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AZANIA Born Married by Stacey. M

Chapter 1

I look myself in the mirror and I can't help smiling, I did it, I'm graduating today, I can't believe that I did it. After four years of hard work I finally did it, I deprived myself of the college life for this, education is a really important thing one must have, I can literally lack anything but not education. At just 21, I achieved my biggest goal ever.

"baby, come before you get late" that's my mother, Patricia, "Yeah, I'm coming mom" I take one last look at myself on the mirror, "you did it fifi, you did it girl" I take my gown and hat and walk out, I find my parents waiting for me at the door, my dad embraces me in a hug and we walk out, all three of us.

We get in the car and drive off to school, my apartment is just fifteen minutes away from school so we made it just in time. We went to the auditorium, while they took their seats, I walked up to the other graduates, I find a seat and everyone gets quite, I see some of our lecturers and deans approaching the podium, everyone seats down, one chair left. "ladies and gentleman, apologies but it seems like our guest is running late" the lady on the mic says, "without further ado, please welcome the dean of the students

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Mr Michael Adze" everybody applauds as he takes the stage, Mr Adze is a very yummy man. He's Caucasian, has a very nicely shaven beard with a bold head, he's a buff guy very appealing to the eyes.

"thank you, thank you, as the dean of students, I" I zone out from everything that he says because suddenly I became hungry, I was too nervous to eat breakfast, I don't normally eat it, but now I'm super hungry.

"Anzo mawela, cum laude" everybody applauds, "katlego mphela" ... now I'm getting scared because im up next, "Remofilwe Azania Nkoana" I walk up, "cum laude" I see my mother standing up and clapping hands, now im all smiles, I get

handed my degree. “congratulations” Mr Adze says when I shake his hand. “thank you, sir” the next person gets called and we continue. Once the ceremony is finished, I walk up to my parents and hug them, my mother has tears in her eyes, my father, he has on the biggest smile ever. “im so proud of you my baby” I’ve always been dads’ little princess, it doesn’t matter how old I get, I guess it’s because im their only child.

We go and take pictures, after that, my father decides to take us out for lunch, he already made reservations at a restaurant, talk about a man who knows what he wants. Once ushered to our table, I feel the hunger coming in full force.

2

Immediately when I got home on my graduation day, I got an email from Zungu.inc, my application had been accepted and date of interview set, that was two weeks back, im happy to announce that yo-girl got the job. Although it wasn’t what I fully applied for, it was something, at-least I had a job I mean.

So currently, im packing my stuff and moving into my new apartment, this one is much to work, it’s just two blocks away so I can walk to and from work. A big plus is that they have a diner just next door which serves the best burgers I ever tasted, and there’s Starbucks also. I would safely say im in the best neighborhood ever, everything is just a distance away.

“you really are leaving?” I look up and my mother has a coffee mug on her hands and she’s standing by my bedroom door. “yes ma. It’s close to work” she sighs and walk further in my room and takes a seat on my bed. “I’m really going to miss you my baby” her eyes are glistening. “mom you going to make me cry also, please stop” she smiles at me and pats the space next to her, “sit down here my baby, you know, when you were born, you had the most beautiful smile ever, it’s like you were happy to be born, we, were happy you were born, your father and I prayed so much to have a child, but neither one of our kids ever made it, if they survived, they did stay long enough, o mpho ya rona ngwanake” (you are our gift my child) I don’t know how many times I’ve heard the story, and every time she tells it, she always has tears in her eyes.

I guess losing seven kids is not easy, maybe that’s why do everything for me, I never lacked, I am one lucky girl in this whole entire world. “please make us proud baby girl okay?” how can I not, I always want to make them proud. “always mom, always” she opens her arms and like a little kitten, I snuggle in. this woman right here is my idol, she has been through the most and yet she’s still strong and standing, and my father never left her side.

“alright you two, come out im hungry” my dad shouts from the dining room, we laugh and walk out behind each other to go feed my mothers’ husband, I admire their love, if one day I get lucky, I want a love just like theirs, so pure

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raw and honest, but god forbid I have kids, nothing against them, I just don’t want any. My mothers’ past experience scared me.

“home sweet home” I throw my keys and phone on the counter and sigh. This place is literally empty, but at-least I have a bed and a couch, plus tv. I have to do some grocery shopping before I can start my week, its Friday today so I still have two more days to get my apartment in order. It’s a one bedroom and bathroom apartment, an open kitchen that connects to the lounge, its small and intimate.

The next morning, I wake up and text Anzo to go shop with me, we live in the same building, although he’s downstairs, he has been staying here since varsity years, his father owns the whole buildings so the perks of it, I had nowhere to stay so he helped me find this place. Anzo is not your typical fuck boy, he’s those

nerdy fuck boy, he's a rich kid but doesn't let his family riches get into his head, he doesn't spend money recklessly, he's one focused guy I know.

-right outside, he response to my text, I put on my shoes and tie my braids and walk outside, I meet him just as he's about to get out of the elevator. "sup, dude" I greet him, he nods his head and presses G on the elevator, he has a car so he comes in handy. "where to first?" I bite my nails, "I don't really know, I just want to get a few appliances because im on budget, just some things to get me through the month, and a few groceries" he looks at me and nods his head. "well go passed the mall then." He drives out and puts on amapiano music, I would never understand what interest people with this kind of music, but then to each his own.

We get to pick n pay and he takes the trolley, we walk to the appliance section, I don't need a lot of things, he helps me look so stuff that might be essential, next we go to the detergent section to take a few things then then grocery. He too takes a few things here and there, when we get to the till, instead of paying for his things only, he pays for mine too.

I promised I will buy him pizza once I get my first pay and he just laughed at me, when we got to our building, he got a call, but he helped me into my apartment first before going wherever he was called to.

And just like that, the rest of my weekend pass in a blur.

3

Before I knew it, two months had passed and I was enjoying every bit of thing I was doing at work, a lot of work it was, but it was all worth it, my salary was quite impressive, I could pay for the apartment, buy plenty of grocery, and still have quite an impressive change. I managed to buy a few things to make the place look and feel more welcoming, I had a carpet and a few couches and chairs, one day, my parents knocked on my door unannounced and said they wanted to check up on me, I was shocked to see them here but what I was most scared about was that Anzo was coming over, throughout our entire meal things were awkward until he left.

“I don’t like him” my dad said, *what the fuck!* Okay, he and I are not dating but the guy is literally every parents dream boyfriend, he’s from a well off family, he’s very smart and has good manners, who wouldn’t like him? Well...my dad doesn’t. I tried to explain to him that we are not dating but he cut me shot, told me that he doesn’t want me anywhere near him and then he took my moms’ hand and they left, just like that. I was left shocked, about the fact that he doesn’t want me hanging with Anzo more than anything, my dad was never that kind of person, he never dictated for me what I should or shouldn’t do, who to see or not, so the fact that he just did that, left me gob-smacked.

Some of my colleagues have invited me to a happy hour at the bar down the road. I'm not really a peoples' person but this is work so I'm forced to know everyone I work closely with, I have a presentation that I need to finish so when everyone scatters and leaves because it's knock-off time, I quickly pack my bag and sneak out to the boardroom. Once everything is clear, I open my eyes and breath out a sigh, well... happy or not, this work won't finish itself.

"you should probably head home, it's getting late" I get startled, a man is at the door, no! this one is not a man, he's a total demigod with honey brown eyes, I get tongue tied, "the office is closing soon" *again*, I get tongue tied and don't respond, he looks at me and chuckles before he turns around and walk way.

"dam nit" I hit my forehead with my palm

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"what just happened?" I have never gotten tongue tied before, hell, I never seen a man like that in my life, he is the real definition of tall dark and handsome. Lord oh mercy. I check the time and it's almost ten, "ooh God" Anzo has left already and I

can't call him to come fetch me, I know I live only a few blocks away but home girl scared to walk home, I pull out my phone and request an uber.

My uber arrives in exactly five minutes, I can see there are still people at the bar, but im too tired and I lost the mood to be around people. The uber drops me off at the gate, I order pizza and walk to my apartment. When I get inside, I close the door with my leg and head straight to the shower, it is exactly what I need after all, I get called to get my pizza by security so I grab my own and slippers and go downstairs, I see Anzo walking in with a petite yellow bone, from work exactly his type, ooh well. I pay for my pizza and head upstairs; I take the stairs to prevent getting into the same elevator as them. I have my fridge stocked with wine bottles because im used to living off pizza, wine and a good Netflix.

This week I had no time to myself, I kept going to work early and knocking off late, mom called but I couldn't even pick up her call, I told myself that I would return it once I get home but immediately when I get home, I get knocked out if I'm lucky, I

wake up on the bed, but so far I make it to the couch. I don't even know when was the last time I got a proper meal, I bumped into Mr honey-brown eyed creature again, he made a remark on how im always at work after hours as if I had no place to stay.

This time I only managed to give a smile because for some strange reason the guy renders me silent. As tired and drained as I am, I still have more work to do, we have to pitch ideas on to the board on a project they decided to take, they looking into bringing a different "*department*" for want of a better word, into the company to tackle the socio-economic issues, so they want us to present our ideas to them, we working in a group of five, the group that im working with is... okay I guess, yes they dedicated but they stereotyped, not thinking out of the box. So I have been doing my own research on my own that's why the late nights and early morning.

"working on a Saturday?" the honey-brown eyed creature is here again, I wonder what he actually does, I look up at him and laugh a little, "ah! Today it's your laughter, what will it be tomorrow?" I stop and look at him before I actually laugh and shrug my shoulders, he winks at me before I step out of the elevator and leave him there, he has a smile on his face when I turn to look at him.

4

“hey Lona, do you have a minute” I run to catch up to my supervisor “sure what is it?” she looks up at me and smiles before she goes back to checking her phone. “the task we were given, are individuals allowed to pitch?” she stops walking and looks at me, “ah, I was wondering the rebellion will start”. “sorry?” she ignores me and continues to talk. “we said you must work in groups, I expect you to *actually* work in groups, if you feel like you want to pitch something then I expect you to talk to your group and sort it out okay” I nod me head “okay” then I turn and walk away, I spot Mr honey-brown eyed creature heading to the elevator.

It’s presentation day and im not feeling up to it, I have nothing against the topic given to us, but I feel they not thinking ahead. Since it’s Friday we wear smart casual, but then, it’s presentation day so I have to look my best, I had my hair and nails done yesterday and also got an outfit prepared. A knock sounds from the door, I go attend to it while I wear my shoes. I find Anzo looking like a snack in black demin trousers and a black shirt and suit jacket, he had a new cut and man is this guy gorgeous. “you look pretty” I let him in “thank you, you looking good too” he shrugs his shoulder and goes and makes a cup of coffee, I go back to my room and get my bag and spray some perfume.

Im in a white jean and mustard formal shirt and mustard heels. He stands up as soon as I walk out of my bedroom, he heads to the kitchen and rinse his cup. I grab my phone and keys and we walk out together, he's leading in the front and I'm at the back. "are you scared" he chuckles "no, im pretty confident in my team" well, that's nice to hear. "are *you* scared?" I shrug my shoulders. "im not too sure, I'm a bit skeptical about the topic given, it literally has no many ways to go about it" he looks at me and opens the backseat so I can put my stuff. "what do you mean" he closes the door and goes to his seat.

I open my door and put on my seatbelt "I mean it's either one of two ways, there is no alternating around it, I just...arg, it frustrates me" he shakes his head and laughs at me "you've always been like this, you don't just let things be

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but I'm sure you will work out" I sigh and rest my head by the window.

We are at the royal academy hotel, all members of Zungu.inc are present, even the big boss himself. I'm sweating, I keep drinking water hoping that it would cool me down but I only get pressed, "okay you up next" Lona calls us in, now I'm even more pressed. "daisy can you cover for me? I need the rest room?". "yeah sure girl, be quick" I quickly rush to the bathroom, I have never been this nervous before, the presentations have been going on since early in the morning, it's almost three and there are two more groups after us.

I walk back and they have already set everything up, they were just waiting for me. I see about fifteen people in suits, man and woman, but only one stands out, the honey-brown eyes, he remains stoic and doesn't even smile, now more than ever. I zone out until I'm embarrassingly snapped out of my trance because it's my turn to present. "ggh, my name is...fuck, no sorry I mean" daisy pokes me, "I Uhm...transport yes, well transport is very..."

"if we bring transport to the people we give them more than just a thing that they want, they will be able to" I can feel tears threatening to come out, I have never been this embarrassed. Now more than ever I want nothing but to go back home and sleep, forget that this day has ever happened or just hide

myself under a rock and never come back, without thinking twice, I run outside.

I stroll around the hotel to calm myself down, instead of the nervousness I was feeling earlier now I regret walking out, I probably look like an incompetent idiot. Way to go fifi, way to go. "fifi" I look and it's Anzo, "what happened" instead of answering, I feel tears burn my eyes and blur my vision. "I messed up Anzo, I messed up big time"

I am so embarrassed to even go to work today. I don't know what I'm going to say to my team members, I thought that the weekend would help me get over the embarrass me, I even went home but I am still the same as when I went, nothing has changed at all. Knock, knock, I stay in my bed and cover my head, I know that it's Anzo but quite frankly, I'm not ready to go to work, he keeps knocking and calling but I'm attending to neither, until he finally gives up.

So that's how I spent my Monday, stuffing myself with food and being a couch potato. I need this day, I ignored calls from work and everyone from work. I know I can't wallow up in self-pity, but I just need today only. Suddenly a hard knock sounds from the door, I check the time and it's almost lunch time, Anzo can't be back this early, or maybe it's lunch, I dust myself and wear my slippers and go open the door, I regret not looking through the peephole. Like always, when he's around, I get tongue tied, so instead of saying anything, I stand on the door and wait for him to say whatever he came here to say.

After a minute and silent stares, he pushes passed me and invites himself inside, he looks around and his eyes land on the plate of chips I saw snacking on, he looks at me and takes in my attire. "sawubona ntokazi" okay, that's the last thing I expected to hear. So I nod my head yes and follow him inside, he looks at

me and smiles, “still won’t speak up?” I sigh and sit down. He follows my lead and sits down, removing the fleece out of the way. “sorry” I say and remove the fleece, “ukahle kodwa?” with one final sigh, I lift my legs up and tug them under my butt, “I will be” he doesn’t say anything else but continue to look at me.

Thirty minutes passed and he was still silent, I tried to offer him something to drink but he turned them all down. He is making things super weird for me. I don’t even know what to say to him anymore, he has been sitting here looking at the sports channel which he set for himself without asking for my permission. After some time, he looks at his watch and brushes his thighs, “I should get going” then he stands up. He looks at me sitting down and raises his one eyebrow “what?” I ask “walk me out?” I raise my eyebrow too but stand up nonetheless, I take the fleece and cover myself with it, I see him smiling a little. We walk out together until we reach the door

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he stands outside while I stay inside, he stops walking and looks at me, “it was nice being with you, I hope to see you at work tomorrow morning” he tips my chin up and place a kiss on the corners of my mouth. Then he stands straight and walks away

as if nothing happened, I can see Anzo stepping out of the elevator and looking at- *what in the world is his name?*

so I just shared kiss with a total stranger, well... it's not a kiss and neither is he a stranger but then... well, I guess I will never know who he is right.

The next morning, I woke up bright and early, I prepared to get there earlier than usual, I put on a pot of coffee and went back to getting ready. What I love the most about Zungu.inc is that there is no hassle in what you wear, especial in the creative department which im currently doing right now, every once in a while they place us in different department to see where our strength lies. I felt like doling myself up so I put on some makeup, a pink dress and black block heels, then I put on a black blazer for that corporate nyana look. I tied my braids up and took my laptop bag and handbag.

I poured my coffee in a to-go mug and, before I could finish wrapping up, a knock sounded at the door, well... that must be Anzo, I grab my mug and his and head to the door, "hey, I will

help you with that” he grabs my bag and mugs allowing me to lock up. “thank you” I say and grab my mug and handbag. “what happened on Friday” I look at him and chuckle a bit, I feel so stupid right now, I shouldn’t have reacted the way that I did, “I freaked out and ran out of the presentation room”. “no way” he looks and sounds shocked, “yeah” I nod my head and laugh, now that I feel somehow okay, I feel really stupid for what I did, or maybe the honey-brown eyed creation was the one who caught me off guard, I don’t know.

We continue to the car making small conversations here and there, Anzo and I were somewhat friends, if you ask me how we met, I don’t remember but I know since then, he always had my back like I had his, a romantic relationship is something we never had, I had a crush on him for the longest of time but unfortunately nothing ever happened.

“where the hell were you, I hope you have a doctor’s note because I will not tolerate what you did, Friday? ha! I will let that one slides little lady” first of all, she’s maybe three or four years older than me, I know she’s my supervisor so I will just keep quite. “I do not have it” I stand next to her like an errant child, don’t know my next move. She looks at me and sighs “go get your warning from Mr Zungus’ office” *my what?* “Lona come on, it was a once off thing, it won’t happen again I promise” she looks at me and continue walking “unfortunately it’s out of my hands, we do not appreciate such behavior here, work before all else is our motor and you need to give it your one-hundred percent, go on, he’s expecting you”.

I stand rooted to my spot until I finally decide to go to the big bosses’ office to get my warning letter. I step out of the elevator on the twentieth floor. It is a very quiet floor with only the CEO office and the boardroom, it’s where I used to come to get all my research done, it’s very quiet and has very good Wi-Fi signal. I walk all over to the receptionist and she allows me in, I stand close to the door and take deep breaths trying to calm my nerves down. Before I can knock the door flies open and like the thousand times my breath hitch and I’m rendered silent. I am met but *cold* honey-brown eyed creature, “get in”, he

commands “Layla hold my call” I walk further in and stand in the middle of the office.

“sit down” he sounds so serious, instead of doing what I’m told I continue to stand “Remo, I said sit down” the sound of my name coming from his mouth pushes me to sit down, he straightens his suit out and walks over to his chair, he takes out a brown envelope and hands it to me “your warning” I bit my tongue to stop the tears that are burning my eyes from falling, I nod my head countless times and attempt to stand up, “where are you going?” is he for real? “back to work?” he sighs and stands up walking to my side, he holds me by the waist and leads me to the couch, he unbuttons his suit jacket and takes the envelope from my hands and puts it on the coffee table next to the couch.

He sits and looks at me, no! stares at me, for a good thirty seconds before he composes himself and clears his throat. He takes out the warning and shreds it into pieces, shock is written all over my face, “this will stay between the two of us on one condition” he looks at me as if waiting for me to ask a question, but how can I when he never cease to render me silent, as if accepting defeat, he sighs and turns so he’s looking straight at me, “pitch your presentation, the one you were working on the past few weeks” now how the hell did he learn about that.

He looks at me, as if waiting for me to say yes, instead I shake my head no. I hear him chuckle.

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serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">"okay... how can I forget, you not a woman of too many words, you can go" he shows me the door. He is kicking me out right? Like really wants me out of the door.

I stand up the same time as him, he places his hands at the back of my waist and walks me to the door. I can feel butterflies in my stomach, I have never felt like this before, he does some things to me I can't begin to imagine. I walk out and step further away from him to the elevator, when I look back, his still at the door looking at me. He has this intense look like he's trying to read me or something.

The rest of my day goes by uneventful, and so does the month, before I knew it, it has been six months working for Zungu. Inc

and I was finally placed in the creative department. Literally a dream come true. The brown-eyed creature has been having out of the country meetings but whenever he was in town, he made sure I felt him. One time he rocked up at the bar down the road during our usual Friday rush hour. Immediately when he stepped in, the room went silent. He looked around and finally his eyes rested on me, he maintained that stoic look of his and walked over to the bar and then walked out a couple of seconds later.

I don't know if I'm being paranoid or what but I somehow saw him everywhere I went. The other time I was at the mall, he came straight to me at the till, paid for my stuff and then took me home in complete silence, when we got to my apartment, he set the grocery on the kitchen island, made himself comfortable in my couch with a bottle of hunters dry, **my hunters dry** and some sports Chanel. No one said anything. I made some slap sanges and he indulged himself, after another round of my beers, he stood up, looked at me expectedly and I walked him to the elevator, still in complete silence, this time though, when we got to the elevator, he pulled me closer to him by my waist. Sending electric shock waves all over me. He looked at me straight in the eyes, I thought he would kiss me so I looked at him expectedly, he

dipped his head down, I inched closer, just when he was supposed to, he places a lingering kiss on my cheek, sending me shock waves down below. He stepped back, looked at him with that intense look he likes to give, nodded his head and then called the elevator up. We continued to watch each other until the doors opened, he stepped in and right before the door could close. For the first time ever, he smiled and shook his head. I went to my apartment confused yet giggly, I don't know what game he was playing, but I know it would be too dangerous to handle but I'm still up for the challenge.

I promised my parents that I will visit them, so here am I, carrying my bag in my hands with one walking home because I just got off the taxi so I'm walking home, they know that I will visit them but I didn't say exactly when so I will just rock up on them.

I pass some of my kasi mates sitting outside smoking zolo, and go straight home, thankfully the gate is not locked so I let myself in. I can see my mom busy on the stove from the kitchen window because the blinds are not closed yet. I knock and my father comes to open, immediately when he opens the door, he embraces me in a hug while patting my back, *well...* More like hitting, that's how my father shows affection. He places a kiss on my cheek while my mother wipes herself and comes to greet me.

"dumelang" I say after I went to put my bags in my room and finally settle on the couch. Instead they look at me and continue smiling. You can't miss the love and affection in their eyes and I know for sure, I am the apple of their eyes.

"hawu fifi, goreng osa Bua gore watla, nkabo kego latile" my dad though. "aowa papa, I wanted to surprise you guys" we continued to talk while my mother goes on to dish out. It's nothing fancy, it's amasi and 'sotho' pap. We all know we cook it differently. And no, we are not poor nor are we rich, yes my

mother is a domestic worker but my dad works at an engineering company as a quality control supervisor so he earns enough to make sure we set for life if I can say so, but bottom line is, we are good.

While we busy watching uzalo we all know that's a ritual, to watch the show I mean, I get a text from Anzo to watch ENCA , "papa ke kopa go changer channel gannyane fela"

"othomile" he says still handing me the remote. I click on it and immediately I feel my heart racing, it's Mr honey brown eyed creature in a press conference, talking about the new project from Zungu. Inc

Its not until I finally pay attention that I see what's written underneath that my heart skips literally stops. **Quinton. M. Zungu-Ceo of Zungu. Inc.** I can feel my heart racing, no it's no longer a race it's a marathon or... Or, *fuck!* I don't know. Why didnt I see all this, how come I didn't even stop and -

"I admire this young man, he managed to accomplish a lot at such a young age" I turn to look and it's my dad talking, with his arms folded and spectacles on the bridge of his nose.

"you know him-?" I holding my breath in, please say no, please say no.

"of course I do, he's always on the news with some new youth development strategies he has going on, he's going far I tell you"

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serif; background-color: transparent; font-style: italic; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">phew. At least he doesn't know him personally.

"he's my boss" now both my parents turn to look at me and I pretend like I don't feel both their eyes piercing my head. Then finally they turn their heads around and continue watching TV. I'm looking at the TV but not watching it, my mind is elsewhere. His interview ends so I change the channel back to SABC1.

I'm in my room lost in a train of thoughts when suddenly my phone vibrates from underneath my pillow, I grab it and answer without checking.

"hello?" the person on the end of the line goes quite. I remove it from my ear and check the caller ID, it's an unknown number. "hello" I call again.

"where are you?" I think I stopped breathing, I know that voice, I can tell it apart from any other even in my sleep. I heard it on the TV a few hours back.

"Quinton?" I call out. "yes it's me" we stay quite for some time until he speaks again. "I came by and you not here"

"I'm home" he keeps quite. "yours parents house?" He asks after a heartbeat. "yes"

"okay" and then he clicks the call. *What the fuck just happened.*

I keep tossing and turning, why? Because I can't sleep. Why can't I sleep you want to know? It's because the call is still at the back of my mind, I can't get it out, it's been hours since and yet I can't get it out so I do the only thing I find logical and pick up my phone and call him back, it's a quarter to three in the morning, I'm sure he will pick up, I mean people are up by this time, not sleeping right?

But before logic can slip in he picks up and keeps quite. Well... I didn't expect for him to pick up so I'm rendered silent. "Remo" the sound of my name from his mouth is... No, I know what it is,

no one has ever called me Remo since my grandmothers death, it was her nickname for me.

"what are you doing still up this time?" He ask when he hears me say nothing.

"not sleepy" I lie, well... Not really since it's half the truth.

"why?" He sounds concerned.

"because you never told why you called" he chuckles, I can picture him smiling, I've never seen him smile, but I can definitely imagine how handsome it would look on him, that I even find myself smiling like a fool.

"it was nothing, you should go back to sleep" I shake my head as if he can see me.

"tell me why you not sleeping" I can hear him sigh from the end of the line. "I just wanted to see you that's all"

"why?" "should I have a reason?" He counters back.

"no you don't, but I would still like to know" he chuckles and stops for a minute.

"I'll see you tomorrow ma' Nkoana omuhle" then he hangs up.

I'm left with a stupid ass smile plastered on my face and it is exactly how I woke up.

8

I found my mother cleaning the yard, my father on his camping chair watching my mother clean. This guy.

"hawu papa, Gao thuse mama khante?" He looks at me and does the 'Mxm' thing he likes to do, I chuckle and sit down on the stoop next to him.

"wena why ontse fatshe? Emella o thus a"

"eh, nna ke moeng" my mother looks at us banter back and forth and chuckles.

"tsamo ntirela tee" my mom calls, I look at her and stand up.

"papa wa e batla?" He shakes his head no and asks for cold drink instead.

I head inside the same time my phone starts ringing, the caller ID is written-**Q**. That's how I saved it.

"Remo" he says the moment I answer the call, giving me no chance to say a hello.

"Quinton" he stays silent before he speaks again.

"I want you to go with me somewhere, I'll come pick you up"

"you do know I'm at my parents house right, you can't just rock up in here like that" first of all, why didn't I say no, because my answer technically is a yes.

"so I will see you right" it sounds like a question, but it's not.

"okay"

"Good, I'll see you then"

I stand staring at my phone like what just happened? Did I just agree going out with my boss? What? No... what the hell am I going to tell my parents? Maybe if I say that I'm going to-

"yeyii wena, tea yaka e kae?" mama le Ena.

I fill the kettle with water and take out eggs and bacon from the fridge. I start whipping the eggs while I do the bacon on the other hand. Once I'm done with everything else, I plate them and place them on the tray, mom is the only one who loves tea, she can drink it twelve o'clock with the December sun scorching hot and she won't even say it's hot or wait for it to cool down, my granny was like that too. So I guess it's hereditary. I'm just glad I'm not like that.

I'm in my room enjoying my nap when I hear a third voice, a voice that I know all too well. The voice haunts me in my dreams. So I can tell exactly who it is without going outside.

I take out my phone and send him a text. *_what are you doing here?*

He doesn't respond, I send another one and still he doesn't respond.

"mxm" I throw my fleese and stomp out of my room to where they are if he thinks he's the king of the jungle he has another thing coming, he can't just show up in here like some "arg" I roufly push my door open and immediately all eyes turn to me. I stop dead on my tracks when I see him. But! It's not my honey brown eyed creature. "dumelang" I greet.

"sawubona" he greets me.

"so baba, like I was saying, this papers are just a formality only, I wanted to be the one to give them to you personally"

"thank you very much Mahlangu, I appreciate it. By the way, this is my daughter, Remofilwe, fifi, this is my boss, Kagiso Mahlangu"

"hello" he extends his hand for a handshake. I feel my heat beating fast because of how much alike they look. Except for the honey brown eyes. They have the same physical appearance, except Quinton is a bit lighter in complexion.

"my hand please"

"ooh sorry" my parents laugh while he just brushes it off like it's nothing, I feel fairly embarrassed. As if to save my, my phone rings. **Q.** It's written, all of them have their eyes on me so I excuse myself and go outside to answer it.

"MaNkoana, what's going on" like it's his habit, he doesn't greet let alone give me a chance to say hallo when I answer. Instead of answering, I laugh instead.

"funny thing, I thought you were here, wanted to give you a piece of my mind"

He stays quite, "why would you think I was there?"

"because I thought I heard your voice, but turned out it wasn't anyone, it was fathers boss I think, but I swear I thought I heard your voice" "mmmh, anyway, are we still on?"

"yeah sure, what time?" "be ready by three"

Then he drops the call, someone needs to teach this guy some manners, how the hell do you hang up on a person when you don't whether they are done or not. Ake gane he called but some manners nyana won't hurt anyone, really.

Like a little child, I do exactly what I'm told to do, here I am, sitting in front of the mirror trying clothes on. I don't even know where we are going, nor the kind of clothes I'm supposed to wear, but then, you can never go wrong with a dress, so that's exactly what I wear, a flower printed dress I bought from legit some time back and a block heel, I tie my braids and put my phone, and some nose powder inside my clutch. I haven't even told my parents anything yet but I'm ready to go. Hee! Weitse bo Remofilwe bona. I spray myself and take one last look at myself on the mirror. I'm impressed. He better be impressed too because I actually put some efforts on my looks.

I walk out and my mother's eyes immediately land on me. She looks at me and smiles. I go sit next to dad and hook my arms around his and rest my face on him, I don't say anything but read whatever he's reading, he's on the sports section of the newspaper, that's what I was able to see. I'm not a big fan of reading, but I can try a lot but sports. Sorry no can do. I just don't understand a thing about it. My phone vibrates from my clutch, I take it out and I see **Q** on the screen, as me what I saved him as that? I don't know. I could have chosen Mr Zungu or rather his full name, but I just had to choose a letter.

I turn my phone over and look at my mom, "papa"

"mmmh" he still has his focus on the newspaper.

"kopa goya somewhere, I'll be back tonight though, akitse what time"

He stops reading and looks at me. Adjusting his glasses to get a better look at me. I look at him back, after some time he pushes them further up and goes back to his newspaper.

"mama" I'm scared my dad's answer might be a no. I want to go, I'm afraid if he says no, I will sneak out or something.

"Remofilwe, omo golo" my mom says. What's that even supposed to mean.

"papa" my mind might have kind of given me permission, but we all know fathers have the last word. He looks at me and goes back to his newspaper. My phone vibrates again; I can feel tears threatening to come out.

"Remofilwe!" my mom shouts. I look at her and stay quite waiting for her to finish. "TsaLona" I look at dad one last time before I stand up and walk out. Immediately when I get to the door, I see my father putting his newspaper down and looking at mom, I puff out a sigh and walk outside. Immediately when I step outside the gate, I see a black Audi A8 parked outside. I'm too into my emotions to even think straight so I go over to it and head to the passenger side. Immediately when I get in, I rest my head on the seat headrest and sigh. My dad can be

difficult at times, I know he's scared to lose me, but I'm a big girl I can take care of myself.

"are you okay?" He asks looking at me. I nod my head yes. Instead of starting the car, he continues to look at me.

"if you don't want to come it's totally cool you know"

"no, it's not that" I expect him to let it go, but he questions me further.

"what is it then" I look at him and shake my head no.

"you know, it would do us a huge favor if you come forth with information instead of making me extract it from you, we not moving here until you tell me what's bothering you"

I look at him and chuckle "you would do that" instead he looks at me and raise his eyebrow as if to say 'dare me'. With a final sigh, I tell him.

"it's my dad, I don't think he wants me to go anywhere"

"do want to go back? I won't mind really" I shake my head and chuckle.

"actually, I'm scared because I don't want to go back, if I go in now, I might probably call you later on and then sneak out" I laugh at myself, but he doesn't. He looks at me like I lost my mind. "what?" it's true.

He presses the gate and it slides open. He drives in and parks and a valet comes and opens my door, he hands one of them the keys, and walks over to my side, hand on my back, he leads me inside. It looks like a private golf club.

"where are we?" He looks at me and smiles.

"Kotze private club"

"Oooh" I Scan around while he leads me outside. When we get there, I can see a group of man in golf uniform.

"hey man" one of them comes towards him and they do some manly handshake.

"sup man" Quinton greets him back, his other hand still on my back. After the shake, the looks at me and smiles.

"milady, I'm Leo, you must be?"

I smile and extend my hand. "Azania"

"beautiful" he takes my hand and kiss it. I can't help the blush creeping by.

serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">"alright player, cut it out." he leads me further until we on the table watching people play golf.

He hands me a glass of champagne and clinks our glasses together. I smile and take a sip, all this time, he's looking at me, not smile or having any reaction.

After some time, we are joined on the table by the golfers and their wives. We are served food and wine; they talk about the charity gala that took place a few weeks ago.

"are you okay?" He looks at me. I smile and nod my head, he chuckles and goes back to his meal. Leo engages him in a conversation and somar his focus is on him. I'm not complaining though, "hey... Are you here with him?" the girl next to me ask, I turn to her but have a sip of my drink before I nod my head yes, she smiles and extends her hand. "I'm Susan, Taylor's wife" I just smile because I don't know who she's referring to.

"come let's go have some cocktail over there, they going to discuss business and trust me, you won't enjoy it one bit"

I turn to my side, and indeed Quinton is so engrossed in his conversations, he won't even notice me, so I nod my head and stand up, Q turns his head and looks at me with a questioning look.

"I'll be over there with the ladies" he looks at me and over where the 'ladies' are at.

"ooh, okay then, but you know you don't have to right?" I just smile at him and then walk away, I feel him looking at me, and indeed when u turn, he is looking at me.

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I have nothing against those ladies, but at some point, a person like myself was bound to get bored. Talking about fashion and the latest Gucci back would tire me, so I step away while they were still talking but Quinton got to me and led me back to the table where they were discussing business, I didn't mind that because they had such an intense topic that I found myself so engrossed by it. Sometime during the convo, Akin Kotze came with his wife Boitumelo Kotze, the owner of Illuminate Hub, I'm not a social media person, but I can tell you something, this woman right here is a role model to young girls, her company is

about youth representation, mostly females but she made a name for herself, she's in her late twenties and already made a name for herself.

They sat down and everyone's attention was on them.

"hey T, how's it going" Leo said.

"you know" Tumi answered, everyone chuckled, maybe it's an inside joke I don't know. After an hour or so of business talk, Q stood up and took me with him, we walked around the golf court. It's almost seven so the sunset looked nice from out here, just close to the lake, there was a bench so we sat down there and watched the sun setting.

"what did you think?" I raised my eyebrow. "about the new venture, what did you think?"

Is he asking me about business matters?

"well... I don't know"

"yes you do" he countered.

"I don't know really, they made really pressing matters, the solar energy project seems nice, but isn't Zungu all about youth employment and all that?"

"yes it is"

"well then diss it, I think you can do major work with Illuminance hub, the two companies basically have the same visions, and from the way I have been following it, use it as your recruitment, have people from there and then give them projects to work on"

He kept quiet and looked at me while I spoke. He nodded when he needed to and gave the right reaction which led me into diving much more into the project I was working on. Until-

"ooh my God!" I clapped my hand on my mouth.

"what, what is it?" He looked around trying to see what I was looking at, but my focus was on him. "what?" he asked again.

"you just had me talk about my project didn't you" I hit him on the shoulder.

"we'll, at some point you had to didn't you, it was a pretty good one might I add, also. I took the liberty of talking to Tumi about it and she's impressed"

"what the fuck!"

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I don't know how I feel about what he did, I think I overreact but I had the right to right? It was my project after all, he had no right going and raving about it, and the little stunt he pulled, I'm mad, I'm pissed.

I had him drive me home and on the way back no one said anything, he didn't even try to say sorry or anything, he dropped me off at my gate I waited for him to say something, but he didn't, I left his car feeling more pissed than I did when I got in. I didn't even greet my parents, I just went home and slept immediately.

The following day, I spent it cooking with mom, she didn't ask anything and I didn't say anything either, I didn't know if I was overreacting or what, but once we were seated down they asked me, I had no reason to hide it so I told them everything. "what if he wants to grow you, and be lucky he didn't steal it and make it his work" my dad said.

I still wasn't sure how I felt but I guess maybe they were right, maybe I did overreact a little bit. So here am I, Monday morning, starring at the Zungu sign outside the building dreading going in. Anzo came by my side with coffee and a doughnut.

"shall we?" I looked up at him and reluctantly nodded my head yes. I'm not ready to face him yet, and just my luck, he was in today, or maybe my dismay because suddenly I'm feeling sad that he's not in. For the past months that I've been here for, he pitches in every once in a while so I should not be sad right? I mean I was trying to avoid him but... *sigh*. I don't know what I want really. I do not.

"Azania can I please see you in my office?" it's him, he's here, now I'm nervous, he turns around and walks away, I had expected him to wait for me but... I guess I can't have it all now can I?

I clear my desk and follow him, he calls the elevator, "I'm really sorry about my behavior over the weekend" I blurt out immediately when we get inside the elevator. He cast his eyes down on me, clears his thought and pretends like he didn't hear me.

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serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">“Qui”

“I heard you.” He says, and then keeps quite, alright then. If that’s how he wants things to be like, fine by me. I step away from him and focus on the elevator, I totally don’t mind silence. The elevator door opens and he steps out first. He won’t even try to be a gentleman.

His two assistance are on opposite ends of the room, he opens the door and walks in, I step in and stand by the door.

“close the door please” he irons out the front of his suite and sits down, and gestures to me. “please, have a sit”

I oblige and do as I’m told. He clears his throat, “you still haven’t changed your mind about the project?”

I sigh and correct my posture before I answer. “I have actually. It was quite stupid of me to behave like I”

“language please” he interrupts.

“ooh” I clear my throat. “im sorry, as I was saying. I wasn’t thinking and I let my emotions cloud my judgement, so... I thought about it, it’s a great chance to do something that I’m passionate about so I’ll be honored.

He shifts in his seat. “great, because Mrs Kotze is looking forward to the project, and it’s beneficial to all parties, I’m glad you on board, I would really hate it if you were not, it’s too good an opportunity to pass”

“so... you saying, you would have gone ahead with it had I not agree?’ I ask, he pulls something from the table drawers, not looking at me, he answers. “sadly”.

I’m shocked to say the least. How could he.

“here” he hands me the file. “this is just a standard contract, my office is open for anything, if you want any info or something, feel free to come here anytime and search for the info.”

“thank you.” I say. He looks at me as if he has something more to say, but decides otherwise. “another thing...” I wait for him to say what it is, but nothing, so I stand up and walk out. He doesn’t call me back or anything, so I guess there really is nothing to say.

I've accepted that things are as they are, he never really acknowledged my apology so I left things, I don't really know what was going on, but I know that it has stopped, all that we talk about is work and nothing more.

It's a Friday and as per work tradition, we going out, Anzo sent me a text saying that they are leaving already, we in different departments so...

Anyway, I pack up my things and meet with him at the reception, he greets me with a hug, "you coming with right?"

"yeah totally. I need a drink, I'm tired and drained"

"I'm sure you are" we wait for a few more colleagues before heading off.

I'm feeling a little dizzy since I barely ate during lunch so I order a burger and a glass of wine.

"that's not all you having right?" Phenyso asks, she's one the girls we sat with, we four in total, me, Anzo, Phenyso and the yellow bone I once saw Anzo with who by the way, I just learn her name is Visage, colored and boy is she all over Anzo, it's uncomfortable.

“no, of course not, I will have a glass of water after this” I look at them to analyze their faces until they looked at me like I’m crazy.

Too bad they don’t understand my sense of humor. We continue to have our food and drinks, curtesy of Zungu.inc. I wonder if he comes here some times. Or... no! I need to stop thinking about him. I really do.

I get text while I’m still at the bar, from Quinton.

Can I see you. I look at it and contemplate if I should answer it when another one comes through.

Please. How do I even respond to such, but then again, logic escapes me so I stand up, “guys... I’ll be back” I take cash from my wallet to cover my tab and walk out. They don’t say anything and I’m glad. I walk the distance from bar to the side of Zungu building.

His Audi pulls up right in front of me and he asks me in, after a few minutes of silence in the car I finally ask him.

“so... what’s going on?” he looks at me, and then back at the road.

“I wanted to see you, is that wrong?” I exhale. He is one confusing man this one.

“no, there is nothing wrong with that, but I thought ... never mind” I rest my head on the car headrest and look out the window.

“no

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please tell me, what is it” he places his hand in mine, every time he’s near me, I my head gets messed up, now his hand on me, my stomach is doing backflips right now.

Sigh. “I just, I felt like I don’t know, like you were mad at me or something, I tried apologizing and you just blew me off, so I though... I don’t know, that maybe you don’t want to see me anymore?” now I did not expect to be so honest, and instead of answering me or acknowledging what I just said, he says, “ooh?” and then removes his hand and continues to drive, ignoring me like I didn’t just open up to him like that.

I release another sigh, I seriously feel like a fool, how do I open to a person like this and he doesn’t even say anything, not even an ‘I’m sorry?’ like how.

We remain quiet for the rest of the way, he parks and looks at me. “we here” I looks outside and we in front of my apartment building, I let out a soft chuckle.

“so you brought me home?” he shrugs his shoulders. “do you want to come up?” he rests his head on the steering wheel and looks at me.

“I can’t I’m sorry” I nod my head and open the door only to find it locked. Im slowly losing my patience with this man.

“can you please open the door?” I can feel the tears building up. He opens his door and comes to my side. He opens it and gives me his hand to get me out, I grab my bag and step away from him. He locks the car and walks me up to my flat.

All the way in the elevator, no one says anything, the doors open and he leads me out, as pissed as I am, his hand on me feels so good, I feel my head buzzing. we get to my door, I open up and attempt to step in.

“I’m sorry” I exhale and stop, not turning to look at him. “please look at me” if he doesn’t stop, I’m afraid I will cry, he wraps his arms around mine and hugs me from the back, “I had a nice time, thank you” I nod my head, still in that position. I feel him sigh before he turns me around.

“can I call you later?”

“yeah sure” I nod my head.

“alright then” he cups me neck and places a lingering kiss on the corner of my mouth before he steps away and walks to the elevator. I watch him walk away until he disappears inside, I

step into my apartment and rest my head on the door, I'm overwhelmed, I really don't know what to make out of his actions, I don't know if he's interested in me or not, it's all so confusing. Plus, considering that I have never done anything like this ever before, so I really don't know what to expect.

True to his word, he called, literally an hour after he left, I'm in my pajamas, eating popcorns and watching Netflix. Then again, I'm really not paying attention to the tv because it's on mute and I'm busy playing with the popcorns. Why? I'm all smiles like a high school with a crush. Maybe this is some late adolescent stage because I never really did date when I was in high school. It has always been school, school, school and nothing else.

"so... I will see you tomorrow?" he's not asking, but then I don't need for him to ask because I do want to see him again.

"I have a meeting with Boitumelo, maybe after?" I hear him sigh.

"okay, I'll pick you up then?"

"okay" we continue to talk until I actually say I'm off to bed.

The next morning, I woke up bright and early. I had a breakfast meeting with Mrs Kotze so I had to be prepared and I woke up and prepared all my documents. We were meeting at a restaurant so I had to look presentable.

Quinton called to wish me good luck with my meeting as this would be our first ever official meeting, we have been talking

via emails but that's as far as we went, maybe a call once but then, that was it.

It's sunny outside, I want to wear something casual but presentable as well. After rummaging my closet, I stood on my bed in just my panties and bra. I fell back on the bed with my back and placed my hands over my face. I must have dozed off because I was woken by my phone ringing.

I quickly rose on to my feet and answered. "hello"

I'm greeted by a chuckle, "are you ready" a smile automatically forms.

"I think I dozed off" he chuckles.

"well, get ready" then he hangs up. I can't keep the smile off my face, I end up wearing a summer dress and sandals, I let my hair off and walked outside, calling a cab.

I get to the restaurant and I'm ushered to the table, Tumi is not here yet so I set up in the meanwhile. We are outside on the

balcony, it's neither hot nor cold, but there's a bit of wind so I decide against the papers.

"can I get you anything in the meantime mam?" the lady that just showed me my table asks me.

"uuhm! A glass of lemon water please"

"okay mam" she leaves and I attend to my task.

"ooh, sorry I'm late, this pregnancy has me crazy. You would swear it's my first" the beautiful chubby Mrs Akin.jr Kotze walks in.

"it's not a problem, I was just setting up" she smiles and takes out her laptop. I'm not big of a social media person, but she's one girl I love to follow. She has been nothing but an inspiration to me. I like how she never gave up on her dreams, started off by selling her branded clothes to actually owning her very own company when no one believed in her.

"alright then, we waiting for just one more..." she looks around "ooh, he's here" I look to the direction of the door and I almost choke on my saliva.

In a black fitted suit and a shirt, a freshly cut hair and a nice fade walks in Quinton. This guy is an epitome of beauty, let's not forget the honey brown eyes, he walks all the way towards us and when he reaches our table, he goes by Tumi's side and

kiss her on the cheek. “looking lovely Mrs K” she blushes, “ooh you flatter me Quinton”.

“ma’ Nkoana” he nods his head

I nod mine too, feeling somehow, I don’t know why.

“well then, now that we all here, shall we?” he looks at me expectedly.

“uuhm, yes.” Now I have no choice but to take the documents out, “I’m sorry, I only prepared for two, but you can have this one” I handed Quinton my folder.

“are you sure you won’t need that one, he is an intruder after all” I smile and shake my head no.

“Its fine Mrs K”

“alright then, go right ahead” I look at Q, for god knows what, but he isn’t paying attention, he’s focus is on the folder that I gave him.

I open a document on my laptop to use it as reference and place it in front of us all. The waiter comes back with my water.

“thank” I say, I take a sip before I place it next to me. “okay... so I did some extensive market research on Aluminate hub, so you are basically about youth employment, so does Zungu.inc, but

in a broader version. The two companies basically have a lot in common if not similar, Aluminate focuses on the artistic side mostly, but have you thought about music, because you tackle all artist except musician.”

“are you trying to say, Zungu should go into music? ” He looks at me staring in the eye. Everytime I look into his eye, I just get lost, but this is serious, I need to be on top of things.

" no... I'm saying, look at page three" they turn the page, "your construction can do more good, employ people from that particular area to build studios maybe, and then Aluminate can use those studios, fill up necessary equipments and rents out the place, I know most people would be thrilled to have such"

They looking at each other, probably considering what I said? I don't know... I hope so.

"that's a lot to consider, I have a doctors appointment and Akin will be here any minute from.... Ooh, speak of the devil. I need to cut the meeting shot. Can you come by my office when you

free, I would like to discuss something without your boss here"
she throws a look at Quinton.

"alright madam. It's time to go" the ever charming Akin Kotze walks up to his wife, with their son in his arms with Spiderman toy on him. He's probably three years old maybe. "Zungu..." he shakes his hand "miss..." he extends his hand towards me. "Azania please" I shake his hand.

"lovely... wame let's go please" Tumi rolls her eyes and stands up.

"hey buddy... Did you miss mommy?" she tickles him. He hides under his father but a small laugh erupting, I can't help but adore them. They are a lovely set of couples. They walk out smiling at each other, i watch them until they disappear to-

"you look beautiful today" I'm caught off guard. I look at him and he's already looking at me. It's the first time he's ever complimented me. I look away and mumble a thanks.

"shall we go?" He stands up and extends his hand. I take it and stand up.

"let me clear all this" he helps me pack my stuff and he takes them. Leaving me to just hold my handbag.

"where are we going?" He looks at me and bits his bottom lip, concealing a smile.

"my house" he opens the back door and puts my stuff there and then the passenger door, I hasitantly step in, he shuts the door and walks to his side.

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would you like anything to drink?" He comes out, in just sweatpants and a shirt, he went inside to change out of his suit. We sitting on a couch outside on his balcony. He has a really beautiful glass house, the balcony overlooking the sandton streets.

He has two glasses of wine and a bottle also. "yeah sure" I answer, he already bought it moss. Why ask. "you have a really nice home"

"Thank you" he sits next to me, his body facing me and we both look out the streets, enjoying the casual breeze that suddenly started. He pours wine and hands me one.

"thanks" I take a sip and continue looking out. My heart is racing a mile a minute, I don't know what will happen, but then, I want something to happen, gore what? I don't know.

"you should relax your feet, the shoes will hurt them" he places his wine glass on the table and lifts my left leg up, we maintain eye contact, neither one of us willing to back out, he softly

caresses my leg before untying my sandale, he caress my foot and then mores on to the other one. I can feel my heart beating fast, I'm anticipating his next move,he places both my legs on his and brush them.

"tell me about yourself" he takes his wine and sips. I'm a little dumbfounded so it takes me a minute to come back to my senses.

"what do you want to know?" I say.

"anything you willing to share" I smile.

"well...what can I say? My name if Remofilwe Azania Nkoana, daughter of Patricia and Paul Nkoana. I'm an only child and I'll be twenty one" he smiles and shakes his head.

"why those names" I look past him.

"my mother had seven miscarriages, I was the eighth child, apparently I'm a miracle child, God answered their prayers and gave me to them, hence Azania."

"that's very touching, I'm sure you the apple of their eyes"

"you bet, what about you?"

"what about me?" He counters back.

"tell me about yourself, who are you and what are you about"

"well... Right now all I know is that I want to kiss you" I stop my glass midway and look at him.

"w.. What?" now I feel my body heating up.

"can I?" is... Is He asking if he can kiss me?.

"okay" I swear to God and my ancestors I didn't plan on saying that. He puts his drink down and takes mine too, gulps it and places the glass down.

He shift and places both my legs around him and inches his face closer to mine.

serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">"are you sure" I can feel his breath mixed with wine hitting my face. I involuntary close my eyes and nod my head yes. "look at me then" I slowly open my eyes and raise them to look at him the same moment he places his lips on my, my eyes close again as I savour him. He doesn't move or do anything. His lips are just on mine.

Then... Then he takes my bottom lip and starts moving, I don't know what I'm doing, but I'm going with the flow. He pulls me further onto the couch so he's completely on top of me. He hikes my dress further up and caress my thigh. I'm transported into a different realm, a place I never knew existed.

"I enjoyed, thank you" he takes my hand and place a kiss on it.

"I did too" he comes to my side and opens my door.

"let me walk you in" he takes my bags from the back and walks me in. We ride the elevator in silence, when we get to my apartment,he takes the keys from me and opens up.

I take my bags to the bedroom and change into more comfortable clothes. When I walk out, I find him in front of the TV eating my snacks.

"I hope you don't mind" he gestures to them.

"no, I don't" I go to the fridge and grab bottle of water.

"come sit over here, you look cute in those clothes"

I can't help but blush "thank you" I settle on the couch next to him, he wraps his arm over my shoulder and brings me closer to him. We settle like that and watch TV. I must have dozed off because when I woke up, I was in my bed, I woke up to check if he was here, but nothing, an unfamiliar feeling crept inside me, I wish he could have stayed. I really like being with him, maybe I might be jumping the gun, but I think he likes me too.

The next morning it was a Sunday, I did nothing but laze around the house. Anzo came by with pizza and wine and well, you know how it goes, watch movies until sunset.

I wake up and Anzo is next to me, sleeping. I untangle myself from him and clear everything before I wake him. It's almost midnight.

"dude, wake up. It's late" he rubs sleep off his eyes.

"what's wrong?" He looks around looking like a little lost kid.

"it's almost midnight"

"ooh shit" he shoots up standing and wearing his shoes." did we fall asleep? "I nod my head yes.

" fuck! " he cusses." I promised vee I would call her. Dammit
"he runs out taking his keys along and goes out the door. Which by the way, looked slightly opened. I shrug my shoulders and lock the door and go straight to my bed.

Tomorrow is Monday, normally I would dread it, but now...
Now I'm looking forward to it, or should I say, look forward to seeing someone?

14

Left already - A

Sigh. I know work is two blocks away, but I was so used to going with Anzo, I'm feeling lazy to walk. Plus, I tried calling Quinton this morning but nothing, I saw his missed calls and now he's not answering me. I know I should make something out of it, but I can't help it.

Winter is slowly drawing in, I need to buy winter wear for work, I was so used to being a student that even in the past months that I spent working, I have not prepared for winter. I need to make time this weekend and go shopping.

I make myself a cup of coffee and take my bag and house keys and lock while walking out. I guess today I will have to walk to work, I could use the walk to think properly and do some life introspection.

My heart beats fast when I see the all too familiar car pull up next to me. I get a little excited when I see him, i remember the kiss that we shared, I can't help but blush when I see him, I stop walking and wait for him so we can call the elevator together.

He steps out and gives the security guard his car keys to go park it at the basement probably, on him he has only his phone and he's busy typing on it, he looks, pissed but calm in a way, he's busy typing on his phone, he's wearing Grey two piece suit with no tie, I like his fade, it suits him very much.

I smile when he approaches but my heart drops down to my feet when he passes me without any sort of acknowledgement. His perfume hits my nostrils. I try to utter something, anything but nothing comes. I feel a lump forming on my throat. I turn and dump my coffee inside the bin and walk away. When I turn I see him looking at me, he's waiting for the elevator, I go to the next elevator and wait for it. I don't know what I did, but I can't keep up with his moods, its too early for people to me dramatic.

I have a lunch meeting with Tumi at her house because ooh well, she is a Kotze wife, plus she's married to Akin, I'm sure I say that a lot but that guy is a sight to sore eyes I swear..

I grab my things and head outside. When I get to the elevator I find Anzo there, I walk in, and guess who else is here, I don't even bother looking at him or anything, there are a few other people in the elevator so I step closer to Anzo.

"hey, sorry I left you this morning" he says as soon as I stand next to him.

"it's no problem. What happened vele?" He looks at me and chuckles.

"eish man, I was with vee, you know I was supposed to meet with her last night and we passed out, man, she was so mad" he puts his hand over his mouth "but then again

she knows that you my friend and well , I could use our wine and pizza movie day hey" he nudges me, I only offer him a small smile, the elevator doors open and people step out.

"I'll see you late okay " he steps out. We on the third floor now, one more floors and I'll be out.

"sharp" I say.

He still here, we only three now in the elevator his on the left side and looking at me. I throw him a look and stare at the doors. I dont have this kind of time, he won't speak to me and now he's looking at me. Lucky we reach the first floor, I stand straight and attempt to walk out when I feel hands on my waist.

"stay" he says. I want to leave God knows I want to, but how the hell am I suppos to think straight when he's touching me? While I'm still contemplating what to say, the door close and its just the two of us only.

With a sigh, I turn and attempt to look at him but he surprises me with a kiss. The elevator announces our arrival and he steps back, grabbing my hand in his he leads me towards his car. No one had said anything to anyone yet. My head is still buzzing from what just happened.

He opens the door for me to get in and stupid foolish me does so. He goes to his side after closing my door and gets in, he puts the car in reverse and drives out, still not saying anything. If he won't say anything, I won't either, I won't put myself on the line again.

* **

The first thing he did when we got inside his house was to kiss me, he closes the door with his foot and cups my neck. Fuck. He

tilts my head a little up and parts my lips with his tongue before I start feeling butterflies exploding in my stomach.

"I'm sorry" he whispers. I can't even think straight so my response is a low moan. He presses his lips even further and pulls my jacket off before he kisses my neck. If this is the guy I'm losing my innocence to, the God I agree.

He picks me up and walks me to his bedroom, well I think, He puts me on the bed and takes off his jacket. He has bloodshot eyes and Lord does he look sexy right now.

Next he takes his shirt off and climbs the bed and wraps my leg over his waist and kisses me. How I wish he had some hair to pull because what I'm feeling right now is out of the world, I'm wearing a dress, which he pulled up and now he's rubbing himself Over my panties, I can feel from how he is that God blessed him down there.

He pushes my dress off and I'm left in just my panties, wet panties and a matching bra.

"fuck, you look so sexy right now" he says in a low voice I hum and push my pelvis towards him. He plants wet kisses over my neck and shoulder while magically working on my bra and then it's off, he cups my left breast and kisses the other, I can feel I'm starting to build. I know I'm a virgin but I know these things , I was a book worm back in school so please and I watch movies and read books.

He comes back to my lips while pulling my panties off at the same time, this time, my heart is beating fast, I'm really doing this? I am really. He pulls back to take of his pants and Jesus. It's curved upward.

He looks at me and smiles before coming to me and kissing me while his finger plays with me. My breathing rate has picked up, I can feel my first ever orgasm but before I can reach my peak, he stops and looks at me.

"i-l... Ive never done this before" I stutter.

"I know" and before I can ask how he knows I feel an intense pain down there.

15

"I am sorry, I should have told you"

"I am sorry, I should have told you"

"I am sorry..."

"I - "

"Fuck" I toss my covers and go to the kitchen. Fuck! I can't sleep, every time I close my eyes, my mind replays today's events, or better yet, her words. The girl who managed to turn my world upside down in just two minutes of knowing her.

I pour myself a glass of whisky and gulp it down in all in one go. My hands are fidgety, I want to throw something but I can't, so instead, I go downstairs and to my gym room, I pull on my boxing gloves and start punching it, imagining it's that boy, the boy who has the girl I want.

"fuck!" when I check the time, it's just after two in the morning, I want to call her, I have an itch. But what if she's with him, the thought alone drives me nuts so I lash out on the punching bag. I need to know everything I can about that kid, but first things first.

When morning comes, or should I say time to go to work, I throw my blankets and go take a shower, I try by all means to

not think about her, when I get downstairs, I make a quick shake and take a snack bar before going to my garage and drive to work. On my way, I'm busy listening kiss and say goodbye by the manhattans, for some strange reason I have it on repeat, not strange reason, but yes, it's on repeat.

While I'm still driving, I get a text from Leo asking that we meet for drinks later on. Maybe that will help me take my mind off this girl who suddenly residing in my mind lately.

When I get to the bar, I find the guys already there, immediately when they see me, they bust out laughing, and when I spot Akin coming to the booth, I know the reason why, this moron probably told them about Azania.

"Mxm, what is wrong with you?" I say hitting him at the back of his head, cause him to almost spill the drinks, mxm.

"Oh, come on man, cut him some slack, I saw it coming too, I mean, dude! You invited him to the estate"

Yeah, well okay, probably.

I take a sip from the drink I assume is mine because Akin placed it in front of me. "Manje wena ufuna ini lana?" I say to Akin; dude is always in a mood when Tumi is not around, I'm surprised he's out here with us.

“Had a fight with Tumi” he says, before frustration takes over and clicks his tongue. Yeah well, see why I don’t want marriage? Relationships are complicated on their own

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now imagine being married, plus this one married a hard nut to crack. I remember when he would complain about Tumi not wanting to be open with him, it would drive him nuts, being a psychologist, he thought would be easy reading her, but nigger got a dead end.

“Zekie is coming this weekend” we keep quiet and look at Akin, out of the three brothers, Akin and Zekie were the closest, maybe it’s because they grew up together or something. Ezekiel is a... he’s a sore subject if I can say that.

He is the eldest amongst us all, the most quietest, he left a few years ago once he helped Akin set up Kotze investigators, he’s always on the road ant travelling, we tried talking to him, aus’kea and malum’Akin have tried being there for him but nothing. The only person he’s ever open with is Akin and this little shit never tells us anything.

On my way home, I realized I left my home keys at the office, I am a bit tipsy, but I get behind the wheel either way, all the way to the office, I drive with caution, I don't want to cause or have an accident, I haven't even reached thirty yet.

When I get to the office, I see a few people leave, they were probably working late, I really admire my employees hard work,

Just as the elevator doors open, I see two people fix their clothes, there is a no fraternizing with employees in my company, now these two are busy making out in the elevator, they quickly step out of the elevator with their heads bowed down, kids neh, but-

"wait" I call out to them before they could go far, "what is your name?"

"sir, we are sorry, it wont-" I stop them before they could lie, it is probably going to happen, most definitely when they get out of here .

"relax, you not in any trouble, wena! What is your name ?" I ask the four eyed cheeseboy in front of me.

"Anzo- Anzo Mawela" mmh. Okay .

“what is your relationship with Remo?” I know I probably shouldn’t be asking this, but hey-

I see the girl roll her eyes before Anzo clears his throat.

“nothing sir, we just friends, best of friends for that matter” he turned his gaze to the girl next to her.

“okay, you can go”

And like little kids caught doing things they were not supposed to, they scurried off.

Why would she say something like that? Why would she lie, or is he lying ? but-

Before I can drive myself crazy, the elevator doors open and I get inside, but as the door closes, they do nothing to my thoughts, I’m still asking myself questions I have no answers to.

16

I am stupid, I know that, I don't know why I said what I said, it's a Saturday morning and I'm inside the elevators going to Anzos' place, I have two cups of coffee with me, and I am hoping, really hoping that he agrees to this madness of mine, I don't know what else to say.

I knock on the door twice before Visagie opens the and stands on it, folding her arms. *Ooh boy!*

"hy, is he in?" this colored girl really has the energy this early in the morning.

"babe, who is it?" Anzo shouts from somewhere in the apartment. My plan probably wont work, "ooh hey, Zee, what are you doing here?" I show him the coffee mugs and he grin before he takes it and invites me in.

The door bangs and Anzo just sighs, "trouble in paradise?" he chuckles and takes a sip of his coffee.

"if there ever was a paradise, I cant seriously, I love her, but I can't"

"ooh, we on the love part already" we both chuckle before we settle on the couch.

“she thinks something is going on between us, I don’t understand why my friendship with is suddenly questioned by everyone”

“tell me about it” I say sincerely, I know how our friendship has ruined things, I experienced it too.

“that reminds me, a few days ago, Me,Zungu asked me about you, well, he also questioned our friendship if you can say that”

I could feel my heart beating fast, “wh-” I choke on my drink “what did you tell him?” I really –

“that we just friends” lord jesus, just take me already.

After I went back to my place, I decided to go to the office and get work done, I have set a deadline for myself, I need to finish the project this month so that we start implementing the next.

I am in a knee length boot and a dress and then a jacket on top, I call my uber while walking out, no man. I really need to get my license struu.

I head straight to his office when I get there, he did say I can use it right. I take my shoes off and play some dobbie grey while I lay everything out on the floor before I sit down, I get carried away listen to music while doing everything that I love, my father loves this kind of music, and it kind of grew on me, especially when I was in school and missed home, I would listen to it and somehow feel content.

I stretch my legs and arms before I have cramps because I have been sitting in the same position for a long time. When I look up, I almost get the shock of my life when I see Quinton leaning by the door frame, with his arms folded.

“jesus

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you scared me” I say, placing a hand on my chest, all he does is nod his head and step further in, I take a deep breath and close my eyes before I continue with what I was doing. When seconds of silence turn into minutes, it becomes clear that he wont speak to me, so I also decide to keep my mouth shut.

My phone rings from somewhere around all my mess, just when I find it, it stops ringing. But before long, it rings again, and my mothers name flashes on the screen.

“mama” I answer, placing it between my shoulder and ear and using my other hand to stand up and stretch my legs a bit.

“ah mama, no. ke sale busy nyana, mara ke tlotla gae soon” (I am still busy, but I will come home) I laugh when my mother tells me that I don’t care about her anymore, this woman literally calls me every week, how can I not miss her?

She hangs up and when I turn, I find Quinton’s eyes on me, I shift uncomfortably and cast my eyes down.

“you have a very beautiful laugh”

“ooh? Thank you” I bite my tongue when I want to say something else but decide against it.

I sit back down and resume my work, but I can’t seem to focus, so instead I blurt out what I have been holding “I lied” I say, hoping it could make things a little easier.

“I know” he, shocks me, making me stand up on my feet again.

“you...you do?” he hangs his head down before placing his hands on table and pushing his chair back and standing up.

“why did you say that? Do you like him or-“

“no! I quickly defend, I don’t know why I said that. I was hurt I think, you...” I brush my forehead before taking a deep breath,

“you confuse me okay, one minute you like this, the other you like that, I just... I don’t know what you want okay, and y-“

Before I can rumble even more, he has me in his arms, with his other hand behind my neck and our lips locked, mobbing in sync. I hate how I am melting right now, when his lips come out to play, I feel my legs getting wobbly, and feeling foreign things travelling all over my body, and the dream I had about him comes out to play, I grab his neck and press my body even tighter to his, when his hand goes out to cup my boob.

“fuck!” he cusses. “does this clarify things? Fuck, I want you so bad, since the first day I saw you, I wanted you, maybe I might not show it, or went about it the wrong way, but damn woman” he says the last part taking my hand and placing it on the bulge on his pants, “just feel that wena”

I giggle and bury my face on his chest. “we should get to work” I lift my head up and look him in the eye before nodding my head yes.

He smiles down at me and captures my lips into his again, and this time, desire burns through my whole body.

It's a Monday afternoon and I am preparing to go home, my phone pings with an sms, and I look at it, it's from Q. a smile plays on my smile before I slide it open and read his text, it's an 'I miss you gif' I smile and send one back, when I think back to the events of Saturday, I get goosebumps all over my body, when the kiss got intense, he led us to the couch, I was convinced we would have sex on the couch, but he was a gentlemen, he placed me on the couch and we continued to kiss with my shoes off and my dress bunched up, while he grounded on me, sending me shock of pleasure and having me in a puddle, he started on my neck, leaving trails and kisses all over, making me squirm under him.

He helped me out of my dress, and bra, cupped my 32B sized boobs and played with my areolas, before taking one in his mouth, whispering sweet things to me, he alternated between my left and right boob, I just thank God that no one was on the same floor as us, and if there was, I am very sorry because I know for sure I was not quite.

He continued kissing me until he went down, he started from my toes, both legs all the way down to my vagina, let's just say, the lord is my Shepard.

When knock off time came, I cleared my desk and headed to the elevator, he is working late tonight, but a little hello went

hurt right? When I get to his floor, he is already gone, with a tail between my legs, I turn around and go to the elevator again, sigh. I had hoped I would see him today.

The rest of the week continues like this, all we have been doing is exchanging text throughout and the two minutes calls where he just breaths and say nothing, one would find it weird, but I don't. I understand him.

It's a Friday morning, Q. won't be in the office today, but he did promise to take me out for dinner, and I can't wait. It would be my first dinner date, or rather, my first date ever, I will be knocking off early because I want to get my hair and nails done today, I know my braids are not that old, but hey. I girl got to do what the girl got to do to look good right?

I lock my door and call myself a cab, after the drama from Quinton and Vee, Anzo and I decided it's better we make them comfortable, or rather, we make Vee comfortable, as much as he things he's done with her colored ARSE, he is wayyyy, far from it.

The rest of the afternoon pass in a blur, and before I know it I am heading out of the office to the salon just down the road. When I get there, I find a queue, thank God I sat an appointment for three thirty and I am just 10 minutes early,

even before my time comes, they come and attend to me, their service is out of this world.

be ready by seven-Q

The text leaves me blushing, that I don't even hear the hairdresser talking to me.

"askies?"

"I asked, what would you like to do?"

"uhm. Straight up se sharp I think" and all she says, is okay, before she starts unplaiting my hair.

Three hours later, I am done, both nails and hair.

I had ordered a dress online and it was delivered just yesterday, I can't wait to be in it, the silk material of it just has me excited.

I call the cab to go back to my apartment. When I arrive, I quickly rush to the shower to get ready, if I want to look amazing, I am going to need to put on some effort on my look, a two minutes shower and I am out, wrapped in a towel, I sit down on my makeup table and get ready, I have three minutes left when I am done. Gosh, my phone, where is my phone, hopefully he didn't try to call when I was busy with my makeup, I have on a natural look, I am a little bit lighter in complexion, so the nude color compliments me just nice, find my phone inside my bag and rush back to the room to finish up, thank

God I don't have any missed calls, except from my mothers text asking me how far I am, I am supposed to go see them tomorrow, normally I leave on Fridays but I have a date akere batho besho(my people)

I quickly lotion up and put on some perfume and my gold hoop earrings and bracelet. My dress is red in color, silk and knee length with a slit on the side, I wear my black heels and take my black clutch. I hope I look as good as I feel.

Okay, I am feeling nervous, but I look good right ? I hope I do.

One, two three, four, four hours and thirty minutes, that's how long I have been waiting for him to appear, I tried, I tried making excuses for him but I ran out, there is only one left, he bailed out on me, I am one bottle of wine down, I am trying not to cry, I don't want to cry, I am a big girl, people get stood up all the time, I am no exception,

I step out of my shoes and take my earrings off, slowly peeling my dress off, I went against my word and here am I wiping my tears off. Before I could go to the bathroom and wipe my makeup off, the doorbell rings. It's almost twelve, who could it be. I wear my dress back on and sleepers and head to the door. When I check on the peephole, my date is there, wait! Does he deserve the tittle of date since he stood me up?

"I am so, sorry, I really am" that's the first thing he says when I open the door.

"I had an emergency meeting that I had to attend, I am sorry, I didn't mean to stand you up, I promise"

"Yeah okay" I step away from the door and head towards my room. He is tailing me, and I am exhausted.

"I promise, you baby, you can even call Akin, we had to help him out, even Leo was there and ..."

Did he just call me baby? I know that is not important, but why am I smiling? Now.

"What happened?" I open my bedroom door and sit down on my bed, placing one leg under my bum, he scans around my bedroom, it's his first time here, my room is not too girly. Has a little pick here and there, but it's nice, if I do say so myself?

He takes his jacket off and sits down next to me. "My brother is facing some things, so we just helping him out here and there, it is hectic now, but soon things will fall into place, I have been in cape town since last night and I just landed like an hour ago, came straight here to apologize"

How sweet. "I am sorry" I pout my lips because it was stupid of me to think that he would do me like that.

"You don't have to be" he kisses my pouted lips and releases an exhausted sigh. Shame. He really must be tired.

"Would you like something to eat?" he looks at me with tired eyes and takes my hand in his.

"I wish, but I need to be back in cape town before six in the morning"

"Ooh? okay, and besides, I didn't even cook anything so" I shrug my shoulders, he chuckles and pulls me to him, making me straddle him, he bites my exposed shoulders, causing me to shiver.

"I am so tired" he nipples my earlobe, and I chuckle.

"Then you need to rest" I say, capturing his lips into mine, I undo the buttons of his shirt and grind against him. *Fuck!*

“I will, as soon as I am done here” he flips me over and takes my dress off, leaving me in just my panties. “You look so fucken perfect right now”

Instead of answering, I moan in pleasure. He continues to grind on me, shifting my panties to the side, he inserts one of his fingers, I gasp. “Fuck! you so wet right now”

My words get caught up on my throat and shut my eyes.

“come to cape town with me” my eyes shot open.

“w-what?” he inserted another hand.

“I said, come to cape town with me” he says

increasing his pace, I blow out a breath because I don’t want to scream.

“let it out baby, let it all out”

I bit my lips and shake my head no; he chuckles and quickens his pace even more. He comes to my lips and kisses me, I wrap my arms around his neck and devour his lips, my tongues playing around.

In a swift motion, he is standing in front of me, stark naked, and indeed the lord is my sharped, Lord never fails, his member is just as I imagined, huge and curved, although his length is just an inch longer than I imagined. Jesus knows every girl deserve a

good-looking dick, and hopefully, his game is just as good as his member.

“Turn around?” huh?

“shouldn’t we do it like-“

“Baby, turn around, okay?” he says, chuckling, I do as told, he separates my legs further and bends me a little while rubbing his shaft, with pre-cum dripping from it. The sight turns me on even more. He bends down slightly before I feel his warm tongue on my slit. Grab the shits by both hands, with my mouth wide open, he starts licking and sucking, I become unable to contain my moans.

“Come on, let it all out baby, let me hear you okay?” I bite on the pillow and try doing breath ins. He chuckles and I feel him standing up, and rubbing his shaft on me, the feeling is sensational and overwhelming.

“ooh God” I exclaim, I keep trying to maintain my breaths but its proving difficult, especially when he keeps rubbing like that.

“stand still baby, this is gonna hurt a little okay?”

I nod my head yes and lay my head flat on the covers, he keeps teasing my opening until he finally pushes in and I scream out.

“fuck, this is going to have to be quick baby, please okay” he kisses my back before he starts moving, I can feel the bed

moving with us, he pulls me slightly up and bites my shoulder, and then kiss it.

“fuck!” he hisses and then moves his one hand down before it comes in contact with my clit and he starts rubbing it, I keep trying to not moan out loud but im failing, this feels so good, “let it out baby, im close also” he rubs me a couple of time, one two three thrust and I scream out loud in pleasure, he keeps going until we both collapse on the bed, trying to catch our breaths, but not before he cusses another fuck. yeah no, fuck indeed.

If someone had told me this feeling is like this, I wouldn't have waited this long, but I am also glad I did because my first time turned out to be spectacular, I have read too many stories where people complain about not having an orgasm on their first time, while other had their years later, well. Am I not a lucky star?

A few minutes later, he stands up and goes to the bathroom, he comes back with a wet towel and dries me up, before he picks me up, butt naked and walks with me to the kitchen.

If Quinton is going to use sex, to get me to do whatever he wants, then I allow it. After he took me to the kitchen, he made us coffee with bread while he kept asking me to go with him to cape town. I told him I had to see my parents but a few touches from him and already he had me screaming yes, I don't know exactly yes to what, town.

He is busy playing with my hands, has been since we left my apartment, and no. I am no complaining. When we landed, he only let go for a short when he was checking and making sure that are luggage is checked and all is ready. Right now, we on our way to wherever we will be staying, its almost sunrise, and we are both tired, probably him more than me, I am still excited from last night, or rather, this mornings' events.

When we get to the hotel, he doesn't even think twice before pulling me to bed, and dozing off immediately.

When I wake up, I am all alone in bed, I am not complaining, he did say that they are having issues that needs them hands on, it is not like we came here for some vacation or anything. Just as I stand up from the bed, there is a knock at the door the door, I slept with my clothes on, so I walk towards the door, rubbing the sleep off my face.

It is room service, I open the door wider for them to get in, and tell them to leave it right there. It has a note on it.

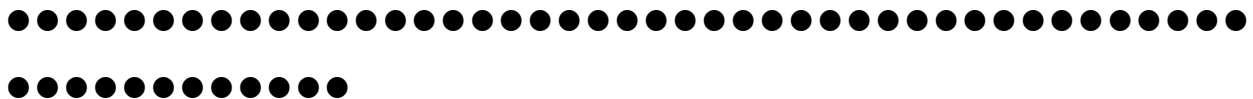
~sorry I left early, have a good morning

It's a full English breakfast, toasted bread, bacon, cheese, tomato and all those things I am not used to. Next to it, there is a glass of orange juice. I can feel my heart doing petter patters.

I take my phone and shoot him a text.

~thank you for the breakfast, have a productive day ahead.

I have never had a boyfriend before, so if this is how relationships work, I don't know why people complain because I know I am not,



Nothing is going as planned, we have been here since eight in the morning and we still have not found a solution

Zekie is slowly losing his patience, I can understand him, I am also. Akin had to leave halfway into the meeting because he

couldn't stand everyone, a character that one, their pregnancy is dealing with him hard, he is moody and snappy almost all the time, the only time you find him laughing, or slightly close to being the old Akin, is when he is with his son and woman.

"Do you think we should inform grand dad?" I ask.

"Fuck no! he sent me here to solve all this, I should, I risked a lot to come here, I need to get it over and done with" he says, standing up and walking over to the windows.

"Alright man. I hear you" I pour myself a glass of scotch and down it in one go. "When are you going back?" he turns around and looks at me with a cocked eyebrow.

"Eager for me to leave already?" I sigh and shake my head.

"You know I don't mean it like that man. I just... we all know this place holds a lot of bad memories for you, you are never the same when you come here" I clarify.

"It's not that bad" he says before turning around. I can never win with this one, I understand why though, I just hope I ma not convicted for all my fathers' sins.

I turn around and grab my jacket before disappearing behind the door, but then again, I find myself turning back and going to him, I find him with his head hung low.

“I never really understood what your problem with me is, I am not my father, I am far from it. Do not persecute me for it. I have never known that man and have no intentions of doing so, I know what you did, but I never judged you for it, afford me the same curtesy please”

I have always looked at him as my older brother, his brothers are my brothers, Jesus! They are the only family I ever had, my mother left for that man he is busy judging me for, the man ruin both if not all our lives, I probably hate him more than all of them, but then again, sijezele izono zabazali.

When I get to the hotel room, I find Remo lying on the couch with a fleece on her, I take a deep sigh before picking her up and taking her to the bed. I know I told her that I will be working this whole time, but...

I head to the bathroom to take a shower, but not before picking my phone and sending a text to someone.

I open the shower doors and open the water, I go over the mirror and look at myself, slowly, I take my shirt off and stare at my bare reflection.

After some time, I release a sigh and strip down naked and go take a shower.

He has been in the shower for quite some time now, I heard him when he picked me up to the bed, shortly after he disappeared to the bathroom, I woke up, and I have been since, it's almost eight now.

I stretch my arms and stand-up same time he opens the bathroom door, and he takes a double before standing still.

"I'm sorry" I say, chuckling. He shakes his head and walks further in.

"When did you wake up?" he sits down on the bed, pulling me to him.

"When you walked in" I wrap my arms around his neck, he has a very beautiful body, just seeing him half naked like this makes me think of things I am sure my parents will be disappointed if they knew of. "How was your day?" I bite my bottom lip when his hands brushed my belly.

"Awful" he smirks. "But I can think of something to make it spectacular" he pulls me down on him in a swift motion, my breath gets caught on my throat.

"Really?" my arms caress his shoulders; he really is a sight to sore eyes. For my first boyfriend, God really blessed me, he is your Shona Ferguson type, bolt hair, and beard.

“Is that a challenge that I hear Ma’Nkoana?” he doesn’t wait for me to respond before he starts kissing the side of my neck, I guess that is my weak spot, because I can’t stop panting. He grabs hold of my butt, and grinds me on him. I throw my head back and release

“Is that a challenge baby?” I shake my head no, still panting. He chuckles and flips us over so I’m under neath. “I am going to make you cum so hard” in a swift motion, my pants and panties are on the floor.

He runs his nose over my slip and sighs. “Your smell is intoxicating, I love it” then he runs his tongue next. I wrap my legs over his head and throw my head back.

He keeps licking and sucking, I stand my upper body up and run my hand over my hair because the pleasure is too much, he has my legs in place, not allowing me to move any further.

“Fuck, Quinton, keep going baby, GOD!” before I can reach my peak, he commands me to turn around, I do so and stand on all fours.

“You look so fucken sexy baby” then he slaps my booty cheek. Making me yelp. His fingers come in contact with my clit and I bite my lip. He pulls me up and brings his face towards mine in a sloppy kiss, he pushes, one finger, then two. He goes faster and my mouth remains hung open, I have seen this a lot on

porn sites, I just never thought I would be one on the other side.

serif; background-color: transparent; font-variant-numeric: normal; font-variant-east-asian: normal; vertical-align: baseline; white-space: pre-wrap;">He keeps pumping his fingers until I convulse.

He pulls his fingers out and laughs at me when I slump on the bed, with my legs shaking. He brings his fingers that were inside me just now towards his lips and put them inside his mouth and then moan out.

He licks his lips when he sees my eyes are on him, and I am breathing fast. He crawls on top of the bed, with his thing dangling from side to side, he cups my breast and swallows my moans. His hands go to the drawer and comes with a packet of condoms and tears it in one go.

“Want to help me put it on?” he asks, giving it to me, I stand and put it in on his tip, before rolling it to the bottom. He is biting his lips hard.

He holds me by my neck before bringing our lips together to move in sync. He moves with me down while I open my legs, and in a slow pace, he pushes in.

like he promised Saturday night, he fucked me, hard! I couldn't feel my legs when he was done, and no. I am not complaining.

Right now, we are on the way from O.R Tambo Airport, he is driving his car, with one hand on my leg. it is almost six in the morning, I am pretty sure by the time we get to Joburg, we will be a little late to the office.

Indeed, when he pulled up, it was almost eight, Joburg traffic is no Childs' play.

He pulls up at the parking lot and looks at me for some time.

"I miss you already" I sulk, he chuckles and kiss my pouted lips.

"I know what you mean baby" he pulls my face closer and smooches me. "don't forget what we spoke about okay"

I nod my head after sighing. I know we have to be professional; I don't have a problem with that, I have read enough books to know the consequences of scrutinizing with your superior.

I open my door and step out first and walk towards the elevators, when I get inside, I shoot him a text and go back to events of this weekend, hopefully they will get me through this blue Monday

Life has been amazing, Quinton and I have been doing our thing for quite some time now, we still do it outside the offices because, well... company policies, am going home for the weekend, Quinton sulked when he asked that I visit for the weekend and I said I am going home.

He even seduced me with sex, after a steamy session I still stood my ground and said no, no matter how good his sex game is, I am my fathers' daughter, I had to come see them.

Right now, he is helping me carry my bags to the car, still sulking, I chuckle when I see this and head to the passenger seat. I switch the radio on while he starts the car, today he is driving a range rover.

Throughout the whole car ride, he kept making silly jokes that had me cracking up, not because they were funny, but because he sounds so stupid saying them.

"When you come back, you spending the whole week with me" I look at him and open my mouth to say something but he talks over me "it is not a question, I wanted to spend the weekend with you, now you are leaving me"

I chuckle and shake my head. "don't be a baby Q, I am not leaving you, I am coming back Sunday hawu" I shake my head and put some music on.

“But you call me every time we have sex”

Gasp! No, he did not.

He cracks up laughing when he sees my face.

“You should see your face right now babe” my heart flutter by the name he just called me.

“I like it when you call me that” I say, looking at him to see how he reacts.

He smiles, looks at me and then back at the road. “I know” he says with a smile on his face.

“How do you now?” he grins and takes my hand in his and kisses the back of it.

“Because I like it when you call me that also” I cannot contain the smile and blush creeping up.

He does something to the car radio and then music plays, he is playing UB40. I can't keep my smile off. Can't help falling in love is playing. I hope this is him inwardly telling me that he is falling because God knows I have long fallen for him. Probably long before this thing between us started.

I keep bobbing my head up and down because already he is setting me in the mood for home. He takes my hand in his and kisses it, arg man! It is the little things that he does that make me go crazy.

It is almost six when he enters protea Glen, ten more minutes and we will be pulling up in my kasi. Kids are outside playing music via their Bluetooth speakers, some are getting ready to go party, I missed this place to be honest, I miss spending the whole day outside with my kasi mates and just doing nothing, now everyone is grown and doing things of their own.

I don't even realize that he has pulled up already. "Yeah, even I don't want you going too" he says smiling, I return his smile and take his hand in mine and like he does mine, I kiss his palm.

He steps out of his side, same time I do, and he comes around with my bag. From the house, I can hear music playing. He looks at me and grins. "Now I know why you love such music" he says flicking my nose, I chuckle and take my bag from his hands.

"I will miss you" I will miss him too. I pull his face down and kiss him, when he grabs ahold of my waist, I know to break it before I request, we go back.

He places his forehead on mine and tries to catch his breath, and then place a lingering kiss on my forehead. Lord I receive.

"I am picking you what time Sunday?" now I am in his hands, enveloped in a hug.

"Three o'clock"

Quinton

I start the car and drive off
and I immediately feel empty.

In such a short time she managed to break down my walls and make me dependent on her, I knew I stood no chance of ever being the same the day she lied about her and that friend of hers Anzo,

the fact that she kept me up the whole night, making me wonder all through the night, I knew I was in too deep to return.

I quickly shoot a text to the guys asking that we meet. Zekie and I are, well... we grew up together that's all I can say,

I just hope that it is self-explanatory, he is going through some things. He has fallen balls deep in love and now it is messing with his head because he did something when he was young, he cannot recover from, and it looks like the past is catching up to him and grandpa is not here to bail him out like usual.

When I get to Rosebank, I find them already watching soccer, Phelo is nowhere to be seen. She is due to give birth soon, I wonder what this fool did this time.

"What did you do?" I ask, taking a beer from the table and opening it with my teeth. Everyone laughs.

“Why do I have to do something?” the fact that he knows exactly what I am talking about is exactly why I say he did something.

“She is spending the weekend at Nessa’s” we all keep quite and look at him. He looks at us also and shrugs his shoulders and takes a swing at his drink. I just wonder how all that will pan out. “And Keenan?” this time its Zekie asking.

“She left with him” I nod my head and focus on the super spots channel playing.

“You sure they didn’t elope or –“Leo doesn’t get to finish his sentence before Akin throws a remote at him.

“fuck you man” he stands up and disappears behind the walls.

“what?” he acts confused when we look at him, he knows we do not joke about that. I think Akin is already thinking the same thing that’s why he snapped. I just pray and hope she did not leave because God knows Akin will not survive this time, already he is living on a thread, he never really recovered from the first time, it has been three years and still he is not healed properly, plus lately they have been having problems, I guess his thoughts are there also.

We watch the soccer highlights in silence, no one is saying anything, we are all waiting for Akin to come back and hopefully not mood.

“Dad called”-Leo. We all sit and wait for him to continue. “they want to have their wedding renewal here in SA” that’s a shocker “new years eve”

“Are those things not supposed to happen on your wedding anniversary or something?” I take the remote and mute the tv.

“The fuck am I supposed to know all that?” –Leo.

“What do you ever know” Akin says coming back, we all look at him and he sighs before taking a sit next to Leo.

“how long has it been?” I ask the question everyone seems to be scared to ask.

He rests his head on the couch and releases another sigh. “a week” that’s all he says. I do not press any further and let him be.

“Maya is having a memorial for Tumo this Wednesday” they nod their heads, that alone is a sign that they would be there, for so long I felt unwanted, that my mother chose our father and my sister over me, but when I finally spoke or rather when she made contact, somehow the hatred I had slowly vanished, I am just glad that after all this years, I finally have my sister back, although I am hurt by the way our mother left her, at-least I got to know her a little, I cannot say the same about her.

Just as we were settling and preparing to stay over, the door opened and a little Keenan ran inside the lounge screaming and calling his father.

I have never seen Akin leap of joy like right now, he quickly stood up and picked him up, spinning him around.

“careful, he just ate” then the heavily pregnant Phelokazi walked in holding her waist.

“baby... you guys are back?”-Akin, his eyes were a bit glassy, I would understand him though, this woman right here is his lifeline, he would lose his mind if she were to ever leave him.

“of-course silly, gosh I am so tired” she walked up to him and gave him a baby kiss, of which he turned into a full blown kiss.

“okay, I will see ya” Leo was the first one stand up and bid them goodbye followed by Zekie.

I walked up to Phelo to give her a hug. “don’t ever do that to him again” she looked at me with glassy and shook her head yes.

I just hope this is the last time.

Who ever said love does not exist, because wawu! Love lives here, I am love and love is me. I just got off a call with Quinton and I am blushing, there is nothing amazing that he told me, but just talking to him nje makes me happy, he makes me happy.

I think I am ready to tell him how I feel now. Like usual, my mother is blasting the volume of the radio listening to Motswedding FM.

It is days like this that I do not miss home being woken up at seven in the morning buy the radio and called to come do laundry and whatever that needs to be done.

Dad went to work today so it's just mama and I today. "dira porridge moo" (make porridge) she says as soon as I get closer to her, my mother is a workaholic honestly, Monday to Sunday she is busy ena being a super woman and not resting.

"The sour one?" she nods her head yes.

Around noon, mom said I should prepare we are going to the mall, Protea Glen mall is just a walking distance from home.

You know parents and saving money, mom took us to shoprite and like always, she took the necessary stuffs, well... I work now so after loading the trolley I went passed mc Donalds to grab our meals then ordered and uber back, I know a R100 meal

might seem like I am playing with my mother, but honest to God this woman never wants us to spend money on unnecessary things, her words not mine.

As promised, when I went back, we went to Quintons' place, my mood has been somber but I tried not to pass it onto Quinton

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I think he noticed but he hasn't said anything about it yet.

Right now we tangled up in the sheets, his legs between mine and my head on his chest. "I would like you to meet my sister tomorrow, I know it won't be on the best circumstances, but I wou-"

I cut him off by a kiss, he looks at me and smiles, "I am nervous that's all"

I chuckle and kiss him again.

"I know, and I would love to" I capture his lips again before I straddle him and tip my head back when he is fully in, I place

my hands of his chest while he is holding my waist before I start rocking back and forth, his mouth is opened in an O.

He holds me by my waist and pulls me down, standing a little on his legs before he starts pounding me from beneath, the raw emotions I feel when he whispers in my ear and the ones I feel bursting through me are enough to send me off edge both cuming and crying. Soon enough his legs shake and he calls out my name too.

He holds me in his arms while I cry, he says nothing but place small and chaste kisses on my forehead.

“are you okay?” he place one last kiss before pulling me to face him, I nod my head yes and he smiles, probably not convinced. I want to tell him, God knows I want to tell him how much I lo-

“I love you” –Quinton, instead of answering him like I want to, tears blur my vision and I snuggle onto him even more.

My world is coming together and crumbling at the same time. For a girl that spend all her life in a shell, the moment I step out and try to have a life, I stand a chance to lose it all, all because of what ?

I should be happy that I am meeting his sister, I really should, although it is under sad conditions, I still should be, but I have been in such a mood, I can't dampen it, almost everyone who was next to me could feel it, which explains Quintons' sudden text.

I sigh and pack my things before I stand up and head towards the elevators, but decide against it and take the stairs. By the time, I get to his floor I am tired and feel like crying.

I really should get myself together before I get in his office. When I get there, Layla is not on her post, I see the office door is slightly open. I can see that they are busy but I go ahead nonetheless.

I knock once and open the door and wait for him to call me in.

"Alright Layla, cancel all my appointments for today, and you can also leave, I will see you tomorrow" without being waited to be told twice, she stands up from her seat and walks out while greeting me in the process.

"Are you going to just stand there or come in?" he asks turning on his chair with open arms.

I walk towards him and settle on his lap, I involuntarily release a sigh the moment his arms wrap around me.

“Are you that tired? Mmm?” he places a kiss on my forehead.

“Exhausted” I snuggle in like a baby kitten.

He sways us a little on the chair. “muhleza!”-Q

“mmm?” I murmur

“ukahle? Khuluma nami phela ntokazi emhlophe”

I want to, I really want to tell him, so I open my mouth to say something, but instead of telling him the truth, I settle for the other version of the truth.

“I love you” I say, slowly a smile forms on his lips before he wraps me up in both arms.

“is that what has been bothering you all along?” I nod my head yes. “were you scared that I wasn’t feeling the same thing?” again! I nod my head yes. He chuckles and brings my face closer to his.

“you should know that you had me at first glance, and there was nothing I could do about it, and I love it like this”

Again! Glassy eyes, I swear I need to get my emotions in check.

“I love you my Quinton”

“and I love you too ma’Zungu”. Blush...

My mother called asking to see me, she is on her way to my apartment, so Quinton and I are fixing ourselves.

I mean I should have expected that after he called me ma'Zungu I would give him the cookie, I mean hello.

"should I come over after the memorial?" I look at him and button my shirt.

"no

I am pretty sure that she will stay over or something, but I will call you before I sleep okay?"

"okay" then he gives me a baby kiss and does his last buttons. "don't forget the pill" he says handing me the gift bag he got me.

"I won't"

QUINTON

I pass by Akins' place to take a quick shower before we drive to midrand. As much as I don't want to see some people, my sister and I just reconnect and I want to be there for her as much as I can.

“I swear, for someone who is going to a memorial service, I look so much happy” I laugh and shake my head.

“ooh, he is in love baby, leave him alone”-Phelo.

“heban! Who says that I am in love?” I try to act serious.

“I know the signs brother”-Akin. Okay, fair point. “Zekie wants the directions” I am glad that they are here to support me, I know its is not really me, but I will be seeing Maya for the first time ever and I need the support, although there is one particular person I am not too thrilled in seeing.

“here, forward him from my phone” I take my phone out and give it to him.

“baby look at this” before I can comprehend what he is talking about, Phelo already has my phone in her hands.

“Azania huh?” I can hear her stifled laugh.

“leave me alone” I cant help but blush, I have her picture as my screen saver, I couldn’t help it. “I love her” I find myself saying.

“if you are happy, so are we, but I must say... I saw this one coming”-Phelo, yeah whatever.

“I want to marry her” I not only shock the whole car, I even shocked myself, but instead of reeling in the shock, I find myself smiling at the idea. I can just imagine.

The rest of the car drive continues in silence, by the time the gps says I have reached my destination, the thought of making Remofilwe my wife had been planted in both my heart and mind. They say marriage is a choice, one that does not take even a minute for a man to make, my heart has chosen its beloved and my whole body agrees.

By the time we pull up at waterfall estate, I cannot help but admire the house, it is nice, there is a tent pulled up at the lawn with lights on.

I can see Zekie pulling up behind me, but what has me pulling me eyebrow is the person on his passenger seat. We step out the same time he does so we wait for him to catch up.

24

I have watch a lot of movie of family drama, I just never thought that I would experience it, what in the world is going on...

Apparently Maya and Katlego were sharing this Tumo guy and now she's here demanding to be part of the funeral and the pair don't get along, Kagiso left as soon as they started asking for his input, what a weakling.

On the contrary though, Phelo was rushed to the hospital due to labour pains and she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, named Khothatso, I am happy for them, cant help but think of my own kids in the future, probably with Remo.

So... on the other hand, Zekies passanger has a name, Imameleng is what they call her, quite a nice name to be honest, she is quite and humble, they really look good together. I wonder if he will stay in SA this time around, I hope so.

When I drive in its almost sunrise, I am tired and drained, I just want to take a shower and rest for the whole day

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but then. Busy people know no rest.

I find my woman sleeping on my side of the bed when I arrive in just my t-shirt only, I instantly get hard just by looking at her life, bafethu mina ngipopile son.

I undress and crawl on bed before leaving small feathery kisses from her face to her neck before her eyes flutter and she stirs awake.

“you are back?” I nod my head yes and claim her lips in mine.

**

“are you feeling any better ?” I just took a shower and she’s still in bed looking at me.

“no.. I’m going to the doctor today” that piques my intrest.

“ooh, what time, I can make time to go with you”

“NO!” huh? “no, don’t..i- argh.. I mean I don’t want to stress you out you know, I could be nothing” mmh.

I finish buttoning up my shirt when I turn and look at her.

“no baby, its not a big deal... besides, I want to be there for you my love” then a kiss her nose, making her blush.

“alright then” then she covers her face with the blankets, my poor baby, she must really be exhausted.

I take one last glance at her before I walk out and head to work, I need to move up a few meetings so that I can schedule her appointment in.

AZANIA

God! How do I get out of this one, I quickly make my way into the coffee shop and spot him immediately.

“hi, thanks for agreeing to meet with me” I place my bag on the table and immediately I cup of coffee is placed right in front of me.

“Sure” he says sounding and looking rather down.

“Look..., I can’t go ahead with this, im sorry okay” there’s no point beating around the bush, I might as well say it out loud

He looks at me and sighs before he releases a soft chuckle.

“There is no going around this” then he stand up and walks out the door.

“Who was that?” I look up and I swear my life feels like it is going to fall apart.

“Q...”

25

My parents have been calling me none stop, one way or another I need to answer their calls but im just not ready, It's the weekend and I still haven't went back to my place and thank god Quinton hasn't said anything about it yet.

Reason I did not go is that I know that my parents would come looking for me there because I have not answered their calls and I am so not ready to face them, that day I went home, I found mom already waiting for me. As much as I had hoped that she would tell me that dad was lyinng, she only came to beg me to listen to them, telling me about how all of this is for my safety and security and rambles about my future, I don't care what future it is if it's not with Quinton. Call me crazy I do not care, bare the heart wants what it wants, and mine has chosen its own.

Today I will be meeting with Q's sister, Maya.. I am so scared and happy at the same time, scared because well... she's the sister, happy because it means that my relationship with Quinton is progressing. Although with each passing day I feel like my secret will be out and known, I am partially living in fear, I know one way or another I need to tell him, but... I cannot, not now atleast.

Q comes out of the shower and spans my ass before going to the closet to get something to wear, we will be having lunch

with Maya and there after going to see Phelo and their baby girl.

"baby... do you think I should wear this?" He holds his golf shirt up and inspects it.

"haibo Quinton... you never fuss over your clothes, what's up?" He looks at me and scratches his head.

"first impression my love, I need to make a good first impression" bathong this guy. I should be the one trying to make the first good impression not him.

I walk over to him and pull his hand in mine. "baby... I should be the one to fuss over about that, not you... and besides, she's your sister, she's going to love you regardless right" he releases a sigh and kiss my hand.

"she's gonna love you Remo. Don't worry about it, she can't help but to, I know I do" then he pulls me over to his chest and kiss my forehead. God! Whatever I have done in my past life to deserve this man, I am thankful for it.

Look at him comforting me when he is the one trying to impress. I just hope that one day he feels comfortable enough to open up to me and tell me all he's never told anyone.

We walk in hand in hand into the restaurant and walk over to the back, where our table is, he pulls a chair for me to sit and goes over to his.

"can I get you guys anything?" the waiter ask, but we tell him no. We waiting for someone else, and as if on cue, a short light skinned girl walks over to us with the biggest and broadest smile ever, Q stands up immediately when she reaches us and they embrace each other, they are both laughing, and... ooh God... Q wipes his tears away quickly, this is really emotional to look at.

After some time. They pull away and he opens a chair for her to seat.

"hi... I'm Maya, you must be Remofilwe" she says giving me her hand.

"Azania please" I say, shaking her hand,

"alright Azani-..."she stops and looks at me before raising her eyebrows and clearing her thought" Azania... right

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you very beautiful " she says suddenly.

I smile and say thank you, they same time Quinton says 'she is isn't she'

We settle over in a conversation and I must say. This two look so much alike, you would swear they are twins, the light skin, honey-brown eyes, speaking of eyes, I remember when I used to refer Quinton as that, I didn't know his name and he drove me crazy, still is even today... looking back now at where we at, I'd say we have come a long way. A way that is soon going to be ruined by selfish people who-

"Remo-" I snap my head in his direction and look at him.

"are you okay?" He asks, holding my hand.

"yeah, sorry... I am okay, I'm fine"

"okay" he says and then takes my hand and kiss it, I can't help but smile.

Quinton

Right now it's just me and Maya only, Remo left to go check on Phelo and the baby, in a way I am glad that she did, it gives me a chance to talk with Maya without having to filter out anything. We can now talk freely and openly.

"soo... Azania huh?" she says paging through her dessert menu.

I look at her and chuckle. "I think I want to marry her" she chokes on her saliva and composes herself.

"then what are you waiting for?" good question...

"for the ring, it will be delivered in a few days now" for some people it might be too soon, but why wait so long when you already have someone you love and want to spend your life with? Time is of the essence, and time waisted is never regained.

"so tell me... where to from here?" she looks at me and sight.

"I am two months pregnant so I need to do what is best for me and my child. Ntate Thomas has agreed to take care of Tumos' grandmother so I'm going back to the UK, I'll come back once I give birth or maybe years later, I seriously need a breather from this place. Plus your father is constantly on people's necks, I cannot honestly"

"I hear you. But please don't be a stranger" she looks at me and smiles...

"I won't I promise"

"so... uhm... how is uhm" I clear my thought. "how is mum?"

She stops and looks at me. "what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly that, how is she?"

She looks at me baffled and cross her arms.

"I don't know, don't even know her. Thought maybe you could tell me about her"

What does she mean she doesn't know her? Mom left me and went to live happily ever after with her and dad, even after every dad put her, us! Through, she still chose him over me.

"what do you mean by that?" I ask because I am lost.

"I mean I don't know our mother Quinton, apparently she left me after giving birth because dad wouldn't take her back. So as a pay back. She threw me and left"

She tries not to. But I can see her eyes getting glassy. I know my mother, she would never do that, but in honesty... do I really know my mother, she left when I was young myself, I only have memories of her from pictures and what mkhulu has been telling me.

"so you saying mom left us all?" I ask, trying to swallow the lump on my throat.

"brother... it's me and you only in this world, so I guess she didn't come back to you then, so I have hated you for nothing" hearing her say that she hated me, breaks and comforts me in a way because I too have hated her and our father for taking our mother away from me, didn't she love us enough to care? Didn't he love me enough to want me? Will I ever be good enough for anyone? WILL I EVER BE AS GOOD AND WORTHY ENOUGH AS KAGISO!?

I guess I can't escape my parents until forever because I just got called to reception and I found my mother waiting for me there. I want to roll my eyes, but this is my mother after all. With a sigh, I lead her outside to the chairs on the driveway...

"mama" I finally say, after minutes of silence.

"eeh Kenna, Gaona omongwe" (it's me, there's no one else) bathong! This woman... she can't be cocky on such times.

"for how long do you plan on avoiding your father and me? Ngwanake we doing all this for you" she says, clutching her handbag.

"mama how are you doing all this for me? Marrying me off to someone I barely even know? How is that for my own good?" I try my hardest not to raise my voice.

"you were given to us for a reason my child" she says, her eyes glistening. Not this again. I know I am a special child and all that, but that still doesn't excuse the fact that they want to marry me off.

"when I couldn't carry to term... your father was hurt, we so desperately wanted a child, by all means necessary, one day..

His boss found him crying... asked him what was wrong" she pauses and looks out to the streets.

"to cut the long story short, you were given to us on conditions, that when you turn 21, you must be married to the child, the heir to the throne of the Mahlangu kingdom, back then that was a small price to pay just to hear you cry in my arms, we accept because what harm could befall you."

What harm could befall me?

" what if I already met someone I want to spend my life with? "

She looks at me with sympathetic eyes.

" I don't know my child. But all I know is that two months from now, you will be Kagiso's wife "

" you know that he is married right?" or maybe she doesn't, that's why she is forcing all this.

" I know my-"

Ha! Modimo WA kgotso.

"mama! Kana you said your reason for leaving home was what? Ooh yeah right. They wanted to marry you off to a polygamous man, because of whatever reason, and wena le papa ran away... Now you want to do the exact same thing to me. Fine" I stand up. "I will follow in your footsteps, who knows. This might be the last time you see me"

My concentration span has dropped and thousand folds, Phelo is on maternity leave, now I have to foresee the project with Quinton before we start executing it in a month. The plans are coming along pretty good and I am happy because something is going in the right direction, something I can actually control. I will be meeting with Kagiso after work, I don't know what I will say to Q but I will figure it out, we will be meeting at the pub just around the corner.

You know

when my parents told me about this arranged marriage thing. I felt like my life is coming to a stand still, I have been in denial hoping that they would say they are joking. But with each day, it becomes more and more real and the harder I try to ignore it, the more it proves to be difficult.

When the clock strikes fifteen thirty, I take my phone out and shoot a text to Quinton, then I pack my things and head out.

I am crossing fingers here, I don't know what my aim is, but we have to come to an agreement, I can't lose Q and he also can't

afford to lose Oratilwe. We both stand to lose if we go ahead with this.

When I step inside, I immediately spot him, he is in a booth at the far end.

"hi... thanks for agreeing to see me" he nods and gestures me to sit down.

"look, I don't want to beat around the bush. We need to find a solution to this, you are married and I have no plans of becoming your wife. Let alone a second wife. To anyone for that matter. I deserve way more than that" he looks at me and nods his head.

"I don't want another wife as well, Ora is pregnant and if I were to allow my father to keep on manipulating me. I will never be with the woman I love. Already I'm walking in thin ice with her, she left me, and if I continue with this. I will never get her back"

I nod my head, at least we are onto something.

"look Azania" he holds my hand. "i know this is all fucked up, but trust me, I will make you and Quinton end up together... I promise you, we don't have to get married and -"

"what's going on here -?"

Whoever has the manual of my life is not playing fair, in fact. He or she just keeps throwing whatever they like my way, I look up and my honey-brown eyed man is not even looking at me, his intense stare is on my-ooh shit, Kagiso has my hand clasped in his, he shifts his eyes and look at Kagiso.

"remofilwe, what are you doing here?" I try to open my mouth and say something but nothing comes out.

He looks at me and raise an eyebrow. Someone walks up behind him and I see Akin, Leo and another guy I don't know who also... is looking at Kagiso like he wants to kill him.

" baby what are you doing here?" I say, trying to distract them hopefully...

He looks at me and chuckles "I could be asking you the same question," with that he turns and goes out the door.

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Could this be it, the time where I have to tell Quinton the truth?
Question is.... How exactly will he handle it.

"Took you long enough your finally you home, thought you would follow right after me" he is sitting on the couch looking straight at me.

"thought u should give you some time to cool off?"

"huh!" he chuckled "so you know what's good for me now?"

"Q... Come on" I say.

"you couldn't even hide your fling? You basically wanted me to see you" lord tell me we are not fighting, our first ever fight can't be about this. Lord please.

"that's not true, and it's not a fling" i try to defend

"a relationship then" he cocked his eyebrow urging me to disagree with him

"no it is not Quinton, we were just talking"

"about what exactly, what business do you have with him?"
Modimo!

"it's not business but personal"

"stuff you couldn't talk to me, your man about?" how exactly do I explain myself, how do I get myself out of this ordeal?

"you wouldn't understand"

"huh! Okay" then he picks his keys up and makes a way to the door.

"babe come on, let's talk okay"

"you already have a person for that" then he slams the door right on her face.

I feel my heart weighing heavy on me, if this is how he reacts to just seeing me with Kagiso. Lord knows I don't want to see his reaction when he finds out the real reason why I have been meeting with him.

"where were you?" He has been gone for hours. I have been waiting up for him for hours, it's just after twelve and -

"some place far away from here. But it's not like you care" he says shrugging his jacket off and heading for the stairs

"if I didn't care, I wouldnt have stayed up late and wait for you to come back home" I counter back

"my place you mean" that rendered me silent, I tried to open my mouth and say something but nothing came out, he looked at me and walked up the stairs and seconds later I heard the bedroom slam closed.

I keep biting my lip to prevent tears from coming out. So we really just had our first fight?

I look up at the clock and it's almost half past twelve.

I take my phone out send Anzo a text to come get me, I know it's late and he's probably sleeping but hopefully. Just hopefu-

As if God is on my side, my phone rings and it's him.

"hey.. Where are you, are you okay?" I nod my head and then clear my throat.

"yeah I'm okay, I'll send you the location" I say and then hang up, I don't want him asking me too many questions.

With a sigh. I take the stairs one after the other before reaching th-HIS! Bedroom and go to the closet

I take my bag out and start packing my things, just when I'm about to turn and take the last batch, he uncovers himself and looks at me.

"what are you doing?" I look at him and continue what I am doing.

"I asked you a question Remo" slowly, I can feel my heart shattering, and damn I hate this feeling.

"leaving" I say and zip up my bag.

"why?" does he have amnesia or what?

"clearly I'm crowding you, the last thing I need is to be accused of forcing myself on someone who doesn't want me, you love me I know, but moving in together was a bad idea, clearly we still have a lot to learn about each other" I change my shoes and pull my bag down.

"so everytime we have an argument you just going to pack and leave?" He stands up and looks at me, he's in just his pajama bottoms and his toned skinned is just so appetizing.

"no Quinton, first of all, that wasn't an argument, you were basically accussing me, do you think of me that low, and we don't walk out of each other when we 'fight' we sit down and hear both sides of the stories, that just goes to show that we don't really know each other that much "

I tie my hair into a but and grab my bag.

" what are you saying? " I swear I saw fear pass through his eyes.

" that we still have a lot to learn from each other " my phone rings with a text from Anzo saying he had arrived, I take my bag and wheel it downstairs, he follows me outside until Anzo pulls up.

"you know I didnt mean that right?" He says just as I descend the staring heading to Anzo

"maybe" I say and Anzo comes out and helps me with my bag, he looks at me and then at Q who is looking at us and with his hands on his waist.

I get in and put on my seat belt, when I look behind me. Qs' face is transformed and he roughly slams the door closed.

When the door closed, I felt my heart breaking, I closed my eyes and tried to swallow the lump that suddenly formed on my throat.

"are you okay?" I open my eyes and see Anzo looking side eyeing me.

I clear my throat and say yes, it's a lie, I am not, I am far from it even, but the last thing I want is to talk about it. I know he wants to know, but I will tell him, just not now.

"what the fuck?" I look up to see what he is talking about and a black audi just pulls up in front of us, I get a little scared when the door of the car opens but when I see who it is, my heart dances a little bit.

Anzo just looks at me, look at him too and then back at the Quinton.

He pulls open my door and sighs. "you walked out" that's all he says, I bite the insides on my mouth and look at him.

"I know" I say.

"bro... can I take her" he says to Anzo, "if you want to go back after we talk, then I will gladly do so myself" he says back at me. "I just want us to talk please?"

I look at Anzo and then back at Q of which both are looking at me expectedly.

With a sigh, I open my door and step out “okay” I say and then turn to look at Anzo. “thank you for coming, I will see you tomorrow”

He nods his head “anytime”

Q takes my bag to his car and then opens my door, “thank you” I mouth, and he shuts the door before proceeding to his side.

“I’m sorry I threw you out” is the first thing he says after moments of silence.

“you didn’t, it was stupid of me to do that anyway”

“no, technically I did, I shouldn’t have said those words, and you don’t suffocate me please, I like having you in my space, more than you could ever thing” he takes my hand in his and gives it a kiss, he gives me a glance before looking back at the road.

“its okay Quinton” we enter his street and seconds later, he is pulling up on his driveway.

He helps carry my things inside before he pulls me to the couches with both my hands in his.

“I overreacted, I should have asked you first before assuming, so please, what business do you have with that guy ?”

There is the platform, I should tell him, but hey.. guess what?

“we were talking about my dad

he is about to retire so he wanted to talk to me about his package” thunder strike my mouth, why am I lying, this should be the chance to tell him the truth, but here am I doing quite the opposite.

“okay” I see him relaxing.

“and Q I don’t like the fact that the first thing that came to your mind was cheating, I would never do that to you, you are my end game babe” he brushes the bridge of his nose and sighs.

“I also hate that baby; I am really sorry” he pulls me towards him and buries his face on my neck.

I can already feel butterflies in my stomach from just his breath fanning on me like that.

“I love you so much-ah Quinton” my breath hicks a little from the friction of our bodies grinding on each other.

“I love you too baby” he says before attacking my neck with his kisses. The overflowing sensation is all just too much for one to bear so I release a moan.

He helps me out of my shirt and bra and plays with my nipples. My head falls back, and he takes my nipple in his mouth, for some reason, the action stimulates me more than most days,

okay... I know I like when he sucks me, but there is something today, or maybe because it's make-up sex? Well I did hear that it is the best.

He quickly helps me out of my pants, and he pulls his down too. Without thinking, I kneel in front of him and grab MY willie Wonka, yes, I said it, it's mine too, it's my chocolate factory. My 007.

I stick my tongue out and lick it from the bottom up, I repeat the action a couple of times before going to the head, I look up at him and his eyes are squinted closed but still looking at me.

"you look so beautiful right now" I say before taking him in my mouth, he cusses and pulls my hair.

"fuck baby, careful what you say, we don't want to unman me now do we?" he smiles before pushing my head back down.

He pulls me up again and hoist me to him, I climb on top of him and immediately, his hands go to my nana and I am drenched. "fuck baby" he says before he pushes his fingers and gives me a few thrusts with them and then pulls me to him. "we really should get you on the pill baby"

"okay" I say before positioning myself and slowly taking him in, he stand still for some time to adjust and he slowly and meticulously starts moving me back and forth, up and down with my hands on his shoulder and our eyes locked.

We have had sex so man- no! we have made love so many times and each time gets better than the last.

His mouth opens and he shuts his eyes and I know that he is close, he, moves me a couple of times before he pulls out and rubs on my entrance, I throw my head back and shut my eyes when I cum and he puts it back in, pumps a few times before he stills and I see his cum drip out of me, the sight alone makes me want him even more.

I rest my head on his shoulder while he kisses the side of my face. GOD! I really love this man.

Quinton

Growing up, I was raised by my grandfather, I could have chosen to live with Aunt Keagile and Uncle Akin, they would have provided me with a far better life than Grand pa did, but he is family, they only blood relative that wanted me, well.. so I thought, hearing that Maya was also not raised by our mother kind of gave me a relief that my mother didn't only abandon me only, and also knowing that Vusi is a shithead of a father gave me console too.

I know for a fact that Kagiso also hates him, how do I know kagiso? Well... I was his mentor, I was in my final year and he was in his first, like I usually do I took him, little did I know that he orchestrated the whole thing, at first we got along, to a point we almost got close, until I learnt who he is.

I must say... if it weren't that forward twin of his, I wouldn't have known, she made a pass at me, became consistent until Kagiso reprimanded her, and did she listen? Nope.

Until Kagiso let it slip that I am their older brother. I was confused at first but when it clicked, he and I got in a fight, I serious one, I was starting to let this boy in on my life, hell I even introduced him to my brother, surprisingly he and Akin

got along like a house on fire, probably because of the Mahlangu blood flowing through them.

The boy was becoming a brother to me, our mentor and mentee relationship progress, until I found out the truth. I swore off of him and voila... the little shit head is back in my life again, I know it's wrong, but I don't want him anywhere near my woman, they had better find a way to deal with her fathers issues with the two of them getting in contact. The last thing I want is him close to any female close to my heart aga-.

I look to my side, and look at the beautiful creature next to me, I know understand why she they named her Azania, God really did give her to us this one, I see the outline of her breast and already imagine myself thrusting on them. The thought gets me all excited, but before that, she needs to wake up.

I get under the covers and her slim nicely shaped structure gets me in a slight daze, I pull her leg up and position myself.

Immediately when I thrust in her eyes shoot open. "good morning" she smiles before wrapping her legs around me and taking every thrust like a big girl that she is, she is my nirvana, in her own words, my end game.

**

Before I left, I told Remo that I am planning a surprise date, I am meeting with the guys since our last soccer day got ruined, although we will be doing it at Akins house. Little Kgothatso is adorable

she is a total replication of her father, the blue eyes and curly hair, I'm sure Phelo is jealous, I pass by baby store and buy both her and Keenan something and head straight to their house.

It's after five in the afternoon, I dropped Remo off before coming here, the project is due soon and my baby is working her ass off on it, I am proud of her no lie.

I punch the codes on the gate and drive in. before I even get out of the house, Keenan is already running out the door towards my car, I swear this kids hyperness is on steroids, you can never keep up.

"daddy lost" he says giggling I pick him up and tickle him and he laughs even more. His laughter is the best, I can never get over it. With each passing day he looks more and more like his dad, Heh! Phelo is gonna kill him, both their kids look like him, you would swear he denied them or something. Or maybe God is punishing Phelo, who knows.

I walk inside with him and put him down, and immediately, he runs up the stairs.

“no running in the house Keenan” Phelos’ mom says coming from the kitchen. I’m surprised to see her here.

“sawubona ma” I say giving her a side hug.

“yebo mfana wami, everyone is that side” she says and heads back to the kitchen.

I walk outside to the pool side and we my thumb point towards the house, they all look at me and laugh while Akin shrugs his shoulders. Phelo never really got along with her family, I am surprised her mother is here, but hey... people change and grow up.

I take a seat next to Zekie and he passes me a cold beer. Akin and Leo are talking about whatever they are talking about when Zekie nudges me.

“what happened last night?” he takes a sip of his beer and turns his body to me.

“I was wrong, her father works for him, so they were talking about him” I lay back on the chair and put my leg on top of the other.

“you don’t believe that do you?” Leo says. Now everyone is looking at me expectedly.

“what? She packed her bags and left after I accused her, please... I believe her”

“I can always look into it you know” that’s not a question.

“no you will not Akin, I don’t want you or Zekies’ detective skill right now” I gulp down my beer and take another one.

I too don’t believe the story she gave me, but for the sake of the love I have for her, I took it, besides, bathi ignorance is bliss, and I would rather be in a blissful relationship knowing nothing.

“no shit... we watched you get burned once, not again. Hell... if not for yourself, do it for me, I would give my life to the devil to have your fathers face on a gold platter”- Zekie, I know he is serious, I don’t thing my hatred for Vusi can get compared to his, since we were kids, if I didn’t know better, I would say he dedicated his life to killing my father.

“you and Maya would get along” I say shaking my head.

“well hey, one less Mahlangu to worry about” he says making a toast on the air.

“you mean Ngoepe, she couldn’t wait to change her surname, I’m pretty sure if she could get ahold of us when she was

younger, she would have long changed to Zungu” he looks at me and laughs.

“and why the hell are you still keeping his surname” -Akin.

Haibo! Is this tackle Quinton day?

“I am not” I defend.

“okay MTHOKOZISI” Zekie says and they both laugh at me. That’s the name grandpa calls me because he says he will never call me Quinton, apparently white people bathathe a lot from us, including amagama wethu.

“mxm. Leave me alone” I say and laugh too. “I bought the ring”.

Quinton

I know Ezekiel enough to know that he will not listen to me, a part of me wants this, but another doesn't, I am conflicted.

It is a Saturday and Remo and I have a date, or rather, surprise date, after this, I am going to ask her to marry me, maybe my sudden proposal is slightly motivated but I had long brought the ring, the day after the memorial, I ordered it. Its silver with small diamonds rounding it and another big one on top, the moment I saw it, I knew it would look stunning on her.

I don't know what it is that we will be doing today, I want everything to be spontaneous and after that, I planned a surprise proposal, I want everything to be perfect, because she is.

"what should I wear?" she asks appearing from the closet in just her panties and bra. I whistle and take her hand, twirling her around, aii no...

'you beautiful' I say, causing her to blush. "anything you want to wear" I say. She looks at me and nods her head. She goes to the closet and comes back in with a white shirt and blue jean and heels.

I feel butterflies in my stomach. I have on sweatpants and a vest plus a cap, its blazing hot outside, its November so I'm not surprised.

After we are done, I take her hand and we go out hand in hand. We go for the range rover; I open her door and then go to my side.

We drive first to the Glen mall for a movie, she picks one while I go grab popcorns and her slush, and some gummy bears, the movie is starting in fifteen minutes, so we go in and sit in the middle row, the cinema is full within minutes and the story starts, I can spot Kevin Hart and The Rock.

Once we done with the movie

I drive us to Soweto, where we will be zip lining and cart driving and a few other activities, I just thought of, I want everything to be spontaneous.

Azania

We are back home, and I am so... tired, I need to rest but no I cannot, because Q says he has one final surprise for me. He asked me to wear the red dress I was wearing the day he stood me up and later had sex.

I tie my braids into a bun and apply makeup, I need a change of hairstyle, I have always been a braids and straight-up kind of girl. Maybe I should try a weave or something.

“are you ready?” he says putting on his cufflinks, he looks good, he is in a black tux, black shirt and red tie, he has a bit of hair on his head and his fade is growing and kept nicely.

He sits behind me on the mirror and kisses my neck, fuck! He smells good. “are you sure I can’t get one for the road?” I ask, he chuckles and bites my neck.

“I think we can work something out” he says before pulling me up and throwing me on the bed, “but it has to be quick” he pills his zipper down and my 007 sprung out. He pulls me closer to the ends and pulls my dress up.

“fuck Remo” he pulls my thong to the side and rubs a little bit, “aren’t you ever ready” he puts his finger in his mouth before slowly directing his Wonka in, I grab onto his shoulder while he pounds in simultaneously rubbing my clit.

I come within seconds and he follows right after.

Walking into the restaurant, we are in a fit of giggles, because we had another session in the car, we are seriously acting like kids, we are led to table, he opens a chair for me and goes over to his.

“I love you” he says and kisses my hands. “I love you too” I say and giggle.

“god I love you” he says again, making me blush even more.

We have our dinner with a flowing conversation, he tells me about how much he loved starting his business, the obstacles he came across and how he overcame.

“baby...” he looks at me and smiles. “yes?” he asks.

“I have something to tell you” he looks at me expectedly, so I clear my throat and shift in my seat.

“remember the time I went home?” he looks at me and nods.

“well... my parents said something to me, I’ve never been the same ever since” I gulp down my wine and pour another.

“was it about your dad?” he looks worried. I look at him and open my mouth, but someone pulls a chair and sits down.

“what do we have here?” ...

"what the fuck! Geet?" the look on Qs' face is unreadable but I know it's not a pleasant one

You know this thing called life will amaze you, before the year started, I was this girl who chose academics over everything, preferred it over boys because I knew I had my whole life to focus on them, well... excluding the fact that I had a crush on Anzo, but we were fine as friends, if anything.

Then I graduated, it sure as hell feels like that's when my life took a total turn for the worse. I got an internship, at one of the best youth based companies, met what I can call the love of my life a few weeks later, just as I was thinking I'm sailing this boat called mjolo, my parents reveal to me that I am set to marry someone, to make matters worse, I was born married, those were the conditions to my parents having me, I don't fault them there, seven miscarriages, even I would resort to such matters.

The problem is... now I have found someone, a person as crazy as it sounds, I am willing to give everything up for, someone that I risk never having kids for because that is what will happen if I do not marry into the Mahlangu family, it's not like I ever wanted kids, not after my mother's experiences, I do not.

"can I help you?" I say to the uninvited guest that suddenly saw fit to be on our table is somehow the goal of the day.

She looks at me and smirks. “hello sister wife” she says before taking my wine and sipping it. I feel my heartbeat dropping and something drop in my stomach. Clearly seeing my face, she smiles and looks at Q, lord I don’t want her to say anything. She is obviously here to destroy my happiness like she thinks I did hers and Kagiso’s.

“did you know-” “I’m getting married” my mouth takes over before I can even comprehend what I just said. She turns to look at me amused; I turn to look at Q to find him already looking intensely at me.

“angizwa”

“I am getting married, that’s the reason why I have been acting strange the past weeks” I feel sweat dripping down my forehead “baby I was gonna tell you but-“ he throws his napkin and standup making the chair skreetch.

“ooh honey, I wasn’t gonna say anything” the uninvited guest says before throwing her head back and laughing.

“alright you, I knew all you wanted was to cause trouble come on” I see Kagiso coming into view and pulling her up.

From the door, I see Q and his other brother, or is it friend, I quickly stand up and run after him when the waiter tells me about my bill.

I look at the door and then at the waiter. "I got it, go" Kagiso says pushing me to the door, we already caused a scene and drawn peoples' attention, with heels on, I run as best as I can to try and catch up.

"Q"

"Quinton" still nothing.

"babe... baby wait up" he stops when he gets to his car and quickly turns.

"whoa Quinton, take it easy" the guys say, pulling him back.

"fuck off me Ezekiel" he says

Advertisement

trying to get away from his hold.

He looks at me and points his finger at me, trying to speak with no words coming out. "who is the guy, is it that fucker I found you with?" he asks, anger emitting from his voice, with tears blurring my vision, I nod my head yes.

He turns around and wipes his face before turning back at me "fuck you Azania" he finally says, before a tear escapes his eyes. Probing my own tears to flow. "Q" I try to swallow the lump on my throat.

“quinton please” my plea falls on deaf ears, he opens the car before driving off leaving no trail of him left behind.

“come on little one, let me take you home” the guy who I think his name is Ezekiel says. I don’t even object and follow him. He pulls open the door to his G-wagon, a lady sits at the front, minding her own business. I rest my head on the window and let my tears fall, I take my phone out and try to call, three times and all the calls ring to voicemail.

“let him cool off a bit” the girl says, looking at me through the rearview mirror. More tears fall out.

“I didn’t want to hurt him” I choke on my words. “I swear, you are his brother, right? Please tell him I didn’t plan all this” he looks at me through the mirror then at the girl where they share a look.

“let him cool off, he will come around, trust me. He just needs some time” I nod my head and lay my head back, as if the floodgates have been opened, more tears flow, staining my dress.

when the car comes to a halt, I look around me and see that I am at my apartment building. I step out and walk straight in without even looking back.

**

If you ask me what I am doing here or rather how I got here, I wouldn't be able to tell you, but here am i. paying the uber driver for bringing me here late at night. Its just after nine.

The door is wide open, and lights switched off. I slowly walk in, I switch the lights on, and I gasp from the sight in front of me, the whole placed has been crashed, coffee table broken and tv on the floor, its like a furniture tornado was here.

I slowly maneuver to the stairs; I go straight to his bedroom only to find out that the tornado was here too.

“Quinton”

I find him in the closet, with my clothes splashed all over with a drink in his hand. “oh my God Q” I gasp.

He looks at me and chuckles. “what are you doing here” he is not even looking at me.

“to see you” I say. He chuckles and finally looks up at me.

“came here to inspect your damage” he chuckles and stands up

“you are just like all of them you know that” he wipes his mouth “ you are just like all of them, good for nothing bitches”

I try to keep my cool because he is clearly hurt.

“what is it that you want? Money? Since that is all they all wanted from them, status? What Is it damn it” he has me in his hands shaking me.

“you are hurting me Quinton” I choke on my tears.

“then tell me exactly where I lack Remo, tell me what does he have that I don’t, why do you all want him and not me huh? Am I not worth it, am I not worth fighting for” tears are now flowing from both our eyes.

“Quinton you are hurting me” I try to free myself from him but fail.

“tell me Remo, tell me what he has that I don’t then, tell me that then I will leave you in piece”

Someone pushes him from me and he stumbles back. “back off Akin” he says, trying to stand still.

“Leo get her out of here” Akin says before I am swept off the carpet.

QUINTON

“calm down bro, what the fuck!” Akin shouts, pushing him back because he wants to follow Azania. The two brothers came as quickly as they could when Zekie called and told them his findings, having grown up with him and knowing that Kagiso is involved, they came as fast as they could, they knew he would react, just not like this, they knew that he doesn't see reason where Kagiso is involved, he blames him and their father for everything in his life.

His mother left him at just three, he doesn't even remember her that much, but from the little stories his grandfather told him and what Akins' mother shared, she grew fond of her, she loved her even when she didn't, she choose to go back to the abusive guy he calls her father and raise their child together, he even hated that they had other kids until he learnt that that is not it, she only has one sibling he shares both parents, the rest just share fathers.

His hatred for kagiso intensified a few years ago when his biggest fear came to life. Since then he has never been the same, when the pair met in vacity, kagiso posed as someone else just to get close to him, when he learnt the truth, he flipped and they fought in front of everyone, breaking a lot of school properties, they were taken to the deans' office, he

threatened to expel them but Kagiso took the fall, he knew that his father could get him out of this whole mess, and not so much when it comes to Quinton, people couldn't understand why the two brothers were fighting and blaming each other for their miseries, it was evident to everyone who didn't know that they were brother, one was just lighter than the other, and their eye color was different, other than that, they look alike, even their voices sound the same, one could mistake them for another, Quinton refused to see the similarities because then it meant that he looks exactly like his father, something that he doesn't want.

After the fight the brother decided to settle their difference and give each other a chance, things were smooth sailing and because the devil hates happy people, an event that led to Quinton cutting ties with Kagiso for good and leaving him broken to the core happened, it has been over two years and still he is not completely heal, hearing that the person who helped him heal unknowingly is set to marry his brother, just set him back a thousand fold.

AZANIA

She has been crying, that's all she has been doing for the past few days, yes she knew the consequences of not saying anything, but she had hoped that maybe she would resolve this before Q finds out, Phelo has been coming to check on her, she

hates the fact that she is taking her away from her new born, which is why she decided that she is going to work, she heard from Anzo that Q has not been coming to work, and she hates herself for that, she knows that he is broken she knows she would be doing the same. But Qs' job is secured, hers'... not so much.

She decides to clean her apartment before heading out, just as she is about to throw away trash, she comes across a gift back, one that Q gave her almost two weeks back, of which feels like centuries ago, she seats down and opens it, the first thing she picks up is a pill... she looks at it and puts it aside, next is a gift box.

She opens it, and inside, is an infinite bracelet, she looks at it and tears that come nowhere blur her eyes, she looks at it before placing it aside, she can't bring herself to wear it.

Then there is an envelope, she opens it, seeing as its from Alluminance Hub. She reads the letter, instead of getting happy that Phelo Is offering her a permanent position there, she doesn't, the reality of leaving Zungu.inc and never having to see Q again is terrifying and painful at the same time, she knows that she is supposed to give him space to calm down, but what if giving him space is a passage to meet and fall in love with someone else, someone that is not her.

AZANIA

Two weeks have passed, and still no sign of Q in the office, or maybe he comes but doesn't want me to see him? I do not know, but what I know is that I need my clothes from his place, I have little to know clothes and some no longer fit me, I take my phone and text Phelo and ask if Q is home, she responds with a yes.

Going there, looking at him and knowing that I no longer have him is going to be tough, but I need my clothes, so ... immediately after work, I uber to his place, reaching there, I pay tell the uber driver to wait for me as I walk up towards his door, I knock a couple of times.

There, looking absolutely stunning with red eyes, lies the man who has my heart in his hands, the one person besides God who has the ability to kill me, "I already packed them" he says open the door wider, I see him looking at the uber outside and then at me.

"my uber driver I say" his features slightly relax, and she shrugs his shoulders like he doesn't care. Dreadfully so, I climb up the stairs and go straight to his bedroom, and indeed, I find my

bags packed next to the door, I feel my heart weighing on me, I take deep breaths before rolling my bags outside, I struggle pulling them down the stairs but he just looks at me and says nothing, his beard has grown and is unkept, that is so not him.

“make sure you didn’t leave anything behind.” He says just before I reach the door. “I don’t want any traces of you anywhere around me” as if my heart is not already broken, he goes and shatters it already.

“I don’t know, if there’s anything. You can burn it” I harshly say and see him flinch a little, good, I’m also hurt.

**

It is December now, I have decided, I am taking phelos’ offer, I would rather work with her than Q, he doesn’t want to see me anywhere near him, during the project meetings we’ve had, he has been acting cold towards me and I cannot take it. Hence why I am submitting my resignation letter. For the remainder of the month, I will be working from home until January, where I will officially be the executive creative director of Alluminance Hub, that! Is certainly my dream job, the downside is that the

offices are in midrand, so I have to move that side, brand new start if you ask me.

Like everyday for the past few weeks

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I walk to work, but getting there, I am tired a.f, I sit down in the reception couch and have a glass of water before I feel it coming back, I rush to the nearby restroom and throw up. I rinse my mouth and take a couple of deep breaths.

After I am done, I walk to the elevator and go straight to his floor, I know I should submit this to Hr, but I am hoping that I get to apologise for the final time like I have been trying to do for the past few days. `

I find Lona in her desk and she shows me to go in, I knock once and enter, "hold on" he says, typing on his computer. He stops and looks at me and he immediately scrawls.

"what are you doing here?" he closes his laptop and looks at me.

"i..." –"you?" he probes.

“I came to drop this off...” I say handing it to him, he takes it and our hands touch and immediately I feel the electricity between us.

“whats this?” he asks, raising his eyebrow.

“my resignation latter, and before you say anything, I know I should take it to HR” I say.

“of course, you should, but why are you resigning. Remo, this place is big enough for the both of us” he says.

“for you ... maybe, but not for me quinton, I can’t pretend that we never happened, not like you, I love you Q, and I know I messed up by not saying anything to you, but I had hoped that I could resolve it without you knowing anything, and now I know that was wrong now” I cant help the tears that forming in my eyes.

“its all in the past now Remo, if you want to quite, do it, but not on my account, and besides, I got what I wanted” he says, without any feeling on his face.

“what does that mean?” I feel my heart beating fast.

He looks at me and chuckles “ you don’t honestly think that meeting me and you marrying Kagiso is a coincidence now do you?” he says, with a scum look in his face.

“what do you mean Quinton?” the tears that I was trying to control finally flow.

“ask him, your fiancée I mean, you can leave now” he says pointing towards the door.

I try wiping my tears but more flow. “ you ask me if you were not worth fighting for, FYI... that’s exactly what I was doing , fighting for you because I love you, I don’t know what you mean by what you just said, and honestly I don’t want to but I will be out of your life for good this time,” I stand up and head towards the door “ take care quinton” I say before closing the door, tears still streaming down my eyes because of what he just said, I honestly hope he is not saying what I think he is saying because that would hurt like a mother-fucker.

Before I reach the elevator, I hear trashing from his office, I stand I Lona and I share a look, and he has the audacity to say that to me. Bullshit.

Quinton

He shouldn't have said that, it was a spur of the moment thing, but still, he knows just how powerful the tongue is and yet he let it get the best of him, stupid doesn't even being to explain how he feels.

He couldn't stay any longer inside that office, everything reminded him of her, the desk, the chair, the couch, hell... even wearing a tie reminded him of her, the days they would leave the office late because they couldn't get enough of each other, they sexed each other like wild animals, but he's got to admit, she had him where no one else ever has, not even the one person that he once called the love of his life.

In a short period of time that he's known Remo, he saw his future with her in it, and it has never been clearer. He got burnt once, for the same person, but now it hurts even more. Like a part of him is missing, he feels suffocated and crazy. He thought taking some time off would help, but clearly not. The pain still as raw as the first day.

He chuckles to himself, clearly the Vusi would do anything to see him suffer, but for what? Because if anything, he should be

the one making his life difficult. He has never been a father to his, so why the fuck is he hell bent on making his life tough. For heaven sakes, its just a girl, one simple girl. Can't he at a bare minimum afford him the curtesy of having a happily ever after?

He drives to the parking of the hotel he stays at and breathes out before stepping out. Like his office, his house holds a lot of her. He tried to clean it and erase all memory of her but nothing, every corner holds a memory, it's just pure toucher hence he is staying at a hotel.

He knows that he cant blame Remo or Kagiso for the unfortunate incident that is happening, and he can't blame himself also because from the moment he met Kagiso, he knew that he was set to marry, and now that he thinks about it... he's always known and made fun of him, now he feels even more stupid.

Azania

She knows that Q said all those stuffs just to hurt her

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but still... she can't help it, angry people say stuffs they don't mean, but how the hell could he think of such a vile thing. When she got to her place, she couldn't help the tears that streamed down her face, in a spur of the moment, she packed her clothes, the place holds of he that breaks hearts, as if on queue, the door bell rang. Lazily, she dragged her feet to the door, puffy red eyes and a runny nose, she pulled open the door.

Standing there by the door stood three people who managed to make her life a living hell... the reason she is this miserable and crying herself to sleep.

Lazily, she opened her door wide and they made their way in, cautiously they sat down on the couch, but not before her mother made a comment about the bags that were packed and looked ready for the road.

"found a new place, I'm moving there" she simply said.

"ooh" is all her mother said. "but I thought this place was closer to work"

"I quite" she says simply.

"WHAT!" both her parents exclaimed. She looked at them and simply shrugged her shoulders.

“don’t act all surprised, it was to be expected, Q and I couldn’t continue to work together, and besides, I had to cut all ties with hi considering that I’m being sold off” they all quite.

After a few minutes of silence, Ntate Nkoana decides to speak.

“zaza... you know its not like that, hence we came here to see you today. We know you love that boy, and there is nothing more that I want than to see you happy with the man you love baby girl.” He is not a man of many words, he says, and things go. That’s how he has always been. His family is top priority.

“well... there is nothing to be done at this point, what’s done is done. Excuse me... I need to get going” she stands up.

Reluctantly, all three stand up and walk out the door. After closing the door, she slides down it, taking something out of her pocket and looking at it. The reality of it, hitting hard.

She quickly stands up when someone knocks on the door, quickly pushing the stick in the pocked, unknowingly, it falls.

“Kagiso...what are you doing back here?” she says, wiping her flowing tears.

“look... I caused all this, im going to end this again.”

Quinton

Someone is roughly knocking at my door, lazily, I stand up and go open, still trying to rub the sleep off my eyes, immediately I open, a punch lands on my jaw and I stumble back, to the unexpected punch. I shake my head to rid myself of the confusion, but another punch lands on my stomach, I try to block myself when another one lands on my face, causing me to spit blood

“fuck!” he tries to launch another one, but I kick his leg causing him to fall, but does that stop him? No! he still wants to fight me, we end up tangled up trying to dominate each other, I know for a fact he knows how to fight, and he holds his own.

“what the fuck is wrong with you?” I ask in between our ‘fight’

“no! what the fuck is wrong with you?” he is fuming, what the fuck?

“you can’t just come to my place to beat the shit out of me, and how the hell did you find me?” I wipe the corner of my eye.

“the hell I can. mxm, you not that hard to find” damn you Akin, I know he told him, he’s never been able to choose between me and this moron right here, not that I expected him to, but he should never say anything about me to him.

“what is wrong with you, this is a fucked-up situation but damn you Quinton, why would you tell her that?” I feel my heart beating fast. Instead of answering, I shrug my shoulders like I’m unfazed, when in honesty, I feel my heart breaking.

“I now you feel like shit right now, but that was honestly the lowest blow ever, you cant just tell her shit like that, do you even want her back or you done with her? Because I assure you, if you don’t fix this shit... she will be done with you”

“let me guess...she came crying to you? Fucken pathetic” I try to act nonchalant, when in honesty, I’m not.

“you so fucken predictable you know that? This is not helping anyone, if anything. You only hurting the both of you” he sighs and sits down on the couch, who the fuck gave him permission to fucken seat down on my couch, okay... its not really mine, but until I check out of this place... it is. “look man. I am going to continue apologizing, probably until kingdom come. I’m still saying, the night was a blur, but I still say, I’m sorry. Your battle is with me, not her. Don’t punish yourself for my mistakes. My life is a mess, please don’t add on top of it”

He moves down on the floor next to where I’m sitting. “it was a fucked up thing I did an-“

“fuck you! Even today you still don’t get it do you? For how long are you going to play stupid? I fucken know everything

bro.” he looks at me shocked before he sighs, wipes his face and then hangs it down in sham.

“how long?” I look at him and chuckle.

“a year ago.” I state. “how the fuck could you let them do that to you? Yall messed up you now that?” all this time he’s allowed the two devils to play him like a fool. He should have let them be and continue with his life, this is what pisses me off about him, he lets that donor called my father to control him.

“what can I say... we all do things we not proud of, but one thing I’m grateful for, is my wife and our unborn child” I look at him astonished.

“you fucken married?” shock is evident and laced on my face.

“how the fuck are you married?” I can’t help but wonder.

“it’s a fucked-up situation, one that I’m trying to rectify, and you bitch ass attitude just set me back a thousand steps back”

“life’s a bitch isn’t it?” I say standing up. Going over to the mini bar to pour myself a glass of whisky.

“why did you tell her that?” he looks at me expectedly, I shrug my shoulder and gulp down the liquid, allowing the burning sensation to take my mind off my current state , it works for a few seconds, for that tiny second, my mind forgot about my dilemma , and focused solely on my burning throat.

“you do know that if you don’t do anything ill be forced to marry her right?”

“isn’t that what you were supposed to do in the beginning?” he looks at me and chuckles.

“sure, it was, its destiny mos., angeke ngibalekele” he stands up and dust his self. “two wives, that’s a bonus, but ill be damned if I raise another mans’ child again, one is enough”

What the fuck! I choke on my drink, “what do you mean?” I ask, in between coughs. Is Remo- is she...

“pack your shit we are leaving” he says, with a serious expression.

“where the hell to?” I keep choking on my saliva every time I try to speak, making it nearly impossible.

“to make this shit right, something I should have done a long time ago” he grabs his car keys and waits by the door. “are you coming or what?” I grab my shoes and follow him.

“what about your bag?”

“fuck that shit, I need to see my woman”

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into a month, its December now, work is closed for the festive and we are getting ready for uncle Akin and Aunt Keagiles' wedding anniversary, and... AJs' surprise wedding. It's about time Phelo tied knot with him, my boy deserves a happily ever after too.

Lately he has been speculating a lot about how secretive Phelo is, but we just brush him off, we don't want him thinking anything. Especially knowing how much he has dreamt of his own wedding day, that's mostly girls who do that, but not AJ, maybe that's why he and Phelo make a great pair, she never wanted marriage and kids, now look at them.

Its even got me thinking about my wedding day, well... in this case, it's a dead end. I look around me and can't help but think about how fooling I was, I let the hatred I have for my father get the best of, now I have lost the one person my yearn for, when Kagiso told me that she's pregnant, I did not wait to be told twice, he drove me to her apartment only to find it empty, I rummaged the entire apartment searched every corner but still, it was empty. I felt my heart break for the hundred time ever since the day I learnt who she was, or rather, who she is supposed to marry. I tried her phone, searched for her but its like she never existed in the surface of this earth.

We have been searching, its been weeks and still, even Zekie and his investigative skills couldn't find her. The thought of her being somewhere pregnant with my child and alone, has me nauseated, it got too much one day to a point where I drove myself to her parents house to look for her, and if I didn't die that day, I don't think anything could ever break me, her mother cried when she learnt that she left, she blamed herself talking about how history is repeating its self. Now I feel so stupid, I shouldn't have come here, I've already made things worse, but most importantly, I shouldn't have let her go, it was stupid of me to allow it, I'm not making excuses for myself, but I was hurt, I once lost the girl I love because of Vusi and Kagiso, I hurt to know that just when I thought I found love again, it had to happen again, on top of it, I find out that this arranged marriage was being pushed forward solely because dad found out that Remo and I are together.

Everybody is fussing around, trying to get everything for this evening, people going up and down, Quinton preparing for his performance, literally a chaotic mess, the KPC is transforming, with each minute that passes, it becomes spectacular.

The time is four thirty, guest is starting to arrive, the place looks magnificent. The Kotze Private club has been turned into some magic fairytale, but nonetheless, it is amazing. Nerves are kicking in, Keagile is getting ready in the dressing room, she has

on a champagne colored jumpsuit wedding dress with a V neck sweep, and gold minimalistic stiletto heeled strappy sandals, she decided to go all out on her make up, its not too much, and neither is it too plain, just perfect enough for her round shaped face.

She looks herself in the mirror and wishes her mother was here to see her, she has grown a lot, from being a nurse to the hot shot big criminal investigator that she is, she has managed to make a name for herself Mrs. k. Kotze as they know her, from all the way in the UK and then right back at home, she has come a long way from the days of Vusi until today. She looks at herself in the mirror and daps under her eyes, she brushes the invisible bump when she feels hands wrap her from behind, the all too familiar cologne she has gotten used to for the past twenty two years of her life, waking up and falling asleep to it.

“I love you my liefie” Akin, her husband, father of her children says, she used to find it funny back in the days when he would call her that, but now she has grown accustomed to it. He says he learnt the word from David, the man they both witnessed being brutally killed by none other than Vusi Mahlangu, for reasons known to himself.

She smiles and looks at him through the mirror. “you are my life Mr. Kotze” he smiles and nuzzles his nose on the crook of her neck, placing a soft kiss on in, while brushing her stomach.

“are we growing in here?” she chuckles and nods her head.

“yes, we are, very much so... I can’t believe I’m past the first trimester, God this is a miracle, who knew at 52 I would be standing here, pregnant, and this time, with you around” she says, chuckling, trying to control her tears and hormones.

“miracles happen to those who believe my love, you and I, till the day the we” there’s a knock on the door, Keagile calls out for them to enter, their first born son, the only child they share together Akin Junior walks in, he looks at them adoringly, this is the kind of love he wants, the one he deserves, a woman who would love him undyingly and so will he.

He loves Phelo, lords knows he does, he is willing to spend the rest of his life with her, he would rather die than be without her, she is his one and true love, but he cant help but feel that he is not hers, she never wanted to have kids to begin with, it’s a miracle that she kept Keenan when she found out that she was pregnant, she always said, kids and marriage are not part of her plan, it’s by God’s grace that they are now blessed with two beautiful kids, a boy and a girl.

“earth to Junior” his father called out to him. He shook his head and smiled at them. “what are you thinking son”

He looks at his parents, “nothing, I’m just happy for you guys that’s all” he says before wrapping his arms around his mother in an embrace.

“don’t worry son, you too will get your happily ever after” his mother Keagile says, he adoringly looks at his mother and shakes his head.

“I don’t think so, but hey, I must appreciate what I have right” Akin has always dreamt of his wedding day, what suit he will be wearing, seeing his bride walk down the aisle, he always wished to get married young, but then, they say when we make plans, God laughs, which would explain why the love of his life doesn’t ever want to get married, scared of commitment, as much as he tries to understand her reason, a fucked up childhood doesn’t have to hold your future, if anyone can attest to it, he can, he has been through a lot and still he still believes that there is a brighter tomorrow.

“mmmh, maybe, but you’ll be surprise with what God can do to people, always have faith”

The couple have said their vows, everyone is impressed, they came from taking family photos, Quintons grandfather is also here, Kagiso too and Loyiso and his wife, they are all on their way to the reception area, he cant but feel sad, he looks at the two people who have been nothing but great to him smile and enjoy their loves, twenty years into marriage and they are still very much in love, then next he looks over to the people he grew up calling brothers, Akin is happy for his parents, he cant but envy him, by the end of today, all his desires will come to life, not only will he have kids with the love of his life, but he would wake up tomorrow married to him, then next he looks at Zekies, they are not close, but he can see that he is happy, happy with his woman, but he cant help the little devil in him that finds console in knowing that soon, Zekies world will come crumbling down because of a mistake he made as a child.

Then lastly... he looks at Leo, a free soul, he doesn't have any problem his only love is his work, nothing else. How he wishes to be him. free of love struggles or love scars.

Everyone takes a seat, getting ready to have a meal, or rather a surprise for Akin. They all settle down on chair and wait for Akin and Keagile to go on stage.

“ladies and gentlemen, thank you for honoring our invite, my wife and I are really grateful, before we have our meals, my

wife and I have a little surprise for our son, Akin... son, come over here” he looks at his brothers and walks over to the stage a little skeptical. He stands next to his father and looks at them. Uncle looks at the band and nods his head, a piano tune comes on, before a melodic voice sounds from the mic, he looks at his parents to question them, instead, his mother looks at him and smiles “we love you very much son”

Someone pulling out a chair and seating down, Q feels his heart stops a beat when he sees who it is, words get stuck in his throat and sweat dripping down his forehead.

She looks at him, before he feels the room getting smaller and smaller.

Ellie Goulding’s’ how long will I love you comes in tune. First to come is Kgothatso in the arms of her grandmother, Akins mother, holding a board written, “MAKE” he smiles looking adoringly and his baby girl, the apple of his grey-blue eyes. He looks over at his father who just nods his head.

Next up its his son, Keenan. Holding a board written “ME” he shakes his head, something because he just pieced up some pieces in his head, then lastly, in a mermaid dress, with a V neck court train, champagne colored with Rose gold heeled sandals.

She like her kids, had a board written “YOURS FOEVER” seeing this, he can’t help but let the tears fall, his father holds him in his embrace with his body shaking because of the tears. Phelo smiles through her tears. “daddy don’t cry” Kennan says, people chuckle at this, Akin picks him up and kiss his cheeks, and then kisses Kgothatso who has drool over her pouty pink lips, she is a spitting image of him.

Phelo takes his hand on hers and kisses it “will you make me yours?” he nods his head vigorously before people start clapping hands.

Quinton

The couple is about to have their first dance, despite my sudden reservation, I walk up the stage and take the mic,

They walk up the aisle, hand in hand and slow dance. The song starts slow,

¶¶Everybody's looking for that something

One thing that makes it all complete

You'll find it in the strangest places

Places you never knew it could be

I see her turn in her chair, she looks different, my heart rate changes when I see the glow on her skin, she cut her hair short, dyed it brown I think, it goes perfectly well with her skin tone. You would swear the color was made with her in mind, she looks perfect, I hold her eye, and she dares not back down.

[Chorus]

Some find it in the face of their children

Some find it in their lover's eyes

Who can deny the joy it brings

When you've found that special thing

You're flying without wings

[Verse 2]

Some find it sharing every morning

Some in their solitary nights

You'll find it in the words of others

A simple line can make you laugh or cry

[Chorus]

You'll find it in the deepest friendship

The kind you cherish all your life

And when you know how much that means

You've found that special thing

You're flying without wings

[Bridge]

So, impossible as it may seem

You've got to fight for every dream

'Cause who's to know which one you let go

Would have made you complete (Ohh)

[Verse 3]

Well, for me it's waking up beside you (Ahh)

To watch the sunrise on your face (Ahh)

To know that I can say I love you (Ahh)

In any given time or place (Ahh)

[Chorus]

It's little things that only I know (Ahh)

Those are the things that make you mine

And it's like flying without wings (Ahh)

'Cause you're my special thing (Ahh)

I'm flying without wings

[Outro]

And you're the place my life begins (Ahh)

And you'll be where it ends (Ahh)

I'm flying without wings

And that's the joy you bring

I'm flying without wings

When the song nears the end, I walk off stage and walk towards her table, she is with Leo and his date.

I get there and grab a chair next to her, my heart is pounding hard in my chest like it's going to fly out.

The EC tells everyone to raise their glasses to make a toast to the newlyweds, I reach for my glass and raise it up, once we toast, we, everyone takes sip of their champagne.

“why aren't you having alcohol, the only time I denied myself was when I was pregnant” Phelo says from behind me, Remo chokes on her drink and my whole-body freezes.

“its true?” I find myself asking, the whole table goes quiet.

“Remo-“I call her when she doesn’t pay attention to me, I try to grab her hand, but she quickly panics and I feel my heart drop down to my toes.

“ooh Shit, Everybody look” Leo speaks out and we all look where he is pointing, under the bright lit gazebo, Zekie is kneeled down, Ima has her hand on her mouth and nodding vigorously, he stands up and wraps his hand around her, we all claps our hands, but instead, I look to my left and see Remo nowhere in sight.

I see her pink dress disappear from out the door, I swim my way out the sea of people in this place, I look where cars are parked and don’t spot her. I round around the Club and thank the heavens when I see her, “Remo” I call out her, she raises her head and shakes her head when she sees me.

“Quinton please, stay away okay” she says, still shaking her head.

“baby please hear me out, I beg of you”

She shakes her head no, with tears streaming down her eyes.

"we way passed the talking stage Q" I feel the strings of my heart being tugged at, shit hurts like a motherfucker.

She stands up straight and attempts to walk past me.

"Remo wait" I hold her hand, she looks everywhere but my face. "Remo" I say her name, with tears glistening her eyes, she looks at me, and this time she holds my eye, my heart breaks each time I see her trying to contain her tears.

"fuck you Quinton, I'm trying to move on, it was all a game to you right? Then what are you still doing here, what do you want from m-" before she could finish her words

I swallow them with my lips on her, she gasp, giving me easy access to her mouth, I hold on tight to her and continue kissing me, when she doesn't push me, I pick her up and press her onto the wall, my hands making their way to her panties.

"Q" she moans, I put the now torn panties in the pocket of my trouser and rub on her, my mouth moves to her neck kissing every place I can. I open my zip to take Zungu out but she stops and pushed me back.

"fuck! Stay the hell away from me Quinton" I try to hold her hand but she shakes it off and runs past me. I try to run towards her when something catches my eye. I kneel down and grab it.

Its a bracelet, then one I gifted to her, she fucken still wears it, that means I still have a chance.

I look and see her walking towards the parking lot, I March towards her "fuck! She bought a car" that's fucken nice, but

damn... I wanted to be there when she buys it, it's crazy I know, but I wanted her to experience all her firsts with me, I just -
(sigh)

AZANIA

from long hair to short, even dyed it, anker that's what they say, cutting your hair represents change, that's exactly what I am doing, I want change, gone is the old Azania, I need to prepare myself mentally to become someone's wife, it's not like I'm too thrilled with the idea, I had to swallow my pride and go to the Millano where Oratilwe is currently staying and actually beg her, plead with her to allow Kagiso and I to get married, not because I want to, but because I can never carry a child that's not a Mahlangu, as much as I... I can't say hate because it's a strong word, but currently despise Q, I have to grovel and beg to marry another woman's husband just so I can keep my child, I never wanted to have kids, the thought scares me, even now, but the thought of having HIS child, it's exciting, hence why I am doing this, but... only if he wants the baby am I going to go ahead and get married, but if not... then I don't know, I will be three months in two weeks so I guess I have until then to figure shit out. Worse... the day I'll be three months is the day I'll be 'getting married' it's the 31st today and tomorrow the negotiations will begin.

I went to phelos' wedding with hopes of maybe talking to Q, I tried, I just (sigh) I chicken out I guess, and seeing him in a suit and looking all... you know what I mean. I just couldn't go ahead with it, I chickened out.

I rest my head on the steering wheel and breath out loud. Shit! That wasn't supposed to happen, I should have some control over myself, I need to learn to resist him. I take one last breath before I can start the car... yes! I bought my own damn car. It was about time, it's a Hyundai Venue, black in color. Even after all the bullshit. I'm proud of myself for buying it.

Immediately when I get to my apartment, I rest my head against the door but It pushes open, panic rises and my first instinct is to run.

"what the hell are you doing here?" this guy has got to me kidding me.

Instead of answering me, like earlier on. He pushes me on the wall and picks me up, this time, he has no trouble finding my coochie, "lick here" he demands,he wets his fingure using my damn saliva. Fuck him. He kisses on my neck and bites while fondling with my clit. I throw my head back reeling in the pleasure, damn my body for betraying me like this.my dress falls down on the floor, he puts me down, I'm only left with my heels, he turns me around and bends me slightly down.

"ooh shit!" I exclaim. When his tongue come in contact with my slit, his lips flaps, sucks and bites on my bud. My nails ache from my attempt at scratching the wall beva9i have nothing to hold on to. When I convulsed she turns me around, pulls my one leg and enters me, i cry out and bite on his shoulder and scratch his back. "fuck I missed you" he says, moving in me in a fast pace, making me move up and down, he picks me up and makes me wrap both my legs around him. Even from the shirt he is wearing, I can feel how wripped he is, Clearly he has been visiting the gym more often, or maybe it's because I haven't seen him in a long time because even his size seemed to have grown. But damn I'm liking it.

"I know I fucked up baby... but -"

"don't talk" I shut him up with a kiss, his pace fasten and then lowers. "faster please" I beg because it feels fucken good. When was the last time I got some vitamins? Lord knows I need them after a month of being away.

One two three more thrust, and he shakes, I know he's close, so am I. I cum first and seconds later, he follows suit.

He rests his forehead on mine and we both try to catch our breaths. "I'm pregnant" I blurt out.

"I know" he says, catching me off guard.

"I'm keeping it" "as you should"

"so I'm getting married, I can't carry a child that's not a Mahlangu" he looks at me and sighs.

"then a Mahlangu child you'll carry" he smirks and picks me up
"but I'll be damned if I let you marry another guy, hell will freeze over, I can never allow it"

"Quinton..." he throws me on the bed and unbutton his shirt.
"Q... what are you doing?" come on!

"I'm not done with you baby" he pulls me by the leg and grabs my boobs. "fucken baby... I'm going to enjoy this pregnancy, trust me" he says, brushing on my already hardened nipple.
"how far along are you?" He pulls close my breasts and pushis his already hardened cock between them.

"fuck!" by breath hitches and he smirks.. "almost three" I manage to breath out in shallow breaths.

"touch yourself" he pulls out and flaps it on my nipples, fucken basterd, he knows just how to turn me on, like a student, I follow his instruction, he pushes between my beast and thrusts for a couple of minutes

He stops and pulls my hand towards his mouth and sucks on them.my breath becomes erratic. He pushes me back on the bed, stratching me wide open and he thrusts in.

"let me be the man of this relationship, trust me when I say I'm going to fix this baby, you can dread it, run from it... destiny

arrives all the same. It's inevitable " he says, looking me straight in the eye before he starts bounding hard and fast, making me scream at the top of my lungs Jesus I missed this.

Nkangala

Vusi's' office door slides open and the family traditionalist enters, he is looks at him and laughs shaking his head.

"wakhuluma, bakhulumile, athi Izwane... manelani" (he has spoken, they have spoken. He says listen, listen)

Vusi stands up and looks at him, shocked, if anyone is capable of scaring Vusi... it's definitely Ngwane, the man rarely says two words, but he knows when he speaks, it happens. Question is what? What will happen... ever since they told him that Maya will be his downfall he has been uneasy, especially since she left Tumos' father, but they settled that one, but she never dated to return home until she learnt that Tumo and Katlego are getting married.

He is always careful, but he can never be too careful when Hlengi is involved, even the devil knows he's not say dare she finds out he knows what happened to Tumo, dare not mention that he was the last person who saw him alive.

"kutheni Ngwane?" (what happened?)

"destiny has prevailed, he who will rule the kingdom has been chosen" then he turns to leave. Leaving Vusi even more confused. Kagiso is the next king in line, who could be chosen?

.....**The End**.....

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