or showed you how sorry I am, I can take your mind off of the places that ache. Maybe if I talk to you, I'll soften the edges, help you feel a little less guarded and a little more open. Maybe if I make you laugh, it'll remind you of all you have, of who you are, of the good that's around you, even if your world is falling apart

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Zuko I can't go back and change what has happened to you, to us. I can't rewrite your story so that your heart stops aching. I can't help you solve all the problems in your mind, but I can help you see what lies ahead. I can change your focus so that you aren't constantly reminded of what could have been, and instead see all that can be.

I wish to be your mother...

To show you all the reasons to live, to celebrate, to smile. . . but for now all I'm asking is that you forgive me "

In that moment of despair, all I wanted was for Zuko to hug me but, he just walk past me and left the room.

I felt my heart stop, my knees started shaking and my body became too heavy to carry, and just like that I slowly sat on the couch,

" it's going to be ok "

My mother said rubbing my back, I want to scream at her and ask

" When?"

But I'm too exhausted, warned out drained to the core,

Her: I will talk to him"

She said walking away, I held my face, I want to cry, just let it out, but I can't. It feels like my soul is crying, but I just physically can't get it out. It's like I'm stuck with this pain forever and am not allowed to at least alleviate it in a way. I... just can't explain it...though tears run down the pain is still very much trapped inside me.

I don't know when Sleep crept in but I felt mother's hands gently shake me,

Baby baby your phone has been ringing none stop"

I rubbed my eyes looking at her hand as she handed me my phone  
Sandile's name flashed on the screen

Me: how long was I out?"

Her: just an hour..."

I nodded and took my phone and answered it

Me: hallo"

Him: are you ok?"

Me: yeah"

He breathe out loud, my voice gave me away it was too soft,  
and he knows that I'm not good at all

Him: your driver is outside "

Me: what?"

Him: Baby I need you to come back home"

Me: Sandile, I can't'

Him: I don't understand?"

Me: what's the point of fighting for my freedom when the  
reality of having a relationship with my son is bleak "

Him: Rose..."

Me: I have to go "

I dropped the call and continued to lay my head on the cushion,  
Few minutes passed, with me just lost in my silence and wild  
thoughts, I loud bang made me pop my eyes open I looked up  
and noticed that my mother just roughly placed my bag on the  
coffee table,

Her: Get up!!!"

Me; what's this?"

Her: you are not going back to jail, do you hear me!"

I sigh and inwardly rolled my eyes

Me: Ma I'm tired of all this "

Her: lalela La Rose Life begins when you get tired of your own bullshit"

Me: excuse me?"

Ok that was the first hearing my mother use such a word

Her: Your Depression is not easy and many people do not get it but I do so please do not give up trying, do not give up on your life not just yet!"

Me: Why should I even bother? What's the point, really?"

Her: Who says there has to be a point? Or a reason. Maybe it's just something you have to do.

Nevertheless, Look at the first and the most important step you've already taken, you have acknowledged how you feel and I sense that, even though you feel tired, you have the will to fight back...Now get up your driver is waiting "

I frowned as she started calling out Zuko's name

" Zuko!!! Get out of that room before I beat you up with a broomstick!!!"



I slowly raised my body from the couch, as I heard Zuko drag his feet from his bedroom, I looked at him he had a backpack on, and a very hard-to-miss frown on his face

Mom: Rose don't make me repeat myself Yangizwa!"

Me: Haybo what did I do " I asked standing up

She just tilted her head and looked at me,

Her: bloody get going!"

Her voice was way too loud, and that alone made me jump up in fright cause I know that when she started pointing a finger at me it might mean that the next step is to slap me, I took my bag and phone and followed the direction of her pointed finger.

When I stepped outside I was shocked to see Zuko jumping inside the car that was waiting for me

" and then? ...what's going on?" I turned to ask my mother, but she folded her arms and said

"I'm tired of the two of you fighting constantly under my roof, fix your bloody mess and you are both only allowed back in my house once you have resolved your issues with your son"

Me: Mother! ...what do you mean ?"

Her: Rose be a mother for once! and stop shifting your responsibility to me!!! "

She closed her front door, more like slammed it on my face, making me swallow a huge lump that almost suffocated me, I looked at the car waiting and I bite my lip as anxiety hit me like a mother fucker!

" Fuck!"

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To be continued

\*\*\* I Am My Mother's Daughter \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

The name Mzamo Smith got these cops scrambling like crazy, it was as if Veli said God is unleashing another plague on mankind

Me: what's going on?"

Her: you heard them we have 24 hours "

Me: Veli!"

Her: Mpume! get in the bloody car now!!"

I said nothing and jumped in the car, she speed off the hospital exit, and I felt like I'm in an escape car the way she was driving

Her: Mzamo said don't say a word till he figures how he can get you out of this mass "

I bite my lower lip as the corner of her eyes started to look at me, she swallows and keeps driving,

Not once I thought the truth will come out like this but here we are, my sister knows I killed a man!

Am I the only woman who has made MISTAKES? Not by a long shot. There are literally billions of us. To my Asa A, If you're old enough to make decisions, you're probably a woman who made mistakes, well Some mistakes may have been small and

inconvenient. But mostly Many have caused your world to pause and shake.

Like killing a man for instance, now this bullshit, I have come to realize that this shit right here will be life-altering for me no doubt,

Her: when we're you going to tell me?"

I opened my mouth and closed it, I can't sugar coat this shit to her, I looked outside the window not sure if I'm ready to answer that question,

The car windows started shrinking as my vision narrowed and narrowed. I can hear Veli talking or should I say asking me question I was not ready to answer.

For me, difficult conversations are rarely about getting the facts right. They are about conflicting perceptions, interpretations, and values. So blocking her out of my head was my only option for now, I just allowed my mind to roam to what was outside the moving car,

I realized that the view through the piece of glass was not out onto the actual world but inward, down a digital depth over which I exercise near-dictatorial control. It's mostly the speed of light that captivate and frames my fundamental lack of control, while lost in this sense, a powerful existential tool took over: a patch of the world, arbitrarily framed, from which I am

physically isolated. The only thing I can do is look. While my brain is forced to make a drama out of whatever happens to appear. Boring things become strange. A blob of mist balances on top of a mountain; leafless trees contort themselves in slow-motion interpretive dance; heavy raindrops make the puddles boil. These things are a tiny taste of the bigness of the world. They were there before I looked; they will be there after I am gone

The peaceful sound I felt was disturbed by a car honk by a car behind us, I realized that Veli was just looking at me and not looking at the road

Me: what?"

"...so you going to make me talk to myself the whole drive?..."

I folded my arms and breath out loud, God she is so annoying why can't she just drop this shit.

Her: wow The Silence treatment..."

I rolled my eyes

Her: damn It!!! Mpume, this shit It's deafening. It's maddening. It leaving volumes in its presence and It's getting louder and louder and...all I'm trying to do is help you here!!! "

Me: God damn it Veli I did not ask for your bloody help!!!!"

I lashed out at her, I look at her look at me with a shocked expression, fuck! Mrs anger is back...why did Veli have to push me!

Her: did I bloody say you did?"

Me: what the fuck do you want!!!"

Her: the truth!!!"

She breathe out loud realizing that she raised her voice at me as well, tensions are high, she is driving like a maniac, while I wish I could just jump out of the car then disclose the truth to her,

Her: Mpume help me understand..."

Me: Veli...not now!"

Her: Mpume I don't know what you went through in that house but I can see in your eyes how much it's eating you up like a lich, look Sisi,

When you give yourself permission to communicate what matters to you in every situation you will have peace despite rejection or disapproval. Putting a voice to your soul helps you to let go of the negative energy of fear and regret."

Me: that the problem, you think I feel guilt or regret, for what I did?"

Her: what?"

I chuckled and looked at her,

Me: Veli I am a cold-hearted bitch, always have, always will be, some may say I am a nonviolent psychopath. Because I do not feel guilt, empathy, or remorse. Not because I don't want to but because I can't!!!

Her: Mpume...that's not you "

Me; just bloody stop it OK!!! I am my mother's daughter, I killed a man in cold blood, don't you see how quickly the tables have turned? Just like how Zodwa the woman who raised me killed our father and walk around like she did no shit, guess what I feel exactly like that... because I'm wired like that

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I will not stop at anything to survive or to fulfill my goals.

So judge me all you like, cause I have and all I could see in myself is another Hollywood horror movie - starring Nompumelelo Msimangu a woman who doesn't feel anything and doesn't care about anyone, ooh and watch out now people she is now dangerous and capable of doing terrible things to mankind! ... So sister dearest is that the truth you were looking for?"

She looked at me and then swallowed and focused back on the road.

Me: wow finally some peace and quiet!!!"

I said turning my back at her and looking outside the window

Surprisingly the drive was quiet thank God,

A few minutes passed and a little voice started whispering in my ear ' You should have not talked the way you did to the only person that has your back!' but a louder voice says what the fuck? So just because I have no one or anything I now should convert myself to being something I'm not? If she did not know who I am before well she sure does now 'I am an unapologetic bitch!'

I've had great friends and have lost great friends. Because of my character

Frankly, crying over spilled milk is just a waste, I have been beaten up, raped, and almost traffic to the highest bidder, my life is sprawling out of control and I have no time to sugarcoat anything, so what if Veli looks at me like an ungrateful bitch? Bitch I've been called a bitch and an asshole on more than one occasion nothing new about it!

If you're getting on my nerves, I will tell you. If you ask me if I think your shirt looks good with your pants and I don't think it does, I will tell you.



I wouldn't say I have zero filters; I'm not a monster. But beating around the bush is a waste of time, and I won't do it. I have lost too much to even care now...and worse I'm still going through some bull shit of being haunted by a spirit!

So shoot me dead because I don't love confrontation, but don't get offended when someone realizes that I am also not afraid of it!

The car finally came to a halt, it's an underground basement, she jumps off the car and says nothing, fuck just great now I am her puppet follow ing her around, I clicked my tongue and jumped out,

We both get into an elevator, she is

still mad and her phone is taking her eyes off me, I chew my inner chick and looked up, Ok this is awkward!

finally, the elevator door opened to a beautiful pant house, or should I say all I see is white, she sway her hips, and moves past me while I'm lost in this heaven of a house, which got me shocked that and questioning myself if this is her house?

A bust of laughter from a male voice made me freeze, I looked up and found Veli in Mzamo's arms, she pouting while Mzamo is laughing his pants off, and kissing her forehead.

"I hate to say this but I told you so "

Mzamo said kissing her on the lip, I don't know if it's envy or instinct but I found myself clearing my throat, which turned out to be a bad move because that smile on that handsome man turned into a frown, I quickly looked away, damn it this man gives me the crips

Him: so much for a sisterly bond I see..."

Veli: Mzamo..."

Him: what? So we just going to ignore the fact that your sister dearest has a self-destructive behavior disorder, lives a chaotic lifestyle, and she will stop at nothing at dragging you down with her, Come On Veli is this the bullshit you need me to save? It's been what? two days and already she burned down the bridge between you and her... "

I frowned...no I looked at Mzamo with so much rage, and being an impulsive person, I decided to click my tongue and turned to walk out

Veli: shit! ...Mpume "

She called out, running after me

Me: Veli I'm not going to stand here and allow..."

Mzamo: ohh please don't stand please go, and see how far you can run away from Ngozu..."

Her: Mzamo, please! Will deal with that later, now tell me if it's possible to get my sister out of jail?"

Mzamo: darling your sister can be on the run or in Jail that will not stop the fact that he killed a son of a very notorious Nigerian family, and to make things worst the victim's mother is a powerful devotee of a water goddess, who knows what Voodoo shit she is cooking there...

Me: what did you say?"

Him: ooh you don't know the man you killed I see?...wow you stupid girl "

I looked at Veli, her facial expression tells me that she knows a whole lot more than she giving out,

Me: Veli what's going on?"

She swallowed and looked at Mzamo as if he is the one that asked the question,

" what the fuck is going on?"

I screamed but the only outcome I got was the elevator door opening, and there stood Mvelo

Fuck! As if my day can not get any worse!!

.To be continued

\*\*\* A dagger Through My Heart!\*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

It was not what he said that got me frozen on the doorstep but how he said it, It's ringing like a siren and sticking in my head regardless of How hard I shake it off.

What the fuck does he mean that his child is dead?

I want to walk out of this house and kick myself so hard for being impatient with him, for not giving him a chance to explain worst for jumping to conclusions.

I want to say " Sorry " but it's slowly suffocating...

Now it's even hard to breathe, it's hard to move, it's hard to look him in the eye

Those words burn like hell. they're turning my world into ashes.

to tell you the truth. I hate any topic that has to do with death, the feeling of grieving, the crying the comforting, for me, it's just hard to be around people like that, but so much easier to push them away, but how can I do that to a man that I love?

I look up, his moving around the living room as if he's looking for something, he walked to the dining room and runs his hands on his head, I breathe out loud and slowly walked back inside the house,

I look at him click his tongue and walked to the bathroom

Me: Mlondi"

I say softly following him, but he does not respond but continues to walk inside, I found him searching the drawers and mumbling something to himself, his removing everything inside, and doing it out of anger and rag

Me: babe "

Him:..."

Me: Mlondi!"

Him: Lethu...ku...thu...la!"

He said looking at me or should I say he shouted my name as if I was annoying him, which I was probably doing no doubt.

He fixed his eyes at me and there fell a stillness upon us.

Though loving him is hard and steep,

But neither the less my love for him still crowns me, I look into his eyes and I realize sadness, which breaks my heart into million pieces too.

He walks towards me and gently ran his hand on my face, making me look at him, he frowns and pulled me by my hand leading me inside the bathroom, with no words said he grab my waist and made me sit on top of the sink counter,

Me: Mlondi"

Him: Lethu you bleeding...you have glass on your hair and face...fuck!"

I hold his hand for him to look at me

Him: damn it...you hurt..and I hurt you "

Me: Babe..."

He decided to ignore me and started cleaning the glass on my face and hair

Me: ouch " I said as the sting of the disinfection spray hit my skin

Him:sorry "

I looked at him but he still looked sad or should I say conflicted, he start blowing his hot hair in my face while he works the cotton wool on my cheeks

Me: babe it's ok "

He fakes a chuckle

Him: this shit got to stop! "

Me: what?"

Him: I got two bullet wounds on my body, and you have shattered glass on your face "

Me: it's gangster love what do you expect ?"

I said looking at him, he bite his lip and side smile

Him: I'm sorry Lethu "

Me: I know "

Him: I'm sorry for...I should have told you but a lot happened in one go, I have fallen for you. I didn't think I would but I have and it's driving me crazy. It's driving me crazy because I don't think you feel the same. It drives me crazy that you're the only person who has ever made me feel scared of losing someone. It drives me crazy how my heart aches knowing you don't feel the same. . ."

Me: why would you say that?"

Him: every time we have an argument you are so quick to pack up and leave "

Me: anger drives me to leave "

Him: anger makes me want to kill you for ever thinking of leaving me "

He said looking at me with a straight face

Me: Mlondi how can I stay or try to make us work when you have so many secrets "

Him: why are we shifting from love to trust?"

I pushed his hand away from my face

Me: the two work hand in hand Mlonde! ...you kept a whole baby from me!"

Him: ooh now you shouting "

Me: Should I pretend that what happened a few hours ago did not hurt me "

Him: I'm sorry "

Me: for what?"

Him:Hhayi man!!! Lethu kanti what the fuck do you want me to say!?"

He clicked his tongue and looked away,

Me: are you even asking me that now?"

Him: uuuuh! You heard what you wanted to know...God damn it, Just bloody drop it!!!"

He said throwing the disinfectant spray at the bathroom wall

Him:Wow typical of you to get angry when confronted, what next you going to shut me up with a slap "

He looked at me and ground his teeth

Him: what kind of a man do you think I am?"



Me: look at me Mlonde I got shattered glass on my face, my entire body is bruised, my knee is bleeding, you did this! Your insecurities did this, why can't you see that Your trust issues are harrowing for me and I feel under attack all the time when you fail to talk to me!!!"

Him:why are you always pushing... "

I jumped off the counter and looked up at him

Him: I wish you knew how loving you feels like a dagger through my heart!"

I said walking out,

Him: Lethu...Lethu! ...fuck !"

He screamed at me but I continued walking, I found myself slouching on the couch,

There are a lot of things that I need to do right by me and as much as I want to leave, I will not dare walk out of this house while his still this angry, so for now I will just breathe. Second of all, if and when I am able to get my peace. I need to take a look at the woman I have become in the mirror. I may not be ready to face her yet, but I've got to face her to find the courage on how to break the ice on this – none of this was my fault reverse Psychology bullshit that Mlonde constantly use at me. Lord knows this is by far the most toxic dangerous relationship I have ever been in.

I felt his hands around my shoulders, he pulled me to rest my head on his chest as I folded my legs under my thigh and held on to him, why does this feel so right but hurt like mother fucker!

Him: I'm sorry "

He said softly and kissed my forehead, pulling me tight under his arms, he is only saying I'm sorry because that is what I want to hear not because he meant it, but because he know it will appease me and then allow him to pull my strings as he desires.

Him: I don't like fighting with you"

Boom! And just like the idiot I am I fall for it. I am venerable under his strong arms

"Baby I didn't mean to hurt you," he said softly, while I felt my eyes burn with tears

Me: ever since I came to know that you are Shaka, all we ever do is fight..."

Him: I don't want to be that man when I'm with you..."

Me: but..."

I tried to turn to look at him, but he rested his head on top of mine making me sit still

Him: I love you mamNtungwa, you are the only women that fell in love with me, the real me, Mlondi Bhengu, I have told you my deepest fears, and dreams and I have never felt so weak when I am with you, that is why I'm so afraid to lose you"

Me: and the mother of your child?"

Him: I don't love her...never did, never will"

Me:but she means something to you if she is still in your life "

He breathes out loud

Him:Lethu you the only woman for me "

Me: you locked me in your bedroom when she showed up...what was that supposed to mean?"

Him: it's complicated"

I swallowed holding my painful sobs in,

Me:if you love me as you say you do, you will uncomplicate it..."

In the stillness, the voice inside him became louder, much louder, and cannot be ignored judging from his breathing.

Him: I fooled around with a lot of girls a few years ago, the worst part is that one of those girls fell pregnant along the way, she said the baby was mine but I was too goal-driven in taking down Oyama and building my empire,

that love, relationship was the last thing on my mind, I was her first but she busted in me refused to believe that the child she was carrying was mine..."

He stopped talking, more like thinking if he should tell me the whole story or not

Him: ...I gave her money...instead of going to any Dr appointment with her, her calls I never answered and her time I never had, she was a nonsense, an irritating pimple that I was unable to get rid of

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months went by and when it was time for her to give birth, I was still not there...she was alone, young, first time to give birth, she called me but I was too busy to take any of her calls as usual, with Southern African ambulance taking their precious time to show up for any emergency calls she ended up..."

He kept quiet and breath out loud,

Me: ooh my God No!"

Him:...uum all I know is that the baby did not make it, I did not want to know the details because I was somehow relieved that it did not survive, my brother did a DNA test when he heard the news, and to our stupid surprise the child was mine..."

Me: Mlondi... "Again I tried to look at him but he stopped me, there was something in his voice that sounded as if he was crying, and all I wanted to do was hug him and tell him that everything is ok

"I mass up Lethu big time, and I spend so many years telling myself, That it didn't happen?

And if it did, it wasn't that bad.?

And if it was, it's not a big deal.

And if it is, it wasn't my fault.

And if it was, I didn't mean it.

And if I did, she probably deserved it...but to have to tell you the truth right now I feel like an animal, ...I killed an innocent soul..."

I roughly untangle myself from his hold, stood up, and decided to sit on his lap in a squatting position I held his head making him look at me

Me: I'm so sorry "

Him: I wish that guilt-screening voice inside of me can hear you right now"

Me:Mlondi only if you listen to me...look I know you don't really know what to do without the guilt, but hear this – there

are better, kinder, more truthful voices coming to take its place and I will make sure of it. You don't have to listen to that one, The Wrong One, anymore – and I'm sorry that you ever felt like you had to in the first place. "

He nibbles his inner cheek avoiding eye contact

Me: thank you for telling me, I know it was very hard of you to confide in me"

He breathe out loud and hang his head, he then pulled me by my waist and rested his head on my chest, while I just engulf him in an extremely tight hug

Him: the guilt is too much Lethu " he said after a few moments of silence

Me:The anger and fear and confusion will pop their heads in from time to time.

They're still around, but they will be the white noise behind the laughter,

singing in the car, life stories in coffee shops, and under the stars. Or when we make love in the car during a rainy day..."

He chuckled and started tickling me

Me:... or when we shout at each other, shooting each other, and roughly manhandle....uuuh Mlondi stop it! "

I said laughing as he started pinching me, I tried to jump off him since he was pinching me with one hand and tickling me with the other, I'm screaming telling him to stop but he decides to flip me over the couch and he was on top of me, he looks at me as my loud laughs slowly turned into a blushing smile

Him: I love you so much manNtungwa "

I smiled and ran my hands on his face

Me: I love you too" I said softly

He lowers his head and gives me such a wonderful, wet, sexy kiss, as he sucks on my tongue, our bodies pressed against each other from collarbone to toes, and I feel him getting hard. I love that feeling. Knowing he's hard because of me, he wants me, his body is ready for me. he pulled back and looks at me

"Mlondi..." Damn I hate that his such a tease, we suppose to ripping our clothes off now and fucking hard, I try to pull him to me, but he pushes me back and just side smiles, as slowly pulled his t-shirt that I was wearing over my head, I bite my lip and looked at him, Mlondi is so obsessed with looking at my naked body, he gets this thrill in undressing me, kissing me all over, as if his leaving imprint on his property, he kiss my neck and bite my ear

Him:no matter how much you kiss me hot, heavy, wet & angry with that attitude like you do when your mouth yells it hates

me but your tongue screams it can't wait for me. Hug me, touch me, submit to me with that insatiable passion like you do when you thought you could leave but the sight of my throbbing rock-hard love muscle always makes you too weak in the knees. Your mind is melting fast, your soul is whispering trust, your eyes are begging please and your anger has turned to lust. So please Let me undress your body, caress your skin and wetly massage your mind back into making love to me again. I'd rather say I'm sorry and keep my best friend than have this meaningless rough sex or as they call it make up sex, so please my love let me make love to you "

Me: uuuuh " I softly moan as he bites my neck, he grabs my breast a bit too tight, fuck, the things he does to me,

He start softly, gently making me tilt my head as he feasted on my body with his tongue, with his hand on the small of my back he pulls me towards him making our body press together, he snakes his tongue into my mouth and I do the same as our kiss get faster and heavier, my hands finds his abbs, we are both half naked, as he slowly makes his way to take off my shorts, I shoot my eyes open as the loud Knock on the door made us both froze

" Mlondi!!!" A voice called out for his mane

Me: fuck not this again!"



Another loud knock makes Mlondi click his tongue, I pushed him off me and jumped off the couch

Him: Lethu...baby..."

Me:I'm not in the mood anymore...urg deal with whoever is behind that door"

Bang...Bang...bang...the consistent knock on the door gets louder and louder

Mlondi: fuck!!!!...I swear to God ngizobulalainja namuhlanje!!!"

He screamed...I could not help but laugh at him as I made my way to the bedroom

To be continued....

### \*\*\*A Leap Of Faith \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

It seems so simple and so easy, just love hard and it will all work out. Just give it your best. Just hold nothing back. Be brave. Be vulnerable. And everything will work out for you.

But you know that isn't always the case sometimes. Because sometimes you can love someone with everything you have, and you can still get it wrong. Or in my case, I should say people surrounding my relationship are gunning for a failed relationship.

I breathe out loud as I wipe my face, Whoever said love would be easy is a fool. It's not easy, it's difficult, it's hard and scary, and makes you unsure of everything around you. But I suppose that's its beauty. Love has the capability to make us feel so much all at once.

Makhosi Mhlongo said a mouth full few minutes ago and I am scared to death! Yep, that's right. I'm scared. Scared this won't work, scared that this whole process might end up hurting me, but mostly I'm scared of losing Ntsika

The very idea makes me freeze in my tracks. Finding someone you connect with doesn't happen every day,

The idea that there's a chance this process could all go wrong, that's scary. Scary as hell.

But on second thoughts, how much could go right?

I bite my lip thinking, I have filled my head with all the bad "what if" scenarios, but "what if" there are good outcomes, what if this works, what if my heart has this one right?

I toss the towel aside and hold into the rocking chair, looking at this beautiful unfinished nursery, and I wonder about which feeling should be more significant. The fear or the hope. But to my worst nightmare, Both emotions run so deep, so fast, so strong.

I stood there confused my dress is wet and in the midst of it all for the first time, I felt a sensation, a feeling like popcorn popping, a goldfish swimming around, or butterflies fluttering. I pop my eyes open and slowly moved my hand to my tummy, "Oooh wow "

I smile but also wonder if these gentle taps or swishes in my belly are gas, my eyes get wider and wider as I realize that my baby...my baby is moving, I want to scream in excitement but suddenly it stops.

" let's get you out of these clothes"

He said walking into the room with my robe,

He looked at my facial expression and, he frowned

Him: what's up with that look? "

Me: our baby just moved "

Him: WHAT???? WHEN???"

He said making his way to me, not giving me time to explain, his hands were already on my belly, his moving them around

Him: where did he kick? .... Ooh come on son kick for dady"

I laughed shaking my head,

Me: Ntsika stop you scarring him"

Him: you sure it was a kick not gas?"

I hit his shoulder and we both laughed,

Me: stop it!"

He kissed my lip and helped me take off my dress

The big elephant in the room slowly changed the color of our moods as he helped me put my robe on

Me: so is he still downstairs?"

Him: yeah...I think "

Me: what's the plan "

He chuckled and pinch my cheek,

Him: I do my part, you do your "

Me: Ntsika!"

He breathe out loud and looked at me,

Me:is it necessary for you to move back home?"

He nodded his head and sigh very loudly

Him; I moved away from home, because my family always judged me because of my condition, what kind of a king will I be when I'm stuck in a wheelchair? My Uncle will ask, at one point I even went as far as asking Mlondi to take the seat, but culture and rules were against me, so it was either my uncle or my mother, and my mother refused to give my birthright to anyone so she decided to become my legs ...my face and sometimes my voice "

He said walking past me, looking down with his hands shoved deep in his pocket

Me: that is the reason why you have undergone so many surgery's?"

Him: surgeries, physiotherapy, psychology,

...you name it, the goal was for me to walk, that's how far my family pushed me, ever since I came back, so I did all the things I refused I will never do, so they can get over the case that one day I may take my seat, but when the topic of arranged

marriage was enforced to me, that was the last draw, I moved out from home, and I built this house because I wanted to leave my life, the way I wanted to"

Me: so that's why you pretended not to know how to walk"

He slowly turned and looked at me,

Him: technically I couldn't, I took ten steps and the pain will be unbearable up until you came along"

Me: I don't understand?"

Him: I don't know if I should call it a miracle or fate

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but walking became possible with you "

Me: which means..."

He nodded

Him:you know ithonga works in mysterious ways, I remember when I did a ritual in this house you know ukubika kubaphansi that I'm now living here, my father appeared to me in a dream and asked me

"Why did you leave your thrown?"

I bluntly told him

" I can not rule the kingdom with no legs"

He chuckled shaking his head

"give me legs to walk with and I will return home to rebuild the Bhengu kingdom"

I dropped my mouth open

Him: yeah, so look at me now, I can walk, I have a woman by my side that I will make my Queen and I have a seed growing that will carry my lineage..."

He said walking towards me,

That fear again crept in, I started playing with my hands avoiding eye contact

Him: look, babe, I know that to get to happy ever after will have to go through the wire...but it's ok...I promise we going to be ok"

Me: your family will not approve of me "

Him: Liya we have been through this before "

Me: I know! ... I know...but Ntsika I know you felt it too. The intense exchange of looks, where I know your heart was beating as fast as mine. I could feel it as I sat on that chair while Makhosi Mhlongo told me that I'm cursed "

Him: he prepared you isiwasho to use to lift that dark spirit off you"

Me: but still I have this baby growing inside of me, and your family will not accept me"

Him: it's not a 'this'... it's my son Liyana !"

Me: yes his our son but I'm scared I'm really scared...the dark cloud!!!"

Him: me too but..but there is a solution to every problem "

He said moving close to me, but I decided to step back and cut him off

Me: like what? finding my father, what good will that do? It still won't change the fact that we are not congenial!"

Him: Liya!"

Me:... why do we take these chances? Why do we risk heartbreak and tears and sleepless nights, if we know we could get it wrong... "

Him: Because that side of thinking is not me"

Me: I'm being optimistic!"

Him: I know! and I wish that you could for once stop questioning everything...I told you I will handle this! "

His voice is loud now, I'm not sure if his shouting or just plain expressing himself



Me: you were with me here when the bone man told us kunezinqinaba, I'm sorry but my faith is not that strong to believe that anything can work...what if... "

Him: your faith is strong enough to fight this Liya, you know why? because You carrying a life Liyana and that alone will have to drive you and bring out that bravery from within that will allow you to fight for what you want Being a mother is learning about strengths you didn't know you had, and dealing with fears you didn't know existed."

Me: but..."

Him: Stop allowing your insecurities to run your life...

I know you are scared, I am too, But there's something that tells me this could be something. There's this feeling that I'm blindly trusting and holding onto, I can't just walk away without giving it my best."

Me: I'm sorry if my insecurities are a problem here, ...but if you once walked a mile in my shoes you will come to realize that I have so much bad luck in my life that thos dark cloud hovering over us feel like a part of my life story..."

I closed my eyes and looked up

Him: Liya..."

Me: just stop..."

Him: Liyana Fire tests gold, suffering tests brave heart...what if all that you went through as a child, as a young adult was only shaping you to what your future will hold, which is the opposite of dark clouds..."

Me: ooh God don't lecture me about Turning Tables..."

I said turning my back on him

Him: you in love with a king, Liyana... Not just that but I am also filthy rich, and I will be damned to let you go just because few people do not approve of our love, and as for this dark cloud bull shit if it does not move I will bloody make it rain if I have to give you and my son clear skies !"

I slowly turned to look at him, his face changed, this look I only saw the day in the hospital when my mother almost killed me,  
...

Him: I love you, I see my future with you, and I will build this kingdom with you, you're lack faith fuck that I will pray, ngiphahle for the both of us if I have to, I'll give you my best. I'll love you the way others haven't. I'll show you what you've deserved this whole time. Because you deserve the best. You deserve someone to love you the best they can. You deserve someone who enhances your life and makes it better. God damn it Liyana Ziqubu how many times must I say I want to be that person.

So I'm asking you Sthandwa sami, pouring my heart out yet again!!!. Pick me. Choose me. Love me. Fight for us...for our future...for our unborn baby!!! "

He said touching my belly

Me: did you just shout at me?"

Him: Ngikhathele ukukuncenga nawe...yooh "

I dropped my mouth open In shock did he just say that? But he just decided to kiss me, this kiss I have never felt from him, it was rough, and wet fuck did it make me wet as well?

He stops and looks at me and grins,

Me: what?

Him: did you hear that?"

He lowered his head to my belly, and just like that his son started moving

Him: what...wait did he just?"

He said looking at me with a wide smile on his face, I just nodded and said "Yes"

Him: ooh my God...he did it again!!! "

I giggled and looked up, tears of joy ran down my face, he started kissing all over my belly,

Me: stop it! "

I said pushing him away

Him: did you feel that...? Urg man of cause you did...how does it feel?"

Me: like gas "

We both bust out and laughed, this look on his face is priceless,

So what if there are a million "what if" scenarios, some good and some bad one thing im distinct about is that I can't live my life that way. I can't live my life wondering if I made the right choice or not

You don't meet someone every day who makes you laugh at the drop of a dime, smiles with a single word, or lifts your spirits when all you want is to be down and know exactly what to say when everything has gone wrong.

Meeting someone who wants to know all of you, the good, the bad, and everything in between, that's rare. That is something special. So if all I have to go on are those feelings, the thought that there's something so different about Him isn't unlike any other person I've ever known, that's enough.

Taking a leap of faith is petrifying because there's no security, there's no knowing but I suppose that's what makes it worth it.

Believing in something you don't see is not only exhilarating but gives you the chance to believe in something so rare, so pure.

Ntsika is worth that moment of free falling, because the good "what ifs" are worth so much more than the bad and because I don't want to look back and say I missed out on the most amazing person for fear of "what if".

Here I am, taking my leap of faith and I know without a doubt he will take this leap with me better yet catch me when I fall. What more could I ask for?

To be continued

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\*\*\* I am my worst nightmare \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

Looking at Mvelo makes me wonder whether it was only my fault that our friendship withered away, but on second thought isn't friendship a two-way street? he also did not make me a priority, so he can't possibly hate me for how I turned out to be.

I looked away hoping not to shame him with my past,

Mvelo was not just my friend but more of a brother to me, and with my past, I can't help but feel nothing but shame, and also I can't help but only see judgment in his eyes

I still wonder how I and he ended up in these opposite treaties, I guess tables turn when you are the black sheep in the group.

Or To clear my conscious, should I rather say that He changed? It could be that because For many years I felt as though I was traveling down a one-way dead-end lane when it comes to our friendship, As he became so absorbed in his own life that he forgot to appreciate the friendship I was so carefully cultivating.

Anyway, I understand that each friendship is unique. Some friends are there to get you through a finite period. Some friendships last a lifetime. That's how I thought, Zoe, Mvelo, Sindy and I will be like. but well shit happened, some may look at it as the fact that we, grew up.

You know we once made promises to stay in touch. At first, this was easy. But over time, things changed. I slowly stopped hearing from them not that I cared because I was consumed by greed and thought my shit smelled like Roses, looking at my mistake now, It truly does not require a lot of time or effort to maintain a friendship, and yet I allow it to die.

Mixed emotions consume me as Hurt, betrayal, and abandonment. These are the emotions I feel as I look into Mvelo's brown-golden eyes, a part of me hopes he regrets the fact that he allowed our friendship to die. And he does not have to look at me with a blank expression like I never mattered to him.

He finally speaks after a long staring contest

" Nompumelelo "

he greeted me, his voice bolder than I remember it to be

My voice failed me, no matter how much I wanted to greet him back so I resorted to just nodding my head and looked at Veli,

Me: May I have a word with you " I said to Veli, As she lead me to the other room, I could feel Mvelo's eyes burn the back of my head,

" what the fuck is he doing here?"

I could not help but to snap at Veli the minute the door closed behind her

Her: I did not call him..." She said so calmly

Me: Veli don't bullshit me!"

She sighs

Her: Mzamo is Mvelo's uncle, so his majesty comes and goes as he pleases in this house "

Me: so this is just a coincidence that his here the very same day I set foot in your house?"

She breathes out loud

Her: look Mpume I called him last night, asking for help "

Me: help?... What the fuck were you thinking!!!?"

Her: uuuh I don't know rather than the fact that you are tormented by a spirit and he knows more about this than I do!..."

Me: It was none of your business to tell him about my life!!!"

Her: ooh bloody hell shoot me for carrying "

Me: I did not ask for your bloody help Veli!!"

She opened her mouth and closed it she then pressed her lips together and breath out loud



Her: rest assured sister dearest, it was my first and last time, and to put your mind at ease, Mvelo refused to help you, and judging from what I have witnessed from your actions and outburst, I don't bloody blame him as well "

I froze listening to her say that, she did not say anything further but decided to walk out on me, slamming the door behind her, I did it again burning the only life bridge I have with my words, this hateful mind of mine crying out to be concealed, has caused more enemies than friends, I'm manipulated by my own intuitions telling me that I am making a fool of myself in being vulnerable

“What will they think of me?”, is the first question that rises in my head. “Are they going to think that I am a ‘weak’ person?”

God knows I’ve come to hate that word ‘weak’ but it still resonates in my head when I’m being caught in a whirlwind of thoughts,

I believe no one can imagine how I can impact a person’s life with words and conscious or unconscious actions. I wish I knew that I needed to ask for help. Instead, there was a big open wound in my heart that led me to develop a destructive behaviour with words. The worse I felt, the more I suppressed my sadness and anger with my actions. This right here is a vicious circle. When will it stop?

I sank down, My mind is noisy but my heart is empty. People reach out, but I push them away.

I held my face as set on the bed, I feel like shit, It was hard for me when I get to this point. At first

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I'm in denial. I think, "I can't be sinking again. I've worked so hard to be happy. I know how to be happy. My mind knows how to work properly. I'll be okay." But I'm not.

No matter how much I try, no matter how long it's been, the gears get stuck and don't work properly...as suicidal thoughts cloud me,

I feel Trapped like a bird in a cage, Never to be freed

Three decades have passed and I've erupted all my rage

Now left with No one to care for me and nothing to do so I watch as I make myself bleed

Just one friend is all I need but with this heart of mine they never last,

It's so dark and I am my own best friend or should I say worst enemy

I know I'll die alone in the end.

I have cried yet another million tears, as I lay my head on the pillow, tired of asking myself why me? I feel My soul sink, my eyelids become heavy my breathing change as heavy sleep creeps in,

My vision becomes pitch black, and an image of rusted, cage appears

I cough from sickness, as I blow out cold air from my mouth, I'm freezing...im cold, where am I? I opened the birdcage, and step out,

a black curtain hangs on my door.

The voices of conscience torment me

There's dirt all over this place, I can't see much, but there's water that runs down the wall, mice in the attic above me and rats playing games in the hall.

My surrounding has no heat, only the darkness of life that surrounds me

I know my time is short, his close, his watching, waiting to torment me

Still, no friends to come to my rescue and even if they do I can not be trusted

I think about all the times I've sinned

As I lay dying I can't help but think I could have prevented being trapped in a cage.

Finally, the wrath of the night comes, his Cologne engulfs me, I try to shift from this bed, but my entire body is paralyzed,

"He is here "

I am haunted by a ghost

who calls my name,

whispers in the wind, and runs in my shadow. I've tried to bury him so many times in my head, in my prayers, in my life!

but his remains could not remain

buried. He breathes as I sleep.

I hear the faint creak of the floorboard as he appears out from the shadows and he creep

My brain bubbles and blisters

like witch's brew, as I feel his whisper in the air as I succumb to the hellfire of regurgitated memory. I stabbed him with no remorse but this memory turn, the tables turn as I find myself with oozing blood on my throat

" Help!... Please some..one...! " I scream but he has stolen away my oxygen to resurrect himself, this trauma I feel is a tomb I cannot worm my way out of.

"Help...please!!"

My mouth moves but my voice is stolen, and my head has turned to stone. As I turn blue, ... I'm dying... I'm losing air...

" God please help me!!!!..."

My eyes shoot open and the lights in the room are turned on, Velile and Mvelo stood by the door looking at me, my heavy breathing is the only noise in this room, as my eyes wander around, wondering where am I, is he still around, I screamed to the movement of the curtain as the wind blew it in,

fear creeps in and I quickly curl myself into a ball, pulling my knees to my chest, I'm shaking like a leaf,

" ooh my God Mpume what happened to your neck "

She says touching my neck, I want to answer her but my tears come first then my voice.

" please help me" I say softly as she engulfed me with a hug.

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To be continued

\*\*\*The make-up sex \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I am so horny! I keep thinking of his sexy body and all the ways he supposes to please me right now,

I frown in frustration, I miss him while his only a few steps away from me, I tip-toe to the door to listen to who is he talking to, but I could not hear a damn thing, I dragged my feet inside the bathroom and threw off all my clothes

God what's taking him so long to finish up! ... I clicked my tongue and ran myself a bubble bath, the minute I soak my body, it was as if I'm making the heat between my legs even worse, Instantly my fingers flew to my lady, feeling how wet I was. I stroked one finger over my clit and another dipped inside me. I started moaning, it felt so good and my eyes clamped shut. My breathing grew faster and heavier as I rubbed my clit harder and harder. My nipples tightened and my legs started shaking as I reached my orgasm on a loud moan.

I opened my eyes and gasped. Shock washed over me as Mlondi stood there transfixed, watching me pleasure myself.

"Hi baby," I said softly.

He raised his eyebrow

"What are you doing?"

Me: taking a bath"

I bite my upper lip

Him: Fuck you drive me crazy "

He said as he pulled me by my arm, pulling me out of the bathtub, I'm dripping wet, inside and out, he lift me up as I strap my legs around his waist our tongues start playing together, this instance kiss that has the power to fog the windows,

He gently placed me on top of the bed, I feel his warm breath on my neck as he began kissing all the sensitive spots that he know so well. "my breasts",

but instead of stopping to play with them, he continue down my belly, causing me to shiver, then slide his body between my legs and began licking. His tongue strokes over my clit and it felt so good I shout in pleasure.

" oooh my God Mlondi..."

His tongue works on me till I am squirming, straining in my bonds wanting to press him closer, deeper into me. Then he stops and looks at me

Him: I love you "

Me: I know"

Him:Good..." He rips off his t-shirt and I help him take off his pants,

He side smile, I hate that he has the face that truly makes all the girls, and some of the guys

melt. I ran my hands on his obscenely developed upper body. His shoulders are his most outstanding feature.

His meaty pecs jutted out from his ribs, which then sloped down into a chiseled 8-pack. With my hand Moving down further, I felt that sexy "V" shape torso, which was even more accentuated by his 29" waist. I felt his hands slide up my legs and over my stomach, cupping my breasts. Then I felt a hard naked body press against mine and lips I'd kissed a thousand times trailed over my neck and chin to kiss my lips fervently. I moaned as I feel his hardness pressing into my cookie jah. I am so wet, he just slides right into me all the way. I climax right then and scream into his mouth, my body lifting sharply off the bed.

He remain still until I'd calmed down somewhat and began thrusting slowly into me. My body shook and I moan as he worked my pleasure so sweetly at first, then faster and harder as the passion grew. Then he thrust more quickly, lifting my body and cupping my ass in his hands as I feel my body tighten again.



"Oh Go...ood!"

Him: cream me, baby "

He begin moaning softly as we savagely slammed our bodies together. I fling my hands around him, digging my nails into his back as I begin moaning louder. My body convulsed hard and fast and I screamed his name as I came. His moans follow mine as he climaxed too.

Him: fuck Lethu "

He collapses on me and I feel his softening shaft twitch inside me. I moan and hold him tight to me. Kissing me sweetly on the lips, most probably telling me that I'm his poison and I smile, knowing his proud of himself for driving me wild the way he did.

He rolled off me, once our breathing had returned to normal and I curl into his arms, I smiled knowing how crazy I am for loving him with my body, soul, and heart.

His phone started ringing disturbing the beautiful moment of being in his arms

Him: I need to get that "

Me: No" I said feeling too clingy, holding him tight, he just kissed my forehead and gently pushed me away from him

" Mlondi"

Him: Baby I'm just answering my phone "

He said standing up with his back facing me, I bite my lip in admiration, with no doubt Mlondi is a black Greek God... Not too muscular but just right, those tattoos alone on his back just turned his already toned physique into a huge mass of muscle. I could not help but just drool, I mean I still can't believe that all of this is mine.

"Talk," he said to the receiver

...

Him: what do you mean?"

...

Him: as in now! "

...

Him: Impi don't do anything stupid!"

...

Him:NO! .. don't you bloody make any movement till I get there!!!"

...

He dropped the call and ran his hands on his face,

Me: what's wrong?" I asked and set up straight as he turned and looked at me

Him: Jabu is labour and Impi just drove to Durban..."

Me: What!!?"

Him: we have to go, fuck this idiot will get me in trouble, Mvelo is in Durban, Fuck Impi!"

Me: so you telling me that Mvelo did not break Impi out?"

Him: technically he was not even arrested, his suppose to be under the mentoring program in the UK...but I needed him so...  
Aish fuck!...baby get up we need to go"

I jumped off the bed and we both ran to the bathroom

To be continued...

### \*\*\*The Car Ride\*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

" Zuko..."

I call out his name the minute the car drives off, He just turned his head the other way and put on his headset, and looks outside the window,

Lord knows that I wish he knew that All I want is for him to let me in!

I can't take this anymore! I might as well ask if he intends this silence to last forever. If so, then he must please help me to understand why All of the anger, which has been building up in him since he was 7 years old, what is that fully about?

I look at him and sadness becomes me, thinking that he has chosen a life without me. How long does he need? I have tried many forms of contact but he just bluntly block me. Damn this technology for replacing my existence, Lord knows that I wish to pull those things off his ear right now so that he can hear me out!

Tormented by wondering thoughts, I ask myself, Will this silence last forever? I ought not to equate my agony to grieving for the dead, while my son is still very much alive, so what's there to do than hold on to hope with faltering fingertips,

I look at him as he takes out his sketchbook from his backpack, this right here clearly shows that he is planning to disregard my presence as his work becomes his main priority over me his mother.

I look at him working his pencil, I'm supposed to be angry but a faint smile escapes the corners of my lips, I look at him in total admiration, I am happy that he is forging ahead with his passions, even though he has never shared it with me. Neither the less I will always be his number one fan and supporter, I am pleased for him and I am proud of him whether he wants that or not.

" you starring at me, and I don't like it "

He says, not even looking at me

Me: Rejection in a romantic love relationship is deeply painful, but from a son, the wound cannot heal over time"

Him: same as being an abandoned child"

Me: I did not..."

Him: you chose him over me!"

Me: Zuko I love you more than life itself, I chose to give you a better life than the life I brought you into..."

Him: Wow nice speech but actions speak louder than words Rose so I don't buy that crap"

Me: the truth of the matter is When I first met Oyama, he made it clear that he never wanted children. I know it was wrong of me, but I wore him down with this fairytale in my head of having a happy family, and a few months into the marriage he became a very reluctant father, or should I say I made him that...It became too obvious when you were born, and he resents me for it. but one thing I hated was that he was too good a man for you to be aware of his distaste and discomfit, and just like most kids are like cats...the more distant and reserved he was toward you, the more eager you grew for his attention. You worship him and barely acknowledge me, which pains me a lot...

Being in a toxic...abusive relationship and diagnosed with Brief psychotic disorder, the best I could do was to give you to my mother, in hopes to join you in a few months when I feel much better, I was really struggling,

And life itself was getting harder as you were getting older. I was brainwashed to feel that I was never going to amount to be a "proper" mum

You had just started school, but it wasn't me buying your uniform, taking you to school, or picking you up from the gate. It felt like a living grief and I felt I'm suffering alone.

The worst part was Moving to a foreign country which was not by choice

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I was his puppet and he controlled me, " my trophy wife " he made me to be, so yeah to answer your question, I never chose him over you, but I chose a life for you without him in it"

Him: and you were also not part of my life too!"

I looked up trying to suppress my tears, and then boom he asked the only one Question I dreaded to answer

" why did you stay with him ?'

I pressed my lips together, looking at him, for him to seek the truth requires him to ask the right questions, no doubt his on the right path to Truth, I could tell how extremely heart-driven in his quest he has become, even though I have thought about the question for many years. I am aware that it is a big taboo, but I think it is time to confront it

Me:" Being controlled and hurt is traumatizing, and that alone lead to confusion, doubts, and even self-blame. He had this distinguished way of harassing and accusing me, which wears me down every time I tried to leave, he made me feel despair and guilt. At one point I believed I deserved how he treated me and the worst part was I was ashamed, embarrassed, and blamed myself because I thought I triggered him. He went as far, as making me believe that emotional and financial abuse

was really not abuse. Because words don't leave bruises, right?" I laughed shaking my head

Me: you know that at one point I was emotionally attached to him that I believed I could love the abuse out of him, I thought I would be the strong one who would never leave him and show him loyalty. I would fix him and teach him love...but with all the giving I did I was the one who lost the most"

I sigh looking away, avoiding looking at his pitiful eyes

Him: does Gogo know about all of this?"

I just nodded not looking at him

Him: so if he did not put you in prison will you still be with him?"

Me: I doubt it"

Him: that's hard to believe since you are technically still married to him or maybe you have what they call Stockholm syndrome?"

Me: when I said I doubt it ..it was because I would have been long dead Zuko, Oyama would have killed me, not that I will be with him!"

I said looking at him,



Me: I think the right words you were supposed to use is retaliation syndrome because I spend years in prison planning it"

Him: what ?'

He asked looking at me with his eyes still popping out

I said looking at him straight in the eyes, the worst mistake I made was to separate the 'the devil spouse mind I have for my baby daddy ' from the 'parent mind I have for my son' Now I am left with a troubling question at the back of my head,

'Does my son wish to have a relationship with his father? Is that maybe the reason why he hates me so much because I took that away from him

But with all these questions he has been asking me how the fuck was I suppose to hide the fact that I hate Oyama. I really do and I hope he dies in misery. I hope he gets cancer or worse I wish they torture him in prison.

Fuck this whole conversation just took me back to the first time I really tried to understand and reflect on what I did wrong that may have triggered Oyama's behavior, till today I have no answers, rather than the fact that before I used to blame myself for not being good enough in bed, not being more affectionate, all kind of stuff.

Now though, I just can't understand how someone could be so mean, so selfish. He almost killed me the first time. I bounced back and he comes back, knowing damn well that he was going to crush me all over again.

Now I want revenge, I want karma. I want something awful to happen to him. Seeing him living a lifetime of happiness will be hell for me.

Now I'm pissed! ... I don't know if answering all these questions and being brutally honest I took thousands of steps backward to build something with my son, or if the truth was the only thing in our way to mending things!

The car came to a halt and I frowned noticing that we are in an airport...

Zuko: you hired a jet? A Dlamini Jet?"

I'm still puzzled as he is, why is Sandile flying me, when it just takes a few hours to drive from my home town to Durban, my phone bees..its message from Sandil

" I know you are angry, but it's really urgent that we talk... So please get on the plane"

To be continued.....

\*\*\*The Light \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

All I heard was whispering from Mvelo and Mzamo I had no idea what they were talking about but one thing that I was certain is that the topic behind the argument was me,

" Hay, you are freezing "

Veli said wrapping me up with a throw,

I faintly smiled and held the blanket tightly, over me, she ran her hand on my back rubbing me I could feel that she wants to ask if 'I'm ok, when she clearly knows that I'm not, and that alone makes me want to scream, and say,

"Well, I'm not fine. I'm angry, frustrated, and hurt. I'm sad, depressed, and lonely. I'm confused, anxious, and afraid. I'm grieving!!!"

It would feel so good to say that. I mean Why can't I?

But on second thoughts I guess it would only make things worse. I'm already being treated like I have an infectious disease. Everyone in this room is avoid me. It's obvious they don't know what to do with me. Honestly, I don't know what to do with myself either.

So keeping my mouth shut now will be my only option,

" Can I make you something to eat"

Veli offered,

I shook my head no, she sat next to me and focused her eyes on where I was looking at

Her; Crying is all right in its way while it lasts. But you have to stop sooner or later, and then you still have to decide what to do"

Me: I know "

Her: I also know you hate asking for help"

Me: I have burned so many bridges Veli...most people don't even want to be in the same room as me, so it's not that I don't want to ask for help but I'm afraid of asking"

She sigh as We both fixed our eyes at Mzamo and Mvelo

Her: You are not the victim of the world, but rather the master of your own destiny. It is your choices and decisions that determine your destiny...look Mpume, Sometimes, if you want to change a man's mind, you have to change the mind of the man next to him first" she said patting my thigh and she stood up walking away from me,

I sat there perplexed, so she wants me to approach Mvelo and ask him for help. I mean I know that The fastest way to develop depth with someone is to be authentic and vulnerable,

Also, let's not forget that my Ex -friend hates me too! So How the heck is that ever going to work?

You know If this was an ordinary situation I was in, I would have taken this time to explore the possibilities of why Mvelo probably hated me. Clearly, I most likely did something that he did not like. I must have said something that made him upset, I did not follow some sort of social protocol, broke the friendship code, or it could be that his significant other disliked me and he decided to cut all ties with me, if given an option I would probably tick all the box and agree to all the above but for him to toss me aside like a used tissue that was pretty extreme for him to do, worst of him to chose a side without allowing me to voice my views.

But neither the less none of these thoughts in my head will erase the fact that the reality of the situation: Mvelo is holding some sort of twisted grudge against me for my actions or my mere existence.

I breathe out loud with frustration, I looked up and noticed that they were still talking, I stood up but instead of walking towards them I froze,

Time was passing like a hand waving from a train I wanted to be on.

You know my whole life I have been a firm believer that  
Sometimes the loudest cries for help are being silent..now  
going against my word I need to humble myself and speak out.

I made my way to the two men standing outside the glass door,  
with their backs turned on me I knew my fate was the topic,  
which pissed me off even more is that they are talking about  
me when they can talk to me, but on second thoughts, you  
know what? fuck these thoughts, this Negative thinking has  
impeded me for the last time now,

I breathe out loud and pulled the door open,

They both turned their heads the minute the door made a  
sound,

Me: I'm sorry to disturb you... "

Mzamo just looked at me and shook his head in frustration, he  
walked towards me and pulled the door, opened it wider, and  
walked inside the house leaving me with Mvelo.

Mvel's gaze is constant, as the moon shines

over me, yet welcoming, in its soft glow. I look everywhere but  
in his eyes, what do I say?

I cleared my thought and supported my now so-weak body on  
the sliding door,

Me: so you being here is no coincidence right?"

Him: yeh"

Me: how much did Veli tell you?"

Him: I'm not here because of what Veli said to me it's more of what Mzamo told me you had done "

I shoot my eyes up and looked at him,

Wide-eyed I was totally frightened...Wide-eyed I was overwhelmed

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with tears battling to the surface, Realisation of thrilling intimidation hit me like a turn of bricks,

" he Knows!!!" I screamed in my head.

I glance at him and notice that there are Silenced words spoken through his eyes and just like that I look down since holding looks with him was unbearable, The second time I gaze up, and find his eyes still glued at me, for those seconds I was stuck in a fragile moment, Caught by his eyes in something, that I cannot back away from, Stillness of those exhilarating moments as a friend is long gone and replaced by this serious look he gave me that, I'm not familiar with

Him: why did you do it?"

Me: it was self-defense..."I say softly

Him: then why is your heart saying I'm more afraid of what you going to think of me than what I have done?"

I looked down biting my lips, I hate his ability to read me, right now I feel Absolutely naked and my nakedness is intrusive, confusing to the senses.

Paradoxically, it felt like I am both revealed and my identity is diminished.

Him: we are all here cracking our heads on what we going to do, not because of you but because of Veli...since she is family, but you on the other hand you have no remorse or what so ever for killing a man in cold blood...not just any man a Ngozu man, son of a Nigerian Prophet who happens to be a close family friend "Me: w....ha....t..."

I did not finish my sentence, my vision Went bleak as the broken shadow scattered in the room, thousands of slices crawled, and scratched the wall, no face but arms with scars appear across his skin--

pain controlled by temperament drive me insane as his bloodshot eyes look at me, teardrops pour, puddling on wooden floors, I screamed holding my head, never wanting it to the



touch, strangle me, or torment me, I'm already bruised and broken,

lost and stolen, with all these broken shards scattered...cratches, scars appear across my skin now,

Ooh, take me home, Lord! cause I can not take this anymore

Him: Mpume!....Mpume God damn it, Veli get me water now!"

" what's going on?"

Veli's voice said from afar, I looked for her but the room was black with no light but crawling"s all over

" Water now?" Mvelo screamed while I try to fight off the thief who has stolen my mind, my body, my soul... "Please let me go. Please just let me be free." I pleaded,

"Allow my vocals to scream... allow my lungs to breath. . . please!!!"

I say as I sit in some corner pulling my legs up and covering my face in them, What does happiness mean?

what is life without breath? Why does this dark cloud follow me everywhere, Tears greeting my cheek, pureness held in the words I speak? Right there ... I saw a glimpse of light

so close but I feared I will never reach...

" Mpume wake up!!!"

Even though my brain was a mess, the light appeared, vividly then I notice it was no light but more of Burning eyes, eyes that peer out of a dry crop of the night, the twin sparks that light the driest stalks

fail to flame, did not combust when I looked up,

I'm confused as to what it is. What do these eyes belong to... Dog, cats, wolf...or perhaps owls? I fixed my eyes on this bright sight of shine and glint, which somehow trapped me and pulled me away from the dark.

The room came alight as I notice candles all around, Those candle flames were like the lives of Angels. So fragile. So heavenly!

Left alone, they lit and warmed my surroundings. The spark is rampant, indicating that they would destroy the very things they were meant to illuminate. Embryonic bonfires, each bearing a seed of destruction so potent it could tumble cities and evil to their knees. . . as I made my way in this room, a voice called my name and when I looked up I was met by Mvelo crouching in front of me, his eyes glow like the sun, he looked at me and what kept my soul whole and at peace was the warmth of the hands holding mine on both sides.

Ooh my God he is the light!

To be continued

\*\*\* Welcome Home\*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

" care to tell me why we flying in the jet instead of driving to Durban?"

Zuko asked the minute the car came to a halt

Me: I'm not sure "I mumbled

Him: what do you mean you're not sure?...did Oyama do this?"

Me: what? ...NO!"

Him: you are more surprised than I am which makes me wonder what are you hiding?"

Me: Zuko the last time I spoke to that man was the same day I got arrested...can you please stop Questioning me about him for once!!!"

Him: yah whatever!" he said and jumped off the car

I breathe out loud regretting how harshly I spoke to him,

But to be honest I'm tired of being asked about Oyama, for me Questioning as an adjective is synonymous with being 'curious,' or 'confused' or 'perplexed' or 'skeptical.'

And Zuko has made it absolutely clear from day one since I walked back into his life that he will forever Question me,

And for him to question me all the time is somehow indirectly asking for an invite for more information.

I understand that maybe it's his way of seeking the truth, but damn it can he just trust me already.

Him: ok whoever thought of this must have deep pockets...  
Wow, a whole jet damn...I never thought I will fly in one of these!..."

Me: that's hard to believe since you're a striving artist and all" I mumbled to myself,

His excited oh right, while I feel like strangling Sandile for this, Lord knows I hate his grand gestures.

I find Zuko smiling too wildly with the hostess, while she escorted us inside the jet

" good day Ms..." She said to me but I cut her short before she started calling me with that disgusting surname I hate with my entire being

Me: get Mr. Msomi on the line for me please!" I said walking past her and making my way to my seat, I am irritable, and I wish to keep quiet throughout the flight cause I know for a fact that even the Simple questions will bug me when I'm like this, I find myself nitpicking, and I have little patience with what I consider stupidity all around me. Which is this damn girl asking me if I need something to drink

Me:No!...and tell the pilot to get this bird on the air now!..."

I said punching my phone, avoiding looking at Zuko who is probably wondering what's wrong with me now,

You know I wasn't always this way ... there was a time when I was much more accepting, not on edge, and friendly To such stuff but a man who gave me all the glitz, gold, and Diamonds, trips around the world took years of my life when he fucked me over, so this gesture may come from the goodness of Sandile heart but to me, it's just opened up all wounds!

Oh Lord knows I hate Oyama... And  
at this point, I can't help but allow it.

my feeling to show,

I'm an emotional person and always have been. It's the way I run my life.

I've got a wide range of feelings.

I've got a lot of love.

I have feelings of like.

Feelings of disgust.

Feelings of anxiety.

And I've got dark feelings as well, feelings of just plain hate.

I know we tell our kids never to hate somebody. Hate is just a terrible word, we say.

Parents say it over and over again. Kids will say "I hate that" and a mother will immediately go "That's a strong word, don't use it!"

But then again, what does it really all mean?

Is it not okay to hate anybody or anything? But is it okay to hate your cold-blooded brother of the devil ex?

Zuko: Hay, are you good?" I jump as I felt his hand on my lap

Me: mmm"

He sigh and sat back while I chew my inner cheek,

Him: Rose are you well?"

Me: yeah sure I am "

Him:so you're friends with the Dlamini's?"

Me: the who's?"

Him: the jet is owned by Langa Dlamini you know, the multi-billioner!"

Me: uuum yah..." I said not giving too much to him because seriously there are two things involved here either the fact that I know Langa and I have to explain how I know him, which

means I need to come clean about Sandile or on the other hand I can just act like I did not hear him and ignore him.

The plane finally takes off and just like that the most comfortable silence turns now to be the most unbearable one, I look opposite me and notice that Zuko was miles away in thought looking outside the window, I bite my lip wondering how to break the ice,

I was pissed off now that I could not do what I knew I ought to do. I was beyond measure vexed with myself for this incapacity. It stood in the way of my usefulness, it did not make my company desirable, and it drove me into morbid and depressing thoughts.

Me: Zuko"

He looked at me without responding,

Me:about what I said in the car..."

Him: you don't need to explain yourself, I get that it was not your choice to leave me "

Me: I still believe I owe you an apology regardless "

He laughed and shook his head no

Him: for me to say you abandoned

me, it was just namely because I can't exactly recall the memory of us sharing each other's company. I did not remember your face, your smell, your voice, not even the texture of your hair. All I know is the fact that I miss you every single day, and how badly I've learned to carry this half-empty heart of mine. I swear I didn't ask God to live such a life, but I hated that your choices made me live it, when I wasn't done needing you, when you weren't done loving me as well. To be honest I didn't notice your absence until one day I got into a fight with Grams and realized I had nobody else to run to. It was when I woke up as a 8-year-old boy who went to school and saw all the other kids with their parents and I started questioning where was mine. The universe took them away when my conscious mind wasn't well-built to remember them just yet; when my brain wasn't done recording our moments and memories"

He said not even looking at me

Him: I have wronged you and I am so sorry. But it still hurt me so much that You have cut me out of your life completely or distanced yourself

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holding me at arm's length.



You have said, it is too late. Too late to rescue our relationship, too late to believe in change, too late..."

I breathe out loud

Him: do you blame me?"

Me: I just wish we can talk more, and get to know each other, I know it's never too late to create memories"

Him: memories..." He bites his lip thinking

Me: I am tired of fighting Zuko, you're all I have in this world and it drives me crazy that we don't see eye to eye "

He opened his mouth to say something but the hostess walked towards our direction and told us that we are about land and we need to buckle up, I frowned in frustration this damn girl chose the wrong time to interrupt us!

Arriving at the airport Zuko was in no mood to talk, he had that distinguish frown on his face that I hate a lot since it reminds me of his father. Damn, and I thought we were getting somewhere.

Anyway, Thanks to Sandile one of his cars was waiting for us, and as much as the driver was instructed to take me to his house the minute I land. I quickly dismissed the plan and told the driver to take me to my house.

My phone beeped indicating my mother's phone call

Me: hello"

Her: how was the drive?"

Me: we flew to Durban ma "

Her: what?"

Me: Long story, I will tell you later "

Her: I see, anyway how is Zuko?"

I just breathe out loud, not sure what to say to her, my son has unpredictable mood swings and it drives me crazy that he is a true definition of a Ngozu Man!

Her: Baby I know that you and your son had conflict well before adulthood, just know that it won't disappear overnight you two have a long way to go, "

Me: I know, it's just that ..." I swallowed my word before I could say further since Zuko was sitting right in front of me

Her:stubborn and rude just like one particular person I know "

Me: what...?"

She bust out and laughed,

Her: Baby just look at it this way, your conflict with Zuko is simply the result of a personality clash and you two being under one roof will intensify it. Good news: there's no time like the present to accept—and celebrate—the uniqueness of your son,

just know that You may not always agree with his life choices, but as his trust grows, find joy in connecting without conflict. Please Use this time with him wisely and mend those wounds "

Me: I will try "

Him: I know you will ask him to call me when you get home "

Me: sure"

Her: remember...You don't have to achieve everything overnight. You just have to be willing to try. One day at a time. Just keep trying and Keep believing."

Me: thank you, Mom"

We said our goodbye and I sat back, the drive was quiet yet again till we finally reached my house

"This place is like a fortress, so many security details!"

Me: are we forgetting that Oyama is unpredictable"

I said punching the security code, on the gate, while my security guys greeted me, as We drove inside, the minute I jumped off the car I proceeded to walk to the door and punch another code, and unlocked the door

Him: so you admit that you are scared of him or you basically miss being in prison?"

He said walking past me and making his way inside, I breath out loud this is going to be harder than I thought.

I found him looking around the house,

Me: ooh Welcome home son, I trust you will feel at home too"

I made my way to the kitchen

Him: I see that you are the mystery art buyer "

He says looking at his art hanging on my seating and dining room walls,

Me: I am just a lover of art don't flatter yourself"

Him: all I see is my most expensive pieces hanging on your walls so don't try to hide that... "

Me: that I support you, that I'm proud of you. . . that admire that you made a name for yourself why on earth must I hide that?"

I said looking at him while he just looked down

Me: I may not have been there for you while you were growing up, but I'm here now...so get used to it"

Him: yeah whatever! so where is my room in this prison?"

I held on to the kitchen sink, holding my frustration in, and told him where his room was, he attempted to walk but stopped and said

"it's surprising that you don't know the Dlamini's...because the boy you are looking for is a Dlamini "

Me: what?"

Him: this woman... Oyama's side cheek, has a brother right? And like I said before he is a Dlamini... I believe that Langa Dlamini and he are brothers "

Me: what?"

Him: yah so much for not knowing him right?"

He said walking away to his room and leaving me perplexed, I started looking for my phone and I remember that it was in my bag, I called Sandile but his line was busy

" Damn it!" I look for my car keys and shouted

" Zuko, I'm going out to get food" Him: you lying again!!!"

Me: urg you know the truth, just order in please, while I try to get myself out of prison!!"

I waited for his response but as usual, he gave me the silent treatment and just decided to bang his bedroom door, fuck!

I dash out, making my way to Sandile's house.

To be continued

\*\*\*The bitter roots from our past can run really deep, but they can be cut out \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

While driving out of my house, just a few miles on the highway my phone started ringing, I allowed it to ring and it finally connected to the car blue tooth because it was my mother calling me again

" you must be very bored, calling me for the second time, within an hour" I laughed

" Rose "

she answers and my smile slowly fades away, she never calls me by my name unless she is shouting at me or delivering bad news

Me: Ma, what's wrong?"

Her: Rose I swear to God I did not know this "

Ma: know what ma?"

Her: Zuko wishes to meet his father "

Me: WHAT!!!!" I said pressing the brakes, almost causing an accident, but I quickly pulled over on the side of the road

Her:Rose come down"

Me: you told me that the only reason you forced him to come with me to Durban is to mend our relationship"

Her: that was my initial plan"

Me: looks like your plan backfired how on earth am I supposed to stop him from meeting that vile abuser with no redeeming values!"

Her: Rose, Zuko is an adult, and nothing you say or do can stop or change his mind "

Me: Ma! We talking about Oyama here I can't allow my son to go meet him... "

Her; it's not your choice to make Rose! ...look I know nothing about his relationship with Zuko, but I do know a little bit about life...If your child is headed down a dark path, you can be a light and an example but do not save them from their consequences. Protecting a child from their own mistakes means that you do not think they can handle the situation on their own. If that is what you believe, then you need to admit how you participated in creating the problem..."

Me: but ma!"

Her: but nothing...baby listen to me when I say that The root of all misery is unfulfilled expectations". Please trust Zuko to approach this with no expectations... Can you let whatever is about to happen, happen... And then feel okay about it.."

Me: feel ok?"

Her: The beginning of love is the will to let those we love be perfectly themselves, the resolution not to twist them to fit our own image. If in loving them we do not love what they are, but only their potential likeness to ourselves, then we do not love them, we only love the reflection of ourselves we find in them...his Oyama's son let him find his own path in his lineage"

She did not wait for me to respond but Quickly said bye and dropped the call.

I felt the sword of Damocles hovering above my head yet again and the way it's moving I feel as if it will soon fall. I'm not sure when and where, but it's coming straight to me, I run my hands on my face as I feel drained to the core after the phone call I just had with my mother, finding out the true revelation of my sons' intentions has truly thrown me into the deep end of my desolation.

How the fuck did I end up here, not so long ago everything was going pretty well in life, Work was good, my health was good, my family was good, my love life was good.

And then BOOM! it all started to crumble –

My past is moving rapidly fast and catching up on me, I find myself wondering why God placed me with wicked people that



only find joy in life when they are bringing me down. Why is this turn of problems thrown at me all at once?

I defiantly have no strength to fight anymore, my mental state cannot take this anymore, and I don't know what to do with these past anxieties and mental health issues that have started to creep in again. Lord knows My heart and soul are warned out, not to mention my emotions doing a distant dance away from me, yet again I feel like I'm in this dark hole where I realize that Friends are few and there's no one really to turn to in this exact time of crisis. I slouch on my car seat as I feel my health and physique deteriorating.

I am in a predicament who do I save first, My son from the evil man I call his father? my freedom from the evil woman I once called my sister? or the innocent soul who is in search of his identity - Oyama busted child? I bite my lip as I feel my anxiety level go sky high

Why is this shit happening to me!!! I banged the steering wheel feeling very frustrated. I just started medication, Sandile even went as far as making me take a break from work since it was also getting stressful, I was so focused on claiming my life back, trying to work on the relationship with my son and the man that I love, but just when I thought I'm in the right path things suddenly got worse then better.

I closed my eyes fighting the piercing screams from breaking free from my throat, My mind slowly creeps and goes to that very dark and scary place that I told myself I will never return to.

My strong desire for all of this to end is in limbo, would it ever end if Oyama is still alive? My rage suddenly takes me to that place, that dark place I was in, in prison, that bad place, the rock bottom place, a life for a life for my freedom – my peace – my life

I close my eyes and do what I have never done in a long time, I decide to speak to God

“Heavenly Fathers you know, It took me a long time to forgive myself for the things I endured and the things I have done, but now with in the blink of an eye, I am haunted by my past, it comes in like a shadow and is threatening to rob me of my peace, joy and the ability to live the life I know you designed for me... I need your help! ... Your direction ... please I don't want to go back there ... “

I shoot my eyes open as a hard knock on my car window grabs my attention

I look out the window and frown, I look at this woman with a warm smile looking at me, I notice that she is wearing an all-black outfit, she looks elegant yet dignified

“Do you need help? I mean are you ok? “

She ask all I was able to do is nod but she just fix her eyes on me and did not move, I take deep breaths and rolled down my window

Me: “I’m fine “

Her: I see “I look at her hand as she gives me a box of tissue I swallow hard as I did not even realize that I was in tears

Me: “Thank you

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“ I say taking the box of tissues from her hand, she stood there just looking at me

Her: are you sure you are ok? “

Her soothing voice was enough to make me pour more tears onto the tissue on my face, I look at her, trying to say I am fine, and she must just leave me alone but just like a canary I started singing, opening up to this beautiful stranger standing by my car window

Me:...where I came from, they told me that there is light at the End of the tunnel. They told me that I must not lose hope. That there is light- Somewhere at the end Yet they did not say the tunnel would be like this. So long and so dark, Is it even a

tunnel? Or its just hell? I don't know anymore if I am going forward or back to where I came from. “

Her: The bitter roots from our past can run really deep, but they can be cut out “

Me: how? “

Her: you take it slow today, Move at your heart's pace, and refuse to turn around, but never refuse to look back, because Ultimately when you look back you will see those tears and those broken moments As elements, that made you, They didn't break you but They fashioned you " in strength, faith, and love. “ I just believe that in life, we will tread some muddy waters. When all is done and said, a triumphant is born “

I looked at her and she had a raised eyebrow and a side smile

Her: let me guess a man put you through this predicament “

realizing the hummer in her statement I started laughing with tears in my eyes

Me: is it too obvious? “

Her: well I am where am today because I too, was given a chance to stop digging but I was so into deep, that as much as I was in the light my heart was still leering in the dark shadows, don't know how and why I got sucked into feeling part of something special, A fairy-tale story full of little white lies “she

chuckled showing her dimples and perfect teeth as she placed her elbows on my car window,

Her: you know when you are in that place where you get to hide your fears and insecurities By creating an illusion of a life, but as time goes, slowly and surely our reality becomes twisted, Our mind gets lost in this virtual maze we called love or relationship, we get confused, so confused that we lost our vision in the social haze, and Over time the images bleed together, and you realize that There's no delineation between the then and the now, so We begin fighting our own illusions but because we altered with our reality we found ourselves in darkest whole all over again... “

I look at her and nod, I can't help but feel like this women's past and present blend together like mines, she is a beautiful strong woman I can tell but yet I feel and relate to her pain as if its mine

Me: let me guess a man put you through this predicament? “

Her: is that obvious “

We look at each other and bust out and laugh

I bite my lip nodding,

Me: Thank you, I guess it's true what they say, sometimes one feels freer speaking to a stranger than to people one knows. Why is that?"

Her: “Probably because a stranger sees us the way we are, not as they wish to think we are. “

Me: WOW ... that is just spot on “

She smiled and tapped my car door

Her: you are a woman, a mother, I get that you are angry, confused, and even lost, but you are unbreakable, stop pouring your soul and energy into an empty cup ... you still have a lot to leave for “

She said smiling at me and just like that she stepped back and started walking away, I looked at her perfectly round African figure as she moved with so much grace in her step, I jumped out of my car

Me: “Hay? You forgot this? “

I handed her the box of tissues, I noticed that her black dress is not your casual or ordinary outfit but more of moaning attire, she has a black shawl, on her shoulder, and a black head scuff

Me: “ I’m Rose Nqe... I mean I’m Rose Mdunge “

She laughed

Her: well Rose Nqe – Mdunge ... “We laughed “Nice to meet you, I am ma-Khumalo, isibani sezingonyama “

Me: “What? “

She smiled and looked away

Her: "It's a long story ... maybe when we meet again I will tell you how and where it all began to have such a name "

I nodded and smile

Me: I would like that "

She frowned and shook her head

Her: is your husband dead? Me: "Excuse me? "

Her: I See you wearing 'inzila'.?..." Me: excuse me?"

Her: I'm sorry..." She took the box of tissue from my hand

Her: tables are turning Rosetta don't temper with destiny, kuba mnyama kakhulu uma sekuzosa"

Me:" Wait how do you know that name? ...what do you mean I'm going to be wearing these clothes?"

I said pointing at her outfit...

She gave me a faint smile and jumped in her car, I'm taken aback, who is this woman? I stood there looking at her as she drove off, in her lavish car with a personalized number plate

"Mtungwa – ND

To be continued

\*\*\*Smile at strangers and you just might change a life.\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

Don't talk to strangers. They say. But, this beautiful stranger not only caught me by surprise but she left an ever-lasting impression on me, I broke an exception to the rule as I allowed myself to converse with her. I answered a random question from her and that very same question was followed by me opening up to her as if she had the keys to my soul, my deepest thoughts and fears,

I drop my mouth and shook my head as I parked my car outside Sandile's house, who the fuck is this woman?

" Makhumalo?"

" isibani sezingonyama?"

" she called me Rosetta?"

Lord knows I have never seen her in my life, and to top it up she is a widow!!!?

And what did she mean ' I will wear Inzila? Like her?"

What the fuck just happened?

" ooh, my God! Finally, you are here! How is my sister? Where is she? What the hell happened to her?"



I was brought back to reality or should I say shaken by this tall guy in front of me, he looks like Langa but a bit darker and has the most astonishing big- broad shoulders, I have ever seen

Him: I'm sorry but Baba Sandile just said you are friends with my sister and she is badly hurt... And need a blood transfusion or something... What the hell happened..."

"son! Just calm down, you are all over the show now, can you at least give this beautiful lady a chance..."

I look at the old man walking towards us, ok I see the resemblance between this young man and this old guy with a glass of whisky in his hand. The old man's swag says a lot about how deep his pocket is, I look at Sandile for answers, but this man is now in front of me blocking my view

"Excuse my son Nkosazane emhlophe... He is just stressed out, this news came when we least expect them too, I mean on the other hand his big brother just came out of the corner, while my sister-in-law is fighting Chemotherapy and his fiancé is having memulo ceremony in few weeks time so nje kuyinyova damn nje. . ."

He says running his hand on my arm I look at his hand and back at his sly smile

" ooh Ok JB we hear you ..." Sandile said pulling me away from this JB guy

" I'm sorry about that, " Sandile said to me, I was about to open my mouth and ask what's going on, but the JB guy was holding my hand yet again

JB: Im sorry we were not officially introduced, I'm Jabulani Dlamini, this is my son Enzokuhle Dlamini ..."

I smiled nodding

Me: it's good to meet you, I apologize that we have to meet in such circumstances... "

Him:" Don't apologize, I'm just glad that we meet ... it is not a bad circumstance when fate is at work "

Sandile: " FATE? "

Me: excuse me??"

Jabulani started chuckling

Him: "You know when Sandile told me that he meet someone I just thought, it's those fake young girls that he likes, they call them, slay queens walking around with Thick thighs, a passport, iPhone, and a strong liver... "

Me: what? " I shoot my eyes open at Sandile

Sandile: "What? "

Him: "Shocking right? An old man like him with a heart problem is busy gallivanting with these girls whose FACE doesn't even

match their Neck !“ I popped my eyes even wider still fixed on Sandile

Sandile: “JABULANI !! !”

Enzo: Baba!”

Him: “What nginamanga yini? “

I pressed my lips suppressing my laugh or is it rage am I really having a jealous stroke right now?

Him: “Wena Ntombi emhlophe you don’t deserve this nuances in fact you can even do better .. “

I dropped my mouth open in shock, what the fuck is happening? is this old man really hitting on me

Him: “Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are? “

Sandile: Enzo khuza uyihlo, before I pop his head !”

Jabulani: “ you know Rose mina Ngyabazi ubuhle kodwa wena umuhle,

umuhle ngokunga kwandile, and I have lived long enough to know this because,

Ngizibonil izintombi kwamhlaba

Zinhle ngathi ziyabukisa

Wena owabona I zimpahla zikanokusho

Naye unokusho ongasenampahla manje, beziqedile bebukwa ngazo

Kodwa wena Uyazi unalo bubuhle obuzotholile obuhloniphile

Wena ubuhle bakho obendalo, Ngiyabona ukuthi Umdali wathi edala ubuhle kuwe wathi uyoba isibonelo sobuhle emhlabeni.

...ooh sukani madoda..."

Sandile: what the fuck?"

Me: what? Uum thank you ... I guess"

" baba this is not the time..." Enzo said pushing his father away from me

JB:We Enzo! Is it a crime to praise a beautiful woman now"

Sandile: are you hearing yourself now...wendoda she is my woman! And wena you busy fleeing with her in my house!!"

Sandile busts out in anger all up in JB's face, I'm more confused as shit, to what's happening in here, this JB guy looking at me from head to toe undressing me with his eyes, and Sandile getting worked out by it, while Enzo was in between the two guys who were busy biting there heads off

"Yo, women? you say, listen hear oseyibonile akakayosi"

Jabulani says

Sandile: Jabulani!!!!" He says pointing a finger at him, as they start arguing, their voice are too loud, Jabulani is waving his walking stick in the air, I start screaming because his stick almost hit the shandilya lights

“ GUYS WOOO! HOLD UP! WHAT THE HACK? “

Langa said walking in and helping Enzo with the fight that just brewed up out of nowhere,

Langa: good lord!! I should have listened to Zoe when she said I must not put you two in the same room, yini Manje Baba can you please put your walking stick down? “

Jabulani: “ Ngizokuphihliza wena Msomi!!”

Enzo: baba just come down, no one will pop a cap or crack anyone's skull, can you two act like adults for once? “

Sandile: I blame you for bringing all this Dlamini madness into my house..."

Sandile said pointing a finger at Langa, and right there I looked at Langa and then I looked at Enzo, and at the back of my head I was like bingo! Enzo is Ginger's brother

Langa: I'm sorry about that Gogo Rose "

He said standing next to me

Me: what just happened?"

Enzo: welcome to the Mzansi bioskob of Sandile and Jabulani  
it's just a never-ending drama "

Langa: no! Make that action drama "

Me: kubangwani?"

Enzo: with these two, it absolutely everything, nami ngafika  
kunje leyi khaya"

Langa and Enzo started laughing, while I looked at Sandile and  
JB sharing a drink by the bar, I could tell that they are still  
arguing, Lord there are so childish

Me: are you serious? so you telling me that, they're always like  
this?"

Langa: yep... their brains are like a computer with slow  
internet... it's so frustrating!"

Enzo bust out and laughed

Me: I can't believe this!"

Enzo: believe it

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'cause even when I tell my father that It is better to keep his  
mouth closed and let people think he a fool than to open it and  
remove all doubt... He still believes that the nonsense that  
comes out of his mouth makes sense"

Enzo said raising his hands and showing signs of being annoyed,  
While Langa laughed and pat his shoulder

Langa: uzoba strong bafo!!"

I laughed and made my way to the couch, Sandile made his way  
to me

Him: Hi..."

I just smiled and looked at him

Him: you have been crying..."

JB:bloody offer the lady something to drink you fool"

Sandili: yazi Jabulani, If you run as much as you run your mouth,  
you would be in great shape by now ...so bloody take your  
cripple leg away from here"

JB clicked his tongue, he limped, and set on the opposite couch  
looking at me,

Sandile ran his hand on my leg, but I was not about to tell him  
the reason for my puffy eyes or entertain this ridiculous fight  
with JB since we have a pressing matter to deal with

Enzo: so how is she?"

He said folding his arms and looking at me

Me: she is critical that what the doctors say, I am not clued up on the medical terms of her condition but they say she needs a donor, who is a match "

Enzo: and my mother refused to hear you out?"

I just nodded and said "More like she kicked me out and told me that her daughter died a long time ago"

JB: now, why is that not surprising to hear...that woman is a bloody witch!"

Enzo: wow I can't believe this..."

JB: she hides you from me for three decades and you still don't believe that she is a witch"

Enzo: baba awume please"

Sandile: look we can go back and forth about Enzo's mother being a witch or not but the fact still remains that Ginger need help"

JB: from who?"

I looked at JB and then at Enzo

JB: mana kanjaloke Ntombi emhlophe im not going to allow you to convince my son to do surgery that might kill him"

Sandile: it's not a surgery..."

JB: Are you even sure if it's not?"



Langa: I'm not a Dr or anything but I believe a test need to be done first to check if Bafo is a match or not "

JB: no one will stick a needle on my son "

Sandile: it's not your choice to make "

Enzo: and it's yours?" He directed his question to his father

JB: I'm your father!!!.."

Enzo: and Nombulelo is my sister!"

JB: she not your responsibility Enzokuhle! ..."

Enzo: Baba she might die..."

JB: I will make your mother do the test - even the surgery thing to save her daughter just hold your houses!"

Enzo: and how long will that take? Or are you planning on beating her up again?"

Me: what?"

JB capt quiet and just looked at his son,

Enzo: Baba, The purpose of life is not to be happy and filthy rich. It is to be useful, to be honorable, to be compassionate, to have it make some difference that you have lived and lived well. I know you were never given a chance to raise me and show me your ways, but the world I lived in thought me that You have not lived today until you have done something for

someone who can never repay you, only a kind gesture can reach a wound that only compassion can heal. . ."

JB: I know but..."

Enzo: Baba please don't make me something I'm not because I don't want to live in the kind of world where we don't look out for each other. Not just the people that are close to us, but anybody who needs a helping hand. I can't change the way anybody else thinks, or what they choose to do, but I can do my bit. So please don't make me choose between you and my sister!"

The room was dead quiet, you can actually hear a pin drop, JB cleared his throat and looked at me

JB: give us the name of the hospital"

I opened my mouth to speak but Langa cut me short

" let's go, I know where it is Bafo"

Enzo: thank you " He said to his father and looked at me and nodded in a respectful manner before

He ran out while Langa was behind him,

JB: Good lord what's wrong with this Dlamini boys and running out before anyone finishes a statement... "

He clicked his tongue and stood up supporting his body with the walking stick

" I have a bad feeling about this, and I blame you Sandile for it"

He said mumbling and walking out while Sandile just shook his head

I took the time to hold his hand but mostly thanked him for finding Ginger's brother

Me: thank you "

Him: you know if Enzo was not a Dlamini I would have probably left Ginger to die "

Me: what? ...and I would have lost everything or worse gone to prison "

Him: you, not God Rose, and saving Ginger is not in your hands "

Me: Sandile are forgetting what Muntu said...she holds all the cards "

Him: has it ever occurred to you, why Muntu wants this woman so alive so badly? "

Me: yeah! Because she blamed me for all the misfortunes that Oyama brought to her life, and apparently Ginger was more of a daughter to her than I will ever be "

Sandile laughed shaking his head and stood up

Me: what's so funny?" I said standing up too

Her: you smart but you not that smart my love... There is more to this than the fact that Muntu hates you and wants to make your life a living hell or get back at you for whatever bullshit that Oyama did to her "

I frowned looking at him,

Me: what?"

Him: I told you to trust me and I will fix this, so don't worry yourself it's time to sit back and watch turning tables"

Me: uuuh...?

he smiles and makes his way to me and holds my face, his hand running so smoothly yet gently on my face, it feels as if his afraid I will break, I wrap my arms around him, his close, and all I need is to taste him at this point as if he read my mind, Our lips finally collide, our mouths roam, our breaths come in short bursts as he grows hard between us and the anticipation climbs with the hold,

His lips lick my lips while his eyes are locked on mine. His lips open and our tongues meet for a little dirty dancing. His lips suckle on my lip and only then I find myself floating,

A growl erupts from deep in his throat, as I ran my hands on his back, I hear his sharp intake and gasp as he steps back and looks at me

Him: I missed you "

I step closer to him

Me: I could tell "

He bites his lip making me all hot inside, god damn it I hate how he makes me feel

Him: I would like to finish this right here right now, but I know being in your arms and warm body will make me not want to let you go"

A growl erupts from deep in his throat, as his hands land on my ass, I hear his sharp intake and gasp as he squeezes

Me: I want that too but I have a crazy boy in my house who has pronounced that he wishes to meet his father"

He stops kissing me on my neck and looks at me

Him: what? ....Zuko is here... in your house?"

Me: yeah, my mother said we need to bond, but I feel like his slowly digging my grave with his endless questions about my past "

Him: shooo!"

Me: yeah..." I breathe out loud as he pulled me into a tight hug  
"Hay you two! Are you coming or are you just going to kiss and show off all night?, are you forgetting that both of you are responsible for driving my son on a suicide mission," JB said standing by the door and smoking his pipe

Sandile: what? Are you still here?"

JB: is that a trick question to ask? when you know very well that I never got to hear the name of the hospital!...that Garlig girl is in?"

Sandile: it's Ginger!!"

Him: uuug it's the same thing!! "

I dropped my mouth open, while Sandile just laughed

JB: you bloody enjoying this you idiot! Ain't you " he said pointing his pipe at Sandile,

Sandile looked at me

Him: Baby I know you worried about Zuko and stuff but you can't allow me to drive with this man alone, I will kill him on the road "

Me: what!"

JB: kill me? ...yeyi wenja ungangidakelwa mina, ngalusa phela mina...ngizokunyisa!"

Sandile: I can't deal with this shit anymore...do you ever shut up!!"

He said walking out, holding his head

JB: Who are you calling shit?" He asked Sandile following him

Sandile: if it smells like one then it is one, and to be frank with you Nobody gives a shit that you're offended. I'm not. And my opinion is more important to me than your stinking mouth"

They started arguing ,while walking towards the car, I stood at the door looking at them, with my eyes wide open and my mouth on the floor,

"What the fuck is happening?"

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To be continued

\*\*\*He who owns my heart, Owns my body \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

We finally landed in Durban, and as much as I told Mlondi that I need to go home, he just told me that he will drive me later, I don't know which later he is referring to since it's already a few minutes after midnight.

I'm tired, drowsy worst part his hands are all over me as if he has not devoured me enough.

Him: we are here "

Me: my house?"

Him: tough luck...you in my house..."

Me: this is a hotel Mlondi" I said looking outside the window

Him: well the Bhengu's used to own few floors in this hotel, by me saying the Bhengu's I mean Ntsika, and just because my sister Sbahle loved the view in my brother's room,

Mvelo decide to buy the whole thing making it our hotel "

Me: what? ...a whole hotel?"

Him: yah he is such a show-off, I mean the guy already has his bloody five-star hotel in Ngoyameni, three lodges, game reserves, and estates under his name in every province, and now this? ...urg!"



Me: you jealous that his spending his money wisely while you...?"

I turned to look at him

Me: what do you do with your money vele?"

Him: what?"

Me: don't 'what' me? you heard me, Mlondi you live the most simplest life I have ever seen, besides your designer clothes, sneakers, and expensive cars what have you invested in?"

He looked at me like I just said he has lipstick on his shirt

Him: you are my investment...uma ucabanga umaKhumalo uzofuna amahhashi or izinkomo for lobola?"

I hit his shoulder and he laughed, opening the door for me, from the inside

Me: Mlondi im serious"

Him: it's after midnight babe and we talking about finances?"

Me: I just asked you a simple question why are you so cagey now?"

Him: I'm not cagey babe all I mean to say is that isn't our relationship too young for us to talk about such a subject?"

I folded my arms and looked at him but he just decided to jump off the car, walked around the car to open my door but he found me still glued on my seat and looking at him

Him: what now?" He said in frustration, he run his hands on his face and then place his one arm on the roof of the car and looked at me,

I can't help but look at how tall he is, wearing a black Nike tracksuit, and sneakers, he got a cap on and a hood of his Nike jacket over the cap, he looks super hot damn am I the luckiest girl to have such a man or what?

Him: look babe I get that Every couple has the "where is this going" conversation sooner or later in relationships,

so when that conversation arises organically, which it will you or we will then take it as a chance to have a second, deeper conversation about money. Talk about what we both want from the future, and you'll probably find that finances will inevitably come up.

From there, you can transition into asking me about my financial past and present, the deeper stuff you don't need to get into it until our relationship gets a bit more serious."

Me: what?"

Him: we not fighting mam Ntungwa we talking, it's just that this talk is way too serious for my liking when I'm still thinking about

your tight cookie and on the other hand thinking of ways to torture Impi for allowing Jabu's pussy to drive him crazy "

Me: pussy? Is that your answer?"

I clicked my tongue and pushed him away from the car as I made my way out

Him: no, I said cookie and punching my idiot brother on the nose...babe will talk about how deep my pocket are, and my business soon, I promise"

He hooked his arm around my neck making me look even short under his arms

Me: legit business right ?"

Him: mmm"

Me: you do have a legit business right?"

I tried to look at him, but he placed his chin on my head and responded

Him: yeah...." as he kissed my head, while we made our way to the elevator.

His response is Not convincing at all and he knows I am on to him, but knowing him he will just try and use sex to destruct me,

Him: woza la "

He says pulling me by my waist and we share a deep kiss in the elevator.

Just as I predicted,

But one thing about me is that I'm a control freak, if he was able to change my life for the sake of love, he also needs to do so by me too.

After all, It's human nature to size up a potential partner by what suits you.

If The perceived flaws get in the way of making a connection... I'm willing to Fix and change them.

cause let's face it as much as it thrills me that I'm sleeping with Gangstar, I don't see Mlonzi and I running the street till we are old and grey,

Even worse now since he's the most wanted criminal in Mzansi, sooner or later his identity will be spilled and lord knows I can't have that.

I know it's wrong to try and change him, but for goodness sake his a prince, a high-profile male figure, and I am the daughter of Mntungwa, also a high-profile surname

So I will not allow his illegal business to tarnish our family's name.

But I can't help but to think about the work that is cut out for me to shape this street thug into a gentleman and a legit businessman,

" mmmm" I moaned as his hands rubbed my breast

Him: I want you!" He said biting my lips

Me: stop it " I said pushing him off me as the elevator door swung open, he looked down while I smiled at the three cleaning ladies that walked in, good lord they are old enough to be my mother's age, and I don't look one bit innocent judging from there facial expression they giving me, With the small space in the elevator I and Mlondi stood behind them, The Elevator moved and everyone standing had a jolt, with Mlondi behind me he decided to cup my breast in an attempt to hold me and prevented me from losing balance. His hand was so strong, His finger slightly brushed my nipple. It was quick and nobody else seemed to have noticed.

My breast felt a slight tingle and my nipples hardened from the touch. I can see in the mirror reflection how erect my nipples have become. I'm feeling ashamed and aroused at the same time. I'm probably blushing red. I have to lower my head to hide my face and expression.

Mlondi seemed to be determined to do more than rub my nipples, He slightly move his one hand underneath my skirt.

I fixed my eyes on the mirror but he was looking down, He was doing it slowly and he was very discreet. Looking into the mirror reflection, I can't tell what's going on but I can feel his hand moving up and toward my Cherry

I don't know what to do. I can't make a scene or let this cleaning ladies know what he is doing, The confusion and arousal make my heart run even faster. I'm starting to sweat more and breathing heavily.

My Cherry is anticipating the touch. I can feel that I'm getting wet just from the thought of being touched in my intimate parts by him in a public area, His fingers are moving inches closer to my soaking wet cherry.

He slightly moved his finger and started feeling my Cherry lips through my drenched panty. He probably can feel how wet I am. His fingers kept moving in tiny circles on my swollen clit. I'm feeling like I'm about to faint as I'm getting dizzy from this pleasure.

I'm feeling like a slut, but The pleasure is just becoming unbearable. My clenched legs are now getting weaker. It's slowly giving more room. My feet are slightly moving apart.

My legs are now giving more room. His fingers are now moving up and down and feeling my cherry lips through the thin

materials of my wet panty. I can still feel his hard cock pressing against my back

I faked a sneeze in order to move away from him, but he was so quick that my movement made excess for him to slide his fingers inside my panty. Two fingers got in and touched my clit and lips. One finger started to inch its way into my muff. I gasped and tried to not make any noise. But too late one lady locked eyes with me in the mirror I blushed and looked down, I'm struggling to not make any sound. i looked at the number of floors, two more floors before we jump off

My nipples are now pressed hard on my tight top. I felt that my breasts are also yearning to be touched. "Oooohhh!"

I let out a small sound. The pleasure of the finger inside my muff is becoming unbearable. I'm having a hard time keeping quiet.

I'm breathing heavily and just like that the elevator stops, he pushes his finger deep in my muff making me jump a bit and quickly takes it off the minute the door opens, he is the first one to walk out with his head down and his cap covering his face, fuck! The walk of shame I did following him behind with a soaked panty the cleaning ladies look at me as I walked out, and all I heard was

" Mmmm.... "

"Hayyyi ..."

"yooo..."

kind of a sound, before the elevator doors close behind me, I was so embarrassed that I wanted to kill Mlondi for doing that,

He looked at me and side smile while he unlocked the door with his excess card

Me: Mlondi why did you do that"

Him: I don't need your permission to finger fuck you, 'cause I plan to do it anywhere anytime from now on!"

Me: what?"

Him: my pussy my rules "

He pushed the door open more roughly and boom it was all chaos in the room,

Impi:oooh shit!!!"

Mlondi: woza la Sani"

Impi runs to the bedroom while Mlondi runs after him, damn my man is fast, you can't even tell that he has a healing gun wound on his leg,

I found Mlondi choking Impi in the bedroom corner



Impi: I did not go I swear!"

Mlondi: I told you I will handle it "

Impi: I know but that is my baby, my son! I was not going to just sit back and..."

Mlondi: and what? ... Jabu's family thinks you are in jail!....your family thinks you are in the UK studying, but here you are in the very same place where everyone is not supposed to see you!!!!!"

Impi: I messed up ok and...and I'm sorry, I'm so...rr...y"

Impi started crying, this was the first time I saw him so vulnerable, Mlondi could not help but let him go and held his shoulder,

Mlondi: what's wrong?"

Impi: " Jabu is in so much pain, the baby does not want to come out, it's been over 8 hours now...I don't know what's going on, since Sbahle decided to beef up security on the floor that Jabu is admitted in, I can't see, I can't be there and all I know is that my baby mama is crying in agony, why is the baby not coming out...Mlondi...why?"

Mlondi bit his lip looking at me, as much as my panty is soaked and my clit is still throbbing like crazy I can't help but feel Impi's

pain, this boy really loves Jabu, crazy one sided love but it's still love neatherless,

Mlondi: because it's a royal baby" he said softly, Impi raised his head to look at him,

Impi: what that suppose to mean?"

Mlondi: Sbahle never gave birth in a hospital, I don't know why but Mvelo said it's a Mnguni thing "

Impi: so what now...?"

Mlondi: if Sbahle is there she wi know what to do"

Impi: I feel so useless...I should be there!"

Him: just be patient "

Impi: I can't...I want to see her, I want her to know that I'm with her and love her, she needs to know!"

Mlondi: you know that it's impossible"

Impi: No it's not...."

He said looking at me,

Me: No....No.....No! "

To be continues

\*\*\*YES!!!\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I roll over the bed and my cheek landed on my phone, I open one eye to look at the time, it's 5:10 in the morning, I frown and continue to hold his pillow tight more tight than normal, I survived one night without him, but my heart yens for him

Even though I talked to him last night till I fell asleep to the sound of his voice, it still felt awkward that I was not under his strong arms, I feel...damn it! Where do I even begin? It's been one day. One single day. Everything hurts. My heart hurts, my chest hurts, my body hurts. I don't think I can keep going, I can't do this without him,

I miss him so much. This house feels huge, so quiet and I keep expecting to see him waltz into our bedroom, with a frown on his face, eyes fixed on his phone in his hand, but when our eyes meet his face will slowly come alive. But this morning he won't, he won't wake me up for breakfast, or make love to me, to kick-start our day.

I sniff as tears start streaming down my face, splashing onto the pillow

Damn this hormones! Why am I even crying?

I placed my face on the wet pillow, suddenly my body start shaking with every raspy sob that leaves my mouth. To say I am miserable is an understatement.

I am heartbroken, boiling with anger, full of emotion, and yet numb to the world around me.

A vibration sensation gives me scared urg, it's my phone, I answer it and only sniff as I look at his handsome face on the screen

" Ndlovukazi yami, crying is bad for the baby "

I don't say a thing but continue to sniff and look at him

Him:sthandwa Sami you making me upset now...making me feel bad for not being there with you"

Me: I miss you..."

Him: I miss you more, but you know we have to do this "

I feel silly now as realization hit me, on the reasons why we have to be apart for a few days, I look down

Him: it's almost time for your prayer and bath and I thought I wake you up and remind you "

Me: I haven't forgotten"

Him: I know but I'm counting on you to play your part, my love "

I nodded in agreement, I noticed that his inside his car, it was way too early for him to be driving.

Me:uyaphi?"

Him:I'm driving to my father's grave"

Me: ooh "

Him: I have work cut out for me here, and what's the best way to start the whole process than to visit and speak to the man who has put me in this situation I'm in "

Me: sounds like you blame him for falling in love with me "

Him: he chose you for me angithi!"

I smiled and sat up straight, now looking at him, he looks drained as if he did not sleep at all, yet I'm busy being all up in my feelings not considering how he feels

Me: talk to me "

He breathe out loud and looked away

Me: Ntsika..." I said softly

Him: it's not a train smash per se, it's more of doing a whole of traditional rituals to prepare me for the seat "

Me: like?"

Him:urg, I don't want to bore you with all of these things, how's my baby doing?"

I breathe out loud, I know that by him changing the topic he just closed that chapter and will not say more about it, that is the man I am in love with, he hates talking about stuff that bugs him, especially to me, as if I can't handle them.

Me: his fine "

I said running my hand on my tummy

Him: be strong for him, you the only source of life that he is depends on for now"

Me: I know "

Him: then you know that the task set for you to do is important for us"

I nodded

Him: You have a great purpose my Queen, I believe that you have the ability to make a positive change in our lives, I see your heart and depths of your soul; the beautiful colors that swirl together and speak a million powerful words. You are so capable of greatness and it is my pleasure to support you along this journey. So don't think we are apart and you are alone cause we are joined in spirit always "

Me: you going to make me cry "

Him: I love you so much Liyana and my purpose is to give you the love, the care, and the joy you deserve... And I will do whatever it takes to have you by my side forever"

Me: I love you too"

I said wiping my tears, he side smile and kissed the screen of his phone,

Him: I have to go, I will talk to you later"

I nodded and kissed the screen too, in return I get to see his beautiful smile that just gave me a fuzzy feeling in my heart.

Well I may not have been woken up by his kiss

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his deep stroke when we make love in the morning, but at least I got to see his smile, his beautiful face that come to life when he say

" I love you "

I have never felt so blessed to have someone love me as Ntsika. He just showed up from nowhere and scooped me up on my feet and made me feel his love, his desire to lead me and guide me closer to Him. God knows how thankful, grateful, and blessed I am to have someone like him love me.

I jumped off the bed and made my way to the bathroom, I brush my teeth and I take a quick shower with shower gel and then after I use isiwasho to cleanse myself, I do my thing splashing water over me and praying at the same time, as instructed by makhosi Mhlongo, with prayer im straight to the point, I pray for protection from harm and evil spirits, my baby, my happiness, my love for Ntsika and I pray for a brighter future. I feel calm as the weight has been lifted off my shoulders the minute I stepped out of the bathroom.

Looking back I'm even amazed from where it began, From being a girl who was struggling to make ends meet, overwhelmed with debt and family apprehension, and working two jobs to survive.

But Ntsika saw past my pain and gave me this life, Let me tell you something, wealth gives people tremendous confidence, no matter what y'all say. And As I open the curtains and look at the beautiful view I smile to myself,

" Yes! This is my life now " I stood there just embracing this new lifestyle.

Even though I have found out that money doesn't make me happier I've always been a happy person, what it buys me is freedom from worry.



I'm proud to say I'm debt-free thanks to my baby daddy, I have not used my ATM card in months, and I have not worried about rent, food, or bus fees since he brought me cars, I stay in this huge house and I have a housekeeper that caters for me.

I hum a song as I make my way to my favorite place in this house, my walk-in closet, I feel like screaming every time I open up my closet which has expensive clothes that can feed a whole village!

I'm a girl who has an expensive taste yes I know even when I was broke I tried to have a few expensive items, but now I have a collection of expensive purses ( LV, Gucci, channel, Burberry, Coach, Dooney). Not forgetting I have an expensive taste when it comes to clothing and shoes too. I have over 30 pairs of shoes. I think a nice outfit is not complete without a high-quality expensive purse and jewelry and my man has never been so happy that for once I spend his money and then complain about how rich he is and how we both come from different worlds.

I am grateful for the freedom from worry every day. Outside of that, I'm the same person I've always been, no more or less happy.

Simplicity but class is me, that my outfit for the day, I put on a headscarf as instructed and I decide to finish my look with my

engagement ring, I take a picture of my bling, and send it to Ntsika caption "Yes"

I stepped out of my bedroom and make my way to the kitchen

" Morning Mam...I mean Liya "

maChiya says as I walked inside the kitchen, I smiled and greeted her back

Her: you know that when you are Queen it's against our laws for me to call you by your name "

Me: well Ma will cross that bridge when we get to it "

We chuckle,

" Family im home!!!!" A loud voice said and I rolled my eyes knowing that Ntsika is behind this

" don't just stand there come give me a hug "

Me: Dudu!, do you have to be this loud kodwa?"

She bust out and laughed and ran to me and hugged me,

Her: look at you glowing like a real your-highness"

Me: angithi im soon to be the real Your Highness" I showed her my engagement ring and she lost it, she is busy screaming and jumping up and down going all crazy making me laugh like nobody's business

Her: so he proposed when? How?, I need the details tell me the details... " she said dragging me by my hand and making our way to the lounge

Me: well the ring was in my drawer for weeks, he kind off proposed a few weeks back but we were fighting and I was not sure about us...I was just you know what Liyana pack your things and go, but this morning when I spoke to him, something inside of me said 'yes' so that is why I have his ring on!"

Her: so he does not know that you said yes? "

She said popping her eyes out

Me: Ntsika does not need my 'yes' to marry me, in his head I'm already his wife, worst he trapped me with the baby, urg...I'm stuck with him"

Dudu bust out and laughed, as I rolled my eyes at her,

Her: now it absolutely makes sense that your brother is having a meeting with him...I think Lobolo negotiations are being discussed"

Me: WHAT?"

Her: ooh shoot! Me and my loud mouth"

To be continued

\*\*\* The Apology \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

Lord knows I feel so much at peace I wonder why? What  
Happened Today?

It feels just like any other day. The sky may be gray, or blue. The  
birds might be singing, or quiet. There could be a thin stream of  
light, just after sunrise — or it might look like the middle of the  
night. It's just another day like all the ones before and the ones  
to come.

And obviously I maybe still tired, but that's okay. Because I got  
to sleep last night without being haunted

This day I slept soundly, there has been no night of tossing and  
turning only to wake up unrefreshed, the morning that usually  
became the worst day where the mind attacks right away. and  
everything about the previous days seems like one, big,  
impossible hurdle...was not this morning, was not this day,  
because I had a good night sleep compared to other nights.

I press my eyes shut refusing to open my eyes as I try to go back  
to that peaceful dream I had, that peaceful space I was in

And suddenly A soft whisper from nature entered my breath

I swallowed and inhaled it to my lungs' deepest depth, it start  
tickling my heart and my mind

It keeps humming a song of love and being kind

This breath of fresh air gives me peace and harmony,

it awakens a sense of the beauty of reality

It encourages me to stop living based on my greed

It reminds me that grace and love is a much bigger need.

I made a small wishful whisper to nature,

"Please do not leave me, I cherish you so much, feel welcome to stay eternally with me"

A light knock on my door made me wish to shout

"Go away!"

But I can not run away from opening up my eyes,

I slowly opened my eyes as I heard the door open, I yawn louder than normal, Feeling fatigued, isn't a reflection on my character not after a good night's sleep but I guess. It's from whatever weird thing that might have been happening in my body that thanks God I was not aware Of, maybe in my sleep, I overdid it a little bit the day before.

My tiredness isn't me but only a passing phase like the shadows of the moon, but my Good sleep I will forever cherish like a rare jewel,

There is a strange comfort in knowing that no matter what happens today, the Sun will rise again tomorrow.

"Morning "

It's Mvelo he says walking in and commanding the room to be still, even though it's just me and him in here

Me: Good Morning " I said as I sat up straight,

Him: slept well?"

I nodded, he walked in and sat by the window looking outside,

"What did you do to me?"

I said softly looking at Mvelo

Him: excuse me ?"

Me: you were the last person that I saw before I went under, and from the feeling I got from your touch I felt something, something good, something peaceful, something healing...so I know that my reason for sleeping peacefully is because of you, of what you did..."

Him: I only prayed, and asked the Archangels and your Guardian Angels to put a wall around you and protect you from evil spirits and the ghost that haunts you"

Me: Ooh my God Mvelo, so it's gone?"

He shook his head no, my sense of relief subsided,

Him: what I did was temporary,

Nompumelelo, I only help you sleep, the truth is you need more than prayer but a proper spiritual healing..."

I nodded and softly said.

" I see, but Thank you for helping me sleep"

He glanced at me said nothing and then turned to look outside the window, awkward silence engulf the space, who would have thought that the sound of every atom in my body exploding with indignation will make so much noise?

I looked at him not sure what to say next, realizing that Over the past years I've lost friends that I thought were going to be in my life for a long time, but it didn't turn out that way. You see When a friendship is over it feels as if there is no option to talk, it is tough to resolve what happened whether it was a problem or a rift that split it. I've never gotten this far with any of my ex-girlfriends to have these moments of what I wanted to say, but even still, now...Words are few and failing between them as though the silence that sat with them had laid its dry lips on theirs and sucked them dry of speech as well. For where could one begin? With the weather? But here there was no weather. This now sudden cold and sad room is where my truth resides, surrounding this horizon's walls.

Me: Mvelo I am so sorry for putting you in such an awkward position"

He cut me off "What's did you say?"

He turned to look at me

Me: ngikulethela izinkinga while I and you have been so arestrange for years..."

Him: no...not that, start from the beginning of your first statement "

I swallowed and looked at him

Me:I am sorry..."

He popped his eyes open, his surprise alright, I mean he knows me very well that I never say ' Sorry ' no matter how wrong I am, or how badly I have wronged a person, thinking about it now I'm no different than those who never say sorry—even for major, life-changing or multiple lives-changing mistakes and for every kind of crime and insult to humanity. Still, they won't or can't apologize. Perhaps they're the type of people that offers a "non-apology

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" one that comes with the addition of blame,



"I'm sorry, but you understood my words/actions the wrong way..." Is always their best line,

Me: yes Mvelo I am sorry, for the rift between us, for the headache I caused throughout the years you have known me, and for the grievous tragedy I have caused to you and your family friend, I know nothing can change my actions but I hope my sincere apology will reach your heart"

He gave me a blank expression, and he then shook his head

Him: so you kill a man and you finally get to say sorry to me ?"

I looked down

Him: you know when Veli said Mpume needs help and she is reaching out to you, I almost asked her, who the heck is this ' Mpume ' Person? "

His voice just became deep, his mad really mad and I have a feeling that whatever his about to say will be a very hard pill to swallow

Him:to think that once upon a time you and I were friends and now worst enemies all rolled up into one big case of drama, We have known each other for over two decades

That's an extremely long time and in that time, we have gone from being closer than sisters and brothers to being worse than strangers or enemies. We have hit every peak and crashed into

every pit. But no matter what you may think of me, it would have never changed the fact that I'd be there every time you called, Mpume I waited for you to need me...but you never did, I would have answered every call, and every message with an open heart because I gave up holding onto anger around you years ago. You may have stopped classing me as a friend, but that doesn't mean I stopped being one. I never did. But You were just too angry to see it."

I opened my mouth to say something but words failed me yet again!

him: but yet again this is just typical you, we have been here before but still you just don't change,

I remember when we were growing up I used to create heartbreak through my expectations. Sometimes I expect too much from you and you will always let me down. I would care despite your flaws and choose to focus on the positive, on the way I feel when I was with you. On the fun will experience when things are going good.

Silly of me to create a person and a relationship in my mind, but when life inevitably becomes challenging, I realize that you never really existed Mpume...through my trail and tribulations Mpume you were never there, but here we are today...and you think all this shit you created will be resolved by "I'm sorry?"

Me: I know I've made a handful of mistakes so massive that they can't be fixed and for that, I would never blame you. I'm sorry for everything. And when I say everything, I mean everything.

I realize now that the times when you were there for me and I was not there for you and now have folded into nothingness, I know"

Him: You just simply effortlessly faded from my life as if I meant nothing Nompumelelo"

Me: I'm sorry "

He shook his head rejecting my apology

Me: you all choose Lubanzi's side over mine...and I just could not face everyone after what I have done,

I not only destroyed my marriage but I broke the chain of the friendship of family we all have created "

"

Him: boolshit!!!... You were already disconnected from all of us ... even before that shit happened!!! Don't try and use your infidelity as a veil!"

I swallowed and looked down

Him: You know Mpume Everyone says that people come and go. It's true. but I never thought we'd be strangers like we are now!!"

I swallowed as he breath out loud

Me: Mvelo I know you think I am a heartless bitch, but so you know It was hard for me too when you drifted, one minute we were real close the next

You just became galaxies away"

Him: well as they say The phone rings both ways...what stopped you from reaching out"

I looked away

Him: so what if we grew up, Our interests pulled us in different directions, I grew busy with my personal life, and maybe at one point our natural affinities for one another simply faded, that can only mean that we also had to grow as an individual. But No matter how I see it Life has a way of weaving us in and out of each other's worlds. We don't stay close or keep in touch with all of the friends we make, but end of the day we never forget about them...but you did...Mpume"

Me: or Maybe you were not comfortable sharing everything with me the way you could with Zoe or Menzi they are pretty much still in your life right? While I was left to feel like an outsider"

Him: People come and go into our lives constantly Mpume, I believe that all of them impact us, in some way or another, whether we realize it or not. We are shaped by our experiences, interactions, and the relationships we form.

As for the Dlamini, the Ngubanes, they stayed,

These are the friends who love me unconditionally, and who I just seem to click with. We both put in the effort to keep the friendship alive. I know that whether I speak to them on a daily basis or not, we will always be close...and some leave. This typically is to the fault of no one -- people change... .and I have accepted it...and accepted that about you "

Me: and here we are now"

Him; yah! here we are, We haven't spoken for over six years, and regardless of who said what, I haven't slagged you off. I haven't undermined you or judged you and I would never downplay you. I mean you've said some of the worst things to me and my wife, but I am here trying to help you because that is who I am. I am the person that dropped being part of the birth of my first nephew...

To come through for you because as much as you pretend to have it together your world is crashing around you, and you are sinking fast"

I pressed my lip together and just looked at him

Him: Mpume we can go back and forth about who wrong who years ago but to be honest that won't change the present situation you are in, I don't know why I'm the first person that has connected with you after all these years, but I trust I'm here to Turn your Tables "

Me: ooh my God "

I said holding my mouth

Him: It doesn't matter what you did or where you were...it matters where you are and what you plan to do onwards, so fix yourself up, and let's talk over breakfast "

He said standing up and shoving his hands in his pocket, tears ran down my face, words are lost but through my actions, gratitude is a true definition, reality of hardship is that Sometimes help comes from unexpected places.

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To be continued

\*\*\*Dead Man Walking \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

"Not in my house that you going to sleep from when the sun comes up till it set up in your ass hhhayboo Vuka!!!"

My mother said as she slaps my thigh, I winced in pain

" Mahhhh....!!!" I said in my grumpy voice trying to pull the bed covers up but maKhumalo was too quick, already the bed cover was on the floor

Her: I said get up and fix yourself up!!!"

She said pointing a finger at me, I shoot my eyes open, judging from her facial expressions I will not dare disobey her now, I know that look and I know she is ready to slap the shit out of me

" yes mam," I said softly,

She clicked her tongue in response and walked out.

I breathe out loud if only this woman has the slightest idea of how long and draining my night was she would have not woke me up like this, I jumped off the bed and dragged my body to the bathroom to do my hygiene process, a few minutes later I walked out with a towel wrapped around my body and rushed to my ringing phone, I rolled my eyes in frustration as I realized who was calling

" Impi!"

Him: I'm losing my mind here!... Mlondi is not picking up his phone and I have no news or what's so ever what the fuck is going on with my son and baby mama"

Me: I tried my level best to squeeze myself in, but Queen Sbahle made sure that the whole area is a fortress

Him: I know that that is why we have plan B"

Me: Impi I told you I'm not going to involve my sister in this!"

Him: why not? I mean Sbahle trusts her and she has a spiritual calling thing...."

Me: she has a past with Jabu damn it! why can't you see how sick that sounds "

Him: so what must I do? "

I looked at the phone like, how on the hell is that my problem?

Me: wait! ....just bloody wait...Mlondi said he will get the news "

Him: when? next year!!!"

Me: uyangidakelwa ke manje"

He dropped the call in my ear, I breathe out loud and threw my phone aside



After buttering my body I jumped into my short maxi dress and flops, I stepped out of my room trying to tie my hair into a bun, damn I hate how big it is,

" LT!" I looked up and was met by Jisha in the kitchen, she gave me a big hug, and I smiled and hugged her back

Her: when did you get here?"

She asked looking at me,

Me: this morning,"

Her: it's been how many months?"

Me: don't let me count "

Her: yeah you should say that because you are the one that does not text back"

Me: aish sorry boo"

She rolled her eyes and smiled, I looked around and saw food platters on the kitchen counter

Me: you cooked?"

Her: Mama was tired so yah I decided to make breakfast, but no one showed up for it, so I prepared brunch"

Me: and I wonder why Mbali has not wife you? "

HER: shut up !"

She blushed and looked down, aish this girl is hot, and to be honest, I think she can turn any straight! women into becoming lesbian, I took a pancake and spread chocolate syrup on it

Me: mmmm this taste like heaven"

" get those plates, Lethu so we may eat"

My mother said walking in, she is too grumpy this morning, making me wonder what was wrong. I did as I was told making small talk with Jisha,

Me: so you and my sister when are you moving back to Durban"

" the day you finally decide to move back home too "

Mbali said walking into the room, I smiled at her, my sister is such a hot stud, I love how she has this specific demeanor that seems to go hand in hand with butchness. It's the cocky grin the self-assured nod, and How her masculine persona turns heads and makes her so damn attractive.

She is by far the only daughter that took our mother's stylish dress code, Mbali dresses to impress with that uniquely insouciant swagger it's even worse when she is in public. Her distinctive personality and its charms may be due, in part, to the fact that she is fully aware that she is a hot stud and doesn't look the way most people expect women to look, and yet she's

found the confidence to persevere despite the side-eyes and the disapproving thin-lipped faces of people.

Me: Mntungwa" I greeted her

She chuckled and we shared a long hug,

Her: it's good to have you home "

Me: I missed you too"

Her: you look good"

Me: you still look like a hot boy "

She chuckled as we broke the hug, I noticed that she was wearing smart formal wear,

Me: and where are you going? "

Her: the correct Question is, where am I coming from! " she said to me while she side-hugged Jisha and kissed her on the cheek, she then proceeded to speak to her via sign language and Jisha bust out and laughed slapping Mbali's arm,

Ma: ok you two cut it off...please be seated"

The love birds set next to each other while I froze looking at this table,

In this house, our table seating is based on respect and comfort. When my Dad was still alive, he and my mother usually get the heads of the table and when he passed on and it

was only the four of us for dinner, we didn't use the heads but rather sat facing each other.

But today I noticed my mother sitting in her rightful place

Me: what's going on?"

My mother placed her elbows on the table and pointed with her eyes that I must sit down, I moved slowly and set down I looked at Mbali who was rolling her tongue inside her cheek, ok these people they better start talking now

Me: Mama what's going on ?"

Mbali: may we say grace first?"

I just looked at her and she decided to raise her hands surrendering

Mama: we having a cleansing ceremony this upcoming end of the month...im taking off these mourning clothes and not to waste money and time I decided we do the unveiling too "

Me: yeah you mentioned that"

I said looking at her

Mama: I and Mbali were able to get most of the things done and I need for you to choose and pay for your father's tombstone"

Me: what!..."

Mama: can we now say grace? "

Me: mama you can't do this to me why not ask Mbali...I know nothing about tombstones"

Mama: ooh and we do? "

Me:you know very well what I mean! "

Mama: Lethu you have a week Jo to get that stone, comes the day of the unveiling I need it there!"

I set back and looked at her and Mbali

Mama: heavenly father...."

Me: so when we're you going to tell me this?"

I cut her off while she was about to pray, she sigh and looked at me

Mama: I'm telling you now! "

Me: wow!"

I said playing with my glass,

Mama: dear lord...please bless..."

" This is not about the stone or unveiling this is just about you trying to make me feel something for that man" I jumped in again before she could finish her prayer

Mama: I guess we not saying grace today "

Me: mama how many times must I tell you that I am fine!" "

Mama: your father died pleading to speak to you, but that never happened, you have never shared one tear but all you did was drink as if it was a party, and the next thing you did you were off on a suicide mission God knows where"

Me: I had to work!!!!"

Mama: you started carrying a gun at the age of 19 years because you felt hate for your father! ...and suddenly when he died you went back to that life again?"

I looked down

Mama:tell me something when are you going to forgive yourself my child for hating a dead man? "

Me: may I be excused"

Her: Lethukuthula!"

I disregarded her calling me and decided to push my chair back

Her; Lethu! I know what you feeling, I felt it every day, guilt can become a burden because of past arguments you now regret or maybe because you think you didn't do enough to help him

You should realize no parent-child relationship is ever perfect. Disputes, mistakes, and shortcomings occur on both sides and

are all in the past now. Your father still loves you very much even if he seldom told you,

I just wish you could just recognize the past as something that is finished and unchangeable, free yourself from guilt, and reflect on the good times instead. "

Me: what good times?..."

Mama: he was your father!"

Me: The day he called you a witch, kicked us out like dogs!... I ripped off that title from him"

Mbali: Lethu that"s enough !'

Me: it should be for you! angithi you were his favorite the genius child!"

Mbali: you know nothing about my life and living in this house with Mntungwa"

She said standing up

Mama: girls stop it!!!! "

My mother screamed looking at both of us, with no warning Jisha creamed, and in a split second she was behind my mother, we all looked at where she was pointing and I almost fainted when I came face to face with why she sow, a man stood in the

middle of the room a man that looks?...a man that is my father? ...what?

Mbali: baba?...."

Me: what the fuck?... You are dead! ..."

Mama: Mntungwa"

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To be continued



\*\*\* I Hate My Father\*\*\*

🌹 Rosettar 🌹

"You don't have food in this house!"

Zuko said walking in and finding me in the kitchen making coffee,

Me: Good morning Zuko"

Him: mmmm"

He said dragging his feet taking a juice bottle from the fridge and drinking from the bottle, I should be protesting and scowling him to kingdom come but im exhausted, the night I had was hell, Jabulani and Sandile fighting nonstop and the chaos The Dlamini made when they were demanding for Ginger to be moved to a private hospital was enough to make me have a headache for days

"I received a call from Ma"

I said not even looking at him

Me: when were you going to tell me about your intentions to see Oyama?"

Him: so I need your approval to see your sperm donor?"

Me:approval? Boy please"

I laughed taking my cup with me outside,

Him; what?...don't act as if your intention is not to stop me "

Me: whatever I say would not stop you so why waste my breath?"

I said sitting down

Him: look I have..."

Me: Questions? .... Pending information or daddy issues?..."

He clicked his tongue and attempted to walk away but stopped, and marched back to me, he stood in front of me, biting his lip and looking at me from the corner of his eyes, I could feel his wrangling emotions opposing to come out, with no words he started pointing a finger at me, and out of nowhere he finally spoke with his deep voice

" You know Rose I'm not sure if the lack of your presence in my life was a blessing or a curse..."

You know nothing about me and what I have been through. you argue that you never abounded me but do you know that when I was, Growing up I had to deal daily with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, depression, and anxiety? I never knew how I will feel or function from one day to the next. I had to work incredibly hard just to feel stable. I have triggers based on experiences I had with the man they call my father, I don't know how I

remember the past but I remember The yelling, the drinking, and the unpredictable behavior, it comes and go like fading pictures...

But through it all I Thank God There are years of my life that are missing in my memory. I have to trust that my brain knows what it is doing in its effort to protect me, by allowing me not to remember my early childhood upbringing...or should I say horrible things that might have scarred me for life,

You say you are my mother but I know nothing about who I am!... My brain and nervous system have been forever damaged by your choices and actions! The shame and disgust I carried about myself based on how Oyama treated you almost killed me. I am not dead by suicide or addicted to drugs or alcohol, which is, at the very least, surprising. But I have huge anger management issues!"

I looked down not sure what to say to him, his mad to the extent that I feel that his anger comes from a very sad place,

Him: For so long, I have hated my father, I mean how could I not when Gogo never spoke highly of him either, you know as a kid, he was still larger than life to me, but in a terrible way, like the clown from IT by Stephen King, with razor teeth and maniacal eyes. Even when I say this, I feel this terrible threat, as if he might materialize from the sheer force of my words.

But as I grew older I became afraid of him realizing what kind of a man he was,

No doubt that He has, in a sense, ruined my life, I have years of questioning why I wasn't enough for him, was such a course to him that as a result he deliberately took you away from me also! , even today the question remains: How on earth could you have loved such a man? "

He took a deep breath, ran his hand on his nose, and looked away

Me: Zuko!"

Him: I'm called Oyama, A surname I know nothing about!..." He laughed not because what he was saying was funny but because he was in a rage

Him: I look at myself in the mirror every morning and curse the day I was born, curse the fact that I look like him, I hate my father so much, That I have started to hate myself too, I hate that I'm forever angry and aggressive like he was.

I'm promiscuous like he is, I'm abusive like he is, I take drugs and drink like he does and The problem is that if I gave in to my anger and my desires I would be exactly like him, and I hate that about myself. I feel like I'm always fighting so hard not to become him. Yet I'm turning to be just like him!"

Me: Zuko! you are my son!"

Him: no Mother, I'm a Nigerian boy who knows nothing about his roots...and the man who can do that wants nothing to do with me"

I held my mouth as I stood up to hold his hand, surprisingly he did not yank my hand away, he looked at me with blood-short eyes

Him:for so long I felt fear...for the man I called my father, and now with you here I feel anger and I want to look him dead in the eyes and tell him to rot in hell cause if jail does not kill him I look forward in doing it"

He said clutching his jaws

And right there I felt the need to engulf him in a tight hug,

Him: I am tired of feeling this way, leaving in the world with only bad memories, vengeance, bad blood, and denied desires, I'm drowning in hatred, drugs

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and alcohol!

For how long must I feel this pain, this resentment the disgust!"

I felt my shoulder getting wet which can only mean that his crying, for years I have longed to hold my son, and the first time when I do it, his breaking down, Lord knows I don't know how to react, being diagnosed with Emotional detachment disorder,

this immediately made me feel Numbness towards his pain, not necessarily because I do not feel it or unable to notice but I feel numb, I run my hand on his back trying to connect with him emotionally,

I want to scream "FUCH" realizing what Oyama stripped away from me, years in jail...this disorder manifested in me, pumped into my veins like toxins, and now I am stuck

trapped in this place

where I pump myself full of metaphysical numbness, At the point I reside, but lord knows that I want an escape, since the only thing I feel is physical.

I know the warmth of my son's hand when he holds mine tightly,

I feel the softness of his sobs,

I close my eyes as I force myself to release some of my rusted life from my chest and as the warmth dripped away...I felt it. .  
.a small spark inside...not happiness...

but a tear in my left eye.

My fears have not gone

but released. .the things I guarded so close...brought to the light. I hold my son tight as his heart beat next to mine

Me: it's ok I'm here "My voice finally comes out

Him: I hate that I was born...that I'm his son!"

I broke the hug but decided to hold his face, his gentle face, so he can look at me

Me: You are the only child I have— you are my offspring—born of the love your father and I once shared for each other. When I welcomed you into this world, I felt a depth of love and connection that can only be from that moment of life given from God... .never curse the day you were born cause that to me you are a blessing, never Question who you are because you Carry the pride of spirit that drives you in the recesses of Nigerian, South African, Jamaican ancestors that flow through your arteries. You were born to be your own man not to be perfect, look son I know you crave admiration, recognition, and validation and since you can't tap into your inner reservoirs to satisfy your desires, you have come to the flawed conclusion that happiness and fulfillment come only from external validation. But you don't have to do that any longer. Please learn to be the catalyst for our own change

You have spent your life letting the mirror tell you who you are. Sane or insane. Saint or evil. Hero or victim. Why are you Allowing history to tell you how good or bad you are? Letting your past decide your future, Yes you are Are Zuko Oyama, but

don't allow the mirror to convince you that you are your father,  
differentiate Identity to self-identity,

Unlike a drop of water which loses its identity when it joins the  
ocean, man does not lose his being, Zuko Life isn't about finding  
yourself. Life is about creating yourself"

He side smiled and looked down

Me: I know you hate your father, but baby The root of anger is  
attachment to someone who is whining, complaining, finding  
fault, pointing out that something is missing, something is not  
good enough. I know for a fact that Every angry person is  
attached to a soft-headed, downer, whiner, fault finder, please  
don't give your malicious father the power to see that about  
you, cause I know my mother did not raise you to become a  
weakling...be strong enough to walk away my love, to let go!"

He sniffed and stepped back

"Don't you think I have tried "

Me: I know, but this time you not going to do it alone"

I said softly Him: when did you get to be so wise "

I chuckled

Me: I'm not wise, I just know how to string words together--it  
doesn't mean I know how to speak about the things that matter  
most to me...in a way I try"



Him: "But you're doing it now--in a way."

I laughed

Me: "Yes, in a way--that's how I always say things: in a way..."

He bust out and laughed too

Me: look baby I'm sorry I was not there for you all those years"

Him: I know you are..."

He said looking at me with a side smile,

Me: I would love to have a second chance to be in your life

Zuko..." Him: will see about that Mother!"

I frowned " Mother!" It came out of the blue and completely threw me. Yes, it could be construed as polite, or proper even, but to me, it sounds so...I don't know...horrific-ly wretched? I mean when did I become Mother?! I'm supposed to be mom, or maybe someday mommy, but Mother? I immediately pictured Mother Gothel or the wicked stepmother in Cinderella and cringed. The only time I use the word mother is when my mom starts lecturing me about something, and I flippantly retort, "Yes Mother!" It's clearly not a term of endearment.

Me: Mother ?" Him: yes Mother... "

He said brushing me off and walking past me, I smiled at him looking at him walk back to the house, my smile was so wide

that I could not believe it took the hate he had for his father for him to open up to me, tears of Joy clouded my eyes but I quickly wiped them away as I answer my ringing phone

Me: Hallo!"

"I'm on my way to your house, I found the girl...and if I'm not mistaken I think she is on her way to your house "

Me: what girl?" Him: Ginger's daughter "

Me: Sandile no! ....not today"

Him:im sorry my love...hang tight I'm on my way "

I dropped the call and rushed back to the house,

" Zuko get dressed we going to the shops to buy...." I froze as I stepped into the living room and found Zuko standing by the door looking at this young beautiful girl standing on my doorstep"

Her: Good Morning Mam " She said so polity as our eyes fixed on each other.

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To be continued

\*\*\*New Page \*\*\*

🌹 Nompumelelo 🌹

I looked at myself in the mirror one more time and rolled my eyes,

" denim dress...really Veli that is the only thing you decided to buy me, what am I 15 years?"

I clicked my tongue and walked out of the bedroom, I breathe out loud and made my way to the lounge where the loud voices were coming from, I stood there scanning the room and all I saw was, Mzamo and some guy a good looking guy, that got my eye fixed on him like a hawk,

He wasn't a male model but he should have been. The neat haircut, and thick black hair he groomed so carefully that it had a rippling quality, a sign of his rude health. His only blemish was that he was beetle-browed and they sometimes knitted in frustration. But neither the less suited his facial expression

I bite my lower lip as I noticed The aquiline nose that sported complemented his prominent cheekbones. Mmmm Handsome is an understatement when it comes to him, his basalt jaw and Spartan shoulders spoke of strength. He possessed a latent, leonine power, and his deep voice commanded authority.

" Stop it"

I jumped as Veli said standing next to me

Me: what?"

Her: you drooling "

I turned to look at her and she had a raised eyebrow looking right back at me

Me: I'm not " I said trying to sound convincing, she chuckled rolling her eyes

Me: I'm not... "

Her: you my sister and I know that look, you don't fool me "

Me: who is he?"

Her: somebody else's Man " she said walking towards the guys

" ooh you're finally here come let's get this done and over with "

Mzamo said standing up and finally, I had a chance to lock eyes with the mystery man, His dark brown eyes were orb round and darted constantly, a-gleam with delight and the vigour of youth. They were soft, yet dark, and also a bit swam with mystery. I could not help but walk closer to him

" I said stop IT!" Veli said through her teeth

Urg why can't she just mind her own business

Me: Good Morning "

Only the mystery guy greeted back with a nod, while Mzamo typed on his phone and disregarded my presence

Me: uuum where is Mvelo"

Mzamo: he has to deal with family matters, I regret to inform you that I will handle all the legal proceedings of your case, "

Me: what?"

Mzamo: trust me I rather die than do this too, but Mvelo has a weakness in saving stray dogs so here I am wasting my precious time"

Me: excuse me! "

Mzamo: ooh my bad ain't you one?"

Veli: Mzamo please not now!"

He clicked his tongue and walked out,

Veli: Mpume I'm sorry about that...I will go talk to him, please help yourself with brunch "

She said walking towards Mzamo direction, I breath out loud and looked at the handsome guy before me, I tried not to act humiliated by Mzamo's action so I put on a brave smile and said

"Please come this way for brunch" distracted the guy from my shame, but I was a bit self-conscious since I hated that I'm

limping and worst part wearing this hideous dress, how the fuck will he notice me, damn it!

" I would love to, but I have to be somewhere in an hour"

I stopped in my tracks and looked at him, I almost melted, His voice could be foghorn loud when he was booming out a guffaw but it was normally mellifluous making me slightly lose balance

Him: please sit down"

He pointed at a couch opposite him, not even looking at me, ok that was rude not what I expected at all

" I'm Thabani...the royal PR...Mvelo left a few pieces of documentation and information to pass to you "

he spoke as I set down still his eyes fixed on his tablet

Me: I'm Nompumelelo Dla...I mean Msimango"

Him: I know..." He said brushing me off, he was already placing a file in front of me

" I'm only here as Mvelo representative, and on the legal side of things Mzamo is your man "

I nodded to a man that did not pay any attention to me,

Him: your flight leaves this afternoon..."

Me: flight??"

Him: Mvelo organized accommodation for you and therapy, he left a letter to explain why, but promised to call you when you land... everything you need to know or are unsure of is on that file"

Me: hold up! wait a second what are you trying to say!?" "

I snapped and he promptly looked at me

Him: "Ms. Msimango..."

Me; just call me Mpume, please! "

Him: ok..."

Me: am I on the run?"

Him: I believe you killed a man a notorious man from a high profile family, your fingerprints are all over the weapon you used to kill him, it's a matter of time before Oyama give out information about you to the Nigerians so you rather stay here and wait for that to happen, or face jail time or go to a safe house and allow Mzamo to make this shit go away? The choice is yours"

I looked down shame and guilt washed over me

Shit just became real so it's true I may really go to jail or be on the run for the rest of my life, damn it history is really repeating itself, I am my mother's daughter!

Funny enough I never saw this coming.

I'm such an idiot,

I was so driven in owning a table I had no business in it that I decided to have dinner with the devil, as I sit back now I wonder, Why did I do those things? Why did I make those choices?

I felt Veli's warm hand holding my shoulder

Her: it's ok"

I looked at her with teary eyes

Me: Each and every decision I made was because I was afraid that I didn't have the strength to stand on my own two feet. Afraid that I was too irresponsible to take the lead on who I was supposed to be.

I wanted things that never belong to me, Power... glitz and money was my weakness but yet again all that gold is not the shine. . ."

Him: Mpume Mvelo is giving you a new start to open up a new page..."

I closed my eyes shaking my head, in disbelief looked at Thabani and he sigh looking at his wristwatch watch



Him: like I said I'm just a massager, you only have an hour and thirty minutes to make your decision"

I nodded, My soul's flickering light was dying fast

All options were fleeting except for what was placed on my lap

I've held back myself for as long as I could

But as time went by, there is still to lifetime time of mistakes have caught up on me

And I have to accept the choice offered,

One that defies what I hold dearest, my life in my home town, friends I have made and a chance to build a relationship with my sister, ooh lord what about my kids

I've waited much too long to give myself a chance to be normal person, a mother..but my actions striped that away from me yet again

I can either take the plunge or hold my stance but that's No good I'm cornered and trapped

I can't keep going with my conscience sapped

So I turn to Thabani and ask

" where am I going?"

Him: only the driver and flight attendance know, Mvelo made sure of that, for your own safety"

I looked at the file placed in front of me and sigh, he stood up and answered his ringing phone, while I just sat there shocked at what my life has come to,

Veli: it's going to be ok "

Me: you knew about this?" I turn my head to look at her

She shook her head no,

Me: I remember growing up hating my mother for making us hop from one town to the next

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I did not know why but when she told me she is on the run for killing my father I told her I'm done running I love this town and I will never leave, but look at me now I'm on the run for manslaughter as well, just like her, I guess the apple does not fall far from the tree"

Veli: ooh Mpume don't do this to yourself "

She said hugging me, I'm crying, and she is crying too, what suppose to be a productive morning just became the death of my life

" I'm sorry to disturb you ladies but you have a call Ms Msimangu "

We both looked at him

Veli: which one?"

Thabani: ooh my bad...im sorry Mpume you have a call"

He placed a ringing tablet in front of me and pressed the answer button

The minute the video call became live, Tears clouded my eyes when I saw Lubanzi's face appear on the screen

Him: Hi Mpume"

He greeted me with his dashing smile

Me: Lu...!"

I said in shock, I started crying when I notice the hospital room, and bandage on his head, he looked a bit pale and I could tell that he was fighting death

Me: ooh my God "

Him: I'm fine Mpune..."

Me: you almost died...and it was all my fault, what were you thinking "

Him: No! what were you thinking mixing yourself with Oyama "

He said, looking at me with no expression

Me:..." I opened my mouth to say something but words did not come out, I want to say I'm sorry but it's pointless, since I know

that an Apology is for when you forget something. Or bump into somebody. Apologies are for the incidents. I can't apologize for something I chose to do. That's like apologizing for being me, so I choose to look down and keep quiet.

He heavily sighs and asked me to look at him, our eyes locked for few seconds, before he finally spoke

Him: are you ok?"

He says softly with his deep voice

Me: yes " I said not breaking the gaze

Him;God damn it Mpume! When will this bullshit end? For the love of Christ we have kids together what fucked up picture did you wish to leave behind? ...what did you expect me to tell them, that their mother died in a hoe house! Or worst she was trafficked to God knows where? What the fuck is wrong with you!!'

I bite my lower lip and looked down, cause as much as his not shouting I could tell his anger was mixed with concern or was it disappointment ?

Him:what happened to you?"

Me:...."

Him; am I the cause of your deficiency in moral judgment?"

I looked up and shook my head no

Him; uthi angithini Mpume? You know that

I did what I did because I could not help but wonder if I'm the reason you ended up in that place, with that man, "

Me: Lubanzi..."

He raised his hand making me stop talking

Him: the reality is when I meet you, you were young and pregnant, All I ever wanted was my own family. Every day, I dreamed of falling in love with a woman, getting married, buying a beautiful home, and one day bringing our own little bundle of joy into the world.

I guess it goes without saying that you made all of that feel real for me, you helped make most of those dreams come true. I wanted nothing more than to be the best husband, a romantic lover, the most selfless provider, and the world's best dad.

To be honest Our relationship wasn't perfect, but I loved you so much. Forgetting to find out if I made you happy or if you are happy in this life I so badly wanted..."

Me: Lu you..."

He stopped me again with his hand

Him: Mpume people don't just magically cheat on somebody they've been with. I'm not saying that this excused what you did—not at all. But I started to realize that perhaps I wasn't exactly the innocent victim I had believed myself to be. I had a role to play in enabling the shitty relationship to continue for as long as it did. After all, people with similar values date each other. And if I dated someone with shitty values for that long, what did it say about me? Because if both of my ex relationships are selfish and had done hurtful things, it's likely I was too, and just not realizing it. "

I shook my head saying no...but he side smile at me

Him: In hindsight, I chose to ignore or brush off signs when I was with you. That was my fault. I could look back and see too that I hadn't exactly been husband of the Year to you, either. I had often been cold, away, and controlling toward you. Other times I took you for granted and blew you off and hurt you. These things were my fault.

Did my mistakes justify your mistake? No. But I hope you understand when I say I'm Sorry...sorry for anything I may have ever done to hurt you. Everything I did in my life was to ensure yours would be all you dreamed it to be. I wanted to give you the world.

Unfortunately, I fell short. And for that ngiyaxolisa"

I looked at him, but he was looking down,

"If I knew then what I know now, I would have held you tighter during our first dance and picked a song that never ended. But the reality is you were not meant for me in this lifetime,

Losing you may have been the most painful experience of my life, but it made me stronger than ever. Damn did it somehow make life feel real..."

Me; Lubanzi you did nothing wrong, please don't do this to yourself"

Him: Regret and guilt eat me alive at times wishing so much I could undo, maybe just maybe we...."

He held his breath and looks at me

Him: but I guess that its just a moment in time that can never be retrieved...regret and guilt will forever be its boundaries forever holding it in place as if the moment

can never fade not even to a fair shade of grey for the regret and guilt hold it right and forever it will stay..."

Me: Lu please..." I started crying but he said softly

"shooo Mpume don't cry "

Me: I know you hate me for what I have done to you, to our life, our marriage to our family...."

Him: Mpume, You see, too many people live with hate in this world. Those same people live with anger and fear.

I'm not one of those people.

I'm disappointed we never got to finish writing our happily ever after, but I'll never hate you, and I'll never be dishonest about my emotions. God gave me this amazing opportunity to love you. It brought me to so many beautiful places, taught me so much about life, and gave me memories I'll cherish forever.

How can I ever hate you for that?

But I'm done holding to this guilt, cause as much as on paper I lost my wife, in reality I lost so much more.

I lost a piece of me that I will never get back."

Me:I love you so much Lubanzi"

Him:I know, and I hope you take good care of that feeling you have for me, and I can only hope it will put you back on track of what your life used to be, please do it for our children's sake "

" I can't believe you made me go buy you food from a taxi rank, Lord you're so rural "

A women's voice said...no it's not just any women it's was Nelly,

" I have to go...All the best, Good Bye" Lubanzi mounted and flipped his phone down



Him: mmmm ngiyabonga MaNgubane " he said to Nelly and she started giggling and from that moment I knew that Lubanzi finally closed our chapter, tears streamed down my face and I found my self hugging the tablet and saying

" Goodbye my love "

To. Be continued

\*\*\*Brothers Disapproval \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

"Dudu! What do you mean that my brother is having a meeting with Ntsika!?" I said walking close to her demanding an explanation, but

She decided to ignore me by moving away from me making her way to the fridge, opening it, taking an apple, and decided to take a big bite

Me: Dudu!" I screamed marching after her

Her: it's rude to talk with your mouth full...im sorry!" She said walking out of the kitchen and making her way to the backyard,

Me: Duduzile Bhengu! you better start talking right now or I swear to God..."

She stopped and sighed looking up as I caught up with her

Her: look, I don't know shit... I just saw him walk into the house and Ntsika ordered me to keep you company "

Me:damn it...this is bad...this is really bad "

Her: why so?"

Me: for starters, Ntsika and Mangalisa hate each other!"

Her: yet you are the one wearing the ring of a man that is hated by your only brother!"

I started biting my nails and took out my phone trying to call Ntsika,

Me: God damn it!" I said holding my waist when the bloody phone call took me straight to voicemail

Her: you overreacting and that's not good for the baby "

Me: you don't know my brother "

She laughed and came close to me holding my shoulder, showing some kind of gesture to comfort me,

Her: look babe it's actually pretty common for a brother to dislike his sister's boyfriend because of natural protectiveness for his sisters, especially if he has a younger sister. maybe because they know how men are like since they are one, but either way a brother will be a little protective of his sister, but too much hate towards your partner and overprotectiveness can be toxic, but let's hope it's not that, he might obviously... probably just feel like he needs to protect you 'his little sister' from the scary world of men" she said with a side smile, while I popped my eyes open in frustration

Me: you not helping! "

She bust out and laughed,

Her: Hay I tried...can we please forget about this, and let's talk about that rock in your hand "

I looked at her and grunted,

Her: ok, now I'm confused I thought you were ready for this"

Me: of cause I want to marry Ntsika"

She sighs and set down

Her: so you ready to merry Ntsika your boyfriend, not Ntsika the soon-to-be Bhengu king right ?"

I nodded as I let out a loud sigh

Me: Mangalisa has never liked any guy I dated worst part is I'm now pregnant and engaged... too soon to be King Bhengu!...hell must have shook when Ntsika told him those news"

Her: aish damn girl "

Me: Mangalisa is not close to being a traditional man, he believes that Lobola is a Bride-wealth which is paid to individuals in cash, as opposed to livestock. And in his eyes, Cash is a symbol of sale, and we women are seen as articles of sale to be seen as property and chattel, I know he will refuse any panny offers or negotiations proposal in his attempt to try to protect me from that life"

Her: wow! "

Me: while my mother on the other hand will see me as her very fat cash cow just another means of her getting rich, God knows I will be like her bank account, where she will be able to draw from me constantly..."

Her: and knowing Ntsika he will fight tooth and nail to make sure that you end up his wife regardless...the drama this union will bring!"

I looked at her and bite my lower lip

Me: now you see when I say me and Ntsika come from totally different worlds... shit I don't think the meeting with Mangalisa went ok"

Her: well when you put it that way, it must have been a hell of a meeting...wish I was a fly or something "

Me: why did he even invite him here ?"

Her:end of the day Mangalisa is your family there were bound to have seat down at some point"

Me: I know, I know...but I'm just not mentally ready prepared for all of this...the Ziqubu's meeting with the Bhengu's... it's just not the right time "

" excuse mam... I mean Liya but there is a gentleman by the gate who wishes to speak to you..."

MaChiya said that looking at me directly, and immediately I froze I knew its none other than my brother

Ma'Chiya: Security confirmed that his name is Mangalisa And he claims to be your brother?"

I felt Dudu's hands hold my hand

Dudu: please tell the guards to let him in "

I looked at her and she nodded while maChiya waited for me to give my response, with my mouth dry, words failed me, and I was only able to nod giving her my approval

Dudu: Hay look at me " I turned to look at her, and she smiled and said

" Just take a deep breath and relax

Don't take that stress when you meet him

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think before you speak, speak from your heart.

Look Liya This is the moment and your perfect start

You have the courage to gain

So, do it for yourself, for the man you love, for your baby,

And you would see a new dawn in life

Where you will feel so proud to strive

All coz of your little courage! Courage to stand for what you believe in"

I nodded and she engulfed me in a tight hug,

Me: how do I look "

I said breaking the hug,

Her: beautiful and radiant as always " she said with a warm smile, I swallowed hard, faked a smile, and made my way to the kitchen

Me: you think he will need something to eat? urg, off cause Mangalisa can never say no to food..." I said looking at what was cooking on the stove

Her: you know ma'Chiya is your housekeeper and responsible for preparing any meal you want"

ma'Chiya: Dudu is right my Queen, anything you want I will cook for you" she said walking into the room, a bit of embarrassment washed over me as I placed to pot lid down

Me: I'm sorry I was just..."

ma'Chiya: it's ok...so what can I make you? ...anything in mind?"

Me: I dont know I'm just. ...Good Lord what's what's taking him so long to get here..."

I said walking out of the kitchen and making my way to the sitting room, Dudu was being a nonsense running after me like a lost puppy

Him: probably still in Security clearance you know how Ntiska security is...look babe just breathe please"

She said hovering over me,

Her: no offense, but it kind of sounds like your brother is the problem here not mine...if he loves you he supposes to put your happiness first"

Me: I know...I know...I know... it doesn't really matter at all. If he has some real concern other than "I don't like Ntsika!" then I'll listen to what he has to say but ultimately it's my decision to date and marry him or not...and lord I wish for once in his life he can just support me"

She nodded faintly running her hand on my arm

Her: would you like me to go check up on them? ...with the security I mean ?"

I looked up at her and nodded, but the living door swung open and Key walked in followed by my brother, our eyes locked for the first time since I last saw him in the hospital a few months back, he looks handsome as always but his facial expression could not hide the anger or rage in his eyes



Key: Miss Liya...your brother is here "

Mangalisa: I'm not a shadow, clearly she can see me, can you give me space now I'm sick and tired of you polluting my damn air!"

I swallowed and looked at Key's face turn grey, no doubt Mangalisa has been nothing but arrogant to him throughout

Me: thank you Key. . .I will take it from here " I said to Key softly, he nodded at me and gave Mangalisa the most deadliest look I have ever seen, with no care in the world my brother decided to click his tongue bumped his shoulder and made his way towards me

"mmm, girl he does not look too happy... "

Dudu mumbled in my ear while I nudge her with my elbow

"Sanibona " Mangalisa said walking and looking around the house with a frown on his face,

I bite my lip and looked at him, with thousands of thoughts running through my head,

Dudu: Good afternoon, it's good to finally put a face in the name "

She said making his way to him, leaving me frozen in one spot

Her: The Name is Dudu Bhengu..."

She said offering him her hand to shake,

Mangalisa: Mangalisa Ziqubu" he said looking at me from head to toe

Dudu:funny that I live in Cape Town and we never cross paths, mmmm I would have loved to bump into him "

Him: I try by all means to avoid the rich spoiled brats"

Dudu: what the..."

She said rudely breaking the handshake

Me: you are too much of a loud mouth, he goes for beauty with no brain kind of girls, you would have bored him to death"

I said walking towards them and trying to stop another huge conflict from occurring,

Me: Dudu...may I have a moment with my brother please "

Her: With pleasure! Nxa!"

She rolled her eyes, swayed her hips and walked away

Me: Mangilisa uyaphila?"

Him: what the fuck do you think you are doing?..."

To be continued...

\*\*\*The Apple Does Not Fall Far From The Tree\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

" May we have a sit"

Him: I prefer to stand!"

I just blankly looked at him and folded my arms

Him" "...first you decided to leave home, no one knew where you were... Then you decided not to call or text, so you basically disowned your own family for a man?

... For this shit!... Cohabiting with a man... Not just any man that man... "

He said pointing at Ntsika's portrait on the wall

Me: I love him Mangalisa"

Me: Liya you think this is a fairy tale? you are his Cinderella?...wake up Liyana his fuckin Royalty and shit like this does not...."

He bites his tongue shaking his head

Me: does not what? ..."

I said with my head tilted

Him: Li..."

Me: no say it! ...his Royalty and I'm just a pathetic common girl who does not deserve this bloody life, I'm supposed to be what? Drowning in debt supporting your mother and making sure I take care of the home while you live your stressed-free life in Cape Town "

Him: I did not say that "

Me: not In so many words but you have. .. With your actions..."

Him: Liya...

Me: shut the fuck up!...you know, you are your father, son, bailed on me and mom the minute you could not handle the pressure "

Him: don't you dare compare me to that man! "

Me: if the shoe fits brother!!!"

Him: I did not bail I got a new job..."

Me: ooh wow because paramedic jobs are only offered in Cape Town not in Durban right?....stop patronizing me Mangalisa you ran away and don't you dare come here and point fingers at me, this is my life my choice and you have no bloody say in it!"

He sigh and looked up

Him: Liya all I'm trying to do is protect you... This life is not a life baby sister "

I raised my hands telling him to stop,

Me: PROTECT ME! BROTHER PLEASE. . .you are decades late  
Mfethu...you know I can remember when you were a brother  
to me. We lived in the same house, ate the same food, loved  
the same mother. And so I thought it safe to call you brother. I  
don't suppose I brought you any great pleasure - after all, yet  
another little sister is probably the last thing an adolescent boy  
wants. Yet to me, you were something special. A big brother. A  
hero almost. And if sometimes, well most of the time if I'm  
honest, you were moody, sullen, but I accepted that. I thought  
that was just the way brothers were.

But after everything that happened to us, You ran off before I  
could stand on my own two feet. I was just a teenager! with no  
Job, with no money, and you left me with a verbally,  
emotionally abusive mother who made my life miserable for  
years, so fuckin blame me for running away from home, I guess  
I learn from the best right!!!!"

I felt my breath stop, as I said that, my head felt dizzy, I closed  
my eyes and balanced in a chair

Him: Liyana are you ok? "

He said rushing to me, holding my shoulder

Me: I'm fine, I said dwindling my shoulders in voluntarily  
removing his hand from my shoulder

Him: look I'm..."

Me: save it..."

I said moving away from him as I made my way to the big windows that overview the beautiful Valley of this majestic land

Me:did you ever feel Guilty?"

Him:..."

Me: for living us behind?"

Him:..."

Me:before I left, I did...packed and unpacked my bags a thousand times before I could finally tell myself that I am not my mother's keeper. It was an enormous and guilt-laden feeling that I went through every single day, throughout my teen years, to adulthood, our mother has been my main obligation, partly because she refuses to take responsibility for herself. I don't know when it started but somewhere along her life, our mother lost that quality. Instead of solving her own problems, or even making an attempt, she chose to manipulate me, she believed that all the shit that has happen in our family was my fault, And every time when anything good happens in my life

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my mother complains. Mainly, she complains that nobody ever wants to help her and how I basically have all the luck. . .or

means to do that, but why me? I'm not the only child  
Mangalisa...

So finally I'm taking my life back, I refuse to hold onto guilt that  
she won't help herself when she can..."

Him: I'm sorry Liya I was not there..."

Me: you here now...but still under her spell blaming me for  
choosing me, for choosing my happiness"

I turned to look at him with tears running down my face

Him: I just don't want you to get hurt... these people...are  
vultures they only going to show you the stars and the moon  
just because you carry their seed, then what will happen to you  
when you give birth?"

I dropped my mouth open

Me: what...he told you? "

He shook his head no

Him; I studied medicine...I saw change in your body the second  
I walked in here"

Me: correction, you studied basic medicine, and boom you can  
tell I'm pregnant"

He snickered

Him: so I am lying?"

I looked away pulling my nose

Him: basic or not, I can tell that you are in your second trimester, you are showing Liyana and that makes me wonder if that is the reason why this man wants to marry you ?"

Me: " This man " has a name...you know "

I said rolling my eyes and moving away from him

Him: Liyana his Royalty and..."

Me: I know!!!!!"

He breathes out loud in frustration

Me: look Mangalisa I'm not the 15-year-old naive, girl you abounded, I'm a strong young woman, so shoot me for choosing a man who is willing to build a life with me and our unborn baby... At least I'm breaking the generational curse of all the men in my life that walk away from me "

Him: Liya..."

Me: I'm stronger than you think Mangalisa...I have watched my mother age into frustration, fear, isolation, and self-pity, I understand who I wish to be by viewing a road I don't want to travel.



I want to be a woman who's never really lonely even when she's alone. And I want to be the kind of person who ages into wisdom and self-reliance.

I know me and Ntsika come from two different backgrounds but you have no clue how that has boosted or incentive me to keep working hard. And to keep striving. I have big dreams for my life and I don't plan to abandon them for fear that they're too unrealistic. Or as you say " living a fairy tale life"... I love Ntsika Bhengu and you can't protect me from the only man who has never left my side through all the hardships I have been through"

He swallowed and looked down

Him: so what? "

Tears continued to roll down my eyes

Me: Ntsika makes me so happy"

Him: mmm"

Me:im just scared...cause the last thing I need is for our mother to see my marriage to Ntsika as her mill ticket to rich's"

Him: she the least of your problems"

Me: we are talking about our mother here, the slay Gogo"

He laughed and ran his hand on his face and looked at me, I frowned looking at his facial expression as it slowly changed

Me: what's wrong... "

Him:wow, so you really don't know what your fiance did?"

I frowned looking at him

Him:so after that publicist stunt that mother pulled that Ntsika is her son-in-law, Ntsika's attorney served her with a disclaimer..."

Me: a what? "

Him: some legal document that had a formal statement saying that you are not legally responsible for her...and vice versa, and as soon as you are Mrs. Bhengu she will not publicize or have any relations with you...so congratulations sister your mother is finally not your problem anymore"

Me; what? ... she signed that?"

Him: With a fat cheque sitting on top she signed without reading the bloody doc"

Me: so you telling me that Ntsika bought my mother out of my life?"

Him: makes you wonder what kind of a man you chose to marry..."

I held my mouth in shock

"Like mother like son...wow who would have known that the apple does not fall too far from the tree"

I flinched as I looked up and noticed Mlondi standing in the middle of the room with a pocket sweet in his hand, busy chewing the sweets as if his life depended on them,

Mlondi: you know they say that Guilt Trip

Is a special kind of manipulation tactic"

Mlondi said that with his eyes fixed on Mangalisa

Me: Mlondi..." I greeted him, his eyes softened as he looked at me

Him: Ndlovukazi"

I looked down but I could tell that his eyes are back at looking at Mangalisa

Mlondi: I heard that you have been running your loud mouth in the most inappropriate way in my father's house and the rude noise level also continued to my brother's house...what gives you the right to talk to my sister-in-law in that way? "

Mangalisa: in law? " he snickered "Last time I checked I refused any proceedings of Lobola negotiations coming from your family, so Liyana is a Ziqubu and still is my only sister!"

I looked at Mangalisa like how could he, but in his eyes, I realized that he meant it, my broken hurt and confusion were brought back to reality when Mlondi bust out and laughed

Mlondi: oh! run away brother, you like it or not this marriage will happen..."

Mangalisa: Good luck with that, " he turned and looked at me " I have to go... You know where to get hold of me should you need me"

He kissed me on my cheek

Me: Mangalisa? "

He shook his head and started walking away, I attempted to run after him but Mlondi held my hand

Mlondi: It's so sad that you actually see yourself as the head of the Ziqubu family

Mangalisa, when you failed dismally to be a man and take care of your family...no wonder your father left the house and trust fund only to Liyana, I guess he knew exactly the man you were bound to become"

Ziqubu turned and looked at me and then at Mlondi

Mangalisa: you know nothing about my family "

He said pointing his finger at Mlondi

Mlondi: of cause, I don't but I know Liya and I know that my brother makes her happy, and that is why you going to help me track Ziqubu senior in order to start these negotiations"

Mangalisa: over my dead body will I..."

Me: Mangalisa Please!" I said looking at him with pleading eyes, he stopped talking and looked at me,

Him: Liyana..."

Me: for once just do what matters to me..."

He breathed out loud and walked out

To be continued

\*\*\* Rip Off The Band-Aid\*\*\*

🌹 Rossetta 🌹

"Can I get you anything to drink "

I said offering her a seat

" the last time I checked we only had coffee in this house, "  
Zuko said folding his arm and looking at me, I shoot my eyes  
open at him like what the fuck?

I only asked that as a polite gesture knowing very well that  
most guests decline the offer

Me: uuum yah I forgot, with all the traveling I have been doing I  
hardly keep up with what's in the house "

Zuko: Travelling?"

Good lord this boy, can't he see I'm making small talk of small  
white lies, I inwardly said while giving him another blank look

" no thanks, but to put your mind at ease I fully understand..."  
she said looking at me

Zuko: who are you and how did you get past the security?"

Me: Zuko!"

I apprehended him as I made my way to my seat

Her: I'm sorry to budge in here like this, unannounced but the truth of the matter is I was watching the news a week back, and I saw Oyama Nqeve's arrest "

I nodded as I looked at her

Her:... the reporter said that he is your husband...is it true?"

I looked at Zuko

Zuko: you have not answered my question yet you come in here asking questions, who the hell are you dear ?"

"she is my Cosmetologist, she has been in and out of this complex so many times, so the security knows her, " I said to Zuko with my eyes focused on the young lady sitting in front of me

Zuko: so why on earth is she not asking you Questions about your hair and makeup? But instead, she is asking you about shit that she saw in the news?"

Her: cause I believe that Oyama Nqeve is my father"

Zuko: what?"

I just looked down not sure what to say,

Zuko: so you the girl that called?"

She nodded and looked at me

Her: my Name is Nikiwe Blaik... "

Zuko: unbelievable, is this shit true?"

I just kept quiet not sure how to answer that

Zuko: can somebody please answer me!"

Nokiwe: I'm only here looking for answers too!..."

Nikiwe snapped

Zuko: Rose!" he turned looking at me for answers

Me: I don't know..."

Zuko: what do you mean you don't know..."

Me: I mean just that! ... "

I said standing up, as the room became quiet, while their eyes continued to follow me around

Me: look im the last person to give you answers after all my so-called husband had an affair with your

mother under my nose for so many years, news of them having a child was only presented to me a few weeks ago"

Her: I see" she said looking down

The room became quiet yet again, as I thought of the first time that Muntu took me to Nikki's beauty spar, was she indirectly trying to show me Oyama's busted child? Did she know all along about her?



Me: the lady I was with the first day I came to your Spar did you know of her?"

She looked at me and slowly shook her head no

Me: I was adopted by the Kubheka Family...more like I was dumped at their shop, I was only a little girl but to this day I will never forget my father's face. And how he made my mother abandon me..."

Me: Kubheka? The pharmacist that also owns a supermarket in Zulu land?"

Her: yes...you know him?"

Me: yeah he worked for Oyama...I meet him a few times, So Ginger and Oyama left you with them?"

"Wow now I feel much better that I ain't the only one who was abandoned by Oyama"

Zuko said with so much sarcasm in his voice

Me: Zuko!"

He sigh and looked down

Nicky; I know my presence might not sit well with you, especially when it comes to the part of how I was conceived, but all I wish to know is my identity..."

Zuko: ain't we all..."

I sigh and looked at him, but he just raised his hand to  
surrender

Nicky:I'm caught between so many worlds Ma,

They say I'm Zulu, Nigerian, and also have colored genes in me,

I'm caught between so many worlds

I have all these identities swirling around in my head.

The Zulu girl in me longs for my homeland.

I want to see her, to breathe her and sink my feet into her  
beaches of sand.

My Nigerian roots are also important to me:

It connects me to my Paternal parentage,

to my immediate family.

My colored side is the place where I hail from.

It gives me a sense of belonging when all else seems wrong.

It's here that connects me to all that I don't know.

It's the place that taught me how to nurture and grow.

So I see my identity as being all of these three;

But till to date, I don't seem to fit in any of them and have gaps in my life that I can not fill, so please Rose if you know anything, anything at all about my biological mother please tell me..."

She said with tears running down her face,

Me: her name is Nombulelo Sibiyi, known as "Ginger" because of her thick ginger curly hair, she is beautiful just like you..."

I said with a dry throat as I fight the tears from running down,

Me: where is she?...do you know?..."

now how do I tell her that her mother is fighting for her life in a hospital room? As I was busy debating in my head the right words to say to this frail girl, the doorbell saved me from my misery I looked at Zuko but I noticed that he was out of it, something in him moved when he saw his half-sister cry, so I decided to attend to the door and to my surprise I was meet by Sandile and Kevin

I looked at Sandile for answers

Him: I'm guessing you have met Nikiwe Blaik..."

I nodded

Kevin: Good at least that is out of the way now we need to talk about those papers I gave to you "

Me: this is not the right time "

Kevin: it's urgent Rose so may we come in "

Me: Sandile my son is here "

Sandile: so? "

Me: you know how Zuko is "

Him: so?"

I looked at Sandile with my eyes popped out but he decided to kiss my lips and pushed me aside so that he and Kevin can walk inside,

"I have not told her about Ginger's condition"

I whispered in Sandil's ear when I noticed how his eyes were fixed on Nikiwe

Zuko: ooh greet more guests...is it always like this in your house? "

I breathe out loud, I had no energy or what's so ever to shut him up,

Kevin: Nah it's not always like this, since she spends more of her time in his house " he said pointing at Sandile

I popped my eyes open at him, why on earth will he say such a thing like that to him?

Sandile: Kevin?"

Kevin:what? "

Zuko: and who must you be ?"

"I'm Kevin Smith your mother's Attorney and this is Sandile Msomi your mother's..."

Me:... business partner "

I said quickly cutting him off before he make the situation even worse than it already is,

Sandile: business partner...?"

He said looking at me but I ignored him and made my way to Nicky,

Me:im sorry for this, but looks like I have pressing matters to deal with "

Nicky: I understand... "

She said standing up,

Her: do you have an address for me where I can find Ginger "

I looked down trying to find the right words to say

" Netcare Hospital...sixth floor asks for Dr "Zoe" Dlamini... She will take you to your mother"

Sandile said looking at Nicky

Nicky: she is in the hospital?"

Me: im so sorry "

Her: ooh my God..." she said holding her mouth and crying

Zuko: "Come I will drive you there "

I gave Zuko an amazed look

Zuko: she can't drive in this state, and besides this house is suffocating me with this business partner around "

Me: Zuko" Him: come, Nicky lets go "

He said walking towards the door

Kevin: Rose, I charge per hour and already this family bonds vibes is wasting my time, we need to deal with your divorce case now "

Zuko looked at me and shook his head and walked out with Nicky... Me: Kevin was all that necessary?"

Kevin: im your attorney not your therapist Rose, my job is to rip off the band-aid, and not wrap up open wounds...so sit down we have a lot to discuss"

I looked at Sandile but he just clicked his tongue and said "What are you looking at me for, after all, I'm only your business partner remember!?"

To be continued

\*\*\*Head Ache\*\*\*

🌹 Rosettar 🌹

"We have a new strategy in play, and divorcing Oyama is not the one..."

I nodded as if I was listening to Kevin however my mind trails off, and I become semi deaf as Kevin's voice becomes this fading melody in my head,

I look at Sandile standing by the window, and my head starts to ache, It weighs heavy

Upon these restless shoulders of mine

I keep asking myself that am I trying to live my life? Or is detected?

Am I following my own path?

A winner in a one-man race, and a loser in another? At this point, I don't know!

Everyone keeps telling me

I'm heading in the right direction...

But I feel like I've just been standing in the same place.

I can feel the rhythm of my heart

Beat slow and beat fast

Trying to get my head out of the gutter

And get it out of the past, but this nightmare that comes with being married to Oyama will not stop!

I run my hand on my forehead and I could feel my head inadequately aches in the center of my cerebrum.

So many thoughts inside my head

Do I ignore or do I keep them?

Focusing on what I need to do to survive...

But where do I begin when I feel so disconnected from life itself?

I have so many doors to open which requires I first Open my mind, cause that's the keyhole of my problem

But how I'm not lost, I am not lonely

I am not mad nor am I sad

I'm just trying to figure out this game called ' My Life '

I look at Kevin talking but I'm confused as fuck

I feel like I am drowning in an ocean and I keep sinking to the bottom.

I start reminiscing to what my mother used to say to me,

" God has a plan for you...this too shall pass"



But how is that even possible? When all I see is that God must have just forgotten me"

I run my hand on the back of my neck, My neck is sore

Because of these thoughts

That weighs me down

My stomach turns with the sickness of conformity

I let out a huge sigh as I feel my mind racing

On a track with no finish,

Thoughts spin, round and round

And I never get any answers

Cause I can't put my thoughts into words,

I can't express the ramble that is in my brain in any language

I can't focus on one thing as my head gets overclouded!

" KERVEN I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH!"

Sandile's loud voice brought me back to earth, I feel his arms around my shoulder, and I look up, when did he sit next to me?

Kevin: Sandile ...you forget that you called me with information, and I'm only trying to do my Job here "

Sandile: I know, and thank you for that, but let me do mine ok!"

Kevin stood up dropped some files on the coffee table and looked at me

"I guess that busted loved you after all since he dived to leave his entire empire to you "

Me: what?"

Sandile: Thank you Kevin...will chat later "

He nodded and walked out

Me: what is he talking about?"

I turned and asked Sandile

Him; have you eaten anything? "

He said looking into my eyes

Him: God damnit Rose when last did you rest or eat a proper meal ?"

Me: I'm fine " I said reaching out for the file noted " Nqeve Minerals" on the table

Me: what is this?"

Him: your future, but you can read it later, can I please feed you first?"

Me;...

Him: I'm not taking no for an answer " he said standing up and offering me his hand to hold, I looked up at him and smiled, reached out and held his hand standing up and facing him, with my furrowed eyebrows

Him: Hay hay... it's ok, everything is going to be ok"

Me: I don't know what to do

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I'm required to fix things I have no control over, why is this happening to me?"

Him:my love you need to understand that, you can't make a picture with puzzle pieces that don't match, You can't ask yourself to draw a painting if you do not have a canvas, learn to understand that something are just beyond your control "

Me: but Muntu..."

Him: I told you to leave that matter to me"

I closed my eyes as I felt my face rest on his chest,

Him: I got you, and I will not allow anyone to hurt you ever again"

It's how he talks to me and holds me that I feel so safe with him.

In his arm, I have found my peace, but peace never last long in my life, as my phone started to ring, I wanted to answer it so quickly as I find my ringtone these days the most irritating sound of them all.

"don't answer that, " Sandile said

Me: it might be important "

I untangle myself from his arms and picked up my phone and answer

Me: this better be good "

" Wow," the voice on the receiver said, it was Sam

Me: Khuluma Sam please "

Him: we have a problem, I think we not going to conduct any shipments for a while, I have run into a trap"

Me:what trap?"

Him: it's a long story, but me and my partner we will be off the greed till we figure a way to resolve this shit "

Me: what the fuck, first it's my manager who dropped me without a warning and goes missing now it's you! God damn it! Sam you my eyes and ears at the bar,

I trust you more than anyone there... You can't leave now! "

Him: I know, trust me I don't want to do this as well but I have no choice, look I have run a few interviews while you were gone and I found two outstanding floor managers, trustworthy and they have proven to be loyal"

Ma: what? you hired people without..."

Him: it's my job to keep this business going, just trust me, I did a background check on them and I know they won't disappoint"

I breathe out loud feeling defeated

Me: so what now?"

Him: nothing is going to change take as much time as you need to sort out your personal matter I will overlook on the business side of things even when I'm not around "

Me: thank you..."

Him: don't thank me just be careful I believe we have a common enemy...that is why I'm trying to make this business legit as possible no loopholes for them use, to put you back in jail "

Me: what?... What enemy?

Him: I have arranged that you get gambling licenses everything is set just need to sign a few docs that I have already sent to you via email..."

I ran my hand on my hair,

Me: God damnit Samkelo who the fuck is this enemy ?"

He stopped talking and breath out loud

Him: Muntu...she is not who you think she is, be careful around her "

Me: Muntu!"

Him: I got to go...will chat later "

Me: Sam...Samkelo!"

I screamed at the phone but the line was already dead

Me: fuck!"

Sandile: what?" he asked with his eyes glowering at me

Me: Muntu is going after my business..."

Him: she won't stand a chance...if only she knew how powerful you are now"

Me: Sandile you taking this way too lightly...did you hear me...she is..."

My phone started ringing again damn it will I ever catch a break...I looked at the screen and noticed that Zuko is calling me, a hint of panic rushed over me as I answered the phone

" Zuko are you alright?"

Him: yes I am, but I need you to get to the hospital right now!

Me: what!"

Him: NOW MOTHER!!"

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To be continued

\*\*\* Stranger in my house \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" Mntungwa,

Mbulaz'omnyama,

Nina bakaBhej' eseNgome,

Nin' enadl'umuntu nimyenga ngendaba,

Nin' enadl' izimf'ezimbili ikhambi laphuma lilinye,

Lobengula kaMzilikazi,

Mzilikazi kaMashobana, . . . "

" oh, Makhumalo stop it you making me blush "

My mother bust out and laughed, she stood up and went to hug the mystery man standing in our dining room, he looks like my father but no doubt He was not him, My father was a politician and looked the part, even nude, he would still appear honorable corrupt just like all the other politician, and the funny part is that his appearance most certainly advertised a certain occupational nerdiness, no doubt the glasses were the tipoff of his look.

However the man standing before me had no glasses on, and this alone reminded me of my father's unlensed face, which we all hardly seen but if I remember correctly, My father's eyes



were bold, his nose was sharp, and his chin jutted out when he had a point to make. He was a tall man with a big man's bravado. He might have looked fierce, but his supple lips and gappy teeth warmed his smile. The fullness of his face, however, was completed by his glasses. They gave his face corners, and without them, his temples seemed rounded, and his eyes less bright, which at most times shook my girlish assumptions of what a father should look like, and the sight of him without them always rattled me. Unfamiliarity was not the issue there, as anyone's father has a unique voice, customary habits, and of course, a signature scent, of Old Spice, Lifebuoy, or Brut, Even thore his dead now I forever picture my father, his glasses float like the giant eyes of Tawana Kupe

So the stranger before me, with no glasses on, looks like him but his dark eyes scream that his, not him,

Me: who are you ?"

I mumbled moving forward, he glanced at me and moved his attention to my mother again

Him:I never thought I will see you wearing these clothes"

He spoke softly to my mother, looking at her mourning clothes,

Mom: life is unpredictable bhuti"

"BHUTI?" Mbali said behind me

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Me: mama..."

She raised her hand stopping me,

Mama: girls I would like you to meet your Uncle..."

Me: what ?"

" technically im your father ..." The man said

Mbali: YOOOH!?" I clapped once making my mother frown

the stranger laughed and walked closer to me but my impulse made me take a step back, He swallowed and shoved his hands in his pocket looking down

Him: I believe you must be the fearless Lethukuthula, the firstborn... and you ..." He said looking at Mbali "You must be Mbali ezinhle zamantungwa..."

Mbali: that still does not answer the question of who you are!"

"im Mzilikazi "Mzi" Khumalo ...

I say im your father because your father Mtungwa was my brother..."

Mbali: impossible "

She said taking a closer look at him

Him: I know but ..."

Me: look sir I dont kno Jiw who you are or what you are, but the truth of the matter is my father's family was killed during the outbreak of political violence in the mid-70s..."

" hot-headed like a real Mntungwa Lady I see," he said smiling at me

Me: That you got right...!"

Mama: Lethu!!!"

Me: mama what's going on and who is this man claiming to be our father brother?"

I said pointing my finger at him

mama: LETHU!!!! who the hell do you think you talking to like that ?"

I found myself tucking my invincible tail between my legs, cause I know that this woman before me will not hesitate to put me in my place ... But due to confusion that was driving me crazy I raised my head and found myself talking back to my mother

" we have a bloody impostor in the house mama...a stranger! and you expect me to believe this nonsense, that he my uncle?"

Mama:Lethu!" MaKhumalo apprehended me again, but this time I stood my ground, this was no time for me to be an obedient child.

Mystery man: MaKhumalo calm down, it's okay... I believe the girls need answers "

Mama: I'm sorry but this is not the right way to ask for them"

Men; it's ok, ... I fully understand, may we sit down please so I may explain myself"

Mama: ooh God where are my manners, of cause Bhuti please come this way "

She said walking to the sitting and showing this guy the way

Me: so what now we hosting this guy ?"

Mbali: I believe there is a clear explanation to all of this, so just calm down "

Me: what?"

Jisha: Mbali is right Lethu "

I turned and looked at Jisha she was still holding her chest, and biting her thumb

Jisha: even though I think I just saw a ghost "

As much as I want to laugh at her terrified face, I found myself rolling my eyes and walking past her,

"... your father left out the part that only me and him were survivors..." The man was talking to Mbali as I walked into the sitting room but to my surprise, my ears went deaf thereafter, I

could see his mouth moving but I could not hear a word, I shook my head, trying to focus but still nothing, as I looked around the room, my eyes landed on Mbali who was the only person standing in the room, she had this serious look, the kind of a serious look she normally has when she is about to have a vision or prophecy

I stepped close to her

" Mbali," I said softly to her

" his telling the truth ..." Mbali said not looking at me but her eyes and attention fixated on the men

" you gave up your life for our father... " Mbali said cutting the man off from talking

Him: so Mtungwa did tell you about me ?"

Mbali: no ... But the truth is written in your dead eyes"

The man Swallowed and looked down,

Mbali: "Go, and let the sands give you comfort and serpents and scorpions be your only companions." Those were the last words you said to my father"

As a waterfall of bloodshot tears seep down your eyes ,

Reaping your frail neck.

I see a fallen rose in one hand which shared wilted petals and on the other hand a gun soaking with blood, through the very ground that your bloody tears have fallen,

Your face now, Its shed waterfalls unseen. You wear the mask that grins and lies, it hides your cheeks and shades your eyes- this debt you had to pay to human deception; with torn and bleeding hearts with a forced smile.

Everything looks foreign in your eyes now, what was once a bloody ground is now Daisies grown in that field,

Alongside fallen white feathers.

Together they huddle in the gleaming sun Of stained sheets and brittle bones,

All concealed by one men's sacrifice...your sacrifice! So tell me why Why did you do it?"

The room was dead quite as much as Mbali has spoken I had no clue what the hell was going on, everything she said was a riddle that only she and this man understood.

my mother let out a loud sigh while the man slowly stood up and said

" excuse me" he walked slowly with his head facing down, making his way out of the door, I looked at Mbali and Mama, they had an unspoken conversation with their eyes,

"Just when you least expect it, the tables turn... Yo ooh!"

My mother said and clapped once, leaving me confused about what just happened in this room!

Me: Mbali?" I called out for her as she attempted to walk out

Her: Mzi is our Uncle, uBaba omdala wethu"

Me: what ?"

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To Be continued

\*\*\*Mbali's premonition \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

" are you going to sit here starrng at him or are you going to go talk to him"

My mother said standing next to me by the sliding door, as we both looked at Mzi who was sitting by the garden and smoking as if his life depended on it,

Me: and say what?"

Her: you have questions only he can answer"

Me: as well as you..."

I said turning, looking at her

Me: why you never told us that we have an uncle "

Her: it was not my place to say "

Me: mama!"

She sigh and looked down

Her: I too found out about Mzi after a year in a relationship with your father, he, your father hated talking about Mzi"

Me: but why?"

Her: to be honest I don't know the real story"



Me: mama just tell me the story that you know, please"

She sigh and looked up,

Her: It's believed that mntungwa had a hand in the killing of his family "

Me: what? "

Her: as I said before I don't know the whole truth..."

I stepped away from her trying to gather my thoughts

Me: but why mama?"

Her: Your father was always greedy for power and on the other hand Mzi had that power your father desperately wanted"

Me: what power?"

Her: Back in those days, To be Black meant to be oppressed but Mzi was rebellious, he refused to be trapped in a titanic clash between black anger and white fear. And he became a freedom fighter, he was one of the most prominent leaders in the anti-apartheid struggle, and his ambition was ruthless in destabilise the government and wrestling power from the white minority but like all leaders he too had a weakness"

I bite my lip thinking

Me: which was his family?"

She nodded

Her: you see baby all he wanted was a better future for your father and being the oldest, he did not want your father to join umzabalazo, the movement for people who were oppressed"

Me: so my father disobeyed him by being a politician?"

Her: more like your father dishonored his own destiny...and decided to follow into his brother's path "

Me: why? Because he was envious?"

Her: you can say that, I tried to convince him the other way but your father was stubborn, I even told him about the dream..."

She stopped and bit her lip realizing that she said too much

Me: what dreams mama?"

Her: I shouldn't have..." She said turning her back to me

Me: Mama what dreams?"

Her: I had one dream that was troubling me..."

Me: you had a premonition about the massacre of our family?

She nodded and looked down

Her; I should have done something, told someone but in those days I had no clue that I had a calling and my dreams were some kind of message..."

Me: mama it was not your fault "

Her: but why do I feel guilty at times"

Me: Mama you had no hand in this do you hear me "

I said holding her hands, she slowly nodded and breath out loud

Me: what did my father do mama?"

She looked at me and swallowed, I guess this is wearing heavy on her

Her: you see baby siblings mostly walk on the same path, but got on different shoes, live in the same building but got different views,

your father discovered the worst way that the picture he thought was right or rightfully his actually turned out to be the wrong picture"

A lump in my throat started building up

Her: the fire that killed the Khumalos was never going to happen if only Mtungwa stayed in his own lane, but envy or jealousy drove him to act without thinking, he invited the wrong crowd that eliminated his entire bloodline "

I gasped and held my mouth in shock

Me: so you telling me that?"

Mama nodded her head looking down

"When a snake is in your kitchen, you don't invite it to dinner, you cut off its head, that one lesson Mtungwa failed to understand "

Me: ooh my God!"

I said with tears running down my face, as I felt pain rush all over my body "

Her: now does Mbali's premonition make sense to you now?"

I slowly nodded, she faintly smiled and wiped the lone tear that had fallen down my cheeks

Me: so why is Mzi here?"

Her: I tracked him down and told him I can not do the cleansing ceremony without him"

Me: mama no! This man suffered a great deal due to what my father did to him and you...."

Her: abaphansi bakhulumile and I followed up on their own instructions"

Me: Mama!!!"

Her: your father is not welcomed in the spiritual realm his roaming the earth, this home, surrounding us with bad energy, till he makes amends with his only living family, his sibling he will then cross over "

Me: bullshit! ... Because of that busted we have no family no grandmother or grandpa or Aunt, because of his actions...because of his greed I lost my bloodline!!!! And you want to help him cross over! ....cleanse the blood on his hands!!!!... Mama the man was a murderer, and you want to help him get away with it!!!! Fuck no! ..."

Her: Lethu!"

Me: I'm not partaking in this shit, do you hear me!"

Her: LETHUKUTHULA I SAID ENOUGH!"

I looked at her with tears running down my face and attempted to stomp out of the room but she called out for me

Her: LETHU! I believe your uncle is hungry, Jisha had dished up for him, please take the tray of food to him!!!!"

I froze not sure how to answer that, the last thing I need is to look into that dead men's eyes, why is Mama doing this?

I slowly nodded as she walked past me, but she stopped in her tracks and looked at me

"Everything I do, I do for this family, I just wish you could understand that I am a person who is unhappy with things as they stand. We cannot accept the world as it is. But Each day I wake up foaming at the mouth because of the injustice of things. . ." she said walking away

I looked at my uncle sitting outside, I took a few steps to the kitchen but my phone made me stop in my tracks as it vibrated in my pocket

" mam-Ntungwa, I'm on my way to Durban...hit you up when I'm there "

It was a message from Mloni, I rolled my eyes and shoved the phone back into my pocket,

As I made my way to the kitchen a million thoughts ran through my mind Mbali talked about bloody hands

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dead eyes, and petals that fell on the ground, what did Mzi sacrifice?

A huge lump in my throat developed making me gasp for air, as I took the tray of food and slowly walked to Mzi's direction, I approached him with shakey hands the tray of food in my hand so unstable, I feared that I will not make my to him with his food still on my hands

" sawbones," I said softly making his attention shift to me, he cleared his throat and smiled at me

Me: mama said I must bring you food "

Him: thank you kindly "

I placed his food on the garden table and found myself standing next to him,

Me: uuuuh Baba uMzi about earlier I would like to apologize for the way I reacted "

Him: don't worry about it, I fully understand"

I bite my lip thinking about what should I say next, without thinking I found myself saying

" Sometimes we feel we truly know someone, until one day, they become a stranger."

Him: I know the feeling "

I folded my arms and looked at him,

Me:Mntungwa hid a lot of things from us ... And after his death Tables Turned as we slowly realized what kind of man he was..."

He nodded and breath out loud

Him: when I found out the news about Mntungwa's death, I chuckle not believing it, It was until a few months later when I was driving down the road coming here, windows down, and music turned up that I began to think about my so cold brother and how I lost him. Not lost in him in the sense that he passed away and I'll never see him again. The thing that I found painful the most was the idea that he was out there alive all along,

alone, sick, and I was not there to be with him because of everything - our past. Your father was an obsessive devious man, a mental illness that had no cure, an illness that completely destroyed him and everything around him, an illness that could never be fixed because to him it felt normal..."

Me: mama told me what happened, is it true....? "

I swallowed trying to find the right words to say, He looked at me and shook his head, and looked away

Me: is it true that Mntungwa had a hand in the..."

Him: I always told myself that

If I die in a war zone,

box me up and send me Home.

Put my medals on my chest,

tell my mom I did my Best.

Tell my dad not to bow,

he won't get tension from me Now.

Tell my bro to study hard to be everything that I was not for a gun is not a solution to this war but education is key,

Tell my sister not to be upset,

her bro will take along sleep after Sunset.



Tell my love to forgive me, Keep a picture of me beside the bed  
and kiss me goodnight.

Tell my nation not to cry,

“Because I’m a soldier Born to Die...but never once have I  
thought that the people I fought so hard to protect will be  
ambushed by the enemy within! ”

I looked at him and felt tears run down my cheeks,

Him: for years I hated my brother, ooh what the fuck even now  
I still do! I watched him rise, climbing the blood-slippery steps  
to be the man he was, it was never by honor but by blood  
sacrifice, my family's blood...as I fought for this land...this so  
cold freedom we have, in the shadows, your father was making  
deals with the oppressor, yet they honor him and call him a  
politician, a freedom fighter! ..."

He shook his head and bite his lower lip suppressing his rage

Him: But I always say that, If you have enemies within, good  
that means you stood up for something...something Good "

Me: but at what cost? ..."

Him: life is..."

Suddenly...we both froze stunned by the loud music that was  
playing outside my yard,

My heart skipped a bit when my phone vibrated inside my pocket,

"shit!" I said under my breath as I read the text from Mloni

"I'm outside...."

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To be continued

## Bonus Chapter: Waiting room in Netcare Hospital

\*\*\*\*Narrative \*\*\*\*

Queen Sbahle breath out loud as she entered the waiting room and looked at her Husband who was lost in thought looking outside the window, he looked almost sad as she is she walked slowly and wrapped her hands around him, hugging him from behind and placing her head on his back, they both breath out loud finding comfort in each other's arms, what's supposed to be a joyful day for the Mnguni Family, has brought so many unease feelings to the royal house.

King Mnguni: "How is she? "

Queen Sbahle: she is stable "

Mnguni: The Jat is ready; you need to leave soon ...the baby is getting restless "

Sbahle did not answer but just breathed out loud, she has always had six senses when it came to what her husband is feeling, and right now something in her is telling her that something is wrong.

Queen Sbahle: Mnguni I don't understand what this mean, Impi is your cousin her baby should not require to be born on the royal ground “

Mnguni: his royalty and his Mnguni blood is stronger than his Mother's Blood, he too is the future of the Mnguni bloodline “

Queen Sbahle: but why do I feel like his birth is like a funeral “

Mnguni: I feel that way too, “

Sbahle: what does this mean “

Mnguni breath out loud and held his queen tight, “I don't know my love, I can't 'seem to see past the birth of the baby, his future has a veil “

Sbahle: not his future only more like his existence, Mnguni what does this mean “

Mnguni: I don't know Hle-hle, ... have you informed the Nene's about your departure? “

Her: Yes, and there are not happy that Jabu is going to give birth to Engonyameni “

Mnguni: We have no choice Hle-Hle Birth in the Mnguni culture, is an important rite of passage and is therefore treated with due respect and honor, we do this for the sake of mother and baby's, our blood is mixed with of beast and having a normal birth in a hospital or attended by a midwife.

can lead to death due to painful labor, if Jabu gives birth here she will not make it alive this needs to happen”

Queen Sbahle: I know ... I know, Mnguni but ....”

Mnguni: There is no but Hle-hle, you know this.... It must be done “

She sighs and slowly let go of him, Mnguni turned to look at her and he found her holding her face, there was more to that look than to what there were going through right now,

Mnguni: what’s Wrong? “he asked with a consent voice.

Sbahle: I just received news that Ngozu Nqeve just landed, and she wishes to see you, care to explain?“

Mnguni find himself looking down, there was nothing more frightening in his life than making his queen mad and by him keeping a secret from her he knew that her wrath will come down on him like a ton of bricks, lying was not an option here cause as much as Mnguni’s game might be tight, but her wife’s game leaves no circulation running through it.

To most people Queen Sbahle's looks may be deceiving she looked like a little harmless kitty

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yet behind closed doors she is powerful like a lion.

Mnguni attempted to talk but quickly kept quiet cause he knew that shit just got ugly, the cat is out of the bag So he might as well be careful and watch what his about to say, the look that Queen Sbahle is giving him now is enough to show that her mentality level is now skyrocketed

Sbahle: ooh you thought I would not find out?"

Mnguni: Hle-has come down I was going to tell you"

Sbahle: ooh wow and that's supposed to make me feel better, Mnguni how could you do this? You went up against a powerful sorceress from the North!!! "

Mnguni: I did not challenge her ...or go up against her ... I just ..."

Sbahle: it does not matter what you did because it was a matter of time before she realized that you were behind the shielding Mpume from her, how could you do that how could you get yourself involved in this mass "

Mnguni: she was tormented ... "

Sbanhle: and? How is that our business? ... Mnguni Ngozu is my devotee, not forgetting that she was the one that connected me with Oshun, Mvelo I almost died and Ngozu's wisdom helped me with my calling ... I am who I am today because of

her, and you go out there to help Nompumelelo !!! what the fuck were you thinking!”

Mguni was lost for words, Sbahle's temper just went from zero to a hundred in seconds

Mguni: I'm sorry “ ‘

Sbahle:... we have more pressing matters to deal with than going around helping self-inflicted broken souls uyangizwa  
“ Queen Sbahle said pointing a finger at him

Mguni just nodded looking down, this shows that he has nothing but Faith in his marriage, and he ultimately respect and trust in his wife, of course, by obliging and trying to do all that He is asked to do. There would be no sense in saying he was a puppet and under his wife's control. But to him, this was showing obedience towards his Queen, Not speaking out trying to save himself, because He knew that his wife had already begun to save him in this mess that he had sunk himself into.

Sbahle: I said do you hear me? “

Mguni looked at her and licked his lip before saying “Yes Hle-Hle ngiyakuzwa mkami” he walked close to her and held her waist.

Mguni: now tell me how do I tell Lubanzi that I can't save the mother of his children “

He said looking down at her and placing his forehead on top of hers

Sbahle: Nompumelelo is far gone to be saved Mnguni, she killed a man, somebody's son, so whatever plans that Ngozu has for her that none of our business ... please stay out of it “

She looked at Mnguni, packed his lip, and ran his hand on his face,

Sbahle: your family needs you Mnguni .... I need you, Ngozu is not your typical witch she is a Nigerian Witch .... witchcraft to her is like child's play, stay out of this war it's not yours to fight “

Mnguni breath out loud and said “ I hear you, so do I talk to her “

Sbahle: I know her better I will handle this, wena just get back home soon please “

Mguni: I will be at home before midnight I promise “

He kissed her gently and squeezed her waist making her wince in pain.

Mnguni: you called me stupid “

Sbahle: SO? “



They both giggled and shared a passionate kiss, Sbahle pulled away

“ I have to go, “ she said stepping back, “ Please don’t come back later than midnight ok? “

Mnguni: I promise “

Queen Sbahle fixed herself and was about to step out but Mnguni stopped her

“Thank you “

She smiled blushing a bit, Mnguni was about to still another kiss but his phone started buzzing in his pocket, he looked at it and cursed

“ Fuck!!!!”

Sbahle: wha? She said panicking and looking at Mnguni.

Mnguni: Impi was spotted in the Mnguni Towers last night! Look at this security footage taken by the guards “

Sbahle: WHAT!” she said looking at Mnguni's phone.

Mnguni: I swear I’m going to kill that boy now!

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to be continued

\*\*\*\*Street King\*\*\*\*

Lethukuthula

What the heck are you doing here? “

Him: is that the way to greet isithandwa sakho? “

Me: you think calling yourself that it will make what you did right?’

Him: ooh what have I done now?”

Me: you drove into my neighborhood with this vruuu-pa “

Him: it's gosheshe babe, not VW car .... “

Me: that's not the point!!! “

Him: what's the point ke? “

Me “Mlondi! stop cutting me off! I am trying to talk! “

Him: more like bite my head off!” he mumbled and looked outside the window, starting the car and ‘speeding off, I wanted to punch him so hard, but he gave me a side smile giving me a butterfly in my tummy, feeling my head with one question that I cannot answer

‘Why am I head over hills in love with him? ‘

I sighed, set back, folded my arms, and looked outside the window as he ran his left hand on my thigh.

Him: so, your father has risen from the dead? “

He said mocking me with his loud laugh while sucking on his lolly pop,

Me: not funny “

I said glancing at him but I was only met by his small eyes, shining bright, like middays sunshine's, with vespers twilight, his eyes full of emotion that sparks my blood to rise, through his eyes I only see the divine bad -boy, who Speak with love and tenderness, making me see a million stars in him that transforms him to the picture of innocence guy I would love to introduce to my family.

Him: I'm sorry “

He said gently pinching my chin.

Me: and for your information, he is my uncle “

Him: yeah! I could tell, he looks like your father “

Me: more like he is his clone “

He laughed shaking his head.

Him: and babe, the last time I checked we were Zulu's and since your father has a brother technically that man is your father as well “

I raised my left eyebrow and looked at him.

Me: ooh one visit to your father's house and you come back knowing the tradition and the Zulu way?”

Him: mam'Ntungwa all I'm saying is that ....”

Me: Mlondi please just don't .... I'm still very much shocked that I have a leaving family member on my father side of the family and worst part he looks like a dead man!! “I said biting my lip

He continued to chuckle.

Him: uthi ufunani? “

Me: he wants to partake in my father's unveiling “

Him: is that all? “

Me: it's complicated “

Him: try me”

I breathe out loud

“He and my father did not get along and this bad blood between them has made my father's afterlife feel like hell or it is hell since he is technically in hell ... aish I don't know ... “I said feeling frustrated by the whole idea.

Him: What? “

Me: it's.... It's complicated babe”.

I said softly, looking down and fiddling with my fingers, how do I tell the man that I love that my father had a hand in killing his family and making his brother's life a living hell, the man lost everything because of Mtuungwa but his forgiving heart wants to make peace with his past.

Him: So, kundingeka inhlambuluko? “

I looked up at Mlondi and nodded with teary eyes, damn why am I so emotional after finding out about my family's bloody past.

Him: hay its ok ... “

I sniffed and looked away.

“When the heart is down and the soul is heavy, the eyes can only speak the language of tears”.

Ooh man, there he goes again speaking in quotes making me feel like a dumb girl since I have no idea what he means by that but kind of like the way it sounds, I smiled not sure how to respond to it, so, I resorted in holding his hand instead,

Him: it's going to be ok “he said again softly and kissed the back of my hand,

I slowly nodded, wishing that his words come to life and restore my conflicted soul.

We drove in silence for a while, as I looked at our hands tangled up together and I started to wonder about his past.

Me: what kind of man was your father? “

He looked at me with his gazelle eyes, took out his lolly pop from his mouth, and gently shoved it in my mouth.

Him: he was a King Sthandwa sami”

Me: I know that I mean how was he as a dad to you? “

I said shifting on my seat to look at him.

Him: mmm If I could tell you about my dad, I believe that is a topic that may last us a lifetime “

Me: is that so now? “ “

He cucked and nodded.

“Like If I could write a story, it would be the greatest ever told,  
“he said looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

Me: how about you try me and see how far you will go? “

He smiled and bit his lip.

“Bhengu had a heart of gold. and believe me when I say he was no hero, as much as he was a King he never looked for praise from anyone, and was never the one to boast of his achievement, I think I speak for all my siblings when I say his love for us went above and beyond, you see my father was a firm foundation Through all our storms of life, a sturdy hand to hold onto In times of stress and strife, he was a true friend we can turn to when times are good or bad. so, yah Bhengu was One of our greatest blessings alive and even a powerful ancestor in the afterlife “

He said looking and smiling at me.

Me: you miss him?”

Him: not as bad as I used to, I think coming back home gave me that closure, so I only carry good memories of my father and do not try to think too much of how he died “

I nodded trying to think of any good memories I have of my father, but nothing came to mind,

Him: we here “

I look around and noticed that we were at a harbor,

Me: what are we doing here?

Him: just tying loose ends on one of my business, transaction “

He said stepping out of the car, but curiosity got me opening the car door as well, I looked at the back of the building we were parked behind off and the sign on the door read “BLACK VELVET”

Him: have you ever been to a strip club before “he said kissing my cheek and bringing me back to reality

Me: uuuh? “ ..

Him: I thought we could spice our sex life you know add some big titties some fat ass, you know add a bit of 50 shades of Bhengu ... “

Me: what the fuck!”

I said shouting at him,

He bust out and laughed trying to pull me close, but I pushed him away.

Me: Mlondi! what are we doing here? “

Him: I told you ...”



Me: business at a strip club Mlondi? “

Him: you in love with a thug MamNtugwa, you don't possibly thinking that I will invest in bakeries and orphanages “

Me: will it kill you if you did? “

I said folding my arms and looking at him, he laughed and ran his hand on his chin

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as he opened his mouth to talk the back door opened and Sam walked out with a confused look on his face.

Hm: Mlondi? ... What are you doing here? “

Mlondi did not wait for him to finish but instead charged at him and he punched him in the face, I held my mouth in shock, now this is becoming a habit, a day ago he was punching Impi in front of me now it Sam, what is wrong with this man and punching people, he laid another blow at Sam and just like that the big guy was on the floor,

Me: ooh my God “I said not sure what to do.

Sam: what the fuck man? “Sam said spitting blood from his mouth.

Mlondi pulled him by his collar and made Sam look at him, I popped my eyes open not sure if I should intervene or what? this side of him scares the shit out of me,

Him: my brother's fiancé out of all the bitches in the world Sam, you had to go after my brother's women !!!!!”

Sam: Mlo...ndi I can explain... “

Mlondi: Shut up and listen ....as of today you going to erase her from your head, delete her number, a matter of fact throws that phone away that had her number, forget that you ever crossed path with her, forget her name, she sent I mean everything that has to do with her, do you bloody hear me!”

Sam: it's not what you think ... “

Mlondi: that's the thing I.... don't... want ....to ...think! “Mlondi said while banging his forehead on Sam's nose, I held my mouth suppressing the fright girl in me as I saw blood oozing out Sam's nose, but even that did not stop Mlondi from shouting and continuously banging his forehead on the poor guy's nose.

“...cause that will make me want to put a bullet in your head, you know that I don't think or hesitate to kill when it comes to my family ... so why Are provoking me! “

Sam: I swear man.... “

“SAMKELO MAN SHIT!!!!!! I SAID FORGET ABOUT HER DO YOU HEAR ME !!”

Mlondi said shouting and grinding his teeth, that instead I felt like a wet chicken standing there looking at Sam nodding and apologizing, his face so bloody with blood coming out from his mouth and nose,

What followed next made my skin crawl as I looked at Mlondi letting go of Sam, he started laughing as if all that he was doing was just a funny joke, he playfully slapped Sam’s cheek a few times and within a wink of an eye his face a changed yet again and he clicks his tongue at him and walked towards me, lord knows what possessed me to remain in that position as the bloody beast came to stand right Infront of me,

Him: MamNtugwa please get me another t-shirt in the car my love... “he said taking off his t-shirt revealing his big chest that is covered in tattoos,

Him: MamNtungwa “I looked up at him, and he slightly smiled at me and said “T-shirt please “handing me the T-shirt he was wearing after doing a quick wipe with it on his face, I swallowed and nodded taking the t-shirt making my way to the car

“Mfethu, was that even necessary? I mean you beating me up in front of Lethu? ... what happened to talk....”

Sam said to Mlondi walking closer to him, ok this fool must have a death wish why is he not running in the opposite direction from Shaka?

Mlondi: fuck off and wipe that shit on your face ... so we can talk business...! “

What the fuck? I popped my eyes in shock after a bloody beating he just gave to this guy he was still expecting for him to talk business.

I slowly turned after opening the car and looked at Mlondi, he was folding his arms and talking to Sam, my heart skipped a bit as I wondered, what kind of a psychopath am I dating?

“.... I made Rose aware; the gambling license will take two-three weeks to clear ... “

I overheard Sam says as I made my way back to them, but the minute he noticed me approaching he cleared his throat and looked away.

Mlondi: what about the girls since that bitch is in the hospital? “

Sam: Candy took over she is young but ambitious, she is handling the ropes till Ginger comes back if she ever will ... “

Mlondi: She isn't coming back here “

Sam stopped and looked at me and then at Mlondi” trying to do some kind of sign language, desperately trying to tell Mlondi to zip it,

Mlondi turned to look at me and smiled.

Him: Sam was just saying goodbye, ain't you, Sam? “Asked without not even looking at him,

“Yah of cause, uuuhm

Lethu it was good seeing you “

I had no words or what's so ever I found myself nodding and looking at Sam pick up his things.

“Eyes on me and only me only “Mlondi said tilting my chin with his index finger and making my face turn to look at him.

Him: I'm sorry you had to witness that ... “

Me: are you being for real right now? “I said stepping back and folding my arms and looking at him, my attitude did not last long as my face was slammed into his chest, he was quizzing me with his arms I guess to him this was a hug while I think it was his way to suffocate me.

Him: I said I'm sorry, now can we go eat please “

Me: you are squashing me ... “

Him: I know .... Tough love what we have right? “

Me: Mlondi!”

He laughed and untangled me and kissed my forehead, “Come let’s go, I know this joint in Lamontville makes their meat so juicy and tender ....im sure you going to love it “

He said holding my hand tight and making us walk towards his car, Sam drove by passing us, and I could not help but look at him from the corner of my eye his face is fucked up, I wonder what the fight was about, and I know asking Mlondi about it will be a waste of time cause his good at digressing.

“Are you going to ask me or are you going to chew your lip till it bleeds trying to find answers that are not in your heart? “

He said the minute we both jumped in the car.

Me: what was that about? “

Him: business? “

Me: Mlondi!”

Him: you see my baby if you are a King you need to continuously remind your king's man that who has the throne and remind them of their place in this kingdom”

Me: KING? “

Him: My street name is Shaka, or have you forgotten?”

He sides eye me.

Me: so that makes you king? “

He laughed and ran his hand on my thigh.

Him: I was born to rule Lethu because as you know by blood I’m next in line to be king but that life is more of a Nstika kind of life , you see my father was a king of a small village in the Northern Part of KZN, but me I became the king of the underground Gang in the entire Mzansi, to many,including you once knew me as just a myth ...what I’m trying to say is that I run the criminal kingdom and from time to time a king need to resurfaces and claim its kingdom“

I sigh and look down.

Me: Babe I get that, but beating up Sam is not making you feared but creating an enemy that can destroy you in seconds “

Him: I don’t go into fights blindly MamNtungwa .... “

Me: Sam is the key that Muntu needs to find you ... and you just decided to”

Him: you worry too much “

Me: hello! .... Have you forgotten that you are the number one criminal that bitch is looking for?

Mlondi: don't worry about that bitch “

I breathed out loud and ran my hands on my face, his too chilled and it was driving me insane, I opened my mouth about to bite his head off, but he squeezed my thigh and spoke.

“... I have found Muntu's weakness relax I got this”.

I popped my eyes open in shock.

Him: Muntu made a big mistake hunting me down and she made an even bigger mistake by making Sam an associate with Rose “ Me: Rose? “

Him: the owner of the strip club is Rose Oyama”

Me: what? As in the wife of Oyama Nqeve the Nigerian Mafia “

Him: yep” Me: what? “

Him: as I said before stop stressing my love just wait and see how the Tables will Turn when I make my move”

To Be continued



\*\*\* Blood is Thicker Than Water \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

" pick up....pick up! Damn it! "

I said throwing my phone on the back seat of the car, I sigh in frustration

Me: I should have gone with him! "

Sandile: I know...damn it, I also can't get hold of Zoe, maybe she on surgery or something"

Me: what if, Oyama Knows about Zuko...about Zuko being here?. . ."

Sandile: my love don't do this to yourself please "

I took a deep breath and held my face, I thought that maybe today or tonight I'd fall asleep

Without having to try,

For my mind is tired,

And my eyes are weak.

I count the hours that pass but with a restless soul, I realized that ever since Oyama came into my life, my life has had no peace or what so ever.

"Hay it's going to be ok," Sandile said holding my hand, I nodded while breathing out loud, he takes a turn making his way to Burger King

Me: Sandile?"

Him: you need to eat Rose "

Me: yah I know...but Zuko needs me "

Him: mmmm"

He said not even looking at me but drove straight to the drive through, he ordered our meal, and the minute we received our meal he instructed me to eat, I was about to say I'm not hungry but the look in his eyes made me zip my mouth,

I unwrapped my food and the smell alone made me realize that I'm famished, I swallowed, and I looked at my burger and chips and the temptation of its warm, inviting embrace, this meal is simple yet carried the epitome of comfort

And every bite takes me back in time

To a place of warmth, love, and true nourishment,

From the moment it touches my tongue

I am immediately transported to a new world

A world of flavor and excitement

Where every taste is an adventure

It's the perfect mix of creamy, cheesy and crunchy

And I know with each bite, it will never fail

To tantalize and excite my taste buds

And leave me feeling more satisfied than ever before

" I'm not hungry she says "

Sandile mimicks me, and right there I noticed that my mouth is full, and I am eating like a cavewoman,

" shut up ". I say with my mouth full and he chuckles shaking his head,

With me eating like there is no tomorrow my mind shut off from stressing and overthinking up until we arrived at the hospital,

I wiped my mouth and took a deep breath

Him: you ready "

I nodded and opened the door, stepped outside the car and Sandile met me halfway to hold my hand, I smiled at him and when I looked up I was met by Zuko rushing our way, I wanted to untangle my hand from Sandile's hand but instead, he just tightened his grip

Me: what are you doing?"

Sandile:me? I should be asking you that question..."

I bite my lip not sure how my rude son is going to react to this

" Finally you here, look I don't know what bullshit is going on here but I and Nikiwe stumbled into some family drama here"

Me: What?"

Sandile: the Dlamini are here right?"

He asked Zuko,

Zuko looked at him debating if he should talk to him or not, they start eyeing each other up and down, ooh good lord, not this again, I hold my breath waiting for what poison will come out from Zuko's mouth,

Zuko: yeah...and there is this old man who is causing unnecessary drama, please come this way "

Sandile: that can only be Jabulani "

Zuko: yes that's him... I think Nikiwe and the Dlamini have a past and I was caught up in the middle, and it did not help that I too don't like this Enzo guy "

Me: what? Why...."

Zuko: he stole my girlfriend, jeez are we going to stand here the whole day or are we going to go onside "

Sandile nodded he let go of my hand and started walking with Zuko

I was left flabbergasted, ok what the fuck just happened? So here I was standing there like a lost puppy confused as hell

" Mother, are you coming?"

Zuko asked looking at me perplexed

Me: yeah sure, " I said making my way to them

"So how does Jabulani know Nikiwe? " Zuko Asked Sandile

Sandile: she was once married to Lubanzi, JB's nephews..."

Me: hold up...im baffled now..so Jabulani is Enzokuhle's father right? Enzokuhle is Ginger's Brother...and Ginger is Nikiwe's mother...Nikiwe who was once married to Lubanzi Dlamini who is the Nephey of Enzokuhle's father...???? "

Zuko; What!!!!!"

He said as we all froze in one spot

Sandile: yeah and when you put it like that...its sounds..."

Me:... like the Bold and the Beautiful?"

Zuko: damn this is like a freak show!..."

We all bust out and laughed making our way inside the hospital, when we reached Ginger's hospital room floor we found Zoe pacing up and down outside, she was wearing her Dr coat and scrubs,

Me: Zoe what's going on?"

Zoe: When there is Baba Jabulani everything is going...either up or down but it's sure is going "

Sandile: uphi?"

Zoe: pointed with her eyes to the room there were in"

Sandile clicked his tongue and walked towards the room followed by Zuko, I stood there with Zoe, she looked pale and drained compared to the radiant lady I know her to be

Me: Are you ok baby?"

She sigh and placed her back on the wall and held on to her Stethoscope

Her: a lot is going on, two floors down my mother in law

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is on another brain surgery, down the hall, my brother-in-law is in ICU, his critical but stable, and now this ...not to mention on top of everything I'm going through emotionally, I'm still required to run this hospital, manage two medical centers and the cherry on top of my busy schedule I'm supposed to be a good wife and a super mom to my kids..." she said looking at me

Me: Zoe life has no control, stop forcing yourself to be in the driver's seat of everyone's life, Although you can make choices and plans for others and work, no one can ever be prepared for the unexpected. When these unexpected situations add up, it's easy to become overly anxious and feel as if your life is out of control. . . I know I don't know you well enough to say this...but take time off and spend it with your kids...go to a quiet place, recharge, and accept that there are things in your life that you can not control but need to accept "

She looked at me and nodded

Her: you sound like Sindy now"

Me: who?"

Her: my therapist or should I say my best friend"

Me: you have a wise friend and in my books, she's a keeper... '

She chuckled

Me: look baby you are not alone you have support and love from many people and you should always acknowledge that..."

Her: yeah, Lord growing up is such a trap..."

Me: say that again "

We both laughed and our focus changed as we saw a white man move toward us, he looked as if he was lost or looking for something

" excuse me sir can I help you?" Zoe asked the guy making him stop in his tracks and also giving us a chance to look at him properly, he was beyond handsome he looked like something that came out of a fashion magazine, he smelled good and had that arrogant sexy look,

Him:... im looking for ... " We both stopped and

Zoe cleared his throat

" Will?... "

He looked at Zoe and frowned, and thereafter slowly eased up his face

Him: Zoe?...uum hi, how you doing?"

Him: I'm good thanks for asking and you"

Her: uuum I can't complain... what brings you here?"

Him: I'm looking for Nicky...she is not answering her phone and her car tracker indicates that she is here "

Zoe: ooh yah she is, I will take you to her"

She said walking and I and Will start following her

Will: is she ok?"



"I don't know..." Zoe responded opening the door and we found Enzokuhle talking,

" It's not your choice to make Baba if Nikiwe wants to make a DNA test to be sure this is her mother so be it, but what's is important now we find a donor"

The room became quiet the minute that Will pushed her way inside the waiting room,

Will: Nicky?"

I looked at Nicky walking towards this white guy, they hugged and he kissed her forehead

Her: you tracked my phone?"

Him: you were not answering your calls do you know how worried I was to find out that your last location is in a hospital"

Her: I'm fine..."

Him: but what the fuck are you doing here "

Her: it's my mother...she is..."

Him: wait you went looking for her? Damn it Nikiwe you said you won't do this without me..."

Her: I know!"

Him: you promised! "

Her: I'm sorry..but baby I was anxious and I could not wait, I'm sorry "

He ran his hands in her hair

Him: and you have been crying what's going on?"

Nikiwe: it's nothing..."

Will scanned the room and his eyes landed on Jabulani,

Will: what did you do to my wife?"

Jabulani looked at Nicky and swallowed and looked down, this was the first time I had ever seen Jabulani looking afraid or worst quite

Jabulani: Sandile we need to talk" he said about to walk out

Will: nobody is going the fuck out until I find out what's the Dlamini's involvement in this matter "

Nokiwe: Baby calm down "

Him: I'm calm I just want to know why you are in a hospital waiting room with the Dlaminis and what they have to do with your biological mother?"

I and Zoe just stood by the door with our arms folded looking at the situation in this room, waiting impatiently to know what was going on in here.

Nicky: my mother, she is not well she needs a donor..."

She breath out loud...

Sandile started pointing at everyone and said

" This is Enzokuhle he is Jabulani's Son and also Ginger's half-brother..., Ginger who Is Nikiwe's biological mother, which makes Nikiwe Enzokuhle's Nice and the boy there is called Zuko he is Nikiwe half brother from his father side you know Oyama right he is Nikiwe and Zuko biological father, the reason why The Dlamini's are here is because yet again Nikiwe has found a way to worm herself back to the Family, that is what's going on, now can we leave?"

Will: over my dead body will my wife ever be part of the Dlamini family "

Jabukani looked at Will as if he has seen a ghost, Zoe noticed and made her way to his father in law

Her: Baba are you ok?"

JB: Snowy, Get me out of this room "

Zoe nodded and supported JB and they started walking out but JB stopped by the door and said

" Enzo you need to call your mother NOW, she needs to come down here to fix this mess she has created... "

Enzo: Baba! "

Jabulani; angidlali Enzo this is now serious...I said NOW!!!"

He said snapping making Enzo rapidly nod at his father, he then took out his phone and followed us as we all made our way outside the door,

JB walked down the hall, he looked out of it, as we followed him, only Enzo remained behind standing Outside the waiting room making a call, and Zuko decided to stay inside the waiting room with Nikiwe and Will,

The rest of us followed JB, we walked inside one of the rooms and I froze as I realized that the room he went in was Ginger's hospital room, she looked lifeless with pipes, an oxygen mask on her face, and machines beeping, I swallowed, and stood by the door as I felt Sandile arm around my shoulder,

Jabulani stood right in front of Nikiwe and held his mouth

Zoe: Baba what's wrong "

Jabulani: ingane ka Blaik le"

Zoe:what? Muphi u Blaik, baba omdala?"

Jabulani turned to look at Sandile

Jabulani: please call Selby and tell him, he knows Blaik more than I do "

Sandile nodded and took out his phone and stepped out

Me: Jabulani what's going on "

Him: this garlic girl is Blaik's busted child "

" what? Black as in Will's Father ...which means Nicky and Will are related?" Zoe exclaimed

Jabulani: More like she married her Uncle ...."

Me: ooh my God No!"

\*\*\* To BE Continued

\*\*\* The Presence of Death \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

"When did they say the unveiling will be?"

Mlondi asked me as he parked outside my house,

I breathe out loud and said " I don't know...my mother wants me to buy my father's tombstone I guess it's soon cause Mbali is doing the guest list and everything else"

Him: I see"

Me: I don't think I'm ready for this "

Him: you hold so much anger for the dead man maybe by doing this you will get a sense to let go of the anger "

I looked at him debating if I should answer him or not but just chose to change the subject, talking about my father was not part of how I wanted to end my night with my man

Me: so you going to Mkhomazi now?"

Him: changing the subject I see"

Me: Mlondi what is this business you going to be doing there?"

Him: my brother need to get married before the year's end so I need to locate his fiance's estranged father... "

Me: what...why ??"

Him: something about the wedding not happening if the father's bride is not made aware "

Me: that is ridiculous"

Him: we come from different worlds my love and sometimes we are forced to do things that look ridiculous to most people while to us it means life or death "

Me: I'm sorry... I did not mean to sound insensitive "

Him: it's ok I understand"

Me: so have you found him?"

Him: yeah and to be honest he was not a man who was keen to be found, it was like looking for Niddle in a haystack, for the past week"

Me: at least you found him "

I said looking outside the window looking at my house

Him: you will have to face them you know that right? "

Me: yeah I know"

Him: I wish you could stop running..."

I looked at him trying to protest that I ain't no runner

Him: what uzongiphikisa that you are a runner...remember when you first realized that you like me, your first thought was

to run...when you realized who I was, really was...you were two steps close to the door...when you fell in love with me you avoid it at all costs to show and you wanted to leave. . ."

Me: ok...ok...ok I get it "

He laughed

Him: look babe all I'm trying to say is that while that is a natural response to you, it's not always the best response.

In fact, dealing with problems, feelings or situations makes you a stronger version of yourself. I promise you that Running away from any problem only increases the distance from the solution. . . "

I looked down

He pulled my head up and kissed my lips,

Him: I have to go "

I nodded

Him: will call you when I get there "

I nodded again,

Him: I love you...and if you nod one more time I will spin tires and play loud kwaito music right outside your gate" I chuckled playfully pushing him off me

Me: I love you too"



We kissed again and I opened the door but stopped to ask him something

Me: you have not mentioned anything about Impi's situation?"

Him: couse it sorted "

Me: how?"

Him: Jabu was transported to Ngonyameni..."

Me: what?"

Him: the baby needs to be born in royal lands since it's Impi child "

Me: but it also Jabu child "

Him: Impi is royalty so it does not count "

Me: that's wrong "

Him: that custom to us "

Me: and the baby is it ok?"

Him: no news yet...we need to wait a day or two before the baby can be introduced to everyone..."

Me: yoooh I wonder how are the Nene family taking it "

Him: fuming from what I hear...there were not even allowed to be where Jabu was giving birth..."

Me: that's just crazy, Royal families have so many rituals, birth in a sacred place, no wedding ceremony until a strange father is found... I don't think ngizophasa mina la"

Him: uyaphaphake Manje!"

I bust out and laughed and stepped out of the car,

Me: I am glad that me and you are never getting married "

Him: Mamntungwa don't say that..." His voice sank and he literary sounded sad

Him: say you kidding"

Me: nop "

Him: ok if you say so..." He started the car and started revving the engine, I popped my eyes open to how loud the sound was,

" ok baby I'm sorry "

Him: I can't hear you through this loud noise"

I started panicking and looking around

Mlondi: ngiyadlala... I take it back, now turn the damn thing down "

Him:naaa I don't believe you, you sound so desperate " he laughed and continued to rev the engine

Me: God damn it Mlondi cut it off!!"

He bust out and laughed and said That's more like it " he winked at me and speed off while playing loud music, oooh shit! I said biting my lip and I looked at his car lights fade off, I breathe out loud as I made my way inside my house, I hope my mother did not hear a sound,

I walked inside the house and the aroma of food made me stop and think if it was Sunday or not

" Good you back, go fresh in up, so we may have supper "

Mom said walking in taking plates from the table and wiping them,

Her: do I need to repeat myself?"

Me: no mam I'm just not hungry "

Her: tough luck cause we having family dinner better make space in your tummy for my food "

Me: but mama"

Her: Lethu all I ask is that we have family dinner please "

Me: yes mam "

She sigh and continued to wipe plates while I made my way to my room,

Her: and tell your boyfriend that if he's going to make thunder and lightning sounds outside my house nami anginjeni

ukumushaya ngezulu, ngathi uyakhohlwa ukuthi ngisangoma mina"

I swallowed and did not turn to look at her or answer that but instead ran to my room, I took a quick shower and put on my maxi dress, and made my way out, bumping into Mbali in the hallway

Me: hi"

Her: hi"

Me: you good"

Her: mama has been on my case the whole day where were you?"

I raised an eyebrow looking at her,

Her: I was out... and yet I thought that treatment was for me only today..."

Me: At least you got a chance to go out a bit, while I took all her mood swings "

Me: yooo I'm sorry sis, how is Jisha?"

Her: she locked herself In our room, as much as she is deaf but she can sense tension though "

Me: do you think she is like this because baba omdala is here?"

Her: Nah... it's something spiritual, uphakamelwe idlozi..

she has been yawning and growling really loud, "

Me: yoooh... So what do we do ?"

" We don't step In her toes, we make the environment as peaceful as possible and block any negative dark thoughts you might have, just give her good vibes please, "Baba Mzi said coming from the sitting room and making his way to the dining room

Mbali: thank you sowenza njalo "

I just smiled and made my way to my seat,

Mbali kissed Jisha on her cheek I looked at how Baba Mzi will react to that, but to my surprise, he just smiled and shook his head,

So after we said grace, we started to dig in

Mama: so since you quit your job to follow your dreams have you found your purpose Lethu?"

I looked at Mbali for answers but she just shrugged her shoulder

Me: I'm working on it, Mama"

Her; Mmmm konje what was the reason for resigning "

I took a glass of water and gulped it down

" to find my purpose "

Her: the one you still working on? "

Me: that right...you see Many people spend their lives reacting to situations instead of being proactive and figuring out the needs and values that drive them. Even when they think they know their purpose

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they often mistake it with a short-term goal. . . so that's why I'm taking my time Mama"

She stopped chewing and glanced at me,

She then shifted her questions to Mbali

Her: wena?"

Mbali: Mina what MaKhumalo?"

Her: you in love with Jisha, it's been what? two years now so when are you making her your wife?"

Jisha choked on her food

Mbali: I'm working on it " she said giving Jisha water

Baba Mzi chuckled "Looks like we are all working on it "

We all chuckled

Me: what is that you working on Baba"

Him: to forgive a dead man and ukuvusa indlu kababa since I'm back "

Mbali: now that's a good plan"

Me: I agree and you mama?"

Her: everything looks so unclear and dark because of lesinyama engisimbhetha...so let's just say I'm working on it too"

We all bust out and laughed, dinner there after went smoothly and Mom was more relaxed her episodes came and go but it was not something that made us tense up, Baba Mzi told us about exile and places he has seen, I must say, The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched they must be felt with the heart and to me that was Mzi Presence in our family,

He just made our cold house feel like a home,

" no, let me help you with that "

Nzi said to Jisha taking a pile of plates to the kitchen

Jisha and Mbali signed to each other and started laughing

" hhayi stop it you two..."

Jisha giggled and took the wine bottle and glasses

Her: want to join me outside "

Me: I thought you were never going to ask "

Mbali: and who is going to clean this table "

" you my baby " ...mama said following us outside,

Baba Mzi lights the fire in the fireplace

Him: here we go, mmm this will go nice with a bottle of Whiskey"

Me: I got it..." I said standing up and making my way to my father's sturdy he had a secret door that lead to his man cave where he had crates of the finest whisky collection,

I froze as I stepped in and sniffed, I could swear that a freshly lit Cigar was smelling in here, I look around scanning who is in the room with me, cause my guts tells me that I'm not alone, as I take in his presence and his smell,

I ran my hands on his leather seat and swallowed I sat on his chair and right there I felt it "the loss"

" hi, are you ok? " Mbali softly said I sniffed and roughly wiped the tears from my eyes and looked up at her

Me: The day our father died, I could not cry; you and mother cried but Not I.

I could still remember His face on the pillow it was like light ghost to me, In the dim light, I figured that colors of mourning must have been Black and white.



The Sad part is We saw him struggle, Stiffen, relax;

But on that morning his face fell empty, Dead as wax.

Mbali I have seen death in the battle field, in the war zone, But never seen. My father's face, I swear,

Was not ready to look at his absent face, and that's the feeling I can not shake Mbali,

During the funeral, My mother's tears were my tears,

Each sob shook me:

The pain of death I felt it through her not in me, death on that day felt like freedom to me

For me my father's death

Was mother's sorrow;

That day was her day,

Loss for me was for tomorrow. And right now right here this is my tomorrow "

I bust out and cried and I felt Mbali's embrace wrap around me,

Me: he gone Mbali and I was too angry at him to talk to him, to forgive him when he was still alive...he bagged me Mbali countless times and I thought I was punishing him while I realize now that I was punishing myself"

Her: it's ok...he understands but you have to let him go "

Me: I can't...I hated the man but don't get me wrong when I say that. Because I loved my father and I knew he loved us. He just loved his work and money. More than he should have. He did his best being a divorced dad to us. And damn if I don't miss him. He just had a lot of emotional scar tissue and rough edges that prevented him from being the dad he could have been. . . "

Mbali: I know...but Lethu find peace inside of you to forgive him, forgive yourself, and let him...."

She stopped and stood up

Me: Mbali..." I sniffed...wiping off my tears" w What's wrong?"

Her: Something is wrong with Mama..."

She said dashing out of the room, I ran after r her as well, and just as she predicted we found our mother in the living room, in a trans, she was on her knees clapping hands and she was not growling or yawning but she was shrieking a sorrowful cry, words are spoken in between her cries but nothing is audible

Mbali: Ndlondlo kwenze Njani?"

Mbali asked kneeling next to her I noticed that she wrapped herself with table cloth hiding the pants she was wearing more of a sign of respect to Mama's ancestors

Mbali: Makhosi... sibani sezingonyama kwenzekani "

Mama burped a loud burp

" ikhotheme inkosi" she said with a dip voice

Me: haybo? ..." I held my mouth

Mbali: Ndlondlo...cacisa yiphi inkosi ?"

Mama shoot her eyes open she looked around the room and held her mouth tears pouring down her eyes

Her; I have to go "

She said standing up,

Me:mama uyaphi...kwenzenjani?"

Her phone started ringing and she rushed to it like a lightning

Her: Mnguni "

....

Her: I Know " She sniffed

....

Her: I Know I will be there in a few hours "

....

Her: don't tell her, please wait for me...

....

Her:...Ndlondlo....imanjalo...Makhosi"

She dropped the call and wiped her face looking at Mblali

" Nkosiabantu Mnguni has passed on...I have to go...you know what to do"

Mbali nodded, as Mama faintly smiled at us and made her way upstairs

I and Baba Mzi looked at each other and then back to Mbali seeking for answers...

.

To be continued

### \*\*\*Therapy Is Now In Session\*\*\*

Nompumelelo

I am tired of this dreadful feeling. I feel like there is a dark cloud over my head.

I want it to go away, but the sadness does not disappear.

Although I do not wish to have a visit with the Grim Reaper, I have been having fantasies of death.

I know that it is wrong to dream of death and that God does not like it when people do that.

but whenever I lay on the bathroom floor and sob, I cannot breathe at all, I want someone to help me and hold my hand.

Telling me that they will help me through this.

That they won't give up on me, they will stick by my side until I get out of state.

But I have burned all my bridges I have no one... I'm all alone.

The tour of life did not prepare me for this, I knew that in life we strive to rise, stumble Depressed, and forlorn the

undulation of unbearable Bliss! Yes, Life is really a journey

Some exit, some excel Like pilgrims as we journeyed Though its path no one can tell, Like wayfarers we progressed into Dark

cloud on our path, abound The rain, the sun our goal repressed

Excruciating pains, still we onward bound but for how long will this pain last?

" mmm, I have seen that look before ?"

Urg I inwardly rolled my eyes as she came closer to block my sun, I swear to God even the cool breeze disappeared after her presence, I sniffed and wiped my tears

"Mmmm don't tell me that the city girl is slowly falling in love with this place ?" she said tilting her head and looking at me, I swear to God this woman has a dead wish, if only she did not look like Viola Davis, I would have long jumped her, but let's be honest this woman scares the hell out of me, she is dark, tall black, and muscular, she looks, walks and talks like a man, and I know for a fact that she will squash me if I attempted to try her.

Me: in love with this place? that I'm not, but I must say I'm at my most peace here... even though I know that my peace will not last"

I look around and try to find soothing good to say about this place but instead, I feel like throwing up,  
Now I understand why migrating from rural to urban resettlement is the most studied human migration pattern, it definitely isn't the only existing one. Considering the pros of

urbanization and the excitement that the urban switch stirs, it is understandably confusing that anyone would want to spin the bottle the other way around. I'm talking about the urban to rural area, where Mvelo dumped me, I'm in the boodooze, as in fetch water in the river, collect wood for the fire, sleep in a hut kind of rural...

I know I'm on the run for killing a notorious Nigerian gangster, and as Mvelo said no one will find me here but damn to be dumped in such a place that is just inhumane!

Her: all I'm saying is that give it time it will rub on you " she says making me wipe the frown on my face, I faintly smile at her statement which I know dip down hell will break loser before I find myself coming to terms with this place.

"so are you ready?"

Me: for?"

She raised her eyebrow now that the look that got me biting my nails

Me: ooh yah...of cause " I stammered

Her: ok take to the day when your mother told you that she killed your father."

I looked at her and pop my eye open, there is no hello, or How are you doing today? but she just jump straight to the point!

Me: excuse me ?"

Her: ooh you think I came here to check up on you?"

She busts out and laughs sitting down next to me

Her: Nompumelo this is no place for softies, you have a killer instinct the sooner we deal with that, the sooner will find out what's your killer Cognition"

Me: killer Cognitions? "

Her: yes...you are in Trauma Therapy remember? and I need to determine if your killer Cognitions is hiding under

Guilt - where you have you should have, could have blame...

Or is it,

Shame - you more worry about what my family and friends would think of you if they knew I killed someone

Or if

Self-blame - where you tell yourself you deserve to suffer for killing

Or

Responsibility - justifying an unjustified killing

Or maybe

Loss of meaning - Nothing seems important anymore after or before killing

Or

Contamination and self-loathing or

Remorse/regret



Or it could be you don't trust own anger or rage when you are at your weakest point

Aish I could go on the whole day but only you can kill yourself or cure yourself so your session is no, let's talk...asikhulume "

I swallowed not sure where to start

" where we're you? Where were you coming from? Tell me about the day your mother decided to spill the beans ... Start from there "

Me: I found her packing. . . telling me that we have to go..."  
starter telling her my story...my past my dark family secret...

Thanks to Lubanzi and Mvelo I'm currently

Confined in rehab, yes you had me I'm In rehab...

It's called the Treatment for Moral Injury: Impact of and after Killing, it's supposed to be a safe center for veterans, yah you most probably wandering why a nobody killer like me is doing in a veteran safe camp, well Lubanzi my Ex husband made few calls and boom I was now an ex soldier, rather I go under rehabilitation here then go to prison Mvelo said, while Lubanzi added and said

"Once you kill a person it's a nightmare that never ends " so I need help from people who are more experienced at this, and so who are more qualified than a military therapist who has

gone through traumatic events in her life for witnessing killing and killing on the battlefield.

Pretty insane right? But to be honest it slowly helping me with my negative mental health problems including moral injury, PTSD, spiritual distress, and impairments in functioning...

However in order to be cured in this place it's like undergoing Electroconvulsive therapy.

This program is no child's play, it's hard core everything done here is done by force and the worst part is there is no Sleeping soundly when you part of the program, So every morning I rise before the sun comes up for boot camp work out session, what comes next is supposed to a healthy breakfast but who has the energy to enjoy it, then I must take part in yoga

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meditation, or prayer opportunities to help start my day in a relaxed state of mind.

And there after I get tossed back to the hot pan by my trauma therapists she is hardcore, she does not allow us to open up willingly more like she has a dagga that she uses to slash our chest open and allow us to bleed...

It's been just a week in this place and already I feel like I'm a

lunatic, like I'm in a mental institution.

I'm crying mass now talking about my past, and my family it's just a hard pill to swallow, but this woman in front of me is just looking at me with a blank expression, no empathy or what so ever, but instead she is throwing in more questions like "What was your common reaction to the killing of your father?"

"What was your initial response to your mother when she told you she killed a man in cold blood!"

I stood up not sure if I can answer any more of her question...

Me: I don't want to talk about my mother anymore,..."

Her: Nompumelelo For every effect there is a root cause. Find and address the root cause rather than try to fix the effect, "

I swallowed

Me: I know but not today!"

I snapped, she sides smiled and closed her diary

Her: So, you think Sleeping with all these men, thinking it's just sex. . .is the cure to your problem? Cause in my books It isn't just sex, honey. It all has a root. And you got to find that root and pluck it. . .so I urge you to

Stop being Coward and start looking at things holistically. Focus on examining root causes instead of symptoms and you will be able to create lasting and fundamental change in your life and

to the people you care about..."

Me: I'm not a coward!"

Her: it's hard to believe when even talking about your mother scares the shit out of you!"

I opened my mouth to talk but she stood up

" that it for today will continue tomorrow,"

She said walking away, leaving me with an expression of "Who on the devil does this woman think she is?"

I start pacing around trying to come myself down, the effect of my therapy session is always like this, Mvelo was right when he said that I need to fix my state of mind first before I move to fix my spiritual side, but lord do I wish I was dealing with that now, removing this curse that has destroyed my life! This generation curse that running in my blood, lord knows I hate that I was born into this mess of the Msimngo's and Ncube's nxa!

I don't know when I calmed down but I realized that it must have been hours that I set in that one place lost in thought cause when my mind came back, I realized the change of air and the chill in my skin and when I looked up, I noticed the sun setting.

"Finally, you are back on earth "

I turned to look to my side and I found a woman sitting next to me, she smiled but her bright smile did not meet her eyes, Her eyes pierce my soul

Her skin, is radiant, Her hair glints like sunset, and she is dressed in all white, yet her appearance reflects that she is made of flames and ash, she probably greets hell like an old friend, and doesn't burn a lash too, I should be on my feet right now but somehow my body does not put up a fight, or ask questions who she is, but fear creeps in me making the hair at the back on the neck stand up,

Her: you look scared did I do something wrong lewa elawa oju?  
“

She asked with a sly smile,

I popped my eyes open 'Lewa Elawu Oju' is Yoruba a Nigerian language its means pretty face I know this because Oyama used to call me like that,

Her: good girl you catch on really fast I like that ... so you picked up that I'm Nigerian now let's see if you can guess who I am “

I try to open my mouth to respond but words don't come out, I frown trying again to say something but still nothing I try to scream but nothing I panic and looked at this woman, am I mute now or what?

Her: ooh ... what is that? Are you trying to say something? “She laughs shaking her head,

“ you see Nompumelelo I was born with this course, this curse of reading people before they even speak to me, I’m no psychic but I’m just a master of vibes, and something in me told me that your mouth is your worst enemy, you see spoken words are not Carried off by wind each word tears down or build, hurts or heal curses or bless, and your mouth has done no good in this world, so much hate inside you it's disgusting !”

I looked at her trying to say something to her but still, words fail me, I feel tears approaching as I realize who this woman seating next to me is,

Her: Wow finally we are on the same page, yooh it took me a while to find you though, but thanks to my son here I am seating right next to you “

Me: ....

I just looked at her with tears running down my face, I still can’t speak, and I know for a fact that it was all her doing,

Her: My name is Ngozu Ngeve, sister to Oyama Ngeve and a Mother to Timothy Ngozu, remember him, the man you killed?  
“

I hold my hands to gather trying to say I,m sorry, but she just looked at me with dead eyes and said “YOUR SORRY won't BRING MY SON BACK !”

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To be continued

### \*\*\*Accidental Celebrity \*\*\*

Liyana

[A week later]

Nstika and I have kept our relationship mostly private, so I've stayed out of the public eye, If it was for me I would have kept it that way. I want absolutely no fame. I think it causes only trouble. But here I am being dragged to the Mnguni Funeral.

I swallowed and looked at him, so this is my life now, I'm an accidental celebrity just because I fell in love with the King, shoot me for being optimistically worried, this is the first time that I will be seen with him in public, I'm sure his high-profile friends, family, business partners and worst the media are behind those doors!

What a worst time for him to choose that I get thrown in the deep end, I'm at a weird place mentally. Seeking my father and worried like crazy about what that can of worms will bring to my life, not forgetting that I'm very much still angry at Nstika for the decision he made regarding my mother, so I'm scared that being in the limelight will end up causing things to be worse. Which in return will course certain areas of my life, like my career and health, worse. It's not like I can reverse the decision, either. Once it's out that I'm his love interest, something the media seems very interested in knowing, I can't



take that back. Any future employers will always see that if they Google me, whether we remain together or not. I'm worried about being threatened or doxxed online, not because I've done anything wrong, but because some people are just horrible. I know I'm overthinking and being unreasonable, but do you blame me? I know how the media works they will dig for dirt from my past I know I don't have much garbage besides the fact that I had debt as tall as Mount Everest and let's not forget my bad job choices, working in a strip club, ooh lord, I could see it now "The Queen stripper "on the headlines of social media page.

"Just breathe and remember that this funeral is not about the person who is no longer with us, but you are here for the family and friends of this person who has been left behind, please see this as a great honor rather than as a duty or burden "

Ntsika said holding my hand tight as the car came to a halt, I look outside my window, and I'm blown away, the Mnguni mansion is breathtaking, this place alone is just another world on its own.

Me: I shouldn't have come "

Him: nerves are killing you I know, but this will be your life now attending events like this for highly profiled people "

I swallowed a huge lump in my throat, I took out my makeup mirror from my bag and looked at myself for a thousand times, “You look beautiful can you stop with this “

I looked at him and my heart melted, so here I am being a supportive partner I have this life and I need to come to terms with it, the shy, insecure girl needs to take a back seat, I know now that every relationship needs patience and understanding to work. For this kind of relationship, I will need more “buff” than normal relationships. I will have to learn how to live with having him absent at home, sleeping alone most times, sharing him with the world, with his people, facing the media, smiling nonstop till my jaws become stiff and so on

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So it a must that I learn how to sacrifice because I have to do a lot of that if I want this relations to work.

“ok, I’m ready, “ I said taking a huge breath

Him: are you sure? “

Me: yes, I am, but I have a few conditions “

He raised his left eyebrow and smiled “Yes my Queen I’m listening “

Me: you will hold my hand throughout this service, you will not leave my side, you will help me fit in, and when you see that I

can't answer half of the questions these people will be asking me, you will step in, I need you to calm my nerves, control my anxieties and make this experience as smooth as possible “

Him: your wish is my command; I will do just that “

Me: thank you, now can we go “

He nodded and told Key that he may open the car doors for us, today is using his electronic wheelchair, and the public and most people have not seen him on his feet so he say that “The wheelchair is part of my image, “ while I just think its good that his using it cause we don't know how long the service will last and that alone may strain his legs

The meet and greet was very minimum in this place and thank God the guest list was not long also halleluiah to the fact that there was no media in the royal ground but just one guy who took pics in the most discreet manner, one of the ushers lead us to the dining hall, and I gasped in amazement at how extraordinarily beautiful this place looks.

“The house was designed by Sbusiso Ngcobo and built on a large wedge-shaped plot of land, he described this land as Fronting spacious grounds, since it was situation Between Swaziland and South Africa,

Mvelo wanted something different, not your ordinary palace, so Sbu infused Greek, Egyptian African, and a bit of eighteen

century Europe designs, he architected, and help build the palace and he was in the four front of the interior and exterior designs, The central four or is it six-story block with a pediment supported by four ionic columns was flanked by two-story pavilions. With its stately facade, handsomely proportioned rooms of varying shapes, and Neoclassical decoration of great refinement, The Mnguni Place is regarded as the second prestige and modern as the Lansdowne House in London”

Me: and you know this how? “

Him: I read my love “

I giggled and we were escorted to our seats, I was greeted by the warm smile of Queen Bhengu, and next to her was a beautiful woman with eyes like Sbahle and a face like Dudu’s.

“That's our cousin Nwabisa, “ Nstika said pulling my chair for me

“Oh ok, “ I said seating down, I leaned next to Nstika and whispered in his ear, “ I thought you said we attending a funeral ?“

Him: Inkosi ebekwa before the sun comes up my love, we are only here to attend the memorial service “

Me: what? So, the person who died was also king...I thought Mvelo was the only leaving king in this kingdom.”

Him: The Mnguni leave a very private life, my love, I too am part of this family cause my sister married Mnguni, but I too don't know a lot about this family “

Ntsika said looking at his phone, he bite his lip and quickly switch off his phone

Me: what was that, is there soothing wrong”

Him: Mloni and Mangalisa found Ziqubu, there are on their way to Bhengu royal house”

Me: what? they found my father? Where? how and ....”

“ Good Morning All, the royal house would like to welcome you to their space ... “ The program director started talking making every one eye focus on the center stage

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To be Continued

\*\*\*Intellectually Declined \*\*\*

Lethukuthula

it's been just a few days since Mama left and I'm still puzzled that Mvelo had a grandfather that we all did not know about that has passed on, but on a serious note who the hell knows what's going on in that Royal house, there are the most private public Figures on earth.

“ ok, this is the checklist you need to go through, I have sorted most of the things just follow up and make sure that the event organizer does everything accordingly “

Mbali said handing me her tablet, she was going to Ngonyameni today to attend the royal funeral that nobody knows about except family and a few family friends, you see what I mean when I say that the Mnguni royal house is so bloody private. I look at my wristwatch and back at her, ok she is fashionably late now why is she even going at this point?

Her: Lethu we need a tombstone as in yesterday ... “

Me: I know Mbali, I'm working on it ... “

She sighs and looked at me

Her: are you sure you going to handle the unveiling preparations while I and Mama are gone, you know I can stay behind and help ... “

Me: No, please don't, Mvelo and Sbahle need your support, besides what can go wrong we have an event planner Mbali ....”

Mbali: last time I checked Mntungwa only fathered two daughters and the event organizer is not part of the family, but you are ... “

Me: I get it Mbali, jeez can you please lighten up, I will follow the checklist, I will visit the Stonemasonry factory today and I promise I will buy the perfect gravestone for Mntungwa Please stop warring “

Her: ok .. ok... where is my woman? “

Me: she left with Mzi, they're going to buy a cow, goats, and chickens for the cleansing ceremony “

Her: I swear to God Baba Omdala has stolen my women “

I bust out and laughed, the past days have been interesting in this house we have discovered that Mzi and Jisha have this father-and-daughter connection and to make things even more interesting Mzi can also do single language, they just clicked. But to be honest, Mzi has that effect in all of us, at

times I think that God is giving us another chance to experience a father's love.

Me: I know hay, but they should be coming back now cause Mzi has promised to accompany me to the Stonemasory “

She nodded.

Me: so this Nkosiabantu fallen king, which rock was he hiding under “

She laughed.

Her: he has been there in plain sight it's just that ordinary people did not see him as leaving being or human for that matter “

Me: what? ...”

Her: yep “

Me: so he was what a spirit that only supernatural people can see? “

I said popping my eyes open and fishing for answers from Mbali

Her: Something like that, you see the Mnguni people their blood is mixed with a beast, they call it Mnguni Curse, so Nkosi yabantu spirit was trapped in this great white lion for decades and whenever a powerful royal being is born the curse gets



lifted and the soul that was trapped in a beast is released to be joined with the other fallen kings, So when Impi son was born he set the great king Nkosiabantu spirit free, so his death is a symbol of death and life ... “

Me: What? “

Her: crazy story right “

Me: that's just absurd, you don't expect me to believe that crap “

She bust out and laughed “That's the reason why I have the gift of prophecy and you are just an ordinary being, you are just a non-believer in this kind of life“

Me: who are you calling an ordinary being ... and did you say “JUST “ as if I'm less worthy or something “ I said charging to her about to smack the sly smile off her face “

Her: I'm kidding Sisi omdala ... “

She said running away from me while I ran after her,

“ Hayboo! What's going on in here ... really girls you running in the house, you anisebadala “ Baba Omdala said walking in with Jisha his bold voice made Mbali and I freeze, the man commands authority just by looks, his face soften when our eyes came in contact with him

Me : Mbali started it Baba”

“that's not true, she's just too bossy and enjoys smacking me around, “ Mbali said pointing at me

Jisha bust out and laughed.

Him: “Ooh lord I’m too old for this, “ we all bust out and laughed

Mbali: how did it go with buying livestock “

Mzi: smoothly ... and guess who’s afraid of live chicken “ he said pointing at Jisha with his eyes

Jlsha: Baba you said you will not tell “

We snickered at that statement while Mbali made her way to Jlsha to kiss her forehead and held her waist these two just make love look so easy. I look at my phone again and frown I have not received a call from Mloni for almost 24 hours and to make things worst his phone is on voice mail as well, I’m not sure if I should panic or be angry at this time

“Are you ready for the cleansing ceremony Baba “ I was brought back to reality by Mbali

Mzi : NOP “

He said making his way to the couch “

MBali: angizwanga ? “

Mzi: Mbali I sleep every day hoping and praying that I will hate my brother less but I wake up every day hating him even more, so lenhlambuluko is going to be a bit challenging for me “

Me: thank God I'm not alone feeling like that “

Mbali: Lethu you not helping “

Mzi: Mbali leaves Lethu alone at least she is honest about how she feels, look Mbali I Know MaKhumalo has spoken to the Khumalo ancestors regarding this, but one question still remains in my head How do you forgive the dead for the unforgivable, especially considering that they will not even admit their actions even occurred since they're already dead! “

Mbali: Baba ngiyakuzwa but sometimes we cannot love .... “

Mzi: I believe the word you meant to use is Like “

Mbali: ok ... ok ... baba sometimes we cannot like someone while they live. We learn to love... I mean like them after they have died. Strange when you think about it, but true.

Forgiveness is for your well-being. —because I don't know if it will help your sibling or not at this point cause he did a lot of dark stuff when he was alive.

What I'm trying to say is that Mzi's actions did not only affect you only

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but it affected the whole family, and you the only key to give action on what happened in the past and slowly release the animosity that your ancestors are holding. Releasing old anger is always healthy. Do this for yourself, for us. Don't let your life be controlled by someone who is no longer in it.

In the process of forgiving, which can take a long time— I know, but who knows you may also rediscover what you loved and now miss about your sibling. Do this forgiveness thing—but don't kick yourself if it takes a good bit of time. Forgiveness cannot be rushed. It doesn't need to be. But working through the process of accepting and forgiving is worth the time and energy.

It will also make you a kinder and gentler person. Even if you cannot forgive your sibling totally “

Mzi looked at Mbali, ran his hand on his face, and slowly stood up making his way outside

Me: look what you have done!! “

I said snapping at Mbali,

Mbali: Lethukuthula in two days' time will be going to Ndwendwe, we are going to come face to face to the torched house where our grandfather, grandmother, and Aunt were burned to death in, inhlambuluko that needs to be done is not

for Mzi only but it's for those tree people as well, and for your information, Mama has not slept a wink ever since Mntungwa died she hears screams, feels their pain as their body burns, she feels their anger, rage, The Khumalo family died before we both were born and no one has released them from those flames, so you and Mzi can be angry. hateful all you like towards Mntungwa but think very carefully about who is more affected by your actions! “

She said walking out and leaving me feeling like shit, I bowed my head and dragged my stupid self to my bedroom, I locked the door and jumped under covers in my bed,

Mbali is younger than me, but I feel like she is fed up with playing the role of bigger sister to me than I am to her,

I feel like I'm extremely behind others my age and even younger when it comes to average intelligence and maturity. I struggle to speak elaborately and have intelligent conversations, and I feel like I'm much more inexperienced than others when it comes to life experiences. Sometimes it comes down to my reluctance to engage because of social anxiety, other times it's because my mind goes blank, or I genuinely can't contribute, and I feel stupid. I also know it's to do with depression- I used to be sharper, focused, and in general, feel smarter before I had a breakdown leading me to

become very reclusive and an inactive hermit which fucked up my cognitive abilities and ability to engage in conversation. It just really frustrates me when I not only feel dumb as hell, but when people see me as a child because of this and patronize me and it's so fucking frustrating, and also when I can't engage and connect with cool-ass witty intelligent people. And once people have a certain impression of me it reinforces the childish image, I have of myself and makes me even more intellectually declined. I really want to know how to improve my mental capabilities and cognitive skills and feel like I'm at the mental maturity I should be.

I peeled the cover over my head trying to think, but my head is blank as fuck, I'm a 35-year-old African woman, who gave up my Job for a man, a man who has no stable income but does crime for a leaving, kanti ngingenelwe yini vele? At this point, I feel useless, frustrated, and worst part not fitting in this family,

I jumped off the bed and looked at my suitcase, debating whether I should pack my clothes and run away but a thought lingered in my head that running away will never make me free.

I sank onto my bed and took my phone I was about to call Liyana for advice, but noticed that she has sent a text with

pictures and a caption, so I opened the first message and I read the text “ I’m in love with him “ I popped my eyes open as I viewed Ntsika Bheng’s pic “ he proposed and I said YES” I screamed as I view the picture with the diamond ring “ I have a bun in the oven “ I stood up as she showed me the baby scan

“OOOH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

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.br/.

To be continued

### \*\*\* Chained With Wire \*\*\*

Rosetta

I have lived a solitary life for as long as I could remember, and the most interesting this is that for the last twenty years, that life has been increasingly rewarding. My mother always complained or maybe it was a concern that I leave lonely life, but Solitude is WAY different from loneliness. However, society often mistakes solitude for loneliness.

I have the time of solitude each day since I recently came out from jail, moved away from home, and I am in a serious but yet not too committed relationship yet and I don't have a roommate.

Anyway, spending time by myself is fantastic, I get to reflect on my life and be by myself. I get some space from everyday life and stress.

It's like I get this time to recharge myself and it's more like meditating cause I get a chance to help myself understand myself better. And I have come to like some 'me time.'

But as the saying goes nothing ever last forever the sweet breeze of freedom has completely vanished, and I'm now chained with a wire of motherhood... of being a mother to two adult children, that are forever grumpy in my house! It was bad enough that I had no clue on how to be a parent to Zuko alone



but now with Nikiwe around I feel like I'm losing my mind, I swear to God Oyama's kids are the moodiest beings I have ever seen, and their Temper Lord, I pray you take me now because I just can't deal with it!

I know that Nikiwe is going through an identity crisis, or should I say she just came to the sad truth that her marriage is one big incest. But I don't understand why she chose my house as her safe house!!

Lord, knows I want to kick her out of my house because she is Ginger's daughter, or the better word to use is Oyama.s busted but I can't cause Zuko has suddenly become the brother of the year to this girl!

I know my son relies on me to help Nikiwe out, but the sad part is that I can't get through to her, but who am I kidding I suck at comforting people, all I have been saying to her is t' everything will be ok ' this will work itself out, don't worry everything will be fine ' and the reaction I got from her was " Rose please leave me alone !!!" with a door slammed in my face in my house !!!

Sandile kept telling me to give her time and space she will talk when she ready, I must allow her to meltdown and feel the pain on her own, and my mother on the other hand went all Dr Phill on me and told me that "children who have been victims of

parental alienation syndrome are far more likely to see the other parent as bad or unloving. Therefore, it's easier to develop a narrative of the estranged parent as contemptible and not worth respecting,"

Yeah I hear them but I won't be bleeding through the wound right now if only she took her fucked up self to her house, rather than stay in my house and I the owner of the house have to walk on eggshells when she is in my presence

"What are you doing? "

Zuko says behind me while I was busy chopping carrots "I'm cooking Zuko "

Him: last time I checked, you hate cooking "

Me: I do, but hey we must eat, right? "

He breathed out loud "It's been a week with you acting like this ... and don't tell me that you are ok cause I know your mother you are not ... so when are you going to tell me what's wrong with you? "

I stop chopping and bite my lip thinking that if only Zuko knew how unprepared I am for the degree of hostility and antagonism that he has brought into my house he will not be asking me this question, but how do I tell my son that his half-

sister is the problem without causing another drift between us, him being here it was for him and me to make mends create a relationship but how the fuck are we doing that when all of his focus revolved around Nikiwe and worst I have no clue how to handle this situation cause hallo his my only son and I have no experience from other prior relationships to prepare me for how hurt, betrayed

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and angry he has made me feel

I slowly turned to look at him, but my frown turned into a smile as I noticed that he has a new haircut and his artist look or should I say hobo clothes are replaced with ordinary clothes, his nose and eyebrow ring are gone, he looks so handsome. . . no wait he looks like a good looking man, is it me or even his skin complexion is shades lighter then he was before, hhaybo who is this young man before me?

Him: what? ... what's up with that look you are giving me?"

Me: you look...different ... you look so handsome "

Him: not you to Mother, you know I just video-called Gogo earlier and she was crying and thanking GOD, please don't pull that stunt on me too "

I held my mouth trying to laugh but tears found their way out first.

Him: ok you doing it too ... I'm out of here "I bust out and laughed and ran after him held his hand and dragged him back to the kitchen.

Me: help me cook and I promise I won't act wearied "

Him: only if you promise to talk to me in the process "

He said looking at me with his beautiful big lazy eyes, which I hate to love because they remind me of Oyama

Me: only if you promise to talk to me properly too "

Him: uuuuh, so what are cooking? "

I looked at him and smiled as he washed his hands, the moment was disturbed by my ringing phone, I looked at the screen and I smiled stepped into the pantry, and answered my phone

" Sawbona"

He snickered; it was Sandile calling me

Him: all I'm picturing are you washing my feet now wearing an apron and head wrap calling me Baba "

I bust out and laughed.

Me: says a man who has never pictured himself married "

Him: I was waiting for the right woman "

Me: Sandile I'm too old to be jumping into another marriage “

Him: shit why are we even talking about this? “

I laughed “You started it “

Him: mmmm “

I laughed again, Sandile is afraid of commitment like crazy which is good cause I too don't see myself jumping the broom again, but we have a good thing going, Sandile is my dream Man his character alone turns me on, his loving, kind, over protective, possessive, a bit controlling, Sandile makes me so happy that at times I even forget that I am still married to a Nigerian drug lord, because when Sandile is around he wants to be with me 24/ 7, I'm just glad that this past few days he went to Ngonyameni to some royal funeral and I got a chance to breath or better yet get suffocated by my two adult children in my house

Him: how are the kids “

Me: don't ask ... how is the funeral “

Him: I did not attend ...”

He: what, why? “

Him: have you read the documents that Kevin left for you “

Me: what documents and why are you not answering me? “

Him: I'm sure it's in your living room ... please go over them tonight ... “

Me: aahhh ok”

Him: and Rose please stay indoors till I come back, I have beefed up security just in case .... “

Me: what? Just in case what? ... is it Oyama? Sandile, what's going on? “

Him: Ngozu Ngeve ...she in town, and I don't think it's a friendly visit ... just do as I say ok, I'm on my way back I will tell you everything when I get there “

He: SANDILE! .... SANDILE... what do you mean Ngozu is in town?”

Him: I love you ... “and just like that he dropped the call, I held my head and stepped out of the pantry, I found Zuko waiting for me and looking at me with angry eyes

Me: what? “

Him: So, what now, I'm going to be your poisoner? Are you going to add more guards to this house just because I went to visit Oyama? “ Me: WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

To be continued...

\*\*\* FIT IN \*\*\*

Liyana

“Fit in,” I keep telling myself,

Sbahle and Nwabisa set next to me the minute Nstika left with Mvelo, I was a bit skeptical sitting next to beautiful powerful women, there are both light-skinned and looked like models that just stepped out of a Glam magazine or something.

Sbahle: you know I’m not sure if I should call you Queen Liyana or Dr. Liyana these days “

I looked at Sbahle with amazement.

Nwabisa: you also a Dr? “

Me: uuum... What do you mean I’m also a Dr? Are you one? “

Nwabisa: yes, I’m a Dentist “

Sbahle: ooh shoot I forgot that you are also a Dr. Nwabisa and if Zoe and Sindy were here, I would have felt so out of space thank God they have other commitments “

Me: I’m sorry to bust your bubble Sbahle but I have a few years to go before I get my Ph.D., I just archived my Masters's in

Physiotherapy...I believe Ntsika over-exaggerated the news when he told you “

Nwabisa: Girl you may not have completed your PHD but trust me when I say that. After completing a master's degree in physiotherapy, you will be able to use the title "Doctor of Physiotherapy" (DPT) or "MSc (Physiotherapy)". So Sbahle and Ntsika are right we have another Dr in the family “

Sbahle: well, I told you Dr Liyana Bhengu “

I laughed shaking my head

Me: I'm still Ziqubu, Sbahle “

We all bust out and laughed.

Nwabisa: not for long, as I hear the wedding bells are slowly approaching “

Me: True ... “

I looked down as Nwabisa stood up and held my shoulder,

Her: it was good to meet you Liyana and I promise I will visit you before the wedding but for now let me go breastfeed my son, “

Me: you have a baby? “I said standing up.

Her: yes, just a few weeks old, crazy like his father and sucking me dry “



Sbahle: that child is not crazy he just needs to go to his father's house enzelwe Sisko I don't know how long you are going to hide him from Vusi “

Nwabisa: Sbahle !!!”

Nwabisa shouted at Sbahle

Sbahle: what? Liyana is family now ... why must I hide the truth from her “

Nwabisa just shook her head and decided to hug me “I will call you later, ... again it was good to finally put a face on the name you really are a gem, and I pray you treat my brother with the respect and love he deserves “

I nodded and hugged her back. Queen Sbahle was called by one of her servants and I decided to go to the lady's room to figure out my next move, on what I have to do to fit in, to Look the part And play it flawlessly like a Queen I soon to become

My stomach starts rumbling I don't remember the last time I ate a whole meal, lord I'm so hungry, I'm not even sure I know what a whole meal is anymore

I looked at myself in the mirror and breath out loud.

“There you are “

a voice said, when I looked up, I was met by Ntsika's mother.

Her: come I must introduce you to a few people, have you eaten though? “

I screamed not another meet and greet but how can I say no to food at this point,

Me: no “I said softly she looks at me from head to toe and smiled

Her: I love your outfit, Dudu dressed you? “

I looked at myself, is it too obvious?

Her: that girl may have misunderstood personality but damn it she is good at being a stylist “

We both laughed, stepping outside the bathroom.

Her: how’s my son treating you? “

Now how on earth am I supposed to answer that question, she knows her son almost as well as I do, she understands what makes him tick, what triggers him, in this case, she should be giving me her perspective on something simply because she knows his history. So what do I say? I know that no matter what I share, it won’t change her opinion of him. She loves him dearly and always will because he’s, her son. Just as I love him dearly and always will because he’s my soon-to-be husband.

So here I am biting my lip not sure how to answer that, I don't want to over vent cause even though this woman here is his mother the things I might say may also turn to hurt his reputation.

The truth is, he has faults. Of course!!! But so do I!!! We are two imperfect people trying to live with and love each other, despite those things. And sometimes it's hard. But most of the time, it's AMAZING. And I know my future mother-in-law is always on the side of my relationship succeeding. So I know that her question asked may come from, A place of genuinely loving us both, A desire to see our marriage succeed, That is how the heart of the woman who raised the man I loved enough to marry works.

Me: his treating well my Queen “

Her: ooh child please call me maka'Sbahle ... Queen sounds so formal”

She beamed and held my hand.

For years I have gone unnoticed like a broken doll, People only look to judge,

No one tries to glue my pieces back together, to the world I was just a minor character

No one noticed, every day I felt like more pieces of me shatter Toppling to the ground like the meaningless things they

thought I was

Please notice me I used to cry, See me for who I am, lord knows I was so sick of pretending I'm okay, sacrificed so much to become important, and lost myself along the way trying to make people care for me, but today I'm in the presence of greatness surrounded by a female who not only see me as a struggling young woman but women fit to be a queen women of worth,

Queen Bhengu was introducing me to everyone making small talk along the way, while my face was slowly getting tired of smiling, I have taken so many pics that I know that by now I must be the trending news on the outside world.

I kind of hated that the smile and wave process came with a lot of Questions though, some I could answer and some just made me angry to the point that I asked to be excused.

I sighed as I felt a wave of exhaustion, not to mention that I'm on the verge of losing my mind, and keeping my attitude in check is something I have not mastered yet, I still have a long way to go before I can start speaking like a high profile women, so stepping away from this women is much-needed cause I know that I am one hell of a stubborn ass, I don't have to validate my point in front of a different people, gaining their attention in the process, and then proceeding to do things their

way for the sake of being in the limelight. If I feel like doing anything, so be it. It's the end of the discussion, then and there.

I stepped out of the noisy dining hall making my way outside I need air! I looked around and did not seem to see my fiancé anywhere, but the peace and quiet made me feel at ease. I have never felt the need to be surrounded by a ton of people, though I would love to experience how it feels to be so. Ever since I remember, I have been very humble with people around me. They don't shower me with attention, though I get my due when I need them the most. Lord knows how Queen Sbahle do it.

As much as I was once a broken soul, I don't recall needing attention to be happy, I'm perfectly happy in the little world of my own, where I speak freely with my close friends and be incredibly happy in the process. Speaking of my friend I pop my eyes open as I realize that for almost a year I have not told her about my love life, what kind of a friend will that make me be when she found out about me and Ntsika on a social media site, So I decided to send Lethukuthula a text, I did not give out to much just few pics and captions, I know she will go crazy but I need to schedule lunch with her to explain myself in detail to her lord will she shout at me for keeping my relationship a secret from her for so long

My phone vibrated in my hand, I bite my lip thinking its LT but immediately frown as I noticed that Mangalisa was calling me

Me:” Brother “

I said answering the phone,

Him: sister “

We both laughed at each other, My engagement to Ntsika somehow brought us together, I guess he realized that he will lose me for good once I marry to the Bhengu’ he tried by all means to humble himself and also asked that we put the past behind us, He begged me for a second chance, not by words but his actions spoke louder than words, as he agrees to help in the search of finding our father. And to my surprise this past Monday he congratulated me on an accomplishment, but I did not respond. He said he is thinking of coming back to Durban full-time. I did not believe him. In his last message to me last night he said "I was kind of hoping you would talk to me a little" So here we are talking, we are still by far at being at that happy place of sibling relationship but I see that his trying, so why not meet him halfway.

Him: how are you and my nephew “

Me: I’m fabulous as always but your nephew is big and heavy “

Him: still a long way to go yet you already complaining “

Me: I just need time to get used to it “

We both kept quiet after that.

Him: so, with the baby on the way and being married to the Bhengu king are you ever going to finish your MS degree in Orthopedic? “

Me: just a few days ago you were congratulating me for arching my Masters in Physiotherapy and now ....”

Him: you always wanted to be a Dr Liyana that was your dream, that is why you worked so hard in medical school ... all I’m asking is that with the baby on the way is it still part of the dream or are you now, leaving the dream of Ntsika? “

Me: ...”

I opened my mouth to talk but words failed me, Ntsika helped me with my bills and I would not have received my qualification if it was not for him, but to be honest, I have not been to work for months, I have been avoiding Zoes calls like a plague, and to receive a letter from work that my contract is terminated for being AWOL was heartbreaking but Ntsika said I don’t need work once I become Queen, so yah Mangalisa is right for asking me who’s dream am I leaving at this point

He sighs “I’m sorry I did not mean to start a fight “

Me: I know ...”

He breathed out loud yet again, I started walking around the garden biting my lips, thinking of how Tables have Turned in my life.

Him: look the reason for calling was to inform you that we found Ziqubu “

Me: mmmm”

Him: you don't seem excited I mean this is what you needed right, find our father start the negotiations, get married and be Queen ... right? “

I kept quiet not sure how to answer that, so for the sake of love I will be placing my dreams on the back seat, how did I end up here? I looked up and I was met by Nstika looking at me,

Me: thanks for everything bhuti, but I must go now, will chat when I get back “

Him: ok sure “

I dropped the call and made my way to Nstika

Him: I'm sorry for leaving you for this long, I had a business talk with Mvelo,

Me: he lost his grandfather and you having a business talk with him? “



Him: well money waits for no dead man”

Me: that greed talking Bhengu “

He laughed and ran his hand under my skirt.

“Ready to go home? “

I smile and kissed his lips, he smelled of whisky and Cuban cigars, I looked into his eyes and responded “I thought you will never ask “

His sides smiled, and we made our way out.

I looked outside the car the whole car ride from Ngonyameni to the airport, while Ntsika was busy on his phone when we jumped into the jet I simply requested a pillow from the hostess

“Are you ok my love? “

He said running his hand on top of mine

Me: yes, I am I’m just tired “

Him: ooh ok rest ...I will wake you up when we land “

I looked at him and admired how he works so hard to give me this life, but a part of me felt sad, felt left behind, and I do not know what the future holds. I see some little sprigs of hope springing up.

I see my future husband beginning to stand taller. . . taking his rightful place in his destiny.

I see my husband beginning to stop searching for the perfect wife in me as I now have submitted to him and I'm now following his every step.

I am hopeful good things are coming. I have to trust that this is for my ultimate good. Since I am a child of God, I believe that anything that happens to me is FOR my good or He would not allow it. I felt frustrated and overwhelmed as I now see myself as a godly wife-to-be because I know I don't have all the puzzle pieces yet. I ran my hand over my belly and thought to myself that I may not have them all now. Lord knows My puzzle isn't finished. But I have more than I did when I first started this journey, and the picture is becoming more apparent.

I closed my eyes taking a nap, but my nap felt like two seconds as I felt Ntsika gently waking me up,

Him: Baby wake up we have arrived in KZN, “

We stepped outside the Jet making our way to the cars parked outside.

Him: you ready to meet your father? “

Me: I'm going to bed Ntsika, ... you are the one that wants or must ask him for my hand in marriage so let him bless your

hand and ask for the date for lobola negotiations, I guess I will see him at my wedding day if he ever pitches up “

Him: but babe... “

I raised my hand stopping him.

Me: I’m tired Ntsika ... please just have this meeting without me please!” I said turning my head away from him and shutting my eyes, the ride to our house felt like a lifetime and finally, when the car came to a halt, I jumped out not waiting for Key to open the door, I made my way to house and straight to our bedroom, “Liyana what’s wrong? “

I sigh and kick off my shoes.

Me: everything is just overwhelming Nstika, my father is here whom I have not seen for over a decade, my brother is playing reality check guru in my life, and I’m pregnant and clueless on how to react to all of these changes that happening in my body yet I look at you and I see that you have everything figured out “

Him: I do? “

He said with a raised eyebrow.

Me: ever since you did voodoo stuff at the Bhengu Royall house you came back as a changed man Nstika “

Him: what? is this you talking or the hormones? “

He laughed and folded his arms looking at me.

Me: Baby I know you have not taken your thrown seriously but something in you changed after you came back, look I know Any experience has the potential to change people, as we all grow and develop through our experiences, good or bad. . . “

Him: Liyana ... you are all over the show now just tell me what’s really bugging you?”

I swallowed and looked at him, you see what I mean, he just displayed domination while I’m supposed to play subordination, his born a leader, and powerful and I hate that he takes that authority and attitude to our house!

“Ntsika I’m soon to be your wife, and I will be damned if you treat me like a bimbo trophy wife artifact that you showcase around “

Him: “What? “

Me: you said I don’t need my job because I’m soon going to be your wife, then did you pay for my school bill if I’m never going to use my qualification? “

Him: ooh finally we getting somewhere ... wait, who said you never going to use it? “

Me: I lost my job Nstika ... the Job that I love “

He walked slowly making his way close to me and held my waste.

Him: no wife of mine will work for anybody for money yangizwa? “

Me: Nstika ... please do not make a housewife “

I said with a tear running down my face.

Him: What? never! baby one of the reason I fell in love with you was because of your drive, ambition, and smart brain you know how sexy it is to date a woman who is independed ....”

I smiled and looked down.

Him: that is why I thought will have this conversation with you once the dust has settled, the negotiations, the wedding, the inauguration ... the baby and baby it's a lot, but I will not forget that you once said that wish to own your clinic and as your man I plan to make that dream come true for you? “

Me: what? You remember? “I said looking at him.

Him: off cause, I did, Liyana I want you to be your own boss run a company, and give order not the other way around that is why I keep pushing you so much cause in you I see so much more than just a Prity face my love

I screamed and hugged him.

Me: you going to help me start my business? “

Him: anything for you my queen “ I screamed again but this time he pulled my face and kissed my mouth anxiously... and I found myself responding with the same fervor. We walked towards our bed while kissing, his hands groping my boobs and ass...

Him: I must go meet up with your Father”

Me: I waited for that man for over a decade, one day without seeing him won't kill him ... “

I said pulling his head up close to me ... kissing him ... I love his soft, sweet kisses and I moan helplessly under him ... as he moves me backward, I fall into our big bed .. .and he kneels in front of me ... lifts my skirt and starts kissing my inner thighs ... but all I want is him in my mouth ... that's all I wanted ... but I was enjoying being taken care of!! He works his way up till he reach my lady parts, ooh yes he works her well ... teasing my clit with the tip of his tongue ...

OMG ... he reaches up with his fingers rubbing my special spot just inside and at the top of my lady ... as he creates pressure from the outside, meeting his fingers in the inside with his tongue ... expert manure, I must say ... and I wriggle under it all

... lifting my hips in the air feeling the rush as I orgasm in his face ... screaming, singing like a little bird ... a noise I am unable to recreate unless I am orgasming ... he slips his hard member into my wet pussy ... and I notice, that his pants is off, when did he undress ... he lays me on his Bed, I lean back arching my back upwards, as my ass stays firmly planted on the mattress ... my legs spread wide to welcome his expert tongue ... and he takes me, as only he ever has ... teasing me ... kissing me ... god ... where are the words that describe this pleasure ... my hips are riding up and down as he wiggles his tongue at a rapid speed against my clit ... finding his way into my wet lady with his fingers ... touching my G- spot ... I explode, lifting my ass off the bed, screaming moaning ... I play with my nipples, squeezing them tight as he's tasting her and working his fingers ... me cumming the whole time ... I don't want it to stop ... he reaches up, replacing my hands and pinches my nipples and I cum harder for him, grabbing the back of his head my hips grind against his mouth ... riding out the wave of orgasmic explosion and I scream and sing just for him ... he leaves me completely breathless as he moves away from me ... and I whimper, roll over onto my belly, as I watch him grab his pants and take out his phone

Me: uyaphi? “

Him: sending a message to Key ... he might as well leave ....  
Looks like I and my future wife will have a long night in this  
room “

I bite my lip in excitement as I took off my bodysuit and was completely naked, he walks back over, he gives me that sly smile that turns me on ... he slowly enters my womanhood ... slides right into the moist wetness he's created ... and at the same time he enters he pulls my knees to my chest ~ his favorite position I think, it would seem anyway, as he always takes me like this ... working it slowly at first and then faster and faster ... I'm cumming and calling his name so loud ... "yeah baby, ..." we work it like that for a while and then he falls into a sitting position as he pulls me up against his chest at the same time ... and we ride each other in the sitting position .... until I push him to the bed, and twist atop him turning into the reverse cowgirl position without ever leaving him ...

We melt together as one ... and I ride him ... up and down, up and down ... deep squats I lean forward massaging his feet as I grind up into him and do little circles ... pleasing him hard, slow ... but he stops me .... "wait, wait, wait" he says breathlessly ...



so I stop all movement so he can catch his breath ... I look back at him, as I tighten the walls of my lady part and squeeze his nipples so he can have a distraction, stopping him from cumming! ... When he catches his breathe, he says "ok" ... as he flips me to get on all fours for him, without losing his hard member ... he takes me from behind ... grabbing my ass with his strong hands as he works it in ... he kneels behind me, staying still to allow me to do all the work ... making me beg for it as I long for his mamber, searching for it, I back up into him taking his whole length and then slowly riding it back and forth ... going all the way to the tip and then slowly kissing his belly with my wetness as I meet the base of his shaft again ... all the while cumming and screaming and moaning at how good it feels ... how deep he feels as he fills me ...

We make love like this for a while before he pulls me down and we do me sideways ... and then he gets into the missionary position ... and continues to work his hard member in and out of my wet lady, as he kisses me, I grind my hips under him, meeting his every thrust with one of my own ... we move together perfectly as if it were meant to be ... looking at each other deeply into each other's eyes, we can feel and see the passion that ignites between us ... unspoken words, an unspoken understanding that needs no words, no explanation

.... as if we can read each other's mind ... he tells me he's going to cum ... I love when he tells me ... his member is so perfectly curved upward that the entire time he works me he rubs against my g-spot, making me cum over and over again ... like one long orgasm ...I'm sad to know he's done ... and we squeeze every last drop from his pulsating cock with each thrust ... he grunts as he releases, like an animal! I love it. I love him ... I say out aloud .....

... we collapse together on the bed ... and I pull myself close to him ... lying on my side, I snuggle in close to him ... right inside his strong arm, under his armpit ... my head resting on his chest, my top leg in between his ... and I doze off for a while, listening to his heartbeat.

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To Be continued

\*\*\*Punished The Children for The Sin Of The Parents \*\*\*

Rosetta

Yelling driven by anger is shaming, As a mother, I know why parents yell at their kids, and why they feel guilty about it, looking at my son having shocked expression on his face made me want to say

“it’s ok I’m not shouting at you but at what you did.”

but is it ok though? Only if he would just listen to me for once, but no he thinks he knows better in a way that makes him know all. But what about my opinions, how do I feel? What do I mean to him, am I just seen as just dirt or just another pebble he walks over? With him feel as if I’m in a cage that holds me trapped in a cell of anger, fear, sadness, and depression. I have the hardest time getting out of this cage, but I can only hope that my voice is loud enough to set me free.

“WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!?”

Words start vibrations in my brain, playing at different frequencies.

Each tone has its effect.

“ YOU DID. WHAT !!!!!!!!!!!!!, AFTER I TOLD YOU THAT I DON’T WANT YOU TO SEE THAT MAN, YOU DILABARATLY DISOBEYED ME ZUKO!!!!!!!!!!!!..... “

The bass blows through my anger and numbs my brain.

My body shakes at each word, spewing out of your mouth.

him: Rose .... Come down I can explain “

The tremble in his voice swims peacefully through my mind as he whispers sweet words to me.

My soul responds and relaxes my muscles. His facial expression alone tells me that he means every word,

Him: please I can explain ...” his voice like a soft lullaby floods my ears, soothing my rage I hold on to the kitchen counter suppressing my trembling hands

him: please drink this “I look up and notice that he is handing me a glass of water.

Me: kodwa Zuko why? “I say feeling defeated my voice filled with so much sadness.

Him: I’m sorry, but I ...”

I just raised my hands, not willing to listen.

Him: I need you to calm down please, let's talk ... I need you to  
Talk to me, not at me please Mother”

my deepest fear has come to life, how do I handle this talk  
when I'm clearly not ready for it,

“What's wrong? I had yelling ... “Nicky said walking into the  
kitchen I look at her and back at Zuko but just decide to walk  
away wiping my tears and making my way to my bedroom, I  
curl myself in my bed and think of the conversation that Zuko  
and his father had what exactly transpired? but whenever my  
mind takes me there I feel a sharpened dagger stabbed into  
my heart, Ripping in two, ripping apart, It took only a few  
words, but his words cut me deep,  
Stealing emotions, making me weak in the process, I cried my  
pillow wet and I don't even know when sleep came but I  
remember being woken up by shadow in my room, I pop my  
eyes open, that's what being in prison does to a person, you  
become a light sleeper you can even hear a feather drop in your  
sleep,

It Zuko, his closing the blinds and turning the lights on,

I seat up straight,

“I'm sorry, did I wake you? “

I just shook my head no, and move my hair from my face, I notice a tray of food on my side table, it looks good and smelled good too.

Him: I brought you supper”

Me: Thank you “

I said jumping off the bed and making my way to the bathroom, I wash my face and gently wipe my face, when I made my way back to my bedroom, I find Zuko seating on the side chair and playing with his hands

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our eyes locked and he starts biting his lip and gives me faint smile, while he runs his hand on his hair.

I sat in bed and looked at him. It felt like an hour as we sat there silently because we were kind of in the middle of an argument earlier or should I say I was yelling at him and honestly right now my anger had suddenly turned into silence. I didn't have the energy to yell or be angry at him, and I guess with him it's his pride to say I'm sorry that got him mute like this.

Me: so, I must eat first because whatever you have to say might kill me right? “

Him: no ...but it might shock you and since you are old and you once had a stroke I don't want to risk telling you anything on an empty stomach “

Me: who are you calling old Boy? “

He chuckled and I decided to take my food and eat,

Me: you cooked? “

Him: nah it was Nikiwe”

Me: you got a chance to talk to her”

Him: she is hurting and worst she blames the women she saved for turning her life upside down on the other hand Ginger blames her mother so it's just complicated “

Me: Enzo must be going mad having her mother and sister under one roof ...”

Him: don't leave out JB ... most probably given Enzo's mom a few smacks “

We both bust out and laughed thinking about how crazy that man is,

Me: mmmm Turning Tables”

Him: yeah but I just feel for Nicky, she does not deserve to be in this mess “

Me: “Will still want her back? “

Him: it's like an obsession more than love for him ... I don't know what's going on in that man's head “

Me: look my son Falling in love often catches you unexpectedly. One day you wake up and realize that you are in love with your best friend or neighbor. It can also be an on-the-spot thing, falling in love with a person at first sight. When romance hits you hard, there is just the two of you and the whole world is rosy and cheerful for you both. It is said you can fall in love with anyone, irrespective of age, caste, or color. So Falling in love with a long-lost relative is also a possibility.

him: you taking this way too lightly, you don't even sound like an African woman at this point “

I placed my empty plate on the side and wiped my mouth, I need to make a mental note to thank Nicky for the delicious food she prepared, damn it she can cook no wonder Will does not want to give up on their love as yet

Me: all I'm saying is that Falling in love with a family member that you don't meet until adulthood is not that uncommon. Nicky just needs to Look around on the internet, read people's stories, and see whether or not this is a situation



she wants. If it is, there's nothing morally wrong with it as long as she doesn't have biological children together."

Him: what? It's incest, forbidden, and biblically wrong, Halo are we forgetting that Will is her Uncle?

Me: half uncle ... Look Zuko over the centuries there have been many marriages between relatives with a few famous ones being that of Queen Victoria and Albert or Charles Darwin and Emma, come on you have watched Game of Thrones "

Him: Mother, please! We comparing Western culture now to African culture, this shit is bloody Taboo! Even to the whites "

Me: but you forgetting one thing Nikiwe and Will are married and this love they share It's known as genetic sexual attraction or GSA,

It happens when someone's "type" is from a similar gene pool... as opposed to liking people who are genetically different. So, it not easy to get over it."

Him: what about One generation of close inbreeding that may hugely affect the probability of birth defects? It's about .028% higher.... Mother I hear you, but this thing must stop "

Me: it's not your decision to make besides if they decide to both "be together "and have kids together, they might as well go for genetic counseling from an MD "

Him: Mother! Can you stop with this... just for curiosity how do you know so much about this? "

Him: cause Oyama was supposed to marry her half-sister, Ngozu little sister but he decided to kill her on their wedding night after deflowering her, he then fled the country snuggled up in our bed and pretended that nothing happened .... "

He slowly opened his mouth but quickly held it in shock, he wanted to stand up but he was too shaken to stand

Me: I was forced to accept her, she was after all traditional woman chosen for him since she was young, I tried to leave Oyama when I found out about this but he beat me up to a pulp and told me he rather sends me back to my mother in the coffin, so I educated myself regarding this culture tried to see the right in it not the wrong in it, I came to realize that Many culture practice cousin marriages to preserve family stability. Orthodox people of immense wealth will be pleased if their children are falling in love with long-lost relatives since the wealth will remain in the family. But nothing was pleasing to what Oyama did to that 18-year-old girl ... "

Him: what? “

Me: so, he did not tell you that part? I laughed shaking my head, “You know I’m not a god-fearing woman or Christian for that matter, but I know there is a saying in a bible that says” punished the children for the sin of the parents,” Exodus 20:5, so look at what happens to Nikiwe and tell me that this is not sin or curse from his father to daughter ... “

... “

He swallowed and looked down.

Me: so, I guess the cat is out of the back so tell me how was your visit to father?”

Him: it was short very short, he looked at me from head to toe and told me that it was your duty to hide me from his family, when I asked him why he said you need to tell me ...”

Me: what? “

Him: Apparently his lawyer gave your lawyer some documents which has everything I need to know, so mother I need the truth please!... “

Me: documents? ... ooh shit wait ...” my mind remembered that Kervin left some docs with me a week ago, I ran to the living room opened the cabinet and found the documents there,

Me: I have not read them yet “I said looking at Zuko but Zuko eyes were fixated on the file in my hand “ Nqeve minerals....”

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To be continued

\*\*\*\*Breakfast In Bed \*\*\*\*

Liyana

I slowly opened my eyes as I realized that its finally morning, but this morning Ntsika's eyes are not the first thing I woke to, today I get to see his sleepy face, I Opened my eyes wide and smiled, I began to think about this man next to me, who I have become to love, how he is spoiling me and making me feel so special! I watch him for a while Then I kiss him very lightly, and I get to Watch his lips turn to a smile.

“ What time is it? “he asks

I whisper in his ear and say “The hour hardly matters When you're lying warm and near “

His smile grows slightly wider, but still, his eyes are closed, he then swiftly turns me to a spooning position and plants a wet kiss on my neck, and he hid his head undermine

Try to cheat the break of the day.,

I smile to my self-thinking about the night before the beautiful dance me and Ntsika shared, passion and lustful moments that I wish never ended, I'm sex-feed and I can't seem to wipe the goofy smile that is on my face, I look into our big window and notice the rain falling gently, and an even bigger smile crosses my lips. I love rain. I love it more when the one I love is lying

next to me. So today I wish that we just snuggle and cuddle under the covers all day, forgetting the world is out there, and putting everything out of my mind but him.

I love how he spoons me from behind but I want to look into his handsome face, I try to move but he suffocates me under his arms, I realized that my slightest movement made my son wake up and suddenly I feel pressed I want to go to the toilet, yet I don't want to disturb him, I try to move his arm that is curled around me but he grunts and asks

“ mmmm, where are you going? “

Me: your son is pressing my brooder I need to pee as in now “

Urg there goes my mood spoiler,

He lazy chuckled as he unwrap his hand, I slide off the bed and made my way to the bathroom did my business after washing my hands I look at myself in the mirror and run my hands on my jawline where he was biting and sucking me, I feel a rush between my legs as I remember how he moaned louder in my ear, I bite my lip and shook my head as excitement takes me on a memory lane of last night events.

I decide to brush my teeth and rushed back to our bedroom hoping to get more of some good loving, but I froze looking at him sleep, our white linen rested so sexily on his lower body, his sleeping stomach flat on the bed, I praise the Lord for this moment to watch him sleep

I tiptoe making my way to the side of the bed, I take my phone and take a few pics of him, he looks like the most enchanting creature in this room, am I the luckiest girl in the world, or what? I ponder how I adore him, and how he makes me feel, I softly weep without a sound

Overflowing with Love for him I Watch Him Sleep I want to go to him to hold him, to be in his arms, To feel his body close, To feel his heart beating, to smell his essence, But I refrain For he is resting, and I would wake him if I join him in our bed. And to wake such a magnificence creature from such a heavenly state, this Would surely be a sin, a travesty, A selfish act for which there would be no forgiveness So I resist, and I drift away.

I decide that I rather wake him up with breakfast in bed so I take a quick shower and jump into his t-shirt only, drag some slops, and make my way to the kitchen, I smile as I find the kitchen empty, I love the level of authority that Ntsika displays to his stuff, whenever Ntsika tells Key to retire for the day or night, Key makes sure that only the bodyguards are on

duty, so every house staff on duty are ordered to take a day off till further notice,

So here I am in this big kitchen humming and making English breakfast with a twist, I know this will frustrate him that I cooked but I'm not just a pretty face I know my way around the kitchen,

I prep everything in a try and make my way to our bedroom, Walking into the bedroom. Seeing him standing at the sliding door, wearing nothing but black silk boxers. I smile again, placed the Tray on the side table, and walk over to him, putting my arms around him from behind and rubbing my warm body against his. I kiss his neck and move my hands down to the waist of his boxers. I begin to rub his member through the softness and coolness of the silk boxers.

My hands slowly move all around, feeling them start to twitch and grow, as he looks back over his shoulder and smiles. I gaze into his eyes passionately and move my hand inside his boxers, feeling his cock twitching more. Taking it in my hand and begin to stroke it up and down

as I grind my body against his back. I feel my hard nipples against his back, swaying from side to side. They are so hard



and sensitive, that I moan out loud. Biting his neck, I give little gentle kisses and nibbles on his neck and ear.

I whisper in his ear, "I made you breakfast, and it was supposed to be breakfast in bed "

Him: sorry to spoil the surprise, I can still go back to bed and pretend to be asleep "he says as he looks over his shoulder at me and I notice that his whimpering. Almost moaning as he says, " Oh God, yes Baby ... let's go back to bed " I smile as I feel the throbbing beneath my hand.

He then turns around to face me. Our eyes meet and then our mouths. My tongue parts his lips and our tongues explore each other's mouths. I take my hand out of his boxers and wrap it around his neck, looking into his eyes and giving him a long, deep, passionate kiss. I then break away, and I start kissing his neck.

Him: mmmm I'm sorry. "

Me: mmm"

Him: I'm sorry for being away for too long and not fulfilling your needs sexually ...I hope I did not plant any doubtful thought in your head ... "

I stopped kissing him and looked at him biting my lip.

Me: not at all "

Him: Baby you got to understand that I'm one of the few men on earth that can stay months or even years without sex not that I don't get horny but more of the fact that I do not make it much of a priority to me, but you my lady your sex drive is different now especially since you are pregnant, so when I get too busy and forget to perform my duties in the bedroom please don't ever be too shy to remind me... ”

I smiled at him, it's like he read my mind that today all I want to do is be a bad bitch for him,

Him: do we have a deal? “

Me: yes, we do now kiss me please ... “he laughs, and our tongue started doing the dance, I then begin to kiss lower down his chest, stopping to kiss and suck his nipples. He moans louder, making me even more excited. I slowly start to kneel, leaving a trail of wetness over his skin from the kisses and my tongue. I taste the sweetness of him, kneeling all the way down, pulling his boxers down and over his feet, and throwing them aside. Kissing his inner thighs, as my hands reach and cup his ass to pull him closer to me. I never thought I will ever do this to any man but this is my King the father of my baby and making love to him in any form excites me, as my tongue licks up and down each thigh, I move my mouth now back to his hard member, my tongue reaches out and licks the head.

Looking up into his eyes, smiling a sultry smile, "fuck you driving me crazy ... " he says and My mouth opens and takes his cock inside, all at once. I devour it, swallowing all of it. When it reaches the back of my throat, I stop and savor it for a moment. My hand squeezes his balls hard, tugging on them. He grabs my hair as I move.

"WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING INSIDE THERE STOP IT NOW! ... CAUSE IM COMING IN ... WE NEED TO TALK "

I froze looking at Ntsika I spit out his dick from my mouth and ask him "Is that Mlondi? "

Him: Fuck! .... "

In a split second, I was on my feet and Ntsika pooled me by my arm as we both ran to the bathroom

Me: he would not dare!"

Him: trust me he would ... "

Me: what? ... this is our bedroom!"

Ntsika: to him time is money and waiting for us to make love before we can talk to him is just not how he works... "

Me: what? "

I look at him putting on a robe and he throws mine at me which I yank off, I open the bathroom door and found Mlondi taking the plate of food I prepared for Nstika

Me: what the fuck is wrong with you? “

He looks at me up and down and shakes his head, fuck I forgot that I'm still wearing Nstika T-shirt

Him: I'm glad I got your attention, put on some clothes please and we need to talk ... where is speedy wheels? “

Me: speedy who? “

“FUCK YOU MLONDI, THIS SHIT NEEDS TO STOP! Would it have killed you to wait for us in the living room? “ Nstika said behind me,

Mlondi: Wait while you do what? Do you know how long have had some? “

Me: so that gives you the right to budge into our bedroom “

Mlondi: I did say I have pressing news that I had to deliver to you too “

Me: you could have called, texted or I don't know waited ...”

Mlondi: aish again there is this waiting thing you keep telling me, look guys you have a lifetime to have sex, but this time is mine ...”

Nstika: what the fuck? ...”

Mlondi: ok call me all names, call me spiteful cause I can't lay my head on my women's bosom in such a weather for that matter, so vuka nja the lab result are out ... “

Ntsika: what? athini? “

Him: just as you suspected ... “

Nstika: shit back to square one....”

Mlondi: not entirely Mangalisa was able to talk to him ... he knows the truth but can only tell Liyana... so let's move ... we running out of time Bhuti, Liyana is already showing now... “

Me: what's going on? What result are you talking about ? “

I look at them going back and forth I'm clueless as to what's going on, they are speaking in a language I can hear and understands but it seems as if they are speaking in codes ...”

Ntsika: give us a minute will be right out “

Mlondi: sure Bhuti, aish Liya I'm sorry for the intrusion “

I pop my eyes open ooh now he gets to say sorry worst part his busy eating the food I prepared for my man,

Me: get out of my Bedroom Mlondi and stay out, please! “

Mlondi: yes, my Queen ... “

I clicked my tongue and turn around to look at Ntsika but I found him looking into space

Me: what’s wrong baby? ... what’s going on? “

Him: Please sit down ... I need to tell you something “

I want to say no, but my body was telling me to just obey and sit so I set on the bed, and he set next to me

Him: Remember when Makhosi Mhlongo said we need to find your father for this union to happen “

Me: I was there with you yes, of cause I remember ...”

Him: Makhosi did not pick up any connection with your ancestors when he was calling Ziqubu surname, that is why he said that your mother kept a huge secrete from you...”

Me: Ntsika what are you trying to say? “

Him: my father chose you for me ...my father was a traditional man, no way will he choose a random girl for me “

Me: Ntsika!”

Him: so I did a lot of digging, ...why would Ziqubu leave you with a trust fund and not leave any for Mangalisa? “

I stood up and looked at him.

Him: I traced the money and found out that it was a lump sum amount paid into a locked account waiting for you to come of age and only you can have access, Ziqubu was a working-class man he saved on a monthly bases, no way could he have so much cash to just fix... so if it was not him then who? “

Me: Nstika Stop it ...”

Him: and the icing on the cake was your mother, why did she hate you so much? Did all those things to you unless you were not her ....”

“NSTIKA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” I screamed.

Him: I’m sorry my love but I had to be sure, I had to be sure that Ziqubu does not claim what does not belong to him ... so I did a DNA test “

Me: ooh my GOD !” I screamed as tears gushed down my eyes, I felt Nstika's arms around me,

Him: his, not your father my love ... “ I heard his voice from afar as I felt my body drifting away

Him: Liyana ... baby ... baby !!!!!!! don’t do this to me .... Fuck wake up my love “

And like that, I was out as I sank into darkness

To Be continued

\*\*\*The Dream \*\*\*

## **Liyana**

“Liyana vuka ... “ I felt hands shake me and whisper softly that I wake up, I slowly open my eyes and realize that I’m in unfamiliar surroundings, my eyes then get trapped in this gaze in front of me, eyes so beautiful, eyes that are much splendid, Most pretty and lovely

I notice a glimpse of magic in them as I blink I feel them slowly capture my soul, it is how they make me feel that is most surprising to me, A fountain of pure joy is what I feel now, it's pouring into my heart When my eyes gaze into her shiny eyes, lord this feel so unreal, I feel great euphoria like I’m trapped in a World of ecstasy and dreams, wait I am dreaming this is not real ...?

“Molo sana lwami “

She speaks with a husky voice, her voice excites me, It resonates, While other may just hear voices communicating words of greeting or information, to me her voice transport unbelievable energy that nurtures. I warm myself at its sound,



A voice so soft and quiet lord am I glad for the peace it brings. With the sound of her voice, she touches my soul. The unspeakable is head and felt and I am glad for her touch.

Me: Molo, makazi? "I find myself responding to her

She smiled and placed her hand on my face, "It's been so long since I wanted to reach out to you, but your mind has been too clouded to allow me in, "

Me: Andiqondi? "I frown as I keep speaking a language that I'm not familiar with is this Xhosa that I'm speaking so fluently, why is this happening?

Her: it's time to go home, it's time for you to reunite the two royal families together, your union will bring fruitful life to both kingdoms, so wake up my child your journey starts now "

Me: you speaking in riddles I don't understand, please make me understand Makhazi? "

Her: I'm Liyana Ramabela, I'm you and you are me ... look at yourself in the mirror and you will see my reflection ... "

I frown not sure what she was saying, I find myself kneeling by the river bank of a clear stream I look at my reflection in this water and I pop my eyes wide open as I see a Xhosa woman...no wait this reflection looks like me, she is wearing red Xhosa Traditional Umbhaco Dress and Doek, she has face

art on her face, she smiles and speaks through the reflection and also through me

Her: you see what I mean? “

Me: you look so much like me ... “I say as I run my hand on my face confusion was an understatement compared to what I feel now.

Her: ooh mntanani awusemhle ... wake up and honor us ... we are waiting for your union to happen “

I felt her kiss on my lip and just like that I shoot my eyes open and I realize that I'm in my bedroom, it was just a dream.

I sat up straight confused as hell, I made my way to the bathroom I looked at myself in the mirror and all I could see is the woman in my dream, my stomach rumbles, and I must be hungry, and decide to step into the closet put on some decent clothes and just when I was about to step out I remember that I need to wear a doek, I look for one but can't find any so I decided to take a huge long white scarf, this will do I walk out of my bedroom wrapping the scarf around my head,

“ OOH, so I'm the one to blame? ... Mangalisa Liyana has been leaving a lie her entire life and just because I told her the truth about her identity so I'm the one to blame ...hhayi ungazinginyela wena “ I froze as I overheard Ntsika voice speak with so much rage on the other room

“it was not your place or should I say n rot the right time! ... she is pregnant and you busy stressing her with this identity bullshit ... weddings and lord what other crap is waiting for her in this place ... lord knows my sister was better off without you!

“Mangalisa shoot back.

Nstika: says a man who was never there for her!!! ... “

Mangalisa: guess what I’m here now and I’m taking my sister home ... far away from this Frick show you want to call a relationship “

Ntsika: what did you say !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“Wow, guys ... please can you both come down, No one is taking Liya anywhere, and wena Mr. Paramedic don’t you know that Feeling dizzy or fainting is very common during pregnancy. It generally doesn't mean something is wrong. Look this thing It’s most common during the first trimester, but it can happen anytime during pregnancy. Dizziness and fainting (syncope) are often caused by a drop in blood pressure. . . so both of you right now are going to make liyana's blood sugar level drop with this bickering, sit down, and let’s figure out how we can handle this situation! “

I heard Nstika click his tongue, I walked into the room finding Mangalisa rolling up his sleeves, Mlondi was sitting on the

kitchen counter eating cereals good lord does his mouth ever rest, this guy is forever eating.

“Liyana ... are you ok “Ntsika said walking towards me, he frowned every time he took steps towards me.

Me: what’s wrong? “

I said looking at his leg,

Him: nothing, I just strained my spine ... but it’s nothing I will take pain killer later... “

“Or you can take it easy with all the bedroom activities that you have been doing, “Mlondi said mumbling,

Mangalisa: dude I’m still very much in the room how dare you speak like that ...”

Ntsika: so, you think she is carrying baby Jesus? holly spirit made her pregnant? “ Ntsika said holding me but at this point, I just wanted to hide my face, cause the Bhengu brothers are laughing so loud finding the statement so amusing that I can’t even dare look at Mangalisa's facial expression at this point time,

“Awww sukamadoda Ngcolosi!

Wena wakwaDlabazane,KaNgwane,

KaNephu kaLamula,

Nyawo zigezwa ngamazolo,

Nina enivuka nixubhe ngelala,  
Shongololo !!! thatha bafo!!! “

Mlondi praised Ntsika, while Ntsika just dusted off invisible dust from his shoulder.

“Stop it,” I said nudging him to stop embarrassing me.

Mangalisa: fuck you two niyezwa ... do you have beer in this royal shack “he said making his way to the kitchen while the two brothers continued to laugh out loud,

Key walked into the room with a food parcel and the joy on my face was enough to make Ntsika kiss my lips.

Him: I knew you will wake up hungry ... so I got you brae meat and pap,

Me: ncoo thank you ... “I said kissing him back.

Mangalisa: so how are we going to deal with that man we brought here? “

“Technically that man is your father you deal with him, “he said jumping off the counter.

Mangalisa: hhayi fuck off wena “

I laughed and made my way to the couch, I looked up and noticed that Ntsika was instructing Key to dish up the food he came with

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now I wonder how much Ntsika pays him since today he is doing duties that are not even part of his contract.

Mangalisa: I tried talking to him and I'm sorry to say that many of my questions were ignored and not answered, he kept on saying it was not our fault that he left ..." Mangalisa said to me as he set opposite me.

Me: and when you told him the reason, why we brought him here what was his answer? "

Him: That he wishes to speak with you first, he just bluntly refused to talk to me or with the Bhengu's regarding the lebolo negotiations ... but he did not hide how happy he was for you"

I looked down not sure what to say.

Mlondi: one thing I picked up about him is that he is an honorable man I think he wanted you to hear the truth from him, about him not being your biological father, no way will he have taken your lobola money without you knowing the whole truth"

Him: Ntsika told me about the DNA test .... How are you feeling? “I shrank my shoulders, my mother made sure that I feel like I don’t belong so to find out that I’m not Ziqubu biological daughter aren’t no surprise to me, I have been an outsider in my family ever since I was born, to a point that I had to convince my self that Some of us aren't meant to belong anyway, Some of us have to turn the world, turn the table upside down and shake the hell out of it until we make our own place in it.

Him: it was wrong of Ntsika to do this test without your knowledge and worst to tell you the way he did ....”

Me: I know ... but I’m glad he did at least know the truth now”

Him: you got to be kidding me, are you condoning this? ... He took your DNA to some lab without your consent Liyana! “

Me: Mangalisa, Ntsika never does things conventionally I know the man I’m about to marry so what he did does not surprise me, but it is more of a relief that he did “

Him: wow so this is your new normal ... being with a man that has no manner of approach, that does not consider your feeling, do things behind your back? “

“mmm preach the gospel brother ... Preach !!!” Mloni said with his mouth full, stuffing his face again, when I moved my

eyes from him I was met by Ntsika's eyes, which looked at my brother with so much hate, I swallowed and looked at Mangalisa, I desperately want to tell him to zip it but no he is going on and on . . . ,

Mangalisa: . . . what I'm trying to say is that blood or not you will always be my little sister ...the DNA result won't change my love for you “

Mlondi: ncooooo you almost sound convincing yazi “

Mangalisa: I swear to God say one more word out of that mouth .... “

Ntsika: uzowenzani if he doesn't? listen here stop it with your useless threats and insult kuka Bhengu la sokunyisa thina, go take your food and zip that asshole you call a mouth“

Ntsika said handing me my plate, I looked at Mangalisa thinking he will respond and lord help me I was in no mood to stop a fist fight but to my surprise, he did not, he just looked at me shook his head, and stood up making his way to the kitchen,

Me: Ntsika that was ...impolite of you “I whispered to Ntsika

Him: Why are you so surprised “

Me: because he is my brother Ntsika! “ I said through my teeth

Him: well, his not my mine ... and babe you should know that I hate dogs that buck with not teeth ... “



Me: Ntsika!”

Him: I tolerate him because he is your brother but that doesn't make me like him, please ... now eat up so we can finish this story with Ziqubu “

He kisses my cheek and walk down the passage with his phone in his hand, I swallowed feeling a tad sheepish at how he acted towards my brother, now I know that Ntsika is ruthless, he speaks without pity or compassion, and he has displayed merciless act to many people including my mother he is just a ruthless tyrant that does not give a shit about others people outside his circle, I know he had a tough upbringing which may be a huge impact to his attitude but with a baby on the way, I fear that this kind of behavior will rub on to my son, I hope when I talk to him about this he will at least have an open mind to try and change.

As I'm eating my mind takes me to a dream I had, a woman who called herself my aunt, so beautiful so Polish, so elegant, and worst so like me, was this dream the piece of my puzzle that was missing or was it my mind playing games on me, or was I having a subconscious dream?

I finished eating and took my plate to the kitchen, o sigh in frustration to the state I found the kitchen in, so I did what any women will do clean after lazy man,

“Fuck! She is going to shoot me again “Mlondi says walking in the kitchen and walking pass me

Me: what? who? ... Mlondi!”

Him: I had no cellphone service for two days since I was in those slums where we picked up Baba Ziqubo from, but does she believe me no!, she, thinks I switched off my phone on purpose, how many times must I say I’m sorry, damn it ... I don’t even know why I’m apologizing, but she is shouting and making my head spin ... damn it!”

Me: who? “

Mlondi: where the fuck are my car keys, I need to fix things with intungwa lami, yazi I'm busy fixing your house while mine is falling apart! ... fuck this shit”

I laughed shaking my head, my smile turns into a frown as I look up and I was met by Ntsika walking in, looking hot in his brown chinos and white shirt,

Me: uyaphi?

“Babe I’m sorry, I got to go to a quick meeting, I promise the minute I return will have a sit down with Ziqubu, all I want you to do now is eat and rest and don’t stress I will be right back I promise “

Me: What meeting, I thought you cleared your diary for a few days “

Him: yes I did, this meeting is not scheduled, this royal family just came unannounced to the royal kraal they say they have something urgent to discuss with me, and with Mom still in Ngonyameni I’m supposed to handle this type of meeting, “.

Me: but Ntsika... its important that we do this too, Mlondi is also royalty why can’t he handle it “

Mlondi: ooh fuck no! ...found my keys peace out fam!” he says running out slamming the front door in the process.

Him: Babe my uncles are fighting me tooth a nail, they want to throw me off my seat just because I chose to marry you instead of some princess that was arranged for me to wed, I have scheduled this meeting with this royal house for a month and they have been sidelining me, so this is really important my love, I’m Turning The Tables of the Bhengu Royalty history so I must ally with Ramabela ... “

I pop my eyes open “who? “I said holding my chest as shock rushed all over my body.

Him: damn it Liya don’t do this to me again ... baby can you please breathe... “

I took a few deep breaths while looking at him “You said you meeting who? “

Him: Mzokhulayo Ramabela... “

Ooh my God “the ... the dream I had ... uuummmm I’m coming with you “

Him: What? ... what dream? “

“LET’S GO BHENGU!” I said pulling him by his arm.

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To be continued

### \*\*\* The Gallerist \*\*\*

🌹 Rossett 🌹

I open my eyes and I find Zuko Sleeping next to me, Last night we went over the documents that Kevin sent to me, and realizing what was inside left us with more questions than we already had, we went over them over and over trying to figure out what sick game Oyama is playing with our lives. but we ended up not coming up with anything that solid, instead we had more questions.

I look at Zuko and wonder why was I supposed to protect him. Why is it noted on Oyama's will that he had no kids? Why Oyama never loved my son that even in his will his not note, I look at Zuko sleeping next to me and smile. . . I remember this day, 26 years ago, on Mother's Day, Oyama and I climbed on an airplane and flew halfway around the world to come back to South Africa so I can give birth to my son in my country. In our house we had everything prepared for his arrival, The nursery had a crib, toys, and baby clothes. On the plane, a midwife was on standby, and medical supplies, a diaper bag, a stroller, and baby food, just in case I gave birth on the plane, In our hearts

we had dreams, hopes, and excitement for the baby who would make us a family, or should I say I had those dreams. Cause Oyama woke up sooner than expected.

I wish I did not leave Zuko to be raised by my mother, but I had to protect this beautiful creation, I am grateful for the angels who came into our lives to help us with the rescued. They pointed me in the right direction with hope and light during my darkest days. They educated and guided both of us when we were off course. They stood by us and never left our sides through the toughest times of our lives. Thank goodness for my mother, the doctors, therapist, neighbors, friends, mentors, trainers, coaches, teachers, and principals who cared so much for my son.

I can laugh about some of the things we have been through these past months. The shouting, name-calling, insult, neglect and let's not forget the rage He did not shy away to express towards me, I am still amazed that he went days locked himself in his bedroom so I couldn't get in cause somehow I disgusted. He refused to eat food made by me not forgetting how he wished I never returned to his life.

I looked at his arm covered In tattoos and I swallowed that, My mother once said that Zuko's therapist picked up that he has Cognitive dissonance one of the main reason he got all of these

tattoos was a way to resolve conflicting memory or emotions. They say he had a strong emotional attachment to me, and in his head, I was a dead woman so for him to get so many tattoos was a way to cope with this grief.

It is funny now because we have come so far, and we have fought so hard to be where we are. My son is now older, wiser, and more mature. I have come to realize that he's bright and funny. He's just a wonderful young man. I am so proud of him.

I am also thankful to him for helping me grow in so many ways. I am more patient, understanding, empathetic, and compassionate because of him. I am not as quick to judge others, I've worked hard to be the best mother I can be for him, and I know this is just a tip on the ice bag I have a long way to go to reach where I want to be but for now I love the stability we are creating. The bonus is that Zuko has made me a better person.

His phone vibrates on the side table and then it starts playing this loud ringtone

, ~~~Worst behavior, mothafuckas never loved us  
Fucka never loved us, worst behavior.

Hold up

Advertisement

hold my phone  
Mothafuckas never loved us  
Fucka never loved us  
Now you want to roll one  
Mothafucka never loved us~~~~

Me: pick that damn thing up! “I said nudging him. He grunt in annoyance and roll over picking up his phone, he looked at the screen and cursed.

“Shit!”

Me: what?

Him: it’s my boss, damn it I’m in trouble ... fuck!”

Me: Hhayi man Zuko it’s too early for this swearing ... “I said jumping off the bed and looking for my cigarettes I need to smoke.

Zuko: sure Mlondi ....” He said answering his phone, I smiled as I found my cigarettes now where is the lighter

Zuko: what !!!!!!!!, I mean how did you know I’m in Durban worst part where I am? “

I stopped looking for the lighter and my eyes get fixed on Zuko.

Zuko: Mlondi! .... how do you bloody know my mother, what the fuck is this? “



Zuko was on his feet looking at me as I was also looking at him too,

“My boss wants to talk to you, “Zuko said to me

Me: me? “

I was astonished and so was he, but he handed the phone to me instead, I took it and answered it.

Me: who the fuck are you? “

“A friend of Samukelo is a friend of mine, we need to talk Ma Rose, let's meet at the Velvet in an hour, “a voice on the receiver said, I pop my eyes open and nodded as if he could see me,

Me: I can't leave the house, my house in an hour call first so I will give you clearance ”

Him: Sure, boss lady ... “

I dropped the call and looked at Zuko,

Him: how do you know my boss? “

Me: Boss? explain that first and I will tell you my reasons “

Him: His Mlondi Bhengu, The famous, not to mention the richest Gallerist in Africa, he saw my work and decided to invest in me, got me a studio, and had been helping me build my

career up, not only me but a lot of struggling artist... your turn...  
“

Me: Are you sure he is Gallerist? “

Him: Google Mlondi Bhengu you will see just what I mean, his trending in the art world ... as much as he hates taking pics and hardly shows his face to anything that has media but he is the most respected art Dealer in the globe, he puts his money where his taste is, create his aesthetic universe, support artists, employ people, and do all of this while letting us see art for free. To me, that man is a visionary.”

Me: you look up to him?”

Him: of cause is the son of King Bhengu, Brother of the Beautiful Quen Sbahle Mnguni ... “

Me: and he Leaves in Grahamstown right here in the Eastern Cape”

Me: yes and in Durban, Richers Bay, Cape Town, Ngonyameni, Paris, America ... London, Nigeria, and Botswana .... Did you hear when I say the man is Gallerist, he leaves where ever art is ... can you stop with this Question and tell me how do you know him? “

Now how do I tell my son that the man he looks up to so much is not what he thinks he is,

Me: Business associate ... “

Him: Rose stop lying to me and tell me the truth! “

I breathe loud and told him about Samkelo and how he had a silent partner, I manipulated the truth as best I can leave out all the criminal activities I did in my bar with Sam, so I told him a few white lies that will be enough to give me the mother of the year award, I guess.

Him: Samkelo is a security tech guy how do he and Mlondi Mix? And the worst part is how do you and I fit in in this equation “

Me: I don't know Zuko “

Him: unless you lying to me ...”

Me: Zuko I swear I'm not ... Look Sam told me that his partner wanted the sea peer behind my bar for shipments of his goods, and he did not want it to be known that he owns it so that's how we became associates I guess he was using it to ship art, look baby that all I know about Mlondi that's all “

Him: So, you think he knows about me because of Samukelo, that I am your son? ... But Rose I have been working for him way before you were released how is this a coincidence? do you think he works with Oyama ... “

I bite my lip thinking, I'm sure why are the puzzle pieces not fitting in this masterpiece.

Me: I don't know, but there is only one way to find out, and that is if we talk to him “

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To be continued

### \*\*\* The Slick Look \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

While other people look at white clothing as a recipe for disaster, funny I think it's exactly the opposite. White can save our outfit dilemma and make us look effortlessly chic, dignified, and good to go. I've always loved how white clothes make me feel. There's something dreamy about its clean crispness and well-behaved nature.

I look at myself one more time in the mirror I'm wearing white jeans and long sleeve white shirt I had to put a little glam on it so I decided to wear my gold chain, bracelets, and watch, I step out of my room making my way to Nikiwe room,

I knocked once and opened the door it's my house after, why must I ask to be welcomed in? besides Nikiwe is a woman like me, but to my surprise, I was met by Will and Nikiwe making out on the bed, they both jump the minute I walk in, lord I'm too old for this, what do I say, how do I react, did Will sleep here, what's going on?

Nicky: Rose I'm ... so sorry ... I can explain... “

Me: I need you to do my hair please wash your hands first lord knows I don't know where they have been ... I will be waiting in my room “

Will: Morning Rose “

Me: mmmm Smith “

I said walking out and closing the door behind me, what the fuck is happening in my house!

I stepped out breath out loud and made my way to my bedroom I wanted to smoke so badly but Nikiwe walked in, she is the prettiest girl I have seen looks like Ginger but still has many futures that say I'm Oyama Daughter, she shows me her hands like a little girl

“All cleaned up” I smile who can get mad at such a pretty face?

Her: so what do you wish to do today? “

Me: the usual hairstyle please “I say taking a sit in my chair facing the vanity mirror

Her: slick back ponytail coming right up “

She takes a brush and starts working on my hair, she keeps glancing at me in the mirror checking if I'm still mad at what I walked on to.

Me: speak “

I say to her.

Her: The Smith and Sibiya want to meet formally and talk about Ginger being Mr. Smith's daughter and also my marriage to Will “

Me: The last time that happened Masibiya, Ginger's Mother blamed Ginger for everything ... What difference will it make now? Clearly in that women’s eyes, you and Ginger don’t exist ...”

Her: more like Ginger and I are a curse, she did not even acknowledge that I am her granddaughter when she saw me at the hospital so much for seeking my identity”

Me: I’m sorry baby “

Her: why do I feel like I’m the course of all of this?

Me: stop blaming yourself for things that are beyond your control “

She sighs and applied moisturizer on my hair.

Me: So as much as Will Father Mr. Smith is reaching out to Ginger ... Tell me, has Ginger tried any attempts in talking to you? “

She looked at me and shook her head.

Her: To her, I’m just a teenage mistake that she wishes to forget about, and by me resurfacing I just made her realize that she should have aborted me when I was still a fetus “

Me: Nikiwe please don't say that “

Her: I saved her life Rose ... and this is the thanks I get? Why does Table Turn the wrong way when it comes to me? “

I breathe out loud and look at her through the Mirror.

Her: but the good thing is that I will never see her again, God I regret giving her life I should have just let her die”

Me: don't say that ...”

Her: well, she is gone anyway... so much for seeking mother love “

Me: what? What do you mean she is gone “

Her: I called Enzo to check up on Ginger on how she is doing after the surgery, but he told me she left his house a few days ago, her reasons were that she cannot stand her mother's insult “

Me: wow “

Her: I wish she can just tell me why she hates me so much!”

Me: I hear you Nicky, but what would you have done if you were her, if you woke up in comer and found out that the child you abandoned saved your life, your biological mother who has shown in many ways how much she was a preferential kind of parent, she loved her son “ Golden child “ more then you “



scapegoat “ has been keeping a secret of your identity your entire life, you wake up to the harsh truth that your biological father is a well to do businessman, not only that, your new-found identity has brought shame to your daughter's life, the very same daughter who saved your life... so what would you have done? stick around to fix things, and if you did what would you fix? “

She opened her mouth to say something, but I cut her off.

Me: created a bond between you two, create a mother and daughter relationship? Wow that will be so great but what will happen between you and Will “

She let go of my hair and stood back holding her mouth.

Me: I hear you talk about Ginger this Ginger that ... what about your husband? “

She kept quiet not sure how to respond to that.

Me: Nikiwe don't get me wrong I agree with you in some part, and I think this whole mess would have been avoided if only Ginger looked for you, I mean she knew for all these years where you were, where she left you, yes she had you when she was just a teenager but she grew up, she had money a good life but not even once has she attempted to check up on you ... is that the kind of a mother you willingly chose, to give up on that man in the other room, the man who is willing to be disowned

to be with you, the man who does not see you as his blood relative but as his wife ...”

Her: but he is ...”

Me: that did not look like you saw him as your uncle when I caught you on top of him just a few minutes ago “

She swallowed and looked down.

Me: look Nikiwe I love you as a daughter, and I will tell you the truth, you see this whole family rampage you in

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identity seeking mission you are in, is not going to get you anywhere, Your biological father is a drug lord who does not give a shit if you alive or dead, and your Mother well she has slapped you with a true identification of who she really is ... to be honest with you the only true family you have is with Will”

Her: how when his family is screaming abomination, divorce ...!”

Me: that's not up to them to make that decision but that lies between you and Will and all I have seen is two people who love each other, look Nikiwe you need to educate yourself more about incest relationships, cause believe me when I say incest is still prohibited practice yet also permissible throughout the world, if you love Will you will fight your family and society

by giving them fact not the new-found truth of your Identity, you have been sleeping with Man for years you can't possibly turn off feelings for him now can you? “

She looked at me.

Me: Family is not always blood Nicky, you were raised by the Kubheka family, and thereafter married to the Dlamini family when you were very young so I hear, you did not have a smooth sailing life and when you Married Will you found your purpose in life, you were happy in loved and belonged, don't throw that away for the Sibiya family or the Oyama family yes by blood there are your family but Blood means a connection from your birth. But loyalty makes you family. Family isn't always blood, it's the people in your life who want you in theirs, the ones who accept you for who you are, the ones who would do anything to see you smile and who love you no matter what. . .”

I stood up and hugged her, “There are two things God does with tables – He turns them, and he prepares them trust in the process ... and follow your heart.”

“Touching words mother but I just don't. like when you said that Oyama family is not her family in your statement, I mean we are the Oyama's and we love her”

Zuko said, Waking in the room.

Me: well not every Oyama family “I said smiling at her

Him: now that is more like it ... “

Me and Nikiwe laughed. She kissed my cheek and made me Sit down fixing my hair,

Zuko: Nikiwe I have to agree with Mom when she said you need to stop chasing pavement, I too learned the hard way disobeyed my mother and went to visit Oyama behind her back seeking answers, you know when I told my father that im his son he just laughed and said ... don't get it twisted you are Rosetta son I created you by mistake cause I could not resist the warmth of your mother body “

Me: what? ... Zuko NO!... too much information “

Nikiwe: wait you spoke to him? SAW HIM! “

she asked, turning to look at him.

Zuko: Yah and fuck do I regret it, that man does not give a shit about anybody, me.... you... his family... I mean NOBODY! You know when I told him about you, he said he was surprised that you are alive, Kubheka was supposed to traffic you to the highest bidder “

Nikiwe: wow ... “she said looking down feeling sad.

Me: and boy and girl I now present to you your father ...” I looked at my hair, it looked so slick, this girl really knows how to work her hands.

Zuko: you are forgetting that I have a sperm donor, not a father, mother!”

We all bust out and laughed.

“It looks like our appointment has arrived “

Zuko said to me while looking at his phone, I nodded and looked at Nikiwe,

Me: has the poor man eaten? “

Nikiwe: no... “

Me: there is a quiet cafe just a few miles from this complex, take him there and talk, less touching and more talking, please “

Her: yes mam”

She smiled at me kissed my cheek and ran out,

Zuko: what man? “

Me: why do you have to know everything? ... come let’s go “

Him: it was just a question!”

Me: mmmm I bet it was “

Him: and why did you have to dress up for my boss “

Me: I have been in sweatpants and t-shirts for the whole week

Zuko ... it was just rubbing me the wrong way “

Him: I preferred the dirty look then this look of Zuko's sexy mom, these pants are just too tight for a woman your age”

I stopped and looked at him.

Me: ngizokushaya uyezwa !” he chuckled and we made our way downstairs

“ I hate waiting, “ A voice said in my living room, I looked up and was met by a tall guy wearing a Cap, jeans, and long sleeve sweater that was rolled up on his arms enough for me to see his Breitling Navitimer watch, his wrist bands, and a whole lot of tattoo that covered his arms, his cologne engulfed my entire sitting room, his white converse sneakers screamed that I may have money but I like the classic it and ( hey) if it isn’t broken – don’t fix it kind of an attitude. I side smile ok I’m dealing with I-Pansula today, a street-smart guy a loxtion guy my kind of guy.

Me: I was expecting you 15 minutes ago you are the one that is late cause it is past our scheduled time “

He laughed.

Me: I’m Rose “I said offering him my hand

Him: Mlondi “

We shook hands.

Him: what up Zuko “

Zuko: can't complain ..."

Him: you should since we are way behind with work and I never got any extension on your leave application "

Zuko: I can explain ..."

Mlondi: uurg relax I'm not here for that I'm here to talk to your mother about the Documents she got from Kevin "

I froze looking at him, how on earth does he know about those?

Him: please seat down, cause I'm going to be very brief since I don't want Ngeve or Baba Sandile to find me here ... "

Zuko: wait what..."

He did not say a word to Zuko but just gave him a mean glance, a look so intimidating that Zuko swallowed and decided to sit down.

Me: talk I'm listening "I said seating down and folding my legs ...looking at him

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To be continued

\*\*\*Umakazi \*\*\*

🌹 LIYANA 🌹

The drive to the Bhengui Kraal was short since Nsika practically leaves just up the mountain, near but far from his home, we drove into the Bhengu Complex nothing unusual it was just your modern gated community only the Bhengu people reside in it they call it the Bhengu Kraal, houses are painted the same but different in style and size, we drove pass his mother's house and down the road there was big rendovell house or it a hall it was very big, it looked so artistic like something you will find in a museum it look like the original thing from the dark ages

With Lapa and thatch roofing, logs, and cane fencing it looked Zulu culture nothing modern or fancy just your traditional big rondo house, it was heavily guarded.

I have never traveled to this part, who am I kidding I only went to Ntsika's house once for a meet and greet dinner with his family and I never set foot in his homestead again. To view all of this today was defiantly new to me, exciting but also scary.



“Tell Chiff Ramabela that I’m ready to see him “

Nstika orders one of the servants, the minute we jump off the car

Sevent: yebo Nkosi yami “he bows and swiftly walks away

He holds my hand and we make our way to the rondavel The angry man with guns let us in and one of the housekeepers opened the two big door for us, walking inside was wow, it was the throne room, the elephant tusk spiking out on the royal seat in the head of the room caught my attention, the royal seat had leopard skin, different wild animal head hanging on the walls, zebra skin on the floor big oak rustic table on the far side and 10 leather seats placed facing each other in between there were cow skin rugs that lead the way to throne, I look at the setting for a monarch which was to preside 'in majesty' this room had that aura that life-changing decisions were made here, this room was to hold council, to grant audiences, to receive the homage, to award high honors and offices, and to perform other official functions what on earth am I doing in such room?

I felt overwhelmed as I felt the atmosphere changed immediately.

Him: welcome to the throne room my love “

Me: what? “

Him: majestic I know “

Me: I shouldn't be here .... Why did you bring me here, what am I supposed to do now bow my head? “

He held my arms and looked at me in the eye,

Him: you picked up a beautiful, dignified dress that suits you so well and you look breathtaking with that head wrap on, so you are ready for this platform “

Me: hhayi Ntsika mani ... why are we talking about my choice of outfit what am I doing here? “

I said, trying to free myself from his hold but held me tight laughing out loud.

Him: ok I'm sorry, I am meeting Chief Ramabela here, and after you told me about your dream you should ask him what it means and who is this Makazi you dreamt of. come let's take our seats, ....

He pulled me by my hand and made me sit on a leather seat it was a bit seat, big enough to fit four people, and the seat was placed at the right corner of his chair, I believe this is A seat for

the monarch since it on the right side, it's suited for us the lesser rank,

Him: you know in the olden days the wives of the late King Bengu were forced to seat on a grass mat on this very corner, but I could not allow that for my future wife it is so degrading “

Me: I rather sit down I do not want to do anything that will change the culture of this family “

Him: I know ... but you are pregnant Liyana you can't possibly think that I will allow you to sit on the grass mat with you in this condition, fuck culture my baby comes first “

He kissed my cheek and made his way up his seat, his seat was set a few steps high with elaborate pomp and a canopy of elephant tusk which made it look so magical, now I know why his family did not see him fit to be king when he was on his wheelchair, it was because of this few steps he was unable to climb, knowing Ntsika he would rather die than to be carried and place like a child on that seat that would have messed up his pride and self-esteem big time so he avoided this place like a plague, till now that he can walk, which makes me wonder if it's true that am I the reason behind him walking, proclaiming his place in the family, am I the reason that he has become the man he is meant to be? lord knows I'm no miracle worker I'm just an ordinary girl who fell in love with a misunderstood man, a man with walls so high It took weeks after dating for me to

see his genuine smile ...yet I was patient enough to understand him, to fall in love with him as well.

He finally set down and looked on my side and blew me a kiss, I smiled admiring how he sat so high and mighty he was like a demigod, so Man is the highest of creatures after all? and the woman is the most sublime of ideals.

we women always say that we are equal but this shows that God made for man a throne and for the woman an altar, The throne exalts, and the altar sanctifies. In other words, the Man is the brain.,—the woman's heart.

The brain produces the light, the heart produces the Love  
Fruitful is the light, Love resurrects.

The man is substantial by reason, The woman is invincible by tears.

The reason convinces, tears moving.

Man is capable of all heroism, Woman of all martyrdom.

Heroism ennobles, Sublimate martyrdom.

Man has supremacy, The woman's preference.

Supremacy is strength and represents the right preference.

The man is a genius. The woman is an angel and we are made to sit on the right side of man, to be second only to the King in power and authority.

Thus, Jesus now sits at the right hand of God. He is subject to no one except God.

“Tata nangu u-Makazi “

A young girl said making her way to me, I was so lost in thought that I did not even realize that the door opened and our guests were already inside the throne room, the girl most probably 16 or so, she looked at me closer making me shift on my seat, she turned and looked at her short dark skin man in the room, he was about Ntsika age if not a few years older,

“It's her Tata I told you I saw her on social media, they say that she is King Bhengu's Fiancé ... ”

“ Lulama khawume mani !... we have not even greeted Nkosi Bhengu ... I'm sorry for my daughter's outburst, she's not always like this, “the man said bowing his head to Ntsika,

“ LULAMA!” he scowled between his teeth

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the young girl rushed to stand next to his father's side and also bowed her head in a sigh of respect, they started greeting Ntsika in his clan's name,

Ntsika: “Chief Ramabala always a pleasure to grace us with your presence, please take a seat”

He nodded and set on one of the leather seats in the center of the throne on the left side where he was able to give me that fixed glare that was unsettling to me, I shifted in my seat again feeling uncomfortable.

Nstika: to what do we own the pleasure? “

Him: Makazi? “

He said looking at me,

Nstika cleared his throat, “Excuse me? “

Him: I’m sorry but your fiancé looks like my late Aunt, she died almost 30 years ago, and I’m just puzzled to see a woman that looks like her from head to toe, I’m sorry Nkosi Bhengu but may I ask what is your fiancé’s name? “

Ntsika looked at me and he could see that I'm in shock as well, he wishes he could walk to me to be by my side to stop me from fainting or something but our roles in the house require that we seat in separate places

“My Name is Liyana ...”

Lulama and Chief Ramabela gasped “Is this a sick joke? You said your name is? “

Me: my name is Liyana”

Him: bullshit ... Bhengu what is this? This woman right here is even wearing umbaco, waqwaza njenge mpondomse? Who are you! “he said standing up his loud was a bit too loud for my liking,

“Tata ... please calm down, “ Lulama said holding his father's arm

I look at my dress it was just a black and white thick, soft, coarsely woven cotton dress that I matched up with a white scarf on my head,

Ntsika: mind your tone Ramabela please! “

Ramabela looked at Ntsika and inwardly clicked his tongue, he then turned and looked at me,

“What is your surname? “

Me: Ziqubo, daughter of ...”

“ Ntabiseng Ziqubu ...” he said shaking his head and laughing.

Me: you know my mother? ... I was on my feet, I looked at Ntsika asking him with my eyes if I should move, he nodded and I jumped to that opportunity and just like lightning I was sitting in front of Chief Ramabela,

How does he know my mother I mean he's too young to be my father, is he perhaps my brother? does he know my biological father “

He looked at me and held his mouth tears clouded his eyes looking at me brought so much grief in him, he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

Him: I don't know your mother.... “

Me: but you just called out her name what do you mean you do not know her? “

Him: I know stories about her ... wow you are Ntabiseng's daughter “

I nodded trying to get him to talk but all he did was look at me for the longest time and then shook his head.

Me: please tell me the truth I need to know, there is a lot about my life that is not adding up ... ngiyakucela”

Him: Tata Omcinci was in a relationship with Ntabiseng Ziqubu, a few decades ago, I was still a young boy to pay attention to such things, but I did pick up that their relationship was not excepted by the family”

Me: what? ...why? “:



Him: because your mother was and I believe she still is dramatic sociopath and professional gold digger, Tata Omcinci thought it was love while his pocket was getting dry and empty ...that women brought so much scandal to our family that late King Rhamabela my father, resorted to paying her off “

Me: what? Pay her off? “ what is wrong with these men in power thinking that paying off people is the right thing to do

Him: Imagine the embarrassment our family had to face when we found out that your mother was cheating on her husband and having an affair with Tata Omcinci, the poor man was sinking in debt all along while on the other hand, Tata Omcinci was preparing to pay lobola for her... our family was on the tabloids for weeks”

Ntsika: yoooh!”

Him: Him: it was either that or kill her “

I looked down I have never heard any person speak of my mother in such a manner even I, I always sugarcoat it and say she is needy and clingy but to bluntly say that she is a gold digger is just too bold,

Me: so, you paid her off “

Him: I was still a young boy when it happened ... I did not pay her off, but my late father did, there were rumors thereafter that Tata Omcinci had a child with her, but it never was

confirmed because Tata Omcinci ran away when reality kicked in that Ntabiseng was married and she was also in the relationship with him because of his status not because of love “

Me: I'm confused are you telling me that it is possible that I'm Tata Omcinci's daughter? “

Him: possible No ... you are his daughter! You are a splitting image of our late Aunt; I mean you even have her name Liyana ... which means that Tata Omcinci did know about you but decided to conceal you from us because of your mother ... “

Me: oooh my God!” I held my mouth.

I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Yeah, I'm lucky, I know exactly where I came from. I know what failure tastes like and every single thing I have I earned—by busting my ass. . . but this, this reality of being part of the Royal family is something I fail to come to terms with,

Me: what did you say?

“I believe he meant to say that you two are cousins, “ Lulama said smiling at me

Me: I don't understand ... “

I said standing up and holding my waist I feel a bit dizzy my head spinning, this cannot be right. How and when did the Tables Turn,

Ntsika: babe, are you ok? “

Me: ... “I open my mouth, but words fail me

Ntsika: look at me Sthandwa Sami, look Everything that has happened has led you to this moment, your tough childhood, the hustle, sleepless night busting your ass off to make a name for yourself, I don't wish to change a thing about your past, because your past groomed you to be the woman you are today, Everything worked out exactly as it should be. All the puzzle pieces fit; all the paths make sense. All the people were meant to be. All the successes and failures and heartwarming and heartbreaking moments were all worth it. No regrets. You were and are meant to be right now, and that's what matters above all ...you are a Ramabella the woman my father chose for me, and lord am I blessed to have you in my life”

Ntsika wiped tears that were gushing out from my eyes

Ntsika: now that explains the trust fund? .... Only your biological father would have done that ... this is the missing piece we have been looking for, your biological father the man I need to ask your hand in marriage too “

Me: ooh My God!”

Ramabela: yooo chini?, nami ndisandukumfunana uthini ngoku mfondini ? “

We all bust out and laughed, Ramabela stood up to give me a hug,

Him: I’m sorry it took you this long for you to find your way home ... I blame your mother for it, is she still alive? “

I broke the hug to look at him, his face had that look that scared me, the one that Nstika gives to Mangalisa ... the one that says I can kill and get away with it because I can.

Me: Ntsika paid her off as well ... so she has cheated death yet again “

We all bust out and laughed.

Him: mmmm we need to go home and do an official introduction, if this man wishes to marry you, he needs to know that you are not cheap because you my sister are Mpondomse royalty now “

I looked at Ntsika and he popped his eyes open, felt my hands tangle into mine I looked to my side and saw Lulama, she sides hug me and squeezing the life out of me

Her: ooh my God you are so going to love Matatieya it's so beautiful, and our culture is so diverse ooh the family will love you ... I'm just glad I found you “

Me: wow really now “

Ramabella: and I need your help in dealing with your siblings ...”

Me: what siblings? “

Ramabela: a whole soccer team, as much as we don't know where your father is, we have come to realize that wherever he goes he leaves his seed behind, and I am left to take care of his mass ... “

Me: WHAT? ... so, I'm not the only one “

Ramabela: you are the firstborn and your father's mass is yours now to deal with!”

I dropped my mouth open, he chuckled and asked Ntsika to take a walk with him

Lulalama: welcome to the family uMakazi Liyana ... “

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To be continued

\*\*\* Booby-Trap\*\*\*

Rosetta

“So are we having an open discussion “Mlondi said pointing at Zuko with his eyes.

Me: you involved my son into this mess when you decided to mento him put him under your wing “

Him: ooh I see, but this meeting is between you and I ... not with my employees and last time I checked I’m still Zuko Boss “

He said standing up and moving past me making his way to the open sliding door that led to the side yard.

Zuko: what the fuck!!!! “

Me: I will handle this, sit tight “

Zuko: I am a pawn in this game at least allow me to be part of this meeting... can you talk to him mother please!!! “

Me: Zuko I said I will handle it please!!! “

He clicked his tongue and made his way to the dining room, I breath out loud and made my way outside.

Her: I would prefer we start from the part on how do you know that Zuko is Oyama son? “

Him: Trough you of course “he said with his back facing me, “

Me: are we forgetting that you knew my son before I got out of prison “

Him: I know but I have friends everywhere Rose, so a little birdy told me that you once mentioned Zuko name or existence once or Twice while you were still in prison , so after hearing those news I did a little digging on the calls , letters you received, who visited you while you were still in prison and boom I found out it was your mother, when I put tracked on her guess who I found ?a young man with spitting image of Oyama... and the rest is history “

He Turned and looked at me with a smile

Me: what do you want from my son? “

Him: his art of course, we seem to share the same interest, his pretty talented you know, and his work has made me a lot of money ...”

Me: stop playing Games Mlondi I don't have the whole day “

He sides smile.

“I'm only answering your question Rose ... “

Me: you looked for Zuko because of Oyama right? ... So, I want to know why? “

Him: initially I was trying to get to you ... but found out about Zuko and my plan changed ...”

ME: What plan? “

Him: to take Oyama down of course, you see that man and I have been rivalries for years , his business was my way of kipping the cops off my ass , I will find out about his smuggling deals and appointments and I will snitch on him and while the whole SA force is running after him , I will get an opportunity to run my hustle stress free on the side ...”

“ pretty smart ... “I mumbled folding my arms.

Mlondi: yeh it was till the game of hide and seek turned to seek and kill, I lost goodman, friends and I have been a ghost my entire life because I fear for my family, so the Table Turn now his in jail and you hold his life and I’m here to make you an offer “

Me: I don’t understand “

Him: you are Oyama sole beneficiary, and all of his assets belong to you, and I want in “

Me: you can’t be talking about that will that Kevin Gave me, are we forgetting that Oyama is still verry much alive and he can still change his will anytime “



Him: not when his Attorney is under my pay role, “

Me: WHAT? “

Him: Thabo Motaung is good friend of mine and that is why I was always few steps ahead of Oyama because I had an inside man in his empire... and that copy of the will you received, I was the one that told Thabo to give Kevin a copy so that you can have a look at it before we have this meeting “

Me: what? “

Him: Sam trusts you and in return I have come to trust you too, you smart, street smart, you have shown loyalty to me in many ways, and I'm impressed at how you play your cards right in this game, that is why we need each other, after all we have same common enemy”

Me: What do you want? “

Him: your cooperation but one thing I need more is your trust “

Me: It takes a lot of heart to build trust, even more to keep the trust ... I'm not sure I still have that heart “

Him: I know cause I'm also like you, that is why I always say that Human beings are the most successful of animals because of their capability to learn, and an abused animal learns very quickly to defend itself. It also learns very quickly to trust very

few people - if any ... but I'm not Oyama or Muntu, I'm the man who you made partner few months ago, who has protected our investment in the shadows and because of the kind of the women you and what you have been through I'm here to tell you that I'm not your enemy but the most powerful alliance you can have ... “

I nodded in agreement

Him: look Rose the Nigerians are going to come to you hard like a turn of bricks, but you need to show them that you are smarter than them “

Me: what are you talking about “

Him: Nqeve Minerals “

I looked at him with a raised eyebrow,

Him: The Nqeve Family holds a large coal reserve, estimated to be 2 billion metric tons, the mine has bituminous coal and Antracite coal, it is the most highly ranked coal and that is where Oyama made most of his money ... and by him giving you his billions it will be shocking news to his family”

In my head I already made up my mind that should Oyama die may God answer my prayers please that he dies sooner than expected! I will put everything he owns on auction, as for the Ngeve Mineral shares I was skeptical though, it's good investment but it feels like I will still be holding on to him if I

decide to keep it worst part that company is linked to his family and his entire Nigerian community

Me: why will it be shocking? I'm Still married to the man and as his wife I am initialed to all his asset “

Him: True but not the family business “

Me: what do you mean?

Him: Oyama lied to his family that he signed over his shares to his cousin

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Ngozu son, and for year Timothy or whoever his name is ran the business made billions for the family and when he died it was revealed that he was just a CEO of the company and not the share holder.“

Me: fuck! ... and this busted decided to pin this mass on me? “

He bust out and laughed ...

Him: That’s your husband for you, that is why I say they going to come at you like a turn of bricks they are all gyrating on why Oyama the major shareholder of the family business, will give his proxy to you, just few months after you were released from jail ..."

Me: ooh my God they think I stage this, I'm behind it “

Him: if it looks, feel and sound like revenge it sure is revenge “

I held my head ooh my God “so I'm enemy number one to that family “

Him: Yes”

Me: wait how did they know that I'm the sole beneficiary to Oyama Will, I thought you said you only made copy for me ... because as far as know the reading of the will is only done once Oyama is dead how did this happen? “

Me: I gave Ngozu a copy of the Will”

Me: What! what the fuck were you thinking “

Him: calm down ... “

Me: Calm down ooh after you just told me that I'm on the Nqeve hit list! look here Mlondi I don't know what sick game you are playing here but I don't want anything to do with that family ... I don't want their money or this shit ... “

My head started spinning, Sandile beefed up security in my house because he knew that Ngozu was coming for my head! Fuck you Oyama ... what did I ever do to you to hate me this much, I want to let out my teas gush down but I remember that Zuko is on the other room, ooh my God what will happen to my son I look at Mlondi pleading with him

Me: can you keep this people away from me till I finalize marriage annulment, I'm sure my lawyer can speed up the process of a court order which will nullifies a marriage, or declares that no marriage ever existed between me and Oyama”

Him: I'm sorry Rose I can't “

Me: Mlondi this people will kill me and ask question later please! “

Him: I need you alive and still verry much marride to Oyama , the will has boobytrap if you die every one lose “

His talking but I feel like I just went deaf after he siad he need me alive and marride to Oyama, what is this a personal vendatta to me ?

Him: ROSE! .... ROSE ! “

I iom brought back his loud voice , did he just shout at me ?

Him: look ...you divorce Oyama the company will be liquidated , you try to sell ? good luck with that cause in this economy it will never happen no billionaire will associate themselves with Nigerian rebels , if you try to sell within the family well that will be like starting world war three, it also impossible because

your share is glued up with the other family members ... you can't sell within the family cause every family member is required to have fair share only Oyama had an additional extra share making him the primary share shoulder, you keep it ...and decide to be the primary share holder of Nqeve Minerals not only will you be ranked on the top 20 richest people in African but you will forever be a Nqeve wife or should I say a widow , you will never remarry and you will be required to spend 99% percent of your life in Nigeria and for me that is like coming out of jail only to end up in another , worst part in another country ... “

Me: so what im screwed up either way?

So death is the only option?

Where we all lose I guess“

Him: No , look Rose the Will has multiple boobytraps and trust me I have gone over ever scinerio there is on how to disarm it, look even in his death Oyama will still be in control of your freedom unless you Turn the Table “

Me: how? when you just gave me a thousand scenario that clearly shows that I don't have any way out this shit “

Him: ooh yes you do but you got to trust me on this one “

I just looked at him defeated, I'm mentally and physically exhausted.

Him: you have something that they thought does not exist, Oyama son!

Me: NO!!!!!!”

Him: Rose, trust me!“

Me: you are not involving my son in this do you hear me!!!! “

Him: You have no choice ... Gender inequality is different in that country , Zuko will survive but you wont “

Me: I said No! “

Him: the Ngeve people wont kill once they find out that you are an asset to their fortune but Rose you don't want to experience how being a widow in that country is like, ... “

Me: Oyama hide Zuko for a reason... his all I got I cant “

Him: you think by having a name in a piece of paper that you are shareholder you will get to sit in boardroom , host meeting and be boss lady that you are today ?, sister please , you will be faced *with* economic insecurity, discrimination, stigmatization and harmful traditional practices, simply because of your marital status. you may be the richest women on paper, but you will never have equal inheritance rights, Ngozi will make sure of that! you will be stripped of everything you hold

dear, undergo ritual cleansing practices involving forced sex or bodily scarring that can have life-threatening health consequences. Or you will be forcibly “passed on” to or “inherited” by a new designated partner, such as the brother or other relative of your deceased husband, you will be denying any rights to safety, bodily autonomy, justice and dignity in life after loss.... Try running away where too ? when the whole arear is runed by the Nqeve rabbles , this is done in high walls and you will be forced to smile and wave once in few months as you slowly parish... Rose Trust me you cannot take on the Nigerians alone , and no money will get you out of this pit that Oyama has dump you in , so please hear me out and let me help you “

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To be continued



\*\*\*The Legacy \*\*\*

🌹 Rosseta 🌹

Him: look Rose in that country Traditionally, the society view males as strong, aggressive, dominant and unemotional individuals while females play unimportant and demure roles within society, that is why I say that you have a winning upper hand in this, make Zuko your proxy”

Me: so, you want me to allow my son to go to a country where Toxic masculinity runs so deep that some people see it as an idea of “manliness” perpetuates domination, homophobia, and aggression. I know those people I know their culture and I know that to them Toxic masculinity involves cultural pressures for men to behave in a certain way. And it’s likely this affects all boys and men in some fashion. . . so, you want me to sacrifice my only son to that kind of life? “

Him: Rose you are smart women and acting stupid is really pissing me off now , stop thinking with your emotions and start using your brain , you know verry well that you are nothing to that family , to them you are just another hoe Oyama wired, the Nqeve’ family don’t give a shit about you so stop thinking your shit smell like roses just because you are Oyama

sole beneficiary.... But know this, your shit will smell like roses once they find out that Oyama left all of his legacy to his son. The Power, respect the money you desperately want will only come if you put that boy in front of you as your shield , Nqeve family wont torch you because you gave them another branch in their family tree ... that family believes in Legacy, in Dynasty in keeping all the riches within the family , Zuko is blood to them and they will always protect their own”

I looked at him not sure what to say, his right though, The Nqeve family is screwed up but damn they are tight as a family,

Him: so just stop thinking like Rose the mother but think like Rose the ex-convict the wife of Oyama! Your husband did not want any kids but instead of killing Zuko he decided you hide him from the world why? “

I bite my lip and look at him with huge question mark on my face.

Him: because his son is part of his plan, why haven't you asked yourself why he left you everything should he die? Ooh you thought he still loves you? Look, maybe in his twisted mind he does but if you die who is your sole beneficiary? To whom will your money go too?

I swallowed popping my eyes open. “Zuko!!!!”

Him: exactly! The papers you received, that final copy of the Will from a dying man is not yours but Zuko's, it's his legacy you like it or not"

I started pacing up and down I'm conflicted, so Zuko is the only solution to disarm those booby-trap? damn you Oyama.

Him: look Rose leaving a legacy is an area in life where you really don't have a choice. As a parent, you will pass on an inheritance of some kind to your kids, The type of inheritance, though, depends entirely up to you. . .so you can die without allowing Zuko to Man up cause your son is spoilt brat, a weakling for a matter of fact , or you can help him grow be by his side as he takes on this responsibility to man up, be his guide as he navigates the route of his roots...stop being an idiot thinking of the legacy you will leave behind as in terms of money, cause that my dear is an unfortunate mistake. You are a praying woman Rose so Consider what Proverbs has to say on the subject (13:22), King Solomon wrote: "A good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children." A grandchild's inheritance, which is the grandparent's legacy, was important enough for the wisest man in the world to mention. I believe when we read these verses, we tend to realize it's better to build healthy values, virtues and character in our kids than load them down with material possessions, so

If you want respect and money and power allow your son to sit on the throne and teach him how to be a man”

Me: let’s say I agree to this, so how are we going to convince Zuko about this? “

Him: don’t say “WE!”, you are his mother it’s your duty to do that, I’m only here as your future business partner “

Me: as my future business partner so you going to trust Zuko with a multi-billion company ... have you seen how my son is? He is A bloody artist with mood swings for days he can’t run one day of his life without being pissed off at life itself and you think he will handle such huge responsibility “

Him: Rose we have facts not fictions or fairy tale here, you need to stop thinking of Zuko as a child now, the truth is its either you will suffer under the ruling of the Ngeve family, you will be married off to God knows who , in order for them to strip your power, you will eventually end up dead and boom you will die like a homeless dog leaving Zuko with nothing but just faded memory... so whatever doubts you have about him right now put them aside and look at what will happen if you continue to want to be boss lady “

Me: I hear you, but Zuko is stubborn he will want to do things his own way “

Him: it's because you allow him to act out , look Rose I'm not here to teach you how to mother Zuko , cause Oyama took that away from you when he put you behind bars

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but I'm here to tell you that Zuko is no longer a boy but a man, start treating him like one, don't forget that you are the brains behind this operation, Zuko need to listen to you and you only, don't you dare fuck this up by being too motherly towards him"

I nodded.

Him: the Nigerians are on their way here, so get on this ship and make sure that Zuko knows his place ... cause I sure cannot protect you two if you can't protect each other "

Me: what will happened if they ask Zuko to move to Nigeria "

Him: Samukelo is already that side, we have set up base there and we have team ready to protect and work for you "

Me: Sam? "

Him: So you thought I will let your son leave the nest without any protection, this is my investment too Rose, so, Samukelo will be his shadow, I trust him with my life ... his smart and knows more about running business then I do, so since Zuko has zero knowledge of the business world, yet alone running a

multi-billion company, Samukelo will mento him while me and you run things this side “

Me: run what? “

He looked at his wristwatch and gave me a sly smile.

Him: I have power station that needs your minerals, “

Me: from car smuggling to owning a power station or let's not forget you are also known as the gallerist, who the fuck are you? “

He bust out and laughed,

Him: I had to start somewhere to build up capital to start fruitful business, so consider me a power-hungry businessman?  
“

Me: so, you have everything figured out?”

Him: I told you that I make it my priority to be one step ahead of Enemies ... and when I found out about Oyama shares of The Nqeve minerals 12 years ago , I wanted a piece of his pie , but Making business with Oyama was not something I wanted to do , did few research about the company and I found out that is airtight only family are shareholders , so I thought of you , but you were in jail and when I approached Zuko he was clueless that his blood was worth billions ... so I waited, for the right moment, so here it is “

Me: are we forgetting that Oyama is still alive “

Him: not for long, Ngeve will kill him “

Me: how sure are you? “

Him: he has no use for him, besides if she does not, I will just have to kill him myself “

Me: and you are sure she won't kill me? “

Him: that I don't know, she is on her way here to talk to you I guess, the ball is in your hands now “

I swallowed hard, taking a few deep breaths.

Him: you play it right, we all win ... look I got to go “he took few steps making his way to door but stop

Him: in few days you will receive a visit from the Hawks , deny everything My lawyer will handle it“

Me: what the fuck? ... handle what ? “

Him: a little birdy told me that Muntu is sick, coughing blood and shit, and Dr says that she inhaled hydrochloric acid... ”

Me: Dr always warn us that cigarettes kill but we never listen right, it's such a shame she found out the hard way it's such a shame “

Him: you acted without thinking and now shit is following you  
“

Me: everything she has on me is linked to that man behind bars and from what I heard he soon to be dead, so what shit will they be sniffing on me? “

Him: Smart move but Rose, you can't put a hit on Muntu without facing the consequences, so the Black Velvet is under investigation, we were banking way too much, and Priority Crime Investigation is on our tail, so I had to sink it “

Me: what? “

I popped my eyes open ...

Me: what do you mean sink it,

Him: The Business will survive, just give it few months for the dust to settle ...”

Me: Mlondi what did you do? “

Him: beating Muntu at her own game, her precious Ginger will take the fall, she signed every document and handled banking, her and this girl called Nompumelelo, and to make this case interesting they were both found in Oyamas house the day of the raid so take time off, and allow me to clean this up”

Me: what? pinned this, Ginger? “



Him: she will serve few years in jail for car smuggling and running an illegal gambling platform in your bar, so she got served ... but you can thank me later “

I froze and held my mouth.

He sides smile shaking his head

“And look how the Table Turn... “

He said, my shock slowly subsided and I got this joy inside of me that I want to dance or sing a happy song so here I am smiled to myself as I stood by the door looking at Mlondi Jump into his car driving off “Oyama down “

“Muntu down “ “Now Ginger “

I continued to smile biting my lip I was only brought back to reality when Zuko stood Infront of me with a frown

“Talk and don't leave anything out “ he said trough his teeth

Me: you need to sit down for this “

As we made our way to couch my front door swung open Sandile budge in with the most terrified look I have ever seen on him

Him: She is here!... Ngozu is here!

To be continued

\*\*\* The Incubator \*\*\*

NOMPUMELELO

Silent tears hold the loudest pain. The loudest screams. The things that no one else can ever understand.

I shoot my eyes open recalling what happened to me the night before. I look around, where am I? What does these women want from me?

I was exhausted I held my face and sank down and cried as my mind started playing flashbacks of what happened last night.

Throughout my life I have had the worst experience, a horrendous act conducted by man that I allowed into my life, but never have I ever thought that women could make me feel so worthless, so small, so cheap or used up, as she abducted me to conduct the most inhuman act on my body.

I can't still shake the horror of waking up Lying on a cold table, wearing little more than a paper towel from the waist down, while a bright light illuminates my vagina,

Me: what's going on, what am I doing here? “

I tried to move but my hands and legs were strapped, I was lying down in a position of giving birth, as I looked at my legs spread across all continents, I popped my eyes open as horrific thoughts washed over me, not this again! I said to myself, I looked around and I noticed that I was in a hospital room, As a plus-size woman, I am always afraid of being judged for my body. This is obviously magnified in a space where you are so physically vulnerable, such as during a smear test or whatever procedure they are about to do to me, I'm terrified I'm thinking the worst of what could happen I'm being violated yet again!

“Can you please stop moving?” a voice said between my legs, I could not see her face, but only her voice was evidence that she was a woman.

Me: What are you doing? “

I tried to speak but again nothing came out, I have no audio or what's so ever, 'I'm practically mute. The door opened and I was met by Ngozu

Her: Ooh hi, darling “

Me: What are you doing to me? what am I doing here?”

Her: I'm bringing back what you took from me “

She responded to me as if she could hear me, Bloody hell I bet she can she is after all the witch who is responsible for taking my voice.

Me: Ngozu please ...”

Her: Hush-hush now this will soon be over”

Me: I'm so sorry, please let me go I promise I will do whatever you ask from me please !!!...”

Her: Ooh darling but you are already doing exactly what I want you to do “

My tears rolled down my face, She is doing as she pleases with my body to my body without my consent, lord Please help me!

Her: God has answered your prayers cause if it was for me you would be long dead, so thank your God for making you well known by people in high places that is the only reason you are still alive, so you cheated death yet again but this time you don't get away scot free I rather make you an incubator for my grandchildren, than see you enjoy freedom“

Me: what? “

Her: you see my son never married, always busy running the family business, I even arranged a few marriages for him but my son never settled, so before he came to South Africa I felt something, something dark like he was going to die or something, so I asked him to leave behind a part of him just in case tomorrow never comes, of course, he refused at first, but I found ways to convince him till he said yes, so tomorrow came and gone and just how I predicted he did not get a chance to see it but through you he will be given a second chance to see this today ...”

Me: are you forcefully impregnating me with your dead son's sperm? “

Her: now it sounds so horrible when you say it like that all I'm trying to do is allow you to pay your debt of what you took from me, so be still now and allow the Dr to do her Job”

My tears are gushing down my face I'm crying with snot smeared all over my face, I can't be pregnant again lord I can't ... why didn't I remove this womb when I gave birth to Nyembezi, Is this God's way of punishing me for being a bad mother to my kids, is this part of the generational curse that Veli spoke about? Why do all my relationships end with an unwanted child in my womb?

I feel my body shaking, my anxiety is sky high, I want to scream I want to get out of here cause I feel suffocated in this room, I try to move forgetting that my legs are spread open like a frog and the Dr with his head between my legs shoving things inside me uncomfortably, this was by far the worst experience of my life, this feels like rape... this pregnancy is not an abomination.

Ngozu: Be still now my child We are almost done “

She said brushing my hair back.

I continued to cry, so loud in my head but no sound came out of my mouth, I flinched as I felt discomfort in my private part, with me being mute I did not even get a chance to explain to the Dr that my cervix was slightly tilted I have been informed at previous smears, so she might need to tilt the speculum that bloody cold, hinged fella they use to prize you open, it needs to be upwards a bit to be able to take the sample or do whatever she is instructed to do. But pain made me close my eyes and I held on to the bed sheets, The Dr was peculiarly icy with me from the start, as if I had previously wronged her in some way, She got down to business she shoved the speculum in very roughly and proceeded to yank it open far wider than was required. I mean, honestly, she could have seen my tonsils at that angle. As if that wasn't bad enough, she stood up and left

the room, leaving me lying there in agony with my vagina prized open.

I looked at Ngozu and I noticed that she no longer harming but chanting something, The room became cold, I looked at the ceiling and I noticed lights flicking.

Me: Ngozu! ... please make it stop “

The aura changed I felt his presence, ooh lord his here I shut my eyes trying to escape the nightmare, but his eyes were the only thing I saw in the dark, I shot my eyes open, and he was there looking at me, he did not look scary or dead or angry he was just looking at me,

Me: I'm sorry... “I said to him, for a person who never, or should I say refused to apologize I must say that the Nqeve family have humbled me, ...cause all I do now apologize.

He walked closer to me, so close that I could still smell his cologne.

Him: No, you not ...you are not sorry, you intended to kill me, it was planned kill ... to kill or be killed right? is what you said as you stabbed me countlessly, did it ever occur to you that I

would have stopped if you said No ... I would have maybe helped you if you said you wanted to escape that place “

Me: I'm SORRY “

Him: You killed an innocent man Nompumelelo and now my mother's grief will be your doom... I'm sorry ...”

Me: No please ... please help me? “

Him: how? When I too am dead, when I too need help, I'm sorry but I can't stop her all I wish is that she let my spirit go.”

The dead man slowly disappears, his eyes so sad his trapped in this world without his consent, Does his mother know that his son is not enjoying this revenge rampage she has got him into, What kind of a mother puts her dead child through this? ... I suddenly felt sick as if I was in the elevator, My insides felt like they were twisted, but it got worse as I felt like I was sky diving where too much air was being engulfed in my mouth and nostril, and air pressure got too much that I found it had to breathe, I tried to fight it but the more I did the more I felt something entering me, my body got heavy, I was tired like I'm drugged or something

my eyes slowly shut down the voices in the room sounded very far



“Ms. Nqeve Will have to monitor her for 48 hours to check if the insemination was a success or not, “The Dr said walking in, Her voice sounded slow and sluggish yet very far, and my vision was becoming blurry

Ngozu: there is no need, the insemination was successful please discharge her and work on getting me your best nurse to look after her “

Dr: yes mam... “

Ngozu looked at me and smiled ... “sleep now child ... “

I wiped my tears as my horrible flashback ended, I slowly got off the bed and made my way to the door, I opened the door and found Ngozu and some three men in the living room talking in a foreign language, It hush hush but I could tell they are arguing.

One man wearing a Nigerian attire locked eyes with me, and he then told Ngozu that I was in the room, she did not once turn to look at me but instead, she continued to talk with these men.

The mirror in the center of the room came in contact with my face, I wanted to avoid it but the woman looking at me in the mirror said "Look at me "

So, I slowly raised my head and looked at myself in the mirror, I looked like I'd aged a decade over the past year, lord knows I can't figure out why I'm still alive, When I look into the mirror for too long, particularly in my eyes, I start to feel like I'm having an out of body experience, and it's kind of frightening. I can't identify with the person in the mirror. Like I know she's there, but my 'soul' doesn't feel attached to her. I'm not the woman I once was, that's because I'm now living to die.

I fight the temptation to run my hand on my face, My pupils are huge yet look tired, and my face is red I have cried tears that I wish had turned into blood, instead of being dried up, my true identity has been taken from me, the sound of my voice is now the sound I hear in my head, not the sounds that surround or fill the room, a voice to be heard. Even If it was never heard at least it was audible, but now to whom will it be heard by, By the person next to me? which one? As I look around me and see a space.

I'm captured and taken to God knows where, I can't fight or protest because I now have a master, a person in control, the one person that holds my life in their hands.

I wonder if they can hear me ...Can you hear me? I look at her trying to grab her attention. Can you hear my cry? Can you hear my plea? Can you hear me? The words I speak, the words that are not heard, the words I speak. The voice not heard, the voice that never sounds, the voice that screams,

The voice you MADE LIKE THIS!

She turns and looks at me her eyes turn red but she musks her appearance with a fake smile.

“That will be all now gentleman my you please leave me alone, I need to talk to Nompumelo”

The three men nodded in agreement, the one guy in Nigerian attire shook his head, he then closed his laptops, picked up all the files on the table, escorted the other two guys out, and was last to close the door behind him, finally the room was dead quiet I have been listening nonstop to talk about Nqeve minerals this, Nqeve minerals that, as much as I did not hear or understand what they were saying but it safe to say that few sentences I was able to pick out was “ Business ... South Africa.... Nqeve Minerals .... “

“Speak! “Ngozu said standing up and making her way to the kitchen.

“Speak how? when you silenced me! You bloody witch!”? ” I screamed but my cream was not in my head more like I was shouting at Ngozu, I was ruddily audible in her face, shit I said holding my mouth in shock

Me: I can speak ... I CAN SPEAK? “

Her: Of course, you can”

Me: I did not mean what I said ... I “

Her: ooh you meant it alright ...more of the reason I just don't like hearing your voice, so I silenced you ... say what you have to say so I can go back to my peace “

She placed a plate of food on the kitchen counter, I froze not sure what to do or what to say. I looked at myself in the mirror again looking for advice but the woman that I could not recognize in the mirror just looked at me back without saying a word.

Me: I am sorry for killing ... “I finally say softly.

Her: Your sorry won't bring him back, so save it! “

Me: As well as you forcefully making me carry his seed!”

She opened her mouth to say something but instead she breath out loud and turned her back to me,

I looked down, No doubt I was afraid of this woman, I felt like everything that I was going to say to her right now would only give her a reason to silence me yet again, so I chose to keep quiet,

Her: Eat!” she said without looking at me.

I move slowly to the table, pull the barstool, and sit down, Eating becomes a challenge what if they're more voodoo in this food to make me go crazy, I'm hungry so I just pray and dig in

A million questions run through my head at this time, some I can answer some I still cannot answer, questions like:

“Am I her captive?”

“Will she let me go once I give birth if only, I'm pregnant god forbid that I don't fall pregnant.”

“What will be of me if I am unable to make her happy and carry her grandchild?”

SO MANY QUESTIONS WITH NO ANSWERS LORD WHAT HAVE I  
DONE TO YOU TO DESERVE SUCH FATE!!

I prayed and asked for you to keep me alive and you gave me  
this, this life of being quiet is your way of saying you are alive,  
but your existence and voice do not matter,

I Prayed for freedom, and you decided that I get insemination,  
because only when I'm pregnant will I at least taste a life of  
freedom.

I Prayed to have money and live a comfortable life at least, and  
you handed me to the Nqeve family to carry their child and only  
then I may have a chance to enjoy a bit of finer things in life.

Why is my fate so twisted, God? .... Why?

“They say Fate is like a strange, unpopular restaurant filled with  
odd little waiters who bring you things you never asked for and  
don't always like. ... “

I shot my eyes open and looked at Ngozi as she said that.

Her: Your thoughts are so loud they are deafening “

Me: So, you inside my head now? Wow just great!“

Her: Not intentionally ... “

I frowned and took my empty plate to the sink,

Her: you love power, the kind of power that burns, I believe you are here today because you played with another kind of fire and damn did it burn you ...so don't act like you are a victim when saying your silent ...loud prayers to your God”

I slowly turned around and looked at her.

Me: I killed a man in cold blood, instead of going to jail I looked for an easy way out, which got me here, another prison that I'm yet to understand or learn about, but have come to realize that treatment in this prison is horrific, I'm silence, forcefully impregnated as if that was not enough you talk shit to me about fate about me not being a victim !”

She tried to talk but I shut her up by saying.

Me: Be in my head or silence me, but get this one thing straight I'm Nompumelelo Msimangu, I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in a magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.

you put your dead son's DNA and Sperm inside of me without my consent sure I will give you a grandchild, no problem with that I have bared children before but know this will be the worst nine months of your life, so go ahead and silence me but know that the Tables Are About To Turn and no amount of witchcraft can stop me “

I pulled a bar stool and sat down. I pulled her plate of food from her and started eating.

Me: I'm eating for two grandmas!

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To be continued



\*\*\*Plan A... Plan B and The Final Plan ... \*\*\*

## **Rosetta**

“What is it with this Ngozu woman that gets people so fracked out!”

Zuko asked Sandile.

Sandile: for Starters she is related to your father ... No offense Zuko”

Zuko: non taken ... “

Sandile: and secondly, she is the powerful sorceress, and from what I have about her she is not a woman you mass with”

Zuko: yeah I get that, but we did not do anything to her “

Sandile: your father did by leaving the family company to your mother should anything happen to him “

Zuko: so, is that the reason for her visit? Does she feel entitled? “

Sandile: I don't know but I'm guessing she knows about the will,

Me: She does ...” I said softly not even looking at them

Zuko: what?”

Me: whoever spilled out those private documents to me did the same to Ngozu, so she is coming here to claim those company shares from me “

Zuko: Good, so, we return it back to her simple as that “

Sandile: if only that was simple, we are talking about a multi-billion company here Zuko, you don't expect Rose to just hand it over, after what that busted put your mother through... “

Me: Sandile! “

Sandile: I'm sorry Zuko, I hope you did not take any offense to that “

Zuko: not at all my father is a busted Afterall “

I breathe out loud listening to them.

Zuko: but Sandile it's blood money for all we know, why would you want Mother linked to such kind of shit!”

Me: Zuko please language “

I looked at my beeping phone and bit my lip.

Sandile: Rose you looked at the will so what do you say to all of this?”

Me: I am not selling anything, that busted left a huge portion of shares to us so we not going to bow down to Ngozu just

because she is a bloody witch and feels entitled to what's rightfully mine “

Zuko: what? “

Me: Zuko, Sandile is right, Oyama owes me that much, I'm sorry but may I be excused I need to make a call ... “

Zuko: Rose are you being for real right now? we are having a meaningful discussion and you are busy thinking of making calls! “

“It's business Zuko!”

I snapped at Zuko,

Sandile: Zuko Just chill son, look let me talk to her, ok? “

Zuko: please do because she never listens to me”

I rolled my eyes at Zuko's statement and made my way outside the house dialing Mehlo's Number

Me: Mehlo” I greeted her when she picked up the phone

Her: Rose”

I side smiled.

Me: So, you are friends with Shaka Zulu “

She busts out and laughs.

Her: friends no, but business associates we damn are “

I bite my lips nodding as if she can see me.

Her: how did you find out about me and Shaka? “

Me: He called you his little birdy, you have told him a mouth full about me, and also about

the course of Muntu’s chest pain “

She bust out and laughed, damn this woman has the loudest laugh I have ever heard.

Her: I’m sorry about that my friend but Shaka is paying my bills and he provides security for me”

Me: so, he also got you on his payroll”

Her: it's only business Rose”

Me: so, you say “

Her: so they say the old hag is holding on to her last breath”

Me: and bloody using that breath to go after my business ... “

Her: trust Shaka to handle that ... “

I kept quiet not sure how to answer that looks like Mehlo is well informed about my life and every shit that is happening in it,

Her: Look Rose I know you don’t trust easily but you and Shaka have this mismatched partnership, you are both smart and

think outside the box all the time, it's like you are made for one another. Only together can you two be your true selves. However, Outside in the real world, where you have no control over the environment, you are forced to adapt, pretend, and perform. You two are quiet and unassuming and I expect most people to forget who you are soon after crossing paths with them. You two have gotten away with a lot of things by hiding in plain sight and by being ordinary. Nobody sees nothing in you because they have no reason to look, Only I notice the hollowness of your eyes and the hunger for power ... Trust that young man Rose and trust me you will not be sorry “

Me: I hear you ... “

Her: so, back to business when am I tasting my freedom? Since I have played my part “

Me: consider yourself a guest at Oyama's funeral ... “

Her: I guess I will see you soon old friend “

Me: count on it “

I smiled to myself as I dropped the call

“I'm assuming you were talking to Mehlo? “

I turned around and found Sandile looking at me with his hands in his pocket, I should be surprised at the fact that he knows

about Mehlo and that I'm talking to her right now, but being surprised at what Sandile knows about me has become a norm to me this day.

Me: so, you know about Mehlo?"

I said folding my arms and looking at him.

Him: she was your partner in crime in prison, the only person you considered a friend, she taught you how to survive and also how to commit murder and get away with it "

Me: what? "

Him: Muntu? "

I looked at him blankly,

Me: what about Muntu? "

Him: Rose "he said with a low apprehending voice trying to intimidate me

Me: Sandile "I responded with a blank expression yet again

Him: I said trust me to handle this"

Me: I know "

Him: ooh and you deliberately decided to just ignore that, Kanti when you are going to trust me, Rose?"

Me: I trust you Sandile"

Him: just not enough I guess “

I looked away and rolled my tongue inside my cheek, we just stood there with no words spoken until he made a heavy sign and took a few steps walking close to me.

Him: poison by inhalation now I must admit that was a calculated plan”

I wanted to look at him and smile, but I felt shy for some reason, or should I say I felt a bit of shame, that cold feeling that ignited a guilty spark in my heart that reminded me that I was the cause of a person dying a slow painful death somewhere.

Him: I don't know if I feel turned on or scared at your actions right now, but I do feel something tantalizing inside “

Me: whatever you are feeling cut it off “

I said looking at him he looked at me back reading me to be precise, I looked away and attempted to walk away, but he stopped me when he asked.

“Why Cigarettes? “

I bite my lip, though of a lie to tell but knowing Sandile he will find out the truth anyway and will get madder that I lied knot him, so I might as well dish out my plan to him

Me: Muntu is a woman of the same pattern, she smokes five cigarettes a day

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one cigarette when she wakes up, the second one after breakfast, the third one when she goes to shit, the fourth one when she is driving and the fifth one when takes her late evening drink, her house has a lousy alarm system, which gave my girls a window to switch her cigarettes and get out when she came back from taking a shower, drank tea and started smoking, the toxins in the cigarettes slowly caused throat irritation, postnasal drip, and hoarseness, as well as recurrent cough, I think she has chest congestion now and lung inflammation so it's a slow but painful death and I don't feel guilty at all that she is in so much pain, I will probably visit her once she starts Coughing up foul-smelling, greenish or dark phlegm (sputum), or phlegm that contains pus or blood"

I said all this looking at him straight in the eye. He just nodded and looked down biting his lower lip

Him: this won't come back to bite you"

Me: my hands are clean? "

Him: and you're conscious?"



I swallowed hard and held my tears back but a huge lump in my throat got the best of me

me: I lost two decades of my life in jail because of that woman and even when I was out she still wanted to bury me under, it was never going to end if I just let bygones be bygone”

I bite my lip suppressing my anger and refusing to allow tears to roll down my face.

Him: I know my love “

I breathed out loud and held my mouth as one tear dropped from my eye

Him: come here “he said pulling me by the hand and engulfing me in a tight hug,

“I’m Here for you whenever you need me, and even when you don’t, I’m still going to be here for you...always, “he said kissing my neck.

Me: thank you “

Him: I can’t believe I’m in love with a gangster...so you got girls doing your shady business ... what the name of the gang are you under “

Me: Sandile! “

He bust out and laughed,

Him: I must admit I admire how you executed your plan now I just feel boring with a plan I had on my sleeves “

Me: your hush, hush plan? Please do share.”

Him: urg it's boring babe I mean I just got dirt on Muntu that was going to make Ginger turn oh her ... “

Me: what dirt? “

Him: You Know that Ginger was once married right? “

Me: yeah she was married to Pat ... Oyama’s Business Partner”

Him: yep that's him, so did you know that Pat was not only Oyama's business partner, but he was also Muntu's born son, “

Me: NO! “I said with my mouth wide open.

Him: the plan was to avenge muntu's husband that was killed by Oyama, Pat was supposed to work with Oyama close enough in order to find his weak spot and take him down, but the bloody idiot fell in love with Ginger, the same Ginger who was Oyama side bitch, as if that was not horrifying enough he decided to get married to the hoe, a years later in the marriage he got sloppy with the actual plan, and that’s when he got caught as in Oyama found out who he was and boom he killed him, that drove Muntu crazy she made a deal with special forces, started working undercover for them, and that when

this delusional obsession of saving Ginger from Oyama started, they became very close too close that it started to become romantic affair between the two ladies ... “

Me: WHAT!!!!”

Him: yep ... and wait it does not end there ... “

Me: THERE IS MORE? “I asked popping my eyes wide open.

Him: Ginger has no clue that Muntu is Pat’s mother, and she also does not know that Muntu is special forces ... “

Me: WHAT? “

He chuckled shaking his head

Him: wait there is more ... “

Me: Sandile no ... There is more?! “

Him: so I hacked Muntu's medical file and it indicated that two years after you got married to Oyama, Muntu gave birth to a baby girl that was proclaimed to have not survived at birth, and guess who is the father? “

Me: NO! “

He nodded and side smiled.

Him: Oyama is the father of the hidden child, so, Ms. I hate Oyama, Oyama killed my husband, was sleeping with Oyama even way before you or Ginger came into the picture and the

affair continued even after you got married to the man, so Muntu hate comes from this twisted crazy affair between you and Oyama, Ginger and Oyama and her and Ginger... “

Me: ooh God I think I'm going to be sick!”

I said gagging.

Sandile busted out and laughed.

Him: well, that was my plan to dish out dirt on her so much that it makes her suffocate and vanish “

Me: so, she has a child with Oyama, does Oyama know about this? “

Him: that's the one part I don't know of “

Me: so, this hate she has for me was because of Oyama?... She is in love with Oyama?”

Him: my love I don't know if it was love, or infatuation, or lust or envy or hate or everything I have just mentioned, all I know is that I'm glad she will face her maker soon and they can deal with mass they created with Oyama in Hall “

He said holding my face, pulling it to him, and making our lips crash into each other.

“Guys can you stop sucking face and let's face the enemy that's standing outside our gate”

I Jumped away from Sandile facing the other way the minute Zuko walked in on us kissing.

Sandile: bakuphi? “

Zuko: by the boom gates security just called and I don't know what to say “

I looked at Zuko looking all frightened and not sure what to do, if only he knew what awaits him, he would not be looking this frail as he looks right now.

Sandile: ok Rose what's the plan? “He asked looking at me.

Me: the plan is to let her in first and I will handle the rest”

“What? “Sandile asked holding my hand and making me look at him

Sandile: we have no plan or whatever ever Can you please hold your horses and let us think this through!”

Me: I'm ready to face Ngozu Sandile I haven't got nothing to think through, trust me I got this “

Zuko: WHAT? “

I untangled my hand from Sandile's hold, making my way inside the house passing Zuko by the sliding door

Sandile: Rose!”

I ignored him I went to the intercom and asked security to allow Ngozu in

Zuko: you said you would talk to her” he asked Sandile

Sandile: Ndoda I tried but I just can’t get through to her when she is like this “

Me: great they are here ... “

I said looking outside my window as two back SUVs parked outside my house.

Zuko: lord I have a bad feeling about this “

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To be continued

### \*\*\* A Nigerian Chess Game \*\*\*

Rosetta

There is something about the beauty of a black full figured woman, you know that beauty that shines in the whites of her eyes and the pearls of her teeth, I think it is in the melanin of her skin, and the black of her hair, it is in the warm browns, midnight blacks shaded of her face, and the pinkness of her hidden flesh.

There is something about a typical black woman, that makes me stare without blinking, the natural pheromone scents, that engulf my nostrils and makes me take deep breath. That is the feeling I always get whenever I'm in Ngozu's presence, she has the disguised aura of making her presence known, I look at her step out of her car, you could swear she is royalty with her animal print balloon sleeves long maxi dress with a matching head wrap of cause, no doubt my sister in law is gorgeous, her exotic features of being typical black women, no makeup or what's so ever makes her stand out, damn this women ages like fine wine.

"You do not look surprised to see me? "She asked the minute she walked up to my doorstep, I just looked at her with my arms folded leaning on the frame of my front door,

Me: should I be Surprise? "

I said when she was close enough for me to respond.

She fakes a laugh and walks past me making her way inside my house, I breathe out loud and ask god to give me strength.

I then followed her and found her inside my house sitting comfortably on the couch, she scanned me from head to toe and raised her left eyebrow

Her: pants ... tight pants and a skimpy top, mmmm whose wife, are you? "

I knew that she was going to complain about my dress code, she is such a conservative and a ridiculous control freak, I know this because Oyama and I had a semi-traditional marriage and I had to stay in Nigeria for a few months after our wedding and Ngozu got an opportunity to groom me to be the perfect Nigerian wife, she took it upon herself to monitor what I wear, what I say and how I handle myself in public. She made me get rid of many of the clothes I used to wear saying it attracts unwanted stares from men. She discourages me from wearing nice perfumes, letting my hair open...even wearing lipstick, I felt



suffocated to the T! And whenever I spoke to Oyama about her sister's treatment, he too would just scold me every time. I wanted to run away from my marriage many times back then ... lord if only I did, I would have not endured such a life I lived there after...

Me: I'm the wife of the notorious drug lord who decided to put me in jail to display his undying love for me ... “

Her: mmm .... Touché “she said clapping her hands slowly, she is ridiculing me, I bite my inner chic suppressing any angry reaction that is threatening and forcing to come out because I know that alone will fuel her fire.

Now I feel like I was too overly ambitious trusting myself to handle this woman all by myself, but I had no choice, I had to ask Zuko and Sandile to wait for me in the other room while I put Ngozu in her place, since there is a lot in stake riding on this meeting being successful, so I cannot fuck it up by having any destruction around, so fuck this disturbing anxiety whispering fear in my head, I decided to take few silent deep breaths as I seek strength within, not to be greater than her which I obviously want to be one day, but for now I just want to fight my greatest enemy, the doubts and angry Rose within myself, I looked at her now with my game face on, thank you lord I, I'm in control again. .. I got this.

Me: what brings you here Ngozu? “

I asked as I sat down looking at her straight in her brown beautiful eyes.

Her: my brother is in jail “

Me: Oyama was wanted in 7 counties. It's a given that he is finally caught, and not that it's my business but what do you care? “

Her: you right its none of your business “

Me: then get to the business that brings you into my house and let's stop wasting each other's time “

She looked at me with his upper lip raised, I must have hit a nerve that she is now showing her emotions.

Her: Oyama killed my son “

Me: I'm sorry for your loss “I said inwardly rolling my eyes

Her: and for that, I'm here to demand justice that he gets what he deserves “

Me: you had to wait for him to be in chains in order to do so?”

Her: what's that supposed to mean Rose? “

I raised my left hand looked at my Nicely polished nails and responded.

“I believe Timothy was not your first blood relative that Oyama killed ... it's just surprisingly strange that you had to wait this long to demand Justice or maybe there is another motive behind your thirst for blood that I'm not aware of. “

She puffed her eyes open she is now angry and ready to react, which got me side smiling because I pushed the right button. You see when it comes to the good side of my brain the hungry brain side, it just never stops being curious about human behavior and what makes people tick, and human nature in general. My mother always says it's because I was a late bloomer as far as social skills go that is why I look at the glass half empty not half full, but I think it is a skill I picked up as an adult or should I say being incarcerated made me have this mindset, I believe I'm 'above average' at the moment.

If I was to ignore other people's reactions and body language I would not have survived in prison, so this skill I possess I use to manipulate people in order to accomplish my own selfish goals. I also have something known as a moral compass. So, I use my tools to get the best out of every situation, and I do this at any cost to others if I see an opportunity, and Ngozu has proven to be the weakest link.

Her: you have grown bolls, Rose “

Me: that's what happens when you marry a powerful family “

Her: now that is strange? “

Me: what is? “

Her: you consider yourself as a family “

Me: I'm still married to that son of a bitch remember”

Her: mmm so you have this all figured out, which is such a funny stupid plan if you ask me “

Me: and what might be that plan be Ngozu?”

Her: remain Married to Oyama till his final breath in order to be left with all of his estates “

Me: we married in community of property after all what his is mine, what's mine is his right? ... till death do us part “

She stood up and I could tell that she was angry like hell right now.

Me: including the Nqeve minerals shares “

She immediately turned and looked at me with wide-open eyes.

Me: that is your reason for coming here, right? “

She continued to look at me as if she had seen a ghost.

Me: you see I know about Oyama's final will now the problem that you have is not killing Oyama till you get whatever facts straight since you too have read the Will, so get to the point of what exactly do you want so you may get out of my house"

Her: those shares belong to my son!"

Me: your son got played, like the rest of your family so I don't see the need for you to feel entitled right now"

Her: You are playing with fire Rose you don't know who you are dealing with!"

Me: ooh I know, but I feel like you bucking at the wrong tree right now "

She shook her head and let out a mocking laugh.

Her: women to women I would not advise that you take that route you are planning to take

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you don't want to experience being a Nigerian Widow, cause all of Oyama's estate will not be yours once his cold body hits the ground "

She said through her teeth leaning close to me and making me breathe her Cinnamon tea breath.

Me: you know the funny thing is you under estimate me Ngozu, I know a lot about Nigerian customs, more than 30 Years in the marriage teaches you things about your in-laws, and the man you once shared a bed with, I know that you only here because you think I executed this plan to the T, ...kill Oyama or get him killed and I get everything after ...

but I did not plan this, you see I only found out about Oyama's Final will the same day you did, I'm still shocked that he made me his beneficiary in all of his estate “

Her: I'm not stupid Rose, you have a hand in all of this, There is no way that all of this is a coincidence, firstly Oyama put you in jail for years and when you came out a few months later, he got arrested, and boom you are noted at his only main beneficiary in his will! “

Me: I guess it's his way of saying sorry for what he put me through “

Her: you really must have a death wish because nothing good will come out of your plan “

I rolled my eyes at her.

Her: So you want to be Ngeve's Widow ... and be the Major shareholder of the family company sit in a boardroom with

board members and make decisions, Mrs. Oyama the CEO, right? “

She busts out and laughs.

Me: are we forgetting that Oyama is still very much alive for you to assume so much? “

Her: he won't be for long ... “

Me: I guess will cross that bridge when we get to it “

She busts out and laughs again ... clapping her hands.

“you stupid women are we forgetting that you are a barren, what respect do you think the elders will give you ...you have no legacy that will carry out the Nqeve surname, look Rose do yourself a Favor and sign over the shares to me or else I will make your life a living hell as I foresee that you soon to become a widow “

Me: barren you say ... “I bust out and laugh, standing up to look at her at an eye-to-eye level "Are we forgetting that you killed your only son by making him befriend the devil, what respect do you think the elders will give you one you once you are a major shareholder? “

She popped her eyes open and raised her hand to slap me, but I held it halfway before it reached my cheek, she popped her eyes even wider as they slowly turned red with rage.

Me: this will be the last time you raise your hand on me do you hear me!”

I said through my teeth, as I pushed her off me, she staggered back and looked at me in shock.

Me: look here Ngozu whatever you do with Oyama I don't give a shit, kill him or not I do not give a shit, but if you think I'm willing to sell the company shares to you or anyone else for that matter you must be delusional, everything that Oyama Owns is rightfully mine I'm his wife remember! Besides you know very well what he put me through but you come to my house and think you can discard me like a used tissue... who fuck do you think you are? ”

Her: I'm only trying to save your life you stupid women!, do you have any idea what will happen to you should Oyama die now and it turns out you hold the bigger piece of the Ngeve empire, you will be sold to wife one of the Elders, let's not even mention the treatment you will receive entering a forced marriage as a widow, Rose Nigeria is not like South Africa, in our village women have no equality, right or say or what's so ever, you will lose all of Oyama hard-earned money to the man you will be forced to marry too, I'm only here to give you a Lifeline, giving you a chance to start over leave your life the way you see fit and cut all ties with our family cause, believe me, they will destroy you once they find out about this... “



Me: I'm fully aware of that ... as a woman, I will never be at the forefront of running the biggest Mineral company in the continent, and I know the inhuman treatment your people give to a grieving woman so, since I'm married to traditional Nigerian Man I will undergo the most horrifying experience ever and I know you will be number one infiltrator of my torture”

Her: ooh great finally you see the light ... you truly know how to waste people's time “she said cutting me off

Me: that is why I will hand over my share to one of the family members that I will trust, because I too want the piece of the pie “

She raised an eyebrow looking at me with the corner of her eye....

Her: you know I never pictured you as being this greedy, but hey prison can change a person, ooh well Rose good luck in finding a loyal Nqeve trustee, it better be soon cause your husband has only a few days to live... and I can't wait to take you home to grieve for him, Mrs Oyama “

She said laughing and standing up.

Me: ooh but I have”

She stopped in her tracks and looked at me.

Her: what? “

“Zuko! “I called out,

My Tall handsome boy made an appearance, his stride was like rhythm and meter got up off the page and decided to move and glide like the Spirit ... In his step there is a message, wait for it ... listen to it ... no man you have to listen carefully, listen to the orchestra playing beneath his feet. Pay attention to the vibrations when he walks in the room See how Ngozu's face changes to fear in the presence of Oyama's Offspring

Her: No, this can't be ...”

Zuko stood right next to me, his face changed my cute son that I was with a few hours ago was gone his dangerously handsome like his father right now, with that frown on his face.

Me: meet my son Zuko Adebowale Oyama Nqeve...”

Her: Adebowale? ...” she said with a shaky voice.

Me: Oyama named my son after his late father, Adebowale meaning the crown has returned home “

Ngozu swallowed with his eyes fixed on Zuko.

Me: look Ngozu thanks for caring and thinking of my well-being but should Oyama die now I won't sink, I won't perish and I won't be sold to elders as I gave birth to a son that will prolong the Nqeve lineage so kill Oyama, or don't I don't really care because I still hold the queen in this chess game “

Ngozu eyes shifted from Zuko to mine, she opened her mouth to talk but words did not come out,

Me: shoooo don't say a word now ... think about what you just saw and when you ready to talk business you know where to find me ...”

She swallowed and looked at Zuko one more time and walked out of the house leaving the door behind her wide open, Zuko made her way to the door and looked at her aunt for the longest time and finally closed the door

Zuko: so that is her? “

I nodded and breath out loud as I let out a huge sigh, I called out Sandile's name but he responded right next to me I looked at him holding my chest my heart was beating fast, I know Ngozi and I know that she does not like when things do not go her way, did I just put my son in harms way by introducing her to this witch ooh God what have done

Zuko: Mom are you ok? “

I looked at Zuko and nodded holding his hand tight.

“ Sandile I need you to help me find a person that can help my son he needs protection, spiritual protection ... “

Zuko: what? “

Sandile: Sure let me make a call ... “

He said taking his phone out of his pocket and dialing a number it must have been on speed dial cause whoever he was calling answered very quickly “Trevor I need your help ... “

Sandile said as he made his way to the other side of the room

Zuko: Mother what do you mean I need voodoo “

Me: better safe than be sorry, look stay inside the house do not go out please ... “

I said taking Sandile's car keys from the coffee table.

Him: Hay wait ... where are you going? “

Me: I need to have a word with your father before that witch kills him” Zuko: what? “

I kissed his cheek ... “I need to do this ... just trust me “

To be continued

\*\*\* The Crypt and The Ghost Lady \*\*\*

🌹 LETHUKUTHULA 🌹

I refused to visit my father's grave after his funeral, I didn't see the point of it, it wasn't as if I could see him, talk to him, hug or better yet strangle him. I believed that there was nothing for me there inside that cold sandy crypt, but that wasn't true because his death took a toll on me.

For nearly 14 months, I used work to escape my reality, I was not close to the man, but I acknowledge that he was the man who seeded me to life, but how do you grieve for a man who was never there, my grief was questioned because of the anger I carried for him.

I kidded myself into thinking I had processed my grief. I could finally talk about him fondly and share amusing anecdotes rather than tearing up, so I figured I'd put down some flowers and say hello to a wall, maybe try and get closure out of the experience, but I didn't count on the ferocity of my grief.

I was already sobbing as my car pulled up outside the complex of crypts that I had only seen once before.

The walk to his grave was the longest walk I have ever taken not physically but emotionally my feet struggled to take steps to him, as I finally stood before him, I swallowed as I look at his grave, his grave was a physical manifestation of my pain, but I didn't realize it until I stood before the red sand mound, He was really gone. I would never get another disapproving look he used to give me or better yet get a chance to mend the drift we had, the distance I created.

I smiled to myself, but I felt my tears doubled over my fake smile,

This wasn't just an ugly cry-face, it was a full-body experience. You see it in toddlers as they're about to have a tantrum, the kind of cry that starts in the pit of their stomach and causes them to stop breathing for one second, two seconds, three seconds before that tiny little body unleashes an unholy sound, you'd never dreamed possible. Unlike adults, children haven't learnt to feel ashamed of their feelings, so they let it all out, selfishly and un-self-consciously.

This was my first time crying for him as I was self-conscious at his funeral. I had to be strong for Mbali when she delivers the eulogy, I was forced by mother to thank the guests for coming and host the wake. I had responsibilities. I had to keep it

together. I had no time to cry or grieve.

Nobody wanted to see me lose it, least of all me. I really did not know how to grieve for him or just grieve in general. Nobody prepares you for such situations for me it was all about attending the funeral, silent and sombre, a hand on the arm to comfort someone as tears slide down their face but I for one, don't know how to sit in the rawness of their pain. The space where tears aren't enough, when only screams and cries and wails can express the depth of their sorrow, is ugly and uncomfortable and embarrassing for those who witness it and those who feel it.

This time, there was no one else's feelings to worry about. It was just me facing my loss. Never mind that I was a grown ass woman who once had a career to kill for a leaving, before my father grave I was just the kid that is so sad that I never got the chance to know my father, to see what Mbali and my mother saw in him. Does it ever matter how old you are when you lose a parent?

I didn't just cry, I howled. A deep, dark, guttural sound synonymous with death. You instinctively know it as soon as you hear it, nothing else could cause such pain. It was loud and echoed among the walls of the other newly erected crypts,

some with blank marble faces that had been bought in preparation and others carved with the names of loved ones that are just as sorely missed.

The emotions that I tried to push down had finally spilled over and I was powerless to do anything except let them flow. Sitting down in front of Mntungwa grave and tucking flowers into the vase next to the candle holder, I finally understood the purpose of a grave site. It's not for them, it's for us. This intimate gesture is the closest I'm ever going to get to giving him a hug.

And although my realization brings on another wave of sobs, there's also a hint of a smile. Because my father was a lot of things, but at the end of the day he was father.

“Mntungwa ... Can you hear me? “I finally speak to him as I wipe tears from my face

“You don't have to answer that. I can feel your spirit every day, moving as a battlefield wraith through my wartorn life. Sometimes you're the condensation on my wine glass and of late I can feel you reaching out to me “

I breath out loud and looked up



“I just want to let you know that I’m here now and I’m never running away”

I breath out loud calming my shaking hands and my heart that was beating on my throat

“I’m sorry ...sorry that I ran away from home when things got tough between you and mom, I spent years in boarding school, when it was time for school holiday I went on camps, avoiding coming back home to face you or face our family dynamics that shifted overnight, I must admit that you hurting mama made me react that way, I never had the guts to talk back at you since you and mama thought us that order is the final rule in our house,

‘Lethu you've been given an order. Unless you think you're going to suffer serious harm or die from it - then follow the goddamn order. If you want to know why, or have any other discussion about the situation, bring that up when you old enough to understand relationships matters... but now zip it, this is between me and your mother!’

you used to say, so I avoided you the best way I know how.

It so strange that People always say I take over you, “ you are courageous, ambitious , goal focus and I'm antisocial like your father” yet I wander why you never saw that in me or better yet you never displayed how proud you are that I turned out to

be just like you, I had some big successes being in the military and being chosen to be part of the special force at the age of 25 was supposed to make you proud of me, but instead you hated my career choice, you had so many high expectations on how I'm supposed to live up to your standard and lord did I hate that whatever I had accomplished was never good enough for you, but right now, those things seem to matter not. It's hard for me to comprehend what those reckless years of my life must have been like for you. And I'm welling up with tears as I stand before you. The pain that must have come with that would have been immense. To be powerless to stop the self-destruction of a girl born of your love, your image and soul was something so monumental, And I know what I was like. There was nothing you could have done to stop me back then.

But as an adult now I struggle to know where to move now, what's my purpose in life ...and What I'm struggling with the most is what I did to you and what I didn't do for you. . . I have spent so many years hating the fact that you are so in love with your career then giving your focus to fixing your family, I guess there were right when they said "like father like daughter" "because I too chose to put my career first more than anything else in this world.

Look baba, I know you had your demons. I could see them in your eyes, I witnessed a man of deep thought and reflection. I

only hope that none of those demons has anything to do with what kind of daughter I was to you.

Mntungwa I can only say that I'm sorry. I'm sorry in a way that leaves me frozen here, knowing that nothing will move again, in any kind of easy breezy way, until I have dealt with what I have done to you. I need to let it in, to absorb it, accept it and let it become part of me. I must let what I have done become part of my story and let it make me better, stronger and kinder. To have failed in this will have been to have truly failed you, baba. I never want to fail you again. I want to be a daughter that you look down on and smile with so much appreciation. . . I forgive you baba and I hope you forgive me too, lala ngoxolo Mbulazi, lala ngoxolo Mntungwa “

I breath out loud and looked at my father's grave one more time before I turned around and made my way to my car, I found my phone ringing on the passenger sit, I just rolled my eyes as I realized that it was Mlondi that was blowing up my phone,i hang up the call without answering and I decided to call the event Planer

Me: Hi, you are speaking to Lethukuthula Khumalo, am I speaking Velile Msimang? “

Velile: ooh Hi Lethu , Mbali said you will call “

I looked at my phone like what? Did she just call me Lethu as if we are old friends?

Me: ooh ok “

Her: can we do a visual call at about 2 hours from now, so you can tell me the kind of Deco you had in mind, as well as your guest list, the menu and venue, I apologize that will do most planning over the phone but I'm still in Ngonyameni will only fly down in few days' time ..."

Me: hold up, wait a second didn't Mbali go over this with you “

Her: not really, she said you will handle the check list “

Me: What? “

Her: is there a problem? “

Me: I think so

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look Velile ... “

Her: ooh please don't be too formal just call me Veli “

I rolled my eyes, ok this woman is too bubbly for my liking,

Me: ok Veli, look I don't know much about organizing an event yet alone organizing an unveiling for well-known political figure like Mntungwa !“

My voice was a pitch too high, which I presumed came across as shouting to the receiver, but what spooked me was that Veli bust out and laughed, and did not take any offence in my tone

Her: don't worry about it love that what I'm here for, will go over everything together Trust me I'm good at what I do... wena just relax and take few deep breaths “

Ooh Jesus did she say relax ... deep breaths what is this therapist slash event planner

Her: Veli all you need to do is remember the purpose of the event, who are planning the event for, what was his taste, style and his kind of environment, this event is not about you but it's all about celebrating the life of the deceased, so calm down will chat with you in a few “

I ended up feeling dazed out, I did not hear a word that Veli said after, I only found myself dropping the call and breathing out loud in frustration, but quite moments never seem to last when it comes to me, my phone made the loudest beeping sound that brought me back to reality, I giggled in amazement the minute I saw a “please call me “ message popping on my screen

“UKUPHI? “ Mzi asked , there is no hallo or what's so ever just commanding question nje

“Shit! “I said out loud

Him: angizwanga? “

Me: I mean shit as in I lost track of time ... Not shit to you ... aish you know what I mean “

Him: I do? “

Me: baba omdala ..."

Him: We supposed to be at the stonemasonry like an hour ago" he said with an apprehending tone, wait? Did he just shout at me?

Me: I'm on my way “

Him: Lethukuthula!”

Me: I'm sorry Baba ... I really am, please just give me few minutes I will be there in no time “I said starting the car and driving off...

Few minutes later I packed the car outside my house I found Mzi waiting for me impatiently outside our house, he did not even wait for me to turn off the car engine, but he was already inside my car

Me: I'm sorry .... “

Him: Lethu just drive please “

He said not even looking at me, I chewed my inner cheek and drove off, No words were spoken as we drove off, he was looking outside the window the whole time while I battle on how I will start a conversation, do I tell him about me visiting his brother grave ,no! that won't sit well with him any conversation that has to do with Mtungwa always rub Mzi the wrong way ...but how do I deal with silence that is becoming uncomfortable

“STOP THE CAR!”

I turned and looked at Mzi

Him: STOP THE CAR LETHU! “

Me: what? We are in the middle of the road Mzi ! “

Him: damn it I said stop the bloody car!!!”

He said opening the door,

Me: ooh my God Mzi what the hack? Ok... ok ... I'm stopping just close the door please !!!”

I skated the car to right side of the road and packed , I turned to look at Mzi before I could turn off the ignition, but Mzi was already out of the car he was busy crossed the road making cars

honk at him and brake inches away from his feet's , I'm  
creaming ducking as if the car that almost hit Mzi was  
approaching me , my eyes wide open I'm in total shock , not  
sure what gotten into this old man, what drove him to this  
stupidity, I too decided to jump off the car and ran after him

“Baba... baba!... stop ooh my GOD WATCH OUT FOR THAT CAR!  
“

I placed my hands on my head looking at the car break so close  
to Mzi, I'm sure it bumped him a bit, instead of Mzi apologizing  
for being on the wrong , crossing a busy road that has no  
pedestrian crossing on sight he does the opposite and start  
banging the bonnet of the car cursing the driver to fuck off!

Me: ooh lord ... Mzi!... “I called out running after him I made a  
hand gesture to the fuming driver apologizing for Mzi’s action, I  
was in no mood to fight with an angry driver, so I blocked my  
ears to whatever they were throwing at us, and I pulled Mzi to  
the pavement.

Me: what's gotten into you? ... Are you ok...? “I said looking at  
him checking if there is no sign of him being bumped by a car, a  
trace of blood or anything that might show that his hurt, I know  
it sounds crazy but what a frighten girl in panic mode is  
supposed to do?



Him: I'm fine ... stop fussing “

he pushed me aside ...and continued walking,

Me: where are you going? ... Mzi! ... Baba, just wait a second and talk to me!!! “

Did he listen to me? NO ... he just continued to walk till he stopped next to car parking meter and looked at some building a restaurant to be precise

Me: Mzi... “

Him: shut up!”

Wow ... I mouthed and rolled my eyes, folded my arms and looked at him, it's strange that he almost killed himself just to look at this fancy building, so here we are looking at this restaurant with no words spoken I look back at him to ask him what we looking at but I find his eyes twinkling, this was the first time I have seen his eye show so much life, so much happiness or should I say so much emotions, so I knew that something was amiss, this man's heart was plunged far deep into an abyss that I too wanted to explore what got him looking like this, so I moved my eyes to the exact direction where his eyes are fixed at, I looked at the restaurant and the window view displayed a lady sitting by the window drinking coffee with a novel in her hand, Beauty is not what she portrays, for beauty

itself portrays her. She was the definition of beauty itself; I notice that she has that kind of abstract beauty, not that beauty felt by eyes, nor that skin or hair, not that grace or style, but you can feel the beauty of her pure heart

Me: who is she? “

Mzi: A Ghost “

Me: excuse me? “

Him: sorry my child but I have to go ... “

He said walking away

Me: Mzi wait ... just wait, what's going on? What's wrong with you today? “

I said grabbing his arm

Him: I left the country because they told me she was dead “he said pointing his finger at the window

Me: who is she? “

Him: I can't believe this, your father took everything from me, my family, the love of my life and my life ... all of this shit of Mtungwa being the freedom fighter for our people, a hero, an honorable man is bullshit! That is my life!!!! ... how can he be so cruel, fist he put a hit on her and as if that was not enough,

he lied to me about her death, I lost everything because of Mntungwa “

He said with blood shot eyes, he was not angry, but his voice and eyes displayed so much sorrow, this man has spent y Years of regret and grief,

Sorrow without relief. I feel like I could just take some of his pain away but how do I do that? How do I fix my father's wrongdoing?

Him: I'm sorry but I can't do this! ...”

Me: Mzi what do you mean? “

Him: I can't forgive and forget I can't erase the past from my life as if it did not happen, Ngicela ungixolisele Kuma Khumalo, I cannot proceed with this cleansing ceremony”

He said yanking his hand from mine and started walking away

Me: Baba... Mzi! “

He did not answer me but continued walking away, I stood there with my hands on my head, ooh my God my mother is going to kill me, I mean we can't do the unveiling twithought the one remaining head of the Khumalo Family ... I turned my head to look at the restaurant and I saw the Ghost lady

standing up and packing her things , I look on the other side and I notice that I have lost sight of Mzi, I looked around everywhere but he was gone , my head started spinning should I talk to this lady and dig up skeletons from her past ? I bite my lip not sure what to do,

I looked at my phone debating if I should call mama right now, tell her that Mzi is no longer proceeding with the ceremony, no I can't do that she will be disappointed I need to fix this I need to make this ceremony happen, Baba Mzi need closure needs peace and he needs us, he needs his family, lord knows I need him too in my life, so I placed my pride aside and decided to call Mlondi

Him: mam Ntungwa “

Me: I lost my uncle help me find him now, I have sent you his pic and location... “

Him: ooh sure let me turn on my human tracker in my system and trace you Ghost father ...” he said mocking me

Me: Mlondi!”

Him: LETHUKUTHULA ungangicasuli uyezwa , do you know how many times I have been calling, texting you while wena you decided to ghost me the whole time, now you come to me looking for Favours hhayi futsek wna!

Me: I don't have time for this bullshit ... find my uncle now! and talk to me when you have news of his whereabouts! "

Him: babe ... "

Me: not now Mlondi, I have an unveiling to plan "

I said dropping the call

I looked at the restaurant one more time and I noticed that the lady who was sitting by the window was gone,

"Who are you Ghost lady? "

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. .

To be continued

\*\*\* Family Dynamics \*\*\*

## **Liyana**

Liyana Ramabele, daughter of Jongikhaya Ramabea and supposed daughter of Sithembiso Ziqubu I want to put that in writing, on my birth certificate, on my driver's license, on my medicine qualification. Everywhere my name is written down, I need it to be known that my mother lied to me for over three decades. I want it to be understood that I don't know who my father is, but I know about him.

I'm mad I know my mother has disliked me since childhood but it's so inhuman for her to keep this from me, to lie about my identity, who does that? Who lies to their kid for that long? Even when I would ask what I thought were stupid questions at the time like

“Why do I have a diastema, Mommy,” or

“Baba, how come you and Ma don't get this dark in the summer.”

Stupid, dumb, naive, kid questions. And then get stupid, dumb, manipulative, adult answers. Like “Your great grandfather had some diastema too” or “skin complexion skips generations, Liyana.” Really? Skips generations, right? I punched the bed so hard with my fist, suppressing how much I wished to scream

right now. I feel...I feel like I don't really know how to feel, or what to think, So I am of Royal blood! How on earth did The Table Turn so fast without any warning

The door to my bedroom cracked open and Ntsika walked in closing the door behind him

Him: hay”

Me: mmmm”

He came and set next to me on our bed, he took my hand and tangled his fingers through mine

Him: aren't you supposed to be packing?”

Me: I want to but I just can't, something inside me feels so much rage and confusion, all along I knew who I was but never thought who I may be”

Him: I'm just glad you have most of the question that were eating you up inside answered”

Me: because of you Nisika, because I met you, I fell in love with a royal man, and my identity was questioned from day one, what if my destiny was with another ordinary man Would the truth have come out? Will my mother ever have the guts to confess to me about my biological father?”

Him: there are two sides to the story Liyana “

Me: wow! so you think I'm a bad person for blaming my mother for hiding my identity? “

Him: Liyana you were conceived in a ‘forbidden’ relationship, an affair”

Me: wow Nstika are we really going there now?! “

Him: I just want to make you see the reason why your mother might have hidden the truth from you, firstly Your biological dad was in a relationship with your mum without him knowing she was already spoken for “

Me: and that supposed to make it right for her to lie to me for all these years? “

Him: I don’t condone the lying, but I think Your mother may simply be protecting Baba Ziqubu in honor of his contribution to your upbringing, and no doubt that man loves you as his daughter and it destroyed him when he found out you were not his”

I looked down feeling a bit ashamed of how I was conceived

Him: babe....”

He held my hand tighter

Him: you are amazing “he said with an awe



Me: that is because you make me amazing even when I feel at my lowest “

He kissed the back of my hand and smiled

Him: You're the purest, most genuine thing that ever happened to me, so trust me when I say that all I see here is not rage or confusion, but more of fear because you've been pulled between curiosity after receiving the news about your biological father... You have tons of questions, I suspect – anything from: “Have I inherited my looks from him, or the color of my skin?” to “Does he also like this music or that food?”

Whatever it is, it's likely to come with a desperate longing to feel 'whole' by finding that 'missing piece' of yourself. You long to know who you really are. I also suspect you're feeling pretty 'miffed', disappointed, and hurt that your father never seems to have bothered to find or contact you.

Doesn't he want you? Doesn't he care? Is he embarrassed or even ashamed about your existence? Does he even know about your struggles? So many questions, so few answers but babe taking that first step to finding out who you are ... who you are meant to become may look scary but ..."

Me: I know baby... I know what you going to say 'The future is scary, and the one constant we have in life is that it's always changing'

I said looking at him and cutting him off

Him: you know me very well now “

I smiled and responded, “As you know me very well, ... you are right I am scared my love, I know nothing about being part of the royal Xhosa family ... my upbringing was toxic, and my mother made sure that I didn't fit in anywhere, so I don't think I'm mentally fit for a change in family dynamics “

Him: Liyana look, at me, “

I turned my head to look at him

Him: you spent years listening to your mother, being under her control, she made sure you were always afraid of change, afraid of leaving your home, she barricaded your doors of freedom, and hid your childhood, she aimed to make you fear life itself! create hate in your heart, be the exact version of her reflection, practice aggression and perfect antagonism, she aimed to divide you from the world, from your brother and Baba Ziqubu, cause that is where you were loved, she wanted you to be inhuman like her. throw out your kindness, bury your pure heart, and burn your hope. Baby your mother aimed to take all

of your light!

She thought that the brick walls she created in your head would never make you the person you are today, please do not leave to what she always said “Expect the best, prepare for the worst. Right?... but do the opposite.

Look my love one thing I know is that. Ultimately, there are two types of people in this world: ones who freeze when they get scared, and ones who use their fear to inspire them. And I know for a fact that my future wife knows It's okay to feel delicate sometimes. Because she believes that Real beauty is in the fragility of your petals. A rose that never wilts isn't a rose at all, so it's okay to be scared because if you're scared, it's because it matters, so use that to your advantage”

His words hit me in the gut and my head spins. He’s right. I’ve been choosing alone because it’s safe and easy. It's not because I don’t fit in but it's because I’m... scared. I’m letting all of the hurt I’ve had over the years keep me from moving forward.

“So, you think it's a right move to go to Matatiele? “I said looking at him with puffy eyes

Him: I'm not saying close the chapter of your maternal side, just place a bookmark because that chapter was filled with lessons and growth

and now you are ready to take everything you learned and apply it to the next one... “

I breath out loud and nodded with a faint smile

Me: I guess I should start with the packing now”

Him: nope, you wasted enough time here, come let's go speak to Baba Ziqubu he has been waiting for you since morning “

Me: What? ... No, I'm not ready to face him! “

Him: ooh yes you are ... are we forgetting that he is the middleman of your two worlds, we already heard Chief Ramabela give you a glimpse of your identity, but for closure purposes please speak to the man that raised you and find out his side of the story, why he left ... “

Me: what... No! “

Him: if you have nothing to say to him it's fine, but at least listen to him “

I bite my lip thinking but nothing comes to mind, I have forgotten that Baba Ziqubu is even around, what do I say to a man who abounded me

Him: Ma- Rhamabela ngiyakucela, Mangalisa, and Baba Ziqubu need to hear the News of your biological father from you, you ow them that baby “

Me: I'm sorry but I owe no one anything, please tell them I'm busy or something "I said standing up

Him: MaChiya will do that for you"

I ignored him and made my way to the closet

Him: Liyana don't forget that you were fortunate enough to have grown up with a loving 'dad', someone you're happy to consider your real dad!!!!"

He said shouting behind me

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So Ntsika did not honor my wish of not talking to Baba Ziqubu, he called in Mangalisa to intervene, and my big brother decided to drag me out of my room kicking and screaming, he said he also couldn't face Baba Ziqubo alone and he needed me too, he was angry at our father or rather his father for leaving us while we were still young, Baba Ziqubu made all the money in our house and our mother was a trophy wife. It's like he ran away after his success ran out and the worst part was everything was legally owned by him, life was hard living with an unemployed useless woman, we had bills we could not pay and no income whatsoever, But what Baba Ziqubu revealed regarding the reason why he left, left us in shock...so the story is, a month before Baba Ziqubu left, he went through our

mother's phone and found unappropriated massages and pics of his close friend in our mother's phone.

He confronted my mother and she admitted to the affair. Baba Ziqubu went completely mad, he called her a whore and other insults, said their whole relationship is a lie, and even said my brother may not be even his as well since he knew about me from birth that I was not his biological child. He suspected my mother of cheating the entire time while they were married, he was betrayed and did not trust anything that had to do with her anymore. They had a huge fight and he decided to kick her out of their house. But instead of my mother leaving she decided to cry about being abused by Baba Ziqubu to the cops and since her new boyfriend was a lawyer baba Ziqubu decided not to wait to be placed behind bars for a crime he did not commit so he decided to leave

“Liyana it's not your fault. . . your mother was physically, emotionally, and verbally abusive to me from the day we met... I'm sorry you had to grow up faster than your friends.

It's not your fault that people were showing pity on you. I can only hope that their feelings did not make you feel sorry for yourself. Ooh my baby, how I admired how strong and capable you were. As I left, I kept saying I knew Liyana could handle this. It seemed overwhelming back then, but today I came to see this immense strength you carried through your childhood.

It's not your fault that you had to find a way to balance other adults' feelings on top of the load you already carry for yourself. No, it's not your fault. I prayed every night that one day I will get the chance to see you and apologize for leaving you and your brother and I had hoped that we all Just try to get over it and move on. . . please forgive me, my child...

Him: Hay you are drifting off again ..."

I felt Nstika fingers softly caressing my cheek, as he brought me back to reality ...

Me: I'm sorry “

Him: Thinking of Baba Ziqubu? “

Me: yes, I can't believe for all these years I hated a man who hurting so much“

“We found him leaving in the shack...his leaving conditions just made me question a lot about what kind of human being is my mother” I turned around and found Mangalisa going over his phone, we in Vito going to Matatiele and Mangalisa decided to tag along, he has been overly possessive over me, and now it even worse that he found out that I have another big brother from my biological father's side, so a hint of jealousy might be the reason why he tags along

Ntsika: you really becoming a nonsense now, why are you even in my car... don't you have a job or girlfriend that you have to attend to “

Me: I agree with you babe ... didn't you say Becky was coming back? “

Mangalisa rolled his eyes

Him: the only woman I ever loved is dating a sugar daddy who has more money than me and Becky drives me crazy with her insecurities and jealousy, I quit my Job since it is no longer fun with Nomcebo not around so yah my life is fucked but at least my sister keeps me busy with this crazy trip of identity search and I love how Ntsika try to get rid of me with his money “

Ntsika: Gold digger like mother like son ... “

Me: wait you quit your Job? Mangalisa !”

I was in shock, I thought Mangilisa had his life figured out in Cape Town, so it just shows that I know nothing about my brother, As matter of a fact we never had a chance to catch up All we ever did since he got back was fight, argue and find ourselves in such situations, now I'm warried about his mental health is he really ok?

“Finally, I got it ... check this out,” he said handing me his phone



Me: what am I looking at? “I said focusing my eyes on the pic, it was the traditional wedding of the Minister of Health that was treading a year ago

Him: the man our mother was caught having an affair with is the groom in that picture... “

Me: what? ...you are telling me that Mduduzi Ngubane the State attorney was our mother's side dish, “

Mangalisa: not just a dish but he was her minister of finance”

Nstika: what? .... let me see ... “ He said grabbing the phone from my hand Ntsika: fuck! I know this man, “

Me: yah you should he is there in your league “I said rolling my eyes Him: uyaphapha manje “

Me and Mangalisa busted out and laughed, the car came to a halt, and I looked outside my window,

“wow is this your Royal house my queen? “Mangalisa said rolling his eyes and opening the car door jumping out

Ntsika: ngizomkhahlela lo!”

I giggled as Ntsika as he helped me out of the car

I looked around and smiled feeling a sense of belonging, the place was quite the ideal place for someone like me who loves

a lackadaisical and mellow life, I love how the weather is quite revitalizing, and the air is quite fresh and cool which makes the place as heaven when compared to the life experienced in the city.

As I look around, I gasp as I ponder over my life, each memory seems identical to the other, and I find myself drifting through a reality of similar events that generate in my unconscious mind the same memories and emotions I feel now, I hold my chest in shock, looking back further into my childhood I remember having dreams of my homeland, this particular homeland. I remember entering a new world a supernatural world at the age of five, telling my mother that I dreamt of old ladies wearing white Mbaco and their faces covered in white face art talking in clicks which I have come to now understand that it was Xhosa, they sang, smoked pipe and their laughter made me wish I never wake up from my dream.

But this was no dream as I saw the whole village approaching, singing and dancing, some chanting my name, ooh my God there is even iMbongi doing his thing I looked around and my eyes found Mzokhulayo' he was smiling, and mouth "Welcome Home" tears roll down my face and I feel an overwhelming Joy over me

To be continued

\*\*\* The Grudge \*\*\*

## **ROSETTA**

“You were arrested because of that man that is behind bars, and yet you want to go visit him are you really hearing yourself, Rose? Are we forgetting that you are out on parole? “

I rolled my eyes feeling irritated

“One question at a time please, “I said with an annoyed voice  
“don’t patronize me, Rose!”

I breath out loud and looked outside my window, apparently the law states that Visitors who are on parole, probation, or under the supervision of a court shall not be permitted to visit an offender without the prior approval of the Superintendent of the facility and the supervising Parole Agent, Probation Officer, or Court Officer. If approval is granted, the ex-offender must present the approval letter each time they request a visit.

So here I am kissing ass to this woman who thinks that my being in Prison has something to do with my criminal dealings with my husband who is behind bars, so by law, I am prohibited to visit him.

Me: all I'm asking is just 15 minutes tops, I know you can pull a few strings”

Her: Rose I'm your parole officer, not a magician “

Me: look Oyama is still in a holding cell he has not even appeared in court so please ...I only ask just a few minutes with the bastard “

Her: you are putting me in a tight spot, Rose”

Me: just make that call and I promise you will never hear from me again; this will be the first and last time I ask for anything from you ... “

She kept quiet for a few seconds and then asked

“Can I at least get the reason for the visit? “

I removed my phone from my ear and looked at it and mouth with an angry face “What the fuck!!!“I inwardly clicked my tongue

Me: it's personal “I said through my teeth

Her: Rose! Do you have any idea how that sounds to me?... you, having a private personal meeting with the continent's most fear drug lord “

Me: to me he is just my Husband “I said rolling my eyes

Her: a husband who put you to jail for years? Rose don't bullshit me! “

Me: look I need to know if it's safe for my son to be introduced to his family since his father is behind bars and the identity of my son is known now... “

Her: WHAT?... you have a son with Oyama?”

Me: as I said ... it's personal, so are you going to make that call or what? “

She breath out loud thinking I presume and thereafter she said “give me a few minutes, let me make a few call ... “

Me: thank you “I said and dropping the call

I started biting my inner cheek as I sat in my car and looked at this red brick wall fence that separates the free from the uncastrated, my heart beat in fear without any reason, but something inside me tells me that the feeling I have has everything to do with me being in this place.

I was ranked as a first-time offender for a crime I did not commit and when I was sentenced, I learned the hard way how to transition from society as a civilian to being incarcerated and given a number in a system, and that is when I realized that prison is a place that is designed to destroy any human being's

identity. It was a degrading experience from the time I stepped out of the chain-gang bus to being verbally belittled by ranking officers with remarks such as, "Get out of your clothes now!"

First look at my cell my eyes traveled around the concrete walls and solid steel doors in a maximum-security penitentiary. I was locked up!!! The Tables Turned from being Oyama's Trophy wife with a doll face to being Oyama's scapegoat where I took a fall for all of his crimes.

Every second inside that cell I felt as if I was rotting, the cell was cold. I had a single concrete cot and toilet. And how can I forget how My clothes itch and how thin they were but hay the justice system expected them to keep any chills out? The grey walls that made me gag had a sickly green tint due to the dull, swamp-like tile that sends a grossly colored glow into the room reflecting the buzzing florescent light above me. I froze at my new environment and as my back pressed at the thick unmovable door. When I looked behind me, I realized that the door paint was the same shade of sickly greenish grey as the floor.

My first time exposed to the other inmates, I remember These hardened gang members ask where I was from and I remember saying with a proud yet shaky, serious voice that I was from Bergville. But inside that place, when someone asks you that question, it usually means which gang do you belong to, your

identity becomes reduced to digits and your name turns into a number... They quickly understood that I was a first-time offender supposedly through my response.

My first time in the dining hall I realized that Everyone had a homey to look out for them. I didn't. I had to save my lunch and food because I was solo. I had to learn by listening and watching. I didn't trust anyone, and no one trusted me. I learned to be quick to listen and slow to speak. When I urinated, I had to watch my back so I wouldn't be attacked.

Most groups communicated through hands signs to avoid being overheard by guards and rival groups. I had to stay alert and vigilant to learn what the signs meant.

That night a group I didn't recognize in the dining hall walked into my cell. I didn't know a soul and fear told me that today I will get beaten or worst be gang raped. . . but the gang leader side smiled and called me "vrou" and that's the day I met Mehlo who told me that he was Oyama friend, and I must not be afraid cause her duty from now on is to protect me. I found myself hanging out with buffed-up ladies who were covered with tattoos, including tattoos of teardrops on their cheeks near their eyes. This was what my life had been reduced to. . . look behind your back and trust no one cause alliance to shift every second in this place.

Every day I had to experience a challenge that would test my patience and understanding. It's a whole new world inside those walls. This society I joined had its own rules and regulations, which could involve drug gangs, politics, smugglers, the Educated, and gamblers. Based on my intellectuality and skills I found myself leading the smuggling gang, import and export, for me it was just business that helped me to survive in that place.

I was brought to reality by a knock on my window, it was a police officer

Him: Mrs. Oyama? "He asked

Me: yes "

Him: come with me ... "

And right there I knew that my parole officer pulled strings to get me to see Oyama. The Officer snicked me in, we used the back door and avoided places with working cameras and finally, I found myself outside a private visiting room.

Him: take this ... "he said giving me the taser gun "You have 10 minutes "I nodded and took the taser gun, I looked at him as he opened the door, keys making a racking sound taking me back to my hell, the door finally opened, and my eyes came to contact with Oyama's big eye.



He looked at me for the longest time and then finally stood up and looked at me from head to toe, as the door shut behind me making me wince a bit, I folded my arms hiding the taser gun in my hand more like I acted not terrified of the monster standing before me.

Him: Nwunye”

I swallowed as his voice took me to that big bedroom with soundproof walls “Look what you made me do Nwunye!” his words that had turned me black and blue, as I suffered from his blows, his actions that cut my very soul. His tongue spit words of violence and hate, I remember hiding my head between my legs in the corner of our bedroom, while he trapped me there not allowing my pain to escape... Flashback of the abuse came rushing back in my head the minute he said, Nwunye which means wife in his mother tongue, but that title alone he never saw fitting for me as he preferred me to be his punching bag instead, I swallowed as I try to shake off the triggers, but triggers are like little psychic explosions that crash through avoidance and bring the dissociated, avoided trauma suddenly, unexpectedly, back into consciousness.

I looked at him and remembered that this man hurt me more than I ever knew any human could.

He showed me the depths of human cruelty with his actions and tiny deaths with his words.

I cuddled him. Cared for him. I cooked for him. Forgot myself. Forgot passion. Forgot life. I catered to him, but he betrayed me. Cut and stabbed me. Recklessly he ravaged my being.

Ruthless. Diabolical, even Lacked empathy Power-hungry. Malicious narcissist, this man before me raped my spirit, raped my heart, raped my trust, mother fucker 8-faced sick FUCK!!!!!!!!!! sinister monstrous piece of shit!!!!!!!!

I feel my eyes watering but I'm not crying, my Heart is aching but it's not broken, I am standing before the horror that made me fear for my life and safety but I'm only angry, not shaken by him, why is that?

Is it because I survived the abuse?

Is it because of prison that became my safe haven to escape from him in order to find myself?

Is it the result of years in therapy where Doctors constantly forged one fact in my head that I'm not my pain, but the pain is part of me?

Is it the reason why I feel like this...? But whatever the reason maybe I'm just glad that, I feel my rage subsiding as I get to let go of the air that I did not realize I was holding in, The pain peels off a little. There is a temporary harmony in the air

“Husband “I finally respond to him,

I'm proud that I can finally master the inability to get something out of my head however still able to hear that shout in there that says, "Don't forget to deal with this later!" because I know that As long as I experience fear or pain with a memory or flashback, there is a lie attached that needs to be confronted. As my therapist used to say 'In each healing step, there is a truth to be gathered and a lie to be discarded.'

Him: you are wearing white, so pure and sublime, like the freshly fallen snow how I missed seeing this sight of you "

Me: I find that hard to believe since you made me wear an orange overall for decades "

Him: ooh you still holding a grudge? "

Me: Well, some wounds run too deep for the healing, so believe it when I say I'm quite fond of my grudge. I tend it like a little pet. . . "

Him: ooh sweetheart I find it marveling that you have this twisted love and hate for me"

Me: Where there is love, there is often also hate. They can exist side by side. But the fact is that I haven't hated anyone as intently as I hate you, and I have my reasons, of which you already know off It's not just about the way you treated me like shit or the abuse or the way you made me feel like a thirsty

bitch around your friends and business partners, it is about the way you made me the person I never wanted to become. . . an absent mother to my son, you took years of a mothers love from a young boy”

Him: how was that my fault when I told you from the get-go that I hate kids and I don't want them in our marriage “

“ooh that I know, that is why I say he is my son you were just a sperm donor and ... “

Him: So, you came here to bore me with talk of my good dick and that cunt you call a son? “

he said cutting me off, pulling a chair, sitting down, and looking at me with a raised eyebrow I felt my face turning red as I wanted to jump over the table and stab this busted a million times in his face, Lord why did I marry him? Why did I miss all the red flags that he showed that he is a sociopath, he warned me on our first date that if I fell in love with him, I would go crazy and most probably die from it.

He told me that he had a thirst to kill, especially to kill the ones closest to him. So naïve, so in love that I thought that my love would change him. But one night, while I was asleep in his romance, He put a pillow over my face and smothered me to death. . . and yet I still come back for more, waiting for him to put another dagger in my heart ... fuck! this was a bad idea to come to this hell hole to meet up with the devil himself

Him: sit down Rosetta and tell me what the real reason you are here “

Me: you sent me your will...”

Him: good so you got it “

Me: why me? “

He did not respond but placed his hand on his cheek and just looked at me

Me: why did you make me a sole beneficiary to your estate “

Him: you are my wife “

Me: Oyama you killed your wife the day you put her behind bars for a crime she did not commit”

Him: ooh that story again, bloody hell, it's really getting old now”

Me: What do you want from me!!! “ I said shouting and looking at him with blood-short eyes, I felt steam coming out from my ears, my face most probably red now, and my rage was chewing off the leash that holding my sanity in place, they say Anybody can become angry — that is easy, but to be angry with the right person and to the right degree and at the right time and for the right purpose, and in the right way — that is not within everybody's power and is not easy and that is how I feel right now...

Him: Timothy is dead, I'm in jail and most probably not going to leave to see the next sunrise, so I saw it fit that you take over my empire ... “

Me: I know about the cloze in your will, and the booby traps as well, so can you get to the point of why you trying to kill me? “

Him: me? Kill you ... doll face if I wanted to kill you, I would have done it years ago, remember when I fucked you at the top of the Eiffel Tower, you kept crying that I must not drop you, that would have been a fun way to die right? “

Me: you did what you did to me because I loved you more than what you deserve... now get to the fuckin point!!!!!”

Him: ooh don't be melodramatic Rosetta ... you take things ways too personally while we had was just part of living, you see Life is a camera, my beautiful wife. camera Focus on what's important. Capture the good times or Bed. Develop from the negatives. And if things don't work out, Take another short... Cameras produce pictures that remind us of what once was. Pictures jog our memory of a certain time and place in life. Through pictures, we are allowed to focus on what's important, remember the good times, become better from the negatives, and start over if we didn't get it quite right.

So this is me telling you that We all have the unique ability to focus on what's important. Like a good camera, we have to

choose what we aim at if we are to get a good shot. Focus requires concentration, pushing aside everything else to get the perfect picture of life and our purpose for existence. . . “

I looked at him with a frown on my face

Him: That is why I chose you to take over my legacy “

Me: I'm a female who is soon to become a widow to a traditional Nigerian man how do you think I will continue your legacy? “

He bust out and laughed and started banging the table like a lunatic, “Your smart bitch you figured a way to unarm the booby trap, that is the reason you are here?”

Fuck this busted can read through me like an open book, shit this is not how my plan is supposed to go, I was supposed to ask him the questions and force him to give me the answers but now he knows I know his plan so what now?

Him: Say it “

I just looked at him without blinking

Him: just fuckin say it! “

Me: if you sleep with the devil for years you are bound to know how his head works... so yes, I know... I know about the trap you placed in your will ... “

Him: good girl ... so what is the missing piece in your plan? “

Me: Nqeve Minerals “

Him: you want a slice of the biggest pie”

Me: I want to know who is a threat in your family, and who makes the most unshakable decisions in that board... “

Him: you know your thirst for power is such a turn-on... and I admire how smart you are, but you can never run that company, Nqeve minerals is run by the men in my family...

Me: I know all that bull shit; your sister visited me this morning and told me a mouth full ... “

Him: Nqozu is in town? .... ow well I guess I will meet my maker sooner than I thought “

Me: Oyama I need information ... I need to know who to trust who must I keep an eye out to and who must I kill ... you die tonight or tomorrow I will be shipped to Nigeria to mourn your death and be a degraded widow, I refuse to enter that country blind sighted ... please you owe me that! “

Him: wow I did not expect this ... you, counting your chicks before they hatch? “

Me: listen here you mother fucker! you have burnt so many bridges in your lifetime, it's a matter of time before your



enemies take you out, so I'm only here to collect what's rightfully mine ... so dish it out “

He looked at me for the longest time and bite his lip thinking

Him: Sit down ... “

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TO BE CONTINUED

\*\*\* Root Couse \*\*\*

Lethukuthula

“What do you mean his in Newcastle? “I asked Mloni while stepping out of the house answering his phone call

Him: babe, tell me something ... what does Mzi do for a leaving? “

Me: I do not know; he is a retired politician or something? “

Him: mmmm “

Me: Mloni... talk to me”

Him: my guy that is tailing him say that there is something strange... “

Me: what is strange? What did he find out? “

Him: I am not sure yet, but my guy say that Mzi is having a serious conversation with car wash and Shisa Nyama owner and it puzzling to me that he drove all the way from Durban to this place... to have a beer and a chit-chat “

Me: there is more to that then just chitchat “

Him: tell me what made him run off? “

Me: What is the name of that place? “

Him: Spin’s Car wash and Shisa Nyama”

Me: run a background check on the owner and find out what kind of a relationship does he have with Mzi “

Him: I am already doing that ... “

Me: ooh good “

Him: now may you please answer my question “

Me: I am sorry I am simply confused with this information you are bringing into my attention “

I breath aloud biting my lip and told him the story of the lady we saw in the restaurant

Him: Did you get a picture of her or her car number plate? “

Me: what? ... No ... it did not cross my mind”

Him: does any one of you know where was Mzi all these years?

Me: I do not know Mozambique or Botswana, but he was outside the south African borders? “

Him: I think him coming back to South Africa made him come face to face with his past ... “

Me: I think so too... “

I kept quite thinking on how I am going to solve this puzzle, mama is coming back in two days' time, and I need to have answers of Mzi where about, better yet try and make Mzi agree to the cleansing ceremony and be part of the unveiling, after all the khumalo lineage depends on this depends on him...

“ Lethu what are you thinking? “I was brought to reality by Mlonde voice echoing in my ear

Me: Mama's heart was in the right place by bringing Mzi back home, but she had no idea on how to execute the purpose of Mzi being back home..., “

Him: and you do?”

Me: I just realized what my mother and late father always wanted from me ... to take leadership, responsibility to shape my family dynamics, but I always took the easier way out when that was needed from me “

Him: run away? “

Me: yah”

Him: So, what are you planning to do now? “

Me: find the root cause “

Hiim: what? “

Me: I do not know Mzi, or my father side of the family, fuck! I do not even know my father, so to find out what trigger certain behavior between the brothers, I need to identify the root cause.”

Him: as in their past? “

Me: yah, I just realized that the problem with my family is not the present, but it is the past ... The past is filled with pain, the present with opportunity, and the future with uncertainty ... so I need to go back in time where it all started ...”

Him: like they say A people without the knowledge of their history, origin and culture is like a tree without roots.”

Me: I could not have said it better ... look babe I got to go, please keep me posted with whatever you find out about the Shisa Nyama guy “

Him:Lethukuthual!”

Me: I need to make a few calls... will chat later “

Him: Lethu do not do anything stupid “

Me: you underestimate me Bhengu, you forget that I was once an investigator for the special force”

Him: that is a lie you were of a sniper than an investigator “

Me: continue talking and I will remind you that I once killed for a leaving “

Him are you forgetting that I got bullet wounds as permanent reminder “

I bust out and laughed and dropped the call, lord Why is this bad boy who is clearly no good for me, make me so swoon?

I made my way inside the house and found Jisha sipping on tea and watching TV, ... the TV was on mute, and she was glued on the subtitles, calling her name will be a waste of my hot air since her focus in on that Asian series, worst part she deaf so I might as well stand in front of her so that she will read my lips when I talk to her

Me: I need your help “I said the minute her eyes encountered mine

Her: what? “

Me: go pack a bag we will be out of town for few day “

Her: what? Where are we going? “

Me: Jisha, I need you to trust me ... not ask question please ... look I need to go, I will back in hour, please be ready to go when I come back “

She looked at me for the longest time and then slowly nodded

Me: thank you “

I said, taking my car keys and walking out, as I jumped inside my car, and I drove off. A million thoughts ran in my head while I was driving, can I really change my family's past? Fuck no I disagree with that notion, because if the past could be changed, it would not exist. If the future could be stopped, it would not survive. If the present could be avoided, it would not prevail. I am only human, and I cannot change every mistake that my father made! Reality is the past is a moving target. Every day that goes by us becomes a part of our history. but my only wish is that whatever I attempt to do today will become a part of my past tomorrow, which means I somehow have the power to change a small part of my family's past, by doing the right things today. So today I am setting a new goal... Today I have the ability to continue building on my family past story, and that might just give the Khumalo Clan the power to modify that horrible past story into one we all can be proud of.

After driving for a while, I finally packed my car and breath aloud as I looked at this big office structure in front of me

“There is no backing down now Lethu , just go in there and face him” I gave myself a pep talk, I looked at myself in the car

mirror and stepped outside, I fixed my floral blouse and only hoped that these jeans do not look too tight, I took fast stride as I was running out of time, it's almost 17h00 and I'm guessing that might be knock of time in this office

“Good day mam, how may I help you? “

Reception lady said with big white smile

Me: hi, I hope you can ... May I please see Mr. Ngcobo “

Her: do you have an appointment, mam? “

Ooh lord fuck this bullshit, I looked at her with bored look and spoke

“NO “

She cleared her throat and started telling me the importance of having an appointment while in my head I screamed ‘I HATE appointments!’

I hate having to make an appointment for ANYTHING.

It does not have to just be something potentially worrying like a doctor's appointment or a trip to the gynecologist!

It can even be for something I WANT to do,

like going to the salon.

WHY?



cause I HATE feeling like I MUST do something.

Being restricted. I cannot be late for my appointment!

I HATE HATE HATE being late for stuff.

Always must be early, so yeah, I would much rather be able to just turn up.

Get my hair treatment or Pedi and manicure done when I decide it is time.

Get in at the doctors IMMEDIATELY, yeah like THAT'S going to happen!

Me: look lady you have said a mouth full, and I respect your Job and your duty as a receptionist, but I do not have time, so can I please talk to Mr. Ngcobo now or better yet tell him that LT wish to talk to him”

Her: mam ... “

Me: just dial his number or I will make my way to his office! “

“Excuse me is there a problem here? “a polite voice said behind me,

I turn around and I find a work of art standing before me, now I know that I am hot but this lady that stood I before me made me have crazy insecurities about how I look, this woman she is

so pretty and classy, just an uncharted paragon of art, a sunrise that amidst the eternal night. Her beauty is a burning fire in her shadow, and I find myself unable to blink, just looking at her, perfect outfit she is wearing nude and white outfit and I could swear those colors were made for her complexion, she has a matching head scarf on and wearing it as her crown heaped in a circle around her head like that of a full moon bringing light from the One who has commanded her to wear it.

Now I must admit that this is a beautiful look, I too grew up watching my mother tie huge pieces of fabric on her head. I would stand watching my mother's reflection in the bathroom mirror as she firmly held the ends of crisp fabrics with her hands. I would silently observe her in wonder. She was the creator before me and with an unseen power, she would bend that thing, place it down and lift it up, wrap it around and drop it back, pull it like rope and then caress it like a child. And at the end of the creation process, her headscarf would glow like the crown on her head that it was, but this headscarf look different it more Islamic than African, well she looks exotic so it must be

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looking in her beautiful, alluring, long-lashed eyes and pouting lips that emphasize, I am a natural woman with no disguise of make-up, Only sexy eyes, that mesmerize, so look at me cause

my beauty often hypnotize, mother fucker what's wrong with me today staring at women like this first it was the lady sitting by restaurant window and now this creature here, the lady before me smiled and right there I noticed that she must be a holy descendant of Eve, could she be What is left of God's perfection to women? Is she cursed like Eve that she too desperately wanted to hide her exotic beauty from the world?

Her: excuse me ... am mm you are staring, and it is making me feel uncomfortable “

Me: I am sorry but ... you look Umm ..."

Her: It is ok, I get that a lot, I hear that you want to see Mr. Ngcobo? “She said looking at her wristwatch and frowned, fuck she will turn me away

Me: Yah ... yes “

Her: at this hour I doubt his even in the office now, he had back-to-back meetings today and he will also be out of the county for few days, and his flight is leaving at 18h00 “

Me: What? “

Her: I am sorry but is there anything I could help you with “

Me: Do you work here? “

Her: as a matter of a fact, I do? ... I am sorry where are my manners, my name is Nola Ngcobo, wife, and Business Partner to Sibusiso Ngcobo “

Me: did you say wife? .... “It came out as a whisper and just like slow motion in movies Sbu walked pass me and made his way to this beautiful woman, he had a phone in his ear, a laptop bag on the other hand and kissed her on the cheek and said to her “Ooh babe good you are here, I forgot about the meeting with the Blakes ... and I must rush to Lesotho for that new mall project, can you cover for me please! “

Her: no ...no not the Blakes please Sibusiso”

I smiled a bit not because what I was viewing before me was amusing but it was the way that she called out Sibusiso, her pronunciation was funny yet sweet

Him: I will make it up to you I promise love ...Please, please, please! “

I tilted my head to get a good look at Sbu, he looked different, as in looking good different that I found myself calling out his name

“ Sbu ... “he turned and looked at me

Him: LT? uuum ...hi, “he said smiling at me, he opened his arms and gave me a hug, it must have lasted for a second or two before he pulled away and continued to beam at me

Him: Kunjani? “

Me: I am good thanks for asking, wena?“

Him: I am also good ... “he looked at his wife and smiled even more ... “so you have met my wife ... Nola?“

Nola: no need for introduction babe I know who she is, “

I frowned looking at her, surprised that she knows me, how does she know me? Did Sbu tell her about us to an extent that he showed her a picture of me? hallo Sbu! Ex girlfriend panicking here bloody hell this idiot is not even looking at me, to save the day but his mesmerized by the beauty of his wife

Me: you do? “I finally say with lump on my throat

Her: I know you do not recall this but a year ago I was at your father's funeral, you must be Letikee..“

I giggled a bit at how she struggled pronouncing my name

Me: please just call me LT, before you bite your tongue off “I said and we both laugh, there was moment of relief right there that she does not know about my past with her husband, it would have been awkward on my part

Sbu: So, what are you doing here? “

Me: I was hoping I can have quick meetings with you ...”

He looked at his watch and back at me, I could tell that he was in hurry, but I was not going to leave this building without having a word with him, he looked at Nola for answers, but she just faintly smiled at him and shrunk her shoulder

Me: I promise it won't be long...it strictly works related “I only said that line just to put myself at ease more then I was doing to it for my ex-boyfriend, who looked conflicted about me being in his company, in the presence of his wife and stuff and requesting to have an alone time with him out of a blue

Him: uuum I'm kind off in a hurry but I will give you few seconds ... “

Me: thank you “

Him: babe can you give us a few seconds? “

She smiled and nodded as Sbu showed me a way

I looked at Nola and smiled “it was good meet you Nola”

Her: same here LT”

She smiled at me and was on her way to the elevator while I followed Sbu to one vacant office

Him: work related you say? “He chuckled as he set down

Me: Well, you are a busy man, so I had to convince you to spare me few minutes of your time”

Him: I said seconds Lethu , so out with it why are you here? “

Me: I need you to rebuild my family home “I said also siting down

Him: ok, I am listening ... “he said looking at me

Me: what ...? “

Him: Lethu do you have anything in mind, like designs, structure ...Plans? “

Me: you run a major architects and construction company in this continent you figure that out ... All I need is for this project to be completed in six weeks “

Him: what? you got to be kidding me ...look Lethu I got a flight to take in less than an hour , so unless you have a plan in mind, I can be trying to execute everything ... and 6 weeks (about 1 and a half months) is short notice , I'm not magician who can prevent delays like weather, equipment failures, labor shortages, missing or incorrect data, project mistakes and conflicts... Lethu I'm running a major construction company and what you asking of me is just mediocre with no planning or direction ... I am sorry but I cannot help unless you give me something to work with... “

He said standing up, but I stopped him before he rejected me yet again ...

“Ndwedwe ....”

He stopped in his tracks and looked at me

Him: Ndwedwe, that is where my family house was, it was burned down by oppressors during the apartheid regime , and that is where I want to lay my father, that is where I want to do the cleansing ceremony for him, that is where I want to reunite him with his family , so Sbu I won't be here asking you for your help if this was not important... please I need your help “

He looked at me he bites his lip thinking

Him: give me a location and I will send my best team there to start with this project “

Tears dropped down my face as I felt a huge weight off my shoulder drop on the floor

Me: ooh my god Thank you “

Him: I am not promising to finish within the time limit you provided me, but I will try “

Me: sure, I understand ... thank you “

Him: consider yourself Lucky that MA Khumalo is your mother, I am doing this mostly because of her, that women deserve to be



given flowers while she still alive lord knows I would not be here if it was not for her ... “

Me: I know ... I know ... Thank you “

Him: here is my card email me that location, and please make an appointment next time you come to my office “

I bust out and laughed nodding my heard

Him: it was good seeing you LT”

Me: likewise, “

He sides smiled and walked out, I punch the air in excitement, I texted Jisha told her I am on my way, and she better be ready ... At this point, I do not know what is waiting for me in my father hometown, but the only way forward is to start at the beginning of the story.

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To be continued

\*\*\* Hate Is Just A feeling\*\*\*

Rosetta

Him: tell me what you picked up when you read the will? “

I breath out loud and responded “that if I divorce you the company will be liquidated , I can't sell your shares because no billionaire will associate themselves with Nigerian rebels , I can't sell within the family or to any of the Nqeve alders because the family is required to have fair share only you had an additional extra share making you the primary share shoulder – the head of the Nqeve family, so I have decide to be the primary share holder of Nqeve Minerals yes I will be ranked as the richest women in African but I will forever be a Nqeve wife or should I say a widow , never remarry and I will be required to spend most of my life in Nigeria and for me that is like coming out of jail only to end up in another , worst part in a country where women are seen useless brainless house wives”

Him: mmm I am impressed you figure it out “

Me: so, your plan was to put me in another jail where this time I have freedom but to stay alive and to get a piece of the pie I am supposed to marry one of the alders “

Him: I rather kill you right here and now than allow you to fuck one of the elders... “he said clenching his jaws

I folder my arms and setback “I'm sorry I thought that was your plan since you know that there is zero to non-gender equality in your village, I can never be CEO of that company or yet allow eat the fruit of your labor freely without your family hovering over me “

Him: I gave you a shield a weapon that will make you feared and respected “

I looked at him with a raised eyebrow,

Me: all you ever gave me Oyama was scares then weapon or shield that you are talking about “

He laughed shaking his head, “a C- section will do that to you...”

I popped my eyes open, why is he talking like Mlondi now? So Mlondi was right by saying that to execute this plan and for me to benefit something out of it I must use my son, but why does it sound scary when Oyama says it... is there a twist in this that I have not picked up?

Me: So, you want me to gamble with my son's life? .... look Oyama I know you never loved him; you hated the fact that I gave birth to your doppelganger, but I love him more than anything in this world, his all I got....”

Him: I did what I did to protect him, Rosetta!!!” he said cutting me off, his voice became loud, loud to an extent of shouting his eyes display rage now!

Him: you just asked me how you going to run the company, when you become a widow to a traditional Nigerian Man and I'm telling you now that the answer is Zuko, Zuko is a Nqeve ... my blood, you die he will take over, you claim my shares he still will take over... it's just how the Tables Turn”

Me: you gave me your proxy because of Zuko?”

Him: the last time I checked he is the true Nqeve, the only child I have that is not a busted... and My family will never harm him “

I slowly clapped my hands and bust out and laughed at him “I am sorry I was really trying to believe you, but my mind took a wrong turn to reality... to the day you tried to terminate the pregnancy when I was two months pregnant? Oh, let's not forget when you pushed me and kicked me on my belly when I was six months pregnant, oh! let's not forget how you strangled me when I told you I wanted to give birth in South Africa in my home town so that my mother will help me with the baby , and to be precise It was three days before my due date, was he still

your son back then or you just chose to forget because you had no use for him?“

Him: as I said my family or even I, could never harm him, the boy is favoured by the Gods, the Gods have showed that he will forever be favoured by them and they will brighten his future, no matter who failed him in the past!”

Me: you piece of shit you are unbelievable ...you inflicted harm on me to see if your child was really favoured by your bloody Gods!!!! “

Him: You are the biggest piece of shit! ... you deliberately disobeyed me Rose!!!!!!, knowing verry well that I did not want a child, I am a lot of things my sweet Rosetta but two things I know I'm not is being a good Husband and a good Father, how dare you decide to bring a child in my kind of a world ?, how was I going to protect him, protect him External danger! ... so, yah I took out my frustrations out on you, and yes, I wanted the baby ‘DEAD! call it barbaric, call it savage, fuck I do not care! I have been called worst, I am what I am because this are the trades of my ancestors, you could say this is a legacy of the “strong, silent, tough man” images often passed down from father to son. This is the type of misguided training in manhood that has corrupted so many men as the leaders in their homes—selfish men who control and beat their wives to a pulp, so that their own needs are met.

And that is just a tip of the icebag, in my village many boys, including me grew up with fathers who are distant and passive. Fathers who rarely engage their families, and when they do, their half-hearted attempts to train their sons may promote irresponsible, or even immoral, behavior. Like how to kill, how to fuck how to turn off emotions,

Too many men today were raised by fathers who did not step up to their responsibilities. Is it any wonder we have a generation of men who feel lost and aimless, not knowing how to face their fears or think rightly about themselves, women, and their own passions?... so, yah I am a monster for trying to kill my unborn child, but how the fuck was I supposed to raise a child when I knew the kind of a man I was! So, my goal was to throw his ashes in the ocean, with my ancestors that jumped from the ships, because they knew death was better than bondage “

I set there looking at him thinking of the day he named our son ,” Adebowale” he held his son for the first time, something in him sparked, something him became human, something in him admired his creation ... but within a blink of an eye, his puppy look eyes turned into devils eyes, few days after Zuko was born he started to displayed dislike towards him. He was not mean, short, or even rude. He just did not engage with him, did not

pay attention to him, picked him up when he was crying or just cradled him, but he just chose to avoid being in the same house with his son.

A year after Zuko was born he started being vocal expressing his dislike the yelling and shouting began when our son cried, he screamed at him and threatened to slap him whenever he made a sound.

Then the beating followed, I was smacked for protecting or caring for my son, he claimed that Zuko is not his child, He forced me to give my son up for adoption or somehow get rid of him

When Zuko turned four years Oyama made it known that he does not want our son to be in our house and said that he does not care if he dies. He went as far as giving me a time limit to get rid of our son, or he would do it 'his own way'. And that was the day I packed a bag and shipped my son to my mother's house, at first regular visits to my son were permitted by him but as time went by, he cut them off ... I felt a tear running down my cheek, on how cruel this man sitting before is, his unapologetic and in his tormented head I'm the one to blame for bringing the child to his world, while he was the one who countlessly forced himself to me, and as a wife I had to obey to the nonconsensual sex we had.

Him: "Rosetta Life is so fuckin fragile and unpredictable

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especially when you are the kind of a man that I am who has been making a buck in the life of crime. It is like playing poker; you think to yourself that you have a good hand. However, it is only when you reveal your hand do you sometimes discover to your horror that someone else's hand is better. . . there is no time to be scared when you in this position that I am in right now but time to think, on how you can sustain your legacy how you can Turn the Tables ... I may have never been there for Zuko, might have tried to kill him, but you can never take away the fact that he is my son, He will forever be known as Oyama's Son it is a name that will give him a rightful passage in life,

I named him Adebowale for a reason.... but you made him soft and weak, he turned out to be cunt, that is the problem with you women treating kids with cotton palms, and they grow up to become a nobody. A man's work is to be hard on them. A man's work is to show them the right way no matter how young they are. Spare the rod and spoil the child, that is what the good book says. . .and regretfully I did not allow myself to do so... so this shit is in your hands now... cause no matter what happen to me, to you ... my name need to leave on do you hear me !!"



He said with a steamy voice I found myself swallowing and nodding I am in his spell of control again; how did I get here? how did I allow him to command and speak to me with so much hush authority. I look down, I am the submissive wife again... he talks, and I do not dare question him or disturb him...

Him: Sy “

He said, I slowly looked up and looked at him with a confused expression

Him: you asked who you can trust inside the Nqeve family ... Sy is your man “

Me: Sy? “

Him: “Sy is alive ... he has eyes and ears inside, his uncle it’s one of the elders, and A Members of the board, the old man has proven to be loyal that he also allowed Sy’s security team to handle the security in the firm and in our house, that is how I am always one step ahead of my family so that is the man you need to trust he will guide you “

He said standing up, I know that look his done talking to me, he is annoyed and angry now

Me: wait ... did you say Sy as in Ngozu husband? “

He nodded, “what makes you say he will be loyal to me?

He looked at me with bored expression, as if I am asking the most retarded question ever

Me: you were responsible for his son death? Oyama! “

Him: Timothy was not his son; he was forced to marry Ngozu to cover the shame that Ngozu was impregnated by some village boy... “

Me: is that the reason you blind-sided Timothy? Made him think he runs the company while you had the upper hand more shares to the company?... just because he was not part of your blood “

Him: Rosetta, my grandfather used to work in mines for the European who used to own the mines, he created a resistance within the mine workers and later on they were called the Nqeve rabbles who were responsible for the hostile takeover of the mine, the verry same mine that is called Nqeve Minerals today, so why give my family business to a nobody ... a busted child”

I nodded fully understanding him

Me: Where do I find Sy?”

Him: he will find you when the time is right “

Me: Oyama the time is now, Ngozu knows about my son... “

Him: Ngozu's witchcraft cannot do anything to Adebowale...trust me on that"

I looked at him and I could tell that he was sincere, as I stood up taking a long deep breath, he called out my name making me look at him ...

"I tried... I tried to be the best I could, but life did not allow it. You know the first time I saw you I saw a light so bright that I could not ignore it. You, in all your brilliance, made me want to be as close to you as possible. I wanted to know you. I wanted to be with you. I wanted all of these things, and I had no clue how to get them and I did not think I deserved them. I wanted to show you love but I did not know how to give that. Love was never given to me. Not in an effective way anyway. Sometimes I feel evil knowing that I did what I did to you. I feel like hell would be too good for me, but then again, I wish for hell because the pain of the fire would be a constant reminder of the pain, I live with everyday knowing how much I hurt you. Rose believes in me or don't but knows that I do love you. I know it is a crazy and twisted thing to say because I did not show it properly, but I do not know how. I still do not.

Do not think this is me asking you to forgive me but I am saying this for you to move forward. Do not let my actions or our past hold you back from shining the way you were meant to shine. You are such perfection to me. Do not let me take that away

from you. I do not deserve that much power in your life anymore. “

Me: ok...is that is all? I mean are you done? ... because I need to go practice fake tears for my dead husband ...”

I said moving towards the door, banging it, telling the guards outside to open up

Him: Msomi got you glowing I see...”

Me: ooh Good you notice” I said not paying any attention to him, I got what I want from him, and I see nothing left to say to him, and him bringing out Sandile name is his way of destructing me and confusing me and I refuse allow him to get into my head

Him: I presume he already told you about our past involvement? “

I looked at him without responding trying to figure out if his telling the truth or pulling my leg

Him: ooh I am sorry ... so your boyfriend did not tell you how he started his business ... you should ask him, it’s a fascinating story ... I should know because he was my associate ... “

I froze at that statement, I am in total shock but trying so hard to hide it, Sandile never said anything to me about his

involvement with Oyama, makes me wonder what else his hiding from me

Him: look don't get to destructed by him we got bigger fish to fry and as a Nqeve wife you shouldn't be fucking around anyway ... Focus on the family, teach my children the ropes because they need to continue to run my business's while I take a break from all this hiding and killing, I have been doing all these years ..."

Me: children? "

Him: I got few busted out there ... do not act as if you do not know?"

I look at him and I have a million questions right now. What dirt does he have on Sandile? What does he mean when he says they go way back? What does he mean by children? Does he know about Muntu's child? ... take a break? Does he plan to escape prison...his too relaxed in the most unsettling way... what is this man up too?

He laughed and folded his arms looking at me, we had a moment looking at each other with no words spoken, yet I thought this was me closing the chapter of Oyama in my life but turns out that this man will forever be a ghost in my life, it's even going to be worse now since all of his skeleton will be out

in the open and I will be forced to protect my sons image and the family.

Me: are you planning on escaping? “

The door made a rattling sound opening and the police officer walked in and looked at me

Me: Oyama answer me!”

Him: Remember the white sandy island you loved so much ... now that is perfect place to discuss family matters, we should catch up there soon ... “

I looked at him trying to find answers in his eyes, and amid silence and starring contest the police officer spoke

“I’m sorry to say this but your time is up “

Oyama: you have done well my captain ... please escort my beautiful wife out “

Me: wait!... just wait! “I said to the police officer who attempted to hold my arm, I looked at Oyama

“Whatever shit you planning make sure that you stay the fuck away from me and my son or I swear to God, I will send you to hell without hesitating “

"I know ...I killed that fragile loving part of you a long time ago so, you are capable of anything now”

He responded by biting his lip displaying a carefree facial expression, while I looked up at him feeling an uncontrollable frenzy

"Oyama... I mean it!"

"I wish I could turn the hands of time, do things better between us" he said. His voice was abnormally light, his mouth curved in an unconcerned half smile, his eyes sick with twisted misery.

"I wish I never met you!"

I said looking at Oyama and realized that I was not ready to meet up with him, strong enough to fight him, resentful enough to hate him, what do I really feel for this man? I know I do not love him ... but I wish death upon him, yes, I wish to kill him

Him: wow! Is that hate that you trying to display? "

Me: not by a long, short ... you see I want to hate you. I try to hate you. It would be so much easier if I hated you. you know coming here I think I do hate you and then I see you and I—"

."And you what?" He asked with a raised eyebrow

"What do you think?" I said tilting my head looking at him, " I don't hate you. Although, I should, but I do not. I am grateful for what you did. It made me stronger. Healthier. Happier. It made me appreciate the people who are still here. Thank you, because of you, I know the difference between what I deserve and what I do not. Between what I want and what I do not

need. Between whom to love and who to let go, but you already know that right? You know that I do not hate you, because hate is a feeling and I feel absolutely nothing for you. . . “my lips were trembling so violently that I found it hard to speak but I was glad that I was able to say these words to him, "Rosetta! " He demanded. . .

I just looked at him, smiled and turned my back at him and walked out, this was me taking my power back, walking away without saying goodbye or getting closure, just a 'graceful exit.' A recognition of leaving him without denying the validity of our relationship or its past importance to our lives. My walking away involves a sense of future, a belief that this exit line is an entry, that I am moving up, rather than out. . .

The minute I jumped in my car I let out a huge sigh

My phone vibrated on my passenger sit, I took it and looked at message “we need to talk ... my house now “

it was message from Muntu, I placed my head on the steering wheel I am exhausted, and I wish this whole Oyama saga was over cause bloody hell it is draining.

To be continued ...



\*\*\* Not All Mothers Can Love \*\*\*

Rosetta

“Are you going to let me in or you going to stare at me the whole night “I said as I came eye to eye with Ginger who answered Muntu door, now why am I not surprised that she here, I'm busy cleaning up her mess, comforting her daughter while she caters for her dying friend or is it girlfriend,

She licked her lip and stood aside allowing me to come in, I walked in the room I am trying so hard to act as if I did not like being in Gingers and Muntu's presence, but curiosity dragged me to this pit called a place , I want to hear what Muntu has to say and most definitely see how death looks on her ... Basically I'm only hear to gloat, Table Turn and I have the upper hand in this whole situation.

Her: Rose ... I meant to call and thank you for saving my life ...  
“

Me: it was not by choice”

Her: I know Muntu told me ... “

Me: was that before or after you neglected your daughter the verry same daughter that devoted her life to save you ... “

Her: its complicated Rose ... “

Me: how so? the fact that she is Oyama child or the fact that her existence opened assortment of problems from your past?  
“

Her: I am glad you know about me and Oyama and the affair is out in the open... Thank God, it was getting so tiring to pretend that I like you while I was in love with your husband...”

Me: So, you feel a sense of relief that I know about the affair then you actually feel remous that you rejected your daughter yet again?”

Her: Rose I am not like you, do not look at me and have that twisted sense of motherhood. Where you believe that all mothers are kind, tender, gentle, and loving. Unfortunately, not all women who give birth to children are a good parent. Not all women are fit to be mothers. . . not all women are like you, I can never compare what I feel for my daughter to what you feel for your son ... so she is better off without me ... “

I looked at her as she limped and set down, she made a hissing sound as she pushed one pillow behind her

Her: You see Rose I ran away from home not because of Oyama or because he impregnated me at the age of 14, but because I had a lot of unanswered questions about my mother's treatment towards me, why didn't I feel that I belonged to her?

Why was I not right in her eyes? I think it has always been part of me that I was different, disappointed and feelings of frustration at not being able to change the unchangeable was inevitable, I was busted child, different and four decades later I find out that my biological father is white man, a rich white man , so to me It doesn't matter now, it's either you come from money or you are poor: If your family has already made you feel that you are not worthy, you begin to believe it, and when someone comes along and tells you that you are beautiful/special/wonderful and showers you with attention and gifts, or offers you money when you desperately need it, you are vulnerable and ready to trust... so here I am today, wanted by the cops... and hated by people I once called family....so you tell me if Nikiwe is ready for my baggage ? How on earth am I supposed to love my adult daughter when my own mother resents my existence, how am I supposed to be a mother? “

“Just because a mother gave birth to child does not mean they can care for them. Just because a woman had a child does not necessarily equate to being safe, respectful, or healthy. NOT ALL MOTHERS CAN LOVE.” I said to her, it is one of the few quotes I picked up from jail where most convicted women were forced to shut down their maternal instinct to survive.

Her: I could not have said it better “

Me: So, where is she? “

Her: in her room ... “

I nodded and made my way to the stairway

“So, you finally got your revenge, pinning your money laundry business on me... “Ginger said stopping me on my tracks

Me: That is how the Table Turns Ginger it is not personal just business “

I said not even looking at her making my way to upstairs I walked into Muntu room and found her sitting in her bed and looking into space with her back facing me

Me: whatever you have to say it better be quick...”

He started laughing but her evil laugh did not carry that momentum as she stated coughing, cough so bad as if her inside was being toned apart, she then took a hand towel and wiped her mouth

Her: you came ... “she said with a hoarse voice” I stood in position where I can get clear look at her, she looks like A pale and heatless ray of sun which split through the blind’s small gap. In her eyes all I could see was a woman waiting for dearth in pain, waiting for a drop of light and the blind and just like that she will be gone

Her: you won “

Me: if that were true, I should be doing a victory dance as we speak ... “

She gave me a glimpse of her beautiful smile

Her: what is stopping you? “

I just looked at her, and just like that she saw my true intentions through my eyes

Her: ooh I see, well the Dr says I am dying “

Me: urg do not say that as if it is a dreadful thing, death is easy Muntu than spending decades behind bars ... “

Her: I did not put you there ... “

Me: you instigated the raid, I took the fall, and you did nothing ... makes me wonder if that was part of your plan ... “

Her: my plan?”

Me: get me out of the picture ...”

Her: now you sound ridiculous, you know that I wanted Oyama Ro...oo....se” she said coughing and taking slow deep breaths “

Me: ooh I know that ...but what puzzling is that I cannot seem to put a finger on the actual reason you hate the man so much?

Is it because Oyama killed your husband, or

Is it because he killed Pat whom I have come to know that he was your son, or

Is it because of Ginger, Oyama side bitch who was married to Pat, the girl you took in with her not knowing that she was your daughter in law and later you developed feelings for her, and she became your forbidden secrete lover, or

Was it because of your unresolved feelings for Oyama, I mean you spend years in love with a man who did not love you back even went as far as making a baby with him ...

I really wonder what if it is all the above the reasons for you head hunting Oyama for all these years? Yoooh Muntu unezimanga, your past is dark, so many secrete for one person, wow it is such a load of burden... how do you even sleep at night? “

she shot her eyes open and looked at me “what? How did you? ... “It came out as whisper

Her: Muntu, if you want to keep a secret, you must also hide it from yourself, now look where we at, ... I know about you and Oyama, and I know you have child with him “

Her: what how did you ...”

Me: Never hide things from hardcore thinkers. They get more aggravated, more provoked by confusion than the most painful truths. . .”

“WHAT? .... YOU WERE FUCKING Oyama? “Ginger demanded, making Muntu and I to turn and face her, she was limping furiously, Muntu dropped her mouth open in shock “Ginger I can explain ... “

Me: ooh my god look at us Oyama’s bitches in one room catching up, just the old days ... this is going to be fun” I said with a huge smile on my face clapping my hands like a child in candy store

Ginger: Pat ... was your son? My Pat?... but you and I... I mean ... Muntu I had sex with you

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and all along you knew that you were my mother-in-law, how sick are you? “

Me: sick if you ask me ..."

Ginger was crying holding her mouth, Muntu attempted to stand up to hold her, but she was so weak, so she dropped back in her bed

Munt: what I feel for you is real Nombulelo, please you must believe me ... I did what I did to protect you “

Ginger: you lied to me! telling me how much you hate Oyama but all along you were fucking him, behind my back, while you knew how much I love the man, you betrayed me Muntu!!! “

Me: aish yah ne, I mean even a blind person could see how much Ginger loved Oyama, damn you Muntu how could you do this to her ... His behind bars today because of you, I mean look at Ginger she almost died because of you ... “

Ginger: WHAT? “

She turned to look at me with red eyes, face red as ripped tomato's, just the look I like to see on her

Me: oooh! I am sorry you did not know ... “

Muntu: Rose please ... just do not ... cannot you see you have said enough!”

She pleaded with me, if she were not in her sick condition, she would have been knelling in front of me begging me not to tell Ginger the truth, I love that I hold so much power over her, this feels so good.

Me: but I want to do my victory dance Muntu ... “I said giggling

Ginger: Rose, what do you mean that Muntu is responsible for Oyama being in jail? “

Me: Because Muntu is working for the secrete South African Special Forces... “

Ginger: WHAT? ...tell me that this is not true Muntu, tell me that she not telling the truth damn it! “



Muntu just let out a flood of tears “I'm ... sorry, but it was either him or me I had to give him up ... “

Ginger: I told you everything, about Oyama's business, his location... everything Muntu, so you used that to get to him ... I almost died in that raid !!!!!”

Muntu: it was not my intention Ginger please listen to me ... “

Ginger: FUCK YOU!!!! you say it was not your intention, like it was not your intention to put pat in the lion's den, not your intention to get him killed

Not your intention to get or Rose arrested for crimes she did not commit!

You bitch!!!! You convinced me to run away and give away my parental rights when I told you I was pregnant with Oyama's child was that your intention was to separate us and have him all to yourself!

Muntu I was the one that helped you get close to your son, and all along you lied to me that Sam was Oyama busted child, Muntu how could you? “

Muntu: oooh my god ... I am so sorry Ginger!”

Me: WAIT HOLD UP ... YOU SAID SAM? AS IN SAMUKELO, MY SAMUKELO ... IS OYAMA'S SON? “

Ginger nodded and looked at me

Me: but the medical certificate indicates that Muntu child was female”

Ginger: that what Muntu wanted everyone to know, but I found out about the child and accidentally told Oyama, and he decided to take away the child from Muntu, for years we thought that Sam died and a year before you were released from jail I overheard Oyama talking to his lawyer about Sam’s well-being and about his business, I told Muntu the news and that how we were able to trace and locate him, the only way Muntu can get close to him was convince you to hire him at the club “

Me: wow ... “

I said folding my arms looking at Muntu

“The verry same son you wanted to put behind bars for being an associate with Shaka? “

Muntu: I only find out about that few months ago that you and Shaka were business partners and somehow Sam was the intermediary in your operation, I was not going to arrest him, but I wanted to convince him to give me Shaka’s location or his real name ...

Ginger: what ... so you forced me to spy on Sam and Rose for that? you wanted to use him to get to Shaka? ... ooh my God what kind of a mother are you? “

Me: Not all mothers are capable to love Ginger ... you should know that better than anyone “

Ginger looked at me with pitiful eyes while Muntu just looked down not sure how to respond to that, I am in awe from what this woman has done and what she capable of,

Ginger: why Muntu? Why did you do it ...? “

Muntu sigh and wiped her tears from her eyes she started fiddling with her hand towel before raising her head to look at us

Muntu: I did what I did because I had no choice, the special forces have dirt on me too, they knew that I was part of the gang that organized the gun smuggling during the resistance movement against the apartheid regime , they knew about my history with the Nigerians and how me and my gang turned the resistance movement from fighting for our democracy to a movement of legal activities like drugs smuggling, human trafficking, mass killing... thanks to that mother fucker called Mntungwa, who was an informant to the special forces , he snitched on us and I was there weak target they pinned everything on me, so the special forces used my past as leverage... I was faced with lifetime in jail unless I gave them Oyama, or a new gang leader called Shaka ...how could I have

said no, it was my freedom or the man that killed my husband and two sons, mind you I did not know that Samukelo was alive then, all I could think off was that Oyama killed him too... I mean we all know what the busted is capable off ... look I am sorry Rose; I had no control of you getting arrested I had no power to free you as well ... “

Me: ooh save it please ...” I said cutting her off I'm not buying her fake tears or that sorrow she has painted on her face,

Me :...you have tangled history with the man, from day one I met him he was with you, so I came to realize that Some enemies are part and parcel of their lives, you cannot destroy him without risking your own survival....yah I get that, but that does not change that you made me hate you , and too me Hate looks like everybody else until it smiles, you see Everything with me is either worship and passion or pity and understanding. I hate rarely, though when I hate, I hate murderously. For example, now, look at you ... and what you made me do to you ... “

She looked down not sure what to say

“Ooh my God you did this to her?... Did you poison her? “ ginger asked with eyes wide open, but her facial expression turned from astonished to panic as police sirens made an alarming sound outside and approached the house fast

Muntu: Rose, what did you do? “She asked almost standing up from her bed

Me: Turning Tables Muntu, I know you did not have the power to save me from a crime that was pinned on me, but let see if you can get your precious Ginger out of this sticky situation ... “

Ginger: Rose ... damn you, you cannot do this to me “

Me: ooh but I can, my work is done here “I said walking out, leaving Muntu calling out my name aloud, while Ginger kept saying “Muntu Do Something ...I can't go to jail!”

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To be continues

\*\*\*The Aunt \*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

I'm yawning as I sit in this huge sitting room, I can barely keep my eyes open or look around at what's going on, all I sense is the servants moving around as if they were told the president is joining us for breakfast, I do know why the Chief ' Mzokhulayo called this meeting, but I know that it has to do with my visit, I'm all pampered, dressed in cute attire I look and feel like royalty and I kind of like it.

I glimpse at my watch again and I notice that it's 8:14 in the morning, I'm alone in this big house, alone as in I do not see any familiar faces around, yes, my people are around but they were placed outside in some guest house, just because they are not blood-related to the Rhamabele.

I have a huge ring on my finger but in my father's house, I am not supposed to share a bed let alone a room with a man who has not yet paid for my bridal price, that is how traditional my cousin is, or should I say my family is.

But I must be honest that being here has taught me so much about my roots, values and just being a Rhamabele, I know most people do not think of their family as "cultured people." For many, it is a group of familiar people doing what they always do.

Yet it is exactly that—a characteristic way of thinking, feeling, judging, and acting—that defines a culture. Both in direct and subtle ways, children are molded by the family culture into which they are born. Growing up, their assumptions about what is right and wrong often reflect the beliefs, values, and traditions of their family culture. Most take for granted their family's ways, and they carry into adulthood numerous attitudes and behaviors acquired in childhood.

Even those who later reject all or part of the family culture often discover that they are not entirely free of their early influences. No matter that they promise themselves they will never repeat the mistakes of their own family—certain cultural attitudes and responses are so ingrained in family members that they continue to affect their thinking and behavior, whether or not those individuals are aware of such influence.

To say that my family has identifiable cultures is not to suggest that they are static. I think they just have a constant state of transition as each member moves through the cycles of life and the family itself moves from one stage of development to the next.

So here I am bringing a huge baggage of unknown and unclaimed birth, I also come with the topic of Marriage, let's not forget that I'm also pregnant, and all of this happened while I was undergoing an identity crisis, so I don't blame Mzokhulayo

for going crazy cause I come with challenges that may change the family constellation and, in profound ways, alter the family culture.

“You look stressed, “he said walking into the room and sitting next to me

Me: Just wondering why, you conduct meetings so early “

He laughed showing off his deed dimple

Him: I am not conducting anything,’ but Nonzwakazi is “

Me: No ... what? “

Him: our aunt “

Me: We have an aunt? “

Him: yep, our family is left with two older, your Father who is nowhere to be found, and our bossy Aunt who calls the shorts as if she is the one sitting on the thrown “

Me: I am not following, how is that so?”

He laughs shaking his head “You will know when you see her ... I am sorry but I had to tell her about your existence, and the traditional ceremony that we have to do to introduce you to the family ... and she said that when daylight strikes today, she will be here so here we are waiting for her”

Me: if only she knew that I am not a morning person “



Him: you and me both “he said chuckling making me laugh as well

Him: so how was it meeting the family yesterday “

Me: it was interesting, so exciting, thank you so much for the welcome party ... you went all out and I am surprised how you managed to do all of this in such a fleeting time “

Her: our community is small; we all know each other in this land ... as much as I am chief I do not rule alone but I rely upon my people and vice versa so when I told the Royal comity about your arrival, they went all out to make you feel welcome “

Me: ooh my God that's so sweet I feel so honored ... no one has ever thrown a party in my honor before”

He looked at me twitching his nose,

Him: what do you mean? “

Me: Birthdays and special occasions were barely acknowledged in my family, it was always something that was forgotten, gifts and cake I never got, there was no excitement, just an ordinary family where everyone went on with their business. Yes, it hurts when you are ignored and overlooked. The situation sucks but as you get older it just became normal ... “

Him: I am sorry to hear about that ... “

Me: Nah do not be, it does not bother me anymore “

“ Uxolo Makazi ndikwenzele iti ? “One of the house-help said bowing next to me

Me: I am sorry ... “I said confused as fuck as to what she is talking about, damn this click language is hard

Mzokhulayo bust out and laughed, nodding to the help

Me: I must say that I am still struggling to understand the language “

He laughed again throwing his head back

Him: the family calls you a snob... coconut “

Me: what? “

Him: it is not a dreadful thing, you will get the hang of the language it inbreeding in you “

I nodded looking down

Him: our people and Family really love you Liyana, all I have been hearing since yesterday was praise on how amazing you are, you are not only what everyone else needs, but you are also all that and more of what this family needs. You are bright and shining like the North star, if only you could see yourself in the light that will all do, just two days into your present I have come to realize that You are caring, funny and smart, strong,

compassionate, beautiful, and fucking powerful. You do what you do effortlessly to come into people's lives without any purpose, but your nature changes them. You light up every room you walk into and lift up others when they need it. You are such a bubble of fun, make people laugh when they don't want to, and comfort those who need it, you are just an electric light the kind of person I need by my side to hold this family together and don't get me wrong I am happy yet sad that Bhengu saw this light in you before me and wants to keep it all to himself"

Me: Bhuti married to Bhengu or not I am still going to be part of this family "

He nodded in relief

Me: So, tell me about this ceremony you are planning. "

Him: it is called imbeleko it is a ritual that is performed to introduce a child to their ancestors and vice versa. "

Me: ok ... "

Him: I wanted to talk to you regarding how we must address this with your mother "

Me: my mother, what does she have to do, with all of this?"

Her: Liyana you were born out of wedlock, your mother and father were not married

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and your mother decided to give you the surname of the man she was married to, which means by laws of the living and ancestors Ziqubu was your Surname, so before we do Imbeleko for you we need to pay Lobolo to Ziqubu for raising you “

Me: Lobola?” I said with a frown

Him: yes Amazulu they call it ukuthenga umtwana, so we give thanks to Ziqubu for raising you as his own and give thanks to Ziqubu ancestors for protecting you even when it was not their duty to do so”

Me: ooh I see “

Him: and then we face your mother “

I shoot my eyes open confused

Him: The father of a child born outside of wedlock is perceived as having 'damaged' the mother of the child because they are not married and are therefore expected to pay what is called “Inhlawulo,” as compensation for the offense. The cost of the damages will vary between families. In some families, this is expected to be a cash payment, in others a cow/goat or both. . .

so this will require your mother's side of the family to take ownership of the ceremony “

I stood up and held my tummy

Me: it is impossible “It came out in a whisper

Him: what is Liya? “

Me: this whole thing ... I do not think none of it will happen”

Him: Liya be optimistic and trust in me, I will make sure that it does “

Me: Mzokhulayo ... you don't know my mother the way that I do... she will refuse Inhlawulo because this will bring shame to her that she had an affair while married to Ziqubo and I am the product, my mother's image and status is the only thing that she holds dearly more than anything in this world, she will never allow this news to be known by her family ...”

Him: I am very persuasive Liyana and I am a man that loves a change your mother does not faze me ... “

I looked at him biting my lip

Him: look everything will work out, today will have a meeting with our aunt, and I am sure will come up with a solution, please stop worrying it is not good for the baby “

“... We do not always have control over circumstances and situations. This is how life is “I said to him folding my arms and feeling defeated I have crashed to another dead end my future with Ntsika looks oblique yet again now

Him: Chin up our aunt is not a woman to mess with, she is a missile of mass destruction she fights tooth and nail to keep this family together ... Trust me, we will handle this “

“Good morning “

We both turned around and found Ntsika standing behind us, I faintly smiled at him, and he smiled back but quickly frowned as she noticed that I was not ok, I wanted to run to his arms, hug and kiss him but that act of affection is forbidden in this, house

Mzokhulayo: Morning”

Me: Hi “

Ntsika: I am sorry to be the bearer of unwelcome news, but I need to talk to you both now”

Me: what? “

Mzingisi: Bhengu what did you do? “

Ntsika sighed and walked close to us “I need both of you to sit down for this “

I looked at Mzokhulayo and then back at Ntsika, curiosity is pounding in my head now, please lord do not let this day go any wrong then how it started...

“You look beautiful, I like this look on you “ Ntsika whispered in my ear as we made our way to the couch

Mzokhulayo: Bhengu I told you no goofing around with my sister in this compound “

Ntsika: I did not even touch her! “

He said raising his hands up, surrendering

Mzokhulayo: mmmm, ndenzele ikomityi enye yeti apho “he called out to the help,

We all sit down, mind you I am sitting on a couch opposite husband to be and this feels like torcher,

Mzokhulayo: ungathetha ngoku Mfondini ... “

Ntsika heavily sigh again and rubbed his hands together he looked at me and then back at Mzokhulayo

“Last night I made a call to my mother the Queen telling her about my trip to Matatiela and the reason why I am here, and she told me about our family history and how it may affect my involvement with Liyana”

Me: what? “Lord, I asked for no more shocking news, yet you disk up another spoon full to my already complicated life, what is it now?”

Ntsika nodded and continued to speak to Mzokhulayo as if I were not in the room with them

“ when both our fathers ruled they made an agreement to merge our families, this was supposed to be done for the people, for business, and also for peace amongst the two royal houses, so My sister Thandiwe was supposed to have married to this family to you Chief Mzokhulayo, but my father broke the promise and arranged my sisters to marry into another royal house ... this caused feud amongst the two families we were practically enemies for years, so when both King Rhamabele and King Bhengu died your aunt Nonzwakazi was left to oversee the Rhamabele royal affairs and in those affairs was the unresolved Bhengu and Rhamabele merge, she took it upon herself to fix the broken relationship, even though Sbhahle was young and still in schoolback then she was already spoken for so all my father's daughters were taken, which left me and my brother Mlondi. But with no available maidens to marry in this family my uncle who took over my father sit after he died decided to make a new arrangement with your aunt, he arranged marriage for my cousin Nwabisa to marry your aunt's



son, and that is how we resolved our issues, and have made alliances “

Me: but everything you just said does not indicate anything that might harm our union “

He: because it has nothing to do with the Rhamabele royal family, but it has a huge effect on the Nozwakazi matrimonial home...”

Mzokhulayo: Bhengu that woman is an alter female to this house, so whatever is going on in her matrimonial home it is definitely going to affect my Royal house, so tell me what will my make my aunt refuse the Bhengu ‘s request to marry Liyana? “

Ntsika looked at me and bit his lower lip

Ntsika: two years ago, Nwabisa ran away from her matrimonial home, and our family has been delaying meeting up with Nonzokwazi and discussing the matter ... “

Mzokhulayo: what... so you telling me that her daughter-in-law ran away and as families you have never set down to discuss the matter? “

Ntsika: it's complicated “

Me: what? “

Mzokhulao: complicated he says ... Do you know where Nwabisa is? “

Ntsika looked at me and then back at Mzokhulayo and shook his head no,

Him: No, we do not ... all we know is that the marriage was toxic, and we assume that it was the reason for Nwabisa running away, Vuyo physically and emotionally abused my cousin “

Him: We all know that Vuyo has a condition ... but as families, we sit down and talk about such things and make a constructive decision that will both benefit the families ... Nwabisa did not marry Vuyo he married his family, her running away is bringing nothing but shame to this whole family and you sit here and tell me you refuse my Aunt request to have a meeting with the Bhengu family “

Ntsika: it is not meeting request per se, but your Nonzwakazi believes we are the one hiding her ... and she demanded we give her back as if she is an item or something “

Mzokhulayo: from how you Bhengu people are acting I will also have the same conclusion as well... “

I looked at Ntsika but he refused to look at me as he knew that my eyes were going to ask him so many questions, the first question being why is he lying about not knowing Nwabisa's

whereabouts. I was with her at Ngonyameni at that Mnguni funeral a few weeks ago.

Mzokhulayo: Fuck! Nwabisa did not marry at the Rhamabela Royal house ... she married to Blake Family and now this shit is going to be our mass just because my aunt is fucking control freak.... fuck! “He said standing up, his pissed so pissed that his facial expression scared the living hell out of me.

Ntsika: look Chief I am sorry that our family are clashing head-to-head yet again, but I will be damned if this mass will come between me and Liyana's future ... so if there is anything you can do to convince your aunt to place her personal feelings aside, I will appreciate it “

“ Nkumkani ... Ndlovukazi is here, “one of the helpers said

Mzikhulu: find that cousin of yours, set up that family meeting and I will make sure that Liyana becomes your Queen, but for now disappear I do not need Nonzwakazi to find you here or even see you ... “

Ntsika frowned and looked at me

Mzokhulwayo: she has no say in this, I help you help me simple ... Now get going and let me handle my aunt “

I gave Ntsika a nod that I would be ok, I have Mangalisa around, he came close to me and held my shoulder

“Be strong for me and my baby ok “

He kissed my forehead

Him: I love you ok “

I nodded and smiled

Me: go baby ... “

“Wow ... guys are you aware that there is a parliament madam speaker outside? ... “ Mangalisa said walking in with his hand pointing outside

Ntsika: ... ooh Jesus! .... You can come with me now! “

He said charging toward him

Mangalisa: ais awume Mfethu I need to tell Liyana something ... “

Me: Mangalisa whatever you have to say can wait, please go with Ntsika ... “

Mangalisa: sure, but listen I kind of told our mother by mistake that you found your biological father ... “

Me: what! “

Mangalisa: I am sorry ... but she is on her way here as we speak “

Me: INI!!!!!! “

Mzokhulayo: YOU TWO OUT OF HERE NOW!!!!!! ... bloody hell!  
“He said kicking them out and pointing them to use the back door as an exit, I sank onto the couch with my mouth wide open, just yesterday I felt like my tomorrows were brighter than the sunshine, but today the dark cloud is hovering over, me yet again .... How the fuck did the Tables Turn

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To be continued

\*\*\* Dadobawo\*\*\*

🌹 Liyana 🌹

Mzokhulayo .... Mzo ... Uphi wethu ... “

A lady's voice echoed down the hall as she makes her way towards us, I'm still in shock from what Ntsika told us, this web of life entanglement, I'm so far gone involved in all of it that it has made me incapable of recognizing the fragrance of the flower beaming in my own yard... they say that When you separate an entwined particle and you move both parts away from the other, even at opposite ends of the universe, if you alter or affect one, the other will be identically altered or affected. Spooky but yet that has become my life, there is absolutely no escape

The minute her eyes lands on us she froze, you see in this particular village I have come to realize that traditionally a woman is easily recognized by her heavy dress, matching turban and colored dots decorating her face. If she has children, whom she has raised to be adults, then it is usual to find her seated among her peers smoking a long-handled pipe. . . but this lady looks like Lynn Whitfield from Greenleaf the series , she is dressed to kill and looks like she in her mid 30's ooh lord

she is a true definition of black do not crack , without a warning our Aunty dearest bust out and laughs

I look next to me, to the head of this house and our village Chief Mzokhulayo as he runs his hand through his hair, no doubt he is mortified by his aunt action

“Well, I’ll be damned my little sister came back to life looking ten times gorgeous than she was”

Mzokhulayo: Dadobawo I would like to introduce umtshana wakho u-Liyana...”

Her: Liyana?... What sick game is this? “

Him: that was my first impression to, but Tata Omcinci name her daughter after his late sister because of her resemblance to the late Liyana”

Her: yoooh! Jongikhaya is full of Suprises, but this one I can tell that she is my blood not like the other bustards that claim to be Ramabele blood, come here child let me look at you ... Yoh, awusemhle “

I smiled and slowly rose up but the minute I was on my two feet she screamed

Her: Ukhulelwe ... Thixo, Mzikhulu soyithini lento?”

Mzokhulayo looked at me and rolled his eyes?

Her: tell me you are married? ...and not useless and fertile like your father who only brings shame to this family “

Me: what ? “

Mzokhulayo: Dab's! “

she said approaching me, and I took few steps back holding my tummy, I don't need this negative energy close to my unborn child,

Her: wait a minute there is a ring on your finger? ...” she said pointing at my hand “Thank God, you know what shame you would have brought to this family being pregnant and out wedlock? “

I twitch my nose and frown, this woman reminds me of my mother, she says the vilest things with no care in the world if its hurts the other person feeling or not

Her: big Rock you got ... who is the rich lucky guy? “She said giggling faking a smile, with her eyes fixed at my engagement ring

Mzokhulayo: dadobawo!!!“

Her: what! ... “

Mzokhulayo: Haybo! can you just Stop jumping to conclusion, look things are not always what they seem and absolutely not



what you think ... so just cut it off and give Liya a chance to greet you please! “

Mzokhulayo voice was bold and commanding, everything just stood still as he spoke, even our loud aunt became still or is it astonishment that I see on her face?

Mzokhulayo: Breakfast is ready can we go eat and discuss important matters like Liyana's Mbeleko Ceremony that we need to do” he said walking away, I looked at my aunt up and down and decided to follow Mzokhulayo leaving her standing there with her mouth wide open

Me: that was uncalled for” I mumbled to Mzikhulu as we set on the table

Him: I know, but Tables are going to turn the minute she finds out who put that ring in your Finger, might as well strike the iron while it's still hot ... “

Her: did you just raise your voice at me? “Aunt Nonzwakazi said the minute she stepped in the dining hall

Mzokhulayo: that is the only means of communication you understand dadobawo ...”

Her: hehake!!! “ Makazi exclaimed and clapped her hands

I bite my lip and look down,

Dadobawo sighed, the tension in this room was so loud but even in the midst of it all Mzokhulayo still humble himself and requested we say grace before we dug in, Surprisingly Nonzwakazi obliged and bowed her head and prayed, I have come to realize that Mzokhulayo is firm believer in Christ and he does not hide it or indicates that he is ashamed of it, and I on the other hand the relationship I have with God is still very much Shaky, I still don't understand the meaning of religion or to be a believer, to me Religions captivate you through its central narrative. In the case of Christianity, this narrative talks about a God who incarnates as a human and suffers and dies for all humankind. It is a strong gripping, emotional story, a magnificent enticement to self-sacrifice. A cosmic drama in which you are invited to join in and promised Heaven in return. Psychologically it is a master stroke, as it re-signifies pain, suffering and death. What more could you ask? There is only one slight problem: is that true? Is it real? Or is it all made-up? I don't know but I feel like religion is a tool to test our faith in all of our expectations.

"I believe we did not start in right foot Liyana... Sawbona cc, Mna ndingu dadobawo wakho Nonzwakazi"

Me: nice to meet you "

Her: Yoo Thixo even the voice sounds like my late sister ... you know I never believe in reincarnation till I meet you today "

We all laughed lightly as we ate our food

Her: so Nthabiseng is your mother? “

I looked at Mzokhulayo but he just side smile and ate his food deliberately ignoring me

Me: yes “

Her: yoooh that woman was a wild one, stubborn as a mule she was adamant in getting a piece of the Ramabele fortunes, do you know how many failed attempts I had trying to get rid of her “

Me: excuse me? “I said alarmed, get rid how? As in kill her?

She chuckled shaking her head

Her: if we dared torched one hair in that women's head Jongikhaya would have skinned us alive, so we could not kill her even when we wanted too, so we just looked at other ways to rid of her from our family, and Luckily enough we discovered that she was married and just like Umlilo wamaphepha the love my brother had for her became ashes “

Me: so, you did want to kill her? “

Her: no offence Liyana but your mother was pest “

Me: pests are hard to get rid of I know because they infest right? “

Her: what? “

I looked down, I know my mother is toxic, manipulative, a gold digger and whole lot of things, I know that, and I accept that, but I cannot stand when people rub her behavior on my face, as if my existence was my mother plot to worm her way into this life, to this family.

Her: Look Liyana, I did not mean it that way ..."

Me: You see I did not choose my father for her to have a child with and I certainly did not ask to be born. My mother has always attributed any perceived negative traits from me as “...You’re JUST like your father, aren’t you?!” It took me many years to realize that this is actually the BEST compliment that anyone could bestow upon me. I certainly am, as I am nothing like her.

I always wanted to ask her why are you punishing ME for YOUR decisions in life? “You know Put the responsibility for HER judgement back onto her. . . but sadly the act of giving birth does not automatically give a female motherly instinct. Apparently, she was thinking more of her personal feelings about my father than she did about nurturing me as a child! ... “

Her: the love of money will kill that woman; I am sorry you went through all that while growing up”

Me: My parents wouldn't have been together if there was no love of some sort, you see to my understanding Love is not blind, but it leads to blindness. . . “

Her: but it was never true love “

I smiled and played with my food

Me: They say true love is liberating. True love is knowing how and when to let go of someone or something. True love is unconditional. The idea of not expecting anything in return. But in reality, is that practical or attainable? He wanted her love which she gave, and she wanted his money which he gave ... However, her actions were as if she signed his name on a piece of paper and lit it with a match. The letters curled as they turned dark and misshapen until she did not recognize them. . . but later no one recognized her too without him” I looked at my aunt and found her eyes fixed on me

Me: “Intriguing, isn't it? On the other hand, one day my father found himself in love, like the king of the world. And the next day, he stood aside, watching it all burn. Ashes slipping out of his hand, he just stood and stared, his glassy gaze fixed on something no one else could see, no one else could have known...

People will talk as people do talk. And they will walk over the ashes. And the ashes will dance in front of us, reminding us

of every second of what was and what might have been. No man could sit around and bare that constant pain being flaunt in his face by his own family who found joy in his heartbreak”

Mzokhulayo took his cup of tea and chuckled a bit

“I am glad that is out of the way... Liyana is not their parents' relationship she was born by them and what happened in their love story has nothing to do with her, so can we move pass from Tata omcinci love life and focus on the real reason you are here "He said looking at dadobawo

Makazi looked down not saying a word, Mzokhulayo decided to lay the matter at hand to my aunt, everything from paying lobolo for me to the Ziqubu family to the matter of paying inhlawulo to my mother family, the planning of imbeleko ceremony

“What date do we have in mind? “dadobawo asked, But Mzokhulayo looked at his vibrating phone, he frowned and requested to be excused from us, avoiding eye contact with my aunt I decided to call the house help to clear up the table, I too stood up but froze on my tracks as she called out my name

Her: Liyana, please take a walk with me, “

I breath aloud and decided to nod and followed her,

Her: about earlier on

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I would like to apologize I did not mean to make you feel unwelcome in any way “

Me: its ok, its water under the bridge now “

She smiled and asked

“So, tell me how did you come to know about your biological father? “

Me: Lulama spotted me in social media, she told her father the chief about me and how much I look like the late Makazi Liyana, and one day they dropped by my house and the truth was revealed about my biological father”

Her: just like that? “

Me: yes ...just like that “

Her: why do I get a feeling that there is more to that than what you are telling me “She faked a chuckle,

Me: I don't understand “

Her: you are most probably the fourth child that has been discovered to be Jongikhaya's child and I have not seen Mzokhulayo fuss about doing traditional ceremony to any of Jongikhaya's kids as he is doing to you “

Me: could be because I'm the first born and have the most distinguish appearance to the late Liyana”

Her: mmm it could be “

I looked at her bite her inner lip and looked up as if the answers she so desperately seeking will fall from the sky,

Her: Liyana, what is it that you do for a living? “

Me: I am a Physiotherapist “

Her: The science of movement that is fascinating career choice “

I nodded in agreement

Her: and how long have you been married?

I looked at my ring and back at her. Am I ready to open this assortment of problems? To handle her reaction? I cannot hide my relationship with Nstika for ever so here goes nothing

Me: I’m actually engaged “

She popped her eyes open “you are telling me that rock is an engagement ring? “

Me: yes “

Her: who are you, Liyana? “

Me: excuse me? “I said frowning and looking at her



Her: you see I knew your mother and the kind of a women she was; she was easy to read and to figure out her true intentions, but you ... Mistry is written all over your face ... “

I froze not sure what to say or if I'm expected to answer that to defend my reputation

“So, you think that Jongikahaya is not my father? “

Her: ooh no child don't get me wrong by blood you are one of our own, however there is that need for belonging I sense in you, you do not want it, but you need it .... The question is why? you are successful women, with a good career, and Judging by that huge ring you have on, you are in love with verry wealthy man, so why waste your time coming kulezilali and seeking validation from Ramabele ancestors that you are one of our own? “

Me: why do I feel like you are phishing “

Her: I'm just asking questions that will give me a good understanding of who my niece is”

Me: you rely more on assumptions then being inquisitive “

She faked a chuckle again trying to destruct me, but this time I was not buying her fake attitude, I have come to realize that she does not like me or should I say trust me, in her eyes I'm just a threat

Me: Dadobawo you are right when you say I don't necessarily want all of this ceremony to be done for me, but I need them to be done, I may be career women, may also seem wealthy in your eyes, but that does not change the fact that I'm also African, I don't know about you but I recognize the presence of ancestral spirits and a supreme authority in my life"

I said holding my tummy and rubbing it as my baby boy gave me a huge kick

Him: oh, I see"

She said looking at my hand

Her: Mzokhulayo is fond of you...the last time I saw that man give a women respect and so much attention was when his late wife was still alive "

Me: I believe You must give respect to get respect "

Him: I could not have said it better, so what does your fiancé say about your newfound family? "

Me: his happy for me... and support me through this new journey of identity "

I said trying to shift away from her

Her: your Fiancé is the reason why you are here?"

I frowned and looked at her "excuse me? "

Her: by the mention of your fiancé your eyes twinkled, which made me' assume 'that he is the reason you are here today, but why? "

"Surprisingly your assumptions are sport on Dadobawo, one of the reasons Liyana is here is because she is engaged, and her lebolo negotiation need to be paid to her paternal side of the family so she can get married before she gives birth ..."

Mzikhulu said making his way to us, his face was dark and eyes not bright as they were few minutes ago when we were having breakfast, he was angry

Something about his appearance displayed a verry black aura, a soulless kind of vibe. This was not only anger I saw in his face but more of rage, from the way he talked to how he was grinding his jaws, his demeanor just changed from kind to excessively aggressive, I wander what got him this angry ... it must have been that call he answered

Her: So, this is all about money to you? " Dadobawo folded her arms looking at Mzokhulayo

Him: no Aunty dearest it about making an alliance with the most powerful Royal family from the North "

She looked at me and when our eyes met, she gasped and held her chest

“You are engaged to a man with Royal blood! “She exclaimed looking at me for answers, but I just looked at Mzokhulayo to finish what he just started “which royal family is that? “She continues to ask

Him: The Bhengu family “

Her: WHAT!!!! “

Him: you are looking at the future Queen “

Her: Ini? ... You are engaged to Ntsika Bhengu? “

She said pointing a finger at me

Him: King Ntsika Bhengu “he said raising upper lip, his frown was enough to make me swallow hard

Her: over my dead body will that happened, that family has no honor or what's so ever, they have no respect or consideration, trust me I know, I arranged for my son to marry one of the Bhengu Girls and I did not receive any alliance from them but only false promises that will merge business and families... I received nothing! and worst part they are now hiding my daughter in-law and granddaughter god knows where, I have exhausted all my attempts in making arrangement to meet with them to discuss the matter of my missing daughter in law,

cause every time I do so they say they will get back to me with a date ... that family is not what they claim to be, so this wedding is not happening do you hear me! ... nxa!!!! “

She said fuming, I could even see steam coming out of her ears

Mzimkhulu: ooh but it is happening “

Her: What!!! Are you going against my word Mzokhulayo ... are you forgetting that I am an elder to this family! “

Him: last time I checked I was still a chief of these land, and the head of this house and my decision is final “

Her: Didn't you hear a word I just said! “

Him: ooh I did, you talk about honor yet you also lied and stole from them, A young beautiful royalty girl Married to the wealth rather than Royalty , are we Forgetting that you are no longer Ramabela you are Nonzwakazi Blake ... and Vuyo your son you arranged to marry royal blood is no royalty or whatsoever , you say you wanted the Bhengu family to merge their business with you? You who? You, as in Mrs. Blake? Cause nothing on the Ramabele journal indicates that there was an agreement regarding that ... “

Her: I can explain .... “

Him: Please don't!" he said so dismissively that I too shook a bit

"And for your information the Bhengu's are not hiding Nwabisa, she ran away when she could take any more of your insane son's abuse ... she found safe shelter in the Mnguni Royal house and while receiving comfort from Queen Sbhahle who is also her cousin, she confessed a mouth full about how the Blake family treated her, especially you Nonzwakazi , the things you forced her to do ...you are so repulsive I can't even look at you right now"

She pooped her eyes open in shock

Him: ooh come on don't act shock, we all know that Vuyo is psychopath that is why you always do all this sick thing you do, clean up his mess to protect him, but not once have I thought that you will go this far!!"

she opened her mouth to speak but my presence made her stop

Mzokhulayo: oh, and Before I forget considering your wish granted, the meeting you desperately needed to have with the Bhengu's is arranged, Queen Sbahle will call you for more details "

Her: Queen Sbahle as in Queen Mnguni? "

Him: you do know that she is also a Bhengu? “He sarcastically asked her

I pop my eyes open, I am so confused, I do not know how did the Table Turn, but I realized that it is not so much what is on the table that matters, as what is on the chairs. If you do not have a seat at the table, you are probably on the menu.... and right now, Dadobawo, was exactly that, the Menu on the chopping board

Her: Kumkani “

She said softly, this was my first time hearing her call Mzokhulayo by Kumkani since she got here , whatever Mzokhuyo said to her must have really massed her us, what has this women done, that got Mzokhulayo so mad and disgusted of her, I look in Dadobawo eyes tears were on the verge to drop her brown pupil were swimming in guilt, fear and regret, her look was desperately asking for forgiveness, lord I'm so lost what the fuck is going on!

“ Nkumkani ... I am sorry to disturb, but there is loud lady in lobby demanding to talk to you, she calls herself Nthabiseng Ziqubu ...” one of the house-help said bowing his head in front of us

Me: 'ooh my God she is here already ... "I said holding my head in frustration, it is not even noon yet, but my stress level has been going sky high instead of settling down its just a never-ending roller coaster ride

Mzokhulayo: Dadobawo... deal with her and make sure she leaves this house with a clear agreement and understanding on what need to be done ..."

She popped her eyes looking at Mzokhulayo

Mzokhulayo: I did say that this wedding is going to happen before Liya gives birth and if you know what is good for you, you will make sure of that.... "

She nodded in agreement

Him: ooh and Dadobawo do not hold back make sure you deal with that women and put her in her place ... will deal with the Bhengu matter with you when I get back "

She bowed and said " Kumkani consider it done ... "

Mzokhulayo looked at me and called me with his head to follow him, I bite my lip and followed him outside

Him: our aunt is a lot of things but one thing I know about her is that she fights tooth and nail for her family, even going far as doing immoral things which makes me wonder if she evil or



mentally unstable... but do not worry she will handle this situation, your mother has met her match “

I nodded with a hint of fear in my heart, so my mother is left in the house with a woman who once wished to kill her, with my father not around now nothing will stop Aunt Nonzwakazi.

Mzokhulayo: so, are you ready to meet your siblings? “

I looked up at him and just like a kid in candy store I beamed in excitement

Him: now there is that smile I wanted to see; I knew this will brighten your day ... come let me take you to Tata Mcinci house”

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To Be Continued

\*\*\*\* Have You Heard the News...\*\*\*\*

🌹Rosetta 🌹

When I look back at my life There were some days, I found getting out of bed extremely hard. I would wake up, and my mind would race. I would think about how I wanted to go back to sleep or wasn't ready for the day to start. A rapidly developing to-do list made me want to roll onto my other side and go back to sleep.

On those days, before I had even gotten out of bed, I was already overwhelmed, and my mindset was not in a good place.

But this morning there was something different as I slowly opened my eyes, I realized that my mind was not racing, I smiled to myself as I realized that I had a good night's sleep. My heart was beating normally, I had no fear or dreading the new day. This morning my mind was at peace.

As a recovered insomniac, this felt like I was reborn or reawaked to a new life, you see when I was going through insomnia, I went through it alone. I did not even think of asking

for help, I was tormented by Oyama abuse, betrayal, all the drama and stress he came with.

No one in my family understood and I got tired of people telling me to just "lie down a bit, rest Rose, you need to stop stressing and sleep "

Ugh!!! WORST ADVICE EVER for people with anxiety.

I did not have 'just' a sleep problem. I had an anxiety problem about sleep that was preventing me from sleeping well. I have struggled with anxiety my whole adult life in some form or another, so it was only a matter of time before it affected my sleep.

My mother used to say, " you don't have anxiety" or "you are not anxious." You are only tired, my child just give yourself time to stop worrying and sleep, yet she was the one who witnessed me have numerous panic attacks that lead to fainting and almost causing a heart attack.

As I set up straight on my bed, I took a moment to remind myself that anxiety really was the root of this problem. There was a lot going on in my life and my mind was racing so much I could not sleep.

With the few outside pressures now resolved, it surprisingly amazing that I had normal sleep again, a beautiful slumber that

even took me to dream land, my smile widen as I recall the dream I had,

I dreamt of my late father; in my dream my deceased father was alive. We were in our old house that we used to live in, the smells, the touch, the warmth. In this dream it was like everything was real and he was back to life. The most vivid thing I remember was hugging my dad, saying I missed him and all he did was hold me close. I remembered the feeling of hugging him again, the smell of him, his voice. I felt whole again. Sadly, it was just a dream but damn did that dream lift up my spirit, I took my phone intending to call my mother and noticed that I had about 8 miss calls from unknown numbers, 3 miss call from Sandile, 2 miss call from Zuko and 11 miss calls from my mother, I frowned in shock trying to recall what kind of sleep that I just had, that made me not even hear my ringing phone, so first thing first I decided to call my mother

“Rose, are you ok? ... I have been calling you the whole morning  
“

Me: morning mom... I sorry for not answering I was fast asleep  
“

Her: Morning, she says? Hayboo did not you see the time ... its way after 12h00”

me: what! "I held my mouth in shock looking at my digital clock on the side table

Her: finally, she sleeps, is it because of the news Oyama's death that got you sleeping like a baby?"

Me: excuse me ... you said what? "

Her: you did not know, Rose Oyama's death is all over the news ... look I'm on my way to your house now ...before your in-laws come with shovels to dig you out of that house"

Me: his, dead? "

Her: yes, he was poisoned or something...look baby I got to go will chat when I arrive in Durban"

She dropped the call on my ear and just like that I jumped off the bed and turned on the TV, just when I was searching for the news channel, I heard screams down stairs I froze in panic what the fuck? I rushed to the door but cursed 'Fuck!'

As I realized that I am on my birthday suit, I got to stop this habit of sleeping nude especially now since I leave with other people in my house, I pulled my robe and put it on and rushed out,

I found Nicky hugging some two beautiful ladies and screaming like someone died, so this was the fuss is all about, why do girls act like this every time they meet?

Me: what's going on?"

Nicky smiled and limp towards me, she had a bandage wrapped around her ankle

Me: What is wrong, what happened to your leg? "I panic and rushed to her, taking a closer look at her

Her: Ma' Rose I am ok ... "

Me: you limping Nikiwe what happened? "

"She strained her leg when she was roller skating with Will, I swear that white man will get Nicky killed with all this extreme sport his forcing her to do "

Zoe said walking in the room with glass of wine in her hand, I looked at the wine bottle on her other hand and frowned, is this girl drinking my alcohol?

Me: and you, what are you doing here? "

Zoe: hallo! I am her Doctor, I am the one who fixed that ankle for her, you know what I am glad that I'm in your house, me and you we need to talk about your wine collection I'm not happy, for a woman that owns a bar, you have minimum to zero alcohol in this house! Gogo Rose how can you be so stingy"

The girls bust out and laughed while I opened my mouth to say something but realized I have no come back to that statement

Nicky: do not mind her ma, she is used to that huge wine cellar room in her house... and she expect everyone to be a drunk like her”

Me: you have a wine cellar room? “

Zoe: What is wrong with that? Ooh shoot me ke, for being a wine collector “she said dramatical

Nicky: so, ma 'Rose I would like for you to meet my friends “

I nodded and turned to look at the two beautiful girls before me

Nicky: Please meet Slindile aka Sli Biyela and Siswati aka Cici Majosi ... and well you know the loudmouth Zoe “

I chuckled and nodded

“We are sorry to come unannounced to your house ma, we just came to check up on Nicky, to see how she is holding up and support her during this hard time in her life”

Slindile said her voice so polite she looks familiar, but I just cannot put a finger on where I know her from

Me: It is nice to meet you girls and I am happy that Nikiwe has such good friends, you are more than welcome to our home “

Cici: Siyabonga ma” she said with the softest voice I have ever had

Nicky: Ma' Rose where is Zuko “

Me: He left with Sandile last night “

Zoe: Bayephi? “

Me: I do not know, most probably drinking or doing guy stuff angazi “

Nikiwe frowned looking at me, her look indicated that I must elaborate, but I was not going to say that my boyfriend took my son to a traditional healer to get spiritual protection from the evil aunt's witchcraft

Me: I'm sure they are on their way back now”

Zoe: it is so amazingly strange that my dad has a good relationship with your son ... he was never like this with Zweli and worse part Zweli was his son”

Me: I am also amazed “

Cici: I remember that at one point there were like strangers, but death changes people Zoe . . . The death of a loved one who was a meaningful part of your life can absolutely lead to significant shifts in your personality, you have seen how your relationship with him has grown as well “

Nicky: that so true your father has changed a lot; look at how he created this amazing relationship with Langa, I agree with Cici loss made him realize how to cherish what he has”



Me: Sandile is antisocial and stubborn, he has not changed but instead he got old and tired, the way I look at it is everyone in his life tolerates him for a reason, the Dlamini's tolerates him because of you Zoe, the Smith's because of Ntombi and Zuko because of me... I too do not know what came over me dating such a hot-headed man, yooo angisamudala for this “

The girls look at me and bust out and laughed

Cici: I so wish I could have one glass of that wine “she said looking at Zoe

Slindile: I will drink that on her behalf since you are breastfeeding ... “She said taking Zoes glass and downing it

Cici: haybo Sli ... didn't you say you quit drinking? “

Sli: Mpilo is out of town so this is my drinking time, please do not judge me just because you cannot drink”

Nicky: wait, you drink behind his back? “

Sli: what he does not know will not kill him, Zoe, kindly give me that bottle please “she said taking it and dropping herself on the couch folding her legs and pouring wine in her glass, she looked up and found us looking at her

Sli: what? “

Nicky: nothing “

Zoe: mmmm “she shook her head

Cici: do not look at me I wish I could drink as well “

Zoe: tell me something Cici, when are you going to stop popping babies like there is no tomorrow? kanti nenza isonto elinye yini no Nkonzo ngalezingane? “

And just like that the topic shifted to Cici,

Cici: it is more of his choice then mine ... you try sleeping with an Anointed man even contraception does not work ... “

Nicky: Because he says Amen ... thank you Jesus, every time, he cums “

The girls bust out and laughed while I cannot help feeling amused at this topic

Cici: ooh stop it guys, you know how draining it is to raise three boys, I never had this problem with Zaza, she was a quiet baby, and the most beautiful thing is that she was a GIRL! “

Zoe: looks like you are not done cause rumors has it that Nkonzo wants a girl and wena you only blessing him with boys ... so he will keep praying on top of you till he finally gets what is he wants “

Zoes said while dry humping the couch and dropping herself next to Sli on the couch, they high fived and screamed with laughter making my ears bleed

Nicky: Aish I am sorry friend if only you had the best of both like Langa and Zoe, you would not be in this predicament “she said mocking her

Cici playfully hit Nicky as they both giggled

Cici: Sly can we swap ... please give me your baby girl and I will trade it with my son since you are only blessed with girls only “

Nicky and Zoe bust out and laughed, while Sly raised her hand and downed the wine in her other hand, she breath aloud the minute she was finished and responded to Cici

“It took me over two years to conceive that baby girl, you know the stress I went through, numerous visits to gynecologist, fertility injections, sex schedule yoooh! Mpilo put me in so much pressure when he demanded another baby ... so that baby girl is the hardest thing I had to create, so No cc, wena give Baba Mfundisi his daughter...futhi I am already raising the Biyela man all four of them I cannot deal with another set Testosterone”

Nicky: four? “

Sly: yes, dear four, its Baba Jomo, Mpilo, Xolani and Xolisa ... being a Biyela wife is no Joke I mother everyone in that family “

Cici: I am only glad that Nozizwe has found a mother in you...she calls you “ma” now, right?”

Sli: yes, she does but raising a child that is not biologically yours its hard

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I am fortunate that I have support structure from Anti Ntombi and Zoe, it sad enough that Nozizwe lost her father but to be forsaken by her own mother that just another sad story”

Nicky: I can relate to that “

Zoe: Ncooo baby ... do not say that “she said standing up and hugging Nicky

Cici: so, till to date Portia is not bothered by her daughter even when you visited her in Cape Town “

Sli: The trip was a waste of our time, she did not once bond with Nozi, instead she acts more like her big sister than her mother, that girl has no time or care for her child “

Zoe: She even went as far changing Carrers from being a qualified nurse to being a slay queen, it is the quite ones that just amaze you... “

Cici: haybo what? ... njani manje ? “

Zoe: Angithi she is dating Mr. Big short lawyer from Cape Town “

Cici: What? ... I never thought that she was the type “

Sli: no one did, you know Cindy went as far as smacking the scandals behavior out of her, but Portia just decided to move in with the guy and block the entire family, yooo, ubaba Jomo is devastated “

Me: now I understand why you have a wine cellar room; it talks like this that makes me want to have a drink... yoooh!” I said clapping once

They all bust out and laughed I shook my head smiling, so this is Nicky world, all of her friends are married with kids, I can tell they are career women, they are so dignified, well-spoken and good thing is that they are all elegant ladies, any mother will be so proud that her daughter has a good choice in selecting exceptional friend, but girls will be girls when it comes to gossiping.

“WHAT? .... I DONT UNDERSTAND “Nicky said standing up looking at me, she has a phone in her ear and her look is creaming panic or is it shock, I am struggling to read her

Me: what? “

Nicky: 444- 88 –6 “

She said giving our house security code to the caller, she dropped the call and looked at me

Me: Nicky start talking!”

Her: Oyama is dead? “

Ooh that I actually forgot about it the minute I stepped out of my room, so how do I play this, should I be shocked and act as if it's my first time hearing the news from her, or cry frantically like Nigerian people do, should I be numb, should I pretend to care, shit how do I react. personally, I feel more numb than sad, more like I have been run over by an exceptionally large bus, tears just dried out, I cannot even pretend to cry after hearing the initial news, but instead I feel this crushing overwhelming relief that finally his dead

Zoe: ooh my God what happened? “

Nicky: they suspect poisoning, Ma' Rose we got swamp of journalist outside the boom gate! “

I pretended not to hear her and took the remote control and turned on the TV, and just like that the news channel was broadcasting his story

“Oyama Ngeve the Nigerian tycoon, who is known for owning the largest chain of business across the continent was arrested few weeks ago for Pending criminal charges, accusation of running illegal business such as of drug smuggling, legal arms smuggling, money laundering and fraud, he has been proclaimed dead.

Mr. Oyama Ngeve was found dead in his holding cell, medical Dr suspect that poison was spiked in his food however more investigation is still conducted

Ngeve left behind his wife Rose Oyama Ngeve, who was also convicted 25years ago for being part of the late Ngeve illegal business ... Rose was recently released from jail, and this is what her attorney has to say on her behalf ... “

Keven showed up on TV making a statement

“First of all, I would like to pass my deepest condolences to the family, friends, and the Nigerian Community, wishing you strength for today and hope for tomorrow.

Selflessness. Humility. Truthfulness. These are the three marks of an honorable man.

Oyama Ngeve was accused to be criminal by many, with a lot of allegation charges under his name but this has been common reaction with most black man every time when they stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance ... Ngeve held the greatness to bend history itself, and for doing that he was accused for many illegal things, to me No man is good enough

from whom we don't learn anything negative and no man is bad enough from whom we don't learn anything positive!

Notable people do notable things for they take notice of the unnoticed. They think beyond our thinking. They look beyond what we all look. They try, fail, and try again. They dare unrelentingly. They do not die with their purpose. They die for their purpose. Though they die, their purpose ever lives. So, during these tough times the Nqeve family will not issue any statements they ask to be left alone as they mourn the loss of their loved one... “

“Advocate Smith is it true that Rose, wife of Oyama was part of the allegations ... the late Oyama was accused and arrested for “one of the journalists asked

Kevin : “ My client Rose Oyama Nqeve was not involved in any of the legal activities that she was charged for she was framed by the SA special Forces, A new statement is released from the lead investigator at a time , it states that Rose was not part of all that she was charged for, she spent years behind bars for a crime she did not commit, a new case is opened against the team of the SA special forces that was involved in the arrest of Rose Oyama, few suspect have been arrest and amongst the arrested suspect is the lead detective known as Muntu Davis charged for conspiracy , espionage, fraud and being part of illegal arms deal ... “



The journalist became frantic as they all started to ask different question at the same time,

Kevin: I'm sorry I cannot disclose much about the case as it still ongoing... thank you all, that will be all for now "

He said walking away, the news broad caster started giving condolences to us and moved on to other news,

Niky side hug me, I looked at her and hugged her back

Zoe: I am so sorry Gogo – Rose, please tell us What can we do?  
"She said hugging me too

I looked at the girls they all had pleading eyes, amid it all our front door swung open and a skinny light skin guy with blond dyed hair, most flowless makeup and the most colorful outfit I have ever seen walked in and looked at us, chewing gum like his life depended on it

"And then who died? "

Zoe: Tony!"

Nikiwe: Tony really ... "

He did the click sound with his long fake nails and moved his head to the side, you know that move that girls with weave do when they move hair from their face, I find myself cracking up inside cause this fallow here has short haircut.

Tony: Firstly, I just fought a mob of journalists outside trying to get in here!

Secondly, don't tell me you are sobbing for a man who rejected you, not once but twice wena Nicky!

Thirdly, you girls better not dare expect Rosey girl to mourn for that busted who put her behind bars! ... what you can do is help me take-out food and drinks that is in my car “

The girls looked at me with popped out eyes,

Me: do not look at me, I' m hungry and I could do with a drink or two, so you better do as he says “

Tony: Thank you, Rosey Girl, “

Zoe: ooh thank God, I thought we going to pretend to be grieving for that busted “

Nicky: Zoe! “

We all bust out and laughed I asked to be excused since I wanted to take a bath and be more decent, I found my phone ringing in my room it was Kevin

“Saw you in the news “that was my hallo to him

Him: do not talk to anyone, stay indoors, and allow me and Motaung to deal with the Nigerians “

Me: what? “

Him: Oyama's body will be held in morgue for few days or week. For investigation purposes Oyama said use those days to put your plan in action “

Me: he said this before or after he died “

Him: what? I don't understand? “

Me: I do not believe that he is dead “

Him: I know, I don't too, I will investigate but for now let us pretend to play along “

Me: how did you hear about the news? “

Him: Motaung called me in wee hours to make statement on your behalf, I did not even know the busted was dead till I turned on the news”

I bite my lip thinking

Me: good speech, I like how you made Oyama an honorable man, so this thing with Muntu is it true? “

Him: Yep, Muntu has cut a deal with a state attorney... she said she will take the fall for everything if all the charges against Ginger are dropped “

Me: she must have really loved that bitch, you better tell the state attorney that if charges are dropped under her name, that also applies to the Black Velvet too”

Him: consider it done ... ooh Rose can you at least try to pretend to grieve to care “

Me: I am rolling on the floor sobbing as we speak”

He bust out and laughed and dropped the call,

I decided to take a long shower, my mind was miles away I was thinking of the last conversation I had with Oyama, I jumped out of the shower, it is like I suddenly had an epiphany or something and just like that I found myself dialing Samukelo number

“Rose I am on vacation “he said with a bored voice  
me: we need to talk; I need you back “

Him: Not going to happen, sorry “

Me: Sam! “

Him: congratulation on being a widow, I heard Oyama is dead and do not worry about Muntu I will take care of her it should be verry easy to kill her now since she in jail.... look I would love to chat, but I am kind off busy now”

Tables Turn yet again this time I do not know how to tell Samukelo the truth that Muntu is his mother and Oyama is his father, where do I start, how do I start ... I do not know how this news will affect him but one thing I know I will be there for him

while he processes it all, lord how did I end up hear mothering and carrying for Oyama's adult children...that is why Oyama left everything to me so that I will split his legacy amongst his kids ... years in jail and when I come out I don't taste freedom but instead I taste motherhood to adult kids, damn it you Oyama

Me: Sam, look I need to tell you something personal ... its verry important we meet and talk about it ... “

Him: Look Rose whatever it is can wait, I too am dealing with personal matter my father went missing few days ago and when he does this, I know shit is bound to happen, so I need to find him before he does something stupid ...”

Me: Your father? “

Him: angiqhumanga etsheni Rose I to also have parents ... look call Mlondi to help you, I got to go “

He dropped the call in my ear. I looked at my phone and frowned “did he say Father? “

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To be continued

\*\*\*Family Matters \*\*\*

[A Weeks Later]

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

I have pile of papers in front of me, some of them are invoices, schedules and may options to choose from, mind you we paid for an event planner to do all of this, but Veli is a bull when it comes to this, she will evolve you in your event that you're planning, you like it or don't , so here I am doing a lot of choice making, from theme , to food to deco to guest list.

I feel like I should be more excited about this since I am responsible for planning and organizing every detail of this event, but quite honestly, I have never been so stressed out, so nervous which as a result is making me too picky and indecisive. I feel like everybody expects me to have everything together, to have some kind of an idea of what this event should be like, but the idea of having to put together all these vendors/caterers together makes me have some anxiety attacks and breakdowns. I personally have so much more going on, like tracking Baba Mzi's where abouts, dealing with contractors that are busy rebuilding my grandfather's house, so I really, need a little bit of help, but what I get is people saying they want to help, and then nothing gets done, it's so frustrating I will find myself shouting “ MUST I DO EVERYTHING IN THIS HOUSE! “

I do not know where Mbali is, she does not even answer my calls, lord my sister is too relaxed, and on the other hand the faith my mother has on me scared the living hell out of me,

“I Trust you baby; you will make this event a success ... I am so proud at how you are handling all of this “she will say preventing me from venting, she has trusted me with this and that alone is driving me crazy as I fear to disappoint her.

I am and I have always been scared of my mother. She has always been commanding and way to directing when it comes to me

You see I am not the dominant one in my family. My younger sister is the dominant one. She leads the conversation we have. she commands, she asks, suggests. I have never done that or could do that. I have always been a quiet, womanly, soft, and kind child. . . But mostly, I have always been away from home; I have never experienced this sitting around and engaging with them.

I learned that from my mother. I am an older daughter, a role model figure but I have never been what she expected me to be.

So, she has always been to extra hard on me she took advantage of this and treat me dominantly. it is no secret that

she has been detector in my life “I should do this in my life or do that “

Perhaps, I could have been the dominant one. Maybe I would not find this responsibility stressful and have major anxiety of disappointing May family. My Father died without him saying that his proud of me so more than anything else I want to make him proud.

I hear my phone ringing, but I could not find it, I jump off the bed and scream “where the fuck are you!” after furiously tossing everything aside looking for it, I finally find it and answer out of breath

“hello”

“Ms. Khumalo, I just called to say that the municipality has agreed to your request to exhume your father grave “

I smiled and punched the air

Me: ooh that is grate “

Her: so when can we start with the work “

Me: give me a day or two to get back to you ... thank you so much “



The caller agreed we did not talk much as I quickly dropped the call as I heard the door opening, Jisha walked in followed by Veli

Me: So, how did it go? “

Veli: at this point your vision is verry blurry, an event in that venue is impossible LT! “

She hates that I changed venues on the last minute, when I told her that we are moving the venue to Ndwedwe, damn did that women scream at me, but neither thereness she took the new challenge, ownership, but her tone still scream she not happy with what she must work with

Me: The contractures are working on it Veli “

Her: so how am I supposed to find the right theme when I all I see is burnt down walls, ash, and dark and grey creepy place ... I am planning an unveiling LT for a well-known public figure not a Halloween party for street kids! “

I breath aloud she is stressing me again, behind her Nola emerges

Me: Nola, what are you doing here? “

Veli: I called her, Look LT for me to do my work, she must do hers ... “

Nola laughed shaking her head

Nola: Veli called me in panic telling me my guys are slacking so here I am to oversee the work being done “

Me: Nola, ooh my God you shouldn't have? “

Her: it's nothing... besides this project is significant to me and my husband so I had to step in. So, what I did now was add more guys to the project since we time restrained “

I popped my eyes open “ooh thank you, so much “

Nola: you in luck cause the weather disturbance has not been an issue, so work is moving verry smoothly “

I smiled in excitement

Me: you see Veli, a little bit of faith goes a long way “

Veli: yayaya whatever ... “she said throwing herself on the couch

Me: Jisha the burial site is it still in tack? “

Jisha: Yes, but it looks nothing like graveyard more like field, Nola, please tell LT about the graveyard idea you had “she said looking at Nola

Nola: Since your house consists of graveyard site in back yard, and you planning to do an unveiling in that residence, I was

thinking of doing a new modern landscaping design for the graveyard “

Me: what? “

Nola: it's the new thing for property that are built in communal land, since most of them consist of graveyard in the back yard, we designers basically remove the feel of the graveyard being creepy and transform it to a more of an Eden for the souls resting there, after all the graveyard is part and parcel of the residence , so we remove the fear or taboo of stepping out your back yard since it has graveyard and we give it more of tranquility a natural feel“

Me: wow I like that ... I like it a lot, please go ahead and do it “

Nola smiled nodding

Nola: I can only do this once you have placed the tombstone on the grave, I do however have few ideas that we can go over ”

Veli: I like that too, ooh lord finally we are getting somewhere ... “

Jisha: thank God, can we now go eat please! “

We all bust out and laughed, I nodded in agreement, it will be good to go out and eat I'm also starving, as I was taking my bag Jisha approached me and gave me piece of paper

Me: what is this? “There was a house address noted on the page

Her: A little girl gave me; she said it is from Shaka to Mamntungwa ... “

I bit my lip and nodded, I told the girls to go ahead I will catch up since I wanted to make a call, I took my phone and called Mlonzi, his phone rings once and goes to voice mail. I breath aloud fuck this man is driving me crazy, I step outside but stop on my tracks as my phone started vibrating

Me: are you stalking me? ... Why am I receiving notes from you?

Him: ukhohliwe yini ukuthi ujola nesigebengu... I don't even get why you are living at some BnB while Ndwendwe is just one hour drive from your house ... “

Me: ooh my God you so controlling! “

Hiim: The address I gave you belong to a woman who used to be part of the resistance group with Mzi, go dig up some information and find out more about your family secrete “

Me: ooh ok shup “

I say dismissively, I want to ask about Mzi if he has any news for me but I was a bit skeptical, you see the last time I heard news

about Mzi's whereabouts was when Mlondi's guy was tailing him, and found him in some Shisa Nyama in New Castle, and that very same afternoon Mlondi called me telling me that his guy is missing, Mzi and the Shisa Nyama guy went under the radar too and just like that Mzi vanished on the face of the earth yet again, this was week ago. Since then, Mlondi has been working tirelessly in trying to find Mzi trail.

Him: his, back in Durban, he was seen entering Dlamini Aviation Logistics company “

Me: what? ... who? “

Him: Mzi”

Me: you found him? “

Him: you know that I will do anything for you “

I faintly smile and looked down blushing

Me: what is he doing in an airline Company? “

Him: I don't know but I will find out ... I know the CEO of the company, Langa is friends with my brother-in-law Mvelo“

Me: ok sure, but where was he for the past week... unless he knew someone was tailing him ...do you think he is responsible for your guy's disappearance? “

Him: I don't think that but kind off know he is, Mzi is smart, and his playing a game now of showing us what he wants us to see, fuck his good ... “

Me: We underestimated him; I need to go speak to that women to find out more about my late father's brother something is unsettling about his behavior, his acting like you “

Him: excuse me? “

Me: where are you Mlondi ? “

He kept quite

Him: Look babe I have an incoming call; I will call you later “

Me: you see! good lord Mlondi I am worried ...you disappear and news of Oyama being poison flood the news channel tell me if that is not a coincidence!”

Him: iyakuthanda indoda yezwa ?“

Me: hhayi futsek mani “

Him: LE... THU...KU...THU...LA!!! UTHINI!”

I clicked my tongue and dropped the call, dating Mlondi is a stress ball on its own, his unpredictable and his verry secretive, he never shares anything with me that is in regard with his work or deals, and this disappearing without a trail drives me crazy, he instructed me not to call him since I won't get hold of

him but he will be the once calling me, and this man can call at any time he does not give a rat ass if I'm asleep , busy or with family when he wants to say “Hallo “I need to pick up cause if not all hall will break loose .

At this point I feel like I come second in his life, his work and gang come first, not even his family comes first because I always overhear his telephone conversation with his mom complaining every time when he calls her

As an ex special forces, I know that Gang life does not allow anything or anyone to come before them. Period! If something does, it can be easily eliminated because it is a distraction and a threat to the work at hand.

As much as he is transparent with his feelings for me, showers me with gifts and does extra ordinary things for me, The Problem is I'm never at ease when he just disappears without communication or what's so ever, because at any given moment that he's not with me he can be dead or with another girl as he too enjoys life in the fast lane.

I constantly have sleepless nights at times, afraid of people coming in at night and abducting me because of the grudge other criminals/ gangs have for him or maybe it can be debt he has not paid, I also fear a raid or a shoot-out from cops because I the girlfriend I am doing something illegal already just by being with him so if he ever get caught so do I . But this

man just laughs every time when I display my worry to him  
nxa.

I jumped to my car and decided to drive to the location on the piece of paper, I wonder what can of worms I will be opening by paying a visit to my families past, I know for fact that as people if we leave something of ourselves behind when we leave a place, we stay there, even though we go away. And there are things in us that we can find again only by going back there.

So here I am packed outside this house and taking deep breaths as I step out and make my way to the gate, I find a lady sitting under a tree. She looks at me and looks away now I need to humble myself to her if.

“ Sawbona ma “

She continued not to look at me or say a word

Me: my name is Lethukuthula Khumalo “

Her: I know” she said not even looking at me

Her: uzalwa ubani lapha kaKhumalo ? “

Me: Criss Mntungwa Khumalo “

Her: uzalwa impimpi ? “



She said looking at me from head to toe and gave me a frown

Her: Ufunani ? “

I swallowed and played with my hands I had no questions prepared and I have no clue how to politely demand answers from her

Me: I received news that you were once a family friend “

Her: news from who? “

She says giving me the meanest look ever, I breath aloud and decide to just tell her the truth

Me: look Ma, I know my father did the most despicable things to many people , he used , betrayed and hurt lot of people for his own personal gain, I recently found out about that and all I wish to do I restore my families dignity cause I too lost loved once because of my fathers greed , you see I was born by the man but I am not my father's past. I am my present. I am my future. My family past can chase me all my life if you let it and can spend lifetime trying to outrun it or you can stop running, turn around and look it in the face, get answers, get closure “

Her: so, are you the one responsible for rebuilding the Khumalo house? “

I nodded

Me: yes mam”

Her: you are a brave girl, strong willed too ... most people when they find out about their family past, they have this unshakable Shame and guilt for me that is the worst feelings ever, but you chose to come back and restore what was broken, release the pain and hurt... why? “

Me: Three of my family members were locked in that house as the house was set alite, it's an old horror story to most but to me it's imprinted, a nightmare that torments me daily... 45 years later I'm now rebuilding my grandfather's house and the last thing I need to feel when I walk inside that house for the first time is their sorrow, screams, fear, sadness and death!

I know I cannot rewrite the past, but I can try and restore the future, Inkinga yami is that I do not know my roots, my family or the people who were close to my family, my father took that privilege from us.

All I ask is an insight of what was my family like before Mntungwa became impimpi as you call it, because that is the memory I want to cherish, to carry when I walk inside that house for the first time, Mama I want to know their personalities, their life

what made my family stand out who were the Khumalo's ... Please that is all I ask for “

She looked at me, her eyes became glassy, she looked away trying to push away her tears but failed dismally as she burst out and cried, I too could not hold my tears, I found myself hugging her as we cried together.

✿Liyana ✿

I looked outside the window and smiled I am shaking my head in amazement, my life is dramatic and hectic, nothing seems to come together yet my belly is growing very fast, with the way things are happening I'm even doubtful that Nstika and I will get married any time soon.

On one hand Dadebawo has been on it for weeks with my mother the battle of tiger war, no one is backing down, I find it so stressful but Dadebawo has been reassuring me that she got this I must stay away from it and she will handle it, Thank god that this days I got people who actually stand Infront of me and fights my battle.

On the other hand, Mzokhulayo and Ntsika are clashing heads, Mzokhulayo practically kicked my fiancé out of his house, he

told him he will only speak to him when he has set date for my Lobolo negotiation

“Thank you for everything you have done but Liyana has family now, its worst enough that you planted your seed in her without marrying first, but I will be damned if this cohabiting shit continues, for goodness's sake you are King Ntsika what kind of examples are you setting here “

Ntsika tried to win the argument by saying that I' m carrying a Bhengu child, the future to the Bhengu people but things turned from bad to worse when Mzokhulayo said

“So that makes its right that you trapped my sister with a child, made her lose her job, made her depend on you ... We Bhengu! don't you have no shame, no regret ... listen hear that child will not be the first or last to be born out of wedlock so stop holding our balls with this Bhengu legacy bullshit, Liyana is still verry much a Ramabela and that child she is carrying is also Ramabela ... you have no claim on her or what's so ever nxa”

It's been a whole week and I have not seen Ntsika, when we talk over the phone its always brief , he will just ask about his child and I could sense that his fuming with anger that I'm not next to him and he has no control of this situation or what's so ever, he always ends the call by saying “ I need to get back to work “ it can be midnight talking to him but that how he ends his call this days, no I love you, I miss you, stay strong for me

none of that. So, when I ask how he is doing, how he is feeling, does he still love me, does he still want to marry me?

“You know how I feel Liyana ... do not patronize me and ask me stupid Questions “he will lash out!

Since I do not want to fight with him or argue I have decided to give him space, decreased the number of times I call him a day, but I text more now reminding him how much I love him and keeping him updated on what is going on in my life.

I snapped out of my day dreaming by Mangalisa and Mzokhulayo’s loud voice, damn it they are arguing again yoo! this two are so not alike but so much alike they disagree about everything, yet they enjoy each other's company, I think Mangalisa always needed a big brother and Mzokhulayo being the only child always wanted a sibling around and having us in his house has made him loosen up its like we complete him, when Dadebawo asked why is Mangalisa is still around since his not part of the family Mzokhulayo responded by saying

“His father raised our blood for years without discriminating her, Mangalisa shares blood with Liyana, and she shared the same blood as us which makes Mangalisa a half sibling to this family “and just like that case was closed

Me: what are you two arguing about now? “

Mzokhulayo: ngibuza lamakaka enziwa umfowenu ukuthi why is he allowing Ntsika to pay for his father accommodation when he can man up and do it ... “

Mangalisa: Wenja why are you leaving out the part that you are offering me and Baba Ziqubu land in Matatiela ? “

Me: what? “

Mzokhulayo: It is a noble thing to do, what wrong with that?  
“

Mangalisa: everything is wrong with that! ... I do not think Ziqubu will agree to live in a land of a man that cheated with his wife and impregnated her”

Mzokhulayo: mmm so you plan to allow your father to stay in shack? “

Mangalisa sighed “I will make a plan my man ... awume please”

Mzokhulayo: Good, cause this thing of depending on Ntsika for Favours will cause Liyana hell when she is married to the man, Ntsika need to know that Liyana family is independent, that alone will instill fear in him that if he fucks up Liyana will not hesitate to stay ... because he has no hold on her”

Mangalisa side smiled and nodded in agreement

Mangalisa: I get you ... I fully understand “

Mzokhulayo: so, since we in Durban are we going to see your crazy red hair”

Me: who is that? “

Mzokhulayo: Becky... Mangalisa is so afraid of commitment that ever since he got back from Cape Town, he has been avoiding the poor girl like plague”

Mangalisa: dude I told you that in confidence why you dishing out my business like this? “

Mzokhulayo: ooh my bad I did not know that you fear of commitment was a taboo topic to talk about “

I bust out and laughed

Mangalisa: is not fear I am just giving her space “

Me: you gave her a ring! Haybo you should be planning a wedding but instead are you giving her space? “

Mangalisa: its complex situation guys you would not understand? Besides, I am busy sorting your identity crises Liya “

Me: hhayi wena do not make me you shield, just because you have doubt in marrying a white girl “

Mangalisa: Really Liyana you think race is the issue? “

Mzokhulayo : please brother make us understand what the real issue here”

Mangalisa : Becky is too bloody bossy, she is your typical red hair girl, it's her way or no way at all, in the house, out in public , with my money and In bed, I just feel like she pulling me in all directions with her constant dislike, insecurities ... in her eyes I'm a project that need fixing to be her ideal man “

Me: what? “

Mangalisa: at this point I am not even sure I like her or want to marry her, worst decision I made was to introduce her to my mother the biggest manipulator of them all... now I am kind forced to be with her just because my mother loves having a white girl as her daughter in-law”

Mzokhulayo: Aish, hade Bhuti, but you the one that will be marrying Becky not your mother “

Mangalisa: I know that why I took time away from her to think things through “

Mzokhulayo: I get you, but to my experience man generally find themselves in this kind of relationship it is either one or two things. Either you did not establish your “manliness” early on and she felt she had to take the lead which woman hate generally, or she is naturally a domineering type from the start Strong Alpha personality.



In either case the solution is about the same. You need to put the balance back in the relationship. The longer it goes on the harder it will be so best to start as soon as possible, if you are planning a life with this woman”

Me: just sit and talk to her, tell her about your worst fears of being a relationship with her yet alone marrying her”

Mangalisa: looks like that topic will come sooner than I anticipated cause Mzokhulayo decided to tell Becky that will be in Durban, bloody hell you even gave the hotel will be staying in “

Mzokhulayo bust out and laughed

“We? Only me and Liyana are staying in hotel ... wena go to your mother's house and speak to your girlfriend “

I laughed aloud and looked at my vibrating phone it was sibling's, my little sister was texting me

“Thank you so much for helping me with studying, I think I ace my math's paper ”

I smiled to myself, so last week I met my siblings I was nervous cause Whether you were raised together, or it has been years since you last saw each other, reconnecting with a half-sibling is often full of unknowns. From understanding how to talk to one another to deciding which topics are off-limits—it is essential to know how to approach the meeting respectfully and openly.

But Luckily for me I was the oldest and three of my siblings were teenagers it was easy to talk to them and we all have one thing in common, all of us have no clue of how our father looks like in person we all have seen him in pictures but had zero physical contact with him, clearly we are a product of a responsible absent parent, He built us a house, left us with housekeepers' , security and money but his love we do not know... I was not privilege enough to have the life my young siblings are having but if only my mother was not too bloody greedy, she would have taken me to my father's house long time ago cause Lulu said our father made that agreement with her mom.

I thought Mzokhukayo was kidding when he said I need to take care of my siblings but guess what my brother was not joking,

“After your Mbeleko ceremony you will need to step up and do Mbeleko ceremony for your siblings as well, they only carry our name because we blood but they were never properly introduced to our ancestors “ Mzokhulayo said

“I don't know anything about traditional ceremony “I disputed Him: you are marrying King Bhengu, that family may look modern and classy but they verry much traditional so consider this you're training on how to consult with izinyanya “that was Mzokhulayo final word. Did we ever visit that topic again, never I would not dare, I have come to realize that Mzokhulayo hates

repeating himself and his word is always final damn his so bossy.

As I was typing my reply message to Lulu the car came to halt and I was disturbed as I was escorted out of the car by the bodyguards,

“We have to make this meeting with Ziqubu brief as I need for you to speak to Queen Sbahle and Nwabisa “

Me: what? Why me? “

Him: they wanted a meeting with us, so we obliged to the request”

Me: point of correction they Dadewabo needed the meeting with them to discuss Black family matters, where do we enter there?

Him: That’s where you wrong, Dab’s is the only present elder to our family, and judging from the despicable things she has done to Nwabisa she needs our help, in our family, we always protect our own including Vuyo the deranged busted... make sure you come to an agreement that won't end up un public eye or taint our family image by family I mean our aunts image“

I twitched my nose and stopped walking and looked at him, he stopped and looked at my face, I was feeling the unbearable discomfort, I know nothing about being a Ramabele and now I'm forced to have a meeting with Queen Mnguni and represent

my newly found family!...what on earth am I supposed to say in that meeting?

Mzokhulayo: Yazi Liyana I hate that you are so accustomed to the comforts of "I cannot", "I do not want to" and "it is too difficult" you are not achieving greatness by doing that however you just made yourselves weak. . . so used those legs and start walking because Life has a cruel way of reminding one and all it stops for no one and simply marches on, dragging everyone with it. . . “

He said turning him back and started walking away, I looked at Mangalisa for help but he just shrunk his shoulders and continued to walk side by side with Mzokhulayo , I breath out loud and followed them with my tail between my leg , Mzokhulao is a force not be reckoned with , his a disciplinary, goal fucus and take no bullshit kind of a guy, He leads by example and I'm not sure if I am intimated by him or admire him , he has that class, the kind of Class that represent an aura of confidence that is being sure without being cocky. Don't get me wrong, his attitude has nothing to do with money. It is that attitude that never runs scared. It is self-discipline and self-knowledge. It is the sure-footedness that comes with having proved you can meet life. Do I look up to my brother? .... oh, hell yeh ... I wish I knew him sooner when I was a teen struggling with insecurities.

“Liyana in few months' time you will marry a powerful man, his role is to, lead and if you can't lead with him than I don't know why we even doing this paving way for you to be his wife, his Queen, look sisi, one of these days you need to stop being “soft,” you must learn to embrace discomfort. Face discomfort head-on. Don't make excuses or look for ways out of uncomfortable situations. Take them on directly and push through the discomfort. . .”

Me: what time is the meeting “I asked with confidence in my voice

I said looking at him, he looked at me and side smile as we step inside the elevator

Meeting with Baba Ziqubo was indeed brief, Mzokhulayo lead the meeting and he was straight forward, he thanked the man for raising me and ask that we do ceremony for buying me from the Ziqubu surname and family, Baba Ziqubu did not have a problem one bit however his only consent was that where will he conduct that ceremony since has no house and currently leaving in shack

Mangalisa stepped in to that matter told him it will be held at our house, he will talk to our mother, but Baba Ziqubu refused

and said , he will rather speak to one of his brothers to allow us to use their house for the ceremony, Baba Ziqubu did not once hide how he feels about my mother to him that women belongs next to Satan himself.

“Before we leave Baba, may I kindly request that you give us a name or contact details of your ex-in-laws side of the family? “ Mzokhulayo asked

Baba Ziqubu: you talking about Nthabiseng side of the family?  
“

Mzokhulayo: yes, you see we need to do inhlawulo ka Liyana komalume bakhe ... which is her mother side of the family, before we proceed to do imbeleko for her, but your ex-wife is not co-operating with us “

Baba Ziqubu laughed shaking his head

“I don't know that women side of the family “

Me: what? “

Mangalisa: excuse me? “

Baba Ziqubu: Nthabiseng is fraud and crook she scammed her way to my life, I paid lobolo to some man he paid to stand on her behalf and claimed that they were her uncle, when I wanted to do the other nitty gritty traditional stuff we do as Africans when we take a wife , Nthabiseng said her family is

saved and they don't practice such things, in our wedding there was no family on the side of the bride but high class friends only , she said her family are jalousie of her that is why they did not attend, for years I was married to a women I did not know I only find out about her lies when I caught her cheating, I wanted to have a family meeting with both families involved just to find out that the Uncles and Aunties she called her family were hired and paid to act... so I have no clue who the fuck is that women”

I dropped my mouth open in shock, Mangalisa was on his feet I have seen my brother act all crazy and spoke out of content, but this look on his face was not familiar he was disgusted, his face full rage and just like that he stomped out of the house shouting

“I'm going to kill that witch!!! “

I called out for him, I tried to stand up and run after him, but Mzokhulayo held my hand and said no with his head, he told one of his bodyguards to follow Mangalisa instead, I sat down, looking at the slammed door I hope my brother does not do anything stupid

Mzokhulayo: thank you baba for everything I guess will see you in two days' time for lobolo negotiations “

Baba Ziqubu smiled and nodded, he could not stop praising me and telling me how proud he is of me

“No matter what your surname may be, who your biological father may be, to me you will always be my little girl, never forget that my child ... I love you Liyana”

I melted in his chest as we hugged

As we about to walk out after saying our goodbyes to him, he stopped and spoke

“ Nthabiseng's maiden name was Mdlalose, one of my old friends once said that her sister ran Tarven in Mawothi I did not believe that back then because I was blinded by Nthabiseng lies, but to think of it now my friend might have been telling the truth, please give me an hour to get hold of my friend and I will provide you with location and the name of her sister “

I smiled thanking him

Baba Ziqubu: its least I could do, you and your fiancé have done so much for me I cannot thank you enough “

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. To be continued



\*\*\*The Stir Up \*\*\*

🌹 Rosetta 🌹

“Remind me why we are doing this? “I said dragging my tired self from the bathroom

Him: call it therapy “

Me: Sandile I don't need therapy I need my men next to me under those sheets “

I said pouting and wrapping my arms around him, he smiled and kissed me

Him: you are using me to forget your problems Rose ... “

Me: ooh this topic again “I said blowing out air and stepping away from him,

Ever since the news of Oyama death hit the screen, I became clingily to Sandile. It all started a week ago, when Sandile found me drunk with Nicky and her friends in my house, he was in shock that I decided to let down my hair at the most awkward time in my life, while my son was drooling at Nicky's friend, and in the midst of it all my mother budged in and cause a scene

“Rose ufelwe this is not how you suppose to act, uzodlula mani!  
“

“Wena Zuko wasineka nje, you think this is funny, take your mother to her room and make her change to something decent  
“

“I will take her ma, “Sandile said while holding my hand but that alone made my mind blow out

“Sandile ... manyala mani lawa owenzayo, uRose is a widow its inappropriate for a man to be next to her ... with all due respect kindly leave this house please “

And that was my queue to escape the drama, I decided to walk Sandile out and later I ended up in his bed and it's been a week in his house, it's good to say that I have blocked everyone out of my bubble, since I don't know when I will have this quality time with Sandile again, you see once I put Oyama's fake corpse in the ground, my life will be turned upside down, being a widow In South Africa means a women need to act a certain way but being a Nigerian widow means I will have this stigma painted on me, it's just another level of a horror story, I will be under a very tight surveillance, I will be forced to be Nigeria for months not to mansion that I will be busy with familiarizing myself with Oyama's business, busy fighting the war of power, greed and jealousy with my in-laws, taking care of Oyama's kids, having time for me will be wiped out completely off from

my books and what scares me the most is that I don't know where that will leave Sandile and I.

Him: look babe, it was hard for me to track this boy and we cannot miss this window, because he might disappear again “

I snapped out of my deep thoughts when he spoke, I looked at him and frowned his right we need to go to Sam's location as in right now... it took Sandile days to even track his whereabouts, Sam really knows how to disappear from the face of the earth

Him: Rose don't be selfish you know very well that Zuko needs a brother like Sam in order to run the company, you need him too, so he need to know about his identity before the forensic department release Oyamas body and you get shipped to Nigeria without a backup plan, so do me a Favour and get dressed so we may go! “

He said walking out from his bedroom I rolled my eyes and started applying body lotion on my body, I drifted off again thinking what is my mother, Nicky and Zuko up too, are they coping with the media, has Ngozu bothered them yet? Maybe I was being selfish for just dropping everything and running off with Sandile.

I smiled to myself as I suddenly felt sensation of butterflies in the pit of my stomach, thinking of how amazing Sandile has been to me, I remember the first day I lay my eyes on him, I was taken, he set a spark inside me that was hard to ignore, even when I was concerned by the fact that he was a too good to be true kind of a guy, that did not stop me from falling for him hard, Sandile possessed the most unrealistic perfection, he kept me so alive by his non-stop humor, intelligence, charisma , his protective nature, and his undefined love

My mother was right when he said, "Sometimes, you will feel small, scared, and vulnerable. You will need that same man to be your protector, your warrior, your defender. And before he ever stands his ground to do so with words, he will silently protect you by wrapping his hands around your fist. Showing you you're safe, while also proving you are a rock of your own and just as strong."

And without fail Sandile has proven that to me over and over again, but the cherry on the icing for me was when he became a protector to my son, taking him to see Sangoma, even though it was not his place to do so but he did it willingly, the trip alone was a waste of time since they did not get any help from the traditional healer because for some strange reason Oyama was right when he said that Zuko was protected by the Gods ,

Sangoma sent them away and said no harm will be done to him , he saw my son's Future prospering and him becoming a force not to be reckoned with, that alone made have faith on my plan or should I say Oyama's twisted plan that I was already trapped in without knowing.

After dressing up I made my way out of the bedroom and I overhead Sandile voice,

“Langa what were his exact words? “

Langa: “he told me that the company I invested in was built with his money ... you stole from him “

Sandile: Langa you are the owner of one of the leading global vendor of computer software company which makes you chairman and I am just CEO, company's chief leader, I report to you and to the board, the company his talking about was liquidated, it was smaller than this impaired you have turned it too when you took a chance to invested in it ”

“But Baba did you or did you not still money from him to start your business back in the days? “

Sandile: he was proclaimed dead, so I had no choice Langa “

Langa: ooh bloody hell... this man knows too much, he knows that I am your son in -law, thixo baba I got kids ... a wife ... we know nothing about this man, what if his back for revenge ... “

Sandile: This is more about revenge “

Langa: I say we give him back his money you stole from him maybe he will back off”

Sandile: it is not money that his after ... it is his life, fuck Oyama is behind this ... “

Langa: what? What the fuck is that busted has do with this? “

I walked in the room and found Sandile taking his car keys

Me: Langa who is this man, you are talking about? “

Sandile and Langa just looked at me saying nothing

Me: somebody need to start talking as in right now before I lose my cool”

Sandile: Rose look ... “

Me: You better start talking Msomi and this time do not bloody give me that bullshit that Oyama was fucking with my mind “

Langa: what does Oyama have to do with this? “

Me: “Sandile and him have a past “

Langa: a what? “

Me: A past that he has refused to tell me about ...”

I said folding my arms looking at Sandile straight in the eye, he signed and looked away

Langa looked at me and bite his lip he then looked at Sandile for answered but Sandile responded by saying

“The men that Langa is talking about, his name is Mzilikazi Khumalo, Mntungwa’s older brother “

Langa: Mntungwa as in the late premier? “

Sandile: the one and only ... look Rose I know I should have told you this early, but it was a dead and buried secrete not in million years did I think it was going to come out, Mzi was proclaimed dead like 30 or more years ago and I just did not see the need to tell you about my involvement with him and Oyama “

I held my mouth “you were part of the arms deal smuggling business? Was that your involvement with Oyama? “

Sandile: sasikumzabalazo Rose, we needed weapons to protect our self, but protection with no money was useless so we started an illegal business till shit hit the fan “

Langa: YOO!”

Me: Mntungwa snitched on you “

Sandile looked down and held his head and set down

Langa: ooh my God No... “

Me: Sandile? “I said in shock with my voice baily audible

Langa: Mntungwa did not work alone, that is the reason you said you took Mzi life rather than his money “

Sandile: I had no choice “he said softly not even looking at us

Langa: damn it Sandile what the fuck did you get us into? “

Sandile stood up he looked at me and at Langa,

Him: I will fix this ... I promise “He said walking towards me

Me: you lied to me, all along you knew who Muntu was “

He looked down “I am sorry ... I was just not ready to tell you about that side of me “

Me: So Muntu put me through hell not because of what Oyama did to her but what you did to her “

Him: I swear that I was not part of the reason that she was blackmailing you, Muntu only knows that Mntugwa was an informant, and I was not part of it. I swear I covered my tracks when it came to that, and I was so sure that the truth died with Mzi and no one else was going to find out about it ... but with him alive I have a lot of damage control to do “



Me: Sandile this sounds really bad ... “he held my face and kissed my forehead

Him: I will text you Samukelo location please call your driver to take you to him, I have to go somewhere “

Langa: I am coming with you

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Sandile: No, go to Zoe and keep my family safe ... “He said dialing his phone and placed it in his ear “Keven we have a problem ... “he said walking out the door, I hugged myself and walked to the window, looking at Sandile drive off

Me: I have bad feeling about this “

Langa: So, do I “

I looked at him

Langa: Mzi is ghost, I did a background check on him after he visited my office and I found out nothing, this guy has no social media page, no bank accounts, no criminal record no birth or death certificate, just an article he wrote that stirred up the nation after he obtained his Journalism Degree ...either than that the man does not exist, and I think Sandile is walking into this blindly “

I sighed and looked down; I heard Langa say that he is going but he sounded very far, I did not recall saying goodbye to him as I was so far gone, I walked around the house aimless with so much going on in my head it took me an hour or two to snap out of it as I decided to call my driver and told him to come pick me up at Sandile house.

Few minutes later I was on the road following the location provided, as we approached an intersection two cars drove to our direction at a high speed, the first car screeched to a halt right in front of us with the driver pointing a gun at us and the second car almost smashed itself into our car making the two cars park side by side, My driver took out his gun but I told him no, we were outnumbered and the last thing I need to witness is a blood bath, the car parked next to us rolled down the window making me involuntarily roll down my car window too, I know it's a stupid move to make but curiosity was killing me..

Him: Rose ... we need to talk, get out of that car now, Ngozu is tailing you"

I looked at the man sitting on the passenger seat and let out a sigh

Me: Sy! ... was this all necessary "I said pointing at the guy pointing a gun at us inside the car that was parked in front of us,

Him: please try and multitasking Rose, talk while you jump out of that car, please “

I laughed lightly while I stepped out of my car, Sy was never a talkative person, He was the Gentle Giant, His voice is like soft thunder.

His face chiseled from stone, His outward appearance was intimidating,

But his heart is molded from pure gold, a man who never smiled or interact with no one he had a character that was not even close to make him fit in his paternal side of the family, the Nqeve family but he was humble and peaceful I guess his mother made a good choice when he decided to relocate to Zimbabwe after Sy's father died. Which made his upbringing different to the rest of the Nqeve busted.

“What do you mean Ngozu is tailing my car? “I asked as I jumped inside his car

Him: I mean just that ...”

I nodded as his driver drove off,

Him: rumors say that Oyama left everything to you, so Ngozu is looking for even the slightest mistake to use against you”

Me: I would not put that past her “

Him: you need keep your distance from your boyfriend for few months till the dust settle “

I looked at him and sigh, so this shit has started I now have to pretend to be a grieving wife

Him: I believe Oyama told you about my purpose for coming here “

I nodded and looked at him “you are here to dish out information about each and every family member in the Nqeve family tree, who to trust and who must I keep an eye on and what information I need to use as leverage “

Him: exactly but you forget to mention who you need to kill too”

I breath aloud, I know that this road I am about to embark on is not going to be walk in park so blood will be spilled and there will be a lot of collateral damage

Me: As much as it sounds Interesting to get the practical details about my in-laws, I am sorry to say that you caught up with me at a wrong time, I was currently driving to attend to other pressing matters that need my attention “

Him: more important than what I have to say? “

Me: kind of, so may you kindly ask your driver to take me to this address” I said showing him the screen of my phone with a location

Him: what? “

Me: just think of it as multi-tasking ... trust me “

He laughed and told the driver to change course

Me: so how long has Ngozu been tailing me? “

Him: it started the day you visited Oyoma in jail “

Me: That woman is such an annoying pest that is so hard to get rid of “

Him: I will not say it a tricky thing to get rid of her, but more of a lack courage “

Me: if only she was not living family heirloom”

Sy bust out and laughed

Him: I think that is the only reason the whole family is tolerating her, no wonder the bitch has gotten away with a lot of bullshit, did you know that even now she has kidnapped a South African woman, and forcefully making her an incubator for Timothy children”

Me: what the fuck? But Timothy is dead!”

Him: dead men can still create kids if he froze his sperm”

Me: ok, now that is sick “

Him: Rumours has it, that Ngozu is holding the young lady against her will “

Me: who is this woman and what hold does Ngozu have over her? “

Him: they call her Nompumelo Msimangu , I believe you know her, they say she use to work for you “

He took out his phone and showed me a photo of a light skinned women, I popped my eyes open and nodded in agreement

Me: yah I know her she was the floor manager at the bar “

Him: Well, I do not know how and why she got associated with Oyama and Timothy but apparently the girl killed Timorthy in self-defense, before she fled the crime scene she left behind evidence with her fingerprints and Ngozu is now using that against her “

I bust out and laughed

Me: only an idiot will tolerate such treatment, my observation to this whole situation is that Nompumelelo might be playing along to gain something at the end, that girl is verry smart she can easily terminate the pregnancy and make a run for it, or she can just hand herself over, I mean with Oyama dead the whole case has just became a cold case”

Him: I never thought of it that way “

Me: As the saying say When the Tables Turn, those who were oppressors become the oppressed, Ngozu has no idea who Nompumelo Msimangu is and what she is capable of”

I said taking my bag stepping out of the car, since the car suddenly came to a halt, I started dialing on my phone, Luckily the phone went through, and I sigh in relief

“Rose you really do not take ‘I am not interested’ in whatever you have to say seriously ... “

I cut him off by saying “Sam! stop annoying me and come out so we may talk, “

Sam: what ... what do mean come outside “

Me: do not make me knock in every room in this lodge to prove to you that I am outside Bay Side lodge”

Sam: ooh fuck “

He dropped the call and I decided to make my way to the entrance

“What are we doing here “Sy asked

Me: collecting Oyama’s long lost hatchlings “

“Rose you are not supposed to be .... Uncle Simon ? What are you doing here? “ Sam asked as he was stomping furiously to our direction

Sy: Samukelo ? “

Me: ooh good you both know each other. Can we take this inside so we can talk”

Sam: Rose what's going on “?

Me: as I said on the call we need to talk “

Sam swallowed as he turned to look at Sy, but Sy just looked away, I then told Sam to lead the way as we followed him inside his room

“So, you two, how do you know each other? “I asked as I set on the stool inside Sam’s room

Sam: Uncle Simon is my father’s close friend “

I looked at Sy for answers

Sy: not the way you think Rose “Sy said walking away from me avoiding eye contact, he then directed his question to Sam “Where is your father Samukelo? “

Sam: He went out to get some cigarettes “

Sy breath aloud he took out his phone and started typing on his phone

Sam: Uncle Sy, why is Rose with you...what is going on?

Sy: your father will explain everything, do you have beer in this house? “



He said making his way to the kitchen

Sam: Rose what the fuck is going on? “

I opened my mouth to explain my reason for the awkward visit, but the front door swung open, and tall man walked in, his eyes moved around the room, he looked at me, then at Sam and thereafter stopped at Sy

“Baba “ Samukelo said standing up, his eyes fixed to the man that walked in room, the man just nodded and made his way to Sy and greeted him

“Moyo “

Sy nodded and greeted him back

“ Mzi “

I popped my eyes open and stood up

Me: what did you call him? “I directed my question to Sy

Sy breath aloud and placed his beer bottle on the kitchen counter

Sy: Rose, I would like for you to meet Mzilikazi Khumalo, Mzi this is Ro... “

Mzi: Moyo, do not patronize me, I know who Rose is. What I want to know is why is she doing here? “

Sy: She is here to talk to Sam I guess she knows the truth about Samukelo's biological parents “

Sam: what? “

Mzi: fuck Oyama! really knows how to stir-up people's life upside down, first it was finding out that the man you are currently fucking stole from me and now this bullshit “

Sam: What? “

Sy: so, it's true Msoni was behind the bust “

Mzi: Moyo, stay out of my business and go visit your daughter Sonto, knowing her husband and how he runs the streets it matters of time before Bongani knows that you in town, and the last thing we need is for him to see you with Oyama's wife “

Sy: I know that Mfethu, but the thing is I kind of owe Oyama, and I am only here with Rose to protect her and give her intel on the Nqeve family “

Mzi: I know that Moyo, all I am asking is that you be discrete about it that is why I say pay your daughter a visit and allow me to have talk with your sister in-law “

Me: you have a daughter? “I asked looking at Sy with a shocked expression

Sam: did you just say Sister in –law!!! ... baba what the fuck is going on? “

Sy: oh well that my queue to go ... Rose will meet at your house later, and I promise to explain then “Sy said walking out leaving me with Sam and Mzi , we just stood there staring at each other only our heart beats and heavy breathing made the loudest noise, the tension was so thick in this room you could cut it with a knife.

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To be continued

\*\*\* Shot Fired \*\*\*

🌹 Lethukuthula 🌹

“Nola ... a need an update as in today “I pressed my phone with my shoulder to make it stuck on my ear, as I was applying lip-gloss on my lips

Her: the burial site is all done; however, the house may take a week for the roofing to be

completed then will move to painting as for the interior decoration that may take another week as well, so overall it plus minus two weeks “

I stopped what I was doing and looked at myself in the mirror with my eyes all popped out

Me: Are you hearing yourself? Are you forgetting that I have already sent out invitations”

Nola: LT how can I forget when I too am in that guest list “

Me: Nola!”

Her: can you stop breathing over my neck like a lunatic and allow me to do my job “

And just like that she dropped the call, I looked at my phone in awe, I was about to dial her number, but Mlondi's phone call came through

Me: Mlondi “

Him: I'm driving to your house “

Me: so? “

Him: Lethu assume ngokuxhambelwa khanda ... be ready in thirty minutes “

Me: Mlondi I have made other plans “

Him: I'm giving you thirty minutes to cancel them ... “

Me: stop bossing me around! “

Him: that is the only language you seem to understand ... look there is a roadblock ahead will chat when I get there “

And just like that he dropped the call, I found myself feeling so annoyed that it came with a hint of sadness.

Mlondi has become so unapologetically arrogant towards me, I don't know why the sudden change in his behavior but I feel like I'm the one to blame for choosing such a man since I have had the most unfortunate experience of dating attractive, successful men who at first seemed great because they liked

me, but when they feel they 'had' me in the bag already, they show their true colors.

Mlondi's Arrogance is no different from most men I know as it seems to be correlated with how good-looking and successful, he is, it feels infuriating. Sometimes it feels like I am going out of my mind, and as of late his actions have been draining to a point where I have to lock myself away every morning to soak in a relaxing warm bath for 20 minutes before I can even face him or answer his phone calls that always leave me feeling doubtful of our relationship, But because I love and admire this smart, talented, passionate, hardworking, respectable individual (after all, maybe that's why he's so arrogant?) I try extremely hard to tolerate this tricky situation as best as I can.

Because I know deep down he is a good-hearted person, and I hope eventually that just maybe I will influence him-- he will be nicer, he will start paying attention during conversations, he will stop interrupting me while they speak, he will stop disappearing, he will be less stubborn and less cynical he will stop making obnoxious jokes, he will simply learn to be a more considerate human being. Lord, what was I thinking by falling in love with a gangster?

A light knock on my door made me wipe the tears that I did not even realize were running down my cheek

“ Lethu “I popped my eyes open and jumped off my bed it was Baba Mzi, I made my way to the door and hugged him the minute I opened the door

Him: hi baby “

Me: baba ... where were you? you just ran off and disappeared “

Him: I'm sorry, but I had a few things to sort out” I broke the hug and looked at him

Me: are you ok? “

Him: have you been crying? “

He said frowning and looking at me

Me: no I just have this allergic reaction to the Muscara I was using “

Him: and I am supposed to believe that “

Me: Mzi “

He sighed and shoved his hands in his pocket

Him: I'm ok my baby, and may you please call off the search party you have put on my tail”

Me: I was worried Mzi “

Him: I know and I'm sorry for leaving without any explanation “

Me: where were you “

He looked at me blankly making me realize that I just asked him a retarded question, of cause I knew where he was, what I do not know is what he was doing there

Me; did you find the answers you were looking for? “

Him: It wasn't so much that I was in search of answers. In fact, I was wary of the whole idea of answers. I wanted to climb inside of the questions and see what was there. . .”

Me: and? “

Him: I have opened a giant assortment of problems just by resurfacing, and I came to realize that people I least thought will betray me have done so without hesitating ... and I don't know how to deal with this shit “

Me: Mama used to say Never open a can of worms unless you plan to go fishing ... I think you already knew that otherwise, you will not have returned “

He looked at me and side smile

Him: I feel like my life is a continuous walk through the corridors of hell, you know when I left this place, I was a dead man, with no purpose a lot was taken from me, so for the past



three decades of my life it felt I had a massive brain injury that drove my body to A coma, some say that Coma can be defined as a state of depressed consciousness where a person is unresponsive to the outside world. But I was conscious that was my main problem, as much as I felt like I was stuck in a place that did not stop the nightmares of my past, you know many don't wish to sleep for fear of nightmares. Sadly, many don't wish to wake to the same fear and I'm one of those people, at time I will ask myself, which is the true nightmare, the horrific dream that you have in your sleep or the dissatisfied reality that awaits you when you awake,

For years I felt like I was cursed by being brought into this world. I felt no enjoyment in life and didn't like waking up in the morning, yet I have never dared to end myself. I don't want to die. I want to be happy. I mean If you were given the choice between a happy, fulfilling life guaranteed to have no pain and suffering, and death, would you choose death? I wouldn't. And yet, I struggle to genuinely believe that I can be happy. Every time I am happy, my happiness is taken away from me. Almost as if God himself is telling me I don't deserve happiness. do you see now why I think my life is a curse? I always feel so trapped. No matter what choice I make, I lose. I just feel incapable of being alive. . .”

Me: mama believes you have a purpose to play in this family “

Him: I'm not the man she once knew “

Me: I believe Mama knows that nothing stays the same it all gets crushed. It all gets broken. It all passes with time. Only the moment you're in has any meaning, just like how Mbali and I do not know the before or the after just the now that we see in you and how much we need you in our lives, Baba'Mzi a lot happened to you, I get that but sometimes you must lose everything to gain it again, and the regaining is the sweeter for the pain of loss “

Him: look who wears the smarty pants now “

I giggled as he playfully punched my shoulder

Me: urg stop it “

Him: let's go eat I saw Jisha doing her magic in the kitchen “he said making his way out the door

Me: baba-Mzi, may I ask you something? “

He slightly turned his head and looked at me with the corner of his eyes

Me: who was that woman in the restaurant? “

Him: how much did Thuladu tell you about our family, about me? “

I held my breath shocked at his response

Him: you started the game of tracking my every move, so I returned the favor, I know about the remarkable work you are doing rebuilding the khumalo house and I know about your visit to my old friend, you spent approximately three hours to that house so how much did Thuladu tell you about my past “

Me: she told me a lot ... so the woman in the restaurant is the woman you were planning to get married to... she is the love of your life “

Him: there you have your answer ... now drop it “

He said walking out the door,

Me: Baba Mzi, Thuladu told me what happened ...baba you need to talk to her... “I said as I was running after him, damn this man has long strides

Him: I said drop it LT! “

Me: Mzi .... “I said catching up to him as we entered the living room, but I frowned as I was met by two men in our living room

“You have visitors ... “Mama said as she folded her arms and looked at Mzi

Mzi: Sandile ufunani la! “ Mzi asked with a voice that could crack walls and send the neighbors packing

Sandile: this is the only place we can talk without you killing me  
“

Mzi laughed shaking his head and the next thing we heard was a gunshot that went off, mama started screaming, and Mbali came running into the room and rushed to Mama, while I held Mzi back as he was charging to Sandile who was on the floor holding his bleeding arm, the white man that came with Sandile was on his feet pointing a gun at Mzi and I was the only thing standing between them

Mama: Mzi wenzani? isibhamu kwami! “Mama was shouting while Mbali screamed at Jisha to call an ambulance

Mzi: you think these walls will stop me from killing you, the bloody walls that were built by the blood of my family!!!!”

“ Drop the gun now ... “ the white guy said with a gutsy voice raising his gun and trying to get a good angle of where to shoot Mzi, I was busy acting as a shield to Mzi and slowly approaching the white guy who was waving a weapon around my father house, I knew that I had to move fast, faster than the average human reaction time of a fifth of a second. The first destruction I did was to pretend to cry

“ Mziiii please put away the gun .... ngiyakucela !!!! “

The main aim here is to attack and control the weapon, then to attempt to force the man into a wristlock position, by looking

at the gun in his hand I could calculate that the trigger pull cover is a distance of less than an inch from his finger to travel and to discharge the firearm so within a blink of an eye I attacked him, direct the barrel AWAY from my mother, Mbali and Mzi, and then, by two blow on his neck and on the nose I was able to disarm the gun from him

Me: no man pulls a gun in my father's house beside his brother and me, so gentleman what the fuck do you want!!!! “

I said pointing at the white guy who was holding his nose, he was still puzzled that a girl just made him bleed and the worst part was she was now pointing his gun at him

Mbali: Mzi... Lethu ‘please can you both drop the guns ... Baba Sandile is bleeding “

Mzi: that is what you get for coming here? “He said walking close to Sandile and pointing a gun at Sandile’s forehead,

Mama: Mzilikazi! STOP this now! ... he's not worth it !!!!!“

Mama was on her feet; she did not say a word at me but just gave me a look that she said she does not tolerate this behavior in her house.

Mama: look Mzilikazi I know that this man is worth killing for what he did but will that resolve anything? Will it stop the nightmares will it wake the dead from their grave? Mzi, you are the smartest man I know, do not do this, do not take a step

forward only to notice that a step backward could have been better; and you will only come to a later understanding that stepping aside could have been a great choice, but in all, before you take a step, ponder! After all the footprint of whatever step is what matters, and it must be distinctive”

Sandile: Please Mzi listen to maKhumalo, believe me when I say I just want to talk ... “

The ambulance rang its sirens outside our house, I also noticed that it was escorted by the police car, Fuck shit just hit the fan

Mbali: Mzi this will be the right time to hand that gun to me now !“ she said not asking or bagging Mzi for the gun but more like snatching the gun from his hold

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she looked at me and told me to give the other guy his gun, I clicked my tongue, Pointed the muzzle in a safe direction, I Placed the safety on, I looked at the white guy while I removed my finger off the trigger and outside the trigger guard and threw the gun at the guys lap

Mbali: Kevin can you cook up a story with the cops while I get rid of evidence that Baba Mzi pulled that trigger “

The white guy whom I presume is Kevin nodded and wiped his nose stood up looked at me and moved his eyes to Mzi, if looks could kill, Mzi and I would be long dead by now

“... Mbali I need to talk to Mzi, we must discuss this matter before Ntombi finds out that he I alive “

I heard Sandile say but judging from Mbali's expression when she looked at Mzi I could tell that she picked up something, fuck I wish I had this psychic ability cause whatever Sandile said stirred up Mzi mood to the point that he marched out of the room with bloodshot teary eyes,

As I was following him out my buzzing phone stopped me in my tracks, I looked at the caller ID and debated whether to answer it or not, but I found myself answering

Him: why is there an ambulance and cops outside your house?  
“

Me: it's a long story “

Him: looking forward to hearing it, I'm outside “

Me: Mlondi this is not the right time ... a lot is going on in my house “

Him: Lethu, ngiyakucela “

I started walking towards the door that leads to the backyard and I sported Mama talking to Mzi, what are Mama and Mzi

hiding from us? mama knows the reason why Sandile and Kevin visited us today

“ Lethu are you still there “ Mlondi was still talking in my ear I was just not paying attention to half the things he was saying

Me: sure, I'm coming ... “

I decided to drop the call and stepped outside, mama and Mzi were talking but their voices were not audible, so I decided to clear my throat drawing their attention, Mama and Mzi stopped talking and they both looked at me

“ ummm Baba Mzi are you ok? “

Mzi: I am pissed off that my mood is fucked up... but overall, I am good “

Me: any chance you going to fill us in on what's going on, what drove you to almost kill a man in our living room? “

Mzi looked at me not saying a word

Mama: Baby Mzi will tell you the truth when he is ready for now can we just give him a moment to clear his mind “

Me: I am not a child mama, I know that Mzi's past is catching up with him, what I do not know is what kind of skeletons and demons are we up against.

Mzi: there is nothing to be worried about ... “



Me: forgive me please for not believing that, since a few minutes ago there was a man in our living room pointing a gun at you! “

He looked down while Mama walked towards me and patted my shoulder

Mama: give him time please ... “she whispered in my ear

I shook my head and walked away, I am never getting anywhere with this man he has so many secrets and blinding trust issues, for goodness's sake we are his family, but he still treats us like strangers, after everything we did to make him feel welcomed

“ Lethukuthula uyaphi? “Mama called out as I was walking out of the door

Me: I need air mama “I said as I continued to walk out.

Surprisingly, whatever story Mbali and Kevin were cooking to the police officer seemed to be believable since the police officers did not even stop me for a statement as I walked past them by the gate.

“hi,” Mlondi said the minute I jumped in the car

Me: hi “I said not even looking at him, he decided to take my hand kissed it, and started the car and we drove off, with both of us lost in thought the drive to his penthouse was very quiet,  
“Are you good maNtungwa? “He finally spoke as the car came to a halt

I just nodded not even looking at him, he heavy sigh and jumped out of the car to open my door, I only had a close look at him the minute we took the elevator to his room, he was wearing basketball gear, short, oversize vest, white sneakers, and a cap, his one hand was busy in his phone, while the other hand was holding my hand tight, his face displayed an angry frown, now I was not sure if I am the one that is pissing him off for being quiet or if it's whatever that got his eyes fixed on his phone.

Me: are you ok? “I finally spoke to him

“Fuck no! “He mumbled as he shoved his phone into his pocket

I looked up at him trying to get answers to his sudden outburst and our eyes locked, for the first time, yep, Bhengu is mad as in killing mode angry his small eyes said it all.

“News on the street is that Samukelo is Oyama's busted child  
“he clicked his tongue,

Me: WHAT? ... as in your Sam ... your best friend? “

Him: the one and only” he laughed shaking his head, this laugh was not because what he said was amusing but because it got him so annoyed,

“I grew up with Sam, I know him, I know his family, I even know that his father was in exile or worked abroad, even though Sam never talked about him that much, I knew that Sam's father was present in his life, he was good man, damn it how could it be that Sam is Oyama’s son when Sam surname is Khumalo “

Me: looks like Sam never knew his identity if you put it like that, did you say his surname is Khumalo? “

Him: Yah, his ID book is noted Samukelo Bantu Khumalo, that is why his so fond of you and overprotective, he takes you as his sister since you two share the same surname “

Me: ooh ok “I side gsmile

Him: this shit will fuck up my plans, damn it I have a multimillion deal riding on Sam's expertise, and knowing Sam his most probably crying somewhere and feeling emotional and shit, fuck Rose chose the wrong time to tell him about his biological parent!”

Me: they say that when someone past catches up with them we just need to give them time to figure things out “

He looked at me with a raised eyebrow and said “ Lethu, time is something I do not have, right now I need to find Sam before he does something stupid let alone ruin my plan! “

Me: you sound selfish right now Mlondi ... the guy just found out that the most wanted criminal in the continent seeded him and wena you are thinking about your plan...”

Him: surprising that the woman that I love. that I lay next to, share every detail of my life with will call me selfish, Le...Ku...Thu...La, do you even take time to get to know me or do you just prefer judging the book by its cover ... “

Me: Mlondi I was just saying ... “

Him: let me tell you about me since clearly you know nothing about me ... I am an egotist, I am a neurotic, I am goal-driven and I'm an opportunist, but I'm not selfish.

It is not that I think myself so important... I simply cannot think about anything else, that is all till I get what I want, so do not give me that bullshit of being selfish “

I looked down avoiding looking at him, and here he goes again talking over me, not with me,

He opened the door of his room and followed him with my arms folded, he made his way to the bathroom while I sank on the couch I want to talk to him about the way he talks to me or treats me these days but where do I start when his mood is

already fucked up, lord knows I miss my crazy funny boyfriend, who used to make me laugh, who used to listen to me who used to spoil me and takes me on dates, I bite my lip reminiscing on how things used to be before my relationship reached this point of never-ending fights and Mlondi using his money as an apology.

The doorbell made me jump a bit alarming me, I stood up to attend to it and I was met by three ladies dressed in Nicky's Beauty spar uniform smiling at me

Me: hi, may I help you? “

Him: Grate you are here, you have 45 minutes ... “ Mlondi said walking in the room with a white towel wrapped around his waist, showing off his glorified body that looked like the Gods, a hint of jealousy made me frown at these three ladies in our doorstep since there looks were undressing ‘MY MAN!’

Me: what's going on? “I asked with an attitude for days

Him: ooh, I forgot to say we have dinner with my siblings and their partners ... “

Me: Mlondi! what did you say? “I slammed the door at the Salon girl's face, as I felt rage running wild in my veins

Him: wenzani!” he asked pointing at the door

Him: what dinner are you talking about?

Him: it is something that people do in the evening when they eat it is called dinner or supper!”

Me: Mlondi! “

He laughed and took an apple taking a big bite “Look I need to talk to my brother about something and you need to tell Liyana about us and whatever bullshit that has been stressing you! “

Me: you cannot possibly think that having dinner with your brother and his future queen will help to distress me? “

Him: Last time I checked Liyana was your best friend”

Me: a best friend who has no clue that I am dating her future brother-in-law... Mlondi I told you I was going do this my own way tell Liya about us when the time is right! “

Him: When was that going to be Lethu? For all, I know wena you are ashamed of me, of being seen with me, why is that Lethu? Is it because I am a prince or is it because I kill and still for living? “

Me: Mlondi do not fuckin make this about you! Good damn-it! you are so controlling!”

He busted out and laughed

Him: greet I guess that will be the topic will discuss over dinner, I paid the salon to do their magic and they have 45 minutes to doll you up so excuse me while I try to make A call that will

transform me from being a thug to businessman angithi that is what you want ... indoda esebenzayo that you can parade with in front of your family and friends ”

I swallowed as I looked at how the Tables has Turned

Me: Mlondi! “ Him: just get ready Lethu!

And just like that he left the room clicking his tongue, how did we get here this constant fighting and arguing, is my relationship tested are we ever going to get back to normal?

.....**The End**.....

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