

Blurred Lines

Prologue

"All around me are familiar faces
Worn out places, worn out faces
Bright and early for their daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere
Their tears are filling up their glasses
No expression, no expression
Hide my head, I want to drown my sorrow
No tomorrow, no tomorrow" Gary Jules

I dial his number for the 5th time. Dead tone. Has he blocked me? I wonder. I wouldn't put it pass him. I decide to go to the shops before they close but first I need to check how much there is in my account. I go to my banking app. Crap! No data. Now what? I just don't want to waste my petrol and go to an ATM for no reason. I have no choice . I need to cook supper.

" Kids." I scream and a few seconds later they come running.

" Put your morning gowns on we have to go to the shops." I instruct and they run back to their rooms no questions asked.

They've been dying to get out of the house. In any case I don't feel comfortable leaving them alone for too long. My youngest daughter Nthatsi, she is three years old, comes back wearing different shoes. I don't care. I have no time to argue. My other daughter comes back looking proper. She is five. Her name is Khothatso. They are my reason for living.

No, I'm not a single mother, well I am. Sort of. Their father is alive. He might as well be dead though. I'm not being bitter it's the truth. The power of pussy has him by the balls. He moved out almost a year ago, actually I kicked him out. He said I was driving him crazy. You would too if your husband started coming back home early hours of the morning smelling of cheap perfumes and lip stick on his shirt. Oh yes I dare say you would too if his side chick sent you his

naked pics of him sleeping in an unfamiliar bed. Enough was enough. I knew my worth so I kicked him out. He begged claiming to change but I don't go back for my vomit.

In hopes that I would reconsider my decision and take him back, he stopped paying maintenance. The court granted me the house. He got the cars and another flat we owned out of the divorce settlement. Oh and his money too.

His name is Tsietsi. He is a TOS. He still thinks I might take him back. The stupid decision I ever made when I was still blinded by love was to stop working. It might not have been a glamorous job but as a PA I earned a salary and paid my bills until the TOS happened. I became a housewife. He left me with no money and no job and we had signed a pre-nup. Oh yes, it favoured him and his money. He comes from money and has his own. I was lucky to have gotten the house and the furniture. The judge also demanded that the TOS gave me R200 000. I have been living off that for the past eight months. It's running out. Maintaining the house is no joke. The school fees, another story. Day care fees are a daylight robbery if you ask me. I have to clothe and feed the kids. The TOS doesn't care. He is still bitter that I don't want to take him back. What baffles me is that he stays with the side chick. I can't sell the house as he refuses to sign. His name is still on it.

Looking for a job in this province will drive you to depression. It's either I'm not qualified, not enough experience or not of the right age. I can see the looks they give me sometimes. Maybe they are looking for PA's on the petite side. With my body I look older than my age. That's what I think anyway. My friend always tells me I'm gorgeous. I think she is biased so it doesn't count. No I'm not insecure. I'm realistic. I love my body.

We get to the car and I help the kids fasten their seat belts. Nthati is at the age where she is exercising her independence. It's frustrating but eventually she manages. I say a little call to the universe and start the car. It starts with no fuss. Thank the stars for small mercies. It's been giving me problems lately. I think it's the battery but I can never be too sure I can't afford to take it to the mechanics. It's a 2001 Toyota Tazz. I bought it cash for R30 000. This is after the TOS personally came to fetch the BMW X6 he had bought for me.

I get to the nearest shopping complex load the kids in a trolley. Nthati is fighting. She wants to push the trolley. I believe this child was sent by her father to help make my life difficult. I don't have time to check my balance at the ATM. I go straight to Pick n Pay. Pick all the necessary things by necessary I mean a braai pack, never thought I would use one of those but life will humble you. It does stretch especially when two pieces are cut into smaller pieces. I add two litter of milk, no name brand cornflakes, a bag of mixed vegetables and a loaf of bread. I avoid going the sweets isle. I have two chocolate monsters on my trolley and they are not afraid to make a scene.

I get to the till and wait for the person before me to finish with her transaction. I envy her trolley. It's what I was used to once upon a time. I can't remember the last time I had an overflowing trolley. You can see by the card she is using that she has it covered.

I feel someone stand behind me. They have the decency not to invade my personal space. You know those that come so close any slight movement you'll be doing coitus. I catch a whiff of his cologne and I know it's a man. He smells wonderful.

I load my groceries on the counter and cross my fingers. The total is R137 and some cents. I have R42 in my purse. I give her my card and another call to the universe.

"Sorry sisi it's declined." Could you scream any louder bitch. No, I didn't say that loud. I'm too polite to.

"Try this one." I say as softly as I could master. It's Tsietsie's old credit card. I'm hoping he forgot about it.

"Iyala sisi." Fuck!

"Mmhm can you cancel the transaction except for the milk and bread." I can see her getting annoyed. It's her job moss! She presses the buzzer and calls for the supervisor.

"Sisi, you can add it with my stuff." A deep smooth voice comes from behind.

I turn around to thank my saviour. Do they still make them this gorgeous and tall? I know he is tall because he is taller than me and I'm tall. He is not light but not dark either. Chocolate is the colour. With thick eyebrows, long eyelashes, women pay money to have and the clearest eyes ever seen. Is that even normal on a man? He has a slightly sharp nose which is on the big side but doesn't distract you from his beauty. It adds character. He has wide lips which are perfectly proportioned and definitely kissable. Everything is just in place. I'm not sure if he is due for a shave or he is going for that 5 o'clock shadow look. Which ever it is, works for him. He seems to be in great shape too. My womanly treasures start fluttering in appreciation. He is indeed a fine specimen. The things I would do to him. Gosh, how long has it been since I got laid? I need to very soon. Lusting after strangers in a supermarket is not lady like. Then again I was never

considered a lady. I hear someone clear their throat. I look up to find him with his eyebrows raised waiting for an answer.

"Sorry I didn't hear that." I quickly respond.

"I asked if there was anything else." He drawls.

"No thank you so much. How can I repay you?"

"Don't worry about it." I feel dismissed. I wasn't offering my body you ass.

I move along and pack my things in one bag. He pays and obviously his card is loaded.

I say my thank you's once more then push my trolley out of there. We get into the car after loading the kids and the groceries. It's just after 7pm and I still have to cook. Life is not fair sometimes. I sit behind the wheel then a third call to the universe as I turn the ignition. Nothing. I start again and still nothing. I hit the steering in frustration and I end up pressing the hooter.

"Are we stuck again mommy." Khothatso asks.

"I think so baby."

"Call daddy." Nthati whines. I try it again and still nothing. I put my head on the steering wheel and try to compose myself. I feel like crying right now but I don't have the luxury of tears. There is a sharp knock on my window. I look up to find my superhero with an enquiring look on his face. I really don't need to be in this guy's mercy twice within an hour. I roll my window down.

"You need help?" I want to say no but Khothatso beats me to it.

"Mommy's car won't start." They are truly Tsietsie's kids. They live to torture me.

"Open the bonnet, I can jump start you. Do you have jumping cables?" I shake my head. I haven't gotten around buying those.

“ Ok , I'll give you a push. Do you know how to kick start?” again I shake my head.

“ Wait here.” Like I had somewhere to go. He hurries away and a few seconds later he comes back with two car guards.

“ Majita sicela izandla please.” He asks the two men.

“ Sure grootman.” They go behind the car. He opens the car door as he waits for me to come out. I reluctantly come out. I mean the man paid for my groceries I don't think he could steal my old car.

I watch as they push him but the car won't start. They push him for a couple of minutes and I see them giving up. He manages to park it by the security gate. I walk up to them in defeat.

“ I don't think it's the battery. You'll need to take it in tomorrow to have it checked.” I'm thinking of the towing costs and already my mind is spinning.

“ Thank you for trying.” I'm on the verge of tears right now.

“ Come, I'll drop you off at home.” Under normal circumstances I would refuse but right now I'm desperate. I have hungry kids to feed and it's way past their bedtime.

“ I'd appreciate that. Thank you.” I open the door and take out the kids. He helps carry the plastic bag and leads us to his car. He drives the latest Range Rover sport. I put the kids at the back and fasten their seatbelts while he's busy loading our grocery in the boot. He thanks the guys with money off course and we drive off.

After giving the directions it's total silence. The car is filled with his scent. The luxury reminds me of my old car. That's another life I have to forget about.

“ I'm Sazi by the way.” He says after a while.

“ Lona.”

“ Pleasure to meet you Lona. The kids?”

“ Khothatso and Nthatisi.”

We fall back into silence. I steal a look at his forearms as he steers the car. He really is strong. I wonder if he would be able to pick me up. I doubt. Tsietsi could never do it. Just then I notice the glittering platinum band on his left finger. Too bad. After a series of directions we are in front of my gate.

“ We here. Thank you again. You’ve been a life saver Sazi.”

“ You are welcome.” He stares at me for longer than necessary. I’m the first to look away. I open my door and get the kids from the back. Nthatisi is already falling asleep so I decide to carry her. When I turn around I bump into a solid wall. I feel warmth spreads throughout my body. I seriously need to get laid.

“ Here.” He gives me my shopping bag. “Remember to have your car towed tomorrow. Otherwise if the shopping complex does it for you, it will be more costly.”

“ Okay. Bye.” He watches us as we walk through the gate. I wonder what he must think of me.

I get to the house and its too late to cook. Cornflakes will do. After we finish eating I prepare the kids for bed. Once I put them to sleep. I go to my room and take care of my perpetual itch. My rabbit’s batteries are dead. Fuck. Will I ever get a break? Even my DIY is being sabotaged. I place it on the pedestal and decide to do it the old fashion way. I slide my hand under the blanket and I’m already wet. This will be short and swift. An image of a certain superhero flashes through my mind and I’m on my way to nirvana. I start conjuring up images of him with me against the wall as he pounds into me repeatedly . My toes curl as I reach my orgasm. I squash the guilt that I feel. It’s not really cheating. I’m only using his image to push me over the edge. What he or the wife don’t know won’t hurt. It’s not like I’ll ever see him again.

My name is Lona Somlotha. I’m a divorcee at twenty six. I married Tsietsi when I was twenty

one. Biggest mistake of my life. He was a charmer who used his money to his advantage. My parents died when I was 16 and I had to move in with my grandmother who stayed in a four room in Tembisa. When she died, my uncle took over the house and I moved to his shack at the back. Luckily for me she died right after I graduated. I'm not sure it's proper to say luckily, a blessing in disguise is more appropriate may be. I would have done anything to leave that hell hole. It was only a home when my grandmother was alive. Tsietsi came along and swept me off my feet. Showered me with gifts and money I didn't even know what to do with. Four months after we met I was expecting and a month afterwards we were married. I had only been working for six months by then. He told me to quit my job as he would never have his wife slaving for someone else. I gladly complied. I was a fool who thought she was in love.

That is the past I need to put behind me. I have been looking for a job for almost six months. Not even once have I been called for an interview. I try to fall asleep but I can't seem to. If there was ever a time I needed a bottle of wine it was now.

I'm not sure when I fell asleep. I wake up to find the kids making a mess in the kitchen. I let them finish eating their breakfast. I'm sure in their little minds they think they ere helping mommy. The mess they made has just added to my load.

I walk to the main road to take a taxi to their day care. It only costs R15 but it took forever to come. After dropping the kids off I go pass the garage and buy airtime then decide to walk home. I need the exercise anyway.

When I get home I take pictures of some of the furniture and electronics I don't need and place an add on Gum Tree and Junk Mail. It's good quality stuff and I know it will sell especially with the price it's at.

A moment later I hear a hooter outside. I go to check to find Sazi's car by the gate. I'm surprised and shocked to see him. What the hell is he doing in my house? I thought the visit in my fantasy would be our only contact. I go out to see what he wants.

" Good morning." He flashes his perfect smile.

" Morning." I respond.

My curiosity is peaked. He mustn't think a pack of braai meat is the key to my pussy. He gets out of his car and walks towards me. Slim fitting faded jeans showcasing his strong lean legs with a grey t-shirt. He looks really good. My cookie flutters in response. I'm a hoe.

"I had your car towed. Here are the details of the garage it's in. I've settled the quotation as well." I'm pissed.

Where does he get off settling my anything.

"Listen Sazi. I can pay own way. If you think you can butter me up with money, wrong house boo. Try next door." I say this with all the confidence I could master considering my predicament from last night.

"Gees lady. Say thank you and move on. Here is the receipt when you've come to your senses. You welcome." He gives me the receipt and walks away.

"Wait! How do I pay you back?"

"You don't. Give it to charity or whatever." He gets into his car, starts and drives away.

I look at the receipt. Fuck! It cost more than it did when I bought it. Who the fuck is this guy?

Chapter 2

"Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda

Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda

Whip it through the glass nigga

I'm blowin' money fast, nigga" O.T Genasis

The day of the interview has arrived and I'm shitting myself. I hope the stars are in alignment for me. I really need this one. I woke up extra early today so I could have enough time to get ready and drop off the kids at day care.

Right now I'm looking at my reflection in the mirror and I'm not sure about my outfit. I've changed so many times almost my whole wardrobe is out. Only to return to my initial choice. I look fat. No I feel like a giant. I'm not sure about the curly weave either. Maybe I should've gone for the natural look but that's just not me. When did my boobs get this big?

I take a deep breath. This is it. I need to go before I'm late for this interview. I take my bag and walk out. One thing I don't have to worry about is my car. I drive to the place following 'Veronica's' directions. Who ever invented GPS was very smart. The greatest gift to women.

Maybe I should invent something instead of working for someone. Maybe a business. Where would I get the capital from? Sell the house perhaps. I've always been good with my hands. I can do hair maybe I need to take the beautician course. Then maybe open a beauty salon. There is so many of them though. Agh. This is no time for pipe dreams. The small voice still whispers. It could be a reality.

I'm parked in front of one the most beautiful buildings I've seen. These people had an idea and executed it. I get out of the car and walk into the building. It's as beautiful on the inside as it is on the outside. I walk to the reception area and state my reason for being here. The lady directs me to an iPad to complete a set of questions and then a card is printed out with my name on it.

"Take a lift to the 5th floor. The waiting area will be on your left. You'll find other applicants there." She says giving me the card. "Use that in the lift."

"Thank You," That's all I manage. I'm too nervous.

I walk to the lift and scan the card. It opens. The short ride feels like a walk towards my execution. I haven't been to an interview in years. The lift opens at 5th floor. As the lady said, I find a couple of people in the waiting area. We are all nervous except for one. She is going on about her great references and experience. I start doubting myself again. I only worked for less than a year and that was six years ago. I don't even meet the criteria of two years work experience. I might carry the qualification but that might not mean much at this moment. Ms PA universe has over seven years of experience combined. At some point she worked for a minister, so she says. I'll take her word for it.

I observe as people go in and out of this office. They go in looking hopeful and they come out looking like the cats that drowned. No one comes out happy. It must be tough in there. Even Ms PA Universe. I thought she had more of an advantage but nope. She looks worse than the others.

"Ms Somlota you may go through." My heart leaps to my throat and it starts beating hard against my chest. I get up on shaky legs and follow the lady. She knocks once and opens the door to let me in. Once I'm in she goes back closing the door behind her.

This is a huge ass office. There is a lady inside sitting and she is going through a file. Not even once looks in my direction.

"Take a sit," she says without looking up. That alone makes me more nervous. I look around this office. Huge oak desk with minimal things on top. There are units which could be filing cabinets on one side and a sitting area on the other. It has so much unused space. It's a cold office that lacks any personal touch.

I look back to the lady to find her intently looking at me. I've never seen a woman more beautiful. Her looks alone intimidate me. She is on the skinny side. I can't really be too sure. She seems tall. Could be my height.

She continues to stare and it's becoming awkward. I'm not sure how to react at this point. Her stare is a bit unsettling.

"Ms Somlotha, welcome to Richards Inc. Please tell me about yourself." Really! Is that still an interview question?

It's a tricky one this question. You never know how much to share. Do I tell her I'm a divorcee with two kids. That I had just sold my furniture to try and make ends meet. That might be over sharing. I decide to talk about what's relevant to the job.

Her face doesn't give anything away. It remains neutral throughout my entire speech. She gives me a thorough check out as if trying to imagine my capabilities. It's silent for a while until she snaps out of whatever place I had just bored her to.

"That sounds very impressive Ms Somlotha. You will hear from us very soon." I know a brush off when I see it. This can't be the whole interview. Just one ambiguous question.

"Thank you for your time Mam, I hope I didn't offend you. It's just that I'm too nervous and I really need this job," I stand up and get ready to go. She stands as well comes around the table.

Fuck she is boss! She is dressed in a beautiful tailored grey suit, off white gorgeous blouse judging by what's visible. She is slim. Probably a size 32 even. I know she is sexy under that suit and she knows it too.

The heel she has on, I'm not even sure I could pull that off. How does she walk in it? I know shoes and this is a Christian Louboutin black studded heel. She has her long hair tied in a neat painful looking bun. Is it even her hair? Seems like it. Her light flawless skin. I don't think she has ever had a pimple in her life. She is gorgeous. She only needs to smile a little. Her boss mode look sucks. Intimidating as fuck.

Why am I ogling this woman?

"You were wonderful Ms Somlotha. You'll hear from us. Have a good day" she is really trying to get rid of me now.

She practically shuffles me out of her office. Her close proximity makes me feel a little fuzzy. Her scent is heavenly and all woman. Duh! She is a woman. She walks me out and closes the door in my face.

There goes my chance of employment. I walk out of that office baffled more than anything. Does that even qualify for an interview. Stuck up bitch. She needs a good dick to loosen her up a bit.

I drive home feeling defeated. Its still hours before I have to fetch the kids. I decide on a nap. Once in my bed I can't seem to switch off my mind. It keeps replaying the interview. Or whatever that was.

Did I offend her somehow? Or just one look at me she had already decided. Maybe they had already knew who they needed they just followed procedure. Anyway I need to put it behind me and find something else.

Eventually I fall asleep bombarded by dreams of a sexy vixen. She is haunting me. The alarm wakes me up just before it's time to fetch the kids. I freshen up and go. They brighten up my day as usual with their chatter.

The following days I spend registering with employment agencies. I don't know why I hadn't thought of that before. The idea of my own business is also growing in my mind. It might actually be what gets me out of this mess.

It's a Friday afternoon and I receive a call from the TOS informing me that he is on his way. I'm wearing my bum shorts and an oversize t-shirt. I'm not changing for him. He has seen my extra bits and decided he wanted smaller.

Thirty minutes later he is outside the gate and the kids let him in without even asking me. He is alone this time. He finds me in the kitchen cleaning up.

"Hello baby," he can be delusional at times. The kids run off to get their bags.

"Tsietsi."

"Mh mh. I miss your feistiness," he says caging me in by the sink. I can feel his bulge in my ass. I just want to vomit.

"Tsietsi this is inappropriate. Get off me." I try not to be loud.

"You know, traditionally you are still my wife. There is no divorce in our culture. You'll miss the good life I offered you and take me back."

"I wonder what will Minky say about this. You remember her right? The skank you left me for."

"I didn't leave, you chased me out."

"You left the moment you slept with her. I don't entertain cheaters." Why am I even having this conversation?

He sighs and moves back and then opens the fridge. Takes out juice and pours for himself. I

have the urge to tell him off about drinking juice he didn't pay for. I restrain myself. The high road can be painful.

"I deposited money into your account. Did you get it?" he asks. I haven't checked and I'm quiet surprised. I want to tell him to go to hell. Then I remember my kids. His kids. We need the money. Especially them.

"No. What is it for?"

"The kids maintenance. I'm sorry Lona."

"Thanks." I'm not ready for his apology. It makes me feel better to hate him. Once he apologises then he will be absolved of his guilt. Nah. I can't let him off the hook yet. Why the sudden change of heart anyway? This is a TOS. I must never forget.

The kids are back and ready to go. He gives them the car keys and they give me quick hugs as they run off. They are really excited.

"Don't sell the house. It's for you and the kids. I'll pay for the maintenance of it. This is the life my kids are used to where will you move them to. I don't want them in some dingy place Lona. You still have an option of taking me back you know." He really does think he is gods gift to women.

"How can I trust you to keep your word Tsietsi when you've done nothing but prove how untrustworthy you are. You let your kids starve for months. For What?" I am fuming right now. This man thinks he can toy with my feelings.

"Le wena mosadi o stubborn," he sighs. "Ke go gopotse Lona." He drops his voice. I literally roll my eyes. I used to think he was sexy when he spoke Setswana. Now he just grates my tits.

"I can't go back there Tsietsi. I'm sorry." Why am I even apologising?

He comes closer and envelopes me in a hug that I don't return. I inhale his familiar scent. It once drove me nuts. Now, I detest it.

“ I won’t give up on us.” I pull back from his hug.

“ You already did. The moment you broke our vows. There is no coming back from that.” This man must think I’m an idiot.

He looks like he wants to say something but decides against it. He grabs his keys from the kitchen counter and leaves. I follow him out to wave my kids goodbye. I watch them as they disappear into the distance.

I go back inside the empty house to get ready for the evening. Lala has been reminding me the whole day as if I’d forget.

I check my phone and there is a bank notification. R50 000 deposited into my account. What’s the TOS up to now? I really don’t trust him when he throws his money around. He thinks everyone can be bought. This is money for his kids not me. He mustn’t think he can buy my forgiveness. I’m not that naive little girl any more.

It’s almost 8pm when I decide to get ready for the evening. What does one wear to a house party? I’m not really sure. I wear dark blue skinny jeans, a white vest and a powder blue blazer. Powder blue heels and silver choker as an accessory. I decide on the curly weave.

I take an Uber to the given address. I’m not about to drive to a place where I might drink. The party is in a luxury apartment in Melrose Arch. Once there I call Lala to let her know I’m outside. She gives me a code to use at the entrance and the security guy directs me to a lift where I must press 5.

This is a beautiful building with shades of grey and red on the outside. It screams money. There is only a few doors on the 5th floor and I go to the last one as directed. There is faint music sound coming through. I knock and there is no response. I call Lala again and a few seconds later she opens for me with the phone still against her ear and a silly grin on her face.

“ Hi Choma. Welcome” she is nice and tipsy I can tell.

“Hayi bo Choma are you the hostess?” She ignores me while leading us through the place. Its

amazing by the way. Spacious, with off white high walls. The furniture comprises of gold, dark brown and white colours. Then a scattering of different colours throughout the room from the paintings on the walls, side lamps strategically placed and scattered cushions in various complementing colours. One side of the wall is all glass sliding door which opens to a balcony with enough space to accommodate more than twenty people. This is where most people are. An interior decorator definitely had a hand in this. This open plan living room extends to an equally beautiful dining which leads to the kitchen. The kitchen is glorious. It has silver and deep red colours. There is a winding staircase which leads to the bedrooms and bathrooms. We don't go in there. She points me to the guests bathroom which is on this floor and the one we are expected to use. The upstairs area is off limits she tells me. Her phone rings and she walks away to answer leaving me to feast my eye on the wall displays.

I notice that there are a few pictures of Athi in different soccer squads. Is he a professional footballer? That would explain the corner glass display with all the trophies and medals. As I look closely I see him AFC Ajax and Fulham FC. He is the real deal then but these are from a couple of seasons back.

There are a few people in the room that I don't even recognise but they look moneyed. No one is really paying attention to me and that suits me just fine. I walk around and decide to go to the kitchen counter where there is a temporary mini bar set up with a bartender even. He is cute. He asks me for my poison and I request a cocktail. I take my drink and wander around. Maybe I can meet a potential who knows. Quench the thirst a little but my game is whack. Wouldn't even know how to respond to flirting. My vocabulary is full of mommy talk. How does one get back to the dating scene mara. Do people even date?

I don't feel like going to the balcony yet. Eventually I find an unoccupied settee with oversized pillows and enjoy my drink. The music isn't too loud. People are able to enjoy their conversations. I observe the people around me in silence. It's funny to watch people flirt. The fawning and exaggerated laughs they do. The batting of eyelashes and swinging their hair. Ndisazo lamba ke.

After a while Lala comes back to fetch me and take me to the balcony. Athi is there and a few other men with their women next to them. I spot a few that I recognise from television. A couple of soccer players with women who aren't their wives. It's not my place to judge. I'm only here for the free expensive alcohol. I'm not sure what they are celebrating but they seem to be. I wonder if Sazi will be coming. Lala sits on Athi's lap. This thing is serious. I take an empty chair not far from them.

After the introductions their convo resumes and I listen on the side-line. I enjoy their back and

forth bantering .

Lala seems too close to Athi for my liking and Athi is a definition of a fuckboy. I thought she was happy with her husband. What's she doing hanging on to another man's arm. Sitting on their lap and shit.

I keep trying to give her pointed looks but she is oblivious to them. Why was I even invited? Clearly she didn't need me. I'm not complaining. It's a night out with the VIP's of our society. There are finger foods being served and I indulge. After a while the two go back inside the house. I'm left sitting with people I don't know.

When people start to group themselves I move back inside. I'm in my fourth cocktail and I badly need the loo. There is a long queue with the downstairs bathroom. I go back to the living room and look around. No one is really paying attention. I quickly climb the stairs to go use the one upstairs. I find four doors and all are closed as I wonder which one could be the bathroom. I start opening the first door nearest to me.

Right in the middle of a king size bed Lala is riding Athi's cock like her life depends on it. I stand there frozen. My quim twitches I won't lie. Phela this is live porn don't judge.

Lala is oblivious to my presence as she has her back to me. However Athi has seen me and it seems to excite him that they have an audience.

That look he has snaps me into action. I quickly close the door and run the other way. I still need to pee. The room I open is a bedroom equally big as the previous one. I go in and check for an en-suite bathroom. I'm grateful to find one and I relieve myself. After my business I go back downstairs.

I won't lie, I'm worried about Lala. How does she fuck a person she hardly knows. She is married for goodness sakes. Shouldn't I be the one fucking random people?

It's half an hour later when a glowing Lala walks down the stairs. She comes and sits next to me.

"I cannot believe just you did that." I whisper to her disapprovingly.

"It stays between us right!" the nerve of this woman. Why would I tell her husband?

"I'll pretend you didn't say that."

"I'm just saying. Your marriage is bust maybe you'd want to do the same for me." What madness is this? Ndiyalingwa.

"Really Lala. You had to take it there. You know do whatever you like. You are a grown ass woman."

"Oh so much drama Lona, live a little. Have some more alcohol." She gets up and walks away.

"I need to go home. What is the code to get out of this place." I scream after her.

"Hayi phola man Lona." She responds as she disappears out the balcony. I need to go. I'm not having fun. Lala is also pissing me off. Maybe I'm judging from the earlier discovery.

I walk out only to be turned back by the security. I need a new code to leave the building. I go back to the apartment and Lala blatantly ignores me. I go and search for Athi. I knock on the room I found them shagging in. I'm really hoping I won't find a repeat of earlier with a different girl.

There is no response to my knock. I open the door tentatively. No one in the room. The bed is messy you can clearly see that fun was had.

The bathroom door is slightly ajar. I walk towards it and he is in there.

"Athi sorry to bug you. I need to leave can you help with the code?" He jumps at the sound of my voice. Things start falling over. He comes out with white powder smeared on the tip of his nose. He sniffs and wipes his nose and his eyes seem dilated. He is definitely high.

"Sorry about that. You want a line?" he offers like it's tea.

"No thanks. Just the code to leave." He walks out and gets his phone. After generating the code he gives it to me. I thank him and walk out.

I run into Lala downstairs. I'm not impressed with her. I hope she is not snorting the coke with Athi. I've seen what drugs can do to a family.

"I'm leaving Lala."

"You such a kill joy Choma. Let me get you the code."

"I got it already." I walk away requesting an Uber. By the time I get out the outside building it's already waiting. It's after midnight when I arrive home. There is a car parked in the yard. It's the TOS. I'm angry. What the fuck is he doing here? I regret not changing the locks. Maybe it's the kids. I start to panic. I find a take away paper bag on the kitchen counter with a bottle of my favourite wine next to it. He is not here though. I find him in the bedroom under the blankets. I switch on the light and that wakes him up.

"O tswa kae at this time Lona? Who the fuck is he?" he asks in a sleepy voice. Did he get amnesia?

"Tsietsi what the hell are you doing here?" he gets off from the bed with only his boxer shorts and walks towards me.

"I came here to surprise you and I find you gone. I waited hours for you. Are you seeing someone else?" All the hairy bits on my body are itching right now.

"Tsietsi leave before I call the police." He is standing in front of me. I'm not sure if his one ab is suppose to turn me on. He picks his sweatpants from the floor and starts getting dressed.

"If you are seeing some loser, I'll take my kids. No man will raise my kids Lona. Not while I'm still alive." Maybe I should arrange your death then.

"Who will raise them? Your skank? Heyi! Get out of my house Tsietsi maan. Ungandilingi!"

"It's my house!" he roars.

I dial the police. I'll have his ass arrested. He doesn't know me.

He picks up his wallet and phone from the side table and leaves. I hang up before it goes through. After making sure he is gone I go back up to my room. Change the linen and go freshen up. I can't relax. I'm too worked up. It's decided. I'm selling this house and moving. Imagine if I had brought someone home to find the TOS in my bed.

The following morning I receive a text from Lala asking me to confirm her story with Brian that she spent the night at my house. I don't like it one bit. She is a hoe.

Chapter 3

"Having hallucinations

I'm losing sleep every night

Keep trying to cover my eyes

My eyes, yeah

Is it my imagination?

I think I'm losing my mind

Still see your face all the time

All the time"-DVSN

It's Monday morning and I'm lazing around in bed after dropping the kids at day care. I'm trying to forget my botched interview but I'm failing. The lady has been haunting me the whole weekend. I wonder if she is married. She wore no ring. Some people don't wear them so it doesn't mean anything. Often it's men who don't though. I doubt if she is married or even have a man she seems way too uptight to have one. With my lack of action I might just end up sour like her. Well she isn't really sour just aloof. If she has a man then she wears the pants in their household. What if she is a dominatrix. Hmm. That would be interesting. Suddenly I have unbidden images of her spanking me.

Impambano iqala so.

I really need a man even if it's a Ben 10. Things are getting out of hand now. Eventually I get up and shower then go make myself something to eat. Just then the door bell rings. I go check and find a delivery man by the gate with an envelope. I don't open the gate. I get the envelope through the post box and he gives me the clipboard to sign over the gate while he waits outside. You can never be too careful with so many criminals around.

I get back to the house and open the envelope. It's weird because it's not addressed to me but the TOS. It's summons against the house. Apparently the house is in arrears. How? I thought he paid cash for all his properties.

Why did it get to a point where there are summons issued anyway? I decide to swallow my pride and call him. He doesn't answer. I call him a couple of times still no response. I decide to call the numbers provided on the document.

When I finish with that call I feel like curling into a ball and die. That no good son of a bitch decided to stop the final payments of the house. He kept ignoring the bank calls as he is the one listed on all the documents. I needed to settle R147 000 within 10 days or further legal action would be taken. Apparently the house was already on the process to be auctioned.

How could Tsietsi do this to me? Did he really hate me that much to want to see me and his kids homeless. I hate that his lawyers handled the divorce. He really pulled a number on me and I was naive enough to think they would be fair. We live and learn.

I abandon the cooking idea. I lost my appetite. I decide to check the internet on my phone for a few schools that offer the beauty course. All the schools I find around Johannesburg are a bit pricey. I can't really afford it but I know I need to do something. If I can't get a job then at least let me have my own business. I fear if nothing comes through we might end up homeless.

I receive a call from Lala as I'm busy surfing the net for other jobs.

"Lazola." I'm not in the mood.

"Choma. Hau what's wrong?" She doesn't know.

“Lazola, I don’t want to be involved in what ever it is that is going on between you and Brian. Leave my name out of it.”

“Oh calm down Lona. I made a mistake not kill someone. It won’t happen again. I’m sorry I put you in the middle of my mess. I thought we were friends and friends look out for each other.”

“There is looking out for you and then there is misleading you. If I have to be honest with you, your behaviour is tacky. You are disrespecting your husband and what do you think abo Athi and his friends will think of him?”

“I don’t expect you to understand Lona. I am definitely not taking marriage advice from someone who failed to keep her man.”

“That’s below the belt and you know it. Do you boo. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“I’m sorry Lona. I’m just stressed. I didn’t mean that. Anyway I called to say thanks for the cover up.”

“Sharp.” I hung up. Didn’t need to tell her that Brian never called. She thinks Brian doesn't know. Cheating people always think they are a step ahead. The way I hate cheaters. I can’t even condone it with my friend.

Another call comes through and it’s the TOS. He definitely took his time to return the call.

“How can you not finish the house payments?” I don’t even have time to greet. I’m boiling on the inside.

“Oh. So that was your reason for the many calls. I actually thought you had reconsidered your stupid decision.” He drawls

“When are you going to get it through your thick skull Tsietsi? I don’t want you. I will never get back with you, ever! Even if you were there last man on earth.”

"Ke a tlhaloganya, you still think you have a choice," he chuckles. You don't have a choice sweetheart. I will make your life miserable. Don't you miss the finer things in life? Not having to worry where your next meal will come from?" Maybe he is bipolar.

"Ndimamelisise ke ndoda! I'd rather die." I drop the call then take deep breaths. He'll be the death of me this one.

It's almost time to fetch the kids and I go. Khothatso has been moody since coming back from her father. Nthatisi is updating me all about her day while her sister looks out the window.

"Who wants ice cream?" I ask. Bribery works with my kids.

"Me me mommy!" Nthati exclaims. No reaction from Khothatso.

"Baby, you don't want ice cream?" I ask her. She only shrugs her shoulders. I drive to McDonald's and park. I need a few moments with her before going home.

After we place our order we go sit outside by the rides where I can easily watch Nthatisi playing. Khothatso is not even interested in rides. Now I know for sure something is seriously wrong.

"Baby did something happen at school?" She shakes her head. This is going to be difficult. "At your father's?" no reaction. My heart is in my throat right now. "You know you can talk to me right baby?" I soften my voice and try to be as non-threatening as possible.

We have the ice cream in silence while watching Nthatisi.

"Daddy says we are going to go live with him. Don't you want us anymore mommy?" Thixo lenja yendoda! I could kill him right now.

"Your father told you that?" She nods.

"Baby, I'm not sure what your father meant but I'm never leaving you with any one. I love you. You are my life both you and your sister and you'll always stay with me."

"You promise?" She perks up.

"Yeah I promise."

"May be we should go back to him. His fridge is always full of nice things and his house has furniture." Nanko ke umntwana ka Tsietsi.

"Baby, mommy and daddy are not getting back together. He is still your father and he loves you," I hope I don't get struck by lightning "You can always visit him but me and him are over my baby. Mommy will work extra hard to make sure that you have nice things."

"He says you don't have to work extra hard. He says he can give us nice things." What has he been telling my children? I'm tempted to bad mouth him to them. The high road is difficult indeed. I'll take it for now.

"I'm sure he can baby but us women need to do things on our own sometimes. Mama is one of those women. Like one of the powerpuffs girls. Remember they are always saving people?" desperate times.

"Oh yes mommy. I want to be a powerpuff girl."

"You see I also want to be one. If I let daddy do everything then I can't be one."

"You are right mommy. I'm going to help you."

"How was aunty Minky?" I have to ask. She shrugs her shoulders. That's all I get. We finish our ice cream and get Nthatisi from the rides. She has ice cream all over her clothes.

Once we are home I put them in the bath and go prepare for dinner. I'm still gripped by fear of losing the house. I just feel like the walls are closing in on me and something has to give.

Its the following day. I'm busy registering with employment agencies again. I'm not sure how many of those I'm registered on. The whole internet has my CV I'm sure. Is that even safe? The amount of jobs alerts I receive on my phone and it's never what I chose. I'm really exhausted and I need to get out of this house. It suddenly feels like my prison where I await my execution. I decide to go to the mall. Maybe being around people will lift my spirit.

I drive to Mall of Africa. Nothing is worse than coming to a mall when you are broke. I realise that I haven't been shopping for myself since my divorce. I only came once for the kids and that was because of the change of season.

Their father brought them back with lots of new clothes on Sunday. They couldn't stop talking about it. I'm fortunate that I used to buy expensive quality clothes and they have lasted longer plus I had more clothes than was necessary. I won't even mention bags and shoes. Was I a shallow being? I mean I could afford to. I wonder sometimes if the universe is trying to teach me a lesson. Hell I'm enough let me graduate.

I walk around the mall doing window shopping. The worst thing one can subject themselves to. I'm a sucker for punishment.

It's two hours later. I'm tired and I'm hungry. I go seat at Spur and order a toasted sandwich with a latte. I suddenly feel guilty that I'm eating at Spur without my kids. I squash it down as soon as it pops up. They are also eating at crèche.

As soon as my order arrives I start eating. What a waste of my money though the sandwich is kak. It was the cheapest thing on the menu. It's drier than it should be considering it's a toasted sandwich. It has these black crumbs on it as if they didn't clean the toaster before preparing mine. In fact I don't think the toaster has been cleaned since they started operating. I lose my appetite immediately and push the plate away. I'll settle for my latte.

"Not enjoying your food?" My insides turn cold and my tummy dances while my quim clenches. I did say. I'm a hoe.

"It's not up to my expectations," I say as I look up at his gorgeous face.

"Do you mind if I join you?" he asks. He is carrying a few designer bags. The two are from a women's shop.

"Not at all." He puts the bags on the seat and slide in opposite me. For a moment I thought he would fit with his height. There is a few seconds of awkward silence. I'm even feeling shy

drinking my latte. I look at the charcoal sandwich and cringe as if I made it myself.

When I look up, I find him looking at me with his brow furrowed. He likes doing that and it unsettles me. Just as I'm stewing in my thoughts my waitress comes. I've lost my will to complain. His scent does the things and I feel like crawling up to him and burying my head in his chest. Is it as solid as it looks? I wonder.

"Good afternoon sir. May I take your order?" She is extra polite. I don't blame her I would be doing the same. We are both hoes.

"First of all tell me something," he asks in his deep commanding tone. She perks up. I would to if he was addressing me. I'd also be nervous as hell. But u girl is oblivious.

"Yes." She gushes.

"Would you eat this sandwich?" He points at granny sandwich. She looks at it and frowns.

"No I wouldn't."

"Then how did it get out of the kitchen and served to a customer?"

Mute

"In future, please don't serve something that you wouldn't like being served to you sisi." She nods her head like an idiot. He is so polite and yet I'm terrified on her behalf.

"That will be all. Thank you." Just like that she is dismissed. She clears the table and walks away.

"Oh well, that went well." That's all I can say.

"I could see you weren't going to say anything about it. Sometimes they need to be told so that they can correct themselves. It's just that people go about it the wrong way and become rude to

the servers." Off course they do. They paid for the service.

" You are right."

" How are you Lona?" he seems genuinely interested in my well being. I wonder if he is a psychologist. He can get inside a person's mind this one. I want to tell him that I'm about to kill my ex. Oh I might be homeless soon. How about this one. I wasted my money and my guilt on a crap sandwich.

"I'm good, how are you Sazi?"

"I'm good."

"Shopping in the middle of the day. Your life is good." I say. He gives me a small smile.

"Well I was buying a gift for someone then it turned into shopping. I don't get enough time to do it so when I find an opportunity to shop, I take it." He must be shopping for the wife. Lucky woman.

"Would you like to go somewhere else and have proper lunch?" he continues. Why would I want to go anywhere with you?

"No thanks. I'm fine. The latte will hold me over until I get home." My tummy choses that moment to grumble. I can feel my face heat up as he raises his one eyebrow. Can I die already!

" Excuse me mam. My server told me about the unfortunate condition of your meal. I would like to apologise and ask if we could make you another one." His name tag is written manager. I wonder had it not been for Mr Gorgeous here would he have been bothered.

"We are sorted my man. Thank you for handling it though." Sazi quickly responds. The managers gives me the latte on the house and leaves us.

"Come with me." He commands. Yes he commands. Sazi doesn't ask.

I get up and follow him. Don't ask me why? We walk in silence towards the parking area. My speech returns when I realise where we are heading.

"Where are we going?"

"I just need to put these in the car and then I'm buying you lunch. You don't mind do you?" No I don't. As long as he doesn't expect anything more than a conversation. I'm fine. We get to his car and he loads the shopping bags in his boot then we go back inside the mall.

"How is the car by the way?" He asks as we get on the escalators. He is right behind me and I can't help but be conscious of my ass.

"It's as good as new. Thanks to you."

"It was nothing." Maybe to you.

"It was a lot to me."

"You are welcome."

We then continue walking in silence. He doesn't say much this one and I have the urge to fill in the silence. That's what I do when I'm nervous or feeling awkward. He doesn't seem affected by it. It's more like he prefers the silence. The way he walks though he exudes confidence. He is a man who knows who he is and is unapologetic about it. I feel like praising him by his clan names just for being in his company. I see the looks we get from the people especially women. They seem to envy being in my position. Some even have a questioning look on their faces like why would he be walking with telly tubby and not them. He seems oblivious to all the attention or maybe he is used to the attention.

He leads me to Kream and we are greeted by the manager as soon as we walk in. The place is quiet compared to what it becomes in the evenings. We are seated in a nice table by the corner.

He even pulls a chair for me. Chivalry is still alive.

The moment we sit the manger brings us the menu and we order the starters first . He orders the pork belly starter while I go for creamy butternut soup. In the mean time I order a glass of water and he does the same.

Once the manager leaves he picks up the menu and studies it like it's a textbook. His brows furrows and I guess he does that a lot when he is concentrating. His skin is flawless. He is still sporting the 5o'clock shadow. I guess that's his look. It looks really sexy on him. I wonder if its soft especially between the thighs. My wayward thoughts again. I really need to filter my brain.

"It's rude to stare." Shit! I snap out of my day dream to find him with amusement showing on his face.

"I wasn't staring." He mustn't think he is all that. Then the ring reels me back. This is someone husband.

"What will you have?" he asks.

"A lamb shank with a side veggie." He nods and closes the menu. I actually want everything on the menu but I won't be a pig in front of him.

"So who are you Sazi?" This just comes out without even thinking about. I could shoot my mouth right now. He sits back with his hands resting on in the table.

"I'm Sazi Khumalo, I thought you knew that. At least the first name. specific. What do you want to know Lona?"

"Are you married." He raises his left hand and shows me his ring. "Well?"

"Well what?" heh wadlala ngam umntu.

"It's a simple question Sazi. Are you or are you not?"

"What if I am?" This is tiring.

"Then what's this." I make a sweeping gesture between us.

"This," He returns the gesture, "Is two people having lunch. Or is there more?" There's is more in my dreams.

"No." I give him a fake smile. I make a mental note to Google his ass.

"You think too much Lona. Don't over think. I'm hungry, you are hungry and good company." Really we hardly have anything to talk about. How am I good company? He needs a better line. "And to answer your question, yes I am married."

"Oh." I don't know why I'm disappointed but I am.

"And you Lona, are you married?" The way he says my name gives me butterflies.

"Divorced." I don't even think about it. His brow furrows again.

"He was a fool to let you go."

"I wanted to be let go." He doesn't ask anything further and our starters arrive. He asks about where I'm from and I end up telling him about my childhood and where I grew up. It's nothing personal just things I used to get up to as a child. He doesn't say much. A question and a laugh here and there that's all he does.

After the starters we order our main course. He orders the lamb shank for me and six King Prawns for himself with a side salad, veg and chips for both of us to share.

"Would you like a glass of wine with your meal?"

"I'm driving and I still have to fetch my kids from day care."

"Very responsible of you. I commend that." I'm not doing it for accolades it comes naturally.

"Thank you. Do you have kids?" I cringe right after those words. You have to be sensitive with such questions.

"No." That's all he says. By his body language I know that's all I'm getting. I start filling in the space with meaningless chatter. I sound like my kids right now. I babble about different things. He seems interested. In the middle of our lunch I receive a call and excuse myself to answer.

"Hello."

"Good day mam. You are speaking to Fisiwe Gupta from Richards Inc. I'm calling to inform you about the follow-up interview scheduled for this coming Friday at 11am. Will you be able to make it?" My heart is galloping right now.

"Yes. Off course." I can't contain my excitement.

"Thank you mam. See you on Friday then. Have a great day."

"Thank you." I hang up and clutch the phone to my chest.

"Good news?" For a moment I had forgotten about him. Just a moment.

"Sort of. Follow up interview."

"That's great I'm sure you'll do well."

“Even this call is a miracle. I didn’t think they would call back.”

“You must have impressed them.” I don’t think so but you never know what the employer wants.

He asks further questions about what I applied for and all that. I start with my chattering. We finish with the main course and order desert. He has a sense of humour this one. I’ve been laughing for hours. He just has a way of making me laugh. Sometimes I have to think about what he says and then when I get it I burst out laughing.

I’ve lost track of time. It’s almost four in the afternoon. I haven’t had this much fun in ages.

“I have to go and fetch my kids from day-care.”

“Ok let me settle the bill and then I’ll walk you out.”

He does just that. He walks me all the way to my car even goes to an extent of insisting to pay for my parking ticket.

“It was lovely seeing you again Lona. Thanks for the lovely company.” We are standing by the passenger door.

“Thank you for lunch and for the company as well.” His eyes are intently looking at me. He is too close. His breath is fanning my face even. I just need to pull him down a little and smash my lips on his. I turn around and unlock my car instead. He snakes his hand behind me to open the door for me. I feel him everywhere. His closeness does things to my body. I have my back to him and I feel warm all over. He opens the door and holds it. I shake off my wayward thoughts and get in the car. Then he closes the door.

He stands back with hands in his pockets and watch as I start the car. I roll down the window.

“Thank you Sazi.” He has no idea how his company cheered me up.

"A pleasure Lona." That word alone conjures up forbidden images.

I drive off leaving him standing there in one place. He stands until I exit the parking. My stars ! This man is the definition of temptation. I need to stay away from him otherwise I'll be a home wrecker and a rapist. The man hasn't even made any inappropriate moves and yet I'm ready to drop my panties for him. Hoe tendencies.

I go straight to crèche to fetch the kids. The traffic is horrendous. Why I chose Mall of Africa when there is Bedford Centre even Eastgate Mall beats me. In fairness I should have been long back by then.

Eventually I get to the crèche and pick up the kids. They are always happy to see me and that warms my heart.

"Mommy, why are you late?" Khothatso asks. I didn't know she knew the time and the difference.

"I had a meeting baby." Meeting with a hunk that I would like to exchange saliva and other liquids with. Bar for two things one he is married and secondly he is not into me that way. "How do you know I was late?"

"Because, you fetched us a long time after they fetched Jonathan. I always leave before him." Out of all the kids a Jonathan must be noticed.

"Who is Jonathan?"

"Her boyfriend." Nthatisi pitches in. How old is this child? Should she even know what a boyfriend is?

"She has a boyfriend?"

"Yes mommy. I also have many boyfriends." She is a hoe.

"Nthatisi ! you kids are too young to have boyfriends."

"Should we be friends with girls only. Girls are mean." Khothatso adds.

"You can be friends with boys too baby.

Nothing wrong with that." Until they start going for your panties off course.

"What do you kids feel like eating?"

"McDonald's!" they both exclaim. I'm too full to cook and I also need to assuage my guilt. We drive pass McDs and I order happy meals for them. It's almost 6pm when we get home.

Once the kids finish with their supper I give them a bath and send them to bed. That leaves me with plenty of time to play. I'm not even watching T.V. tonight I need to relieve an itch. I wish I had a foam bath then I would run myself a bubble bath. I shower and go under blankets. I don't even need porn for this session my mind is already worked up.

As I lie there I close my eyes and conjure up images of him naked. He looks good in my imagination. Ripped in all the right places. I start to play with myself. I don't want to rush this. I want to savour it. It's the closest thing I'm going to have to sex for a while. I play with my nipples a little bit. They are still as sensitive as they were before I had kids. As I continue to play it feels slippery between my legs. When I see him hovering above me with his eyes laden with need. I open my legs for him to let him in. Oh. The feel of him as he penetrates me. My finger is already playing with my nub as I separate my wet folds. I'm so wet, I'm overflowing. I'm not going to last long. I'm trying to prolong it but his images are so powerful and vivid in my head that they send me over the edge. It's the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced. My body is humming with pleasure. I curl into a ball and fall into a dreamless sleep.

See you Friday

Chapter 4

"You've been scared of love and what it did to you

You don't have to run, I know what you've been through

Just a simple touch and it can set you free

We don't have to rush when you're alone with me

I feel it coming, I feel it coming, babe

I feel it coming, I feel it coming, babe (I know what you feel right now)"- The Weekend

It a Friday and I'm struggling with my outfit once more. I don't want to come off as someone tacky. I need to dress like a professional. The problem is that with my curves everything I wear puts all the assets on display. I could be wearing a sack, my ass and hips will be popping and its the same with the boobs. It's a hot day in January . I don't want to be sweating like a idiot.

I finally decide on a dark navy high waist skirt with an off white blouse with big sleeves and have it tucked in. I'm happy with the outfit. It doesn't show any flesh except for my legs. I wear dark blue platform heels.

My nerves have killed my appetite. I only have a cup of coffee and I drive to Richards Inc. On the way I try to wreck my brain for the reason I'm called back. Will it be another interview or what?

No use trying to crack my skull. I'll find out soon enough. I get to the building and its the same procedure as the previous time. Only this time when I arrive on the 5th floor I find the same lady that looked after us. She has her own desk and I'm not sure if it's another reception area but it looks like it. I also notice an empty desk next to hers and further down the hall there are few more ladies and one gentlemen at their own work stations. Then there are several closed doors on the opposite side. I assume it's different managers and their PA's

I walk up to the lady and she gives me a warm smile. She is very petite and light in complexion. Big eyes and a nose that looks like she has English genes. She is pretty.

"Good morning. I'm Lona Somlotha. I'm responding to a call by a Ms Fisiwe Gupta." Her smile broadens.

"Oh yes. We've been expecting you. I'm Fisiwe." I thought she would be Indian with Gupta links.

"Take a seat. Ms Nduna will call you shortly. She is on a conference call right now. Anything I can get you? Tea, coffee or juice?"

"Water please." My throat is too dry. She presses a button on her desk and requests water.

I walk to the waiting area and take a seat. The reception area has more life and character than the office I was in the last time. There are beautiful paintings hanging on the wall and they all seem to be done by one person judging by the signature. Who ever R.S is, he or she is a brilliant artist.

A lady dressed in a maids uniform comes in holding a tray with a bottle of water and a glass. I only take the bottle and thank her then drink until it's half way. Not lady like I know but I'm trying to calm myself. My nerves are increasing as I wait. I can feel my underarms starting to sweat. This is not good.

" Ms Somlotha please go through." I stand, place the bottle of water on the side table and follow her to the same office as before. She knocks once and let's me in.

" Ms Nduna. I'm stepping out for a bit. Is there anything you need before I go?" Fisiwe asks.

" No. Thank you." This woman is cold though. Fisiwe nods and leaves closing the door behind her. I'm still standing by the door with my bag clutched in front.

" Come take a seat Ms Somlotha I'll be with you in a moment." She hasn't even looked at me not even once. I'm beginning to think she is against looking directly at people. I walk on wobbly legs and take a seat opposite her. She is busy with a file and I take the chance to observe her.

She is wearing an elegant dark grey sleeveless dress with an O shape neck. It goes with a three quarter blazer which is hanging on the coat hanger. She is also wearing a baby pink beaded neck piece which drops to her chest. She is probably a 32b cup size. She has pink studs on her earlobes. Is that a pink diamond? Possible. She doesn't strike me as dress jewellery type of girl. Her hair styled into her painful looking bun. It must be her signature look. Jerr doesn't she get a headache from this style. Her delicate hands are a contrast to her hard core demeanour. No ring or any ring marks on her left finger. Her nails are painted in neutral colours and cut very short. She only has a watch on her wrist. It looks just as expensive as the rest of her. I wonder how long or short her dress is. Does it showcase her legs? Is she wearing her signature heels. I only met her once why would I assume any pattern behaviour?

I look up to find her looking at me. Earth swallow me please. Why is the universe this cruel?

"Sorry about that I have a busy day. Being without a PA is also not helping." I just nod my head. I'm not sure how to respond.

"Ms Somlotha I reviewed your application. Your lack of experience concerns me. I don't have the luxury of time to train someone. When I hire a person I need them to be on the ball." I am still not sure if this is a prelude to a brush off. "another thing is that I travel a lot and I have to travel with my PA. Do you have any commitments that could prevent you from that?" My kids.

" No mam." Who doesn't lie at their interviews when still desperate for a job?

"I need you on call anytime of the day. If I need a file I must be able to call you. Don't worry I'm not a nuisance but should the need arise then you must be available."

"Yes mam."

" You'll be on three months probation if we are mutually happy then the job is yours permanently. With study and growth opportunities. This is a big company world wide. It's family owned and they are good to their employees. This is but a small section of their business. Head office is around Sandton. You must be able to keep up." I got the job. Wow. I feel like I'm on duty already.

"Thank you mam for the opportunity. I won't let you down."

" You can start by dropping the mam. It's Ms Nduna or Monde."

"Yes Ms Nduna." She is Ms to me.

"You'll start on Monday. Our office hours are 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday but I'm always here from 6h30 to 7pm." Will I be expected to be with her during those hours?

“ Will I be expected to be here at the same hours as you Ms Nduna?” I’m terrified of her answer.

“Only when needed but your hours remain 9 to 5pm.” What a relief.

“ Thank you once again.” She stands and comes around. I also stand accepting my dismissal. Just as I thought, she is wearing a red heel and the dress sits just below the knee.

“ I’ll see you on Monday. Welcome to the company.” She stretches her hand towards mine and I reciprocate. I feel a frisson of warmth going through my arm and I quickly let go.

I walk out and she closes the door after me.

I’m met by Fisiwe’s bright smile. I can’t help but return it.

“You got the job?” She asks.

“Yes I did,” Joy is apparent in my voice.

“Well congratulations boo. Welcome to Richards Inc. darling . Hope you last longer than her previous PA’s. I like you.” She whispers. That doesn’t instil confidence in me. I suspect vele the lady is a slave driver.

“I’ll do my best.” I weakly respond.

“Ms Somlota you have to bring more than your best. Ms Nduna won’t accept anything less. She hates late coming. Please be on time.”

“Call me Lona. Thank you for the advice.”

“Us ladies have to stick together. When do you start?”

"On Monday."

"Cool. That will be your desk." She points to the big empty desk along side hers.

"Okay. Thank you girl. I'll see you on Monday." Just then her phone rings. She answers while waving me goodbye.

I can't believe I got the job. I'm so excited and I don't know who to share my excitement with. It's a long time before the kids are back. We are definitely going out for ice cream to celebrate. If only I had Sazi's numbers. What the fuck! Why would I even think of him? I berate myself. I decide to call Lazola. She might have hoe tendencies but she is still my friend.

"Hey Choma." She sounds down.

"Lala, are you okay?" I hear her sigh.

"I'm okay Choma just feeling under the weather."

"Oh. Are you at work?"

"No. I'm not at work. I'm home. What's up?"

"I got the job."

"What job?"

"The one I had an interview for last Friday."

"Oh congratulations Choma. I knew you would."

“ Ja. I didn’t think I would.”

“Listen Choma. I need to go I’ll call you back. Congrats. Mncwa.” She hangs up. That’s weird.

I’m not sure what to do with my excitement right now. So I just go home to take a nap. By the time I wake up its time to fetch my kids from crèche. When I check my phone which I had put on silence, I have two missed calls from Tsietsi. I’ve have not been returning any of his calls the whole week.

I go fetch my kids and we drive by Milky Lane for my ice cream celebration. They are excited that I got a job even though they still think especially Khothatso, I should take her father up on his offer.

They get their ice cream in cups with Smarties on it while I settle for a waffle with ice cream. We sit down and indulge. Afterwards we go home.

As we get home we find Tsietsi ‘s car parked outside my gate. As soon as he sees us he gets out of the car. I ignore him and wait for the gate to open. The kids are excited to see their dad. They are screaming through the window. As soon as I park they out running to their father who picks them up in his arms. He walks towards me.

“I’m here for my kids. You know it’s my time on weekends.” That’s his way of greeting.

“I really can’t keep up with your schedule Tsietsi. The other weekends you weren’t here so what would make this one different. I can’t keep up with your inconsistency.”

“Just have them ready so we can go.”

I leave him outside and go to pack a bag for them. No matter how angry I am at their father, I can’t punish them by depriving him. They love him and they see no wrong in him.

I come back to find them in the kitchen telling him how we were celebrating my new job. He looks up when I come into the room. I can’t read the emotions in his eyes.

"So you got a job."

"Yes."

"You know you don't have to work right? I can take care of you Lona. One more chance. I'll pay for this house or buy you a new one. I'll even give you your car back. Please just take me back." Must he always make me to be the bad guy in front of the kids? Ngudoti womntu lo!

"I can't Tsietsi and can we not do this in front of the children. Stop bad mouthing me with them and filling their heads with ideas." I give him the bags and he sighs. Takes them and the kids say their goodbye and they leave.

I'm home alone with nothing to do. My earlier conversation with Lala worries me. She didn't sound like herself but I don't want to push. Hopefully she'll come to me when she is ready.

Since I'll be starting work on Monday, I decide to go through my wardrobe. I mean I have all this time I might as well. I check which clothes would be suitable for my new job and which wouldn't. I then realise there are a lot of clothes I don't need. Haven't worn in two years even. I put the ones to keep on one side and ones to give away on another side. I do the same with the kids clothes. There is also a few refuse bags of clothes Tsietsi left behind.

I end up with eight refuse bags of clothes to give away. I know a homeless shelter in Tembisa, Phomolong section and I plan on delivering them tomorrow. They could really use them. It takes me hours to have all this sorted. I don't even prepare any food for myself. When done I just crawl into bed.

The following day I wake up into silence. This house feels weird without the kids. It feels like a haunted house. After breakfast I get ready and go to the shelter. I find it busier than usual. Then again, I haven't been here in a while.

There is car that is parked outside and it seems way out of place in this area but then a lot of wealthy people do come here often to donate their money. I call some of the boys playing soccer on the street to come help me carry the bags.

The moment I go in Gogo is already waiting for me with a hug upfront. She is a lovely old lady that has been taking care of this homeless shelter for over twenty years. I met her when my

parents were still alive. They use to bring me here so I could learn being humble.

Even while married I still continued to come at least twice a year. In winter I would bring blankets and maybe serve soup for a day and in summer I brought clothes. I hadn't been here though since my divorce. I suppose when you go through your own shit you forget about other people's needs.

"Lona mntwanam. Sikugqibele kudala. Unqabile nontombi. (We haven't seen you in a long time. Where have you been?)" Gogo says the moment she sees me.

"Hello Gogo. I've been around. Life has been humbling me."

" Where are the kids? Last time I saw you the young one wasn't even one yet."

"They are with their father. We got a divorce so they are visiting him for the weekend."

"I'm sorry to hear that. You kids nowadays solve everything with divorce. Anikwazi nje unyamezela."

" Hayi Gogo some things are just intolerable."

"Like what? Cheating? All men cheat child. You just have to make sure he doesn't look else where." Like how? He is a grown ass man moss. If he wants to look he'll look. There isn't a damn thing I can do about it. I don't tell Gogo that I let her share her wisdom as she walks with me into the house.

"I hear you Gogo." I nod and make the necessary sounds. No use arguing with old people about the sanctity of marriage. Kuyabekezelwa.

"I hope you work things out for the sake of your children. Now. Come let me introduce you to someone." There we go. Gogo is going to try and fix me up. I follow her to the back. To my shock the person she wants to introduce me is Sazi. This is becoming weird. He is like a magnet. He is everywhere. He is busy washing dishes with two teenagers. It's a lot of dishes. I can see

he is just as shocked to see me.

"Sazi, I brought more help. Meet Lona, Lona this is Sazi."

"We've met already Gogo." He responds.

"Oh okay ke. Let me leave you. I need to go to the shops. Maria asambeni." Hau the two girls follow Gogo. Does this mean we are on dish duty? Couldn't I be the one to go to the shops?

"Lona, good to see you again. How are you?"

"Hi Sazi. I'm fine. And You?"

"I'm good. Where are the kids?"

"With their father for the weekend. How can I help?"

"By drying and packing them in that container over there." I start working and we continue for a while in silence. I have to stand beside him. I watch his strong hands as he washes and with all that soap. The way his arm muscles work as he picks up the dishes. I feel the warmth emanating from him. We are too close to each other. His scent fills my nostrils and I quiver in my secret place. It's going to be long day.

"So many dishes. What happened this morning?" I feel the need to break the silence.

"They had a soccer match with other shelters. Gogo was hosting. Now they all went for a hike except for the two girls. You come here often?"

"Not as often as I would like. Haven't been here in two years. And you?"

"This is like my second home." He doesn't elaborate. We are silent again just the sound of the

water as he washes. His brow is furrowed as he concentrate on the task at hand. He is very slow and thorough. You'd swear he was painting a Picasso. This is going to be very long. I'm not sure I can last that long without jumping his bones. I feel his breath fanning my face every time he turns in my direction. Sometimes our hands accidentally touch as we exchange the dishes. The frisson of awareness that courses through my body when that happens is potent. I'm in a perpetual state of arousal. I fear if he were to make his move I'd throw my morals out the window.

"Our paths seem to be destined to cross. I wonder why that is?" he breaks the silence this time

"Coincidence?"

"Maybe. Or fate."

"What would our fate be then?" Screw each other's brain off.

"You never know. Fate will decide when to reveal its self. We just have to flow with it."

I start questioning him about this theory and we argue our different point of views. He is very calm in his arguments. He listens and concedes when he feels my point is right. He is able to break down his point of view so that you are able to understand. He is a great conversationalist. When he decides to speak that is. His voice alone breaks my body into goose bumps. I could listen to him all day and all night. Especially at night when he does other things with his strong hands. Sigh. Hoe tendencies.

Three hours later we are still at it. We've changed water at least three times. It doesn't help that he first rinses the dirt out before washing. Its a process with him. Had it been me washing, the first batch of water would have been enough. Fortunately we are only left with two big pots. I'm not even filling the silence anymore. I just want this over with. I can't even sit down because the table is too high.

"Do you have plans for the rest of the day?" He asks.

Yes. Crawl into my bed and pleasure myself with your images in mind until my fingers hurt.

"Not really. I'll probably go home and nap. Then read afterwards." He is rinsing the last pot. Thank the stars we are done. He wipes his hands with a dry cloth and I do the same.

"Would you like to go out with me? Athi asked me to attend one of his parties. I need company." Dude! Shouldn't your wife be your company?

"Sazi. I must admit, I love your company but I'm really uncomfortable with the position that you are putting me in. I was on the other side of this scenario. Don't make me an accomplice to your dirty dealings. You are married and me accompanying you to parties is really not appropriate." He has his arms folded in front as he intently watches me throughout my speech. He sighs.

"I like that you enjoy my company. The feeling is mutual. Would it help if you knew that my wife knows about you?" Its my turn to frown. I'm confused as fuck. What kind of kinky shit is he up to?

"I don't follow." I truly don't. This seems like an indecent proposal type of situation.

"She knows that we've met a couple of times. That I paid for your car repairs. She knows we had lunch the other day. It's part of how I spent my days and we tell each other how our day's went. If you go with me tonight she will know."

"Why would you tell your wife all that?"

"Because I have nothing to hide." He looks at me incredulously.

"Oh." That's all I can manage. Maybe my dirty mind is conjuring up a situation that isn't there. The guy has been proper ever since I met him. It's my wayward mind that's misguiding me. The dude doesn't even see me that way. Gosh! I feel so embarrassed right now.

"I understand if you are uncomfortable Lona. Maybe I shouldn't have asked."

"No, it's not that. I just wanted to be clear about your intentions. It's cool. I'll go with you." I answer without giving it a second thought. I better keep my hormones in check. They are definitely raging like a teenager's right now.

“Great! I’ll pick you up at six. Is that cool with you?”

“It’s fine. I’ll be ready.”

Afterwards I leave before Gogo comes back. I can’t wait any longer. When I get home I decide to take a nap and set an alarm for 5pm.

I’m woken up by a persistent annoying sound. It’s my alarm. I switch it off and lie there thinking of the evening ahead. Should I trust Sazi and his intentions? He hasn’t given me any reason not to trust him. I’m tempted to Google him but then I’m not sure I want to see his wife. That will just make her more real in my head.

Eventually I get up and take a shower. While in the shower I take care of my needs just to get the urge off. Nothing works wonders in the shower that the shower head. Once I’m done I leave the shower on wobbly legs. That should prevent me from jumping the man’s bones.

I miss my kids. I wrap myself in a towel and call them. The issue with this call is that I have to go through the TOS (Toenail Of Satan). He answers immediately and I can hear my kid’s happy chattering in the background.

“My wife.” I fight the urge to gag.

“Tsietsi may I speak to the kids.”

“ I’m fine thank you, how are you?” I’m not going to entertain him. He calls the kids.

“Mommy.” They both say at the same time.

“Hey my babies. How are you?”

“We fine mama just missing you?” Khothatso responds.

“Granny is here.” That would be Nthatisi.

"Oh. Is she?" I could say a lot about that woman but I could be on speaker. In addition its their grandmother I can't bad mouth her. Even though she doesn't hesitate to. She is the one person who celebrated when we divorced .

"She says you are not doing a good job mama. We should speak her language." Nthatisi says.

"She does?" I feign shock.

"Yes. And she says we should go stay with her. I don't want to stay with her mama she is mean." Nthatisi continues. Sometimes I forget this child's age.

"That's not a nice thing to say about an adult Nthati." All I'm saying in my head is that tell her some more my baby. Old miserable goat.

"Sorry mommy."

"It's okay. Khothatso you are too quiet, are you okay?"

"I'm fine mommy. I miss you."

"I miss you too guys. I'll see you tomorrow. Behave."

We say our goodbyes and hang up.

I need to choose an outfit. It's always a struggle. I don't want to be overdressed or underdressed either. Eventually I decide on an off white oversized sweater off one shoulder and over the knee high heel beige boots. I look hot if may say so myself. My curly weave will do. I'm ready just in time as the doorbell rings. I put my makeup in my clutch bag just for a retouch later on and I'm off. Sazi gets out of the car as the gate opens.

I start drooling. He is wearing slim fit faded denim jeans, off white round neck sweater with sleeves rolled up just below his elbows and dark brown shoes. He looks hot. Am I allowed to

say that? In my head, hell yes!

He walks to me the moment I get out of the gate. We standing in front of his car not saying anything. He has his hands in his pockets. I start feeling awkward.

“Hey.” That’s all I think of.

“You look beautiful.” My tummy clenches.

“Thank you.” It comes out breathy. I’m screwed.

He snaps into action and walks around to the passenger door then opens for me. He holds the door open for me. I’m drowning in his scent right now. In a very good way. It’s a bit of a climb to get in and I feel the sweater riding up. I’m sure my whole thigh is out. Hopefully I’m not flashing him my ass. It’s not that short though, I console myself. Once I’m in he closes the door and walks around. This gives me a chance to ogle him a bit. The man is gorgeous. Not in a feminine way. He is all man.

He comes in and starts the car. We don’t say anything for a while. I’m getting used to the silence. It only bothers me a little. I watch his muscles on his forearms and how they work as he steers the car. His long lean fingers that look like he has never known the meaning of hard work in his life. I’m sure he is magic with those hands. Is there a saying about a man and a size of his fingers? I wonder. Something about the size of a man’s hand and his anatomy then we have a winner here. I need to get my mind out of the gutter. I chastise the inner hoe.

He taps my thigh with the back of his hand.

“Earth to Lona!” That wasn’t even sexual but the way my body reacts you’d swear he promised me a muff. Why am I thinking of being miffed at a time like this?

“Sorry. My mind just wondered a bit.” A whole lot. To a forbidden paradise.

“Relax. You’ll be fine.”

“Why is Athi having a party?” only now I ask. Twisted priorities.

“It’s not really a party. The party will come later. He is hosting a fundraising event.”

“Oh. Am I dressed appropriately for that. You should’ve said so Sazi.” I’m a bit annoyed. People dressed in ball gowns for such events.

“You are dressed perfect.” Ah well if the man says I’m perfect then I’m perfect. He has access to Athi’s place so we park in the basement and take the elevator. Never be in a confined space with someone who has the ability to drench your panties by just a look. I should’ve left him to take an elevator and taken the stairs. I need the exercise.

As soon as the door closed I feel my heart beating against my chest. I’m sure he can hear it. My lips are dry and I lick them just to moisten them. When I look up he is leaning against the walls of the elevator staring at me behind his hooded eyes, hands in his pockets, obviously and one foot over the other. He is relaxed while I’m sweating profusely under the sweater. I look away.

I steal another glance at him and he still looking at me. Say something. Anything before you make a fool of yourself.

“It’s easier to get in here with you than it was when I came by myself.” His eyes widen.

“You’ve been here before?”

“Last week Friday. Athi had a party and invited Lala who invited me.” He frowns.

The lift pings and opens. I can finally breathe. He leads me and I follow towards Athi’s apartment. He knocks and Athi opens. There is only Athi here no one else but he is dressed in a black slim fitting suit and he looks mighty fine. Light in complexion, clean shaven with a fade haircut. I’m not sure he wants to start dreads or the uncombed afro intentionally. Fit like all soccer players. His legs have the bracket for days. He is not as tall as Sazi but he is a head taller than me.

They greet each other with one arm hugs and then he gives me a hug. I'm not sure why we are here. No one else is.

"Drink Lona ?" Athi asks.

"Vodka with lemonade please," I respond.

"Coming right up." He goes to mix the drinks at the bar. I join Sazi who is relaxed in the lounge. I seat opposite him. Clutch bag on my lap as if to protect my virtue. As if I still possess any.

"I thought there was a party." I say. I hope he has no ménage à trois fantasies. I'm not about that.

"We are still on our way. We giving Athi a lift." Why would we be giving a grown ass man a lift? Has he never heard of Uber?

"Oh." I so want to ask but I don't want to pry. Athi brings us drinks and then a thought occurs. I look at this drink and then back at him. He laughs then takes a sip of my drink.

"its not spiked," he says giving it back to me. I feel like an idiot right now. I can see Sazi is curious but he won't ask.

Athi returns with his own drink and takes a seat on the other side. They make small talk about the days expectation. I realise that the fundraising is for a soccer club that Athi has opened for the disadvantaged kids.

Just as I'm beginning to get lost in my dreams a lady walks down the stairs. Athi gets up with a big smile on his face.

"Hey baby. You look hot." She does. She is wearing a body hugging black dress with the highest of heels. She is possible a size 28.

"Thank you love." Love? He gives her a quick kiss then holds her hand leading her to us. Sazi is on his feet.

"Hey Sazi good to see you." She says giving him a hug.

"Hi Natalie. I didn't know you were back." He says returning the hug. Then they pull apart. She turns and looks at me. I see her sizing me up. It's quick but it's there.

"Nats. This is Lona, Sazi's friend. Lona this is my fiancé Natalie." Oh hell. Another awkward situation. I give her my best smile. She won't hear it from me that her man is fucking around. I give her my hand. she just looks at it and ignores it. Yhu. Impoxo engaka!

"Does your wife know that you have your friend with you Sazi? The way she says 'friend' you'd swear it was an insult. I understand where she is coming from. She is probably looking out for her friend. I withdraw my hand and sit my ass back down. A sip of my drink does the trick to calm me down.

"How is that any of your business though Natalie? Are you my wife's spokesperson?" Yho I never experirit.

"Just asking. Sorry," she giggles. "Nice meeting you Lona." I give her a small smile my hand isn't going back there.

Athi is sitting on a single settee and she goes and joins him sitting on his lap. We chill for almost two hours. I guess this is pre-drinks type of thing. Athi is the life of the group. He has a lot of fascinating and funny stories to share. We are all cracking up except for Sazi of course. The guy even has control over how he laughs and how much. I would love to see him lose that control a bit.

Athi disappears for a little while until Sazi decides to go look for him. I guess it's time we went to this function. A few minutes later they come back. Sazi looks pissed and Athi seems very happy. I wonder.

"Time to go." Sazi clips.

I down my drink in one go. I can't waste good alcohol. We all get what we need and follow Sazi to the lift. There is no conversation. He might be able to hide his emotions but this time

annoyance is written all over his face. Athi seems oblivious or doesn't give a poo. I want to ask but then again it's not my business. The mood in the lift is in contrast to the earlier mood. Ah well. It might be for the best.

Natalia has her hands hooked around Athi the whole way to the car. She really is staking her claim. If she only knew that I only had dark fantasies about one man.

When we reach the car Sazi opens the front passenger door for me. He makes sure to stand behind me and shield me as I climb in. I guess I'm revealing more than I should. We drive in silence listening to music. He has a mix of everything so I can't pin him to any genre but there are more hip-hop songs on this playlist.

I decide to tune out everything else and enjoy the ride. I'm looking out the window when I feel a tap on my thigh. He seems to like getting my attention that way. If he knew he was receiving attention in other hidden areas. I turn and look at him.

"Are you okay?" he asks. I only nod my head and he concentrates on his driving. Our couple is having a hushed conversation and Natalie breaks into giggles now and again.

We arrive at the venue. It's proper. Hosted in a conference centre of one of the up class hotels in Sandton. There are people arriving the same time as us. I spot a few celebrities, local business people and a lot of soccer players. Current and retired. This is a big deal.

Once we are inside the venue we are directed to our assigned table. As we go through I spot Tsietsi in one of the tables. Fuck! This is going to be long night.

"What's that?" Sazi asks. He is following closely behind me.

"My ex is here."

"Is he going to be a problem?" Hell yes. He is a TOS. He was born to be a problem.

"I'm not sure." I respond.

"Don't worry Lona. I'll take care of you." I feel safe already.

Chapter 5

"It all just sounds like ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh
Mm, too young, too dumb to realize
That I should have bought you flowers
And held your hand
Should have gave you all my hours
When I had the chance
Take you to every party 'cause all you wanted to do was dance
Now my baby's dancing
But she's dancing with another man"-Bruno Mars

We sit at the table that has been reserved for Athi and his company. I happen to sit next to Sazi, obviously and then some guy who seems familiar but I can't tell where I know him from. Quick introductions are done and the guy next to me plays for one of the popular South African football teams. There is also a couple of those around the table with their wives or girlfriends.

I hear them talk about soccer. Who made it in the league, who's sold by whom to where. Some name dropping here and there. I zone out. I'm not about that life. Soccer brings back memories of the TOS with his friends watching a game in the house and being rowdy and inconsiderate. I don't get why people go gaga over grown ass men who chase a ball around the field.

"You seem far away. Where is your mind at?" I turn to face him. Shit I didn't realise he was this close. He has turned to face me and even leaned closer. My face almost bumps his as I turn

"Mh eh." I can't seem to put a coherent thought together. He is still staring into my eyes. I can actually see his iris colour. I had thought his eyes were just a normal brown. Nope. There is nothing normal about Sazi Khumalo. His eyes are actually amber and very striking. It's like I'm looking into the depths of fire. My eyes drop to his lips. Do they taste as soft as they look. I wonder.

"Lona." His voice has a hint of a warning in it.

"Yes." I sound breathless.

"I asked if you were okay." We are looking straight into each other's eyes.

"Yeah." No. My nub is throbbing.

"What do you want to drink?" only then I realise there is a drinks menu on the table.

"I'll have the same drink I had back at Athi's." He nods his head and calls a waitress over then orders our drinks.

"You seem bored." He says. He has his arm balancing over the back of my chair. This brings him closer to me and I'm surrounded by his scent. One of my favourite things about him.

"I'm just not a soccer fan." He smiles. My tummy flutters.

"I needed to come and see this for myself." I feel Sazi tense as a commanding and arrogant voice halts the conversation on the table. I look up to find an older gentlemen with salt and pepper hair standing by our table looking at no one else but Athi. Athi is holding his glass so hard I fear that it might splinter into pieces.

"When will you stop embarrassing me? Must you always surround yourself with peasants? Do you know how hard your grandfather worked for his wealth? No of course you don't! You just want to bring our name to the ground by insisting on these silly games! We don't beg people for money Athenkosi! When will you learn your place in society! You still insist on hanging around with this trash!" he makes a sweeping gesture towards Sazi without even looking at him. I feel included in the category of trash. Sazi's jaw is clenching as he watches Athi. The same Athi who has just downed his full glass in one go. I'm not sure who this man is but he has two bodyguards standing behind him.

"Is there anything in particular you require by being here father or do you just enjoy

embarrassing me?" Athi's tone is flat. This is not the easy going man I know.

"Call off this joke of a function and come home. If its money you need, we have money!" Sazi gets up and asks everyone else to do the same as we all leave the family to discuss their issues. Athi's father is one intense dude.

The other people stand a distance from the table and a waiter immediately comes to offer them drinks. Sazi continues to walk until we are standing outside the venue. I can see he needs to cool off.

"Are you okay?" I ask

"I'm cool." He is quick to answer. I know as well as him that it's a lie. I'm never one to pry though. We stand outside in silence for a bit.

"Athi's dad has a way of making me feel otherwise. I hate the feeling I get when ever he is around. I'm my own man dammit and live my life in my own terms!" No one can mistake him for a yes man. I don't know what to do so I just move close and brush his arm for comfort. Big mistake. Touching Sazi is explosive. I wonder if he felt what I felt or it's just me. When I look up and find him staring straight into my eyes. I quickly let go of his arm. Ndidlala ngomlilo apha.

"Lets go back in." He doesn't wait for my response as I follow him. We find Athi's father gone and people back to their seats. Just as we sit Athi stands and walks away. Sazi follows immediately. I'm left with people I don't know except for Natalie who is sitting on the other side of the table we can't even have a conversation. No that there would be any had she sat closer. She is a snob period.

It's times like these I miss having Lala around. We would be gossiping about everyone else right now. Mr footballer next to me takes the opportunity to engage me in a conversation. The problem is that it's all about him and his career, endorsements and TV ads. I don't have the heart to tell him that I don't have a clue who he is but he seems to think everyone knows him.

The only footballer I know is CR7 and not for his soccer skills too but his looks. So this one is really delusional if he expects me to know him. I realise though that I don't need to say much. A smile here and a nod there keeps him going. It's almost a half an hour later when the two

returns.

As soon as they sit the function begins. Athi stands to thank everyone for coming and gives a background and a vision for his club. He is passionate about this project. I can see it comes from the heart. I think it's an excellent idea for soccer development in our country, youth development and our community. Especially those who come from disadvantaged homes and cannot afford to go to the expensive youth soccer programmes. I must say I am impressed and it makes me realise that there is more to Athi than meets the eye. When he is done the whole room stands and applauds him.

The main course is being served and the conversations have resumed. I notice that since Athi's return to the table he only drinks water.

"How are we paying or contributing to this fundraising thing?" I ask Sazi.

"It's already paid for. People have to pay in advance."

"Oh. Who paid for me then?" Trust me to ask the obvious.

"I did." I can see it's not open for discussion. We start talking about the food and the conversation flows from there. After the meal is done the music begins. There are local artists performing. People are dancing and drinking. It's fun. I want to go dance but I don't have a dance partner. Just when I'm about to get up and go to freshen up Natalie taps me on my shoulder.

"Come let's go dance Lunga." She is nice and tipsy.

"It's Lona."

"What ever." Ngowo xolelwa lo shame.

I get up and follow her tiny ass to the dance floor. We start joining everyone else dancing. I'm in my element. Just then I feel a tight grip on my upper arm. It's the TOS.

"What the fuck Tsietsi! Let go you are hurting me!" He pulls me closer to him. His nails are digging into my arm. He is really hurting me.

"Come with me and don't you dare make a scene." He is manhandling me right now! I'm shook. He pulls me towards the exit. I have no choice but to follow. The room is too loud to even alert Natalie that the crazy man is abducting me. When we get outside he lets go and I almost lose my balance. I rub at my arm which is stinging badly. I've never seen Tsietsi this angry and frankly for the first time in my life I'm scared of him.

"Who the fuck is that dude all over you?" he asks.

"I don't have to answer a damn thing! I don't owe you an explanation!" he advances towards me until my back is against the wall. I feel trapped.

"Say that again!" he growls. I lift my chin up. I'm not about to be intimidated by him. That's my weakness in life. I laugh at the face of danger like Simba.

"I said..." He raises his hand about to deliver a smack. I close my eyes and wait for the impact.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." Oh my Sazi. Oh yes. My inner hoe claimed him in that instant. I look up to find Tsietsi's arm still up in the air held in a tight grip.

"Let go of me!" he is angry.

"Apologise to the lady." He is as cool as cucumber in Summer. Tsietsi tries to force his arm out of his grip. Sazi twists it and places it behind his back in an awkward angle. He is in pain now. I can see it in his face.

"I said apologise to the lady." The tone is deadly I feel chills down my spine. The TOS is starting to sweat.

"I apologise Lona." He says through gritted teeth. I just nod my head. Sazi let's go of him. He

steps away from us trying to adjust his shoulder. With one warning look he walks away. I'm so embarrassed right now. I turn away from Sazi's concerned look as I feel tears pickle my eyes and I face the wall to hide my shame.

I feel him moving closer behind me. He is too close. My body goes from being scared to being ashamed and then to being aroused in an instant. Indlala ina manyala.

The heat that emanates from him spread throughout my body. I place my folded arms on the wall and rest my forehead on them. I'm too ashamed of my feelings right now. I can't face him. He moves even closer until his whole body is flushed against mine. I feel myself quiver from within. His hands slightly hold my waist.

"Lona. Are you okay." His voice sounds deeper and softer. I only nod my head. He places his hands on the wall just above my head and I feel caged in. The feeling is delicious. My quim is throbbing real bad it's in sync with the rapid thud of my heart beat. He dips his head and I feel his hot breath at the crook of my neck.

"Lona." The vibrations from the sound of his voice against my neck breaks my whole body into goose bumps.

"Lona." It's almost a whisper or a plea. Then I feel it his bulge against my ass. The only indication since we met that I also have the same effect on him. Fuck! I almost cream my panties. My breathing starts to escalate. I feel his warm breath against my neck. Our bodies are glued to each other.

"Lona." The plea again.

"Mmh." It comes out as a breathy moan. I want him to grab my boobs and squeeze. They are in pain and anticipating a touch. Every nerve in my body is strung so tight. One kiss from him I would disintegrate. The heat in my hidden core is unbearable and it's almost painful. I slightly push my ass backwards and rub against him.

"Lona." It's like a warning this time

"Mh." Another moan. Take me! My inner hoe screams.

"Don't do that." He says against my ear. I'm too close to my climax. I need just one more push. I want him to roll my sweater up and pull my panties to the side then inserts himself. I want to feel him stretch my inner walls all the way to my womb. Then I want him to pound me senseless right this against this wall. A moan escapes my mouth.

"Fuck!" I can barely hear as he swears.

"Sazi." It's needy. He comes even closer and blows against my ear.

"Mmm." I'm so close. He moves his hands to hold me just below my arms and I feel his fingers graze the sides of boobs. That's all I needed to fall apart in his arms and have an orgasm. Quietly so. I warned you. I'm a hoe.

"Fuck Lona." He holds his body tight against mine as I ride my wave. This is probably the closest we will ever be to being intimate. We are in that position for a few minutes.

"We have to go." He says. I can still feel his bulge against my ass.

"I'm sorry." I feel the need to apologise.

"No need. I should be the one sorry." I'm not sure for what. He steps back and gently turns me around to face him. I can't even look at him. Who does what I just did though. I feel his finger lifts my chin to look at him.

"It's not as bad as you think it is." I only nod.

"Are you okay to go back?" I don't think I'll be able to sit amongst those people after what just happened.

"Do you mind if I call it a night?"

"No I don't." He takes out his phone and dials someone. We are looking at each other as he waits for the person to pick up. My body is still humming with pleasure but it's still nowhere near fulfilment.

"Sho ntwana. I'm taking Lona home. Will you be alright? No don't worry. I'll send my driver to come pick you up. No I'm not sending a spy. Cool. Sharp." He hangs up.

"Why don't I order an Uber." He looks at me like I have just grown horns.

"Ungazodlala wena. Let's go."

"Wait. I left my bag inside." I really don't feel like going back in.

"Come with me. I can't leave you out here by yourself." We walk back inside. He leaves me by the foyer with the security detail. A few minutes later he is back with my clutch back and we walk towards the car. Just as he is about to open my door I hear a distinct click behind us. His entire body freezes. Mine starts shaking.

"You are not taking my wife anywhere." Hayi ke Spawn of Satan! He truly has upgraded.

"You mean ex-wife?" why is Sazi so chilled? We have a gun pointed at us. Why does he even have a gun?

"Lona. Step away from that car." The TOS shouts. Just as I'm about to move Sazi holds me still. Hasn't he ever read safety 101? Obey man with a gun.

"Get in the car." Just like that he is not next to me. I hear sounds of flesh against flesh with a few grunting and screaming. I snap out of my reverie and scramble into the car. Once I'm in with a door closed only then I look back and I find Sazi crouching on the ground and holding up a face of a seemingly lifeless Tsietsi. He is saying something to him but I can't hear what.

There are a few of his friends also lying on the ground grunting in pain. I'm literally shaking.

Sazi gets up and walks to the car. He doesn't even have a scratch anywhere. Once he is inside the car he looks at me intently and then abruptly starts the car.

"Is he dead?" it comes out as a squawk. I'm terrified right now. Funny enough not of the man who just did all that damage.

"He'll live." We drive in silence for a while then I notice he is not going my direction.

"Where are we going?"

"Lona I think your husband might follow you home or send one of his goons."

"Tsietsi would never hurt me." That sounded dumb the moment it came out.

"He has a gun and I think he is a bit unhinged. A guy who doesn't take rejection very well can be dangerous Lona."

"So you think making decisions for me is okay?" I see his jaw clench. I'm not a damsel. He has to know.

"No. It isn't. I should have asked you first. I'm sorry." Woa. That easy huh!

"It's fine. Where are you taking me?" I must admit I was worried as well about Tsietsi. I may have underestimated his state of mind.

"My penthouse." What!

"Where is your wife?"

"At our house actually currently she is away on business."

“Why do you have a separate penthouse?”

“For my personal space.” I’m confused as fuck but I don’t question him further.

We drive towards Bryanston into a luxurious apartment building. This guy must really be loaded. We park in the basement and take an elevator to the last floor. We step out into the most beautiful and luxurious looking hall way.

The walls are adorned with expensive art work that are in deep red, orange and blue colours. That provides a splash of colour on the off-white walls. There are only four doors on this floor that could mean only four apartments.

We walk until the last two in the corner. He opens the door and holds it open for me. I walk into a glorious apartment. It’s airy but doesn’t feel cold. By the entrance there are two wing back chairs flanking an antique table that has a antique box on top with a mirror above it.

I stand aside and wait for him to close the door and lead me inside. He puts his keys on the table and I follow him into the apartment. The lounge area has two comfortable looking couches off white a lot of layered cushions in different complementary colours. A dark wood coffee table in the centre with a beautiful red and black centre piece. There are also two deep red wingback chairs with cream cushions. They are bigger than the ones from the front and more comfortable. Just below the silver stair case there is a dining table with its side server. It’s glass table top and silver legs with heavy looking chairs in different patterns and legs that match the table’s. That leads to a huge kitchen in white and silver colours. On one side is a sliding door that opens to a balcony but I can’t see what’s on the outside. There is also a bar area with another seating area that has two beige Victorian couches. This place is beautiful and I love it.

“Anything to drink?”

“Coffee please.” I don’t want any alcohol.

“Won’t it keep you up?”

“No I can handle it.” He disappears to the kitchen while I sit in the lounge and place my phone and bag on the side table. I decide to take off my boots and my feet sink on the plush thick carpet. I want to tuck my feet under me on the couch but he might not like that. This place looks spotless. I wonder who keeps it clean.

"Milk and sugar?" he calls from the kitchen.

"Yes please. Two teaspoons of sugar."

A few minutes later he comes back with two cups and gives me mine. He places his on the coffee table and then goes upstairs. He comes back with a throw.

"Here. You can put your feet up and relax." I'm so relieved. I tuck my feet under me and use the throw to cover myself. He has taken his shoes off as he sits opposite me with his feet up on the couch as well. We start chatting about everything and anything.

"What do you do?" My curiosity gets the best of me. He leans back and relaxes with one arm at the back of his head.

"I own a couple of coal mines. A few malls around the country and a couple of buildings in a few big cities. I bought them cheap renovated and turned the almost debilitating areas into upmarket areas." Whoa. That's the most personal he has gotten since I met him. The dude is wealthy. What the fuck does he want from me?

"That's a lot. When did you acquire all that?"

"Through blood, sweat and tears." I know he won't elaborate.

"So what would your wife say about you housing me tonight?"

"To be honest. I haven't told her about it yet as she is away. I'm not sure how to tell her. I could have booked you a hotel you know but here you are."

"If this is going to be a problem maybe I should leave." Of course it will be a problem.

"Let me take care of that. You are here already. It's almost 3 am."

“Okay. I’ll stay but to be honest this is weird.”

“I know. I really enjoy your company Lona. You are pure and there is this innocence about you. It’s refreshing.”

“Really. You make it sound as if you are old.”

“I’m older than you that’s for sure.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m 32 and you are 26.” He squints his eyes and purse his lips.

“How did you know?” I’m shocked.

“A lucky guess.” He smiles. We should pay him for his smiles.

We chat until I’m yawning non stop. He takes the cups go to the kitchen and I decide to rest a bit as I wrap myself with the throw.

I wake up sinking into a fluffy cloud. I slightly open my eyes and find myself in-between Egyptian cotton sheets with a fluffy white comforter. This is a huge bed and I’m lying right in the centre. It’s an equally huge bedroom. It’s dark. I suppose the curtains are very thick. It dawns on me that I’m in a strange bedroom. I do a bit of Kegels just to make sure I wasn’t ravaged. There are still cobwebs down there. Pity. Then I peek under the blanket. I’m only wearing black lace panties with a strapless black lace corset. My wig is still on my head. Small mercies.

I get off the bed and walk towards what I assume is a bathroom. I find a toilet separate from the bathroom. Once I’m done relieving myself I go into the bathroom and find a sealed tooth brush on top of the vanity cabinet. My upper arm has green bruises and they feel painful. This brings back last night unpleasant memories. I finish brushing my teeth, fix my wig and I find a fluffy robe hanging behind the door. I wear that and walk back into the bedroom to find Sazi opening

the curtains. He reminds me of one particular pleasurable moment which I have chosen to block out of my mind. It's for his safety really.

It seems like it's way past morning already. He is wearing sweatpants and a vest.

"Good morning." He greets.

"Morning." I respond tightening the belt around me. I suddenly feel self-conscious that he has seen me half-naked and he possibly carried me up to the bedroom. I cringe thinking about that mammoth task. He must be really strong.

"I brought you a cup of coffee." He points to the steaming cup on the pedestal.

"Thank you." I go and pick up the cup and take a sip. Just the way I like it. I can't help but close my eyes as I savour the taste. We are both still standing. He is leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

"How did you sleep?"

"Very well thank you. This bed is too comfortable." I respond looking at him over the rim of the cup. "How did I get into bed and who undressed me?" I blurt it out before thinking about it. He smirks.

"I found you passed out on the couch. I tried waking you up but you wouldn't budge so I carried you to bed. Undressing, well..." my eyes widen. "To be fair I thought you had something underneath the sweater. Imagine my surprise when I find only lace and skin." I can feel my face heating up. I look away.

"Nothing to be embarrassed about Lona. I made breakfast. Come join me." He walks out. I decide to make the bed and I'm not sure what to wear so I remain inside the robe. I find him sitting on the huge balcony, a table set up with breakfast and another tea trolley on the side with variety of foods. I feel like I'm at hotel right now.

"This is beautiful. So much food for just two people." I say.

"I didn't know what you would prefer so I made a bit of everything." I don't care about the cereal and stuff I go straight for the greasy lot. I love food and I don't hold back. We enjoy our breakfast over light chatter.

"I have to go home. The kids will be getting back," I say hours later after breakfast. I'm reluctant to part ways with him especially because I have a feeling it might be the last time we see each other.

"I know." That's all he says. I get up to get my bag. I'm still in last night outfit but I smell like him. I used his toiletries when I showered.

He drives me home in silence. When we get there he insists on checking the house out. He finds nothing.

"I'm worried about leaving you alone here," He says. We are standing in the middle of my empty lounge.

"I'll be fine."

"How well do you know your ex husband?" After last night not well enough.

"I thought I knew him but he shocked me last night." He takes out a business card out of his pocket.

"Listen if he tries anything call me." He gives me the card. S.K. Consortium. It has different ways of contacting him including a website.

"Thank you."

"You might want to think of reporting him for harassment. Not that police will help you with anything but to have it on record."

"I'll do that." My heart is heavy already. Ubufebe bodwa. This is someone's husband. I walk him out. We are standing by the gate.

"Bye Lona."

"Bye Sazi." Just like that he is gone. I return to the house and cook supper while I wait for the kids.

It's a few hours later when Tsietsi's sister brings the kids back. I'm grateful that it's not the TOS because I'm not sure how I would've reacted.

"Keep your thug boyfriend away from my brother," she says.

"The only thug here is your brother. Did she tell you what he did?"

"Just keep him away. I'm so glad he is fighting for custody so that we don't have to deal with you. Mme was right about you." Tyhini nkosiyam! Ndiyalingwa stru.

"Ausi we. Get out of my house please."

"Your house! Not for long." I see my kids in the the corner of my eye terrified. I decide to ignore the comment and not fuel this argument any further. I hold the door open for her to leave. She gets the hint and gets out.

"Hey babies. I've missed you so much." I can see they are a bit apprehensive to approach me.

"Mommy why did you have daddy beaten?" Khothatso asks. I'm done shielding the son of a bitch. Literally. How can he throw me under the bus like this? Every time the kids visit him they have to be poisoned against me.

"Come sit with me." We go sit on the bean bags.

"Last night your father had a gun pointed in mommy's head with a few of his friend. I was terrified and my friend came to my rescue." I see the fear in their eyes. It might not have been a good idea to tell them. What do I do when he constantly bad mouth me with the kids? He is fighting dirty and I don't like it. " My friend was trying to help mommy. You understand." They nod their heads.

"We will be fine my loves. This is between me and your father. We both still love you very much. I also think your father was not himself when he did that." The both jump on me and give me a hug.

"You know I love you right?"

"Yes mommy. We love you too." They say in unison.

"Ok who's going to help me dish up?"

"Me."

"Me."

"Okay both of you can help. Come." All is well. For the moment anyway.

After supper my girls help with the dishes even though they make more of the mess. After bathing them I send them to bed.

In my room I prepare for my first day at work for tomorrow. I'm very anxious about it I won't like. While laying in bed I think of Lala. It's so weird to go longer period of time without speaking to her. I decide to call her.

"Choma."

"Hey Lala how are you?"

"I'm good Choma. How are you? Are you ready for your first day?"

"I am. Anxious but looking forward to it. Lala are you okay?"

"Ja I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"You know I'm here for you right. I know the past three years have been about me and Tsietsi's issues. I haven't taken time to sit and hear about your troubles. Even your success. I've been a bad friend." I hear a sniff. "Lala. Talk to me."

"I'm fine Lona. I'm glad I have you in my corner. Good luck for tomorrow. May be we can have lunch on Saturday to celebrate."

"I'd love that. Good night Choma." We hang up.

I take Sazi's card and look at it. I'm going to need his help. It's time I swallowed my pride and asked for help. I should've gone to the family court but that would've been a process. I need a shrewd lawyer to deal with Tsietsi once and for all. I have underestimated him before, I'm not about to do that again.

Chapter 6

"Now and then you miss it, sounds make you cry

Some nights you dance with tears in your eyes

I came to visit cause you see me like a UFO

That's like never cause I made you use your self control

And you made me lose my self control, my self control"- Frank Ocean

The following morning I drop the kids off at day care before seven to beat the traffic to Rivonia. I arrive at work before 8am. No one else is here in the reception area. I had hoped to find Fisiwe in. I'm not sure how to proceed. After about 10 minutes of internal argument I decide to go knock on my boss's office. I hear a faint come in. I hope she said come in because I'm going in.

I can't really make it out. She is already busy going through some files. She looks up in time as I enter. She wears reading glasses. Cute.

"Good morning Ms Nduna." I stand awkwardly by the door.

"Morning Ms Somlotha. You are here early. Very impressive for your first day."

"Thank you. Is there anything I can do for you?" She pauses and looks at me like she is thinking about it.

"No not yet. Go make yourself some coffee and relax. I'll call you in after an hour to discuss your contract. The kitchen is to your left when you come out same as the rest area, boardrooms and bathrooms. On the right you find other managers offices, Finance, Marketing, PR, Procurement etc. Their PA's are stationed in front of their offices. You can introduce yourself. Your desk is by Fisiwe. She is the receptionist for this floor. The rest I'll brief you on later."

"Alright Ms Nduna. Would you like some coffee as well?"

"Thank you but I'll wait for Mme Minah to come in then she can show you how my coffee is done. She is our tea lady on this floor. If you want to prepare refreshments for meetings she takes care of that. It's part of her duties. There are two cleaners for this floor as well. I'll introduce you when they come in." I nod my understanding and left her office.

I find the kitchen and make myself a cup of coffee. There are some cups that are different from the others and I assume they belong to individuals and then there is a set of coffee mugs. I use one of those. Once done I go back to the reception area. I sit on the empty table next to Fisiwe's.

As soon as I finish my cup people start coming in. When I check the time it's just after 8h30. I guess this is the time for everyone to clock in. Fisiwe also comes in with everyone.

"Morning. Early bird I like." She greets.

"Hey Fifi. How are you?"

"So hung over It's not even funny." We both laugh.

"You are braver than me, drinking on a Sunday with work the following day. I wouldn't survive it."

As soon as she settles in she goes and gets herself a cup of coffee. She comes back with Mme Minnah and introduces her to me. A very nice looking old lady. Then a few minutes later I'm introduced to the cleaners.

Fisiwe's phone buzzes and she picks up. Afterwards she tells me that Ms Nduna wants to see me. I walk to her office with butterflies in my tummy.

"Ms Somlotha, take a seat," she always says my name as if she is seeing me for the first time. I sit opposite her and fight the urge to fidget.

"You can call me Lona mam." She looks up as if surprised by my response.

"Only when you call me Monde."

"It's a bit strange to call my boss by her first name." I giggle. Umhlola.

"It's my name right? Anyway it's not a must. Here is your contract. Go through it and have it signed within two days. If you are not clear about anything come back to me." She passes the contract to me. "Look on the second page. That's your salary while you are on probation and then the next line will be your salary when we make you permanent." My eyes nearly pop out of my sockets. I wasn't expecting to earn this much. It feels surreal. The benefits that come with this package are a salary on their own. My word. I'm shook. I can finally have medical aid for my kids. As much as she had told me to go over it on my own. She still takes time to go over it with me. I'm happy with it already but I'll take it home just to make sure I understand the fine print. Not that there is any. I'm trying to look proper here.

Afterwards she shows me all her files in accordance to their importance. In her office there are more confidential documents and then other files will be on the cabinet attached to my desk.

Once we have covered most of my day to day activities which takes the whole Morning, she orders lunch. Oh by the way I'm included in that. I'm going to love it here.

"I have a meeting at 3 pm. Fisiwe will help you set up boardroom A. I'll need you guys to set up for a conference call as well." Just then our lunch arrives. She gives me cash to tip the delivery guy. Apparently the restaurant runs a tab for the office. This is the life.

We set up on the other side where there is a seating area with a coffee table. I'm too nervous to even chew. She seems a bit relaxed so unlike her. She is wearing a black pinstriped suit. Pants are high waist and the blouse is dark blue with a ruffled neck and tucked in. The jacket is off and hanging over the coat hanger. She has a black stiletto heel on. Signature hairstyle, eyebrows on fleek and deep red lipstick. The lipstick makes her lips look bigger.

"How long were you married for?" she asks.

"For almost 5 years." Her eyes widen. I'm sure she must think I'm too naive to get married at such a young age.

"Any kids?"

"Yes. Two. Khothatso is 5 and Nthantisi is 3. Those two are my heart." She gives me a small smile. I want to ask if she is married or has kids but that might just be too forward.

"They are still young though. Are you sure they won't interfere with your job?"

"They are at day-care which has aftercare as well. But I think, I'm going to look for a nanny soon. I might be taking their father to court as soon as I can afford a good lawyer. That means I need someone more reliable to look after them." Why I'm saying this much is beyond me. I suddenly have mouth diarrhoea.

"Why are you taking him to court. Isn't your divorce finalised?" concern is etched on her face. Wow. She can display emotion. I'm touched.

"He has not been paying maintenance. I could live with that with my new job..."

"You shouldn't have to live with that Lona. He has a responsibility as a father to maintain his kids." She cuts me off.

"Ja. I know. It gets worse. He hasn't been paying for the house as well. The bank is demanding payment. The worst part is that he is still stalking me and getting violent. On Saturday I was out with a friend and he manhandled me and then pointed a gun in my head." Her eyes widen.

"Get a restraining order against him. Report every single incident no matter how trivial. Did he hurt you?" I keep quiet. She loves to take charge. Reminds me of Sazi. I squash that thought as soon as it sprouts its ugly head.

"Lona, did he hurt you?" her voice is stern like a mother reprimanding her child.

"Its just a bruise on my arm." I'm a bit embarrassed right now. On my first day at work already I'm telling my boss of my domestic affairs.

"Let me see." What. Her eyes widen. She is not joking. Good thing they are in my arm. I roll up my sleeve and show her my bruise.

"Fuck! This looks painful." She touches my arm and looks at my bruise. Her hands are soft and delicate. Warmth spreads throughout my arm. She is very close to me right now. I can feel her warm breath fanning my arm. Then she abruptly lets go of my arm.

"You need to report him." I just nod my head. She gets up and goes to her desk. Comes back with a business card. "Here. This is a good friend of mine call him. He is a lawyer." I take the card and look at it. Looks like an expensive lawyer to me.

"Okay. Thank you." I can't afford a lawyer. It's my first day at work.

"Lona. He does pro bono work all the time. Should I speak to him for you?"

"Really! I'd appreciate that."

"Good. I'd suggest after the meeting you go report this," she point at my arm. "I can also call a police guy I know to help speed up the process." She is busy on her phone as she speaks. Is she mafia or something. It's like she knows a guy everywhere.

"Okay. Thank you Monde." She pauses and looks up. She seems surprised.

"It's a pleasure." Our eyes lock for a few a seconds more than necessary. I'm the first to look away and clear the table.

" She gets up as well and go back to her desk.

"I just sent Greg a message. Call him." Greg is the lawyer. After I'm done with the clearing up, I leave the office. Fisiwe and I get busy in preparing the boardroom. She shows me what to do and who to call for help. Its nothing hectic. Some of the things I still remember to do.

Monde tells me that I must sit through the meeting to record the minutes. It is part of my job after all. Okay she doesn't mention the last part. She is meeting with the executives and one is on Skype. Seeing this woman in her element is a dream. She is in charge right now and exudes power. I can see even the gentlemen she is with are a bit intimidated by her. I'm impressed. When she sits and leans back on her chair. It feels like you are addressing the president.

It's two hours later when the meeting is adjourned. The two gentlemen stand to leave.

The one on Skype logs off. I can see one of the gentlemen trying to make a move on Monde and she dismisses him so swiftly and effectively. He walks out with a tail between his leg. What was he thinking? I pack up the boardroom and clear the cups and glasses.

"Someone will come and do that." I look up and find her packing her own documents. "Here, file this for me." I walk up to her and take the file. There is something about the way she looks at me that makes me aware of myself as a woman. A sexy woman. It's weird.

"Are we done here? Nothing else you need me for?" I ask.

"No. Go to the police station. A detective Njokweni will be waiting for you."

"He won't mind that I live in Bedford View?"

"Go speak to him. He'll know what to do. He is expecting you." I guess that wraps my day. She takes her laptop bag and walks back to her office. I decide to go do some filing and then go home. I still find Fisiwe at her desk.

"Been waiting for you guys to finish. Your meeting took forever." She makes a dramatic face. I like her already.

"Why are you still here?" It was just after 5 pm.

"I wasn't sure if you would need anything. I'm on my way though. And you?"

"Let me file these quick." She waits for me while I do.

"How was your first day?"

"It was good."

"Really!"

"Don't be so shocked. I think I'm going to enjoy myself here." She seems more shocked with that statement but doesn't say anything. After filing the documents there was one that needed to go to Monde's office filing cabinet. I walk to her office. Knock once and open. She is on the phone facing the window. I file what I need to and as I turn I find her looking at me.

"I needed to file one document here," I give an unnecessary explanation.

"Detective Njokweni is expecting you. Don't chicken out do , this. If you don't your ex will walk all over you. Plus you need evidence."

"I will, thank you once again." She just smiles and goes back to her laptop. I suppose I'm dismissed. I go out and find Fisiwe already on her feet. She is ready to go.

"You want to become like your boss and stay here after hours? Mhm babe not me. I have places to be let's go." I take my bag and my contract and we leave.

"Doesn't she have a husband waiting for her at home?" I ask Fisiwe

"Your boss? Hell no. I don't even think she likes men. Might as well be married to her job."

"Is she lesbian?"

"I don't think so. Never seen her with a woman either. She is just not a people's person." I don't feel right gossiping about Monde. She might be dedicated to her job but I don't think she is a bad person.

"I think behind that hard exterior there is a softy." Just thinking about what she just did for me brings warmth to my heart. Yeah, she is a softy. When we get to the parking lot we go our separate ways. My first stop is with detective Njokweni who indeed has been expecting me. He takes my statement and pictures of the bruises. He tells me not to leave anything behind. I even tell him about the night I found the TOS in my bed. He advises me to speak to my lawyer and get a restraining order against him. When I'm done with the detective it's almost 7pm. The day care charges R50 after 6pm. I might have to consider finding a nanny as well.

I first buy take away and then fetch the kids. They complain non stop about being fetched late. Jonathan was long gone apparently. He is my child's clock this Jonathan.

After supper I bathe them and take them to bed. Back in my room I think about calling the lawyer but it's too late in the evening. It might not be appropriate to call the man at that time.

I decide to go through my contract. It's pretty straight forward and nothing complicated about it. Most of the items Monde had gone through them with me. I initial and sign where I need to and put it back in my handbag. I go on the internet to find reliable estate agents. I need to find

property to rent. I'm not sure how far the lawyer will take me but I don't want to be homeless in the meantime. Fortunately the R50 000 the TOS gave has been sitting in my account for situations like these.

All this planning gives me a headache. It's official I hate being an adult. I go for a relaxing bath.

After my bath I decide to go sleep since there is nothing for me to do. Sleep evades me. I go through my Facebook nothing interesting there but people checking in. Why do people check-in? Are there people looking and trying to find your whereabouts? And then the pics of food at restaurants! Or maybe they are advertising the meals. Insta is worse. A lot of the people I grew up with or went to University with are still single and travelling the world. Those were smart. Most men are trading ku busy. Everyone has important things to do. I wonder how they do it. Their lives seem so effortless. I get bored looking into their perfect lives and go on Twitter. Nothing is trending. WhatsApp status. Nothing much interesting there either. What's a girl to do when she can't sleep. Redtube. Now that is a girl's best friend. I at least have enough data this time. I'm not worried about it running out, my imagination never faileth. I have new batteries as well so I'm sorted. Single life.

Just as I prepare myself to be in the mood my mind drifts to Saturday and what happened that evening. Stupid mind is not selective. It starts remembering the TOS manhandling me. What a mood killer. I switch of my data and pack my rabbit. I guess there won't be self love tonight.

How did I not know that Tsietsi was this crazy though? Arrogant? Yes. Self absorbed? Kakhulu. Spoilt brat, hell yes. Definitely a cheater. So why doesn't he stay with his slay queen and leave me alone? How is this going to affect the kids? To them he is their father. Now they must be caught in between our fights. It's not right. I have no choice though. I believe it's for their protection as well. When they are older they can decide for themselves what they want. Or maybe their father will grow a pair and become the father they need him to be until then I have to do whatever is necessary to get him far from me.

My head is spinning from all the unanswered questions. Eventually I drift off to sleep.

The following day after dropping the kids off I'm off to work and I'm early. I find Monde already at work. Maybe she stays here. Who knows.

"Good morning Monde," I greet after finding her buried behind her laptop. She seems surprised to see me. I seem to surprise her a lot.

"I like the sound of my name from you." Say what now. She is as shocked as I am that came out

of her mouth. "I mean morning." She get busy with papers on her table.

"Would you like some coffee?" I ask.

"Yes please." I turn as quickly as I can and to go make her a cup as I was shown yesterday. I dump the coffee in the sink at least three times before I'm satisfied. I bring it to her.

"Thank you." She takes a sip and savour it with her eyes closed. She is a coffee junkie just like me. "This is good." Sigh.

"Anything else you need?"

"I'm good for now." She is still avoiding eye contact.

"I met with the detective yesterday." That gets her attention. I update her on what happened. I'm not sure why. Maybe because she recommended these people. She is interested though. She is seating back in her chair and listening attentively.

"Don't second guess yourself. The moment you feel unsafe and threatened around someone. It's time to act."

"It's like you read my mind. I'm worried about the kids and how this will affect them. I know for sure though I have to keep myself safe and them as well." After a few minutes of our chat I leave her to her work.

As soon as the clock hits 8am I call the lawyer. He sets up an appointment for during my lunch hour. The day goes by very fast and before I know it's lunch time. Monde is out of the office when I leave but she is aware that I'll be meeting with the lawyer.

It's two hours later after meeting with Greg and I must say we had a fruitful meeting. He plans to apply for a court interdict for the auction of the house. It's unlawful what Tsietzi did. He should've let me sell the house in time.

Apparently once Greg is done with him. He will have paid for the house and sign it over to me. Which I will sell and buy a smaller and more manageable property. He also plans on taking him to court for not paying maintenance, manhandling and stalking. He plans to get a restraining order against him. The kids can have supervised visits when its suitable with me.

I'm impressed with the plan of action and I give him the go ahead. When I'm done with him it's almost time to knock off but I go pass the office just to check if I'm still not needed. By the time I get to the office building everyone else is gone except for my boss of course. Her AMG GLE63 S SUV is still in the basement parking. People who have made it in life. I park far from her car.

I knock on her office and there is no response so I open the door. She is not at her desk. Just as I'm about to turn back I see her on the couch lying on her back. I walk towards her.

"Hey. I'm back. Just checking if you need anything before I leave." She abruptly gets up. Crap. She was sleeping. Her hair is loose and cascading down her back. It's glorious. She is beautiful. I'm really curious about her heritage.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you."

"I just closed my eyes for a second to think. The next thing I'm sleeping." She puts her shoes back on and walks towards her desk.

"Anyway. I'm about to leave." I say following her.

"How did it go?" She leans on her desk while waiting for the answer. I'm standing too close to her and I suddenly feel self conscious. I decide to take a seat. Then I feel more intimidated by her. What is it about this woman that unsettles me?

When I'm done updating her I know it's time to go home. I stand up and that brings me in close proximity to her. She should keep her hair loose.

"Thank you for your help Monde, " my voice is scratchy and I clear my throat.

"It's a pleasure," she says in almost a whisper. I break into goosebumps. It's time to leave.

"See you tomorrow then." She nods and I turn and walk out.

"Would you like to join me for dinner?" she asks just as I'm about to reach the door. I turn to look at her. "I just hate eating alone." She quickly adds.

"Erm. The kids. I don't have a nanny. They complain when I fetch them late." Just thinking of Nthantisi's side look nje is enough to keep me in check.

"Oh I'm sorry. I forgot. Another time maybe." Ahh poor lady maybe she doesn't even friends.

"Unless you don't mind them joining us." She breaks into the most stunning smile ever seen. I'm momentarily blinded by it.

"No I don't. You can leave your car here and drive together. We will fetch it after."

"Okay." I feel a bubble of excitement.

"Okay. Let's go then," she says.

Chapter 7

"A million shards of glass
That haunt me from my past
As the stars begin to gather
And the light begins to fade
When all hope begins to shatter
Know that I won't be afraid

If I risk it all

Could you break my fall?"- Sam Smith

If you think her office is immaculate then you haven't seen her car. I hesitate a bit to go in. She notices. Of course she does. I don't think anything gets pass this lady.

"What's wrong?" she asks.

"Should I take my shoes off?"

"Don't be silly get in."

I get in as she does then starts the car. She connects her phone to play music while turning the volume down.

"Where to?" she asks

"Bedford View."

"How do you cope with the traffic?" She asks as she navigates into the main road.

"I have no choice boss lady." She smiles. She glows when she smiles.

"Don't you get home late for the kids?"

"I'm still adjusting to my time. It's only my second day but already I've been late fetching them. As much as they have after care, I rather not have them at day-care for such long hours. Hence I'm looking for a nanny."

"I can't help you there. Never had one and never needed one."

"You don't want kids?" I could kick myself right now. I've learned not to ask people about having kids as it might be a sore subject for some.

"They are not on the cards yet." We drive while chatting about the kids. For someone who doesn't want kids she seems very interested in mine. I wax lyrical about them like any mother would. We wait for moments like these as mothers.

We get to the day-care centre just after 6pm. She waits by the parking lot while I go inside to fetch the kids. I find them with a few other kids in the waiting room watching an animated movie. The moment they see me they both come running to give me a hug. Then after they get their backs and we go.

"I'm sorry guys that I'm late. I see Jonathan is gone already."

"I don't care about him anymore." Khothatso sulks.

"Why?" I thought he was the most reliable clock.

"He is annoying." She says.

"He has a new girlfriend." Nthatisi gets to the root of the problem. I walk them towards Monde's car.

"Mommy! Did daddy buy you a new car?" Khothatso exclaims with excitement.

"It's not mine baby. It is my boss' car." I open the door for them at the back. Only now I realise how dusty they are. They have sand everywhere. It's like they went swimming in it.

"Look at you two. So much sand. Monde do you have a blanket they can sit on?" I'm mortified right now. Okay. They always come back looking like that. It's my Tazz. No one cares. We are talking about off-white leather seats here.

"Lona let the kids be. Get in kids." I don't recognise the woman speaking right now. The two jump in excitedly. I try and help Nthatsi to buckle up. She is having none of it. She can do it herself. I have to wait and make sure that she strapped in. Once I'm back in my seat I do the introductions.

"Guys this is my boss Aunty Monde. Monde meet my kids Khothatso and Nthatsi."

"Nice to meet you kids."

"Thank you." They both say.

"I'm taking you guys out for dinner. Where would you like to go?"

"Anywhere?" Khothatso confirms.

"Yes darling. You can chose any place," Monde says. I turn to watch them think about their choice. Nthatsi relies on Khothatso's wisdom.

"Spur." Khothatso says.

"And you Nthatsi? Are you okay with Spur?"

"Yes Aunty Monde." Out of all the restaurants they have to chose Spur. My kids though.

"Spur it is. Where is the nearest one mommy?" Monde asks. I direct her towards Eastgate mall.

As we walk through the food court, I look at all the restaurants we could have chosen but ke food is food. The two are walking just ahead of us. They are not even bothered that they took a bath in sand.

"You don't seem impressed with the kids choice." Monde states.

"No, really I don't mind it."

"You are such a bad liar."

We get to Spur and we are seated next to the play area.

"Mommy can we go play?"

"Order first then you can go." They are not really impressed with me but we don't have the whole night. The waiter brings the menu and they order what they need then rush off.

"Watch your sister Khothatso," I call after them.

"Your kids are lovely," Monde says.

"More like a handful," I respond.

"What are you having?" Ribs, wings everything that has meat. I'm a pig.

"I'll have the Chicken Schnitzel with baked potato." That should fill me up. She orders wings as starters and then a grilled chicken salad for her main. No wonder she looks good. She doesn't eat. We order our drinks. Non-alcoholic of course. I would love a glass of wine but I still have to go and fetch my car.

"I haven't been here since I was in university I think." She says looking around. The movement makes me aware of our close proximity. I slightly shift but it doesn't help.

"This is my staple food since I became a parent. You try and take the kids any where fancy. They complain that there was no play area. To them its not about the food."

"I can imagine. You seem to have it together though."

"Thank you." As I blush. Our drinks come.

"It's my pleasure." She says that with her eyes locked in mine. I get a frisson of awareness up my spine. I quickly look away lest my eyes betray my interest. It's weird. I've never felt such awareness about another woman before. Ever. But I'm not averse to it.

"What do you do for fun then Lona beside playing with the kids?"

"My life is kind of boring. I used to do things with my husband. Couples outings, holidays and all that. Now I'm trying to get my social life back on track. The only friend I have is married. Its a bit weird to get back out there." She is looking at me intently. Like I'm the only person in the room.

"So when you were still married you did everything with your husband?" She seems shocked and trying very hard not to show it.

"Yes. Didn't help that I had small babies."

"Oh wow. One should never lose their individuality once married. You know. I feel a person must continue to do the things that they love."

"I guess we get sucked in that bubble and forget everything else. So tell me about yourself. How old are you?"

"Wow. Now I feel like I'm being interviewed." She takes a sip of her drink.

"Now that you've mentioned it can we go back to that interview question." I push a bit. She seems relaxed so maybe I can get away with such.

"Which one?" She feigns ignorance.

“Don’t pretend like you don’t know. The ‘tell me about yourself’ question. Not even a question.”

She covers her face with her hands. I jokingly pull them away from her face. The laughter dies and we are left staring at each other. My lips suddenly feel dry so I lick my them. Her eyes drop to my lips. I feel warmth spreads from my hands shooting up arm and down my spine. I quickly release her hands and clear my throat. The contact is broken.

“I was flustered by your presence just like I am right now.” Whoa. My eyes go back to hers. Like did she just lay it out there like that.

“What do you mean?” She runs her hands through her hair. It’s her real hair alright. Which makes me wonder about her ethnicity. Is she coloured?

“Lona. I’m attracted to you. I have been from the moment I laid my eyes on you. I had decided not to hire you based on that but I couldn’t get you out of my head since then. I had to see you again. And no I don’t make a habit of making moves on my subordinates.” I can tell this took a lot from her to lay herself bare like that.

“I don’t know what to say.” I am truly speechless.

“You don’t have to say anything.”

“I’ve never been with a woman before.” Not I’m not interested or try next door. Hayi Haha not me. I’m basically saying okay but I don’t have the experience. I must admit though I’m curious. She intrigues me.

“Lona I know you probably don’t feel the same. You are definitely not obligated to feel the way I do. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“Okay.” I’m saved by the waiter bringing our meal. I asks him to get my kids and he does.

“I’m 28 by the way,” she says. I had forgotten the question. She’s is so young to be in that senior

position. People have clearly lived while I slept under the blanket called marriage. The kids come back to the table.

"Do you want some wings." Monde offers. She still shares her little food?

"Yes please." The two had ordered the kiddies pizza. They are very happy to have her wings. I'm so embarrassed right now. What happened to their manners? Demonstrating TOS tendencies. Monde is a great sport though she puts the dish in the centre and we all share. She questions them about their age, school and friends. They engage her in an animated conversation. She doesn't know shame, my kids can talk. They ask questions about her car, her teeth, the colour of her eyes. They even go as far as asking if they could touch her hair. Like WTF.

Of course she obliges and grants every wish. They even have a date to go to the movies. Subject to mommy agreeing. What kind of a mother would I be if I refused. They ask to go play one last time. I let them be. I can see Nthatisi fighting her sleep. When I check the time it's almost 9 pm. Way past their bedtime. Our waiter comes back and Monde settles the bill. Of course I put up a fight and ask to split the bill. She refuses. She is the one who asked me out. I let her be. I'm too broke to argue any further.

"I had a great time with your family." She says

"Me too. You are actually fun to be around."

"What? You thought I was this uptight, stuck up bitch." She is not malicious about it.

"I actually thought of you as a dominatrix." Why would I say that? Someone shoot me. She is looking at me now with an intense look on her face.

"That could be arranged." Her voice is softer but firm. My tummy clenches.

"Are you into that?" she smiles.

"I don't really practice but I love a bit of control here and there. Or being controlled. It depends

on the mood.”

“Okay.” Just then my kids come. We are ready to go.

“Kids. Say thank you to Aunty Monde for dinner.” They both chorus. Then we are out. We not even far out the mall and the kids are fast asleep.

“Okay. I think it’s late for you to fetch the car. How about I drop you off at home then come pick you up in the morning?”

“Wouldn’t that be an inconvenience?”

“I wouldn’t be asking if it was.”

“Okay. Thank you Monde.”

“What time do you drop off the kids?”

“By 6h30.”

“I’ll be at your house by 6 then.”

We arrive at the house and she parks inside the yard and help me carry the sleeping beauties inside the house. I’m not even bathing them. That would be torture to wake them up. We walk straight upstairs to their bedroom. She helps me to remove their clothes and leave them in vests and panties. Luckily they didn’t have any cool drinks for dinner.

We walk back downstairs. Only now I realise she is walking bare foot. That brings her to my height with my heels on. She is taller than me.

We are currently standing in the middle of my empty living room. It’s like a hall way in here. Empty spaces everywhere.

"This is a big house for just the three of you. Is it not?"

"I've been wanting to sell it for a long time as you know my ex has been putting a block in that. But I'm looking for a place to stay." She nods her head. "Would you like some tea or coffee?" I'm confident in what I have in my kitchen cupboard I did grocery shopping on Sunday.

"Thank you but I have to go. It's getting late." She says regretfully.

"It's cool next time then." Did I just extend a coffee invitation. Hoe life. I walk her to the car and wait as she opens her door. "Drive safe. Send me a text and let me know you got home."

"I'll do. Good night Lona." I'm suddenly engulfed in a warm hug. She smells heavenly. The embrace is soft yet feels safe. She pulls back and we let go of each other. I hug myself. I needed more of that. Just like that she is gone. I go back to the house and lock up. I can't help but replay the day in my head. I go soak in the bath with a permanent smile on my face. I feel giddy and excited about the possibilities.

After my bath I go check on the kids and find them still in Lalaland. Back in my room I lay in bed and check my e-mail for my nanny and rental place hunt responses. Nothing yet. Just then I receive an sms.

- Thank you once again for a lovely evening. I'm home safe. -

I respond with a kissing emoji as well. Just as I'm about to catch my sleep. My phone rings. It's an unregistered number.

"Hello."

"Hi." My heart stops for a second. My word, my whole body goes into a frenzy of emotions.

"Hi Sazi." It comes out like breathy whisper.

"Are you good?" I can feel my heartbeat thudding against my chest. Am I good? No. I'm not good.

"Yes I am. And You?" I don't recognise this small voice right now. Umntu uya muthsa.

"I'm good." Silence. Yep. I've missed even the awkward moments. I'm doomed.

"How was your first day at work?" he continues.

"It was good." More silence.

"Ngila e roundini kuwe." I sit up and fix my non-existent hair.

"What do you mean?" I'm not sure why my breath is escalating.

"As in outside your house."

"Oh." I'm so excited right now.

"Do you want to come out?" I think about it for a split second.

"Okay. Give me two minutes."

"Sure." He hangs up. You should see me sprint out of my blankets. Running to my wardrobe naked looking for my morning gown. Should I wear leggings and an oversize t-shirt? Nah that's a lot of work. Morning gown will do. Slide my sleepers in and rush outside. His car is parked right at the gate. He gets out when he sees me approach. He is wearing sweatpants, hoodie and sneakers.

"Hey." He greets once he reaches me.

"Hi." I have to look up without my heels.

"Come, get in." He doesn't wait for my response. He goes and opens the passenger door for me. There goes my morning gown revealing my whole thigh as I sit. He closes the door and I watch him walk around to his side. Once he is in he relaxes back in his seat and looks at me.

"How are the kids?"

"They are good, fast asleep."

"Tell me about your first day at work then."

"First two days you mean."

"I wanted to check on you yesterday but I was away on business. I just arrived now."

"It wasn't a must for you to."

"I wanted to. Now tell me." Well with that commanding voice how can I not. I start from yesterday's events. About my boss. How helpful she has been. I tell him everything that went down except the butterflies I get in my stomach when I'm around her. Or the fact that she admitted to having feelings for me. No. I'm a hoe not stupid.

"Your boss is very attentive to your needs." I'm not sure of his tone.

"She is just being helpful."

"So good of her. Just to caution you though. Once your ex feels the screws tighten, he will retaliate. He seems like the type to attack when he is cornered."

"That's why I'm also getting a restraining order against him."

"That mother fucker won't be stopped by a restraining order Lona. You need to be very careful."

"You are scaring me Sazi."

"Hey hey," he says gently while taking my hands in his. It was meant to be reassuring but it has just sent the signal else where. "It's not meant to scare you. I just want you to know what you are up against. He won't play by the rules." I was conflicted.

"Should I cancel the lawsuit and the charges?"

"Not what I'm saying. You need protection. I can get you a security detail to be with you and the kids." Really now. Ingathi uyayibaxa ngoku u Sazi.

"Isn't that a bit extreme?"

"We are being safe and a step ahead of him. I think while the case is still pending you need to move out." My head is spinning.

"I'm currently looking for a place to rent." The feel of his hands on mine is not helping either.

"I wanted to do this for you but I didn't want to come off as overbearing. I have an empty penthouse that you can use." With Sazi you can actually forget that he is married. That is one thing I shouldn't.

"Sazi I can't accept that from you." He blows a huge breath and closes his eyes for a second. I miss his hands already.

"We all need to accept help from people at some point in our lives. Don't be stubborn about this."

"Can I at least think about it." I'm not sure what the universe is trying to teach me but I'm overwhelmed by all this generosity around me. These people don't know me and yet they are offering all of this. I may not know much but both Monde and Sazi are really genuine about helping me.

"Okay. Don't take too long to decide."

"I won't." He sits back again with his eyes closed and arms folded over his chest.

"I have to go." He remains with his eyes closed.

"Please stay for a bit," he says.

"But you seem tired."

"I am but I'm enjoying your company."

We sit in silence for a while until my eyes are too heavy to keep open.

"Lona." I open my eyes to find Sazi's face close to mine. I so want to kiss him right now. I sit back to keep a bit of a distance.

"Did I fall asleep?" he is still looking at me.

"Yep for about two hours." What?

"Why did you let me sleep so long?" why I slept in the first place is beyond me.

"You seemed at peace and I was enjoying watching you sleep."

"You are weird. I have to go in."

"I know. Let me walk you in. It's almost midnight." He goes out, comes to my side and opens for me. He walks with me until we reach my door step. I turn around and face him.

"Good night Sazi." He snakes his hand around my neck cupping the back of my head as he pulls me closer. I lose all ability to breathe. He has managed to bring our bodies closer and I'm not pretesting. Eventually I place my hands on his chest for balance. I feel weak at the knees.

"Good night Lona." His melodic deep voice sends shivers down my spine. My throat feels patched. Then he plants a soft kiss on my forehead and let's go. He puts his hands in his pockets, a familiar stance. I turn around and open my door then wave at him. He steps back and then he is gone. I quickly lock up and get a glass of water from the kitchen.

On my way to my room I take a peak at the kids and they are still out. When I check my phone it's after midnight and I have an early morning. I set an alarm for 5 am then fall into an eventful sleep that is ridden with images of Sazi and Monde at various occasions. Delicious dreams I must say.

When my alarm goes off I feel like throwing my phone against the wall. The thought of Monde getting here and finds us not ready propels me to get off the bed.

I go take a bath first then wake the kids up. I put them in the bath and go prepare their clothes. I take extra care in choosing an outfit today. I have a lady to impress. After getting ready we go downstairs for breakfast. Just as we finish eating my phone rings and it's Monde. Very punctual I must say. We get our bags and rush to her car.

"Morning Aunty Monde." The two burst out as soon as I open the door for them.

"Morning you two." Then the conversation starts. They don't keep quiet until we drop them off. Oh and they make a point to remind her about the movies.

We get to work and are the only people to arrive yet in our floor. Once we settle in we go make

coffee together. I'm not sure how to be around her at work though. The dynamics have shifted. Once we have our cups ready she leads me to her office.

"How was your evening?" she asks. She is sitting opposite me on the settee.

"It was good." She doesn't have to know what made it good. "Yours?"

"It was good. I hope you not uncomfortable with my revelations from the previous night. I must warn you though here at work, I'm still the uptight slave driver."

"I wouldn't expect anything less. And no I'm not uncomfortable."

"Good. How is my day?" just like that she is into boss mode.

"Let me get my planner." I walk out and grab planner and return to find her on her cell phone. She is trying to get a word in but the person on the other side won't give her a chance. Eventually she agrees to what ever the person says until she hangs up. Who ever was on that call has just ruined her mood. I can see the shift in her eyes. Once we done going over her diary I go back to my work station and find almost everyone in.

"Girl. You are just like your boss I see, an early riser." Fisiwe remarks the moment she sees me. Then she regales me with tales of her new boyfriend.

I receive a call from Greg during the day letting me know that the restraining order has been granted and a warrant of his arrest has been issued for assault. Basically my intentions are clearly stated. We are at war.

Its not long after speaking to my lawyer when I receive a call from an unregistered number.

"Hello."

"You stupid bitch. What are you trying to prove? Do you have any idea of what I can do to you?"

The TOS doesn't scare me. Uzondothusa nge nyoka efileyo apha! Rha!

Chapter 8

"Tell me what you gon' do to me
Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me
You can bring a bullet, bring a sword
Bring a morgue, but you can't bring the truth to me
Fuck you and all your expectations
I don't even want your congratulations
I recognize your false confidence and calculated promises all in your conversation
I hate people that feel entitled
Look at me crazy 'cause I ain't invite you
Oh, you important?
You the moral to the story, you endorsing?
Motherfucker, I don't even like you
Corrupt a man's heart with a gift
That's how you find out who you dealin' with
A small percentage, who I'm building with
I want the credit if I'm losing or I'm winning
On my momma that's the realest shit"- Kendrick Lamar

"Go fuck yourself Tsietsi," I respond.

"Bitch you don't know me. You think you can take my kids away from me? You want to poison their minds against me. I'll kill you before I let that happen!"

"You have a loose screw that needs a bit of tightening. Go get help. Just know one thing. You are not getting anywhere near me or my kids!" I hang up. Is he even allowed to contact me? Sazi might have been right. The idiot won't play by the book. He sounds unhinged too.

Today Monde has a meeting out of office and won't be coming back. I take the opportunity to knock off early. I go pass the estate agent and they still don't have an available place to let on the area I need. They promise me in three weeks time. I'm sure I can hang on until then. I go pick up my kids. They complain about being fetched early because they were still playing. Clearly I will never win.

After supper when the kids are asleep I chill in bed and remember that Lala had promised me lunch. I haven't spoken to her in a while anyway. I decide to call her.

"Hey babe." She is in a better mood than the last time.

"Hi Lala. How are you?"

"I'm good. I've been meaning to call you. How is your new job?"

"It's great. People I work with are kind so ja I think I'm going to like it there." I'm not telling her about my one sided love triangle. I'm not ready for the judgement.

"I'm glad. You deserve a break my friend." She sounds down again. Something is off with her. I can feel it.

"I'm taking Tsietsi to court."

"Finally. It's about time that idiot gets what's coming. What convinced you to? I've been telling you since he refused to sign over the house to you."

"I think the access to lawyers made it easy to move forward."

"I'm glad. He needs to pay. What are you doing this weekend? Maybe I can take you out to celebrate."

"I have plans Saturday. Maybe Friday night if your nanny won't mind the kids or Sunday."

“Let me check Brian’s schedule then I’ll come back to you.”

“Cool. Let me know ke. Goodnight.”

Work has been hectic. I didn’t see much of Monde as she went to Cape Town for a few days. It’s a Friday and there is nothing much to do without my boss in the office. Throughout the week I’ve been avoiding calls from unregistered numbers. A few times I had answered it had been Tsietsi spitting venom.

Lala and I are going out for drinks. Apparently Brian is working the night shift so Lala can also go out and play. The nanny agreed to babysit so we are good to go.

I decide to drive the kids to her place and plan on fetching them later on. I seriously need my own nanny. Not only is it not safe but it’s an inconvenience to the kids to drag them out of their comfort zone. We decide to go for dinner and maybe a glass of wine or two at Piatto. At least we are not too far from home.

The place is not so busy. We can relax and catch up. We wait for our food over a bottle of wine. The vibe is nice and the conversation is flowing. Of course I’m being selective about what to tell her. I don’t mention the boss who declared her intent and I obviously don’t mention the midnight visits from a married man. I also feel like she is holding back. There is something missing from Lala. She is not the usual bubble friend I know. I decide to do some probing a bit. I’m not one to pry though. I always respect when people don’t want to share their personal problems and always allow them to open up on their own.

“Lala My friend I know you. You are not yourself lately. What’s going on?”

She takes a sip of her wine and seems to be lost in her thoughts. I decide to let it slide but then a thought crosses my mind.

“Is it Athi?”

“What?” That seems to snap her out of her reverie.

"Are you falling for him?" She frowns.

"No man Lona. Athi was just a one time distraction a good one I might add but it was once off." Her face glows as if remembering this once off event. I'm trying very hard to block the memory.

"I'm worried phela. did you know that Athi is engaged." Oh shit she didn't. She nearly chokes on her drink.

"He Is?" She can't hide her shock.

"Yes. I met her the other day. I didn't know how to act around her. I felt guilty on your behalf until she showed me her snobbish tendencies."

"Iyoh! I didn't know. Mara Athi is such a dick though."

"I'm glad it was a once off thing with him at least you don't get mixed up in that situation."

"Ja. You are right." Not very convincing.

"Where did you meet Athi's fiancé? Are you holding out on me?"

"No man. He hosted some fundraising thing and Sazi invited me."

"Sazi, the married friend?" I hear a hint of judgement in her tone.

"There is nothing is going on between us. I thought there was no judgment here." Yes I'm judging myself. I don't need another layer of guilt added.

"I'm not judging. I just remember how you felt when Tsietsi cheated on you. I didn't think you'd want someone else feeling that way." She is right. I know this. Try and tell my inner hoe that keeps whispering 'but we haven't done anything wrong' that's who I don't trust. You know when they say the mind is the devil's playground. Yep. It's true.

"I hear you." My conscience lays it on me every time.

Our food arrives and we order another bottle of wine to go with. Nothing like good food and company. I realise that I have missed Lala. It feels good to hang out with her. I wish I can tell her about my budding feelings for two different hot specimen. I'm just afraid she'll talk me out of it by being the voice of reason. She receives a few sms's as we eat and responds to them with a smile on her face. I wonder who might be making her blush but I don't ask. She'll tell me if she wants me to know. It could be Brian for all I know.

We are done eating just enjoying our wine and catching up. I look up to see Athi by the entrance followed in by Sazi and someone else. These men look good. I look next to me and find a blushing Lala with a guilty look on her face.

"Lala. Did you invite them?" My tummy is doing somersaults at the sight of Sazi. He looks yummy.

"He asked where I was, I told him. I didn't know He would come and I certainly didn't know he would bring company. Relax Choma. Let's have fun." The only fun I want to have is to jump Sazi and have my wicked way with him. They reach our table. Athi is all smiles and bubbly, Sazi his usual closed off self and the new guy is neutral. I guess he is assessing the situation. Athi gives us hugs as his way of greeting. Sazi just does a quick nod towards Lala and comes straight to me. He does the unimaginable. Envelops me in his arms and hugs me. I have a mini orgasm right now. He doesn't let go and I don't want him to.

"Hey." He whispers against my ear.

"Hi." I whisper right back. Then he lets go. Leaving me feeling empty and bereft. He then pulls a chair next to me. Already everyone is sitting down and in conversation seemingly oblivious to the sexual tension I'm feeling.

"Lona meet our other friend Ace short for Andile. Ace this is Lona." Athi introduces us.

"Pleased to meet you Lona. Is it short for something?"

“ Nice to meet you too Ace. There is a long explanation that comes with my name.” Everyone is interested. Even Lala. We never discussed that part.

“Apparently my mother had a difficult birth where she almost lost both of our lives. So everyone was in constant prayer. When I was born they were so relieved that my grandmother uttered ‘Kodwa Lona linamamdla igazi lemvana. (There is power in the blood of Jesus.)’ So I was named Lona out of that sentence.”

“Oh wow. So profound. I never knew that,” Lala says.

“You could’ve been Linamandla as well,” Sazi observes.

“My second name,” I confirm.

“I hope you not Nomagazi as well.’ Athi says clutching his chest. He is an idiot though.

That starts off the conversation. We tease Ace about his nickname. What does it have to do with Andile. Lala and I are on a third bottle of wine and I can feel the effects. I must call it a night otherwise I’m heading straight to sloshed land.

“We need to go,” I whisper to Lala. She frowns.

“Nah friend. The night is still young, the kids are fine with aunty what are you in a hurry for?” I’m annoyed right now. We had agreed on dinner. Now she sees Athi and she wants an all nighter. I tell her as much.

“We were actually on our way to a house party. You guys can join us,” Athi invites.

“We would love to,” her eager response grates my tits but I keep silent. I don’t want to come off as mood killer but really, I’m pissed. I feel a hand squeezing mine under the table. Gosh if Sazi knew how dangerous and potent his touch was. I feel calmer at his touch and riled up in a whole different way.

"I also need to get home. I can drop Lona off at home if she doesn't mind," Sazi offers and looks at me for a response.

"I don't mind," I say too eagerly if you ask me. "Lala you don't mind if I skip?"

"No babe. Can you fetch the kids tomorrow though."

"It's fine I'll do that."

"Ace, you don't mind using your car right?" Sazi asks.

"Nah bruh. I'm cool."

Sazi settles our bill. They only had a beer each but he is a man exercising his muscles, I do not argue. Once outside we say goodbyes to the trio and he takes my hand in his and leads me to his car. My whole body is vibrating with need. I want him. Badly. The only thing stopping me is the platinum band on his finger. Its barely stopping me. I don't know how much longer I can restrain myself.

We drive off in silence for a while. I'm so used to this it's not even funny.

"Do you really want to go home or do you want to chill first?" he asks and my heart rate accelerates.

"Where do you want us to chill?"

"We can go out for drinks. I know this exclusive place or we can go chill at the penthouse," he says.

"I'm not sure about your penthouse. I don't think it's a good idea for us to be alone together." I have to put it out there. He thinks I am a saint this one. I'm not made of steel.

"Really. Why is that?"

"You can't really be asking me that."

"I promise you nothing will happen."

"I can't promise you that." He is taken aback by my response. He takes a quick look at me and back on the road.

"To the club then." I'm not sure if he is safe there even especially if I'm under the influence.

"Maybe you should take me home."

"I miss you." My heart legit stops

"I miss you too." I can't believe I just said that.

"Then spend time with me."

"Okay." Who am I to deny what the man wants.

We drive in silence until we get to his penthouse. The ride on the elevator is filled with tension. We get to the penthouse and it's as gorgeous as I remember.

"Anything to drink?" he asks.

"A glass of wine please."

"Coming right up and make yourself comfortable."

I do just that. I go sit in the lounge and take off my shoes. Sazi returns with a glass of red wine and a beer in one hand. He comes and sits next to me. I swoon. He seems unaffected though. He gives me the glass as he sits back with his one arm carelessly hung over the chair back.

"Why are you always driving Athi?" I just blurt it out. I'm nervous and I'm trying to fill in the silence.

"Ah. Many reasons. But the most prevalent are that his licence has been suspended and I have to keep an eye on him." He won't elaborate and I won't probe any further.

"You are a good friend." I take a sip of my wine. I want to sit back but if I do I'll be resting on his arm.

"He has been a good friend too." There is so much I don't know about him but I'm intrigued. I just feel like I don't have the right to ask. "So. Have you decided about my offer."

"I just don't want to complicate things between us Sazi."

"Okay. Can you at least consider the security. I can also get you a place quicker. A place you can afford. You'll pay your own rent even."

"Find me a place but hold off on the security detail. I just don't want some guy following me."

"You won't even know they are around."

"I can handle myself Sazi. I've been doing it for a while now." He raises his hands in surrender.

"You are a very stubborn woman."

"So I've been told." I'm tired of sitting up. So I relax back. The contact is as potent as I expected.

"Ja. Did they also tell you how hot you look when you are being stubborn." That compliments shoots straight to my pussy. He thinks I'm hot.

"They never meant it as a compliment." His stare behind the beer bottle is very unsettling. In a good way.

"They should." He is looking at my lips and I'm looking at his. I feel his hand behind my neck gently pulling me towards him. He is leaning closer and my inner hoe he is clapping. Our faces are inches apart. I can feel his breath fanning my face. Mine is erratic. I can't hear a thing but the sound of my heart beat. "I shouldn't be doing this." His voice has dropped an octave.

"Ja," I whisper. The touch of his lips against mine is soft. He is still looking into my eyes. I think we are both looking for reassurance to continue. He groans and loses the fight as he captures my lips in his. Oh hell! His lips are as delicious as I expected. He cups my jaw in his hand and angle my head the way he wants as he devours me. He is in charge and I love it. My clit is painfully throbbing. There is an inferno exploding and running through my body. Then the wine spills which brings us back to the present.

"Crap. Your sofas!" I say attempting to remove the wine stain. My hand is slightly shaking. He takes the glass from my hand and put it's on the table with his beer. I still can't look at him in the eyes lest my arousal betray me. I keep busy with the stain then I feel his hands on mine holding me in place. That gets my attention. My whole body is shaking.

"Leave that." His voice is thick and laced with arousal. I'm glad I'm not the only one. "Here." He cups face with his hands and his thumbs caress my cheeks. I hold on to his forearms and keep eye contact. When his eyes drop to my lips I lose all sense and close my eyes. He resumes where he left off. I'm getting addicted to his lips and the inferno has been reignited.

This time it's more demanding and with urgency. It mirrors my need. He is partially lying over me and my legs allow him access. His hands are buried in my weave and I couldn't careless. My hands are clawing at his back. I need more. He needs to put out the fire that is burning. I can't breath. I whimper my need. I let go of his lips.

"Sazi . I need...please...please." I can't even recognise my voice.

"What do you need?" Stars. He wants to kill me.

"I need you." My voice is hoarse.

"I got you baby." My pussy muscles painfully clench. I feel one hand push up my dress with purpose while the other holds my head in place as he continues to devourer my lips. Once his hands reach my panty I open my legs wider to give him better access. When his hand finds my wet pussy he groans , deep. I need more and he can sense it as he starts to open my wet folds and touches my engorged clit. I'm so close. I'm clinging to him for dear life. I tentatively go to his erection. The feel of him through his pants gives me a mini orgasm. He is rock hard and the brother is very impressive. I stroke the length of him through his pants and he groans louder and his thumb become more persistent. My climax doesn't give me any warning. It hits me so hard that I temporarily lose my consciousness.

When I come to he is hovering above me with a concerned look on his face.

"Are you Okay?" he asks. I nod my head. His intense eyes quickly scan my face. "I need a drink, do you?" I just nod I have been robbed of my ability to speak. He gets up and I see his impressive bulge as he dismally tries and fails to discreetly adjust it. My whole body is still vibrating.

He comes back with another glass of wine for me and nothing for him.

"I'm going to take a quick shower. I'll be right back." He doesn't wait for my response. I wonder if he is going to take matters into his hands. He doesn't take long before he is back.

"That was quick," I remark without even thinking about it. He smiles.

"I wasn't jerking off if that's what you think," he has a beer in hand this time.

"I never thought you were."

"That wouldn't be as satisfactory as the real thing anyway," he says while taking a sip of his beer. He even makes drinking look sexy.

"I have to go."

"Finish your drink first then I'll drop you off." I sit back and relax with him next to me as we start chatting. We talk about anything and everything. He decides to bring me the whole bottle of wine in an ice bucket. It's hours later where we find ourselves drunk and dancing our life away. He has truly let his hair down and is having fun. I love the carefree almost childish side of him. He is playful and teases me a lot. My stomach hurts from either the laughter or the perpetual state of arousal I find myself in.

I'm not sure when I fell asleep but it's morning when my eyes flutter open and find myself in his tight grip sleeping on the couch. I badly need to pee. I'll have to wake him up to be able to move. We are facing each other with his legs locking me in. His couch is big but I wonder how we managed to both fit throughout the night or early hours of the morning rather. I forget about my full bladder and admire his handsome face for a few minutes.

"It's rude to stare," he says with his eyes still closed and his voice full of sleep.

"I'm not staring." His eyes open and come into contact with mine. Damn. My heart skips a beat.

"You are such a bad liar." Monde said the same thing to me the other day. Is it weird that I'm thinking about her while I'm the arms of someone else? Definitely.

"I need to pee," I say.

"Do you want me to hold your hand?" he teases.

"No. I just want you to let go."

"I can't."

"Sure you can. Sazi I need to go. I really need to pee let go."

"Don't say I didn't warn you," I don't get a chance to ask. He lets go and immediately I fall flat on my ass. Luckily the impact is cushioned by his comfortable rug. He leans over looking at me.

"Sazi!" I can see his holding in laughter.

Eventually he let's it out. I can't help but join him though. His laugh is infectious. He gives me his hand to pull him up. I drag him down instead. I didn't think this through. His body is now flushed against mine and I feel him everywhere. We are not laughing anymore. His eyes are scanning my face. My wig is somewhere on the floor. I remember taking it off the previous night. At least my hair is neatly plaited.

"Good morning," his deep voice breaks my skin into goose bumps.

"Morning," I respond in a breathy whisper. He leans down as if in slow motion until our lips make contact. I love the feel of his lips against mine. He deepens the kiss and my legs lock around his waist. The feel of his erection against my mound drives me crazy. My hands go towards his tight ass and I hold him in place. I want more. I need to feel him inside of me. His hands are everywhere as our tongues duel. He manoeuvres his hand inside my panties and cups my wet and slippery mound. The moment he makes contact he groans. I'm so wet right now.

"Sazi I want you." I whimper against his lips. The hoe has come out and is not above begging.

"We can't." His voice is strained. He inserts his finger inside my wet hole while flicking my clit with his thumb. My inner muscles contract at the intrusion. My hips are undulating as he moves in and out. He adds a second finger and I need more than fingers. He puts more pressure on my protruding nub and my toes curl as I climax. I moan my release against his lips. He doesn't let up until I hold his wrist in place. I can feel him still hard against my thigh. My hand goes for his erection and he holds it still refusing me to touch him.

"If you touch me. I won't be able to stop," he says. "I need another cold shower." He places his forehead against mine. I gently cup his face feeling the rough texture of his stubble. Why can't I have him all to myself?

"I also need a shower," I'm unashamedly hinting.

"Babe. I will not share a shower with you. I am not made of steel." He perks my lips and gets up. All this erection going to waste. He gives me his hand and pull me up.

"I'll go make coffee then." I say dragging my feet to the kitchen.

Once I'm done I think of making breakfast but I'm too lazy. I chill in the kitchen and have my coffee in silence. He comes back looking fresh in his grey sweatpants and a vest. He is in great shape. I salivate looking at him. I quickly make him a cup as he watches me. He takes it the same way Monde does. A smile creeps up when I think of our date this afternoon. I'm sure my kids are ready.

"What's so amusing?" he asks taking a sip of his coffee.

"Just thinking about my kids. They cornered my boss into a date this afternoon. She didn't stand a chance." He smiles.

"Those too would bully anyone into anything. You have lovely kids and they can talk." I agree with him.

"Let me go shower." He is giving me a weird look. I get out of the kitchen real quick and into the shower. When I come out he has shorts and t-shirt on the bed for me. These are probably his biggest shorts to be able accommodate my ass but they fit well. I put my panties and a dress inside my handbag. I find him downstairs standing on the balcony. I only peak out and call for him.

"I'm ready." He turns around and looks me up and down. His eyes darken.

"Lets go then." He clears his throat.

"I need to fetch the kids first." He agrees and I direct him to Lala's house. I've been calling Lala the whole morning and her phone has been off. I buzz at the gate and aunty opens. The moment the kids sees it's me they come out running. I don't even go in. I don't want to answer unnecessary questions. Sazi gets out and opens the door for them. I can see the curiosity on

the aunts face but I ignore her and just wave at her.

"Morning kids," he greets them. I wonder if they still remember him.

"Morning uncle Sazi," they say in unison. I guess they remember him then. They start chatting nonstop until we get home. He doesn't just drop us off, he goes inside to check the house out before he leaves.

"Mommy are we still going with Aunty Monde?" Khothatso asks.

"Yes we are. Lets tidy the place up and then get ready." They are excited to help and I send them to tidy their room. We are suppose to meet Monde at 1 pm in Eastgate. That way we can have lunch and then watch a 3 pm movie.

I pay attention in choosing my outfit. I decide on shorts, bodysuit and an oversize shirt with sneakers. The kids are in their shorts, t-shirts and sneakers as well. It's almost 1 pm when we leave the house. The kids cannot contain their excitement. We find Monde already waiting at Plaka restaurant. I guess we are not doing Spur today. She is casually dressed & she looks damn sexy. Sweat pants and a t-shirt with sneakers.. Her body is banging. Her hair is tied into a ponytail. No make up. Her skin is flawless. The kids run into her the moment they spot her and she gives them hugs. I walk until I reach her.

"Hi."

"Hey Lona." Her gaze is intense. On a closer look I notice slight bags under her eyes. She is still beautiful but she seems tired. On instinct I give her a hug and she melts into it. "Mhm I needed that." She whispers against my neck. We eventually let go and sit at our table. The kids are already studying the menu.

"How are you? I haven't seen you for almost a week," she says.

"I'm good. How are you?" I can't help the smile that creeps up.

"I'm better now that you are here." My tummy flutters.

Chapter 9

"I don't wanna brag, but I'll be
The best you ever had
I hit you with the best stroke
Freestyle and the breaststroke
Til you blow a cigarette smoke
And now the bed's broke
So what we gon' do now
Round two now
Work it out, then we cool down, cool down"- John Legend

It's been an hour since we sat down. We've had our dinner and are now watching the kids have fun with other kids in the play area just outside the restaurant. I'm a bit concerned about Monde though she seems down.

"Are you okay? You seem tired," I ask. She takes a huge sigh.

"Is it that obvious? I hope I didn't dampen your mood."

"I'm good just worried about you." She sighs.

I'm having issues with my dad. He wants me to get married so that I can produce children."

"Oh. Don't you want to get married and have kids?"

"I can't have kids even if I wanted to Lona." A wave of sadness flashes across her face as she says that.

"I'm sorry I asked." I take her hand in mine.

"So what would I offer a man if I were to marry?"

"So are you interested in both sexes?" that seems to draw her out of her sadness.

"Yes. I also love and enjoy dick as much as I do pussy." Such crudeness from her seems out of place. She bursts out laughing. "You should see your face right now. Priceless."

"It's not that I'm a prude. It's just any vulgar word out of your mouth seems weird."

"I know. Y'all think I'm proper but I have my moments."

"So why can't you tell your dad that you can't have kids?"

"I just hate to disappoint him. I'm the only child. I think he had hoped for a boy but it never happened. He has money and he wants me to carry the family legacy forward. By not getting married and having kids I'm disappointing him further. It's just exhausting. Me working at Richards Inc. Is my way of rebelling. I hate being told what to do. That has added another conflict."

"What does your mom say?" I still have her hand in mine and it feels good to be able to reassure her.

"I never met my mother. Apparently in her rebellious stage she went for the black boy. When her evidence of tasting the forbidden fruit was born she ditched me at my father's doorstep relinquishing all her parental rights. I've never met her. I don't even know what she looks like. All I know is that she is white." Aah that explains the hair and the complexion. To think I had issues.

"Wow. So your father raised you alone?"

"I had nannies but my father was always there for me I won't lie. He showed me love and gave me everything I needed. It's just that he is also controlling. Enough about me. How about you. How are your parents?"

"They were lovely and in love until death claimed them when I was 16. Car accident."

"Oh babe. I'm sorry to hear that." She is the one comforting me.

"I'm okay. It was a long time ago."

"You were still young though. Who raised you?"

"My grandmother. Who also passed on almost 7 years ago." She becomes more sad. "I'm okay."

"That's why your ex felt the need to take advantage of you. You had no one."

"What doesn't kill you makes you stronger right." There are myriads of emotions reflecting in her eyes right now. She nods her head. We steer the conversation towards a lighter topic. When it's time for the movie we settle the bill and go down to the Cinema. We watch an animation of course. This is not our date. The kids are ecstatic. I realise then that it's been a while since I took them out. However things are changing now. I'll be able to do some of the things I couldn't do.

Monde sits next to me with Khothatso and Nthati by my side. Once the movie starts the kids attention is captured. I can feel her looking at me. She comes close to my ear and whispers.

"Would it be wrong if I kiss you? I want to so bad." I feel electrified as a frisson of awareness spreads through my body. I shake my head a little. She leans forward and places her soft lips on mine. The kiss is soft, tender and oh so sweet. It's different from Sazi's and yet just as arousing. She snakes the tip of her tongue in and the kiss deepens. Oh it's good. I feel her everywhere. Just as I get into it she pulls back. Leaving me in a daze. Oh my. I really liked it. She places a chaste kiss on my cheek and goes back to the movie with my hand clasped in hers. I steal a look at the two. They are still concentrating on the movie.

It's almost evening when the movie is over and Monde walks us to the car. The kids can't stop talking about it. Once we get to the car the kids go in after saying their thank you's and

goodbyes.

“Thank you for today. I had a great time. I know the kids did too.”

“It’s been a pleasure. Can I call you later on?” she asks.

“I look forward to it.” She pulls me in her arms and gives me a hug. I soak in her scent for a few seconds then I let her go. She stands and watches as I start the car and drive off with the kids waving at her none stop.

She makes good on her promise to call me. She does that just as I go to sleep. We spend hours talking. We share our special moments, likes, dislikes. Anything and everything. It’s a different Monde from the office. This continues over the next few days. Our convos go from light hearted to sexually heated. She is the one that calls me at night when we are both in bed. But things get heated up when we text each other. It’s more like sexting. The way she gets me all worked up that I can’t help but pleasure myself and I let her know too. We don’t send anything graphic just the way she describes touching me. She makes me feel it. By Thursday I’m ready to pounce on her. It’s so difficult being around her without thinking of our evening chats. In the office though it’s a different Monde. She is the epitome of professionalism. Where as I’m always flustered and all over the place around her.

I haven’t heard from Sazi since Saturday morning. I miss him. I’m ashamed to admit that. I don’t want to call him. We are not there yet. Never. I have a court date the following Friday. I wanted to let him know. I let Monde know though as she is the one that helped with the whole thing.

It’s a Friday and I receive a call from a property agent I don’t know. She informs me that she has been instructed by Mr Khumalo to call me. She continued to tell me that she has a vacant unit for me to go view. It’s not too far from Eastgate in Bedford area still. I arrange to go after work. Monde is in Durban for the weekend. She left yesterday for a conference. That allows me time to knock off early and go view the apartment.

I love it. It’s closer to the kids day care. Closer to the mall as well. There aren’t many units in the complex. They have an impressive security as well. It has three bedrooms upstairs and two baths. Downstairs there is an open plan kitchen, dining room and a lounge. The lounge opens into a mini garden. I truly love it. It’s just the right size for us. The monthly rent is an issue. It’s R18 000. They will require a deposit as well. When I think about the rates and electricity it might go to R20 000. With our daily costs. I will be left broke every month.

"I love this place but I can't afford it," I say resignedly to the agent. She frowns.

"But Mr Khumalo has paid the rent up front for the next twelve months." She is almost panicky. I'm sure she thinks her commission is slipping through her fingers.

"He has?" Why am I surprised? I'm wary of accepting such help though. It means I'm jumping from one man who rescued me and thought he owned me to another. Could Sazi be another potential TOS? You'll never know with men.

"Yes. All you need to do is sign the lease which is in your name. If you don't want it after a year we don't renew it." It's seems straight forward. I look at the lease. It's in my name. I go through it and there is no catch or anything like that. I sign where I need to. She gives me the keys. Wow.

"What if I didn't like this place?"

"I would have taken you to another one. We have an open cheque mam." I can see the envy in her eye. She must think I'm the slay queen minus the slay queen features. I'm so relieved right now. I go fetch my kids and take them out for supper.

Once I'm alone at home I take a chance and send Sazi a message.

-Thank you-

A few minutes later my phone rings. It's him. My heart start galloping. Will the effect he has on me ever wanes?

"Hi," my voice comes out as a breathy whisper. I become so girly in his presence. Whether it's in person or otherwise.

"Hey." His deep voice sends my body in a frenzy. I clear my throat.

"I saw the agent today. The lease is signed and I have the keys already. Thank you."

"It's my pleasure Linamandla." I can't help but giggle. No one called me that except for my dad.

"I just can't help think of what the catch is. No one can be this generous with their money without expecting anything in return."

"Listen. I know you don't know me well enough. I've been at the bottom and I've had people help me out. I know what it's like to lose hope only to be saved by an unlikely source. It's what I do Lona. I pave it forward. Even if I wasn't attracted to you, I'd still help you out. One thing has nothing to do with the other. The only thing you need to do for me is to pave it forward as well when you can." I'm holding back my tears right now. I would love to know where he came from. What made him the man he is today.

"Lona. Are you crying?" There is a hint of concern in his tone. I sniff.

"No." Okay now I'm crying. Since when did I become a cry baby.

"Come on baby don't do that. If I was around I would come there but I'm not." I compose myself.

"I'm fine. Where are you?"

"I'm away on business." I'm calmer now.

"Thank you again Sazi."

"You are welcome. We need to discuss your security when I come back. I'm not taking no for an answer. I found some disturbing news about your ex. We need you safe."

"What news?"

"He is not who you think he is. The man is dangerous. I'll give you details when I get back. When can I see you?"

"Let me know when you are back then we will arrange." Ngapha ngu Sazi ngapha ngu Monde. I'm surprising myself even.

"I have to go. Good night."

"Good night." He hangs up. I have a message on my phone. It's Monde bidding me goodnight. I guess there won't be any sexting tonight. I reply on her message. I got her to use WhatsApp. She had never used it before. Who didn't use WhatsApp? I decide to sleep. I am interviewing a potential nanny the following morning. She comes highly recommended.

It's a Saturday and I'm done with the nanny. I like her. She is a mature lady who has experience. Her previous employer let her go because the children were older and didn't require a nanny. They gave a glowing reference. She is ready to start on Monday and she would be a live-in nanny. I also need to move but decide I would do that the following week after the court case. My lawyer tells me it's a straightforward case. I should be awarded my house afterwards and Tsietsi would be charged for not paying maintenance. I won't be pressing charges for assault the restraining order is enough. He will only get supervised visits with the kids. The court appointed the person. That means me and him don't need to see each other.

The following week is a blur. I don't get to see Sazi as he immediately has to go on another business trip. Monde is also busy at work. So we hardly see each other.

It is not until Wednesday that I get to see her in her office. I wait until everyone is gone in our floor and go into her office. She is busy on her laptop but lifts her head as I come in.

"You are still here?" She gets up and walks towards me.

"I wanted to check if you needed anything before I left," I say as I come in and close the door. I remain rooted on the spot. When she reaches me her hand goes behind me and she locks the door.

"I need this." Before I could say anything she cups my face with her soft hands and gives me a kiss. I don't need another invite to reciprocate. Her lips taste sweet and tangy. I pull her closer to

me. Her soft womanly curves are a contrast to the hard male I'm used to but feel just as divine. I can feel my breathing change. Her hands go down and unbutton my blouse until my lace covered boobs are bared to her. I'm only happy I always wear my best underwear. She stands back as she looks at them appreciatively for a few seconds.

"These are gorgeous." I'm standing here with my knees shaking. "I have to do this." She has my nipple out of my bra and in her mouth before I could utter a response. The feeling from my nipple sends a signal straight to my cookie. She flicks the nipple with her tongue while caressing the other one. She knows exactly how to handle boobs. She applies the right amount of pressure when needed. When I'm about to protest on behalf of the other twin she attends to it. All I can do is unclip her hair and let it loose while I hold her head in place.

"Mmmh Monde. That feels good." She looks up with need reflected in her eyes. She grabs my hand and pulls me towards the couch. Once there she gently pushes me down and goes on her knees in-between my legs. I get a whiff of my arousal as she opens me further. Then she sits back on her heels and admire my pussy. Here I am sitting with legs wide open like a sacrificial lamb with my boss admiring the view her hair loose and her eyes wild with arousal. I feel my vagina contract in anticipation. She caresses my panty clad pussy and my ass lifts off the couch.

"You are so wet. Is this for me?" She whispers while her fingers run up and down my pussy. Would she stop teasing though.

"Yes. It's all for you babe." I pant.

She leans down and takes a huge whiff then makes an appreciative sound.

"I haven't been with a woman in a long time. This looks perfect."

"Well I haven't been with a woman ever and I'd appreciate that my first woman stops torturing me." Imbatyo will have you speaking in tongues.

"Well I can't have you waiting now can I?"

She goes and pull down my panties and I lift my ass to make it easier for her. She takes them off and throws them carelessly to the side. I feel self conscious for a split second. I know it's neat. I do wax. I never like too much hair down there. Phela she is an expert on vagina she has one. "Fuck me. This looks gorgeous." Just like that I'm drenched. Her fingers run through

opening my folds and I remember Sazi doing the same thing. My arousal goes up a notch. What the hell is wrong with me?

The sight of her watching my pussy like that drives me mad. When she finally goes down and takes a swipe at my cookie with her tongue, I scream. I throw my head back and enjoy the sensations. Her tongue game is fire. She knows pussy this one and she can really eat it good too. When she adds her fingers to her tongue game I'm done. I come undone and explode into an intense orgasm. She licks me until I'm clean and then comes up licking her lips. She gives me a wet kiss that is still full of need. I can taste myself on her and I love it. While kissing I put my hand under her skirt into her panties. Fuck! She isn't wearing any. The heat coming from her core is insane. She is as affected as I am. She moans against my lips when I touch her wet core. This is beyond wet. She clings to me as I play with her. It doesn't take her long before she falls apart in my arms. I drown her screams with my kisses. I only let go when she starts whimpering. Then I lick my lips as she watches. Her face is flushed and her eyes look wild. Gorgeous.

We fix our clothes in-between kisses until we are done.

"That was really good," I say.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. You taste real good too." It's my turn to blush. "Don't be embarrassed. That's me, I'm very vocal about my feelings." So I've noticed. She is a hoe in the bedroom this one.

"I have to go. When are you coming back?"

"Probably on Tuesday. It's a series of meetings and workshops we are attending. I wish you could come with." I wish I could too but with the new nanny I'm not as comfortable leaving my kids just yet. I tell her as much. She walks me to the door and gives me another wet kiss just before I leave.

"I'll miss you," I say.

"I'll call you everyday." One last kiss and I'm gone with a permanent smile on my face.

(Excuse the errors.)

Chapter 10

" It's your body
You can yell if you want to
Loud if you want to
Scream if you want to
Just let me love you
Lay right here girl
Don't be scared of me
Give you sex therapy
Give you sex therapy
It's your body
We'll go hard if you want to
As hard as you want to
Soft as you want to
Just let me love you lay right here
I'll be your fantasy
Give you sex therapy
Give you sex therapy"-Robin Thicke

It's a Friday and I'm in court. One good thing is that I have a nanny. The kids like her, I like her. Our energy is in harmony.

Greg seems confident that things will go our way. I feel tired though. I spent half the night on the phone with Monde. She tried to lay my fears to rest by giving me the reassurance I needed. I eventually fell asleep with a phone against my ear.

I wish she was here. It's only been a few weeks of knowing her but I feel her absence. Yesterday was a long day in the office without her. That is not right. I don't like to have such an emotional

connection with a person so soon. Once you start labelling then expectations will rise. Then more of what I'm able to provide will be required. I would like to keep what we have as casual as possible if I can.

The TOS keeps throwing daggers at me. I don't even flinch he doesn't scare me. I sit and listen to my lawyer listing all his crimes. Just then I feel someone's presence behind me. I can't help but to turn to look. It's Sazi in a suit. Fuck. He needs to be paid just for his good looks. He smiles when our eyes meet and I can't help but return the smile. My heart beat accelerates. It's so comforting to have him on my side. He literary has my back as he is sitting right behind me.

When I turn back around I catch Tsietsi glaring at me. If looks could kill I'd be dead. I lift my chin and glare right back. Anganya!

The court continues with the proceedings. His lawyer tries and fails to defend his client. His parents are sitting behind him with disapproving looks directed at me. I don't really give a shit. They were never my parents. Oh Minky is also in attendance slaying as usual. I thought they were over with the way the TOS had been acting lately towards me.

The judge gives his judgment. Tsietsi has to pay over R300 000 of the maintenance money he skipped on. Greg my lawyer has the papers drawn to transfer the ownership of the house. The court assigns a person who will facilitate the visitations until further notice. Tsietsi signs the papers and we are dismissed.

As soon as I get up Sazi is already by my side enveloping me in his arms. I inhale his divine scent and let myself relax. Just what I needed.

"It's over," I whisper.

"Not by a long shot," his deep voice vibrates against my neck sending shivers down my spine. "He won't give in that easy but for now we celebrate."

"Thank you for coming."

He lets go of me and just as I'm about to introduce him to Greg I see that he is busy with the

judge.

"Let's go celebrate your victory," he says.

"Okay. Let me just say goodbye to my lawyer first." He lets me go and I say a quick goodbye to Greg. When I return he takes my hand in his and leads me out of the courtroom. I can feel Tsietsi's eyes on us the entire time.

"So Greg is your lawyer?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Yes, I use him from time to time."

"Oh. Then why didn't you say hi?" I ask.

"He knows my wife too." I frown. We are walking towards the parking area.

"Why is that a problem? I thought you told your wife everything."

"Like making you cum or spending nights with you? That sort of thing?"

"Okay maybe not that. Why would it be an issue to go to court for a friend?"

"You are not just a friend anymore Lona." We are by his car and he opens the door for me to get in. Once I'm settled he goes around and gets in. He doesn't start the car immediately.

"Sazi I don't want to complicate things between you and your wife." My daily mantra.

"Things are already complicated. Any case let me deal with that. What time are you suppose to

fetch the kids?"

"Anytime really. I took a day off today so I was going to do so immediately after court. Why do you ask?"

"I want to take you somewhere. Its a bit far and we might take longer."

"I can pick them up and drop them off at home. I have a nanny."

"Great. Why don't you go pick up the kids. I'll pick you up, let's say in," he checks his time.

"Two hours." He looks at me.

"Okay then that should be fine. Where are you taking me?"

"It's a surprise."

"I need to know what to wear."

"Be comfortable. Think outdoors."

"Oh okay." I'm not particularly a fan of anything outdoors. But I won't tell him that.

He takes me to my car and waits for me to start and pull out of the parking lot. I first go fetch the kids and then buy them food afterwards.

I'm in my room and I'm trying to pick an outfit that is comfortable and yet flattering. Eventually I settle on jeggings and an overlapping t-shirt. I wear my curly wig. I'm in need of a new hairstyle though. The wigs although convenient aren't my favourite thing. I always like to have my hair sewn in, plaited or braided. I plan on doing that tomorrow. I wear my sneakers. They are comfortable for walking and running. I'm hoping there won't be a lot of walking and definitely no running.

Exactly in two hours he is outside my house. I bid the kids goodbye and leave aunty with a few instructions.

As soon as I get out of the gate he comes out of the car. He always does this. He goes around and opens the door for me.

"You look beautiful," he says once he is inside the car.

"Thank you." We are silent for a while as he manoeuvres through traffic.

"The other day you said there was more to Tsietsi than meets the eye. What did you mean?" he glances at me and back on the road and doesn't respond. Its a few minutes later when he speaks.

"How much do you know about him Lona?"

"Like I'm not sure how to answer that question. I thought I knew him but his behaviour lately is weird."

"How much do you know about his business?"

"That he runs his fathers business mostly. They have a chain of BnB, into farming back home in Botswana and a few butcheries. Why all these questions?" he sighs

"Your ex is not who you think he is. His father even. They are thugs in suit," he says.

"How do you know all this?" I mean I was with the man for six years and never knew all this.

"Can we get to where we are going first, then I'll tell you?" I just nod my head. We listen to his playlist which I thoroughly enjoy. Some sing along as well. One and a half hour later we get to our destination. We are at Budmarsh in Magaliesberg.

"You've brought me to a lodge?"

"Wait and see." He is too chilled. We get to this stunning lodge and he gives them his name at the reception. The one lady leads us to where we are supposed to be. We walk a bit until we find a picnic setup it's overlooking a river and facing the sunset. I'm chuffed. I love this kind of outdoor.

"This is amazing. Is it for us?"

"Yes. Come sit." The lady that was escorting us has disappeared. A blanket has been laid on the green lawn with a huge picnic basket next to it. A few scattered cushions as well to rest on. There is also an ice bucket with a champagne bottle inside.

I take my shoes off and relax and Sazi does the same. He had changed into comfortable clothes as well.

"Champagne?"

"Yes please," I say.

He pours me a glass and also for himself. We open the picnic basket to find all sorts of goodies. From assorted cheese to cold meats, a few salads, homemade bread, sandwiches and little chocolate brownies for desert.

"This is a lot!" I remark.

"I don't know about you, but I'm hungry." He starts dishing up for us and then we relax while we eat.

"This place is so beautiful and peaceful," I say. The sun is still high up. The tall trees provide the welcome shade.

"I know. Right. I wanted us to take a walk after we eat. Are you up for that?"

"With all this food I might need the exercise." Not.

We chat for a while until my curiosity gets the better of me. Especially after the second glass of champagne. I feel brave. We are both lying on our backs along side each other watching the clear blue sky. Just as I'm about to ask him about our earlier conversation my phone rings. It's Monde. I feel a pang of guilt for moment. Then again why should I be guilty? We haven't labelled anything. With this one next to me, I don't really owe him any loyalty. I answer the call.

"Hi." Her voice makes me miss her. This is not good.

"Hi." I respond. I feel Sazi tensing next to me.

"I've been meaning to call you. I've just been stuck in meetings the whole day. I just had to step out for a moment so I could call you. I couldn't wait any longer. How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm good. How did it go in court?"

"It went well." I brief her on what happened.

"Oh wow. That's good news. I wish I was there and we could celebrate." Someone else is way ahead of you.

"We will when you come back."

"I can't wait. Maybe we should both take a day off. Spend the whole day together. How's that?"

"You are the boss." I don't know how to elaborate without being awkward.

"Are you okay? You sound weird," she asks.

"I'm okay."

"I miss you." There is no avoiding this. One it scares me that I miss her this much but I do. It's too soon.

"I miss you too."

"I'll call you later then. Let me get back to my meeting." She hangs up. I can't even look at Sazi right now. He heard my side of the conversation but I'm sure it's enough to put the pieces together.

"So. You are seeing someone?" more like a statement than a question.

"Sort of?" I'm not going to lie.

"What do you mean sort of?" I sigh. He sits up and balances his head with his hand looking at me.

"I don't want to label it just yet but there is something between my boss and I." His eyes widen.

"Your boss! Your female boss?"

"Yes. It just started. She's likes me and one day one thing led to another." He lies back down and covers his face with his hands.

"Do you like her?" I can barely hear him. It's my turn to sit up on my side head balanced on my hand, I look down at him.

"I'll be honest with you. I do." His jaw clenches. He is quiet for a while to a point it makes me uncomfortable. His eyes are still closed and he has his head on his hands.

I'm full and the food was delicious but there is still desert. I want to have some but I'm afraid to even move.

"I like you. I really do. I also know that I have no right to have you or to even ask you to be exclusive. It sucks that I can't offer myself to you." I wasn't ready for that declaration. My heart is beating faster.

"I like you nam Sazi. But you know this needs to end. It's not doing anyone any favours."

"That's what I can't imagine, my life without you but it's inevitable." He remains with his eyes closed. He really has long eyelashes.

"I know." That's all I can say.

"Does she know about me?"

"I don't see any reason to tell her." He won't be in my life for long anyway. He opens his eyes and our eyes meet.

"I'm not ready to let you go," he says. I'm not ready either but it has to be done. We've gone too far as is.

"It has to be done." He continues to stare at me. Then he snakes his arm around my neck and pulls me down. I lose my balance and land on top of him. He cups my face with both hands and his eyes scan my face. We are so close to each other. I can feel his warm breath on my face.

"You are so beautiful. Inside and out." He growls. I swallow a lump in my throat. My whole body is strung tight with anticipation. When his eyes drop to my lips I know I'm close to tasting my sweet torture. When our lips meet there is an electrifying feeling that goes through my body. I rest my hands on his chest for balance as his mouth explores mine. This feels good. Too good.

I can feel our breathing change as the kiss deepens. He flips me over and now he is the one on top. He has his thigh wedged between mine and I feel the evidence of his arousal against my thigh. The inferno building in my core is not letting up. My hands claw at his back bringing him closer. The kiss is less coordinated and needier. I want him so bad. My hands are on his ass bringing closer to my need. I need more. I want him inside of me. I have to have him or I'll die.

Then as if from a distance I hear a phone ring. He doesn't stop. He's full on top of me right now and our bodies are flushed together. There is not even an inch separating us. I can feel his erection digging against my mound and I'm falling apart. The phone rings again. It's not mine so I know it's his. He stops the kissing and rests his forehead against mine. His breathing is as laboured as mine.

"Hello." Damn his voice is sexy when he is aroused. I still feel him twitching against me and my core clenches painfully. I know my panties are drenched.

"Nah baby I'm fine. Why do you ask?" Baby? My body tenses and feels ice cold at that statement. He feels the change and gets off me while looking at me. The reality hits me hard that this is someone's baby. Someone's husband.

"I'm in Magalies." "I'll tell you when you come back." "How are you?" "How's your trip?" "I know" "I know that too." "We will discuss it when you get back." "I love you too." I feel a knife spearing through my heart as I listen to this one sided conversation. He loves her. Of course he does. What was I expecting. His eyes are hooded as he locks his phone and puts it back in his pocket.

"I'm sorry you had to hear that."

"No need to apologise." I should've walked away but my curiosity got the better of me.

"How about that walk?" he asks as he gets on his feet. He gives me his hand and helps me up. My body is still wound tight with arousal. The call might have dampened the inferno but it didn't put it out.

We walk for a while in silence along the river. He keeps throwing rocks on the river. That disturbs the tranquillity of the place. There is different types of birds that fly away from the

intrusion. The greenery and the assorted flowers along the river bed are quite a sight. As we walk we take a detour into the beautiful gardens. The small colourful cute butterflies dance all around the environment looking for sweet nectar just as I was a few minutes ago. The flower's fragrance fills the whole air making me want to just lay on the green lush lawn and soak it all in. He takes my hand in his as we walk in silence. It's not awkward as usual. I know he is deep in his thoughts. I refuse to think further than this.

The sun is going down as we return to our picnic spot creating an orange glow across the horizon. The sound of chirping birds become soothing music to my soul.

"I could stay in this place just for its natural splendour and beauty," I say breaking the silence. He only glances at me. I like the feel of my hand in his. Mine delicate and tiny. His big and strong. I feel safe and protected when I'm with him. I feel like a girl and him my Prince Charming. Only he is not mine. He is someone else's Prince Charming.

"I don't want this day to end," he says as we approach our picnic area. He passes me a bottle of water and gets one for himself. We sit back and enjoy the sunset.

"Me too."

"May be we can stay the night at the lodge."

"You think it's a good idea to dance with temptation like that?" I ask.

"No. It's a terrible idea but I want to."

"Let me call the nanny." His eyes light up. I call nanny Lydia and let her know that I won't be coming back. It's not an issue with her. She cooked and the kids are fine she says.

"Everything good?" he asks as soon as I hang up.

"Sorted."

“Alright let’s go book in then.”

“Can you not call them while we soak up this beautiful sunset?” he nods his head and takes out his phone. He lays my head on his chest as we relax. When he is done with the call he puts his arms around me. I am cocooned in his scent and it’s dealing with my senses.

“We are all set,” he says.

“Tell me about Tsietsi.” I feel his chest rise and fall as he sighs.

“I have to go back to the beginning for you to understand. It’s something I don’t talk about. My past.” His tone fills me with trepidation.

“It’s okay. I mean it’s fine if you don’t want to speak about it. I’ll understand.” I feel like giving him a pass.

“You have the right to know. It’s best coming from me,” he takes a deep sigh. “maybe we should go check in first. This might take us longer.” He is stalling but I allow him the time he needs. He gets up and then pulls me up. When I start to pack he stops me telling me that someone will do that. He takes my hand in his as we walk back to the lodge. It seems natural for him to hold my hand. It feels just the same for me to be held.

Once we are checked in the receptuinsi walks us to this thatched-roof single chalet. He leaves us by the door. He really didn’t need to its not like we have luggage or anything. But we allow him to show case his hospitality skills.

Sazi unlocks the door and opens then he makes way to allow me in. This chalet is just as glorious as the rest of the place. The centre piece of this room is the king size bed in the middle. It looks inviting. The room is decorated in warm and natural colours with different African prints as well to add more colour and character.

Once inside we find bamboo chairs with cushions on one side of the room. They seem strong and yet comfortable. There is also a coffee table in the centre. This looks like a TV area. On one side it’s a dressing unit and next to it is the door that leads to the bathroom and shower. A

sliding door on the other side of the room which opened to a pool area.

Sazi suggests I take a shower while he orders food. I was still not hungry but I knew I would get hungry eventually. So I let him.

One thing I love about luxury accommodation is that they think of everything. Their toiletries come in handy. After my shower I wear the fluffy morning gown for guests. There are two of them his and hers. I go back to the room to find Sazi sprawled on the bed. He looks at me from my bare feet to my eyes. The look is scorching. He jumps and adjust his jeans as he walks pass me to the bathroom. He leaves me fanning myself.

When he comes back he is also wearing the robe. The thought of him naked underneath makes my tummy flutter. I see a glimpse of his legs and I salivate. Is there anything imperfect about his man? He gets on the bed and sits next to me. I swallow just to ease my parched throat, the thirst is real. We are both leaning against the headboard.

"The food will get here in two hours they said. They had to get their executive chef on call."

"I can wait. It's not like we are going anywhere." He turns to face me.

"I hope you won't say you are stuck with me," his eyes are full of laughter. I love the playful side of him.

"I love being stuck with you."

"You do?" his voice drops and I break into goose bumps. He leans closer to me and captures my lips in his. The kiss is wet and juicy. Then he pulls back leaving us both panting. I look into his eyes and I feel like I'm drowning.

"We have to talk Linamandla," he says. Hearing my name from his lips charges my whole body with feelings I can't articulate.

"It sounds so serious." I look at him.

"It is." There is a hint of fear that flashes in his eyes but only for a moment. He looks away.

"Hey," he faces me. I place my hand at the back of his neck and pull him towards me. My lips tentatively touch his. He is still unresponsive. I kiss him. I explore his lips with mine while my hands caress his head. I crawl on top of him and straddle his thighs while kissing him. He gasps allowing my tongue access inside his mouth. He groans as his hands go to my ass. He is in charge now. The lower part of my robe is open allowing my core to be in direct contact with his hard bulge. The only saving grace is that his robe is still in place. We devour each other with our lips. The only sound I hear is of our laboured breathing. I'm in need. It's almost painful. He opens robe and cups my breasts. I'm on fire. My hips are undulating against his bulge. He groans and pinch my nipples. I scream against his mouth.

I'm trying to remove his robe off his shoulders but I'm failing. The kiss becomes more demanding. More urgent and wetter. I can taste his arousal. It fires my body from within. His hands are scorching fire everywhere he touches. My one hand goes between us at take his hard member in my hands. His groan is almost a painful sound against my lips. He reciprocates the touch by touching my wet slippery well. As his fingers separate my folds to get to my protruding numb I stroke him. He is as hard as steel. I can feel his veins along his long length. The head is leaking with pre-cum and I use that as a lubricant. His touch become less coordinated in my pussy while squeezing my one breast. I want him. I can't wait any longer. Screw the consequences he has to assuage the inferno inside of me. My strokes becomes bolder.

"Fuck!, he swears against my lips. I can barely recognise his voice.

"I want you," I whisper. He flips me over and open my legs while he is nestled in between. It's finally happening. My inner hoe is rejoicing. I can feel him hard, hot and heavy against my thigh. His leaking pre-cum a promise of the pleasures ahead. He is sucking on my breasts like his life depends on it. While busy with the other, the one screams for attention. I'm just clawing at his back and thrusting my hips upwards to indicate my burning desire. This is torture.

"Sazi. Please baby. I need it. I can't wait any more."

"I got you baby" he says coming back to my lips. His hand touches my wet mound as if to see how ready I am. Then I feel him take his hard member bringing it close to my heated core. I open my legs wider. I can feel the tip poised at my entrance. He rubs my engorged numb with its head. We both groan in pleasure. He is poised again at my entrance. Then his body tenses. He lets out as series of expletives. He pulled back while resting his forehead against mine.

"We can't," he says. I whine in protest as tears pickle my eyes. He wouldn't be this cruel surely. I've never wanted anyone as much as I want him right now. My whole body is taut with need.

"No no Sazi. Please don't stop." I'm not above begging.

"I don't have protection baby." It's my turn to swear. I hadn't even thought about that. I feel tears coming out the corners of my eyes. Yes. I'm that horny. He wipes them with his thumb. I look up to be met by his blood shot red eyes that are reduced into tiny slits. Oh yes he is as horny as I am.

"Let me take care of you," he says as he kisses his way down. Before I can even protest not that I wanted to, he has my legs wide open and his head is buried in my pussy. It legit takes him two minutes or less to have me fall apart in his arms. My orgasm catches me by surprise. It takes the edge off but I still want more. It doesn't help with my heightened senses when he licks me clean. I pull at his head and bring him up. His eyes are glazed with arousal. He kisses me. I taste myself and claw at his shoulders. Screw the condoms I need this. Just as I'm about to tell him my phone rings. I try to ignore it but it's persistent. We both stop and he gets off me.

"Answer it. It could be the kids." My stars! I have kids. I jump and get to it. When I answer there is crying on the other side. I didn't even check who it was when I do, it's Lala.

"Lala. What's going on?" I look at Sazi who is a mixture of concerned and aroused next to me. She sniffs.

"Lala! Talk to me. You are scaring me."

"I need your help." She says in the smallest of voices.

"Where are you?"

"At my house."

"I'm on my way." I hang up. Already Sazi is on his feet to the bathroom. Comes back with my clothes and throws them to me. He goes back to the bathroom. I'm assuming to also get dressed. My body is so confused. A mixture of emotions within minutes. Seconds later Sazi walks back in already dressed. I'm also done.

"What's going on with her?" he asks.

"I'm not sure. She is asking for my help." He nods his head.

"Are you ready?" I nod my head.

"Let's go." We first go to the reception to cancel the food order and settle our bill. They still charge us for everything. Then we are on our way.

Chapter 11

"I'm jealous of the nights

That I don't spend with you

I'm wondering who you lay next to

Oh, I'm jealous of the nights

I'm jealous of the love

Love that was in here

Gone for someone else to share

Oh, I'm jealous of the love"- Labrinth

"What do you think is going on with Lazola?" he asks.

"I'm not sure. All I know is that Lala is not an emotional person. So whatever is going on must be huge for her to break down like that," I respond. He is speeding and I don't mind. There is no traffic. We get back to Jo'burg in less amount of time than it took us to get to Magalies. As we approach Lala's house I call her.

"Hello," she softly answers.

"We are by your house. Where are you?"

"Who is we?" I detect a hint of annoyance in her tone.

"Sazi."

"Why would you bring him?"

"I was with him when you called Lala. I was worried about you and didn't want to waste precious time by going home first." I'm exasperated. She is quiet for a moment and now we are parked by her house.

"Its fine. Are you here yet?"

"We are outside."

"Please come in, alone." She hangs up.

"She says I must come alone." He thinks about it for a few seconds.

"If you don't call me in ten minutes, I'm coming in."

"What would Lala do to me?"

"Just let me know if you are okay when you get inside. I'll wait here."

He is weird this one. I get out of the car. The gate opens and I walk in. Lala is waiting for me by the porch. She gets back in the house once she sees me approach. I follow her inside the house.

"Where is everyone else?" the house is too quiet.

"Gone." She is still facing the other way and looking down.

"Lala. What's going on."

"He is cheating on me." Her voice breaks.

"Brian!" I'm shook. He is perfect. It's not possible.

"When I confronted him he did this to me!" She turns around to reveal her battered face. I gasp, hands covering my mouth. Her left eye is badly bruised, almost black and swollen shut. Her upper lip torn. I can see hand marks around her neck. Now that I notice her right arm is hanging awkwardly

"What the fuck Lala!" Tears start streaming down her face. I move closer to her. "We have to take you to the hospital." She shakes her head wildly in refusal.

"He is a doctor, remember? He treated me and gave me pain tablets. Nothing is broken." She sits on the couch.

"We have to call the police Lala. You have to report him."

"No, no police involvement. He'll take my son away."

"How can he take your son away when he is in jail? Lala! You can't let him get away with this."

"I just need a place to stay for a few days Lona until he calms down." I'm confused as fuck right

now. Njani!

"You still consider coming back?"

"You don't understand Lona. Can I come crash at your place or not?"

"Ja sure." I seriously don't understand why we don't get Brian's ass arrested. She gets up and tries to pick up her already packed bag but flinches in pain. "Let me take that."

We walk to the car and she pulls the hoodie over her head. Once we get in the car she greets Sazi. He steals a quick glance at me. I can see the questions in his eyes. I shrug my shoulder.

"Where to?" he asks.

"My house."

We are all silent in the car until we get to my house. Sazi takes the bag out and help us carry it to the house. Once done he leaves and I follow him out.

"What happened?"

"It's her husband."

"Why is she here and not at the police station?"

"She refuses. I'm also not clear on what's going on."

"Let me know when you need me. I have to go."

"Okay." He pulls me in his arms and holds me tight.

“ Goodnight.” He plants a soft kiss on my forehead then loosens his hold. “go in and lock up.” I turn around leaving him standing by his car. I lock up and go back to Lala in the lounge. Everyone else is asleep and I’m glad for that.

“I feel so humiliated,” she says.

“Sazi won’t say anything.”

“How do you know? He is a cheater just like the rest of them” I cringe “and you are right there with him as an accessory! I’m sorry I’m judgemental but what you are doing sucks Lona! Where is your loyalty for women? This happened to you and you didn’t like it. Now you are a participant!” she is right I know this. I just don’t want to hear it.

“You are also cheating though.” Like I’m not going to sit here and listen to her preach about the sanctity of marriage when she is no better. Isazela senja njalo.

“You are right I’m sorry.” She breaks down and cries again. I go sit next to her and wrap my arm around her. She flinches. I loosen my grip on her.

“I’m sorry too. You are right. I think you at least need to go to the hospital.”

“The hospital will want to involve the police Lona.”

“Not if you don’t want them to. I still don’t understand why you are letting him get away with this.”

“He’ll take Matt away from me,” she is distraught right now.

“I get the impression that there is more Lala. What is it? I’m here for you.” She sniffs. She is too quiet I’m even thinking she won’t respond.

“ I caught Brian with a nurse he works with having sex a day before our wedding. You remember

I had left the bachelorette party early because I was feeling sick. I found them screwing each other in our room at the lodge." I'm shook. Andinamagama.

"Anyway. He kicked her out. Declared his love and showed remorse. I was hurt but was also ashamed. So I let the wedding continue. He was remorseful for a while after our wedding. Until I noticed that the on calls were becoming frequent. I started getting paranoid. I would call the hospital at night and ask for him but I would be told he wasn't on duty. One night I followed him until he went into some townhouse complex in East Rand. I did more investigation. The nurse I caught him with stays in East Rand." She breaks down for a moment. I try and console her.

"Lala. Why didn't you say anything?"

"Say what? That I was a naive fool? My marriage was a sham from the beginning? It gets worse. He is not hiding it anymore Lona. I once caught them in my house when I came back home early. He hasn't touched me in over a year. All he does is buy me stuff. Lala. They go on holidays together or book hotels and spends all his day-offs with her."

"Lala." What can I say. I get a brief picture of the anonymous Mrs Khumalo and a pang of guilt cuts through me.

"So Athi came into the picture. He made me feel alive for those few moments. I slept with him of course. He made me feel wanted. Like I was sexy as opposed to Brian. Who made me like I was a pariah. Worthless. When I was with Athi I forgot about my misery at home. Do you know what made things worse?" I shake my head. Could it get any worse? "Every time I confronted him about his cheating he beat me up. Yes. Brian has been beating me for almost a year. He was smart about it on previous occasions. He never touched the face until today. I have had enough. I found out that the woman is pregnant with his baby so I told him I had enough. How do I deal with that? That's how I ended up like this. After beating me he pulled out his phone and showed me a series of video's . Me and Athi fucking in the car, kissing outside a club and snorting coke in a club's bathroom one time."

"Lala drugs!"

"It was only that one time. Athi couldn't get me out of a funky mood and I begged him for a line. I didn't even like it. That's not an issue. The issue is that he has all that evidence and if I leave him he fights for custody of my son. I can't lose my son Lona." She falls on my lap and breaks into heart breaking sobs. My mind is still trying to wrap itself around her revelations. I legit never

saw this coming and for once in my life I'm out of words. I just brush her back and let her cry. She cries until she is only left with hiccups. I give her two pain tablets and take her to the guest room.

It's almost midnight when I go to bed. When I check my phone I have a message from Monde saying goodnight. I received it two hours ago. It's late and I know she has a busy day ahead so I let her be.

The following morning she calls first thing and we chat for almost an hour. She wants me to come join her but I can't leave Lala in her condition. I tell her as much. After my call I go check on the kids and find them in their play room. Then I check on Lala. She is still sleeping the swelling seems to have gone down but the eye still looks green. Oh Lala . How do we get you out of this situation? I wonder if she is ready to leave Brian. I hope she is because if she doesn't, she'll leave in a body bag and I just can't let that happen.

While busy making breakfast my phone rings. It's Sazi. I contemplate not answering but knowing him, he will just show up at my door. So I answer.

"Hello."

"Linamandla." I guess he chooses to be different. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm good. How is Lala?"

"She is still sleeping."

"Listen. Apparently she told Athi and now he is freaking out and wants to come there. I'm not sure if you are okay with that."

"I'm not really sure but if Lala wants him I can't stop him." I'm hoping that he convinces her to go to the police.

"Sharp. We will be there in 30." He hangs up. I suddenly worry about where they will sit. I have no furniture except for the bin bags. Well they'll have to make do. That reminds me that I have to move. I had planned to be moving this week but with everything happening, it's impossible. I make enough breakfast for everyone.

As soon as I finish Lala comes in the kitchen looking worse for wear. Brian did a number on her. I can see that every step she takes in an effort.

"Morning." Her voice is hoarse.

"Morning babe. I'm making breakfast. How are you feeling?"

"In pain."

"Athi is on his way." I see a hint of panic in her eyes.

"He can't see him like this. I didn't want him to come."

"Well he is on his way."

"Let me go freshen up." She turns around and leave. Just then the kids come bustling into the kitchen followed by aunty.

"Is the food ready?" asks Khothatso.

"In a minute. Go wash your hands."

The are both fighting in the sink to be the first to wash.

"Aunty. My friend is here for a few days. She might need a little extra help."

"I just saw her now," she responds. "Anything I can help you with?"

"No I'm almost done. You can just help with the kids especially Nthantisi, just makes sure she eats."

"She doesn't like to be fed this one."

"She thinks she is a big girl. It's a struggle aunty."

I finish cooking and dish up for the kids and aunty while waiting for the guests to arrive. Then I remember that I have a garden table with chairs by the pool. I wonder what condition the pool is in. In our struggles we haven't paid attention to the garden.

I go outside to check and as I expected. It's a mess. The grass is over grown. The pool is on another level of filthy. No one can sit here. I make a mental note to call the gardener. I can't put this house on the market like this. Even I wouldn't but it.

I ask aunty to help me bring the heavy table and chairs inside. Maybe I should have waited for the men to help. As soon as I finish cleaning them the doorbell rings. I open for them. Lala is back. Seems like she took a shower. She still looks battered.

"They are here." She is nervous. I go open the door and it's my turn to be nervous. Athi is wearing tight fitting jeans that emphasises his bracket for days. He has a soccer bod this one. If I didn't have the man behind him to drool over I'd be going gaga over him.

"Hey Lona," Athi hugs me as a way of greeting.

"Hi Athi. Come on in." I step aside to let him in. My eyes are on the sexy wet dream behind him wearing faded jeans and a simple t-shirt. He has shades on so I can't really see his eyes. He is always a sight for sore eyes for me. My body temperature perks up.

"Linamandla," he breaks into a grin. My heart skips a beat. I am screwed.

"Hi Sazi."

"You look good." I know I do not. Leggings and a t-shirt are nothing to write home about.

"Thank you. So do you." I really mean that. He still standing just outside the door. Once I realise I step aside to let him in. He comes and stands in front of me. His closeness and his scent awakens all senses. I can feel heat coursing through my body. He is staring down on me with his shades on. I look at his lips and memories of last night come flooding in. He dips his head and plants a kiss on my cheek then goes pass. I can finally breathe.

"I prepared breakfast. Would you guys like to join us?" I ask. Athi is fussing over Lala.

"Thank you. I'd love that," Sazi says. He has taken his shades off. "where are the kids?"

"In their room with aunty."

"I hope to see them before I leave. Can I help with anything?"

"Sure. Follow me." He follows me to the kitchen. The moment we get in there he has me against the fridge kissing me senseless. By the time he lets go I'm struggling to breathe.

"I wanted to do that the moment I saw you," he says in his raspy voice.

"We can't keep doing this Sazi," my twitching vagina is betraying those words.

"What can I help you with?" he chooses to ignore my statement. I let him. He helps setting up and then dishing up.

We all sit around the table and eat. It's a bit awkward because Athi the most talkative one amongst us seems to be battling with his emotions.

"I'm going to kill him," he finally declares.

"Athi!" Sazi warns.

"No man, look at her! What kind of a coward does this?"

"Athi please let it go," Lala says. He gets up and walks outside. Lala follows him.

"He is not taking it well," I say.

"Ja. He is not. Athi is a very emotional being," he says.

"You seem to be a group of cheaters." It just comes out and I regret it the moment it does. He puts his cutlery down and wipes his mouth. I think I just ruined breakfast.

"You don't seem to be any different." Oh wow. I guess I asked for that. "That was crass of me. I'm sorry." He immediately apologises.

"I'm sorry too. It's just that I'm battling with my conscience and Athi being engaged..."

"He broke the engagement off immediately after his party," he cuts me off.

"Oh."

"Ja. Listen I know I have placed you in an awkward situation. I don't know what to say. It's just that I can't stay away from you. I've tried." We are silent for a moment. I want to tell him we should end things but the words are stuck in my throat.

Eventually the two come back and Athi is calmer. We clear the table and do the dishes. The kids

come down and join us with their endless questions for uncle Sazi. They engage him in their own conversation until it's time to leave.

On Sunday afternoon I'm waiting for Monde to come back. We have plans for dinner. I must say I'm looking forward to it. I have really missed her. On one hand I have been chatting with Sazi non-stop since yesterday. He first commented about my Instagram post with the kids. I accused him of stalking me. Then that conversation led to another teasing. His Instagram account though is boring he never posts and the people he follows are a few business people. I still refuse to Google him. I don't want to see the wife. I choose to be oblivious to her presence and I know once I see a picture she will be a reality. Stupid I know. His texts are witty. He kept me half amused and half aroused the entire time.

I'm in my room trying on different outfits. I need to look sexy without being obvious. It's hard to impress Monde because I think she exudes sexiness without even trying. Just as I finish deciding on an outfit there is commotion coming from downstairs. I go check to find Brian in the middle of my living room. He is on his knees in front of Lala. I'm not impressed. I watch as he begs with all sorts of promises. He'll change, he'll never hit her again, he'll attend church. He is possessed, it's demons that are making him this person. Oh, he'll attend therapy. He goes further by claiming to be a victim. He watched his father beat his mother. He swore never to lay a hand on a woman again. He is sick. He needs help. The list is endless. I feel like vomiting. Lala is sucked in. She is already holding his head to her tummy comforting him. He got to her. There is nothing I can say to change her mind. I can see it already. She is going back to him.

Eventually he is calm and they are kissing, whispering sweet nothings to each other. When they let go of each other, she turns around to face me. She can't meet my eyes.

"We need to talk." I turn around and go to my room. She follows me.

"Don't say it Lona," she says the moment we get in. "He is my husband. We going to work it out."

"He will kill you Lala!" I'm scared for her.

"This I my marriage. I at least have to work it out." Does she really believe what she is saying?

"How are you going to work out a baby?" She gives me a murderous look.

"See. That's why I don't like telling people my business. You couldn't wait to throw that in my face!" she screams.

"Why am I the bad guy?"

"I have to go Lona. I have missed my baby. Thank you for your hospitality." She leaves me standing there baffled. I follow her and watch as she leaves with her husband. He is the one caring her bag and acting like gentlemen. I feel defeated.

Two hours later the kids are ready for bed and I'm ready for my late dinner. Monde's flight was delayed so she rescheduled. I'm so grateful for aunty I feel like I have time to do the things I want to do.

She calls me to tell me she is outside my house. I get my bag and go. There is a 7 series parked outside. The moment I walk out the gate she comes out from the back seat. Skinny jeans, vest and a navy blue blazer. She has the sleeves rolled to her elbows with a black heel. Her hair in her usual do. She looks sexy as fuck.

I walk towards her and when I reach her she opens her arms for me. The familiar scent. It's intoxicating.

"Hey babe," she whispers against my neck.

"Hi," I'm shy all of a sudden.

"I've missed you. I'm sorry I'm late."

"It's okay." I am a mess.

We go inside the car and she introduces me to the driver as her friend. The way I'm so nervous I miss even his name. I'm anticipating a kiss but it doesn't come. She takes my hand in hers though.

"Where are you taking me?" I whisper. I feel like the driver is intruding.

"San Deck," she whispers back.

"Ooh. Excellent choice. Why the driver?"

"He came to fetch me from the airport." Makes sense.

We engage in small chat until we get to the restaurant. I love the place. I love it more during the day.

We get to our table which she had reserved. The waitress takes our orders and leaves. We are seated in a cosy corner which makes us feel like it's just the two of us. She has moved her chair right next to mine. As she retells me about her trip I can't help but look at her lips. I remember how soft they are especially when she was buried between my thighs. My pussy twitches.

"You didn't hear a word I said," she is closer. Of course I didn't.

"I didn't get my kiss."

"Let me rectify that." She leans closer and I meet her halfway. It's sultry and soft. She pulls my neck and deepens the kiss. There is sharp intense feeling deep in my tummy it pools down into my womb. Someone clears their throat. We let go of each other. I still want more. Maybe we should book a room here at the hotel, my inner hoe contemplates. She places our drinks on the table and leaves. She is also flustered. Poor waitress. If she knew what Monde's kisses did to my body she would be begging for her turn.

We chat about everything and anything. The way she looks at me when I speak. She makes me feel like I'm the only person in the room. Then when she talks. She draws me in. I love her big eyes which reflect all the emotions she goes through. I even love her tight bun. The way she pulls at her hair makes her almost look like a geisha without the make up. I still think of her as a dominatrix. The way she carries herself. It's controlled, calculated but sexy. She takes charge and seems fearless. I wonder what it would be like to submit to her. Be at her mercy for my pleasure. Would she let me beg for release or would she continue until I couldn't take it anymore.

"You are zoning out on me again. That look in your eyes is not helping the situation," she says.

"What does my look do to you?" I lick my suddenly dry lips. She follows the movement. I'm in heat.

"It makes me want to do unspeakable things to your body." We are interrupted by the waitress bringing our food. When she is gone we start eating. I am starving so I don't waste time. However my body is humming with arousal.

"There is something I have to tell you," I say half way through our meal. She stops eating and looks at me. I can't read her face right now.

"It sounds serious," she says. Should I tell her though? I feel like I need to. Transparency is key here before anyone else gets hurt.

"I've been seeing someone," I state flatly. A hit of hurt flashes in her eyes but she quickly masks it.

"Oh wow. I wasn't expecting that." She puts her cutlery down and leans back in her chair. I guess I just ruined dinner.

(I apologise for the errors. I have an unexpected visitor.)

Chapter 12

" Uyandicaphukisa

Ek se I'm sorry

Zol' ubukuphi izolo bengiserhontshini

Nguban' uNoxolo

She's just a friend angina bellas, angina

address"-Zola

"It's not what you think," I quickly add.

"I'm not sure if my ears are failing me but I thought I just heard you say you are seeing someone." She is back to her serious face.

"Seeing might be too presumptuous. To be honest I'm not sure how to call it. We are just vibing." Her eyes widen.

"I thought you were single," she says.

"I am. What I'm trying to say is that there is someone else who is interested in me the same way you are. I like him but we can't have each other or pursue it because he is married. I just wanted to let you know up front so that there aren't any complications or misunderstanding in the future."

"I'm not sure I follow. He is married and you don't see a future with him. Why are you telling me then?"

"So that you know where I'm at. I'm not ready for a commitment from you or from him for that matter. At this point in my life I just want to have fun. I don't want to lead you on with thoughts of the future or exclusivity."

"As in forever?"

"Just for now. I'll let you know when things change. With that said I require the same level of honesty from you as well. Are we on the same page?"

"With me I might be a few steps ahead of you

with regards to how I feel about you but I am patient. I'll go according to your pace. Can I ask though?"

"Sure, anything."

"What if this guy wasn't married, would you still be with me?"

"I don't know. What I know is that right now I want to be with you." She takes my hand in hers.

"That's good enough for me."

"And you? Are you single?" She hesitates for a split second.

"Yes I am."

"That's good enough for me. So we can have fun then." She smiles. I lean closer and give her a peck on the lips. Just as I pull away she holds me closer and deepens the kiss. I love kissing her. The earlier fire is rekindled.

"I want to be with you tonight. Can we book a room at this hotel?" she murmurs against my lips.

I had hoped to see her place but it's kind of late to be driving back and forth.

"I would love that. Let me just let aunty know that I'm not coming back."

"I'll release the driver as well." We both call the people we need to. Afterwards we settle our bill and go to the reception to book a room. We are silent as we take an elevator up

which increases the tension coiled in my tummy.

Once in the room she has me against the wall and kissing me senseless. I have no choice but to return the fiery kiss. She is in control right now and I love it. I revel in it. She takes off my clothes one by one while kissing me until I'm left naked with only my heels on.

"Fuck baby, you look fucking hot!" she says. I hold my tummy in and push my chest forward.

"Look at these babies." She has my breasts in her hands gently cupping them. She bends down and takes my one nipple in her mouth.

The contrast of her cold tongue against my heated skin shoots an electric tingle straight to my pussy. I can only hold on to her shoulders as she alternates between my twins.

She loves my boobs I can tell by the way she worships them. I manage to loosen her hair and bury my fingers in it. Once she is satisfied with her job she comes up to capture my lips in hers. I'm a shaking aroused mess right now. Her being full clothed against my naked skin fuels my fire from within.

"Mmmhmm . Monde. I need you right now."

"Let me take care of you." She murmurs against my lips. Then trails wet kisses down until she is kneeling in front of me. I can feel her breath against my heated core. She takes

a whif. "My fuck!" her voice is thick with arousal. Then she lifts my one leg and balance it over her shoulder. I feel the tip of her tongue against my clit and my whole core contracts with need. I hold her head for balance. She places the flat of her tongue on my heated vulva and takes a big swipe. Then she opens my wet folds and starts feasting. It feels so good. I have my back leaning against the wall and enjoy the ride. All I can do is mumble my praises of her tongue job. She applies more pressure on my engorged clit and my orgasm doesn't give a warning. I explode with pleasure. My knees are giving in. She licks me until I'm clean then she gets up and smashes her lips against mine. The taste of my pussy from her lips is intoxicating.

She pulls back and takes my hand leading me to the bed. I don't have time to appreciate the beauty and the luxury of this room. Once we reach the bed she gently pushes me until I'm half laying on it as I balance with my elbows. Then she starts stripping revealing her lean, fit and sexy body. There is not even one ounce of fat on her. She makes me feel self conscious a bit but I can't take my eyes off her. She is left in her matching sexy lace black underwear. I'm salivating. In all my years I have never lusted after a woman as I am right now. I

never thought seeing a naked woman would have my insides twisted with arousal. She unhooks her bra revealing her round perky breasts with hard pointed nipples. I'm drooling.

"You look gorgeous," I say. I can't recognise my voice. She hooks her thumbs on her panties and slowly pulls them off. When she stands back up she reveals her clean shaven landing strip. Her skin is flawless. No marks, no fat. I envy at the same time lusting over it. I trail my eyes up her flat tummy pass her twins. She has a red flush on her chest spreading out to her neck. My eyes travel up until they meet her heated ones. I scoot backwards on the bed kicking my shoes off. "Come here," I whisper. She comes on the bed and crawls towards me like a predator stalking it's prey. She gently pushes me back until I'm lying on my back and then hovers above me. My hand goes to cup her mound to find her drenched . I insert my middle finger inside her wet heat and she closes her eyes and moans. I go in and out of her pussy feeling her walls contract against the intrusion. She is still hovering above me with her eyes closed riding the feeling. My thumb circles her clit while going in and out. She loses her balance and lands on me. Her soft

hard body send my boiling blood coursing through my veins. Then our lips are locked against each other. I flip her over and plant wet kisses on her trailing down to the apex of her thighs. Once there I open her legs and behold heaven. Her pink folds are glistening. How is it that my vulva is dark and yet hers is so pink? No wonder men go blind with pussy. This thing is beautiful. I lean closer and tentatively lick the sides of her clit. Her ass goes off the bed as she moans.

“Stop teasing baby,” she mumbles. I bring my fingers and separate her folds for better access then start feasting. Her juices tastes salty and tantalising my buds. I decide to insert one finger and watch as she leaks some more. I collect all her juices with my tongue while adding another finger and fucking her. I suck her clit and she holds my head in place with her ass off the bed as she blesses me with more of her juices. She rides her wave of her orgasm until it's over and then she relaxes.

I crawl up her body and capture her lips with mine. I'm more aroused than ever and I pour all of that in the kiss. Once she picks up on my need she takes charge.

“I got you.” I swear I thought I heard Sazi for a second. I immediately shove that thought

back to where ever the hell it came from. She sits up and puts her legs though mine in a scissoring position. This brings our heated mounds smashed together. The contact sends an electrifying feeling throughout my body. I have never felt anything like it. I'm unable to keep my body up so I lay back down. This gives her better access as she lifts my one leg and starts gyrating her hips. Fuck this feels good. Her clit against mine does unspeakable things to my body. It's beyond pleasure. It's maddening. I can't even put a coherent sentence together.

"Yes...Monde...just...like...that...yes...yes ...yes...yes...yes...mmh." She looks like a fucking angel. Her hair lose creating a halo around her beautiful face with her sexy lips slightly open. Her eyes are glazed with lust. "Baby...you...feel...so...so...so...good," she pants. Then she twists my nipple. The intense look she has on her face gives me goose bumps. I'm so close. I can feel my orgasm approaching. She gets even closer and picks up her humping speed. That sends me over the edge. My body literally freezes against hers locking her in place. Just the right spot as I explode into oblivion and she is right there with me. A pink glow grows from her neck and spreads throughout her body. She is

absolutely gorgeous in the throes of orgasm.

The sight will be a starring in my future solo plays. She untangles herself and flops next to me.

"You are too good for a novice baby," she says.

"I'm a fast learner. I can't wait to do that again." She turns to look at me with a smile plastered on her face.

"Ja?"

"Yep." And we do it again and again until we succumb to a satiated sleep early hours of the morning.

I'm woken up by two of my favourite things.

Her scent and a smell of coffee. I open my eyes and find her sitting next to be.

"You are ready!" she is dressed already.

"Good morning sleepy face."

"What's the time?" She looks at her watch.

"Six thirty." I sit up revealing the top of my boobs. Her eyes immediately zoom in on them. Insatiable bitch.

"Behave," I say warningly.

"I can't help myself. You are too sexy."

"Why didn't you wake me? I wanted to be at home before the kids got up and now I'm going to be late for work." I say trying to get up. She halts my movement with her hand.

"Relax. Enjoy your coffee. I have to go. I've

ordered a car from the hotel to take you home.”

“I don’t want to be late Monde. I’m still new.”

“You’ll tell your boss that you had an emergency to attend to.” She winks at me. I throw a pillow at her.

“I just don’t want to take advantage because of our relationship. We need to draw the line between our personal life and work.”

“A relationship huh!” she is pleased with herself. Who is this playful sexy vixen?

“I’m serious Monde.”

“Okay!” she raises her hands in surrender. “I’ll give you a proper spanking for your late coming.” I just roll my eyes. “Seriously though. Nothing we can do about it. We will plan better in the future. Now I really have to go.” She dips her head and gives me a quick thorough kiss. Then she is gone.

I decide to get up and check my phone. I have a message from Sazi wishing me a good morning. I decide not to reply. I need to end things with him before they get any more complicated. I take a quick shower and wear my last night clothes. How I hate doing that but I have no choice. That’s what happens with spur of the moment ferbing.

Once done I go downstairs to check out and to get my ride. When I get home it’s almost 8

am and the kids are ready to go.

"Were you at work mommy?" Nthantisi asks.

"Yes baby. I have to go back again. Are you ready?"

"Nthantisi didn't finish her food," Khothatso says. I have no time to deal with it but I threaten a spanking if she does it again. I can see she is not taking my threat seriously. I quickly go to my room to change and we are off.

By the time I get to work it's just after 9 am. Not bad considering I'm supposed to start at 9. Fisiwe raises her eyebrows in surprise when she sees me.

"Yhini girl! Did you spend a night with your boss? Both of you being late today." My blood runs cold. What does she know? "Relax I'm pulling your leg. You should see your face right now. But why are you late? Heavy night?" uyazithanda indaba lo!

"No. Just that I overslept."

"I don't want to be in your shoes right now. Your boss was asking about you just now."

"Oh. Oh. Let me go see what she needs." I put my bag on my table and go to Monde's office. I knock once and enter. She looks up with a glowing smile on her face. I quickly close the door and walk towards her. She stands to meet me halfway, cups my face and kisses

me. Her kisses are becoming a drug I can't live without. When she stops I'm breathless. She walks to her drinks cabinet and pours herself a glass of water.

"I feel like I haven't seen you in forever. Did you get home alright, the kids?"

"I did. The kids are fine. I just dropped them off at day care. You were asking for me?" just like that we are in work mode.

The week goes past very fast and I realise that it has become a mixture of fun and torture to be around Monde. I love our stolen kisses in her office. After work we make sure one of us gets her orgasm before going home. I'm forever in a perpetual state of arousal when I'm around her. At night I'm haunted by images of her.

Then there is Sazi. I tried to ignore him until one Monday he came to my house in the middle of the night. I couldn't help but go meet him. We sat and chatted until early hours of the morning. I could see he was troubled but I never wanted to pry. So we spoke about mundane issues except what really bothered him. I thought of approaching the Tsietsi subject but decided against it. It didn't feel like the right time to ask. Being around him made me realise that I had missed him. Of course I didn't tell him that. I also

didn't divulge any of my rendezvous with Monde.

It's Friday afternoon when I receive a bank notification. Tsietsi paid the outstanding maintenance monies. I also received my first pay check and that felt really good. The house is already in the market and has already had two people viewing it during the week.

I want to go celebrate. I try calling Lala. She hasn't been answering my calls the whole week. It rings until voicemail. I'm worried about her. I'm not sure weather to just go and budge in at her house or not. I decide to get movers for the following day to move to my new place. Monde is away on business. I last heard from Sazi the previous night during our evening calls which have become our routine since the night in the car. I wonder where his wife is when he speaks to me until I fall asleep. Ngapha. Monde complains that I'm never available for our evening chats. Ferbing is a hard job.

I spend my Friday evening packing with aunty and the kids helping us. I realise then that we are all starving and we haven't cooked supper. Not like I was going to cook anyway. I decide on take away. The kids don't want to be left behind so I take them with. We leave aunty still packing.

On our way back I realise that it's late. It's almost 21h30. The kids are a chatter box as usual in the back seat. It's too quiet on the road especially being a Friday night. Just as I approach a red robot thinking I'm going to skip. There is a car approaching with a right of way so I stop. As if in slow motion I hear a breaking window and feel a sharp pain at the back of my head. As if in a blur I see a gun in my face and a guy screaming at me to get out. I quickly scramble out of the car begging him to let my kids go. The moment I'm out he hits the back of my head and I pass out.

My eyes are heavy and I force them open to find myself lying on the side of the road. I feel a sharp pain at the back of my head as I force myself to get up. My kids! Oh my babies! I remember putting my phone inside my pocket . I search for it thank the powers on high, it's still there.

With shaking hands I call the emergency number and inform them of what happened. They tell me that they are sending a car but it might take a while as they are short staffed. Apparently there was an attempted armed robbery in the area.

Immediately they hang up I call Sazi. He is all I could think of. I regret not taking his offer for security. He picks up.

"Linamandla."

"They took my kids!" I can't even finish my voice breaks as tears fall.

"Calm down and tell me what happened." I try but my voice is breaking.

"Stay put. I'm on my way. Listen I need to hang up so I can call someone. I'm on my way baby. I'll be there in a few." My hands are still shaking badly. He hangs up. My head is heavy but I try to fight the sleep that wants to overcome me. I can't afford to pass out again. Why are there no other cars on this road? Suburbs can be a deadly trap at times.

In a few minutes I see head lights approaching . Police car would have a siren. So I know it's not then. My heart beat starts accelerating in fear What if its them coming back to finish me off? They park on the side and two guys get out. I drag my body on my feet and try to run. I don't make even two steps before the one guy catches me in his arms.

"Ms Somlotha, don't be alarmed Mr Khumalo sent us." Just then I hear tyres screeching and a door banging.

"I got you baby. Now tell me what happened." I can barely keep my eyes open but I know it's Sazi. "Fuck she has a cut on her head. She is bleeding badly." It's getting foggy again and

then it's lights out.

I know I'm in hospital the moment I open my eyes. I feel pain as if from a distance. It's dull but it's there. I guess I'm heavily medicated. My eyes scan the room and I find Sazi on the other side of the room pacing. When he sees that I'm awake he hangs up and rushes towards me.

"How are you feeling?" he asks concern apparent in his tone.

"My head feels heavy. Did the police arrive? It's Tsietsi isn't. He took them. Where is my phone?" I try to sit up but the pain becomes intense. "Mhhh." I lie back.

"Linamandla calm down. Here." He gives me a glass of water. I don't want water. How is it going to bring my babies back?

"Sazi! I don't want water!" I snap. He puts the glass back down and gives me my phone.

"The police are outside waiting to take your statement." I nod as I wait for the TOS to pick up. Sazi takes my hand in his.

"Where the hell are my kids?" he is asking me? The nerve of this man.

"Don't play games with me you son of a bitch. I want my kids! Bring back my kids!" my head is now pounding. A nurse comes in and fiddles with the drip. "I don't want any more medication. Take this off," I instruct the nurse.

She ignores me.

"Lona. Where are you?" Tsietsi asks.

"Don't pretend like you didn't send those goons. Please Tsietsi. Don't do this. We can work something out," I beg. I hear him take a huge breath.

"Listen Lona. I didn't take them I swear. Your boyfriend already sent people to search my house and my business. I swear to you, I wouldn't harm those kids. They are my life." I can hear resignation and fear in his tone.

"If you don't have them then who does? Oh my word! My kids!" I hang up to find Sazi looking at me. "He doesn't have them!"

"I know. I have people looking for them. We will find them. I promise." I am terrified right now. The posts about human trafficking replay in my head. I remember ignoring an article about how quick human trafficking victims exchange hands.

"They could be out of the country by now to God knows where." I'm gripped with fear.

"Lona. You have to come down. I need to go see someone." I jump off the bed taking out the drip myself. The nurse just left without taking it out.

"I'm coming with you."

"No you are not."

"Sazi I swear to you I'll scream this hospital

down. I can't sit here and wait for the unknown. It will drive me crazy. Please." He vigorously scratches his head with both hands.

"Fuck!" he paces a few steps. "You promise not to ask any questions until this is over?" I nod my head. "Lona. I don't have time for games. You follow my lead no questions asked," he warns again.

"Yes. I swear."

"Get dressed," he clips and walks out. I drag my body and try to dress as quickly as I can. By the time I'm done I'm sweating. Sazi comes back and gives me two tablets.

"What are these for?"

"They'll help with the pain." I take them with a whole glass of water. I was thirsty after all.

We find the police outside the ward waiting.

He promises to bring me to the police station in the morning. They agree and leave.

He leads the way to his car. It's a black Nissan GTR with tinted windows. I look at him and realise this is a different Sazi. He opens the door for me and goes around to his side.

When he starts the car I know it's time to wear my seat belt. He pulls out of the parking at such high speed my heart lurches to my throat. We drive in silence. My mind is conjuring up all sorts of dark scenarios. The

fear that has gripped me is unexplainable. I realise that I haven't spoken to aunty. She must be worried. I send her a text.

We are driving into a dark area with no street lights anymore. No houses either just shacks. Everyone is looking to see who's car this is. Who dares come into their territory at this time? What surprises me is that it's almost early hours of the morning but the place is buzzing. We navigate through the shacks until we reach an high wall made of steel with a similar gate. This wall occupies the biggest area. I regret promising not to ask questions. Who builds such in a centre of imikhukhu? A thug? Someone who wants to hide? With how we got here not even the police would be able to.

We wait for a few minutes with no action and then the gate opens. It parts from the middle to reveal an ordinary house nothing fancy. Weird.

As we drive in I notice trucks parked on one side of the yard. A lot of them. This place is massive. We drive in and park right in front of the house.

The moment we get out two guys from nowhere come and pat Sazi. Just as the one is about to come for me, Sazi stops him.

"You are not touching her!" his tone is final

and deadly. I'm even scared of him. The guy is unsure of how to proceed. The other one signals with his eyes for him to let go. They open the door for us and we go inside.

The house seems bigger than it looks from the outside. Just as we walk in a guy maybe Sazi's age or slightly older comes out from the passage in his robe.

"Mother fucker this has better be good. Do you fucking know what time it is? Fuck! You have no timing. I was about to hit it then I get your call you stupid Fuck!" he says all this while approaching us. Then he embraces Sazi with affection.

"Sup Bheki."

"Yhini wangvusa ebusuku?" Bheki asks.

"Can we at least have a seat?"

"You so full of shit." He turns around and we follow him into a living room. A typical man's crib. Black everything. No female touch what's so ever. We all sit down and Bheki waits for Sazi to speak.

"This is Lona, a friend of mine. She was hijacked earlier on and she had her two little ones in the car."

"Fuckers! They took the kids." Its a statement.

"Yep."

"He takes his phone out of the pocket and calls someone.

"Where was this?" he asks Sazi.

"Bedfordview," Sazi responds.

"Hijacking earlier this evening. In Bedford. Two kids were taken. Ja. Motherfucker! Sharp." He hangs up and looks at me. He makes me feel uneasy. He has that calm aura around him but it's very deceiving. This one I can bet my last cent, he is deadly. The question is how does Sazi fit in? More pertinent question is what did he find out from that call? I don't like the look he has.

Chapter 13

"I don't wanna brag, but I'll be

The best you ever had

I hit you with the best stroke

Freestyle and the breaststroke

Til you blow a cigarette smoke

And now the bed's broke

So what we gon' do now

Round two now

Work it out, then we cool down, cool down"- John Legend

"Who have you been messing with?" Bheki asks me. Sazi is silently watching me as if uninterested.

"What do you mean who have I been messing with?"

"Your babies are held up by a Nigerian mob. These guys don't fuck around. They have no conscience and they won't even blink about killing a child." My body feels the chills. He says it like he is talking about the weather.

"Mfethu!" Sazi warns. I can feel my whole body shaking from within.

"I don't know any Nigerians!" My voice comes out as a squeak. Except for the lady that does my weaves.

"Someone does," Bheki is looking at me suspect. Sazi leans back with his head facing the ceiling.

"Your ex might." What is Tsietsi into? Bheki looks at Sazi questioningly.

"Ex?"

"Maseela's son," Sazi says softly. Bheki's eyes widen in apparent shock.

"How did you get involved in that?" Bheki asks.

"I offered to pay her groceries," he has an amused look on his face.

"Fucker! You are not making sense. Now quit playing. Do you have any idea how much shit is piled at your doorstep?" Bheki is not amused. Sazi sobers up.

"Relax Bhekumuzi and tell us what you know." About damn time. I'm exploding with anxiety over here.

"Someone has poked a sleeping snake from its nest." He keeps quiet again.

"Bheki!" Sazi prompts him.

"Fucken shit. Mother fucker! I don't need this shit!" he is up on his feet and pacing. Sazi seems to be letting him vent. I want to jump in and question him but I remember I was told not to question. He swiftly turns pointing at Sazi.

"I'm doing fuckall for Maseela's off spring!" Sazi looks at him blankly. My curiosity is peaked. Who is Sazi really? Where does Tsietsi fit in his life? I remember the interrupted conversation at Budmarsh. There is more to this man than meets the eye. I need to find out but obviously not tonight.

"Fucken shit! Lomgodoyi! No way in hell I'll cross Tayo for him. Do you know Tayo? That nigga is crazy. You think I'm crazy? Hell! I have nothing on that motherfucker! He has connections everywhere. Connections I'd like to keep for my business. There are certain people you don't step on their toes if you want to survive in this business. Tayo is one of them." He is still pacing. Just then a small petite homely looking woman comes through from the passage tightening her robe. The moment she spots Sazi she squeals.

"Sazi! I didn't know you were here!" she exclaims almost running towards him. He is on his feet instantly with a smile on his face. She flings herself in his arms and he catches her twirling her around. Then a quick kiss on the lips. A stab of jealousy cuts through me at the display. He eventually places her on her feet but still holding each other's hand.

"Look at you. You still as beautiful as ever," he complements. She blushes.

"Stop it. Why didn't you say you were coming? I could've arranged for the kids to be here to see their uncle." My heart settles a bit.

"It wasn't planned babe. I'll make time to go visit them. How are you?" funny thing Bheki is oblivious to this chat. He is in his own world pacing.

"I'm fine. Pregnant again."

"Damn! How many kids you plan on making?"

"Don't be stupid. Actually this one was really unplanned but a blessing none the less." I think they have forgotten about me.

"Congratulations sis. Now stop it already!" They both laugh. I'm still stuck on sis. Is this his sister? But there is no resemblance whatsoever.

"And now this one?" She gestures to Bheki with her head.

"Oh! he is debating with himself. Processing some information. I'm being rude, let me introduce you. This is Linamandla, Linamandla this is my sister Sanelisiwe. Also Bheki's wife."

"Pleased to meet you, Lina, she says giving me her hand. Her grip is firm.

"I go by Lona. Pleased to meet you too." She lets go of my hand.

"Your wife knows she is here." Yho!

"It's an unplanned visit Sane," he says.

"Don't involve me in your shit!" she says.

"I would never!" I detect annoyance in his tone.

"Don't start now. You know he is married right?" She addresses me.

"Yes. Nothing is going on between us." I'm terrified of her. She chuckles and dismisses me.

"Bheki sit down before you bore a hole in my carpet." Bheki immediately comes to sit next to her. We are now all seated.

"We need to move fast. Tonight, well this morning. They just took them so they won't be expecting anyone right away. The quicker we do it the safer they will be. Because I can tell you this, no matter what he asks in exchange even if you give him, they are not coming back alive. The nigga is ruthless and likes making statements." I'm about to pee myself and feeling dizzy with fear.

"How do we get to him?" Sazi asks.

"I know a guy who can locate his hiding spot. Then after It's just me and you."

"No. Bheki. I go alone." Sazi clips.

"You fucken idiot. You think I'd let you walk into a lions den by yourself? This is not a boardroom. Come suit up." He stands and moves the coffee table to the side. Presses a button and then the floor slides open revealing a stair case. "Let's go." Him and Sazi walk down the stairs. I want to follow but Sane is still sitting down watching me with a blank look on her face.

"What is it you have involved my brother in?" her tone is cold and accusing.

"I was hijacked earlier and they took my kids." Her face softens immediately. She quickly scrambles towards me.

"You poor thing. Are you okay?" her tone threatens to break my barely there composure. I just nod.

"I want them back," I say feeling tears burn my eyes.

"They'll bring them back you can count on those two. I'll make tea. She gets up and leave. A few minutes later the two come back up. They have bullet proof vests on. Bheki is still cocking his gun. I can see Sazi has his tucked in his waist. My terror intensifies.

"I'm coming with!" I exclaim the moment they are in the room.

"No fucken way!" They both say in unison.

"It's my kids!" I'd rather die with them than live without them.

"Listen sweetheart I ain't gonna get my ass shot because of you. Sit your ass down and wait for us to bring your kids home," Bheki says. He is not impressed.

"Excuse us." Sazi grabs my arm and pulls me outside. Once there, he has me up against the wall with his hands on the wall either side of my face. He is pissed.

"Linamandla, do you trust me?"

"Yes," I whisper.

"Then allow me to do this, alone. I can't have you captured as well. I need to focus without worrying about you. I want them back too. I promise I'll bring them back." I can barely see his eyes in the dark as they scan my face.

"Okay."

"Good girl." He pulls me in his arms and holds me tight. I hook my hands around his waist and hug him back. I can feel two guns tucked in. My heart starts pounding. I tighten my hold and he pulls me closer.

"I'm scared Sazi," I whisper.

"We are going to be fine," he whispers against my neck. Then he pulls out and tilt my head then dips his head to capture my lips in a quick kiss. Then he lets go. We go back to the house to find Bheki with Sane against the wall kissing hungrily. They might as well be fucking. Sazi clears his throat. They eventually untangle from each other. They say their goodbyes and then they are gone. When I check the time it's almost 2 am. I can feel my head starting to ache.

"I'll make tea again. The one I made is cold." I just nod and go sit on the couch. I check my phone. I find two missed calls and a message from Monde. It's weird. She never contacts me after mid-night.

~I had a bad dream. I was just checking in on you. You are probably sleeping~

I decide to call her. It rings twice and she picks up.

"Babe." She sounds very awake.

"Are you not sleeping?" I ask.

"I've been tossing and turning. I can't sleep. Why are you up at this time?" all the tears I've been holding in come flooding. I can't speak.

"Lona you are scaring me. What's going on?" I'm trying to compose myself but I'm failing. I wish she was here right now. Waiting with me. Sane comes back and when she sees I'm on the phone she places the cup in front of me and leaves again. "Lona."

"I was hijacked earlier..."

"What? Are you okay? Where? Oh my word Lona! Why didn't you call me?"

"There is more." The silence is deafening.

"What it is?" her tone is calm.

"They took the kids." I hear her gasp.

"No. No way. No."

"I'm so terrified Monde."

"What can I do?"

"We can only wait. A friend of mine thinks he has found a lead. So they are following up on it."

"Lona. I know people who can help."

"Let's give my guy a chance and see. I don't want to jeopardise their chances." I trust Sazi to bring them back. Don't ask me how. I just do.

"If nothing happens by morning let me know. I'm going to take the first flight out. If not I'll see if I can't organise the Richards Jet."

"Okay. But don't cancel your meeting babe. What are you going to do when you get here? Finish what you have to I know how important those meetings are."

"Not more important than you." That makes me happy. Then I chastise myself. Too soon.

"I'll feel bad when you cancel. Do what you have to do. I'll keep you posted."

"Okay baby. Stay strong. You and the kids will be in my thoughts. Try and get some rest."

"Thank you Monde." She hangs up. I drink my tea. No rest I can have until my kids return. Sane returns.

"Your man on the phone," she says. It's more like a statement than a question.

"Yes." I can see the relief in her eyes. "Do you have pain killers? My head is starting again." She

gets up and comes back with two tablets. I drink them with tea. We sit and wait. There isn't much talking going on. I'm really not in the mood for small talk.

I'm woken up by some commotion. I struggle to get my bearings in order. When it all comes together I realise where I'm at and I jump to go check. I get to the door to find the two guys from last night carrying a unconscious and bloodied Bheki. Sane is a mess. My eyes find Sazi he seems a bit pale. I'm too scared to ask. My eyes are scanning the area for my kids.

"Sazi." My voice comes out as a whimper.

"Come with me." He is holding his side. I realise he is also bleeding.

"You are bleeding," I state as I follow him to the car.

"Nothing serious. A bullet grazed me." He opens the backseat of his car and here they are. Sleeping. Relief washes over me.

"What's wrong with them? Are they drugged?" I whisper.

"No. They must be tired. They were terrified where they were." He bends and scoops Khothatso in his arms. I can see he is in pain. I do the same with Nthatisi and follow him to the house. A pale Sane shows us to a spare bedroom. We place them on the bed and tuck them in. I plant kisses all over their faces. I'm so grateful I can't even articulate it.

"Lona. Come with me." I leave the door slightly open and follow Sazi to the lounge. A doctor goes pass to what I assume to be the main bedroom.

"Is Bheki okay?"

"Yes he will be. He's been through worse."

"You are hurt too. Let me see," I say sitting next to him.

"I'm fine. Listen. The kids have to stay here for a today then move them to a safe place." Is he crazy? A place they don't know after their trauma.

"Why? I have work to do. I can't stay here."

"Not you. Just the kids and their nanny. The guy that kidnapped them might still come after them. We didn't get him just his goons. He is going to retaliate. Right now he won't suspect you. He will suspect Tsietsi and his father and go after them. Which are the ones he should be dealing with in the first place. He knows you don't matter with Tsietsi so he won't bother with you. But the kids are his insurance to lure Tsietsi in." This is more dangerous than I thought.

"Until when?" The thought of being without my kids is sickening.

"Until this mess is cleared out. We will fly them to a safe compound where they will be with Bheki's kids. The place is child friendly and very secured. But we can only get them out in two days. I sent someone to fetch your nanny. You need to go home and pretend to be the distraught mother with the police." This is getting complicated.

"I don't know if I can do this."

"Trust me."

"Okay." He has a sheen of sweat on his forehead.

"You need medical attention," I say.

"Hayi manje. We have to get you home."

"Right now! Can't I wait for the kids to wake up?"

"The police have to find you home and we can't take a chance of us being seen coming out of

here." Just then aunty Lydia comes through looking scared and confused. She is relieved to see me. She throws her arms around me hugging me.

"Yho sisi bendothukile!" she exclaims.

"We are fine aunty."

"Where are the kids?"

"They are also fine just sleeping."

"Can I see them?"

"Before you go. Please take a seat." We both sit down. I explain to her what happened and also let her know what needs to be done.

"Don't worry sisi. We have to do all we can to keep them safe."

"I will make a plan to bring your clothes." I walk her to the bedroom where the kids are sleeping. She scoots next to them and cuddles with them. I know then that they are in good hands. I walk out closing the door behind me. Just then Sane walks out of their bedroom.

"How is he?" I ask.

"He'll be fine. They removed the bullet. It didn't hit any major organs. He is resting now." I can see the relief all over her face.

"Thank goodness." We walk back to the lounge to find Sazi on his feet. He doesn't look good.

"We have to go," he says. I give Sane a hug and promise to see her soon. She promises to take care of my babies. Once outside Sazi gives me the keys.

"Drive." He clips and opens the door for me.

"I won't remember my way out." I immediately feel like I'm being unnecessary.

"I'll direct you." He is still holding to his side.

I get in and start the car. The adrenalin that courses through my body as it vibrates is amazing. He directs me until we are out then I figure my way home. He rests his head and closes his eyes. I panic a bit and put my finger against his nose.

"I'm still breathing baby."

It's just after 5 am when we get to my house. I use aunty's keys to get in. I park the car inside the garage. Then slightly shake him to wake him up.

"You need to move to your new place."

"I was planning to move today. Most of my staff is packed."

"Wait a couple of days then you can move. I'll have a security detail watching you though." We walk through the house.

"You want some coffee?" I ask suddenly nervous.

"I need to clean this wound and rest a bit. There is a first aid kit in the boot and a bottle of whiskey."

"Come to my room then I'll fetch the staff." I lead him to my bedroom and then go back to the car.

I find him half naked sitting on the bed. My breath hitches at the sight. Then my eyes goes to his left side where his bleeding. I quickly place the whiskey bottle and a glass on the pedestal. Then go kneel in front of him with the first aid kit.

"Please pour me a shot first." I get up and pour him half a glass. He drinks it all in one gulp.

"Now I'm ready." His voice is hoarse.

I first clean his wound. It's not that deep but it's still scary.

"Don't you think you need stitches?"

"Nah! Pour this ointment on it," he points at some ointment. "Then bandage it." He releases a loud groan when I pour.

"Fuck it burns!" he says through clenched teeth. When I'm done, I bandage him all around his waist. Then he takes two pain tablets. Once done to clear up everything I find him lying against the head board with his eyes closed. My eyes travel down his bare torso. Admiring the eight pack until the V line that leads to all the worldly treasures. I remember the feel of him against my hand. How smooth and hard he was. His length and the girth. I wonder if looks as good as it felt. I can see a bulge forming and my eyes snap to his to find his eyes looking at me hungrily. My word! Trust me to lust after an injured man. I turn back on my heel and walk out. I don't even reach the door before he holds me to him from behind.

"Where are you running off to?" he growls. He is very agile for an injured man. I can feel the heat emanating off his body. Then the stress of the night comes crashing through me. I lean my head backwards and rest on his bare chest. Tears start forming in my eyes.

"I was so scared Sazi. I'm still terrified," my voice is soft and seductive.

"I'm here for you," he says against my ear sending tingles all over my body. I push my ass backwards and make contact with his hard bulge. Gosh my panties are drenched. He is planting kisses on the side of my neck and then nibbling my earlobes. This sends sensations straight to my wet honeypot.

"Sazi," I whisper. More like a sigh.

"Yes baby," he growls.

"Make me forget," I whimper.

He hooks his arms under my arms and cups my breasts. I swear I get a mini orgasm. He plays with my nipples while planting wet kisses on the side of my neck. My whole body is quivering with need. I put my hand between us and rub his growing erection.

"Lina," he groans my name.

"I need you Sazi." His other hand goes down and cups my mound. My humping increases. He tweaks my nipple very hard and my pussy clenches painfully. He turns me around and pushes me against the wall then his lips are on mine. I can taste the whisky and it makes the kiss more erotic. His tongue sweeps through my mouth and I hungrily return the kiss. Our tongues duel as our warm breath mingle.

I dig my nails onto his back. I want more. The ache at the apex of my thighs is persistent and it intensifies. The inferno is building. With one hand cupping my mound through my leggings his other hand is around my neck as we kiss. He wedges his one knee between us which allows him more access to my heated core. The idea of him choking me sends me into a frenzy. He tightens the pressure against my neck and I moan harder against his lips. The more he tightens the more I want. The pressure against my clit is not letting up. I'm so close.

"I'm going to cum Sazi don't stop." I can barely speak. He stops and I want to cry and shout.

"No. No .No," I half beg, half cry.

"I've got you baby." Fuck. I've heard this before. Nigga you don't got me!

"Don't you dare stop!" He picks me up and walks with me towards the bed. I held onto him for dear life. I'm not used to being picked up like I weigh nothing. That on its own allows him free and open access to my pussy.

Then he gently puts me on the bed. The nigga is really strong. Before I know it he is pulling my leggings off. Then my t-shirt follows. I'm only left with my bra. He unclips it and throws it carelessly to the side. I'm left naked and with him still in his jeans. He stands up and unbutton as I watch. One by one he does it then pulls his pants off together with his boxers. He is up to reveal, fuck! His erection in all its hard glory pointing up against his stomach. I can't accommodate all that. Then he takes it in his hand and stroke it a couple of times as he moves towards me. I can't take my eyes off him. Once he is above me he touches my drenched pussy and groans. I reach for his dick and start stroking him. The head is leaking and I use that as lubricant.

"Ahh...shit. Fuck...Lina." That's all he says then he devours my mouth. I pull him down on top of me, I can't wait. I direct his leaking head to my entrance then let go and my womb contracts. I open my legs wide and then lock them around his ass. He is not going any where, not today. We both swallow each other's groans. He puts his hands under my shoulders and holds me to him. His head enters me an inch. Gosh it feels good. I dig my heels on his butt and push him forward. His hard member glides in slowly into my warm wet canal. I can feel every inch as my walls open to accommodate his girth. He glides all the way until he is buried to the hilt. I want to praise him right now. He feels too good. I've never been this filled. The sensation is amazing. I can feel it twitching and hardening further. Bawo!

"Gosh Sazi, I love your dick," I say pulling him closer if that's even possible.

"Shit!" then he moves. I want to confess all my secrets. I want to pledge my pussy just for him. His thrusts are steady and igniting the inferno from within. I open my eyes to find his intense gaze on mine. I don't know what to do with myself. My ankles are firmly locked around his waist. I feel every inch as he pistons in and out of me. I can feel the slow build of my climax. I don't want it to end. I need to prolong this feeling. His eyes are filled with lust.

"Oh Lina, my sweet Lina." Then he picks up the pace. I can't prolong any longer I feel the heat as it spreads from my womb as my lower body contracts. His thrusts are less coordinated as he drills me to my explosion. I literally clamp his dick with my vagina walls as I contract. The pleasure is soo intense it's almost painful. My climax goes on forever. His whole body is stiff above mine with his head buried on the side of my neck as he empties his load deep inside me. His arms are shaking as he tries to hold his weight. Then he flops on the side drenched in sweat as I am. We are both breathing hard. It's better than I imagined.

" Fuck! It's better than I imagined," he echoes my thoughts. Then he is out. I get up to pull the throw so I can cover him. His wound is bleeding again. I'm caught between letting him rest and dragging his ass to hospital. I'm too satiated to move. I cover our sweaty bodies and cuddle into

him. His arm pulls me closer even in his sleep and I drift off as well.

I'm woken up by a persistent ringing. I open my eyes to find Sazi still passed out. My head feels slightly heavy and my pussy feels like I have been thoroughly fucked. It rings again and it's my phone. By the time I get to it. It has stopped ringing. I check to find three missed calls from Monde. It's almost midday and my tummy grumbles. I first decide to call aunty and check on the kids. They are fine just asking about me. Once I speak to them I explain that they'll be seeing me later and they will also be going on an adventure with aunty. That seems to placate them. When done with the kids I wear my robe and go to the kitchen to make food.

While in the kitchen I call Monde. She is ready to come home but I reassure her that there is no need. The kids are back and they are safe and have been placed in hiding. I also tell her that I'll be busy the next few days so she must finish with her business trip. Once she is reassured we chat until I feel hands come from my back to untie my robe. Once it opens I feel his one hand slowly sliding down my tummy towards my mound. His other hand cups and fondles my breast. I open my legs slightly to give him access to my pussy. A slight moan escapes as his middle finger grazes my clit.

"Are you okay?" Monde asks.

"Mhm. I'm fine. Just that my head feels heavy." Sazi removes my robe off my shoulders and let it pool on the floor. When he comes back I realise he is also naked behind me. His hands continue with their exploring while he plants small kisses along my shoulders. The idea of Monde on the line oblivious to what is going on turns me on. A certified hoe, we've established this. I can feel my juices drenching Sazi's fingers while some a dripping down my thighs.

"They hurt you didn't they?" she asks. Who? I've lost my train of thought.

"Ja. They did." Sazi is doing the most right now. He has my ass pushed backwards while he runs his leaking head against my wet folds.

"That's why I want to come back and see for myself that you are okay."

"I'm okay, really. There is no need for you to come." Just a need for me to cum.

"Are you sure you are okay? You sound weird."

"Yes babe I'm fine," Sazi plunges into me in one swift move and his buried deep. "Fuuuuuck!" I scream.

"Lona!"

"I'm okay. Hot oil just went into my eye. I'm making lunch. Listen I have to go. I'll speak to you later." Sazi is fucking me real hard. It's delicious.

"Okay. I'll check on you later. Have some rest." It's hard to control my moans. He is doing me so good.

"You too," I pant. Then make sure I hang up. I carelessly toss the phone to the side and grip the kitchen counter as Sazi drills my pussy. He spanks my ass repeatedly and I scream my pleasure. That seems to encourage him further as he continues with the spanking. Damn. Where has he been all my life. A man who can be firm with his hand yet pleasure you at the same time. My ass is sweetly burning. I need more.

"Oh Sazi. Did I tell you how much I love your dick?" I'm panting.

"I love your pussy." I'm on my toes and he is relentless. He snakes his hand around to strum my clit while pounding. I fall apart immediately as I reach my climax. He follows right after me his teeth digging into my shoulder. My knees feel weak. We ride the wave of our orgasm until we are both calm. Then he turns me around to face him. He cups my face and gently plants a wet sultry kiss on my mouth.

"I want to stay buried inside of you," his voice is thick. My clit twitches.

"I love you buried inside of me."

"I have to go. I think I might need stitches before you kill me. You are not really gently on an injured man." That brings my attention to his wound. The blood spot is bigger on his bandage.

"Oh my word I forgot about your injury." He grabs my hand as I start to fuss. My knees are still trembling and my body is humming with pleasure.

"I'm not complaining. I really have to go though. My guy will be outside watching. I'll come back later on. Pack aunty and the kid's clothes in the meantime." Another kiss and he is gone. I watch his perfectly proportioned body strutting out of the kitchen. I'm in serious trouble now.

"I don't wanna brag, but I'll be
The best you ever had
I hit you with the best stroke
Freestyle and the breaststroke
Til you blow a cigarette smoke
And now the bed's broke
So what we gon' do now
Round two now
Work it out, then we cool down, cool down"- John Legend

"Who have you been messing with?" Bheki asks me. Sazi is silently watching me as if uninterested.

"What do you mean who have I been messing with?"

"Your babies are held up by a Nigerian mob. These guys don't fuck around. They have no conscience and they won't even blink about killing a child." My body feels the chills. He says it like he is talking about the weather.

"Mfethu!" Sazi warns. I can feel my whole body shaking from within.

"I don't know any Nigerians!" My voice comes out as a squeak. Except for the lady that does my

weaves.

"Someone does," Bheki is looking at me suspect. Sazi leans back with his head facing the ceiling.

"Your ex might." What is Tsietsi into? Bheki looks at Sazi questioningly.

"Ex?"

"Maseela's son," Sazi says softly. Bheki's eyes widen in apparent shock.

"How did you get involved in that?" Bheki asks.

"I offered to pay her groceries," he has an amused look on his face.

"Fucken! You are not making sense. Now quit playing. Do you have any idea how much shit is piled at your doorstep?" Bheki is not amused. Sazi sobers up.

"Relax Bhekumuzi and tell us what you know." About damn time. I'm exploding with anxiety over here.

"Someone has poked a sleeping snake from its nest." He keeps quiet again.

"Bheki!" Sazi prompts him.

"Fucken shit. Mother fucker! I don't need this shit!" he is up on his feet and pacing. Sazi seems to be letting him vent. I want to jump in and question him but I remember I was told not to question. He swiftly turns pointing at Sazi.

"I'm doing fuckall for Maseela's off spring!" Sazi looks at him blankly. My curiosity is peaked. Who is Sazi really? Where does Tsietsi fit in his life? I remember the interrupted conversation at

Budmarsh. There is more to this man than meets the eye. I need to find out but obviously not tonight.

"Fucken shit! Lomgodoyi! No way in hell I'll cross Tayo for him. Do you know Tayo? That nigga is crazy. You think I'm crazy? Hell! I have nothing on that motherfucker! He has connections everywhere. Connections I'd like to keep for my business. There are certain people you don't step on their toes if you want to survive in this business. Tayo is one of them." He is still pacing. Just then a small petite homely looking woman comes through from the passage tightening her robe. The moment she spots Sazi she squeals.

"Sazi! I didn't know you were here!" she exclaims almost running towards him. He is on his feet instantly with a smile on his face. She flings herself in his arms and he catches her twirling her around. Then a quick kiss on the lips. A stab of jealousy cuts through me at the display. He eventually places her on her feet but still holding each other's hand.

"Look at you. You still as beautiful as ever," he complements. She blushes.

"Stop it. Why didn't you say you were coming? I could've arranged for the kids to be here to see their uncle." My heart settles a bit.

"It wasn't planned babe. I'll make time to go visit them. How are you?" funny thing Bheki is oblivious to this chat. He is in his own world pacing.

"I'm fine. Pregnant again."

"Damn! How many kids you plan on making?"

"Don't be stupid. Actually this one was really unplanned but a blessing none the less." I think they have forgotten about me.

"Congratulations sis. Now stop it already!" They both laugh. I'm still stuck on sis. Is this his sister? But there is no resemblance whatsoever.

"And now this one?" She gestures to Bheki with her head.

"Oh! he is debating with himself. Processing some information. I'm being rude, let me introduce you. This is Linamandla, Linamandla this is my sister Sanelisiwe. Also Bheki's wife."

"Pleased to meet you, Lina, she says giving me her hand. Her grip is firm.

"I go by Lona. Pleased to meet you too." She lets go of my hand.

"Your wife knows she is here." Yho!

"It's an unplanned visit Sane," he says.

"Don't involve me in your shit!" she says.

"I would never!" I detect annoyance in his tone.

"Don't start now. You know he is married right?" She addresses me.

"Yes. Nothing is going on between us." I'm terrified of her. She chuckles and dismisses me.

"Bheki sit down before you bore a hole in my carpet." Bheki immediately comes to sit next to her. We are now all seated.

"We need to move fast. Tonight, well this morning. They just took them so they won't be expecting anyone right away. The quicker we do it the safer they will be. Because I can tell you this, no matter what he asks in exchange even if you give him, they are not coming back alive. The nigga is ruthless and likes making statements." I'm about to pee myself and feeling dizzy with fear.

"How do we get to him?" Sazi asks.

"I know a guy who can locate his hiding spot. Then after It's just me and you."

"No. Bheki. I go alone." Sazi clips.

"You fucken idiot. You think I'd let you walk into a lions den by yourself? This is not a boardroom. Come suit up." He stands and moves the coffee table to the side. Presses a button and then the floor slides open revealing a stair case. "Let's go." Him and Sazi walk down the stairs. I want to follow but Sane is still sitting down watching me with a blank look on her face.

"What is it you have involved my brother in?" her tone is cold and accusing.

"I was hijacked earlier and they took my kids." Her face softens immediately. She quickly scrambles towards me.

"You poor thing. Are you okay?" her tone threatens to break my barely there composure. I just nod.

"I want them back," I say feeling tears burn my eyes.

"They'll bring them back you can count on those two. I'll make tea. She gets up and leave. A few minutes later the two come back up. They have bullet proof vests on. Bheki is still cocking his gun. I can see Sazi has his tucked in his waist. My terror intensifies.

"I'm coming with!" I exclaim the moment they are in the room.

"No fucken way!" They both say in unison.

"It's my kids!" I'd rather die with them than live without them.

"Listen sweetheart I ain't gonna get my ass shot because of you. Sit your ass down and wait for us to bring your kids home," Bheki says. He is not impressed.

"Excuse us." Sazi grabs my arm and pulls me outside. Once there, he has me up against the wall with his hands on the wall either side of my face. He is pissed.

"Linamandla, do you trust me?"

"Yes," I whisper.

"Then allow me to do this, alone. I can't have you captured as well. I need to focus without worrying about you. I want them back too. I promise I'll bring them back." I can barely see his eyes in the dark as they scan my face.

"Okay."

"Good girl." He pulls me in his arms and holds me tight. I hook my hands around his waist and hug him back. I can feel two guns tucked in. My heart starts pounding. I tighten my hold and he pulls me closer.

"I'm scared Sazi," I whisper.

"We are going to be fine," he whispers against my neck. Then he pulls out and tilt my head then dips his head to capture my lips in a quick kiss. Then he lets go. We go back to the house to find Bheki with Sane against the wall kissing hungrily. They might as well be fucking. Sazi clears his throat. They eventually untangle from each other. They say their goodbyes and then they are gone. When I check the time it's almost 2 am. I can feel my head starting to ache.

"I'll make tea again. The one I made is cold." I just nod and go sit on the couch. I check my phone. I find two missed calls and a message from Monde. It's weird. She never contacts me after mid-night.

~I had a bad dream. I was just checking in on you. You are probably sleeping~

I decide to call her. It rings twice and she picks up.

"Babe." She sounds very awake.

"Are you not sleeping?" I ask.

"I've been tossing and turning. I can't sleep. Why are you up at this time?" all the tears I've been holding in come flooding. I can't speak.

"Lona you are scaring me. What's going on?" I'm trying to compose myself but I'm failing. I wish she was here right now. Waiting with me. Sane comes back and when she sees I'm on the phone she places the cup in front of me and leaves again. "Lona."

"I was hijacked earlier..."

"What? Are you okay? Where? Oh my word Lona! Why didn't you call me?"

"There is more." The silence is deafening.

"What it is?" her tone is calm.

"They took the kids." I hear her gasp.

"No. No way. No."

"I'm so terrified Monde."

"What can I do?"

"We can only wait. A friend of mine thinks he has found a lead. So they are following up on it."

"Lona. I know people who can help."

"Let's give my guy a chance and see. I don't want to jeopardise their chances." I trust Sazi to bring them back. Don't ask me how. I just do.

"If nothing happens by morning let me know. I'm going to take the first flight out. If not I'll see if I can't organise the Richards Jet."

"Okay. But don't cancel your meeting babe. What are you going to do when you get here? Finish what you have to I know how important those meetings are."

"Not more important than you." That makes me happy. Then I chastise myself. Too soon.

"I'll feel bad when you cancel. Do what you have to do. I'll keep you posted."

"Okay baby. Stay strong. You and the kids will be in my thoughts. Try and get some rest."

"Thank you Monde." She hangs up. I drink my tea. No rest I can have until my kids return. Sane returns.

"Your man on the phone," she says. It's more like a statement than a question.

"Yes." I can see the relief in her eyes. "Do you have pain killers? My head is starting again." She gets up and comes back with two tablets. I drink them with tea. We sit and wait. There isn't much talking going on. I'm really not in the mood for small talk.

I'm woken up by some commotion. I struggle to get my bearings in order. When it all comes together I realise where I'm at and I jump to go check. I get to the door to find the two guys from last night carrying a unconscious and bloodied Bheki. Sane is a mess. My eyes find Sazi he seems a bit pale. I'm too scared to ask. My eyes are scanning the area for my kids.

"Sazi." My voice comes out as a whimper.

"Come with me." He is holding his side. I realise he is also bleeding.

"You are bleeding," I state as I follow him to the car.

"Nothing serious. A bullet grazed me." He opens the backseat of his car and here they are. Sleeping. Relief washes over me.

"What's wrong with them? Are they drugged?" I whisper.

"No. They must be tired. They were terrified where they were." He bends and scoops Khothatso in his arms. I can see he is in pain. I do the same with Nthatisi and follow him to the house. A pale Sane shows us to a spare bedroom. We place them on the bed and tuck them in. I plant kisses all over their faces. I'm so grateful I can't even articulate it.

"Lona. Come with me." I leave the door slightly open and follow Sazi to the lounge. A doctor goes pass to what I assume to be the main bedroom.

"Is Bheki okay?"

"Yes he will be. He's been through worse."

"You are hurt too. Let me see," I say sitting next to him.

"I'm fine. Listen. The kids have to stay here for a today then move them to a safe place." Is he crazy? A place they don't know after their trauma.

"Why? I have work to do. I can't stay here."

"Not you. Just the kids and their nanny. The guy that kidnapped them might still come after them. We didn't get him just his goons. He is going to retaliate. Right now he won't suspect you. He will suspect Tsietsi and his father and go after them. Which are the ones he should be

dealing with in the first place. He knows you don't matter with Tsietsi so he won't bother with you. But the kids are his insurance to lure Tsietsi in." This is more dangerous than I thought.

"Until when?" The thought of being without my kids is sickening.

"Until this mess is cleared out. We will fly them to a safe compound where they will be with Bheki's kids. The place is child friendly and very secured. But we can only get them out in two days. I sent someone to fetch your nanny. You need to go home and pretend to be the distraught mother with the police." This is getting complicated.

"I don't know if I can do this."

"Trust me."

"Okay." He has a sheen of sweat on his forehead.

"You need medical attention," I say.

"Hayi manje. We have to get you home."

"Right now! Can't I wait for the kids to wake up?"

"The police have to find you home and we can't take a chance of us being seen coming out of here." Just then aunty Lydia comes through looking scared and confused. She is relieved to see me. She throws her arms around me hugging me.

"Yho sisi bendothukile!" she exclaims.

"We are fine aunty."

"Where are the kids?"

"They are also fine just sleeping."

"Can I see them?"

"Before you go. Please take a seat." We both sit down. I explain to her what happened and also let her know what needs to be done.

"Don't worry sisi. We have to do all we can to keep them safe."

"I will make a plan to bring your clothes." I walk her to the bedroom where the kids are sleeping. She scoots next to them and cuddles with them. I know then that they are in good hands. I walk out closing the door behind me. Just then Sane walks out of their bedroom.

"How is he?" I ask.

"He'll be fine. They removed the bullet. It didn't hit any major organs. He is resting now." I can see the relief all over her face.

"Thank goodness." We walk back to the lounge to find Sazi on his feet. He doesn't look good.

"We have to go," he says. I give Sane a hug and promise to see her soon. She promises to take care of my babies. Once outside Sazi gives me the keys.

"Drive." He clips and opens the door for me.

"I won't remember my way out." I immediately feel like I'm being unnecessary.

"I'll direct you." He is still holding to his side.

I get in and start the car. The adrenalin that courses through my body as it vibrates is amazing. He directs me until we are out then I figure my way home. He rests his head and closes his eyes.

I panic a bit and put my finger against his nose.

"I'm still breathing baby."

It's just after 5 am when we get to my house. I use aunty's keys to get in. I park the car inside the garage. Then slightly shake him to wake him up.

"You need to move to your new place."

"I was planning to move today. Most of my staff is packed."

"Wait a couple of days then you can move. I'll have a security detail watching you though." We walk through the house.

"You want some coffee?" I ask suddenly nervous.

"I need to clean this wound and rest a bit. There is a first aid kit in the boot and a bottle of whiskey."

"Come to my room then I'll fetch the staff." I lead him to my bedroom and then go back to the car.

I find him half naked sitting on the bed. My breath hitches at the sight. Then my eyes goes to his left side where his bleeding. I quickly place the whiskey bottle and a glass on the pedestal. Then go kneel in front of him with the first aid kit.

"Please pour me a shot first." I get up and pour him half a glass. He drinks it all in one gulp.

"Now I'm ready." His voice is hoarse.

I first clean his wound. It's not that deep but it's still scary.

"Don't you think you need stitches?"

"Nah! Pour this ointment on it," he points at some ointment. "Then bandage it." He releases a loud groan when I pour.

"Fuck it burns!" he says through clenched teeth. When I'm done, I bandage him all around his waist. Then he takes two pain tablets. Once done to clear up everything I find him lying against the head board with his eyes closed. My eyes travel down his bare torso. Admiring the eight pack until the V line that leads to all the worldly treasures. I remember the feel of him against my hand. How smooth and hard he was. His length and the girth. I wonder if looks as good as it felt. I can see a bulge forming and my eyes snap to his to find his eyes looking at me hungrily. My word! Trust me to lust after an injured man. I turn back on my heel and walk out. I don't even reach the door before he holds me to him from behind.

"Where are you running off to?" he growls. He is very agile for an injured man. I can feel the heat emanating off his body. Then the stress of the night comes crashing through me. I lean my head backwards and rest on his bare chest. Tears start forming in my eyes.

"I was so scared Sazi. I'm still terrified," my voice is soft and seductive.

"I'm here for you," he says against my ear sending tingles all over my body. I push my ass backwards and make contact with his hard bulge. Gosh my panties are drenched. He is planting kisses on the side of my neck and then nibbling my earlobes. This sends sensations straight to my wet honeypot.

"Sazi," I whisper. More like a sigh.

"Yes baby," he growls.

"Make me forget," I whimper.

He hooks his arms under my arms and cups my breasts. I swear I get a mini orgasm. He plays with my nipples while planting wet kisses on the side of my neck. My whole body is quivering with need. I put my hand between us and rub his growing erection.

"Lina," he groans my name.

"I need you Sazi." His other hand goes down and cups my mound. My humping increases. He tweaks my nipple very hard and my pussy clenches painfully. He turns me around and pushes me against the wall then his lips are on mine. I can taste the whisky and it makes the kiss more erotic. His tongue sweeps through my mouth and I hungrily return the kiss. Our tongues duel as our warm breath mingle.

I dig my nails onto his back. I want more. The ache at the apex of my thighs is persistent and it intensifies. The inferno is building. With one hand cupping my mound through my leggings his other hand is around my neck as we kiss. He wedges his one knee between us which allows him more access to my heated core. The idea of him choking me sends me into a frenzy. He tightens the pressure against my neck and I moan harder against his lips. The more he tightens the more I want. The pressure against my clit is not letting up. I'm so close.

"I'm going to cum Sazi don't stop." I can barely speak. He stops and I want to cry and shout.

"No. No .No," I half beg, half cry.

"I've got you baby." Fuck. I've heard this before. Nigga you don't got me!

"Don't you dare stop!" He picks me up and walks with me towards the bed. I held onto him for dear life. I'm not used to being picked up like I weigh nothing. That on its own allows him free and open access to my pussy.

Then he gently puts me on the bed. The nigga is really strong. Before I know it he is pulling my leggings of. Then my t-shirt follows. I'm only left with my bra. He unclips it and throws it carelessly to the side. I'm left naked and with him still in his jeans. He stands up and unbutton as I watch. One by one he does it then pulls his pants off together with his boxers. He is up to reveal, fuck! His erection in all its hard glory pointing up against his stomach. I can't accommodate all that. Then he takes it in his hand and stroke it a couple of times as he moves towards me. I can't take my eyes off him. Once he is above me he touches my drenched pussy and groans. I reach for his dick and start stroking him. The head is leaking and I use that as lubricant.

"Ahh...shit. Fuck...Lina." That's all he says then he devours my mouth. I pull him down on top of me, I can't wait. I direct his leaking head to my entrance then let go and my womb contracts. I open my legs wide and then lock them around his ass. He is not going anywhere, not today. We both swallow each other's groans. He puts his hands under my shoulders and holds me to him. His head enters me an inch. Gosh it feels good. I dig my heels on his butt and push him forward. His hard member glides in slowly into my warm wet canal. I can feel every inch as my walls open to accommodate his girth. He glides all the way until he is buried to the hilt. I want to praise him right now. He feels too good. I've never been this filled. The sensation is amazing. I can feel it twitching and hardening further. Bawo!

"Gosh Sazi, I love your dick," I say pulling him closer if that's even possible.

"Shit!" then he moves. I want to confess all my secrets. I want to pledge my pussy just for him. His thrusts are steady and igniting the inferno from within. I open my eyes to find his intense gaze on mine. I don't know what to do with myself. My ankles are firmly locked around his waist. I feel every inch as he pistons in and out of me. I can feel the slow build of my climax. I don't want it to end. I need to prolong this feeling. His eyes are filled with lust.

"Oh Lina, my sweet Lina." Then he picks up the pace. I can't prolong any longer I feel the heat as it spreads from my womb as my lower body contracts. His thrusts are less coordinated as he drills me to my explosion. I literally clamp his dick with my vagina walls as I contract. The pleasure is so intense it's almost painful. My climax goes on forever. His whole body is stiff above mine with his head buried on the side of my neck as he empties his load deep inside me. His arms are shaking as he tries to hold his weight. Then he flops on the side drenched in sweat as I am. We are both breathing hard. It's better than I imagined.

"Fuck! It's better than I imagined," he echoes my thoughts. Then he is out. I get up to pull the throw so I can cover him. His wound is bleeding again. I'm caught between letting him rest and dragging his ass to hospital. I'm too satiated to move. I cover our sweaty bodies and cuddle into him. His arm pulls me closer even in his sleep and I drift off as well.

I'm woken up by a persistent ringing. I open my eyes to find Sazi still passed out. My head feels slightly heavy and my pussy feels like I have been thoroughly fucked. It rings again and it's my phone. By the time I get to it. It has stopped ringing. I check to find three missed calls from Monde. It's almost midday and my tummy grumbles. I first decide to call aunty and check on the kids. They are fine just asking about me. Once I speak to them I explain that they'll be seeing me later and they will also be going on an adventure with aunty. That seems to placate them. When done with the kids I wear my robe and go to the kitchen to make food.

While in the kitchen I call Monde. She is ready to come home but I reassure her that there is no need. The kids are back and they are safe and have been placed in hiding. I also tell her that I'll be busy the next few days so she must finish with her business trip. Once she is reassured we chat until I feel hands come from my back to untie my robe. Once it opens I feel his one hand slowly sliding down my tummy towards my mound. His other hand cups and fondles my breast. I open my legs slightly to give him access to my pussy. A slight moan escapes as his middle finger grazes my clit.

"Are you okay?" Monde asks.

"Mhm. I'm fine. Just that my head feels heavy." Sazi removes my robe off my shoulders and let it pool on the floor. When he comes back I realise he is also naked behind me. His hands continue with their exploring while he plants small kisses along my shoulders. The idea of Monde on the line oblivious to what is going on turns me on. A certified hoe, we've established this. I can feel my juices drenching Sazi's fingers while some a dripping down my thighs.

"They hurt you didn't they?" she asks. Who? I've lost my train of thought.

"Ja. They did." Sazi is doing the most right now. He has my ass pushed backwards while he runs his leaking head against my wet folds.

"That's why I want to come back and see for myself that you are okay."

"I'm okay, really. There is no need for you to come." Just a need for me to cum.

"Are you sure you are okay? You sound weird."

"Yes babe I'm fine," Sazi plunges into me in one swift move and his buried deep. "Fuuuuuck!" I scream.

"Lona!"

"I'm okay. Hot oil just went into my eye. I'm making lunch. Listen I have to go. I'll speak to you later." Sazi is fucking me real hard. It's delicious.

"Okay. I'll check on you later. Have some rest." It's hard to control my moans. He is doing me so good.

"You too," I pant. Then make sure I hang up. I carelessly toss the phone to the side and grip the kitchen counter as Sazi drills my pussy. He spanks my ass repeatedly and I scream my pleasure. That seems to encourage him further as he continues with the spanking. Damn. Where has he been all my life. A man who can be firm with his hand yet pleasure you at the same time. My ass is sweetly burning. I need more.

"Oh Sazi. Did I tell you how much I love your dick?" I'm panting.

"I love your pussy." I'm on my toes and he is relentless. He snakes his hand around to strum my clit while pounding. I fall apart immediately as I reach my climax. He follows right after me his teeth digging into my shoulder. My knees feel weak. We ride the wave of our orgasm until we are both calm. Then he turns me around to face him. He cups my face and gently plants a wet sultry kiss on my mouth.

"I want to stay buried inside of you," his voice is thick. My clit twitches.

"I love you buried inside of me."

"I have to go. I think I might need stitches before you kill me. You are not really gently on an injured man." That brings my attention to his wound. The blood spot is bigger on his bandage.

"Oh my word I forgot about your injury." He grabs my hand as I start to fuss. My knees are still trembling and my body is humming with pleasure.

"I'm not complaining. I really have to go though. My guy will be outside watching. I'll come back later on. Pack aunty and the kid's clothes in the meantime." Another kiss and he is gone. I watch his perfectly proportioned body strutting out of the kitchen. I'm in serious trouble now.

Chapter 14

"I wanna do it again, do it again
Do it (Do it)
Let's do it in the mornin'
Sweet breeze in the summer time
Feeling your sweet face
All laid up next to mine
Sweet love in the midnight
Good sleep, come mornin' light
No worries 'bout nothin'
Just gettin' good, just gettin' good
Just gettin' good love"-The Staple singers.

There Isn't much that I need to do after I eat. I have to wait for Sazi to come back so that we can take the clothes to the kids. The swollen egg at the back of my head has gone down leaving a small scar of four stitches.

Apparently it won't even show when it's healed. It also delays my plans to plant the weave. Instead I unplait my cornrows and wash my hair. It's stings a bit and hurts like a motherfucker when I blow dry. I have to. I had sand and blood stains on my hair. Probably shards of glass as well.

My hair is long enough to be tied into a bun. Once my hair is sorted I pack for the kids and for aunty. Hopefully she won't mind me going through her stuff but I have no choice. When I'm done with the packing I decide to continue with our house packing. I only need clothes for work for the following week and a few kitchen utensils I'll need for the rest of the week. The rest goes into boxes.

It's two hours later into my packing that I hear a door bell ringing when I check the time it's almost 6pm. I haven't cooked and I'm not in the mood either. I go down to check. It's Sazi. I open for him he has a take away bag in one hand and another brown paper bag on the other. He still has his sunglasses on. I step aside to let him in. When I do I get a whiff of his scent and it

tantalizes my senses.

“Hey.”

“Hi,” my voice is breathy.

“U grand?” he asks. My clit twitches. His voice just does things to my senses that I can’t explain.

“I’m good.” He looks at my hair.

“I love your natural hair. You look like a baby.” I want to roll my eyes. I’ve been told so many times that my natural look makes me look younger. It’s annoying.

“Thank You,” I fake a smile.

“Here,” he passes me the smaller bag then takes off his sunglasses. We walk to the kitchen.

“What’s this?” I ask while looking through the bag.

“Morning after pills,” he says getting plates from the cupboard.

Morning after! My whole body freezes and blood drains from my face. I stand there motionless with my heart pounding against my chest. Of all the stupidest things I’m capable of this one takes the cake. STDs and pregnancy! All for a married dick! My ears are buzzing. I feel dizzy like I’m about to pass out. What kind of irresponsible shit is that?

“Breathe Lina.” I feel his hands on my shoulder and I look up to see his concerned face. I’m trying to breathe but it seems even my lungs are rejecting me as their owner. I would too.

“Lona! Breathe dammit!” I feel him forcing me to sit on the floor and he shoves my head between my knees. Then he rubs my back as I try to regulate my breathing. Eventually my

heartbeat slows down and I'm able to inhale and exhale at a steady pace. I bring my head up. He sits on the floor beside me.

"I cannot believe I was that irresponsible!"

"We both were," he says gravely. "It would kill my wife if I were to have someone pregnant." A sharp pain cuts across my womb at that statement. Of course his only concern would be his marriage. He runs his hands through his hair. "That was insensitive. It's just that I'm also freaking out." I get the paper bag and take out the tablets.

"This might prevent the unwanted pregnancy but there are STDs you know." He takes out his phone opens it and passes it to me.

"Here. These are my results from last week. My wife and I get tested twice a year. It's been our routine since we met." The mention of the wife feels like a slap on the face. I look through the results and they are negative.

"I haven't been intimate with anyone in almost three years," does Monde count? I quickly squash that thought. "I was tested at least three times after I divorced because I wanted to make sure I was clean and I was."

"Then we are good. Just need to take the pill to make sure nothing happens." I get up to get water and drink the pill. He also gets up and comes behind me holding me to him.

"How's your head?" he asks.

"It's not as painful. It was when I washed my hair though." He gently turns me around to face him.

"I've missed you." My heart lurches. With the sound of his voice I'd believe anything he says.

"I've missed you," I whisper. His knuckles graze my cheek then caresses me with his thumb. I'm looking into his eyes as they change their colour and become darker. He moves closer as my

arms automatically goes around his waist. His thumb comes to my lip and slightly open my bottom one. My mouth is slightly opened and he inserts his thumb inside and I suck it. His eyes darken further. His lips are slightly opened as well. I start sucking his tongue suggestively, he groans and bites his lower lip. He is so fucken sexy. He takes out his thumb and replaces it with his mouth.

As he moves closer to me I can feel his hard bulge against my tummy. Our tongues duel hungrily as our breath mingle. I want more. The need is reignited. He cups my face and angle it so that he can have better access.

"Mmhhhh," a moan escapes my mouth. My pussy is pulsating. Then he pulls back. His breathing is uneven so is mine.

"Let's eat I'm starving," he growls. I just nod. I'm battling to get myself together. He turns around and goes to dish up for both of us. I need a glass of wine to settle my senses. I open a bottle and pour two glasses. We go and sit on the table without plates and wine glasses. I can feel that I'm wet as I sit down.

"When are we going to the kids?" I ask.

"After we finish eating."

"How is your wound?" I almost forgot about it.

"I got a few stitches but it's fine." Halfway through our meal my curiosity gets the better of me.

"Don't you feel guilty for cheating on your wife? I mean I do and I don't even know her." He puts his cutlery down and leans back on his chair heaving a sigh.

"I do." He flatly states.

"Then why are you doing it?"

"It's a question I ask myself all the time. Why am I drawn to you beyond all reasoning? I thought I could fight this pull but I failed. Now that I've tasted you I want more. That's all I could think of this afternoon. Being buried inside of you. The way your pussy holds my cock and milks me. The warmth and the grip I felt this morning left me hard every time I thought about it." Gosh! I was drenched. I started panting while looking at him.

"Sazi," I breathe out.

"Do you want to see what you do me?" his voice has dropped an octave. It sends shivers down my spine. I just nod my head. Then he unbuttons his jeans slowly looking at me. Once done he pulls them off just enough for me to see his hard member. I'm hooked on it. I can't take my eyes off it. It gets harder as I watch him. He wraps his hand around it and starts slowly stroking it. My eyes follow the movement while my pussy clenches repeatedly. I want to be the one to feel the ridges and the smoothness of his hard dick. I want to be the one to smear the pre-cum I see around its head and down its long length. I can feel that I'm going to leave a spot on the chair. It doesn't help that there are no panties under my dress.

He relaxes his stance on the chair as he steadily strokes himself. I'm rooted to the spot. I can't move and I can barely breath.

"Do you like what you see Linamandla?" I just nod my head. "Excuse me! What's that?" his tone is stern and more commanding. My eyes snap to his face to find his lust filled gaze fixed on me.

"Yes," I whisper.

"Is your pussy wet?" Fuck I become wetter! I nod my head. He raises his eyebrow.

"Yes," I can hardly hear what I'm saying.

"Come sit on me," he commands. I scramble to my feet and quickly go to him. I straddle him while I take him to my hand and guiding him into my entrance. I feel every part of him as I glide down until I'm fully seated. We both groan as I get a mini orgasm. His hands are gently placed on the sides of my waist. I rest my head against his forehead to compose myself. He tilts his head and captures my lips in his. I'm scared to move. I'm on the edge and I don't want the feeling to end yet. The kiss intensifies and my hips gyrate a bit. We both groan at the movement. Fuck!

I'm almost in tears. The pleasure is too much. His hands are now groping my ass under the dress. You can't see anything but my dress covering his groin area. Underneath it's an inferno. I start moving at a steady pace with my hands balanced on his shoulders. I am filled to capacity. Our gaze lock.

"Jeses. Lina the heat in your pussy is maddening." He has a wild look on his face. I can't even talk I just moan my consent. He slightly spreads his legs and my pubic bone is flushed against his increasing the friction. Then he starts thrusting. I meet his thrusts with mine as I bounce on his dick. I throw my head back and fuck him in earnest. His hands leave my ass and go to my chest. Then he suddenly tears my dress to reveal my boobs. He latches on them. I pray that the chair can survive our weight as I bounce on him. He pushes my breasts together as he feasts on my nipples. I wonder if one can go mad with pleasure but I feel like I'm losing mind.

"Sazi! I want it hard!" I do. I want him to punish me with his dick. He has me bent over the table with my legs wide open and ass fully exposed to him in a split second.

"Would you look at that? Your pussy wet for me. You are such a hoe Lina! You are dripping went for my dick. Look at all the pussy juices flowing down your thighs." Then I feel a hard spank. Then his hands groping my ass. I swear I climax a little. I bury my head on my head. This is torture.

He is on his knees behind me because I can feel his breath on my ass.

"Aren't you a horny bitch?" I want to howl my yes for the whole neighbourhood to hear! I turn my head to the side and watch him on his knees with his jeans half way, his hand on his dick, stroking himself as he worships my behind. That's the word I'd use, worship. The look he has on his face makes my juices flow.

"Yes I am!" he takes small bites of my ass while his fingers travel up and down my wet slit. Then I feel his wet tongue against my puckered hole. I lose all senses.

"Sazi! Sazi...babe...Sazi...Sazi...oh God!" I'm a rambling mess. He really eats my ass while his fingers play with my dripping slit. Then he alternates with the spanking. "Oh! Sazi!" This is beyond pleasure.

"Tell me what you want Lina!" I can't recognise his voice. He is in much need just as I am.

"I want you Mtungwa." He growls behind me and he quickly gets up and rubs his head on my slit. I'm about to pass out. Then he inserts himself slowly as we both groan and he starts thrusting. With every thrust the table moves as my body lurches I don't care. Glasses fall over and break. It's a mess. The house can collapse for all I care. All I care about is the pleasure of him pounding me. Both his hands are kneading my globes.

"Fuck you have a fine ass!" his thumb grazes my butt hole and my body convulses. The table moves until it's against the wall. He hasn't stopped his pounding. Then I feel his wet finger circling my butt hole. My legs are shaking. He does this repeatedly as he keeps lubricating his finger. The foreign intrusion on my ass and the steady pounding of his dick, is escalating my pleasure to another level. I feel his finger tentatively enter my ass and I tense a bit. He slows his thrusts and bends closer to my ear.

"Relax babe. I won't hurt you, he says in his deep voice. I break into goose bumps all over my body. Then he plants wet kisses alongside my neck then on my shoulders. Once I'm relaxed he goes to my ass again. I feel his wet finger slowly going in and my rectal opening relaxes to accommodate him. Once he is inside his finger moves in sync with his thrusts. I feel a second finger go in as his pace increases.

"Fuck! Yeah! Just like that baby...you feel so good. I love the feel of you inside of me. God damn! Harder baby. That's it," I pant.

I can feel my thighs bruising I don't care. The double penetration has put me on another level. My orgasm is so close. I can feel my toes curl as the sensations travel up my legs to my lower back and along my spine. My whole body tenses as I explode into the biggest orgasm yet. He has his arm around my neck in a chokehold position and I cling to his arm as I ride the wave of our orgasm. His whole body is tight. Only his dick twitching inside of me. My waist is bent upwards as his body curled into mine. We are locked in a tight embrace until we come down to earth.

He loosens his grip around my neck and stands upright pulling me with. My back relaxes against his hard torso as we both try to catch our breath. I can still feel him inside twitching while I feel emptiness where his fingers have been. For once I might just do anal. Then I tense when I think of his girth. Maybe not.

"Are you okay?" he asks nuzzling my sweaty neck.

"I'm more than okay." My hands are caressing his strong thighs.

"Be careful of the broken glass," he says against my ear. His hands are cupping my breasts and playing with my nipples. I lean to the side giving him better access to my neck as he nibbles on it. I feel him growing again inside of me.

"Sazi! You are insatiable!" I say.

"I have been lusting after you for a while baby. Remember all those close calls. The nights I couldn't sleep thinking about you. Imagining how you'd feel against dick." His dirty talk will drive me to madness. My arousal is renewed. He starts to gently thrust.

"Oh. I'm not stopping you. Take me, I'm at your mercy." He pulls out and I moan the loss of his hardness. I feel empty. I whimper my protest.

"Shhhh my kitten," he hushes me. Then turns me around and pushes me against the wall. The fact that we are still fully dressed is such a turn on. Then he cages me in dips his head and devour my lips. With one quick move he picks me up and enters me in one hard thrust. Fuck! I grab his shoulder for balance. He does nothing but fuck me. Hard. I can feel his fingers digging into my thighs while my back is repeatedly banging on the hard wall. I'm going to feel it later on but now I'm urging him on. We are both drenched in sweat. My climax comes unexpectedly as I lock my ankles around his ass. He reaches his climax making animalistic sounds against my neck. A few seconds later he lets my legs slide into the floor. His dick pull out of me and I feel our mixed juices flowing down my inner thighs.

I'm on my shaky legs and I'm not sure if I can hold myself up for long.

"Beautiful," he whispers with his eyes scanning my face. I place my hands on his covered chest.

"Let's go shower," I say.

He nods his head and takes his pants off with his sneakers careful not to step on the glass. Then he takes my hand and leads me to my bedroom. I follow him ogling his perfect ass. Once in my room we strip naked and go under the shower where he proceeds to scrub every inch of me. By the time he is done I'm a quivering aroused mess with his head buried in my pussy muffing me for dear life. Once I reach my climax I reciprocate by taking him in my mouth. I suck him with my eyes locked on his. I can't tear my gaze away. The feel of his hard dick in side my mouth is pure bliss. Seeing how worked up he is increases my pleasure. I can see he is close. He has a vein that pops out on his forehead when he is about to climax. I slow my movement and he hisses.

"Don't tease," he growls. I place the flat of my tongue beneath his engorged head while stroking him. His slit is leaking profusely.

"I want you to cum inside my mouth," I purr. His hips start jerking. Then I try to swallow all of him while I gently cup his balls. He throws his head upwards and holds my head tight as his hips thrust against my throat. I gag. He won't let go. He is beyond control as he empties himself in my throat. Tears come out from the corners of my eyes as I try to breath through my nose.

Eventually he pulls out staggering. While I cough uncontrollable trying to block everything from coming back. He gently touches my head I assume his way of apologising. His chest is heaving.

"Fuck Lina! That was hot. I'm sorry I couldn't pull out." He gives me his hand and pulls me to my feet. I stand on my shaky legs licking my lips. I've never swallowed before. Well there is a first for everything. He smashes his lips on mine and my arousal builds on. Kanti is he planning on fucking me the entire night? My inner hoe jumps at the thought. He reluctantly pulls back.

"We need to go to Bheki's," he says caressing my face with his thumb while the warm water hits my back.

"The bags are already packed." We quickly rinse and get dressed. While I'm still getting ready he goes to clear up the broken glasses. My whole body is deliciously sore. My pussy can still feel the imprints of him.

The moment we get to his car I fall sleep. He only wakes me out when we are outside Bheki's house.

"We are here," he says with his face close to mine. I lean upwards and give him a quick peck on the lips. He doesn't let go and deepens the kiss. I'm addicted to his lips. He lets go and comes to open for me. The moment we get in the house my babies come crashing to me.

We are sitting in the lounge the three of us. I'm explaining as best as I could why they are going away. I allay their fears of never seeing me again by reassuring them that I'll call everyday and visit them. Sazi comes in and adds that they could ride horses and play with dogs where there are going. That seems to excite them more.

It is all most midnight when they go to the airstrip to take a private jet. I feel down after seeing them off. I've never been separated from my kids except the few weekends with their father. I haven't heard from him. I'd like to chew his ear off but I must be oblivious to the kids return.

Sazi drives me back home in silence. He only has my hand in his the entire trip. Once we get home he takes me to bed and I fall into a deep sleep. I only wake up the following day to find him gone.

It's now Monday and Monde is coming back later today. We've been chatting on the phone as much as we could. Sazi kind of knew that I was still seeing my woman from the calls I took and didn't say much only when fucking then he would claim my pussy.

I spend the whole day floating in and out of my day dreams. Fisiwe has given up trying to engage me in any conversation. After work I immediately go home to soak my sore muscles. I am also expecting Monde to come pick me up on her way from the airport.

The dinner is a relaxed affair only that Monde has to go home. I don't question that as my body really needs a break from all the orgasms.

We spend the following week catching up on work so there isn't much personal time together. Even with Sazi, I only receive short calls and messages.

I have managed to move out of the house during the week. I just need to buy a few things to make the new place more like a home. I love it. It's peaceful in there.

It's a Friday and Sazi is away on business. I have made plans with Monde and she asked me to spend the night at her place. I'm excited to finally see her personal space. I wonder if it will show a bit more character than her office. Just on time she calls me to let me know she is by the gate.

I give her a security code to use for entry. I take my overnight bag and go meet her in the parking.

"Hey. You look beautiful," she pecks my lips and starts the car.

"Thank you. You too," I say. She is only dressed in jeans and a slim fitting t-shirt but she is gorgeous.

"There is something I need to tell you," she says.

"It sounds serious."

"It is. I just hope it won't change things between us. We will talk about it when we get home."

My curiosity is peaked.

(I'm going to pause this story indefinitely. I apologise for the inconvenience. No, I'm not turning into a book. It will be completed here on the page. I don't want to give a time frame as I'll be placing myself under pressure. Thank you for the love and support. I'll be back soon. Thank you in advance for your understanding)

Chapter 15

"These waters can get a little busy

But I got experience

Don't mind trekking through the storm

Long as I know that you're here with me baby

Shedding all your innocence

I see the walls are looking like they might precipitate

Until I'm in so deep, it's up to my ways

But I promise girl I ain't afraid

It's raining inside your bed

No parts are dry

Loving made you so wet, your legs, your thighs

And ever since we first met I knew that

I, I knew I was ready baby to take that dive"-Usher baby

We drive in silence until we get to her area. Then we driving through a stunningly beautiful gated country estate. This is where the rich stay. No scratch that, wealthy. It's hard to believe that one can find such a tranquil place even within the peripheral of the bustling city. She must really come from a wealthy family. I mean even with her salary I don't see her affording such a place on her own.

We drive through the winding road into a stand alone house. It's a massive piece of land that it's located in. She parks on the equally massive drive way. The 7 series from the other day is parked there amongst other cars.

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"No. I'll take an Uber!" I've forgotten how impractical that is.

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Chapter 15

"These waters can get a little busy

But I got experience

Don't mind trekking through the storm

Long as I know that you're here with me baby

Shedding all your innocence

I see the walls are looking like they might precipitate

Until I'm in so deep, it's up to my ways

But I promise girl I ain't afraid

It's raining inside your bed
No parts are dry
Loving made you so wet, your legs, your thighs
And ever since we first met I knew that
I, I knew I was ready baby to take that dive"-Usher baby

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Chapter 16

"I used to wake up some days

And wish I'd stayed asleep

Cause I went to bed on top of the world

Today the worlds on top of me

Everybody's got opinions

(They share)

They ain't been in my position

(They don't care)

That it breaks my heart when I hear what they
Have to say about me yeah
(What they say)
Seems like I always fall short (fallin' short)
Of bein worthy (Lord I ain't worthy)
Cause I ain't good enough (no no)
But he still loves me (still loves me)"-Beyonce and Walter Williams.

Sazi is grinding his jaw. Monde has a deep frown. She actually looks at me as if I've lost my mind.

"I asked you a question. What have you done to my kids?" I repeat almost hyperventilating.

"What could we possibly do to your kids?" Sazi's response is quiet but deadly. He is actually annoyed.

"You tell me! How should I trust you after what I've seen!"

"You need to calm down. Have a seat and give us a chance to answer your questions. Frankly I can't deal with all this shouting. You can't really be here and want to act like a victim. You knew I was in a committed relationship and that didn't stop you from sleeping with me," he says. Monde and I both gasp. Hayi shame when he speaks uyadelela.

"You slept with her?" she whispers.

"Mo cut me some slack. Didn't you sleep with her too? Now. We are all not saints here. We fucked up. Some more than others. This is no time to point fingers. We are going to sit down like the adults we are and have a civil conversation then move forward from there. First thing I need is to eat. I'm hungry. I'll go organise with the cook. Get yourselves together and join me in the dining room." With that he turns around and leaves us both stunned.

We both stand there awkwardly. Monde can't even look at me. Eventually she leads me to the

dining room. One part of me wants to get away from here and run as far as possible. The other part is really interested to find out what the hell just happened. The later parts wins.

We find Sazi already seated at the head of the table. It's a twelve seater table. I love this house. It has more life than Monde's office. It has a similar theme to the townhouse so I'm guessing it's more Sazi's influence than Monde's.

We join him, Monde on his right and me on his left like sister wives a bubble of laughter almost escape me but I manage to pull myself towards myself. There is a bottle of wine in the table and a glass for each.

"Wine?" Sazi offers me. I need something stronger but I just nod my head. He pours for me and then for his wife. He has what seems to be a stronger drink. Just then two ladies in black and white uniform come in bringing food and placing it on the table. When did they even cook? Were they here all along? Once they have served us they leave.

Sazi starts eating while me and Monde play with our food. How can he eat at a time like this. The tension in the room could be cut with a knife. He must have been hungry because he finishes his food and gets up to refill his drink then he returns to the table. He sits and watches us playing with our food like two little kids.

"If you are done we can go to the lounge and have our discussion," he says. We don't argue. We both get up and I take my refilled glass of wine with. Once seated which is separate from each other. It's better than having them glued at the hip. He leads the conversation.

"Firstly let's get something straight Linamandla, there is nothing sinister going on here. Your kids are safe and we can go fetch them tonight if you want but I must caution you that the state around their security still remains a threat."

"I just want to go see them. Maybe tomorrow would be better," I say.

"Now with regards to this love triangle I'm as shocked as you are. I'm actually mad at myself for not finding out sooner. I just never thought it would get here. May be the clues were there but I had other things to worry about like your ex, kids missing. I'm definitely not a mind reader.

I didn't set out to sleep with you. I fought it as hard as I could but I just kept being pulled towards you. I was as honest as I could with you but I couldn't really bare it all without being honest with Mo first." I'm not sure why I'm annoyed at him though. I guess I'm avoiding to confront the betrayal from Monde. I look at her and she has composed herself. Leaning back on the couch with one leg over the other . Oh yes she is the epitome of relaxing.

"I still don't have the answers I need. Can you both explain yourselves."

"I have to start from the beginning," Sazi says. I raise my eyebrow.

He sounds so serious. He scratches his head. I can see this is difficult for him to share.

"I grew up in an orphanage." I feel a cold chill cutting through my middle. I'm afraid of what I'm about to hear all of a sudden. "Apparently I was just dropped on their doorstep wrapped in a blanket with nothing but a piece of paper with my name on it or they assumed it was my name." He continues. His voice is flat and devoid of emotions.

"Anyway. I grew up waiting to be adopted but nothing ever came through. When I was younger there was this lady there Aunt May who raised us. She was like a mother to us. Even though we were in an orphanage we never lacked for anything. Well according to our needs anyway. I formed a bond with a few kids there mostly younger than me. There were two girls I was close to. I considered them my younger sisters since they only arrived when I was three. To cut the story short. When I was ten Aunt May died. Things became worse from there on. The person who took over , Dolly, had ill intents for the place.

The older kids had to do all sort of things to make money for her. She prostituted the older girls and the older boys became petty thieves. At my age though I still didn't understand what was going on. I saw my big sisters getting sick and most dying. The older boys would disappear one by one.

As for us the young ones we became the slaves in the house. Dolly had fired most of the house help and we had to do all the cleaning chores. We never said anything to anyone because she kept telling us if we did we would be separated to never see each other again. When I was twelve she asked me to join the older boys to help provide. They started by teaching me how to pick pocket. I was small and I was fast. A perfect candidate. Once they were confident I could do it, they went with me. I still remember the first bag I snatched. I don't remember the person it belonged to. I remember the fear that had gripped me as I ran for my life. I didn't even notice

that they had stopped chasing me. I ran until I reached the home.

When Dolly checked through the purse she only found R50. She screamed at me calling me all sort of names. I had to do better. Why couldn't I checkout my targets better? She threatened to sell my sisters if I didn't do better. You can imagine what that did to my twelve year old mind. I needed to protect my sisters. I couldn't afford to lose them as well, they were all I had."

This is deeper than I thought. I'm not sure I want him to continue. This is as hard for him to talk about as it is to hear. He might seem nonchalant about it but I can see through the facade. Monde is watching him with an intense look like she is absorbing his pain. She has heard this before I can tell.

"I worked hard and improved my craft until it became easier. I developed certain skills, picking locks, hot wiring cars and all. No one suspected a child around a parked car. When I turned fifteen I was deemed old enough to join house breakings and heists. My height wasn't helping as I was taller than the average fifteen year old.

On my first house breaking things went bad. The owner had a gun, dogs and an alarm system. He caught on to us and started shooting. I ran and didn't look back. I found out the next day that all the boys that I had gone with were shot dead. I was terrified at the thought of what could've happened.

Dolly wasn't impressed that all her good boys were either dead or in prison. I could see myself permanently being a thug and that is not a life I had envisioned for myself. I knew I would die very young if continued down that path. Most of my sisters were already working as prostitutes and jaded. Only two were still innocent Sane was one of them. By then Dolly had turned the place into a brothel- thug home. She pimped out the girls to these wealthy older men looking for young virgins.

This day she has taken my younger sister Rose and given her to this older man. She went kicking and screaming. I watched as they dragged her away with Sane terrified thinking she could be next. We found her dead, hanging from the ceiling the following morning.

That's when I planned my escape. I wasn't going to continue living there any longer. Even the streets were better than the hell hole we were in. My only worry was Sane. Until one day these younger looking guys came in looking for a good time but were surprised to find a child as their good time. They ordered her to go change and remove her make-up. Once she had one of the guys offered to pay Dolly a hundred thousand rands for her. Dolly didn't even think about it she

agreed on the spot. That was the last I saw of Sane until a few years later when I was looking for her. Only to find out the guy who bought her ended up marrying her. That is how I met Bheki.

From that day I ran away from Dolly's clutches and lived on the streets for a couple of months. School had been abandoned, I couldn't keep up. Hunger was the most prevalent need. One day while I was scouting for food in the bins I saw this Dojo or studio with kids my age walking in. I went and watched through the window as they trained until their trainer spotted me and invited me in. He asked if I wanted to join and I agreed but I told him that I didn't have money. He told me the lessons were free so I joined a fight. I got kicked one and passed out. Hunger will do that to you," he chuckles as if it's a funny memory.

"I woke up hours later to an empty studio and a smell of pizza. The instructor told me to eat. After I finished gobbling down the pizza only then he asked me questions about my whereabouts. Once he established that I had no place to stay he offered me a roof over my head in the studio on condition I cleaned the place. I became a cleaner then. He paid me an allowance that was enough for food. I didn't complain. He got me my uniform and I went back to school. In my free time I trained with him. That was my life until I turned eighteen. I had just finished high school when he was killed and the new owners had sick motives for the place. They built an undercover fighting cage. Where you fought until either one of you passed out or died. I found that my instructor had listed me as his beneficiary. Funny thing is that I didn't inherit anything instead I inherited a debt that I needed to pay off.

The new guys used Sane as leverage. I didn't know where she was but they knew. They had pictures of her in her school uniform they threatened to kill her if I didn't pay back the debt. The only way I could pay them back was to become their fighter.

My skill improved and I got better at it. Even though at times my body would be so banged up I could barely move a finger I became a true fighter. I was feared. People started betting more on me. I knew I had whatever debt I owed paid up but the man I was dealing with was ruthless. Threats grew against Sane and became more real. I remember this man clearly as if it was yesterday. He had a cruel smile on his face always. He found pleasure in seeing people beaten. He was a well know mafia. Dolly was a small fry compared to him. He had a son close to my age and a spoilt brat I don't even think he noticed anyone around him. He believed that the world owed him something. I wonder if he knew then what his father was into but he sure spent his money. And that my dear Lina was your ex-husband," he says his eyes boring into mine. I gasp at that revelation. That's the only reaction I have.

"Anyway there was this big fight with all the who's who in the business gathered in one venue to witness the biggest cage fight yet. The stakes were high and the winner took all. I won the fight

but was left half dead. The only saving grace was that the guy also passed out and they declared me a winner. I was in one of the rooms, recovering, when this boy who looked my age walked in.

"I been looking everywhere for you," he said. I couldn't even respond. I just looked at him with my eyes barely opened.

"Some skill you got. But dude why the fuck would you do this to yourself? I thought you were both dead. Never seen anything like it before. Who makes kids do this shit! And for my dad to even find it entertaining is just sick!" he was more like speaking to himself more than anything.

After I managed to let him no that I had no choice he freaked out more. The next thing I knew his father was paying off my invisible debt and I was moved to his home. That's how I met Athi.

They took care of me until I healed. His mother was sweet, his father was downright pissed about the whole thing. He called me a stray. One of Athi's latest projects. Apparently Athi was known for his rescuing of things especially pets.

I found out that he played soccer as his hobby. He was good at it. I made him go to Sundowns Academy and that was the beginning of his soccer career which blossomed to international status. His father hated me more.

Once I was back on my feet, he loaned me some money and I bought a gazebo and vacuum cleaner and started my own car wash. I was renting a room with his help of course until the carwash made money. It grew to a shisanyama . I studied Business Management part-time and that is when I grew and developed new businesses.

I was becoming a threat to the older generation and I wasn't even aware. I was just hussling. Tsietsi's father began being on my case. Disrupting my businesses. Sending thugs to threaten me. Once they started with the Sane shit again. I was older and wiser. I actively looked for her until I found her. She had just turned nineteen and was marrying Bheki.

Bheki was also an upcoming thug himself. He was well known and feared in his neighbourhood. I didn't care about any of that. I cared that he treated my sister well and that he took over the protection role and he was better at it than I was because he spoke the same language with the thugs.

Three years after I opened my car wash I was done with my degree but I needed to further my studies at University. I enrolled and had to study my honours degree full time. I had Bheki look after my business. I was still running it but not as involved as I would've liked.

That's when I met Monde." For the first time since he started his retelling I see a smile on his face. He looks at her and they look at each other as if communicating with their minds and then she nods her head.

"I need a drink," he says. Then he gets up and goes to refill his glass. Our wine bottle is on the table so I help myself. I have a lump in my throat and it won't go down. My heart is bleeding for the young Sazi. My heart is reeling at the knowledge that I once considered Maseela's family.

Sazi is back and he is silent for a while savouring his drink.

"Where was I? Right. Meeting this one right here," he points at her and she blushes. "It was in some block party and she was sloshed. Her girlfriend at the time was helping her to walk into their rooms and falling as she was drunk herself. So I helped them out and that was a beginning of a beautiful relationship. I was taken by her. She was witty, fun and so full of life. Her smile could make you sell all your belongings. She was the life of the party. I believe every man and woman wanted her but sadly she was in a relationship with Roxanne. Until one night Roxanne was away and we were both drunk one thing led to another and she found us in bed the next day with our naked bodies tangled together. That was the end of Roxy and a beginning for us.

We were inseparable. We made plans, talked marriage and kids. Everything. For the first time in my life I was in love. After University we moved in together. I grew my business she started working. Two years into our relationship she asked me to marry her. She had the ring and everything," he shows me his hand as if I would forget the ring. Monde's eyes glistens with unshed tears. "She didn't know I had a ring to ask her but then I didn't care who asked who I was ready to marry her. I wore the ring became a joke amongst our friends and family," he chuckles as if he loved being the butt of a joke.

"I had just purchased my first building. Unbeknownst to me Maseela had been amongst the interested parties. He lost to me and that made him angry. He swore revenge. This I heard through the grapevine. I didn't pay attention to it because I actually thought the old man was just bluffing.

Around the same time we found out that Monde was pregnant. I couldn't believe how life had

turned out for me. Finally I was getting my own little family. Then the worst happened. Maseela kidnaps Monde. Only then I found out he was part of a serious mafia group in Gauteng at the time. They felt threatened by the upcoming youngsters in the business. I asked for Bheki's help to rescue her. By the time we got through most of our men were dead. We were not just dealing with one person here and we were out numbered. We were up against the whole mafia. When we got there Maseela decided to teach me a lesson as they had us tied up. He had me watch as he literally removed our baby from the womb and left her there to die while I watched," he pauses as he chokes up. My heart. My heart is in pieces. I'm numb. What these two have been through is inconceivable. He clears his throat and continues. Monde moves closer to him grabs his hand and holds it tight. He will not cry that I at least know but I also know he is reliving the whole ordeal. His eyes are the window to his shattered soul. I can't help the tears that escape my eyes. They must have been so young.

" We finally managed to free ourselves and rushed her to the hospital. It was touch and go with her life but she was saved to live with a permanent loss. She could never conceive. I need a break. Can we continue with this tomorrow? It's kind of late. Do you mind?" he asks me. I shake my spinning head wildly. It's enough for one day. I'm not even sure I want to hear the dynamics of their relationship. My heart is just so heavy. He gets up patting Monde reassuringly and then he walks away. We remain seated for a few minutes without speaking.

"Do you mind spending the night?" I check the time. It's almost midnight. I'm too drained to even move from the couch.

" No, I don't mind," I respond.

" Okay. Let me show you to your room." She gets up and I follow her in silence out the living area, picking up my bag and then go up the stairs into the second level. She walks me into this beautiful and airy bedroom. " You'll have everything you need here."

" Okay. Thank you."

"I'm sorry Lona. I didn't lie to hurt you. I just didn't want to lose you. I was planning on telling you tonight." I just nod my head. I'm not ready to deal with that betrayal yet. " Good night."

"Good night," I respond. I want to hold her. She looks shattered as well. She walks away closing the door behind her. I flop my exhausted body on the bed.

"Fuck me!"

Chapter 17

"Right from the start

You were a thief, you stole my heart

And I your willing victim

I let you see the parts of me, that weren't all that pretty

And with every touch you fixed them

Now you've been talking in your sleep oh oh

Things you never say to me oh oh

Tell me that you've had enough

Of our love, our love

Just give me a reason, just a little bit's enough

Just a second we're not broken just bent, and we can learn to love again

It's in the stars, it's been written in the scars on our hearts

We're not broken just bent, and we can learn to love again

I'm sorry I don't understand

Where all of this is coming from

I thought that we were fine (Oh we had everything)

Your head is running wild again

My dear we still have everythin'

And it's all in your mind (Yeah but this is happenin')

You've been havin' real bad dreams oh oh

You used to lie so close to me oh oh

There's nothing more than empty sheets between our love, our love

Oh our love, our love"- Pink

Chapter 17

"Oh tear ducts and rust
I'll fix it for us
We're collecting dust, but our love's enough
You're holding it in
You're pouring a drink
No nothing is as bad as it seems
We'll come clean"-Pink

I can't sleep. My mind is buzzing with more questions. At the same time my heart is bleeding. I'd be heartless not to. You cannot judge a book by its cover. These two looked so well put together. Like they owned the world but the scars they carry within are too deep for a normal being to comprehend.

How naive am I? I really need a scale to measure my naiveté. I mean I was with the TOS for so many years, bore him children, spent his money kanti it's blood money! I never really knew the person I married to. But it does explain his TOS behaviour. Now I'll be tied to this imbecile for life. We are in danger because of him! Then his father! I get chills thinking about what he is capable of. If he can do what he did to Monde for just a building what would he do for his grandkids?

Monde. Oh my! No matter how angry I am at her I cannot stop the pain I feel on her behalf. No woman should go through what she did. How does one survive such and come out a whole person?

I can feel a headache coming. Sleep seems far away. I decide to get up and make myself some herbal tea. I look at what I'm wearing. Heck it might be too much to prance around the house with the skimpy teddy. In my defence I was prepared for the night of debauchery and endless orgasms. I laugh at my one joke. Even the morning gown isn't covering much. Ah well the two love birds are probably asleep anyway.

I walk through the darkness and find my way to the kitchen. This house is too big maan. Luckily the alarm system isn't on. I find the humongous kitchen and suddenly feel like cooking something. That's how it is. It just makes you want to cook. I can't wait to see it when there is

proper lighting. Right now I'm relying on the light from outside. I eventually find the fridge and then I'm confused with all the choices. There is cake and there is meat. But wait I didn't come here for food. Imagine being caught rummaging the fridge for food in the middle of the night. People might get the wrong impression about me. I love food yes but I don't binge. I decide to pour myself a glass of milk. I stand up straight from my bending position and then feel eyes on me. I slowly turn to find Sazi standing by the door. Fuck me! He is only wearing his body shorts and his hotness is on display for the inner hoe to indulge. I also know because of the lights from the fridge, he can basically see even my pubic hair that's how transparent my outfit is.

"Hey," he greets.

"I needed a glass of milk," why oh why am I explaining myself. He just nods his head and walks towards me. I'm rooted on the spot and my heart is galloping. I am a hopeless case.

He is standing in front me looking at me expectantly. I suddenly feel more thirsty. The question is, for what? I lick my lips and his eyes follow the movement.

"Excuse me," I realise I'm blocking the fridge. Then I quickly walk away.

"Good night." I'm almost sprinting out of the kitchen.

Jerr. This man dressed is a killer half naked, he is potent. I take my overheated-self up the stairs to my room.

It's a struggle to fall asleep. I have a twitching vjay that requires immediate attention, badly. I know I won't be able to fall asleep until I take care of it. So I take matters into my own hands. It only takes a few minutes before I get my release.

I'm not sure when I fall asleep. I wake up the following day feeling hungry and still with a headache. I didn't have much to eat the previous night. I wear my leggings and an oversized t-shirt then go look for food. This house in broad daylight is another thing all together. It's stunning.

Just as I enter the kitchen I find Monde sitting on the kitchen island with Sazi between her legs. Their lips locked in a passionate kiss. They are oblivious to my presence. I do the most normal thing and watch. I wonder if he finds her lips as soft on him as they usually are with me. Does he

do they thing he does with his tongue when he lets me know he wants me. Mh. They both stop and turn. Crap. I might have moaned aloud.

Sazi slowly steps away after pulling Monde's t-shirt down. Ooh baby you don't have to hide all that. I'm pretty acquainted with those pecky babies. My inner hoe is in heaven.

She climbs down from the kitchen island looking more flustered and stands there with her arms hugging herself.

Sazi walks towards me and I'm still blocking his exit. He comes close enough to feel the heat emanating from him. Then he pushes me against the wall without touching me.

"So you have a thing for watching," he whispers against my ear. My whole body is on fire. I can't miss the hard bulge against my abdomen. It sends all the heat pooling towards my womb.

"Its rude to stare, I thought we had established this." Then he walks off. I then remember that Monde is in the room. The heat in her eyes is unmistakably.

I'm suddenly nervous about the moment I just shared with Sazi. She doesn't seem bothered by it though. Well, at least not in that way. Then she walks up to me. Walking is putting it mildly. She stalks me like I'm her prey. I'm still in the same position Sazi left me in.

"You seem to be in a bit of a situation here," she whispers as she takes the same position Sazi was in.

"What is it that you need?" she nibbles my earlobe. I've lost all ability to speak. I should be angry at her. I shouldn't even let her be this close to me but here we are. I feel her hand under my t-shirt going for my taut nipple. The moment she touches it, the heat that is spreading through out my body intensifies.

"Did he leave you all hot and bothered?" gosh even her voice is driving me wild.

"Would you like me to take care of it for you?" she continues with her purring. I feel her hand going under my sweat pants into my warm sheath.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" I know she can feel my slippery wet slopes.

"Oh my Lona, how dare he leave you like this," I'm almost whimpering at her touch. Then she is unrelenting with her thumb. I open my legs slightly to give her better access.

"You naughty thing. You want this don't you? Do you want me to make you cum?"

"Yes," my voice comes out as a squeak.

"Then forgive me." She stops her teasing and looks at me straight in the eyes. I can't keep up. My senses are on overload. I want her to continue with what she is doing. Her hand is still cupping my mound. "Please Lona, I'm sorry for hurting you baby it wasn't my intention." I can see the sincerity in her eyes.

"You hurt me. All I asked for was total honesty but you lied to me." I manage to say.

"I know. I'm really sorry but I wasn't ready to lose you. I couldn't."

"Still you should've told me." Her thumb circles my nub. I know what she is doing and its working.

"I'll make it up to you, I promise." She continues building the pressure.

"I still don't know how it's going to work."

"We will get there." She is more insistent and I can feel the build up as she sucks on my neck. I grab her by the waist and pull her closer to me. Then I feel the beginning of my climax. There is no going back now.

Something tells me to open my eyes and they collide with Sazi's leaning nonchalant against the wall watching us. He captures my eyes as I explode in Monde's hand. I can't seem to look away. My whole body is shaking.

"He is watching us isn't he?" Monde asks and I just nod. "You loved it?" I want to say yes but I'm not sure where these two are heading and I still have unanswered questions.

She pulls her hand out and starts licking her fingers as she turns and walk towards Sazi then smashes her lips on his. He doesn't waste time, he picks her up and leaves the room with her. They leave me there a shaking mess. Fuck! These two are hot together. Why the fuck do they need me for?

A few minutes later I'm still in the kitchen making myself coffee. It took me a while to get everything but now I'm good. I have my coffee with a croissant that I found in the fridge. Once I'm done I go back to my room for a needed shower. I feel sticky.

Just as I land up the stairs I hear distinct moans. You got to be fucken kidding me! It can't be really what I think it is. My inner hoe urges me to find out. I walk towards the last bedroom where the sounds seem to be coming from. Judging by its positioning, I can tell it's the main bedroom.

All the other bedrooms are closed except for the one. The door is slightly opened. The closer I get the more distinct the moans become. They are not forced. It's not for show. No, she is really having a good time. Judging from my experience with his skill, I know she is having a damn good time.

I walk until they are in my clear view. She is on top with her long her cascading in waves down her spine. Her movement is not rushed or hurried. No she is taking her time rotating her hips. I can't see Sazi just his hands on her ass. They squeeze and occasionally go up her back and down to her ass again. Now that I'm closer I can hear his moans as well. There is a sheen of sweat all over her back.

I feel my cock clenching painfully. When she picks up the pace I feel like screaming my need. I know they are close to their completion. Her movement is less coordinated and his grip on her ass is tighter. The room is now filled with their loud moans and groans. I feel like a peeping Tom. A very horny peeping Tom. This is better than watching porn. It does things to me I can't really explain.

He pulls her down by her neck as their lips lock. Their bodies are locked in a tight embrace as they ride their wave of orgasm. I come to my senses and dash away to my room down the corridor. I instantly go into the shower. I'm a wet mess. I don't even think DIY will be enough. But I give it a try anyway with images of their coitus bombarding my head. Even after my release I know I still need more.

Once I feel like I've calm down a bit I decide to go down the stairs. I've changed into a simple loose fitting dress. I walk downstairs and find them downstairs having breakfast. My stomach immediately alerts me to my hunger. The moment they see me Monde gets on her feet. She is wearing shorts and a tee. The outfit makes her look way too young but at the same time she exudes sex appeal. I can feel Sazi's eyes on me and it's unsettling.

"Hey. Come join us for breakfast," she says. Like I needed an invitation. She pulls a chair for me and I notice it's the one closer to her. We are not flanking Sazi as we did the previous night. Is she marking her territory already? I feel laughter bubbling up and I suppress it. This is no time for my stupid jokes.

"Would you like some coffee?" Sazi finally speaks.

"Yes please." He gets up and goes to make me a cup.

"You look beautiful," Monde says. I feel butterflies in my tummy. "Are you okay?" I can see the sincerity in her eyes and the uncertainty as well. That tugs at my heartstrings.

"I'm good. Had an interesting morning. You should close your door when you have guests over." Her eyes widen and then realisation dawns on her then her face turns beet red.

"Oh shit. That wasn't intentional. I swear Lona."

"What wasn't intentional," Sazi asks as he places the cup of coffee in front of me.

"Thank you."

He takes his seat and looks at us expectantly.

"I was just telling your wife that you need to close your doors when you have guests." I see a flicker of surprise in his eyes but he quickly masks it.

"Saw anything interesting?" he asks.

"Maybe." He chuckles and resume with his breakfast. I dish up for myself and start eating

We enjoy our breakfast over light conversation. When we finish we all clear the table and move to the living room.

"Last night was a bit heavy. It's been a while since we retold our story to anyone. It's something Monde and I have had to deal with. We've dealt with it intensively. To a point where I had to even let the idea of revenge go. I could've killed Maseela and his offspring's just like that but it wouldn't bring our baby back and it wouldn't make Mo whole again.

Life went on and we embraced it and lived. But Monde never accepted my proposal afterward that saga. She always tells me that she is keeping my options opened in case I meet someone who can make babies for me. What she fails to understand is that she is enough for me. We can adopt, do surrogate. There are so many ways to have a baby." He says that looking at her. They share a moment and then he resumes.

"What I couldn't run away from was the fact that Monde is bisexual. She loved women and I knew that at some point I wouldn't enough for her. She also felt for some reasons that she wouldn't be enough for me. We discussed the possibility of an open relationship. Open and still remain monogamous. Confusing I know. What it meant for us was we found someone to join our union and become part of us. We would have to be with the person if the said person allowed.

Over the years we never really clicked with anyone. She would find people she liked but I was never interested in them."

"It just felt wrong to be with anyone but him," Monde finally speaks.

"It was either the girls forget about me the moment he comes into the picture. We tried swinging. A terrible idea for us. I couldn't stand seeing him touching someone else. He definitely couldn't stand another man touching me and I must say, I never want to have another man touching me either.

We decided to let fate plays itself out. Instead of actively seeking for a person we thought why

not just enjoy our lives and let it go. If it happens it happens. We will not force things. Until you came along. I knew I liked you the moment you walked into my office. The agreement was that whenever I feel that way about someone then I should tell Sazi. But then I liked you. I still do. And the thought of you doing what all the other girls did, terrified me. What if you also liked him more? What if this freaked you out and you run? Then I decided to keep you to myself for a while. I was planning on coming clean last night. I didn't mean to deceive any of you actually."

"Wow. How is it possible then that Sazi also met me at the same time as you?"

"When I met you the first time. I honestly was just helping you. But then, I couldn't get you out of my head. Funny enough a while back Mo and I had a conversation about who should find her a female partner. She had said I should do it, that way it would be someone I'm attracted to as well. I just never really wanted to be involved but she insisted on me being part of the ménage à trois. Which for me really didn't do much. I was never really interested. Then I meet you. For the first time in my life I have these feelings for someone else. I knew I needed to tell Mo, that was our agreement after all. But then what if she doesn't like you? That means I would have to let you go? I wasn't ready for that. Finding out your ex was Maseela's son was really a coincidence. Then your protection became more prevalent and that complicated things. I still wanted you with same intensity I did Mo and that made things even more complicated."

"What is it you want from me?" I had an idea but I could be wrong.

"We want you," Monde answers.

"Anyway you can have us, it's up to you," she continues.

"Have you discussed this?"

"Yes we have and we have our rules but we want to give you a chance to decide if it's something you want. No pressure."

"I need to think about this and what it entails. Can I ask you something?" Monde nods.

"when you say I can have you however I want. Does that mean I can see you on separate

occasions?"

"Ideally we would prefer to be all together but if it's what you prefer then you can," Monde responds.

"I have a lot to think about. I also have more questions but those can wait." I stand to go.

"Monde may I speak to you," I ask. She nods and follows me up to my room. Once we are in I close the door and walk up to her.

"Are you sure about this?" I ask.

"Yes." There is no doubt in her tone.

"All of it. Being with you and your man?"

"I'm very sure. The question is are you sure?"

"I haven't decided yet but I want this," I say pulling her towards me. Our lips meet and all my morning arousal is renewed. She can feel my need and takes charge. She kisses me everywhere until I'm a bubbling begging mess. By the time she goes between my legs with one flick of her tongue I fall apart. She doesn't let up until I reach my second orgasm.

She leaves me to take a shower by myself. I realise I didn't even return the favour but she was already gone.

After my shower I decide to pack up and leave. There is no thinking that will be done in this house. I need my own space. The possibility is exciting I must say.

I find Sazi alone downstairs and he tells me Monde had to fetch some documents from the office.

"I'm going back to my house. I need to think clearly," I tell him.

"As expected. When do you want to see the kids?"

"Tomorrow. I'm not in the right frame of mind for today." He nods. It's hard to read him. He is back to his closed-off self.

"Let me drive you home." He takes my bag from me and leads me to his car. We drive in silence until we get to my place. Once he parks he doesn't show any indication that he wants to come in.

"Thank you for the ride." I'm nervous. With Monde I'm confident and she is clear with her emotions but with Sazi I feel like I'm back to square one. I don't know where he is or what he thinks. It's impossible to read him.

"My wife is in love with you." It's a statement. "Don't hurt her." That's a command.

"What about me, what if she is the one who hurts me?"

"She won't intentionally hurt you."

"I also won't intentionally hurt her. I care for her deeply."

"I know. That's what scares me and hardly anything scares me. Your innocence and her intensity."

What does that mean? Does he think I'm not ready for this kind of arrangement?

Chapter 18

"I walk on water

But I ain't no Jesus

I walk on water

But only when it freezes (fuck)

Why, are expectations so high?"- Eminem ft Beyonce

"Mntungwa"

"Mh," his voice is still full of sleep but I know he is awake.

"Why are you so angry?" I ask. He is lying on his stomach with his head resting on his arms. He turns his head to face me. He has a frown on his forehead. There has never been a sexier man than this one. I'm lying on my side balancing my head on my hand.

"What do you mean?"

"Come on baby cut the bull. I know you. You are simmering with anger. Since you found Lona and I in the house." He is quiet and I know he won't say anything if he doesn't want to. I won't push. "You are also taking out your anger on the wrong person."

"Mo. It's too early for you to be analysing me."

"I'm not. I just want to figure out where your mind is at." I run my hand on his jaw. He closes his eyes as if to savour the touch.

"Mo," he groans.

"Talk to me love," I whisper closer to him. I have my suspicions but I never like to assume. Assumptions are a mother of fuck-ups.

"I have a lot on my mind."

"Like?" I know I'm pushing. With Sazi at times you have to.

"Like, how much I love you." I know this but he is being evasive.

"I love you too Khumalo. With everything in me." His sleepy eyes open to intensely stare at me.

"You are aware that we are navigating uncharted territory, right?" he says after a while. I sigh. This arrangement is more complicated than what we've tried before. It's not about like or even sex. It's more. I'm in love. I'm in love with two people and it scares the shit out of me.

From the moment Lona stepped into my office for her first interview I knew from them that I was screwed. I love everything about her. Her confidence, her curves, her eyes, her smile. I just want to make her smile all the time. Her laugh is infectious. Her heart is pure. She is kind, giving and genuine. Her honesty is refreshing. But mostly she gets me. She can be vulnerable with me and I can be the same with her. She teases me and makes fun of my serious self. I love it.

"Fuck Mo! Look at you. You are in too deep. What if she won't return your feelings. What happens if she doesn't want this arrangement?" he is sitting up now resting his back on the headboard and I do the same.

"Then we let her go." He looks away. Crap. "You are in love with her too?" he tries to brush it off.

"You are aren't you. Be honest with me babe. Honesty always. That's what we promised each other. We might have strayed lately but you know our relationship thrives on honesty." He sighs.

"I like her. A lot."

"Then what do you suggest we do?"

"I fear she is not ready for this. She is too innocent, young and naive. She might just be curious and nothing more. Then what happens when she loses interest or realises that it's not what she wants?"

"Then we let her go." I reiterate with surety that defies the inner insecure voice.

"You think it will be that simple?" No. I don't think so. That is my fear. This is different. Feelings are involved and when feelings are involved people get hurt.

"Promise me one thing Sazi." He takes my hand in his and clasp it very tight.

"Anything for you my love."

"If at any point you don't want this or you want it to stop, say the word. It will be over."

"I promise."

"I don't know what I did to deserve a man like you. I don't take you for granted my love. You are my love, my heart." I can feel myself being overcome by emotions. He snakes his hand around my neck and pulls me closer to him.

"You are my heart. Now. Why are we being so serious so early in the morning?" He plants a soft kiss on my lips.

"I don't like seeing you unhappy. I mean I didn't even get any loving last night." He pulls me closer and I'm half on top of him.

"I can rectify that." He pulls my leg over his hard erection and my quim quivers. I let out a soft moan.

"Baby, oh my. What's this?" I wrap my hand around and gently stroke him. He lets out a little moan. "Does Mntungwa require a little attention? First tell me. Do you enjoy watching me and Lona being intimate." He jerks and becomes harder. "no need to answer that. I have my response right here," I emphasise my point by stroking him harder. His breathing has escalated. "Do me a favour, ease up on her. Stop taking out your anger or whatever aggressions you have. We can redirect it somewhere else. Like here for instance." I guide his tip to my warm sheath. When he makes contact he flips me over and sinks into me. Then he gives me a pounding of my life. He gives it to me good. Even thoughts of Lona are obliterated out of my mind. He consumes me and at this moment nothing matters and no one matters but him.

He is still buried deep inside me with my legs locked around his waist. Our bodies are covered in sweat. His body is so flushed against mine I can literally feel his erratic heart beat.

"I love you," I say. He lowers his head and captures my lips in a sweat sensual kiss. I feel it all the way to my soul. Then he pulls back. When he looks at me. In that moment he is opened. I can see his love for me. His desire, his fears. His eyes are truly a window to his soul. My heart clenches. Do I really deserve his love? I wonder.

A while later I find him in the kitchen making breakfast.

"Are you coming with to Bheki's farm?" he asks placing a cup of coffee next to me. I sit on the high chairs and watch him cook. He is a great cook unlike me. I employ people for that.

"I'm not sure. I feel you need to have some time with Lona. You haven't spent time together since the reveal. This will only work if we all get along." He keeps quiet and continues with his cooking. After dishing up he joins me and we enjoy his delicious breakfast.

"I want you to come." I'm startled by that because it comes out of nowhere.

"Okay." Just as we finish our breakfast my father calls. I want to ignore his call but Sazi gives me a pointed look.

"Hello daddy"

"What must a father do to see their child?" he asks.

"Nothing daddy. I've been busy." Not really I just been avoiding his calls lately. If it's not about his legacy it's about Sazi making an honest woman out of me. Or giving him grand kids.

"Tell your man then that I'm inviting you over for lunch," he instructs.

"We have plans for lunch daddy."

"Dinner then. This is not negotiable. See you at 7 sharp." He hangs up. I sigh.

"Are we commanded to the royal house," he smiles at his own joke. I hate these family dinners. I never told my father about what happened so he has his expectations of me as the heir to his legacy. He is also under the impression that it's Sazi who doesn't want to make an honest woman out of me.

At first I didn't tell him because I wasn't ready to but now I feel a lot of time had passed and that he might feel betrayed by my nondisclosure. Honestly, how does a parent handle such news?

"I hate it when he gives you a hard time."

"I can handle your father, Mo. It's you I worry about."

"I'll be fine. Another issue is that I wonder if we will be back in time for the dinner. Lona might want to spend more time with the kids. How is the situation with the Nigerians?"

"I never thought I would have to deal with the Maseela's even thinking about them makes me think of things I had thought I buried."

"I know. Never thought we would cross paths again."

"Anyway. Apparently Tsietsi is in hiding. What I'm not sure is why he doesn't ask for his father's help. I mean I'm sure that old son of a bitch still has some alliances that could help. And if it wasn't for Lona and her kids, I would definitely not be involved in this shit."

"I know babe. Unfortunately we are involved. We just have to see it through and that there are no comebacks. If we have to go to war then so be it." He looks at me sharply.

"It's the only language these people understand," I continue.

"I don't want you and Lona involved in this babe. They shouldn't even know you exist. In fact I don't want anything connecting us to this. Let's leave them to solve their own madness."

"Do you think no one suspects that you were involved in rescuing the kids?"

"No. I don't think so. We covered our tracks very well." I would have loved to see him in action though. Nothing is sexier than Sazi with a gun. I shake my head as if to literally clear my wayward thoughts. "What ever you are thinking is not good and we don't have time for that. We need to get going. Call Lina." I smile and pick up my phone to call her.

"Hey." Her voice is husky.

"Good morning. How did you sleep," I'm looking at Sazi as I speak.

"I hardly slept. I have a lot on my mind." I have butterflies floating in my stomach. How I wish I could pick her brain. Find out what she's thinking.

"Are you ready to see the kids?"

"Definitely," her voice perks up. "When are we leaving?"

"We will be at your place in 20 minutes."

"Sharp." She hangs up.

"She is ready." His stare is intense. He does that when he's trying to figure me out.

"How is she?" he asks.

"Probably over thinking herself to exhaustion. She sounds tired but she is excited about seeing the kids."

"She has a lot to think of and I think she has more questions than answers. I feel it would have been better if she has asked all the questions then went and thought about this." We are both on our feet getting whatever we will need for the trip.

"Do you think she will refuse," I can't hide my anxiety.

"To be honest, I don't know." It's a lot for someone to handle. I know as well that it's not for everyone.

We are going through security clearance at her main gate.

"I'm glad you got this place for her. It's safer. She was too vulnerable in that house." It didn't surprise me that he did all of that for Lona. He is always giving. But it also gives me an indication of how he feels about her. Even though he is hiding it, he cares deeply. Having him admit to feeling as deeply for her as he does me is a clear indication of the depth of his feelings.

We are currently parked in front of her unit.

"Aren't you going to call her?" he asks.

"I thought maybe you should go fetch her.

"Come on Mo, just call her."

"Are you actually avoiding being alone with her?" he sighs and gets out of the car.

A few minutes later they walk out of the unit. There seem to be no conversation between the two. My worry is them not getting along. It could ruin our chances of this arrangement working even before it begins. I get out of the car and give Lona a hug. She looks very sexy in her lime

green printed long, flowy dress. It's only held in place by strings around her neck. She smells heavenly. I inhale her scent as I prolong the hug.

"You smell wonderful," I whisper against her ear. I hear a little moan escaping her mouth. I can't help it. I pull her head towards mine and capture her lips in an intense kiss. She isn't expecting that as I feel her body tense for a second and then she is into it. She returns it with fervour.

The sound of a door closing brings us back to our senses. Her cheeks are flushed red and I'm sure mine reflect the same. I hold the door open for her while she gets in.

Once we are all in Sazi starts the car. We drive in silence for a while with him concentrating on driving.

"Is it possible to go pass the mall? I want to buy the kids a few things," Lona asks. I think its a good idea.

Two hours later we walk out of the mall with two overflowing trolleys. We might have gone a bit overboard but we don't care.

Sazi takes extra care to get us to Bheki's house. I haven't seen them in a while and I have missed them. We eventually arrive at their house.

Sane is shocked to see me and Lona together but doesn't say anything just gives me a hug and then Lona.

"Ja makoti. Where the fuck have you been hiding yourself?" that's Bheki's way of greeting me as he envelops me in as hug.

"Work has me by the tits," I say returning the embrace.

"For fucks sakes. Why do you even have and 8 to 5 job?" He lets go.

"I love my job." He moves on to Lona.

"Sdudla. Aren't I getting some love?" Lona seems to be between annoyed and amused. Eventually she returns the hug and we all move inside the house.

Once Bheki and Sane are ready we take different cars to the airstrip. There are a few guys with concealed weapons accompanying us. Everyone makes sure that we are not being followed.

We are now on board the aircraft Sazi is seating with Bheki in some seemingly deep conversation. I'm seating next to Sane with Lona opposite us. This is not a big jet. It's a 12 seater with a bedroom and bathroom.

"So you two know each other," Sane asks.

"Yes, we've met," I say raising my eyebrows challenging her to go further. Her frown deepens.

"I need to speak to you privately," she says to me. She doesn't wait for my reply she unbuckles her seat belt and gets up walking towards the bedroom. I follow her. Once there she turns to me with a concerned look on her face.

"How much do you know about this girl?" I'm assuming she means Lona.

"A lot actually. She works for me."

"She does?" shock is apparent on her face.

"Yes."

"This is more serious than I thought. Do not trust this girl. I think she is after your man. The last time they were here she seemed familiar with him. I blame my brother for this. You need to speak to him about it."

"I have and we've sorted it out."

"You have?"

"Yes. Everything is fine. I'm aware of what happened and we've worked through it." She is now more confused than ever.

"Oh well. I'm glad. It's just that you seem cool being around her. As long as you know then I feel better."

When we are done talking we go back to find Lona busy with her phone. The moment we sit down Bheki comes and takes his wife away. Leaving the two of us in silence until Sazi comes to join us.

"Are you excited about seeing the kids?" he directs the question to Lona.

"Ja. I am. I've never been away from them for this long. I missed them."

"I can imagine. Soon you'll see them, I'm sure they can't wait to see you too." His tone is more softer. Just then we hear a sound of something falling on the other side. I know those two are having sex in there. It's such a short flight, really couldn't they wait? At least someone is releasing the tension. If we could only do the same as well. It's evident that we are all thinking about it but no one will make a move until Lona has decided and informed us of her decision. We listen to the sounds of them banging against the door. I look up to find Sazi trying to hold his laughter. I can't help it I burst out laughing and they both join me.

"This jet is way too small for this?" he says after our laughter has died down.

"I know and to think the three of us could be doing the same," Lona says. We both look at her. I know she didn't mean for that to come out by the way she can't meet our eyes. Our shock at her outburst is interrupted by the pilot announcing our landing.

A few minutes later the lovebirds emerge from the bedroom looking quiet dishevelled. They seat where the two boys has initially sat still all-over each other.

The moment we land there are two cars already waiting to drive us to the farm. The three of us get in one car. The air is thick with sexual tension.

The moment we get to the farm that all evaporates as we see the kids. They run to their mom the moment they spot her. She goes on her knees and envelopes them both in her arms. It's mayhem afterwards. They are talking non-stop, at the same time. On one side Sane's kids are making their own noise as we all walk into the main house.

What I would give to have that kind of attention from a little human. Sigh.

"Penny for your thoughts," it's Sazi holding me from behind. I feel the balance again.

"Just looking and envying this unconditional love." His hold tightens and he kisses the side of my neck as we watch the parents play with their kids. Just then Nthatisi runs towards us and grabs both of our hands in her tiny hands and pulls us to join them. We join them on the floor as she sits on my lap. They are animated in their story telling. It's hard to even get a word in. I can tell that they are having a great time. Things become worse when we give them their toys. There is more action and noise in this house than a day-care centre. The room is filled with warmth, laughter and love. This is how life is meant to be.

Chapter 19

"So we'll piss off the neighbours

In the place that feels the tears

The place to lose your fears

Yeah, reckless behavior

A place that is so pure, so dirty and raw

In the bed all day, bed all day, bed all day

Fucking in and fighting on

It's our paradise and it's our war zone

It's our paradise and it's our war zone

Pillow talk

My enemy, my ally

Prisoners

Then we're free, it's a thin line" - Zayn Malik

It's Monday morning and I'm tired as fuck. We got home early hours of the morning. I couldn't let go of my kids. We had to wait until they had finally succumbed to exhaustion and fallen asleep to leave. Even when they were asleep I struggled to part with them.

I can't wait for this to be over so that I can have my babies back. At this moment I'm getting ready for work but my body is refusing to cooperate. Two consecutive nights of no sleep is not a joke. Especially because I love my sleep.

Thinking of the proposal to join the two in their union has left my mind spinning. I must admit I'm tempted but my sanity pulls me in check every time. This is dangerous territory to walk into. The two love each other and I don't see how having me in the picture will help any of us.

Let's say I do agree to this temptation, what happens when one of us falls in love with the other? To be clear, what happens if I want Sazi to myself or Monde to myself. You'll never know a heart is a very treacherous organ. Or what if they both tire of me and I still want them? Will I turn into a psycho that stalks them? If things turn sour what will become of my working relationship? Unanswered questions filter unobstructed through my head. Ndizophambana straight!

But then my inner voice always reminds me of the possibilities. You'll have the best of both, she'll say. Think how mind blowing it will be. Monde and Sazi both pleasuring you? She is a hoe this one we can't really reason with her. But then if it's about sex why not. I only live once moss. It could be an experience of a lifetime. How many people can claim to have done such.

Someone will get hurt. Doesn't life come with such though? There are no guarantees of a safe heart in any situation. Plus I'll be walking in there with my head and not my heart. I'm sure with them it's about their sexual fantasies and desire. They both have each other's hearts isn't? It's a win-win for everyone. I get to live out my fantasy and they get to have theirs. Once it's over we part ways. No need to complicate things.

This has been my internal battle for the past two days.

I'm finally dressed and ready to go. My hair has been the ultimate battle. This afro is not easily tamed. I need to plant my weave soon. At least the scar has healed a bit.

I wish I can speak to Lala about this situation but I think she has her own issues to deal with. I'm worried about her. The few times I eventually was able to get hold of her she sounded happy. Too happy if you ask me. After what happened I've become wary of her behaviour. If she can hide what's been happening to her for so long what else is she capable of doing? The stories of women being killed by their partners are on every media platform. Which makes me wonder if I'm doing enough as a friend. I decide to go visit her uninvited after work.

I get to work at the same time as everyone. I must admit, I'm avoiding being alone with Monde. I'm still in two minds about this proposal. Hey I'm a woman I'm allowed to be indecisive. I find Fisiwe busy on the phone and from what I hear it's weekend gossip. After I log in on my system I check for work that is urgent and also Monde's diary. She has two meetings she hasn't confirmed and one of those require her to fly to Durban. I go knock on her office and I hear a faint come in. When I walk in I find her busy on her laptop. She lifts her eyes as I walk in. I close

the door behind me and walk towards her desk. Her eyes are appraising me from head to toe and back again leaving a trail off heat all over.

"Good morning Ms Nduna," I greet. Her eyes snap to mine and the heat on them is telling.

"Why so formal?" she purrs. I clear my throat.

"Just being professional." She hesitates for a few seconds and then her walls are up. Boss Monde is back and I feel a frisson of awareness along my spine.

"What do you have for me?" just like that we are in work mode. Unfortunately the inferno inside is building as I watch her lips move as she speaks. The way her delicate hands move across the keyboard as she types or points on the screen. Her scent is overpowering my senses. I'm in a perpetual state of need.

"Cancel the Durban meeting and try to schedule a conference call. If they can't reschedule for another time maybe next week." I jot everything she says with shaky hands. Once we are done going over the weekly plans I leave her office. I'm only able to breathe properly when I walk out.

It's almost lunch time and I'm huddled at my desk over my computer trying to record some documents. When a certain scent catches my attention. It can't be him.

"Sanibonani." The fuck! I hear Fisiwe clearing her throat as if choking on her saliva. My eyes snap up to find his staring straight at me.

"Good day sir. How can we help?" Fifi asks. I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that he is here. Looking as sexy as fuck in a slim fitting black suit and white shirt no tie. I'm drooling. Fifi is drooling a few other ladies down the hall way are surely drooling. Feels like a mating season during full moon.

"I'm here to see Ms Nduna." He is still looking at me and I'm feeling very unsettled.

"Oh. You can check with her PA if she is available." She looks at me as if to prompt me into action.

"Who must I say is here to see her?" I ask while picking up the phone.

"Sazi Khumalo," he drawls. Monde picks up.

"Ms Nduna there is a Mr Khumalo to see you." I'm surprised I still have my speech in order.

"Khumalo from where?" she is genuinely asking. I guess she isn't expecting her husband to visit.

"Khumalo from where?" I direct the question to him.

"S.K Consortium," he has his one eyebrow raised. I'm struggling to breathe. Monde apparently can hear because she chuckles afterwards.

"Send him in. And Lona?"

"Yes?"

"You look absolutely fucking sexy today!" My mid section clenches. I quickly hang up.

"This way please Mr Khumalo," I say leading him to Monde's office. Only then I realise that he is carrying a take away bag from one of Monde's favourite restaurant. I can feel his presence behind me. When I get to the door I knock and allow him to go through then close the door. I go back to my work station on shaky legs.

"Who is that?" Fisiwe asks the moment I sit at my desk. "Damn Lona you see with that I would give him my cookie on a silver platter. That man is damn sexy. Why haven't we seen him before. New client? If your boss wasn't so uptight this would be an opportunity for her to get her groove on." I only give her a small smile as she rambles on about Sazi's sex appeal. Eventually she goes on her lunch break. So does everyone on the floor. People have recently got paid so no homemade lunches for a while. I'm left alone on the floor not sure what to do. Do I interrupt them to let her know I'm taking my lunch or do I just leave without informing her. I decide to send her a text. Just as I type my office phone rings.

"Lona could you please come into my office." She says the moment I pick up. I walk into her office to find them seating on the sofas. I close the door behind me and lock for good measure. Monde gets up and walks towards me.

"Sazi brought lunch, would you like to join us?" I look at Sazi leaning comfortable against the sofa with his jacket off.

"Mm okay. That will be lovely. Thank you." She takes my hands in hers and pulls me towards the couch. We are both seating next to each other facing Sazi. She dishes up for everyone.

"Have you spoken to aunty yet? How are the kids?" Sazi asks.

"I have but the kids were sleeping when I called. So I haven't spoken to them yet."

"I spoke to the housekeeper earlier, apparently they woke up looking for you." My heart breaks. Monde touches my thigh to reassure me.

"It will be over soon. They'll come back." I nod my head as I feel tears prickle my eyes. She can sense my emotional state and pulls me in her arms to hold me. Just what I needed as I sink into her embrace. I feel a shift behind me and then feel Sazi's hand caressing my back. My starts! These two will be the end of me.

"Lina." His rumbling voice sends tingling sensations throughout my body.

"Yes." Monde lets go. He turns me around to face him.

"They will be back I promise you," his eyes are scanning my face as his thumb caress my jaw. I'm drowning in his eyes. He slowly pulls me closer as his lips zoom in on mine. We are inches apart then I feel Monde's body flushed against mine as she holds me from behind. This is an assault to my senses.

"Fuck!" Sazi silently swears then captures my lips in his. I can't put into words how I feel right now. My senses are on over load. His tongue duels with mine in an erotic kiss. Then I feel Monde's hands caress my boobs. I'm losing all sense. My minds is screaming for them to both take me. We are at work for fuck sakes! That thought snaps me back to my senses. I spring to my feet and hastily walk towards the door. Just as I'm about to open. Monde holds the door and

turns me around to face her while she cages me in.

"That wasn't meant to happen. Don't feel like we are putting pressure on you. It's just that, I suppose we both miss you." I look over at Sazi who is on his feet trying to hide his visible bulge and failing, dismally. My clit is throbbing. Why am I running. I'm scared to death. I've never felt such feelings for two people. It's scary. I feel like I'm going to combust.

"It's too much," I can't even recognise my own voice. She cups my face in her hands. The need in her eyes reflect my own.

"We will stop," she whispers. Her face is close to mine. I'm pulling her closer.

"I don't want you to." I'm a confused bitch right now. Sazi is behind Monde also caging both of us in. She closes her eyes momentarily. I know exactly how she feels. My pussy is clenching repeatedly.

I look up to find Sazi eyes on my while he plants kisses on Monde's neck. I feel like he is kissing me through her as I whimper.

"What do you need? Tell me baby." Monde's voice is thick with arousal.

"You," I blurt it out. She smashes her lips on mine while her hand goes under my skirt inside my panties. I'm drenched. She moans against my lips when she feels how wet I am. I manoeuvre my hand under her dress and quickly push her panties aside to find her overflowing canal. We play with each others quims with only one goal in mind. Get each other off. I'm so close. My whole body is shaking. She lets go of my lips and buries her head on the side of my neck as she falls apart in my hands. Sazi has a wild look on his face which sends me over the edge. His need is bordering on insanity. My knees feel weak as I ride my wave of orgasm. Monde and I are battling to catch our breath. We stand in that position until we are more composed. Sazi is the first to move away. While I perk Monde on the lips.

"Let's go freshen up and then finish our lunch," she murmurs against my lips. I just nod my head. We both walk towards her bathroom.

"I don't think we are being fair on Sazi," I say. Like the man surely is suffering a case of blue balls.

"Do you want to take care of him?" she asks.

"That's the thing. I'm not sure how to be intimate with him with you around. It feels weird. By the way I still haven't agreed on anything. Until such time I think he should be off limits."

"Okay. I respect how you feel. Don't worry about him I plan on taking care of him." She winks and quickly leaves me in the bathroom. I freshen up as much as I can then walk out to find them seating and continuing with lunch. I join them and continue with my lunch as well.

"You know had you visited me at work before this whole misunderstanding would've been avoided." Monde teases Sazi. She is so relaxed and carefree. I love this side of her.

"Angithi you wanted to keep our work and personal lives separate. Or maybe fate wanted it this way." We all engaged in friendly banter until lunch is over and I have to go back to work. Fisiwe

is shocked to see me come out of the office.

"I thought you were gone out for lunch."

"I had to join in the meeting as well."

"How is he?" She sees my confused look and clarifies. "Is he a friendly and approachable guy?"

"I don't know. He was all business in there." I quickly brush her off.

It's 30 minutes later when Sazi emerges from the office. He seems more relaxed than before. He gives me a look as he walks pass.

"This man is flames Lona," Fifi whispers. I know first hand exactly how flaming hot he is. I'm in a daze the whole afternoon.

I don't see Monde before going home. She is in a meeting that will run into early evening.

I decide to call Lala one more time before going to her house. Surprisingly she answers.

"Lala my friend. I was about to come budging at your house. Why are you avoiding me?"

"Hey Lona. I need to see you." Okay that's alarming.

"When?"

"Now if you don't mind. Lets meet at Mugg and Bean in Eastgate. Lets say 20 minutes." I agree and drive straight there.

I find her already waiting. She stands and gives me a cold hug. This here before me is not my friend.

"What is going on Lala?" I ask as I take a seat.

"A lot is going on. Brian and I are trying to work things out and we feel that me having single friends at this moment is not ideal."

"Bitch you only have one friend!" That just comes out unfiltered but it's the truth.

"Well I need to make mutual friends with Brian. People we can do things together as a couple. I hope you understand." The fuck I don't.

"Listen Lala, don't you see what he is doing? He is trying to isolate you from your loved ones. He is controlling you. This is not you!"

"Lona this is my decision and I'd appreciate it if you respect it." She picks up her bag and stands. I stand and hold her arm. She flinches. I pull her sleeve up and find dark marks on her arm.

"Lala. What's this?" she quickly hides it.

"It's nothing. I fell. Goodbye Lona. Please stop calling me." She walks away.

"I should just wait for your body to surface from a ditch somewhere." I scream after her. The whole restaurant goes quiet. I grab my bag and also leave. I drive straight to the police station. I

try and explain to the officers repeatedly and their response stays the same. Until she lays charges there is nothing they can do. And my claims are unfounded since I have no evidence to back them up with. Two hours later I walk out feeling defeated.

I call aunty the moment I get home and speak to the kids for a while which calms me down a bit. Once done with that call I take a bath and get in bed. I'm not hungry even though I didn't have supper.

I miss my evening chats with Monde and Sazi. They have stopped since. Just as I'm about to doze off my phone beeps. It's a message from Monde.

-Lunch was wonderful. Night baby-

I have a goofy smile on my face as I type my response.

-I enjoyed the in-between more- kiss emoji.

She responds with a heart. I fall asleep smiling like a silly teenager.

I'm woken up from my deep slumber by my ringing phone. I struggle to get hold of it but eventually I do.

"Yes," I mumble.

"Linamandla." What the fuck. I try and sit up but I still feel sleepy.

"Ngila nga phandle." My heart beat starts accelerating.

"Do you know what time it is?" he sighs.

"Does Monde know you are here?" he sighs again.

"Yes she does." He is lying I know it. I get up and wear my morning gown and slippers.

I find his car parked right up front. He walks out the moment he sees me and comes around to open the door for me.

"What's this Sazi? I'm working in the morning."

"Nothing much. Just needed your company nothing else." He leans back in his seat, closes his eyes and then it's total silence. I wait thinking he'll eventually say something. Nothing, eventually I realise he is asleep. The car is warm and I eventually fall asleep.

I'm woken up by a sound of his voice.

"Babe, Ja. You got my note? I'm at her place. Slept in the car actually. Ja she is here. I love you." He chuckles and hands me the phone.

"So he made you sleep in the car?"

"I'm still confused by that."

"Maybe he was missing you."

"And you are okay with that?"

"How can I not be? It's hard not to miss you. I'll see you just now." She hangs up and when I look at the time it's just after 5am.

"If you are considering our proposal and I have a feeling you are. Ask all the questions you need from us. Don't leave anything out. Otherwise you'll turn your head inside out. Believe it or not we both care about you and how this affects you."

"Okay. I need to go get ready for work." He nods his head as he comes out to open the door for me. He watches me as I walk into the house. I shake my head and go make a strong cup of coffee. I need it.

Chapter 20

"Baby, I'm hot just like an oven

I need some lovin'

And baby, I can't hold it much longer

It's getting stronger and stronger

And when I get that feeling

I want sexual healing

Sexual healing, oh baby

Makes me feel so fine"- Marvin Gaye

It's a Friday and I have a lot to celebrate. Firstly I've decided to give this three way relationship a go. After some clarification of course. Secondly, my house has been sold. My agent found a cash buyer for it. Apparently it's was a bargain at just under 2 million. According to my agent houses in Bedford sell for way more than I offered. To be honest I wanted to be rid of that house as quickly as I could. The only thing I needed to tie me with Tsietsi which I had no choice over was the kids. My agent informed me that funds would go to my account the following week. Through this house selling, I kind of had a flash of genius. I might start with property investment. Buy houses on auction fix them up and resell them. I just need to find out how the market is currently. I can do this as a part-time source of income.

I'm also fortunate that I'm able to save all my salary. I'm still living off the money Tsietsi had to pay and my house is sorted for the whole year.

Earlier in the office I had asked to know off early. I needed to do a bit of grooming. I also informed her that I needed to see them tonight and that I had made my decision. I could see the uncertainty on her face and a hint of fear in her eye. If it was up to her she would have asked me then what my decision was. I enjoyed making her sweat a bit.

My hair is done. I planted a long Peruvian weave. Pedicure and manicure in order. I am groomed and trimmed in all the right places. I take extra care in choosing my outfit. I'm aiming for sexy tonight. I must be dripping with it. I want those two to drool when they see me.

It starts with underwear, black lace panties and a matching bra. Then black body hugging dress. I know my body is the shit. Then I finish the look with my red bottoms. Monde called earlier informing me that they were sending the driver to pick me up. My overnight bag is ready.

I walk out to him and he comes out and gets my bag while he opens for me at the back. I'm so ready for this even the persistent internal questions have been silenced only my resolve remain.

The moment the driver parks the car Monde and Sazi are waiting up front. If was aiming for sexy then they went for broke. I'm the one drooling. Monde is in a short black dress with her legs on display. Damn she is fine. She is also wearing a black heel. Her hair is left loose cascading waves down her back. And Sazi, navy slim fitting pants. Crisp white slim fitting shirt no tie. They are both dripping in sex appeal.

They both come towards the car and Sazi opens for me and gives me his hand to assist as I come out. His eyes follow my legs as I step out. I instinctively share a hug with him. He smells wonderful. I inhale his scent and marinate in it. A few seconds longer than usual he lets go and I melt in Monde's arms. She is beginning to feel like home for me.

"You look gorgeous," Sazi says. I'm blushing. The heat in his eyes reaffirms the complement.

Monde takes my hand as Sazi takes my bag from the driver. We walk in silence into the house. Sazi walks off to put my bag wherever while Monde leads me to the dining room where dinner has been set.

The set up is clearly a prelude to the evening ahead. It is sexy and at the same time romantic. They are obviously not expecting a no. There is Champaign chilling in ice. Already the table has

been set for the starters.

"You look gorgeous baby," Monde reiterates what Sazi said earlier.

"Thank you. So do you," I respond. She pulls me by my neck and we share a kiss that gets me in the mood. Just then I feel Sazi's hand at the back of my neck. He pulls us apart and smashes his lips on Monde. The kiss is erotic and dirty. I also want in on the action as if he read my mind he turns and does the same with me. It ends too soon. He leaves us both panting.

He opens the chair for Monde on his right side and does the same for me on his left. Once we are seated. The chef brings the starters. Sazi pours wine for us as we enjoy the meal. Dinner is an erotic event with all three of us exchanging sexual innuendos throughout. We are served a delicious six course meal which I thoroughly enjoy. The atmosphere is carefree and relaxed but also filled with sexual tension. Once dinner is over and the staff is dismissed Sazi fills our champagne glasses and leads us to one of the living rooms. They both sit in one couch while I sit opposite them. I don't even think its intentionally just familiarity.

"Thank you for the wonderful dinner. I thoroughly enjoyed it." I truly did. They had all my favourites, clearly they do pay attention to what I like.

"It was our pleasure baby, I'm glad you enjoyed it," Monde says. I'm temporarily distracted by her sheer beauty. She is just glowing. Her eyes are softer and she is more relaxed. Sazi is leaning back an epitome of relaxed. He is watching me over his hooded eyelids and I find that such a turn on. Monde relaxes against his chest while Sazi wraps his arm around her shoulder. He is her safe place I realise. I think with him around she feels safe and protected. Their love is honestly effortless in the way they show it.

"Well I suppose we better get to the point of this evening. I want you, both. I can't even chose who I want the most between the two of you but I'm sure I don't even have the luxury of a choice as you come as a package. What I want to lay bare is that for me this is exploring. It's something new. I've never done it before and I never even thought of it? I can change my mind at anytime if it's not what I want. I am at an exploring phase.

My concern though is that you seem to be involved with your feelings and I really hoped we wouldn't be catching feelings over this. That could lead to someone being hurt. I'm definitely not ready for that kind of commitment from any type of relationship." I see Monde blink while Sazi continues to watch me.

"Now. What kind of arrangement do you have in mind?"

"Well ideally we would like you to come join us on certain days. Meaning you come visit with us. We share the bed when we all want. We can also see each other separately. Meaning if you feel like being with me then it would be just the two of us. If you want the same with Sazi then that's what you get. Normally though Sazi and I would decide when to see you. We usually spent most of our time together and would come to you when needed. However things are different with you. We have deep feelings for you Lona. This is not just a thrill seeking thing for us. We care for you and you have a say in how you want this to work out. Honestly if it was up to me I would love to wake up next to both of you every day of my life," my heart lurches. Sazi looks at her with a look I can't decipher as he tightens his hold on her. Then planting a kiss on her head.

"We understand though that it is impractical with you as there are kids involved. We don't want them exposed to something they are not ready for and will not understand. They are way too young for us to explain the kind of lifestyle we are into and until you are sure this lifestyle is what you want then they will only know us and uncle Sazi and Aunty Monde in their lives and nothing more. We will be discreet about this. If it becomes a permanent part of us then at the right and appropriate age we will have a discussion with them if you allow it," Sazi says.

"How about for starters you spend a day with each of us separately and then one day its with the three of us together?" Monde suggests.

"Do I call you? Text? Go on dates with either of you or is it strictly sexual?"

"Again ideally it would be strictly sexual. Lines are blurred with you Lona. We enjoy your company and want to see you happy. So yes, call whenever. We are all in a relationship. When you need a certain need fulfilled you can reach out to the relevant person amongst us, Sazi and I will do the same."

"Holidays?"

"We can all go together or separately. Each of us has a choice who they want to holiday with," Monde responds.

"What happens if I meet a person outside of this union. Lets say a man, what then?" Monde shifts uncomfortable while Sazi grinds his jaw.

"If you were just dating a guy and then you meet someone else what would be your action?" Sazi asks.

"I would break things off with the guy before starting a relationship with the other person." I guess I just answered my own question.

"Lina, you are not chained into this. You have a choice. Whenever you feel it's not working, you can break up with us and we will do the same. The difference is that Monde and I come as a package. There is no separating us. You want the other you get all of us. If one of us isn't happy then you loose both of us."

"For safety reasons the one requirement is that we are faithful in this union. No sleeping around with outside parties as it will affect all three of us. Hence we say. If it's not working we break things off before involving outside people. Anything outside of this from all three of us is considered cheating," Monde says.

"What do we tell people?"

"I don't see what our bedroom life has to do with other people?" Sazi says.

"I'm not saying I want to tell people but won't people suspect?"

"Probably those in our inner circle will suspect but we don't mind them if they know my concerns is the kids. This shouldn't get to them before we are ready for them to find out," Monde says.

"I think we need to establish who is in our inner circle," Sazi adds.

"Mine is Lala but we are not as close lately. Tsietsi isn't in my life. So that's all. My inner circle is the kids and their nanny."

"Well I think that's manageable." Monde says.

"In our circle it's Bheki Sane, Athi and Andile. I'm sure none of them would divulge our private business with anyone," Sazi says.

My most prevalent questions have been addressed and I can't think of anything that needs to be addressed.

"There is one more thing. As you both know that Lina and I have been intimate without any protection. That was reckless on my part and as much as we will probably be in an exclusive relationship we all need to get tested. Just to lay out fears to rest if there is any. We cannot afford for Lina to get pregnant. That would ruin this relationship." Monde takes a sip of her wine.

"We can use condoms for now until we go get a thorough physical exam," Monde suggests.

"I'm going on a contraceptive. I was thinking of an implant," I quip in.

"Well I think we have covered the basis but we will see as things go. What works for us and what doesn't. Communication is key in this kind of relationship."

Monde says while getting up. She comes towards me and pulls me to my feet. "Welcome to our family," she whispers just before she pulls me in a hug. She smells great. I have a thing for great scent. Its intoxicating. She pulls back and caress the side of my face. Our eyes are almost level but she is slightly taller than me. Her arm holds me tight against my waist as she pulls me even closer. She pushes my hair back and pulls me closer. I can feel her breath fanning my face. We are so close that her iris look almost a deep shade of green. I place my hands on her lower back.

"Hey," she says

"Hey," I whisper right back. Her eyes are scanning my face. Her breath mingles with mine as she gets closer as if in slow motion until her lips slowly capture mine. I can barely feel them. It's a softest touch. She explores my lips and I return the erotic kiss. Her tongue slides in and glides against mine. We both moan as the pleasure and desire intensifies.

It's official, I love her kisses. I can taste the wine inside her mouth and it makes this kiss even more potent. I feel hands from behind gliding up my stomach to cup my sensitive boobs. I can feel my hard nipples chaffing against the fabric of my dress. His hands gently massage my breast while he pinches my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. The action sends waves of electric feeling shooting through my pussy. I can feel my body starting to break into sweat.

Being sandwiched between the two has my body burning up. I feel feverish. Sazi starts planting open mouth kisses on the side of my neck up to my ear and then he nibbles on my earlobe and gentle pulls. I can feel his bulge on my ass and my drenched pussy is pulsating.

I've been ready for this the whole week. Been craving it, longing for it and dreaming about it. The reality of it is beyond my imagination. I feel a million feelings all at once. I don't know what to do with myself. I'm holding onto Monde's waist real tight. My knees are threatening to give in.

Sazi presses his body closer and my inner vagina walls clench bordering on painful. His hands go lower and he grabs my dress and pull it off me in an instant. It leaves me half naked and both of them still fully dressed. I'm dizzy with need. It's wild! I can't breath.

Monde lets go of my lips and steps back appraising my body.

"Damn baby. You look hot as fuck!," she says in her husky tone. My breast are almost spilling out of the bra. Her eyes have zoomed in on them then she bends down and takes my nipple through the lacy fabric and pulls.

"Mhhhhhhhhh," my moan surprises even myself. In the mean time Sazi's hand goes inside my panties. I'm sure the heat coming off my core is burning his hand. He slowly slides it in until his fingers separate my wet folds purposefully. I wonder if they took lessons in pleasuring a person at the same time. I'm wild with need bordering on madness. His middle finger glides against my engorged clit with purpose. It's not enough to drive me over but to keep me on the edge.

Monde is alternating between my nipples giving them thorough attention. The pebbled nipples have popped out and calling out for more. She cups my breast in both her hands and continue feasting.

"I need to...," I can't put a coherent sentence together. I'm a blabbing mess.

"What do you need," Sazi voice vibrates against my ear.

"Need to... cum... please... It...hurts," I never knew pleasure could be this painful. This intense. My legs are literally shaking. Monde pulls away and walks off. How is she able to walk? I know I can't.

"Khumalo do you thing," she says strutting away. While still trying to figure out what she means. Sazi picks me up and I yelp locking my legs around his waist. He lets out a deep chuckle as he follows Monde like I weigh nothing.

I'm looking at him with my arms around his neck. He is looking back at me with need reflected in his eyes.

"Don't drop me," I whisper.

"Never," he whispers right back. I smile and he returns it. My heart legit stops for a second. He follows Monde into what I assume to be the main bedroom. I know it's big and I also know it's gorgeous but I have no time to spare for the deco.

He gently places me on the huge bed and then dips his head to capture my swollen lips in another intense kiss. It's urgent and demanding. He unclasp my bra and throws it carelessly to the side as he feasts on my already over sensitive breasts and I feel like I'm about to cum. His clothes are rubbing against my bare skin adding to the sweet torture. He moves down leaving a trail of scorching heat down my tummy until he is faced with my mound. I can smell the musky scent of my arousal and I know he can too. He plants small kisses along my panty line as he hooks his fingers then peels the panties off. He has my on leg up and he is kissing me up my calf into my inner thighs. The bed dips and I feel Monde next to me. When I look at her she is as needy as I am. I pull her down and take her lips in mine. The kiss is clumsy reflecting our need. She gets on top and I hold her closer to me. She is naked and our soft bodies dance as we get deeper and lost in our kiss. I hear a long moan from deep within her. She stops the kiss I suppose to savour the feel of Sazi inside of her. He pulls her up and have her back against his chest while he plunges her from the back. I'm left there with my legs wide open for them to feast on them.

"Touch yourself Lina, let me see you play with yourself," Sazi growls. I don't need to be told

twice. My hand is buried in my heated mound in seconds while I play with my breast with the other. The sight of them fucking is beyond erotic its artistic. He has his one arm locked against her waist while the other around her neck. She is only holding on to his forearm. The sounds of flesh against wet flesh spurs me on as I profusely rub my engorged clit. I can see his wet hard, long dick going in and out of her. I don't want to cum and yet with the sight in front of me I'm not going to last long. Sazi suddenly pushes Monde's head towards my open pussy and she latches on to my clit. She sucks and licks me with purpose. In a split second I explode letting out a soundless scream at the same time as Monde reaches her pinnacle which pushes Sazi over the edge. The room is filled with our screams. Then Monde flops on top of me. I have no words to describe what just happened but I want to do it over and over again. After Sazi takes extra care in wiping us they place me in the middle as they cuddle me to sleep.

It's the following morning and I'm woken up by sound of a shower running. I can still feel someone's presence next to me and I'm locked in their arms. I know it's Sazi when I feel the hardness of his body. I try to wiggle out but he won't let go. As I continue to wiggle I feel something hard poking against my ass.

"Sazi, I know you are awake. I can feel you," I say with my voice still full of sleep.

"Good morning," his voice vibrates against my spine.

"Good morning." He turns me around until we are facing each other.

"How are you feeling." He has a concerned look on his face.

"I feel wonderful." He smiles. I'm going to start paying him for his smiles.

"Good." Before I know it. Our tongues are duelling in a lust filled kiss. Our hands are all over each other. I suddenly want him with an intensity that is beyond reasoning. I feeling his hard dick against my thigh hot, heavy and leaving a trail of pre-cum. He is now on top and I feel the top of his engorged member requesting entry in my pussy. I open my legs and allow him access. He glides in and my inner walls stretch to accommodate his girth. We both groan against our lips. He glides in until he is buried to the hilt. Then he starts thrusting. It's fast, uncoordinated thrusts and it's beyond pleasure. He is constantly hitting the spot and I know I'm not going to last long. I have him on lockdown with my legs and arms around him.

"I'm gonna cum..." I say. He increases his pace and spills himself deep inside my womb as my pussy walls grip him while we both ride the wave of our climax. Both our heartbeats are going wild.

"Fuck!" we both hear her whisper from behind us. I feel Sazi tense a bit but he quickly recovers. I'm soon as well. I'm not sure how I feel at the same time my body is still buzzing with pleasure.

"Shit!" he pulls out and I feel a trail of wetness smears my inner thighs then I realise we didn't use a condom.

"Why do you both look weird? That was fucking hot!" Monde hasn't caught on to our dilemma. Sazi walks off to the bathroom naked. I'm temporarily distracted by his cute ass.

Monde crawls over me with only a towel wrapped around her.

"Good morning baby," she says while perking my lips.

"We didn't use a condom just now," I blurt it out. She frowns.

"Okay. Don't stress. We will get a morning after." I nod my head. I need to be on contraceptives as in yesterday. I also why do I feel guilty for being with Sazi behind her back?

Chapter 21

"Uh, girl I turn that thing into a rain-forest

Rain on my head, call that brainstorming

Yeah this is deep, oh, but I go deeper

Make you lose yourself, and finders keepers

It go green light, go Weezy go

I like to taste that sugar, that sweet and low

But hold up wait, new position

I put her on my plate then I do the dishes

She my motivation, I'm her transportation

Cause I let her ride, while I drive her crazy

Then I just keep going going, like I'm racing

When I'm done she hold me like a conversation Weezy baby"- Kelly Rowland

Its Monday morning and I'm walking around the office like a Zombie. I left the Khumalo's yesterday afternoon. Every time I think back to the weekend my pussy clenches. I was thoroughly fucked this past weekend.

I only saw Monde briefly before she went to a meeting out of office. She didn't need me and I don't think I could have been any useful. She has been walking around with a glow and a glint in her eye. A beautiful sight to see.

Sazi also called to check up on me as well this morning. I am enjoying the attention from both I must say.

There is still no word from Tsietsi and it's worrying because apparently the Nigerians are still looking for him and are getting agitated. I have a security detail that watches over me discreetly of course.

The week goes by very fast. I spend most of my lunch time with Monde. We always have relaxed conversations during this time just getting to know each other more. I enjoy her company immensely. We can just be girls and have our girl talk or we could be flirting, it depends on the mood. She has the thing she does when she laughs, man, its damn sexy. She throws her head back and laughs from deep with in. Oh. She keeps her hair loose and it's quite a change from the neat tight bun. I love these lunch hours. I look forward to them. Sazi speaks to me every evening on the phone. We are back to our long flirtatious conversations and I also enjoy them to the core. They are my night cap.

It's a Friday and my body has sufficiently recovered. I want to spend time with Monde. I'm craving her soft touch and I only want to be with her. Just the two of us, away from work and without Sazi. I decide to go into her office and let her know. I look damn hot if may say so myself. I have a bae in the office, so everyday I take extra care in selecting my outfits. I must say Monde is also doing the most. I think she has realised that I have a thing for her legs and her

hair being loose. Throughout the week she has done her best to show her legs without being distasteful and those tight hair buns seems to be a thing of the past. It's either loose or loosely tied. I love it when she has it tied loosely sometimes as it shows her delicate neck. And that reminds me of when I'm planting kisses along the length of her neck and how it drives her insane. It's one of her erogenous zones. That, her breast and along her spine. You kiss her in those places you create an inferno. The other day she came from just being sucked on her boobs. Gosh. I'm a mess. My mind is forever occupied with sex and more sex.

I knock once on her door and push it open. She is bent over her laptop working. I walk in and lock. She sits up and leans back against her chair when she sees me.

"Hey baby," she says with a smile on her face. She makes me feel giddy when she calls me baby.

"Hey," I walk up to her until I'm standing in front of her then I swing her chair around to face the beautiful view. As I stand behind her I give her a shoulder massage. She moans and sinks back into it.

"So, I was thinking, why don't you come over to my place for dinner." She freezes. I can clearly tell she is shocked.

"Okay," she is still hesitant its evident in the way she drags the okay. I turn her chair around to face me. While I straggle her lap. I know she can handle it. She might be slim but she is fit. She places her hands on my ass and pulls me closer.

"Just the two of us," I continue. "Me, you, dinner, good wine and my bed." Her eyes glisten with unshed tears.

"Okay," she clears her throat as it breaks. " I'll inform Sazi of our plans."

"He won't mind andithi?"

"No he won't," her eyes are glowing.

"One other thing. You look beautiful," I say curling her behind her ear. She blushes. She seems to be doing that a lot lately. Which is weird.

"You are doing the most today," she says.

"It's been a long week. I have missed you." She smiles and pulls my head down while looking into my eyes. There are so many emotions reflected in hers as she places her soft lips on mine. I capture them and return the kiss. It's slow, deep and oh so sweet. When she slips the tip of her tongue inside I slant my head sideways to accommodate her. Then the kiss intensifies. Her tongue explores my mouth while mine glides against hers. I can feel our breathing changing. My nether regions are getting warmer. Her cell phone rings. We pull apart and she picks it up. My hand goes to her one breast and I pinch her nipple. She suppresses a moan.

"Babe," she clears her throat. Hearing that it's Sazi on the line I up my pace. I unbutton her blouse until her red bra is revealed then I pull out her nipple, bend down and curl my tongue around it.

"Yes," she is slightly panting. "I mean no, no need for lunch." She looks down on me as I suck on her hardened nipple. "No babe, I'm fine! What! Okay," she silently swears as she put the phone on speaker.

"Hello Lona," his voice booms from the speaker. I let go of her nipple.

"Hey Sazi"

"It's you that has my wife all hot and bothered," the 'wife' reference doesn't go unnoticed even Monde looks awkward for a second. But then he is used to refer to her as his wife.

"I'm trying to."

"Her nipples are your best bet for a quick relief, alternate between hard and soft strokes," he drawls with his voice dropping an octave.

"I've got this," I say breathily.

"I bet you do. Let me leave you to it." He hangs up.

"Is he going to be Okay?" I ask.

"Who Sazi? Of course he will be."

"Monde, are you sure? Have you spoken to him about it recently?" she frowns.

"Ja we did, just before we put the offer to you. Why are you worried? Did he say something?" she seems worried now. I tuck her breast back inside of her bra and button up her shirt.

"Just a concern."

"Okay. I'll speak to him some more. But you shouldn't worry. He is cool." I nod my head and perk her lips.

"Okay. Can I leave early then to go prepare for your visit?" The worry evaporates and is replaced by her sweet smile.

"Okay. Its not a problem but what do you have planned for me?"

"It's a surprise," I say getting off her lap and fixing my skirt.

"I like the sound of that. Should I bring anything?"

"No, just your sexy self." I give her a quick kiss and leave her office.

"That smile! What's going on with you lately?" Fisiwe startles me out of my reverie.

"What do you mean what's going on?" I feign ignorance. Uthandi ndaba lo sisi.

"You are always walking around with a silly grin on your face lately. Uyajola neh?"

"Nobani? Men are the farthest thing on my mind Fifi. I'm all about me and my kids." I pick up my bag and call an Uber.

"Mhm, if you say so. But I know something or someone is making you smile like an idiot." She is looking at me suspiciously.

"Your imagination is running wild. Bye. I'm taking a half day," I say walking towards the elevators.

"You see! That's your second half day in less than two weeks." She shouts after me. The elevator doors open.

"Bye Fifi. See you on Monday." The door closes before she could respond. If ever she were to find out about my arrangement. Monde and I would be the gossip of this building.

I first do some grocery shopping before going home. I'm not doing anything fancy just planning on grilling the meat, roast sweet potato and a Greek salad. I buy a chocolate cake as well for desert. I stock up on more wine and I'm good to go.

The house is clean just needs some tidying up. I do that as soon as I get home. I've wasted a bit of time at the mall. It's almost 4 pm and I'm expecting Monde by 7 pm. So I have just under three hours to prepare. Once I'm done with the cleaning up which takes longer than anticipated because I had to change the linen in my bedroom. I put the meat in the oven as well as the sweet potato then go for a shower.

I decide on a sexy army green shirt dress. Off the shoulder with big sleeves. It doesn't accommodate a bra and that is the direction I was aiming for. A simple burgundy sandal completes the look.

It's almost 7pm, dinner is ready and my small dining table is set. Wine bottle opened with two glasses already filled. I'm nervous all of a sudden. I really want to impress her. Is too much? Or even worse a let down. Gosh! Haven't tried to woo anyone as in forever. Come to think of it, I've

never made any effort for anyone before.

The doorbell rings and I take her through security. She doesn't have the clearance Sazi does to come through unannounced. I have to fix that. My palms are getting sweaty and my heart is thudding against my chest. Goodness Lona, relax. This is Monde. Your Monde. There is a knock at the door and I run to open.

Fuck me! I'm momentarily stunned.

"Hey" she sounds nervous too. So unlike her.

"Hi" I'm still holding the door. We are staring at each other. "You look hot." that's all I can think of. But she does and more in a pink floral dress if you could call it that. The bottom part is held by a few strings to the brassier part. It's a boob tube dress which leaves almost the entire back bare. It goes all the way to the floor. I know she is wearing flat shoes because we almost the same height. Her hair is curly and left loose. Looks almost wet. No make up except for a lip gloss that give her lips that enticing wet look.

"May I come in?" she snaps me out of my ogling.

"Of course. My manners! I'm sorry." I shift to the side to let her in. She has a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a bottle of wine on the other.

"These are for you," she says passing them to me.

"Thank you. They are beautiful." I sniff the flowers. Pure bliss. "Let me put them in water." I quickly find a vase and put them in one. She is looking around the place.

"This is a beautiful place. It's suits you and it's has enough space for the kids to run around, I like."

"I know hey." I walk towards her and pull her in my arms for a hug. She's returns it.

"Mhhh. I'm so happy you are here," I say against her neck.

"Me too baby. You smell so good," she says taking a whiff. The nerves have calm down a bit. I lead her to the dining table and pass her a glass of wine.

"You went all out," she says taking a sip.

"My aim is to please you." I say watching her above the rim of my wine glass.

"I love the sound of that. I also intend to reciprocate." The tête-à-tête continues throughout dinner accompanied by sexy and delicate touches here and there. By the time dinner is through I'm burning up with need. I love watching her talk. We speak about everything and anything. What makes us laugh, cry, sad or tick. She is absolutely fun to be around. Her humour is subtle just like Sazi. She is more ratchet than one would assume. I'm scared to name the feeling that is bursting from within.

We have long moved to the lounge after dinner as we still continue with our conversation. Kumnandi man. I'm happy. She is happy. We are sitting very close to each other. She has one leg folded on the couch with her head propped up against her hand. I'm fully relaxed against the couch facing her.

"Are you telling me, you've never been with a woman ever? Not even in University?" we've been at this for the past few minutes. She thinks I'm holding out on her.

"You are my first seriously," I can't help but look at her lips as she smiles.

"I could never tell. You are an enthusiastic virgin," she teases. I laugh.

"What can I say, you bring out the naughty in me. Who was your first?"

"My first? Well contrary to popular belief I wasn't as experienced before I met Roxanne. I was wild on the outside rebellious even but very reserved on the inside. I knew I liked both sexes from early on. I had a few girlfriends in high school nothing much was done. We were all just exploring. I had a steady boyfriend in my matric year. He was a family friend but we never reached third base. We broke up after matric because his family moved to London so it wasn't

going to work. I was heart broken until I met Roxanne. It was a whirlwind romance. We didn't have to hide anything. It was just liberating. Because I was a virgin she was scared to use penetrative toys. So we did everything but penetrating and I loved it. We were young, free and fabulous," she chuckles. Until I met Sazi. I knew the first time I properly laid my eyes on him that I loved him. Couldn't do anything about it for a while because I was loyal to Roxy. Well until that fateful night when we both succumbed to our desires and he broke my virginity."

"Oh wow. So he was your first? What a sweet story. And now I'm your first. You see, it was meant to be," I joke

"I just fear that to you this is just an experimental phase though. You know. I've lived type of thing." She crinkles her nose. Cute.

"It's more than that." She looks up at me. I'm surprised myself but now that I think about it, it is. I just don't want to label it.

"Okay," she whispers. I'm glad she doesn't pry further. She just leans forward until our faces are inches apart.

"I'll take that." Her eyes are scanning mine. There is heat in them. I lean forward and meet her in beautiful sensual kiss. It's slow, gently and full of need.

"I think we need to take this to the bedroom." I love that she let's me be in charge today. She just nods her head. Takes a huge gulp of her wine and place the glass on the coffee table. I do the same. My nerves are back. I wonder if I'll be able to please her the way I want to. I hope I don't fumble and mess up.

I can feel her presence behind me as she follows me to the bedroom. I've used the side lamps so its dimly lit creating an inviting and romantic ambiance. Once inside I turn to her and gently place my hands in her waist. They come into contact with her bare skin.

"I'm nervous," I blurt out. Okay. I was actually thinking it not planning on saying it.

"Really, I can't tell. No need to be though. I want this as much as you do plus we've done this before," she responds as her fingers caress the side of my face then she bunches my hair into a fist as she pulls me towards her. When our lips meet all nervousness dissipates and I feel.

I feel her every where. This kiss has purpose. It's enticing, seductive and full of promises as I respond just as eagerly. We take turns stripping each other well it doesn't really take much effort. There isn't much to take off. We are both standing in front of each other naked. With her slim, lithe and light in complexion figure. Mine slightly darker complexion and with more curves. I love her slender frame. Her skin is smooth without any imperfections. My eyes roam her body from her breast which are perky and pointed towards me. They harden further as I continue to look at her. My one hand trails her soft skin following my eye movement. Her breath hitches in her throat as I graze her hardened nipple. My eyes trail down her flat navel and I circle her belly ring with the tip of my finger. I slowly inch down to her mound. She is clean shaven with just a small v neatly patch leading to her hooded treasure. She is sexy as fuck. As I cup her mound I easily slide my middle finger opening her labia. She whimpers. I love that she is reduced to a statue. She is just standing there allowing me free reign to her body. She is already wet down there. I circle my finger around her tip, teasing her a bit. Then I slide all the way inside.

"Mhhhh, Babe," she whispers. Holding on to me for balance. I go in and out of her with deliberate strokes. She widens her legs allowing me better access. I bend my head taking ones pebbled nipple in my mouth swirling my tongue around it. She becomes more drenched in her nether region. Her moans are louder and her breathing is laboured. Her response has me turned on.

I alternate with her breasts until I'm satisfied and her nipples are as hard as rocks. She has a rosy flush spreading throughout her body. I love how responsive she is. I pull my wet finger out of her and bring it to my mouth, sucking it clean. Her eyes are glazed over with arousal. She looks like she is about to pass out as she watches me lick the finger clean. I gently push her on the bed and follow her on it. She is now on her back with her legs open. Her pussy is glistening with her juices. Fuck! I get more wet at the sight. Who knew that a sight of wet pussy would turn me on this much. My own pussy is pulsating.

I kiss her along her leg up to her inner thighs and alternating between them but avoiding her pussy. She is squirming all putty in my hands.

Finally I run my fingers through her open sex. Opening up her hooded lips and exposing her engorged and protruding clit. Her ass lifts from the bed seeking more friction. I slightly blow on her and she let's out a yelp. She is on fire. It's back firing though. My whole body is fully charged. I circle her clit with a tip of my tongue and I am rewarded by her scream. When I've had enough teasing I start eating her pussy in earnest. She is letting out incoherent sounds. My finger is curled up inside gripped by her pussy walls. I don't let up on a g-spot I'm like a dog with a bone. I stop just before she releases. She whimpers in protest.

"Oh baby don't stop I was so close," she begs.

"Nah baby, we are not done. I've got an even better idea. Some thing I discovered and gives both of us so much pleasure." I say all this while I'm positioning us. I have her legs crossing mine in a scissoring position as our vulvas come into contact in an intimate kiss. I look for a better position until I find it then I start gyrating my hips against her. We are both moaning non-stop and both drenched and that provides the necessary lubrication which enhances our pleasure beyond expectation. I can hardly breathe.

I'm about to cum and I can tell she is close. I reach for her breast and play with it. In no time our bodies are locked tight as we climax. It's a wet mess down there. Fuck! I love tribbing. We both collapse on our backs. With our bodies covered in a sheen of sweat.

"Baby, that was beautiful," she says after a while as crawls towards me. She is practically lying on top of me. Her face is flushed. I just smile. My body is still tingling. " Don't pass out on me now. We have a long night ahead. I want to own you Lona Linamandla Somlotha."

I'm doomed.

Chapter 22

"We are twelve-billion light years from the edge.

That's a guess,

No one can ever say it's true,

But I know that I will always be with you.

I'm warmed by the fire of your love every day.

So don't call me a liar,

Just believe everything that I say...

There are six-billion people in the world.

More or less,

And it makes me feel quite small,
But you're the one I love the most of all.
We're high on a wire with the world in our sight,
And I'll never tire,
Of the love that you give me every night.
There are nine-million bicycles in Beijing.
That's a fact,
It's a thing we can't deny,
Like that fact that I will love you 'til I die.
And there are nine-million bicycles in Beijing,
And I know that I will love you 'til I die."- Katie Melua

It's the following day and I'm on cloud nine driving home. I had a perfect evening. My mind keeps playing back the events of the previous evening and I can barely contain my excitement. It was perfect in every way.

I walk into the house and find Sazi in the living room playing the PlayStation. I walk straight to him and straggle his lap. Only then he realises that someone is in the room. He gets like that with his games at times.

"Babe, you just made me lose." He places the controller on the side and wraps his arms around my waist while mine go around his neck.

"Good morning baby," I say.

"Good morning love. Did you have a good evening?"

"Yes I did," I pull him closer into an embrace and his arms tighten. "I'm in love." I whisper against his neck. He loosens his grip and pulls back looking at me. He tucks my hair behind my ear.

"Are sure?" there is nothing but love in his eyes. I nod my head. Then I my eyes sting with

unshed tears.

"Then why do you look so miserable?" he is cupping my face with both hands. A lone tear escapes my eye.

"It's too soon. I'm going to lose her. I can feel it." He wipes my tear with his thumb.

"You won't," he reassures me. "I'm the one who feels like I'm going to lose you." My heart constricts at that revelation. If he only knew that there was no Monde without Sazi.

"You will never lose me. You are my heart and without you nothing else makes sense." He smiles and pulls me closer.

"You are my heart too and we will make this work. Lina is here to complete the puzzle not to break it. Mh." His eyes scan my face.

"Ja. Tell me though, baby. How do you feel? Be honest, it's the only way." He sighs as he rubs my arms.

"I must be honest I'm scared too." My eyes widen.

"This is new for both of us. Feelings are involved and that's the fucked up part. Before, I knew that it would be just for you, you know once it's done it's done. We move on. There is more at stake this time. Lina, her kids, you and me. In everything I do my love I never want to lose you. When you are happy I'm happy. My job as a man is to see that you are happy and you have all that your heart desires. What's weird is that I'm falling for her too but seeing you with her makes me happy. It's the best of both. We can have it all baby. Or we can lose it all." I shudder at that last statement. That is where my fear lies.

Why can't we just let things flow? Take it one day at a time. Why do we have to complicate things. It's simple. Let's live in the moment.

Who am I kidding though? It's not as easy as that. Not anymore and definitely not in this case.

My chest feels tight with the emotions overcoming me.

"Let's take it one day at a time and not overthink or complicate things," I say as I bend and give him a kiss.

"This is you simplifying things?" he says pushing his hard erection against my mound.

"You are one in a million. You are my lover, my best friend and above all my soul mate." His eyes get heated as his member further hardens. I guess he really needed the reassurance. He pulls my head down and captures my lips with his in a sultry kiss.

The kiss gets heated in no time. He manoeuvres his hand between us, takes out his hard member and pushes my panties aside and I sink into him. We both sigh against each other's lips. The kiss is slow but full of passion as we both pour our hearts and souls into it. I can feel his heavy breathing mingling with mine as I grind into him. Our pelvic bones are in contact and that just adds more delicious friction. He is thrusting up meeting my thrusts as we get lost in each other's arms. There is no one else but him in that moment. I feel him everywhere. Inside of me, deep in my core as my vagina walls contract against his long length. We both groan but the sweet kiss continues.

As my muscles contract, I feel my toes curl and my body is overcome by wrecking shudders and I scream against his lips. I can feel him harden further and spills deep inside. His arm locks around my waist as we both ride the wave of our orgasm. Eventually he lets go of my lips and loosens his grip. We are both panting and yet this was gentle love making.

"I love you," he says.

"I love you," I whisper.

It's two hours later and we have just finished taking a shower.

"Babe, you remember that Lona has to see the kids today?" I ask him from my closet.

"I know, is she sleeping over?" he responds from the bedroom.

"I think it's best. That way she gets to spend more time with them. That means you will also sleep over."

"I can come back and fetch her tomorrow." I walk out of the closet and find him brushing his short hair. I stand behind him and look at him through the mirror.

"Babe, it's okay to spend time with her. The kids will love that even more." He doesn't say anything but continues with his hair.

"What will you do by yourself in this house?" he asks after a while.

"I'll finally visit my dad before he disowns me. Maybe, afterwards get myself off with the images of you two together. Seeing you with her does something to me," I whisper against his ear and watch him as his eyes darken.

"We don't have time to explore your thoughts," he says in his deeper tone.

"There is no such thing as not having time, we can always make time," I say while I rub his erection through his sweatpants. And we proceed to make time. As he tortures my body. He leaves an imprint of his love in every part of my body. By the time he leaves I'm satiated and unable to move. I decide to succumb to my nap before going to my father's.

Lona

Is it possible to die from happiness. I've been floating on cloud nine since waking up. My night with Monde was more than I anticipated. It was beautiful, sensual and filled with heart stopping moments. I feel like we connected on a deeper level. More spiritual.

A little fear creeps in at that thought. Why am I complicating things? This is supposed to be fun not complicated. But I can't help the smile that keeps creeping in. I love getting to know her on that level. I love everything about her. Her body, her smile, sound of her laughter and most importantly I love her mind.

Ooooh there is too many love in my strong of though. Unfortunately I can't reduce my feelings to a mere word , like. Fuck, I think I'm screwed. I know I'm screwed.

I'm dressed and ready to go. The excitement of seeing my kids and spending more time with them overrides everything else. Still busy with my thoughts my phone rings. It's Sazi.

"Hello," I answer.

"Ngila ngaphandle," he says.

"I'm coming." I hang up and get my over night bag. I find him leaning against the bonnet of the car with his arms folded and legs crossed. He straightens the moment he sees me and walks towards me. He stops a few inches from me.

"Hello Lina," he says.

"Hello Sazi," I almost whisper. Then he suddenly pulls me into his arms and my nostrils are filled with his heavenly scent. He lets go and grabs my bag which had dropped on the ground.

"How are you?" he asks whilst opening the door for me.

"I'm good, great actually." He widens his eyes but I can see a hint of a smile on his face. He closes the door and goes to place my bag in the boot.

"Feeling great hey," he says the moment he gets in. Is he fishing? I take the bait.

"I feel wonderful," he steals a look at me but I notice.

He drives out of the complex and navigates into the Saturday traffic.

"You are glowing too," he says.

"I know. Last night was beautiful and this morning even better. Then now being with you, on my way to see the kids. I have missed you." It just comes out. Unfiltered and it's the truth. He doesn't say anything but suddenly slows down parks on the side of the road.

"Why are we..." I don't finish my sentence as he silences me with his lips. I moan against his lips and reciprocate. I can feel his fingers digging into my scalp as he angles my head while his lips ravage me. He pulls back after a while. He then breaks into a huge grin.

"I've missed you too." My heart lurches. He starts the car and he drives off. We've decided on a drive to the farm. It takes at least three hours but it's seems shorter. The ride has been filled with light and crazy conversations, laughter and some ridiculous sing alongs. I love seeing this side of Sazi. More relaxed.

When we get to Bheki's farm my attention is taken over by the kids. The stories they tell me, I can't even catch a breath. They are happy to see both of us. We talk and play until it's dinner time and then we are all together at dinner with Sane's munchkins. Dinner is a loud affair. What is weird is that the kids have stopped asking about Tsietsi. I'm not sure whether its a blessing but what ever it is I'm relieved. Having to explain where the coward of a father has disappeared to would be a mammoth task. If it was up to me, I wish he could disappear forever.

It's almost midnight and all the kids have finally succumbed and passed out on the sofas. Sazi first takes Sane's kids to their respective rooms. When he is done, he finds me with Nthatisi in my arms and he takes Kgothatso. They both share a bedroom which I don't think was meant for kids. It's huge with a king size bed in the centre. An effort has been made to create a child environment. With wall art and toys every where.

We gently place them on the bed and I crawl next to them and fall into a dreamless sleep.

I wake up the next morning on an empty bed. I get up and decide to shower before finding where everyone is. When I'm done I follow the noise that's coming from the other sound of the house. This houses is huge and airy. With natural light from almost every angle. It's peaceful here.

I follow the noise into a beautiful kitchen. The sight that meets me when I walk in is, disastrous, the only way to describe it. The is flour everywhere. On the floor, counter tops, the kids, Sazi. It's a mess. The kitchen table has a stack of pancakes on it.

"Morning everyone," I say. The kids all run to me and put their messy hands all over me. I look at

Sazi Sash and he just shrugs his shoulders.

"Breakfast is ready," he says. I just shake my head. We all sit and enjoy the pancakes. They are actually good. There is also a freshly squeezed fruit juice but I opt for my coffee. After breakfast we all help clean up and the kids go bath. We prepare a picnic basket as we decide to take them out for a picnic. This will also give The helpers time to rest. The farm is big enough that you can picnic in it and forget that you are even in a farm.

"This place is so tranquil. I wouldn't mind living here," I say as we watch the kids playing while we lay on the blanket.

"I love coming here. It's too peaceful," he says.

"I'm crushed we have to go back. It's even harder without my kids. When will this be over?" he turns to look at me.

"Soon, I promise." He brushes his finger on the tip of my nose. I nod with a smile.

"I want to kiss you," he says. I look at the kids and find them too busy to notice. I lean forward and he meets me half way as we steal a quick kiss. We quickly pull apart. I giggle and he chuckles. He lies on his back balancing his head on his hand. A relaxed Sazi is potent.

"Monde would love it here," I say. I miss her and wish she was here with us. It suddenly feels incomplete without her. She is like the missing piece of a puzzle.

"She does. Feels weird without her doesn't it?" he echoes my thoughts as he turns his head towards me.

"I was just thinking the same." He looks away but takes my hand in his.

"Will you spend the evening with us?"

"I'd love to." He kisses the back of my hand. Then closes his eyes.

Chapter 23

"How do I live? How do I breathe?

When you're not here I'm suffocating

I want to feel love, run through my blood

Tell me is this where I give it all up?

For you I have to risk it all

'Cause the writing's on the wall"-Sam Smith

I have been spending my days feeling lonely. Monde and Sazi have gone on separate business trips and I had to stay behind and catch up on a ton of paper work. I've been moody and cranky the whole week. I miss my kids, Sazi and Monde. I even miss Lazola for crying out loud.

How does my only friend disown me? Kanjani? She went as far as changing her numbers can you believe. I've been meaning to ask Sazi for his help to deal with Brian but really now, how do I offload all my burdens onto the man? Maybe I'll speak to Monde about it. Help with that cop friend of hers.

In other news, I'm a millionaire. The house was finally sold and money transferred into my account. Sazi and Monde told me in no uncertain term to not touch even a cent of that money. I'm still living off the first settlement the TOS paid. My salary is still untouched as well. I could buy a car but I'm avoiding an instalment. I was thinking of buying it cash. Nothing much just a small car to take me from point A to point B. I've put a lid on that for now. I just use Uber for work and any other errands I need to do.

It's a Friday and my people are coming back. Well Sazi got back in the morning and Monde will be coming back in the afternoon. I'm at work and I'm feeling excited. I've missed them both. No I don't have a scale to weigh who I missed the most. They have both become residents in my mind.

Fisiwe has been curious about my mood the whole day. She says it's the opposite of what I've been the whole week and there must be a reason for it. Well there is, I could be getting some dick or pussy or both depending on our mood, but I'm not telling her all that.

"You are holding out on me," she says.

"I have nothing to tell you. Can't a person just be happy?," I'm exasperated. We've been through this the whole day. It's not like I dig about her love life, she voluntarily tells me.

"One way or the other, the truth will come out." I just shake my head.

It's lunch time and I'm contemplating to go downstairs to the restaurants nearby. I need proper food and it's hard to cook when you live alone. Just then my phone rings and it's Sazi. My face breaks into a huge grin.

"Hey," imagine the huskiness of my voice.

"Wenzani?" his voice sends goose bumps all over.

"I'm about to go get lunch."

"Woza ngila nga phandle," he drawls.

"Outside where?"

"Your workplace. I'm taking you to lunch. I'm parked up front." He hangs up. He doesn't ask or anything. Just commands and I obey of course. I find him leaning against the car in his usual pose. Once he sees me he comes forward and envelops me in his arms. I inhale his manly scent. He groans against my neck.

"So good to see you," he says. I shiver all over.

"Good to see you too." He lets go and takes my hand as he leads me to the passenger door. He opens and allows me to go in and then goes around to get in.

Once we are on our way he takes a look at me.

"So I hear you want to buy yourself a car?"

"I do."

"What If I buy you one?" he tentatively asks. To be honest I'm in two minds. I like it when a man buys me things at the same time I don't want him to feel like he owns me by buying me certain things. I don't get that vibe with Sazi though. He is generally a giver.

"I wouldn't say no," I say. He is surprised by that. I suppose he was expecting some sort of resistance.

"Good. It's already done. We can go see it now before lunch if you want," if I want. I'm still shook.

"Are you serious?"

"Ngiyakubheja phela," he says holding a smile.

"I love it mawungi bheja," I say.

"Then I'll do it more often."

"You've done enough though Sazi. I appreciate it." I can see he is becoming uncomfortable. He reminds me of when we were at the home and Gogo kept going on and on about how thankful she was for his help he didn't know what to do or how to respond. When he gives he truly doesn't expect anything in return. Which is a breath of fresh air. Most people always have an ulterior motive for helping. That's what I've experienced any way. I could be wrong.

We drive into a Mercedes Benz car dealership. The moment we walk in everyone makes a fuss.

The manager of the dealership personally comes to greet us. The sucking up is on another level. We are offered refreshments which we politely refuse. Then he leads us to a more private section and directs us towards a maroon Mercedes G-wagon that's on a spinning platform which displays it from every angle.

Already my heart beat is accelerating. I don't want to get my hopes up yet. But this is the car of my dreams for now. I remember telling Sazi that when he took me to Budmarsh.

"What do you think?" he asks bringing me back to reality.

"About what?"

"This?" he makes a sweeping gesture at the car.

"It's beautiful," I whisper. I'm about to lose my shit.

"Here," he gives me the keys. "It's yours Lina." My eyes are as wide as saucers. I look at the key as if it's going to come alive. He dangles them in front of me and snap me out of my trance. I flung myself into him and he picks me up and spins me around. He eventually places me on my feet. I can't help the tears that are freely flowing.

"Why the tears?" he has a concerned look on his face.

"It's too much. You've done so much for me. I love this, thank you." I'm not making sense I know. He cups my face while wiping my tears with his thumbs.

"I love doing things for you. It makes me happy to see you happy. Mh!" his eyes scan my face. I just nod. I want to kiss him so bad. In fact I want to strip naked and let him ravish me in the middle of this showroom. My bean twitches. He plants a soft kiss on my lips and I latch on his lips and escalate the kiss to another level. I can feel him pushing me until I feel a solid wall against my back. My hands are all over his back groping and clawing. I can feel our breathing changes. My starts! If it were just the two of us. The thought brings back my senses and I pull away. Our chests are heaving. I look around and the show room is empty except for the two of us.

"You want to take your car now?" his deep voice send sweet sensations pooling into my heated core.

"I don't think I can drive." I'm literally shaking. Not so certain which feeling is more intense. He kisses me again and I moan against his lips. My need is almost palpable. He silently swears. Calls someone and arranges for them to come fetch the car. I'm still standing on shaky legs against the wall with him caressing my one arm. He is so close I can feel his breath fanning my face as he speaks.

"Lets go." He takes my hand in his and leads me out. We first go to the manager and he gives him the details of the person fetching the car.

Once in his car he leans over and kisses me. I'm drowning in his kisses. They are intoxicating. I feel the urge to sit on him and ride him for dear life.

"We have to get out of here. I want to bury myself deep inside of you Linamandla." I cream my panties a little. As we drive towards his house he gets a call and answers it on Bluetooth. There is some sort of crisis at his head office. He has to attend to it. To say I'm disappointed is an understatement.

"I'm sorry Lina I have to attend to this." He sounds as disappointed as I feel.

"It's cool." It is not. I'm in heat and I need the release. He takes a U-turn. After getting me a take away he drops me off at work.

Most people are leaving work early and I'm thinking of doing the same. I call Monde. I miss her and need to find out what time she'll be back.

"Baby," she answers.

"Hey," I almost whisper. "When are you coming back?" that's all I can think off. I hear her sigh.

"It has to be tomorrow babe. My meeting will run until late."

"I miss you. It feels like you've been gone forever." I'm almost whining.

"I know baby. At least Sazi is back. Are you enjoying your new wheels?"

"You knew?"

"Of course I knew. I help him choose the colour." I should've known with these sneaky people.

"I love it. Gosh. Mo," yes I joined the Mo wagon. "I nearly jumped his bones at the dealership." She laughs.

"Well you have the whole evening to thank him properly. I wish I could join you. I miss you both. Its lonely here without my people." My people, my heart flutters a bit.

"He didn't say anything about tonight he had an emergency at work he has to attend to."

"Oh trust me, he'll come back." Maybe she knows something I don't.

"Oh well, I'll see." I don't want to raise my hopes for me to crash like they did this afternoon.

"Listen babe I have to go our meeting is about to resume. I need to find you at the house tomorrow when I come back." I nod and realise she can't see me.

"Okay baby." She hangs up. I lock up everything and when I'm done I call an Uber. I wish I had taken my car then. I decide to go pass the shops first especially Clicks. I need a shaving cream. While walking through the isle I spot the section with the sanitary towels. Fuck! My heart stops beating. I can feel my body breaking into sweat. I don't remember the last time I was on my periods. I dump everything there and go straight for pregnancy tests and grab a bunch. My hands are shaking as I pay.

I feel like the Uber driver is taking forever. Eventually I get into my house and lock up. Then I quickly follow the instructions and do the test. My whole body is trembling.

Positive, pregnant. It can't be. Morning after? This can't be happening. I sit in that bathroom for over an hour shaking like a leaf.

I can't be pregnant. One, I'm not ready to have another baby. Two the arrangement I'm in has no space for a baby. We haven't even figured it out yet, what will the baby do? Finally, Monde. I will not be the one to break her heart I refuse. Never.

I pick up my phone from the floor and call Sazi. It rings unanswered until voice mail. I hang up, remain the phone in my hand and pregnancy tests on the other. Why am I telling him? No body has to know about this and no one gets hurt. My phone rings and I jump off the toilet seat.

"Lina, I'm in the middle of a crisis. Are you alright?" your day is about to get fucked.

"I'm pregnant," I flatly state. He is silent to a point I think he didn't hear me.

"I'm on my way." He hangs up. I pick up the other tests from the floor and clear the bathroom. I go pour myself a glass of wine and relax in the lounge. I'm in turmoil inside. It's not long before Sazi gets in the house. He takes one look at my wine glass and I can see the anger flash across his eyes.

"How can you drink when you are pregnant Linamandla?" he practically grabs the glass off my hands spilling some of its content. He goes and throws out everything into the sink.

"I'm not keeping it."

"What?" he whispers. Disbelief evident on his face.

"I'm not keeping it."

"I heard you the first time. What I'm struggling with is with the content. Why?"

"Do you have to ask Sazi?" he blankly looks at me. "How do you think Monde will feel about me pregnant with your baby?" he looks away.

"Let's not make any rash decisions. I'll talk to her and we will figure this out, together."

"What do you think she'll say? She'll say she is fine with it because she will be doing it for you and deep down you know she won't be okay with it." He buries his head in his hands and then vigorously rubs his head. Now he is pacing the room.

"Lina, please." I can't even look at him.

"My mind is made up Sazi. Will you come with me or do I go on my own?"

"Don't make me do this. We can get through this. Monde will be hurt yes but when the baby is here she'll be happy."

"You know as well as I do that she will never be okay with this. It will always be a constant reminder of our betrayal."

"You just found out. You are not thinking straight. Give it a day to at least think about it." I get up and take my hand bag. I call my gynaecologist and make an appointment. Luckily he has a cancellation this afternoon so the PA fits me in.

"Will you come with me or should I get an Uber?" I ask when I'm done with the call. He picks up his keys and I follow him. I don't even know if he is agreeing or not.

He opens the door for me and bangs it shut once I'm in. I'm choosing not to entertain any thoughts. My mind is intentionally blank.

"Which doctors are you going to?" I give him the directions. They are not too far from me. He is silent all the way. Once we are there we don't wait long. The doctor does the tests and I'm not far along just 6 weeks. It must be the result of the when we first got together. Just goes to show

how fragile and new this arrangement is. He also explains the procedure which will be suction abortion. I sign a bunch of papers and am given instructions on how to take care of myself when it's done. The doctor does try to include Sazi in all these instructions but he still doesn't say anything. He explains that the procedure will probably take about 5 to 10 minutes but he would like to keep me for observation for another hour afterwards. I agree.

I'm prepared and drugged with a mild sedative which helps me relax. During the procedure I can't help the tears that freely fall out of my eyes. I can feel a pinch here and there but for the most part the sedative is working.

"That's it, it's over," the doctor pats my shoulder as he takes his surgical gloves off. Sazi walks out. I feel empty and drained. I refuse to think about what I've just done.

Chapter 24

"Just gonna stand there

And watch me burn

But that's alright

Because I like

The way it hurts

Just gonna stand there

And hear me cry

But that's alright

Because I love

The way you lie

I love the way you lie

I can't tell you what it really is

I can only tell you what it feels like

And right now it's a steel knife

In my windpipe

I can't breathe"- Eminem ft Rihanna

I can't wait to get home. I felt like killing Mr Richards for prolonging the meeting. Who can blame him though the man hardly ever gets all his management team and his children together. I'm sure he wanted to milk this for all its worth. I was still not impressed though. I missed my people. I miss the kids even. Hopefully after we catch up we can still visit them this weekend.

The thought of us catching up brings a smile to my face. I know those two have been at it the whole night because I couldn't get hold of either of them. I don't care how exhausted they are, I need attention too.

I purposely didn't call them to let them know I have arrived. I'm hoping to catch them in a compromising position.

The house is too quiet when I walk in. Sazi probably gave the staff a weekend off. Sneaky bastard. I leave my pull along bag by the door and walk in. I feel like I'm about to burst with excitement. Just as I'm about to sprint up the stairs I notice that the curtains and blinds are drawn in one of our living areas making it very dark. I change my direction and go in there. When my eyes adjust I notice Sazi lying on his back on the sofa with a half finished bottle of whiskey in his hand. I walk further in until I'm standing next to him. He has his other arm folded across his eyes. There are two more empty bottles on the floor.

This is not my Sazi. He never drinks this much, ever. What happened? Is it Lona? The kids? Have they found out where we are hiding them? I feel my panic rising.

"Sazi!" he doesn't respond. I slightly shake him. He removes his arm from over his eyes. They are blood shot red. Something crawls under my skin.

"What happened?" I croak. Something dark flashes across his eyes. This is the Sazi that was full of revenge when we lost our baby. He gets up and walks away.

"Go ask your girlfriend!" What does he mean? I'm left numb and looking stupid standing there watching him disappear. I'm in a trance for a while, too scared to move. Then I snap out of it and follow him upstairs. When I get to our room I hear the shower running.

Like I'm in two minds about joining him. One part is curious about his statement and the other is terrified to find out. I walk tentatively towards the shower. I hear silent sobs coming through. I quickly rush and open the shower door to find him fully clothed still, sitting on the floor with the shower drenching him. His head is buried in his hand and his whole body shaking as he sobs. I've only ever seen him like this when we lost our baby. My heart breaks into tiny pieces at the sight. I rush to him and go on my knees pulling his rigid body into my arms. I can't stop the tears that fall down my face.

"What ever it is, we will sort it out. Tell me my love and I will fix it." His whole body is shaking. His sobs feel like stabs of broken glass grating inside my heart. I rock him back and forth as we cry and getting soaked.

"Khumalo. What is it sthandwa sam? You are scaring me. Is it the kids? Lona?" His body freezes.

"She killed my baby, right in front of me Monde. She called me so that I can witness yet another death of my baby. Why?" I could barely make out what he is saying but I hear him. My body turns ice cold and not from the cold shower. I feel my heart splintering into million shards.

"She did what?" I whisper. He pushes me back and gets on his feet. He is more composed. He walks out of the shower leaving me on my knees. I guess he never meant to tell me. I follow him out. The clothes feel very heavy and sticky now that they are wet. I find him in the bedroom stripping.

"Sazi, you can't just drop a bomb like that and walk away. What are you saying?" I'm almost shouting.

"Linamandla found out she was pregnant and aborted the baby." So my ears were not deceiving me a few minutes ago. I feel dizzy. Like someone punched me in my womb and pulled it out. Flashes of what I remember from that day come flooding my mind. I can literally feel the pain as if it's happening. My heart is breaking little by little. I can feel something dying inside of me.

"You let her do it?" I can hardly speak.

"What the fuck was I suppose to do? Tie her up and lock her away? Her mind was fucking made up!" he is raising his voice.

"You should have done that. You didn't think to tell me. Couldn't you at least tell me."

"What the fuck do you want from me Monde? Go ask your fucking girlfriend. Do I look like I have a womb to decide whether babies live or die?"

"Don't shout at me? You made her pregnant. You could've at least tried to stop it. Why did you let the pregnancy happen in the first place? I didn't tell you to be irresponsible!" I can't breathe but I'm shouting.

"Ungangi raseli Monde. You told me to go get you pussy, I did. You never gave me a manual to follow! Fuck! You want answers hamba uye ku Linamandla. Leave me the fuck alone." He staggers to his walk in closet. I quickly walk to mine and change my wet clothes. The bedroom is still empty when I come out and I don't bother looking for him. He is not making sense right now. Maybe Lona will tell a different story.

I drive like a lunatic to her house. The struggle with her security becomes real. I call and she doesn't pick up. They refuse to let me in. I drive to the nearest ATM and withdraw a thousand rand. When I go back and show them what's at hand they sing a different tune. For a split second I realise this place is not as safe as we thought.

I'm parked in front of her unit. My worry is if she will open for me. I walk up to her door and knock. Nothing. I try the nob and it opens. Why is her door not locked? I walk into the quiet house similar to how I walked in mine earlier on. Her house is not dark though. She is sitting in the lounge staring into space.

"How could you do it Lona?" that's all I can think of. She gets startled and turns around to face me. She is pale as ash right now and there are bags under her eyes. My heart clenches painfully. I feel betrayed. Useless. Worthless. Couldn't I at least be considered in that decision?

At the same time I feel drained. Looking at her right now just zaps the energy out of me. She must feel worse.

"He told you," her voice sounds very small.

"Of course he did. Why did you do it Lona?"

"I did it to protect you?" That feels like a dagger through my heart.

"Such a selfish thing to do and you blame me? Couldn't you at least tell me about before deciding on my behalf. Didn't I have a say in the matter? You know how much I love you and care for you. How can you do something like that and not consider my feelings?"

"That's exactly why I did it. To protect you Monde, your feelings. Our tentative union. What do you think the arrival of the unplanned baby would've done to us?"

"We will never know now would we! You took care of that!" I threw at her.

"I'm not sure what hurts the most. That you did it or you didn't tell me before doing it." She comes close to me.

"I didn't do it to hurt you. I thought I was sparing you the hurt. I love you Monde and never want to hurt you." She cups my face looking deep into my eyes. Saying the one thing I've longed for her to say. It might be too late.

"That's the thing, you hurt me. It hurts to know that I'm responsible for your pain of losing this baby. I know it wasn't easy for you but you did it for me. That hurts. It hurts that Sazi has to go over the pain of losing yet another baby because of me." I see as the reality dawns in her eyes and they are filled with pain. A sob wrenches out of her and she holds her mouth with both her shaking hands as tears stream down her face. I can't help my tears falling.

"What have I done?" she whispers. Yet another broken person.

"It's not your fault my love," I say pulling her in my arms. My anger has dissipated. I feel really drained.

"Oh Monde. Please forgive me. I love you. Oh my stars! Sazi!" she is mumbling against my neck.

"I love you Lona and he loves you too. You have to let this go." I pull back and plant a soft wet kiss on her lips and then her forehead. "Physically, are you okay?" she nods. "I have to go." She nods again.

"I love you," she whispers.

"I love you too." With one more look at her I walk out. I now know what I have to do.

I find Sazi passed out. I'm sure his body couldn't consume anymore alcohol. I prepare a light meal and take a shower. Then I wait for him to sleep it off. I watch him as he sleeps. He looks peaceful. Will he ever be happy? Will he ever recover from this loss? Such a sweet beautiful giving man. He deserves so much better than what he got. I lie next to him and watch him for what feels like hours as he sleeps. I'm not sure when I fall asleep but when I open my eyes again he is looking at me. I blink twice and still meet his cold stare when I open them again.

"I'm sorry," I whisper to him. He briefly closes his eyes as if to ward off my words. "Baby. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked for this kind of arrangement." His eyes snap open.

"It's not your fault Mo. I'm the one who slept with her without protection. It hurts still."

"I'm sorry baby. This is all my fault." I move towards him and pull him closer. He doesn't resist. I want the comfort. I want him to make that horrible feeling go away. Our lips tentatively touch. A softest of caresses. I want to feel every touch. I want to memorize it and imprint it in my heart and in my memory. I want to soak in his scent and marinate in it. "I love you more than life itself. I love you Khumalo." His eyes darken as we hold the stare. I want to crawl under his skin and remove all the hurt. I want to carry the pain alone.

"Lona loves you. It might not seem that way but she does. The only person to blame in all of this is me. You two can still make this work."

"I just want you Mo," he finally speaks. His voice is raspy I can barely recognise it. I move even closer and smash my lips into his. I want to kiss his hurt away. I make my intention clear as I intensify the kiss. He catches on very quick. There is need and desperation in this kiss. We claw and grope at each other as our clothes fly piece by piece until we are both completely naked. He holds me tighter than usual. It's punishing and it hurts but I take it. I return the favour as I claw at his back enough to draw blood. He has me pinned under him in a second as he swiftly enters me. My hands claw up and down his back and he has his hands groping my ass. He squeezes painfully as he pounds into me. It's pleasure mixed with pain. I don't mind, I meet his thrusts halfway. His kiss is punishing. I can even taste some blood. I'm not sure if it's his or mine. I don't care. If I could literally absorb his pain I would. This goes on for a while. We are both teetering on the verge of climax but not wanting to. He pulls away from my bruised lips and holds my head in both hands. My hair is being pulled backwards.

"I don't know what to do Mo," he says while he is buried deep inside of me. His eyes so close to me, display a myriad of emotions. I hold on to his back pulling him closer if that's even possible.

"I know," I whisper as tears flow unchecked at the corner of my eyes. A lone tear escapes from his eye and he buries his head at the side of my neck.

"Fuck Mo!" he half screams and half groans as he spills himself deep within me. We hold on to each other as we let go. After a while we cuddle and we fall back into sleep.

Chapter 25

"And never forget about
What you said we should settle down
And I thought we'd get around to it
But I just got around
It's time I do right
'Cause you should've left
Do it for me
If you won't do it yourself
You put me first
When I put you through it
Yeah, I put you through it
When I should've knew it was best that you
Run away I'm no good for you
Run and find somebody better
Someone who is ready for you
While I get my life together"- Dvsn

Worst weekend of my life. Ever. I was always told by my parents that I was impulsive and a people pleaser but this takes the cake. I couldn't even go see my kids. I just have no energy left and I don't want them to see me this messed up.

Do I regret my decision? Yes and no. Confusing I know. I'm not ready to be a mother. I still believe this would have hurt Monde than pleased her. In hindsight though it hurt Sazi. Deeply and that was never my intention. I shouldn't have involved him. That is the part I'm struggling with. How do I hurt someone as kind as him?

It's a Monday and I drag my body to work. My phone has been off the whole weekend. I wasn't in the mood to speak to anyone. It was even a surprise to see Sazi's driver the day before delivering my car.

I arrive at work at 9 am on the dot. I did say it was a walking zombie. I find everyone almost there. Even Fisiwe is here before me.

"Good morning," I say.

"Whoa! What happened to you? Rough weekend?" she screams. I'm not in the mood.

"Something like that," I mumble.

"Damn gal. Must have been lit. You should invite me sometime."

"Ja maybe I will. Is the boss in?"

"Not yet. That's a first. Maybe she had a lit weekend too," she chuckles. I ignore her and walk to Monde's office. I can still smell the faint scent of her perfume. I wonder why she isn't in yet. I go and place some urgent files on her desk and just make sure that the office is in order. I see the dustbin isn't cleared and there are some papers on the floor. I bend to pick them up

"Well isn't this a nice welcoming view." A baritone voice comes from behind. I snap my head up in shock and bump my head on the desk.

"Fuck!" it bloody hurts and I feel tears prickle my eye.

"Oh shit! Are you okay? I didn't mean to startle you." I feel his hand on my arm trying to help me out from underneath the desk.

And then I do the unthinkable, I burst into tears. I want to let the pain out.

"Fucking shit!" he mutters. I bowl like a baby. He eventually pulls me into his chest. The hug is awkward. I don't care. I let it all out.

"There now. You are okay. Nothing is broken." He pats my back awkward. I increase the volume.

"Shit! No wonder the other lady ran!" he mumbles but I still hear him. That snaps me to my senses. I look up to him. Fuck me!

"What do you mean she left?" I have my tears and snort all over his suit jacket. He makes a disgusted face.

"Here," he says giving me a handkerchief from the front pocket of his jacket. "Never thought this could come in handy," he chuckles.

I take the handkerchief and blow my nose. Hard. His eyes are bulging.

"What do you mean she left?" I repeat.

"Just that, she left. I was called here to come and take over until they find someone." He takes off his jacket and walks away to hang it on the coat hanger. Oh shit. This could be my new boss and I have my snort all over him!

"I'm Khumbu by the way," he is back giving me a glass of water. Then I take a proper look at him. He is not bad looking. SK Khoza lookalike. I wonder if they hire people for their looks in this place. Dark talk and handsome type. He has slightly big ears though. His eyes widens. "Are you laughing at my ears?"

"No!" that comes out too quick. He raises his eyebrow.

"Yho Hayi sisi. Don't come for me. Uzibonile uba unjani? Anyone ever told you not to cry in public?" he makes a sound demonstrating his disgust. I run to the bathroom. When I take a look in the mirror nothing is as hideous as he made it out to be. I mean I have puffy eyes and a red nose but I'm okay. I walk back to the office to find him in stitches.

I'm going to be working with an idiot. He is literally bend over laughing.

"Oh the look on your face, priceless," He continues to laugh. I stand there and watch until he is calm the office door opens while he is busy cracking up. The laughter dies in his face. Sazi. My heart stops beating and I look at him. Boy he looks hot. He didn't shave and his hair is longer but he looks damn fine.

"Good morning. I didn't mean to disturb you. I came to drop this off." He moves his intense look from Khumbu to me. His eyes could freeze the Antarctica. He gives me an envelope.

"You are not disturbing Mr Khumalo. I'm Khumbulani , it's a pleasure to meet you in person." He gives him his hand and Sazi just looks at it until he pulls it back.

He turns around and leaves. We are both staring at his retreating back. Okay I know I am.

"Holy Fuck! The man is even more commanding in person. How the hell do you know Sazi Khumalo?" clearly Khumbu is a fan.

"Mutual friends."

"He wants you," he says. Who is this person?

"What? How did you come to that conclusion?"

"I'm a guy. I know these things," he shrugs.

"I'm Lona, I'm the P.A.," I resume the introduction.

"Cool, I'm going to love working with you." I'm not sure but I give him a smile. I show him where everything is but the letter is boring a hole in my pocket. I know it will explain why I have a new boss. Once he is settled in I go back to my desk. Fisiwe is busy with a visitor and I decide to go sit in my car and read the letter. I can't wait any longer. I take my phone with and go to the parking. Once inside the car I open the letter with shaky hands.

- Baby. I'm sorry I have to do this. It's cowardly I know. I might have deceived you when I said I was okay with just being casual. I fell in love with you. I'm head over the heels in love. That's why I had hoped that all of us could be on the same wave length. For me, loving you and Sazi at the same time is the most natural thing. It pleased me immensely to see you together. It would have made me even more happier if you had been the one to give him the one thing I couldn't.

That's when I become a hypocrite because being a baby carrier is not what we offered you. It wasn't on the table. But this is life we can't always follow some set of rules. Life happens and it's fluid.

It pains me that you had to be placed in the position where you got pregnant when you were not ready. I suppose we all have to take the responsibility for that. It gutted me that you had to terminate. I know it wasn't easy for you. Don't feel bad. It wasn't your responsibility to carry the Khumalo heirs. Not unless we had asked you.

It was shock that you took the decision without talking to me. Not as Sazi's person but as your lover and your friend. You see in my heart you were already elevated to that level. Again I can't hold that against you.

Sazi is a big boy. He could've prevented all this but he didn't. It's just that this for him has opened up old wounds that we thought had healed.

I believe we could be good together. All three of us. I just want you both to make sure that it's something you want. As much as you guys say you want it, I need you to do it for the right reasons. That we all love each other and not just to please me or give me what I want.

Do you love Sazi, does he love you? Do you need me in the picture or just the two of you? Both of you need to figure this out. I can't make that decision for you. Hence I'm removing myself from the equation.

If I can't have both of you, then I'd rather lose it all and that is my truth. You have to decide what you want Lona.

If you do choose to go your own way that is also okay. I love you and I love Khothatso and Nthantisi. Thank you for allowing me to be part of their lives even if for a little while.

I'll be in Tanzania for a while. I'm finally taking over my father's business this side. Keep safe, remember Tsietsi and his Nigerians are still on the hunt. I'm going to miss you so much my love.

Take care of yourself.

I love you always.-

Oh My heart. She can't be gone. I feel empty. Lost and confused. Just like that, over a letter? Just then someone knocks on my window. You got to be kidding me. I slightly open my window.

"Is random crying your hobby or something?" Khumbu says. I just roll my eyes at him.

"Okay I'll leave you to it then. Go eat something." He walks away and gets in a sports car. So like him. Flashy.

I sit in the car until I'm fully recovered then I go back into the office. I find Fisiwe head over heels in love with Khumbu. She can't stop talking about him the whole afternoon. I don't even hear half the things she says.

It's been a week since Monde left. I haven't spoken nor seen Sazi since he brought me the letter. I feel like I'm missing parts of my being. I miss them both. I'm so scared to face Sazi. I don't know what to say to him. Okay I do know. I want to apologise but I don't have the guts to face him.

Today I went home early, Khumbulani thought I needed the time off. He gets on my nerves shame. What's worse he thinks he is all that. He knows his job and he is not mean or anything but he is just extra.

I want to call Sazi and find out if I can visit the kids. In fact I want my kids back. So I call him.

"Lina," his voice sounds familiar and yet so foreign.

"Hi Sazi. I hope I'm not disturbing." This is awkward.

"No you are not." Silence.

"I want to fetch the kids."

"Why would you do that or have you found Tsietsi?"

"No. I just thought..."

"You just thought what? That I would just stop caring for their welfare and safety?"

"No. It's just, I thought..."

"Do us both a favour and stop thinking. I'll send a car for you later. You are visiting them. I will not let you place those kids in danger."

"I wasn't..." He hangs up. Infuriating man. Like he is the most annoying person ever.

Two hours later there is a knock on my door. It's Bheki.

"Sdudla, yini you were not expecting me?"

"No I thought Sazi said he was sending a driver."

"Well I do drive. Are you ready?" I nod my head and let him in.

"Let me get my bag," I walk to my room to get my overnight bag. I find Bheki in the kitchen with an apple in his hand. He takes my bag and follows me out. We drive in silence until we get to the airstrip. We board the jet and it's only the two of us with the crew.

"Where is Sane?" I ask to break the silence.

"Left her home. She wasn't feeling well. The pregnancy is messing her up." I feel bad that he has to babysit me.

"Oh. I hope she gets better."

"She will? What did that idiot do to you?"

"Who?" I play dumb.

"Sazi who else? He is home by himself sulking. Monde has been away on business the whole week. What's going on?"

"You should ask him." I avoid looking at him. I'm not sure how much he knows about Sazi's personal life.

"Ja neh. Nawe ngapha you don't look so good." He shakes his head and goes through his phone.

We arrive at the farm and are welcomed by lovely the sounds of laughter and screaming from the children. After all the greetings to Aunty and the other staff members I take the kids to their room. I just need some alone time with them.

They have two fluffy beautiful stuffed ponies. You can sink into them as you cuddle.

"Where did you guys get these?" I ask pointing at them.

"Aunty Monde brought them for us," Khothatso answers.

"Really? When?"

"Sunday. The weekend you didn't come. She came alone to say good bye. She says she was going away for a while. But will be back."

"I miss her mommy. Can we go stay with her? She buys a lot of toys," Nthantisi adds. I ignore her request and ask to see their toys. Monde added on top of the toys we had brought the other week. I sit with them through dinner and spend the night in their bed. I feel a little better being around them. They have calmed me down a bit.

The weekend is over before I'm even ready. I wait for them to go to sleep before leaving. When we get to Johannesburg Bheki drops me off at home. I notice that the security has been changed at the gate. It hasn't been long since they were deployed here. I wonder why the sudden change.

I hate it when I'm alone because then I have to listen to my thoughts. They are going to drive me insane if I entertain them. So I decide to go to sleep. It's a Monday the following day and I need my mind ready and fresh for Khumbu. I feel so much better now that I have spent time with the kids.

I'm at work and the day is unusually busy. I'm not sure why but Khumbu has back to back meetings that he requires me to attend. Unlike Monde who didn't require me all the time this one needs me for every small thing. The thought of Monde brings unwarranted memories of both of them.

How are they doing? Are they also thinking of me as I often think of them. Before I know the day is over and just as I'm about to leave I receive a call from my ex sister in-law. Tsietsi's mutilated body was delivered at their doorstep.

My heart drops. We may have had our differences and yes he was an asshole but he was still a father of my kids and I didn't wish him dead. Okay I may have on the few occasions.

What am I going to tell the kids? They hardly speak about him and that is also worrying. I can hear his sister is really doing this out of duty more than anything. If it was up to her she wouldn't tell me. Before hanging up she also tells me that the burial will be the following Saturday.

I don't have tears for him. I'm trying to get deep within my feelings maybe I'll be touched

differently but nothing. Dry as a desert. I go home to my lonely house and sit in front of the TV with a bottle of wine until it does its job and I'm able to fall asleep.

I'm woken in the middle of the night by a ringing phone. I don't even check who it is.

"Hello," I say in my groggy voice.

"Lina," he sounds very alert and awake. My heart skips a beat. I haven't heard from him in almost two weeks.

"Yes," I whisper feeling tears sting my eyes.

"I heard about Tsietsi, are you okay?" the tears finally fall.

"Yes. I'm fine."

"You don't sound fine."

"It's just, I didn't wish him dead or anything. He was a huge part of me you know."

"I know. Have you told the kids?"

"No. It's not something I can tell them over the phone."

"I know. I'll come pick you up in the morning so we can go fetch them tomorrow."

"Okay." He hangs up. That hurts too so I continue to cry. For Tsietsi, Sazi, Monde and my baby. The loss is unbearable.

