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PROLOGUE

I touched my belly and remembered that there was a small baby growing inside my womb. Instantly my dull mood improved and I felt warm and ecstatic. Just when I was about to walk out the bedroom door, my phone rang. My heart skipped a bit as I looked at the caller ID. The name looked surreal, and I had to actually blink a couple of times in case I was seeing things! Maybe he wanted to fix things I thought to myself. I grabbed my phone frantically and answered.

"Lorenzo?" I said almost in a whisper.

"Lorenzo... Ah you're so amazing. This feels goood. Damn I love you so so much..."

I heard a woman's voice on the other end of the call. Her moans rudely penetrated my ears, followed by a low groan of a man. I held the phone in my hand while I felt a bone shattering pang of pain attack my poor heart. I quickly hung up the phone, wanting to wipe those voices from my memory. However, tears had already started to well up in my eyes.

2

A few weeks later...

My alarm clock rings exactly at 05:30 AM and I'm instantly reminded of what day today is. It's my first day at college! I'll be attending at Motheo TVET College in Hillside View, doing Tourism And Hospitality Management.

Call it a family ritual or something, but my family and I pray either joined or individually first thing when we wake up every morning and every night before we go to bed. So after praying, thanking God for yet another day of life I got up and took a hearty bath and got ready for college. When I exit my bedroom door to go prepare some breakfast, I suddenly catch a whiff of coffee. Trust my mother to wake up at dawn every morning without fail to cook us some soft porridge! I was planning to treat her to some English breakfast for a change but she beat me to it. When I enter the kitchen, she's seated by the island's high chair sipping on her coffee.

"Morning mama?"

"Dumela tlhe ngwanake. Otsogile jang gompiano?" (Morning my baby. How are you today?) My mother's cheerful voice fills the room and I can't miss the 'proud mother smile' on her face.

"As ready as I can ever be. How did you sleep?"

"I'm very happy and so proud of you my sunshine. I can't believe you're now a college student! Just yesterday you were still on nappies, running around topless in the house, but today you're all grown up. I wish you all the best as you embark on your new journey." She says with tears pricking her eyes.

Ncoo mama bathong! 😞

"Thank you mama. You made today possible for me, your tears and sacrifices! I'll forever be indebted to you." I say wiping her eyes.

"You don't owe me anything mababy. I was just doing my duty as your mother. Now go make me even prouder to have mothered a child like yourself." She hugs me.

"Thank you so much mama."

I can't contain the excitement I feel right now. I'm so proud of myself to have come this far, to have been given the opportunity to go study and become something in this life. Where I'm from, it's very rare for a girl my age to be still in school and without a fatherless child. You see little girls being lured into life of parties, night clubs and all that immoral stuff by men old enough to be their fathers! These girls can't think of any other life than of basically being prostitutes! I can't blame them though, it's not their fault they were born and bred under such unhealthy society.

I made a promise to my father on his deathbed and to myself that I'm going to study and fight hard to be someone my

mother and brothers are going to be proud of. I'm going to be different from the rest. I'm not going to let the society I was born in dictate my future!

After I'm done dishing some soft porridge for myself

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I head to the living room where my best bomba (friend) Asanda is waiting for me.

Asanda Kolisi is my crazy Xhosa friend who is originally from eBhayi (Eastern Cape). She's 19 years of age. She's tall in height, have a petite body, and very dark in complexion. She's been teased, shamed and cyber bullied because of her dark skin, but she still did not want to change anything about it. She's the strongest girl I've ever seen and I admire her forever positive spirit! She's an individual who embraces their flaws, and knows they are beautiful regardless. Asanda is one true friend, I don't see myself best friends with anyone who's not Asanda Kolisi!

For me a definition of a true friend is someone honest, they will love you with no expectations or demands. A true friend is someone willing to walk wire for you, someone to build you up when your self-esteem is low. Someone who brings you down to earth when you get too carried away, someone who doesn't judge you! Asanda has been that and more to me. I love her to bits!

As I grew up, I had a glimpse of college life from my elder cousins, I was most curiously awaiting the day when I would finally start mine and today is the day. With my best friend by my side, I enter the campus with new hopes and aspirations. I'm glad to see that the college presents a new sight, it is quite different from what I have seen in and around my school. The campus is insanely big, the walls are so high, the buildings so tall... Wow! I've never seen such beauty in my entire life. There are kids all over, some are excited and some are nervous.

After about thirty minutes of exploring the campus we finally decide it's time to go to class but we can't find our way to it! I can't believe we just got lost on our freaking first day... How embarrassing! Catching a sight of an innocent, gentle looking

Coloured girl, we approach her and request her to show us the directions to our class. Lucky for us, the girl who identifies herself as Maurine is actually in the same class as us! Soon we get to our class but not before a large group of mean senior students approached us with an air of superiority. They ordered us to sing ridiculous songs, I mean come on. First year foolery is so 1954! 😊

My ego didn't allow me to do all the shit they are ordering us to do but being helpless before such a host of ruffians, I had to obey! After pestering us, they finally left us alone and we went to class.

During break Maurine asked to hang out together which we really did not have a problem with, we even went to buy some skhambane (bunny chows) together.

3

Six months later...

I've always been afraid of heights since I was a little girl, so I'm not setting a foot in an elevator. In these six months that I've been here, I've never used it once... stairway is my safest way. Asanda isn't here yet so I'm walking alone. I'm walking past a bunch of boys who are talking and laughing loudly, two of them are brawling. Typical. I'm nervous as hell but I don't want to show it. I try to keep my head held high which I fail dismally when I trip and fall. How clumsy of me. The boys stop whatever they are doing and look at me.

"Careful princess, or you'll hurt yourself." One of the boys says,

gesturing for me to grab on to his hand. I grab his hand and he helps me up. Oh God I'm so ashamed and these boys are looking at me like I've grown another head.

"Thank you. You're so kind." I said looking up to him, wtf!🙄🙄
This is the same hot guy from the pool, remember that day when we were at Asanda's house over seven months ago? Yeah

He smiles and licks his dry lips lustfully. Gosh did I just moan? I let go of his hand and dust myself off.

“We meet again Bonolo, right? I’m Asenathi, still remember me?.”

“Oh yeah the suspicious boy at the pool party Asanda hosted a few months ago!” I say, eager to leave really.

“Why would you call me suspicious?” He chuckles.

I can’t help but wonder what’s going on between him and Asanda because my friend has a boyfriend and they are very much in love.

“Are you and Asanda dating?” I bluntly ask Asenathi and he bursts into laughter. What the fuck?

“What makes you think that I’m dating my own cousin?”

“Huh!?” Saying I’m embarrassed would be an understatement! Asanda always talks about her Casanova cousin who I never met before! So the infamous Asenathi is actually Asanda’s cousin!

Small world indeed!

“My God! You must think I’m a psycho. I’m just a concerned friend, never mind me.” I say failing to make an eye contact with him.

“It’s ok. I’m glad I finally meet you alone.”

“Haibo! Have you been trying this whole time?” I ask wondering what is it about me that could possibly interest a handsome boy like him.

“You don’t wanna know! Can you give me your digits? I’d really love to speak with you when you’re not busy, say over the weekend?”

Hayibo! This guy bathong, WTF? Like hell I'm going to give him my numbers. The fact that he's cousins with my best friend doesn't change the fact that he's a total stranger to me.

"I don't give my numbers to strangers, so my answer is no!"

"Ouch"

"So Asenathi are you also a student here?" I ask, obviously changing the subject.

"Not really. I attended at UFS (University Of Free State) and I graduated last year November, I'm set to start my internship in two weeks from now at some law firm in town."

He says and I'm totally stunned! He is the kind I wouldn't mind hanging out with. He's smart! Think I'm going to give him my numbers after all!

"Wow so you're an advocate!?"

“Unbelievable, right?”

“So if you’re no student here, what are you doing here?” I ask

“I came to drop these for Sasa.” He says, pointing at the brown paper bag he’s carrying.

“Ok, so have you seen her yet?”

“No. Maybe you can save me a trip and deliver this to her instead.” He says handing me a paper bag.

“If you insist.”

Since I still have a few minutes left before my first class starts, I decide to just chat with this handsome Mr Advocate. He meets the criteria of a man of my dreams, except he’s light in complexion. He’s very tall, his body built but still lean. His eyes big, with blue irises, thick black brows and lashes.

His mouth pink, full and tender. His teeth wow...they are as white as the snow of Winterfell, in highly acclaimed series, *Game Of Thrones*! God surely took his time when he created this one. His hair cut short, neatly. Guys do you know a Hollywood star, *Michael Ealy*? This guy must be his identical twin or something. He'd make a great model with this kind of body. He's so pretty like a picture. When he smiles, gosh he reveals his brilliant white teeth leaving me completely mesmerized.

He's wearing a pair of black jeans, a white nike hoodie and white Air Force kicks. He has his black backpack on, I think it's also Nike. Is he a brand ambassador of Nike? He smells very good. He's got that fuck boy vibes.

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sans-serif; mso-fareast-font-family:Batang;mso-bidi-font-family:Dubai;color:black; mso-themecolor:text1">Jesus those lips are sexy, especially now that he's talking to me though I can't make out what he's saying... Oh my word! I must look like a fool right about now...

"Bow! Are you ok? Is there something wrong?"

BOW... Oh wow, I'm BOW now? I love the sound of that. The way he says it.

"What? No! Everything is fine. I'm just.. Wow! You're cousins with my best friend?"

"Unbelievable, right? So wenza ntoni wena?"

(What's your major?)

"Tourism And Hospitality Management."

"Great! So you want to pursue career in cuisine?"

"Not really. I want to see myself in aircraft industry, everything that's got to do with airplanes interests me. I already see myself as a flight attendant. Going from country to country, learning foreign languages. That's the path I wanna lead."

"Wow! Spoken like a true flight attendant. With so much passion you're going to go places." He says really, amazed.

“Yeah hey. One day I’ll make my mama proud. Listen, I gotta dash, my class is starting soon. So goodbye Ase , it was nice meeting you again. See you around.” I say turning around to go to my class but he stops me.

“Does it really have to be a goodbye? Because if you ask me, I’d really love to see you again.”

He says as he touches my cheek. I can’t help but flinch. There’s a conflict in my head, I’m fighting the urge to kiss him.

If he continues to look at me the way he is right now, I don’t think I’ll be able to resist him. There’s chemistry between us, I couldn’t leave even if I wanted to. There’s something pulling me back to

him, I swear I’m this close to crossing all the boundaries with him. God help me.

“Get your filthy hands off my man. Hood rat!”

Out of nowhere comes this ratchet girl and swears at me. Me? She must not know me. Nxa! Who does she think she is? I let go of Ase and turn to look at this raging bitch ready to attack me. She's very pretty, fair in complexion, long thin legs. She's wearing a skimpy skin tight white dress, a long nude blazer and high heels. Her weave must be a 22 inch, almost touching her small skinny ass. Her face heavily made up. She's walking very fast towards us, her skinny legs looking like they're about to

break. Lol! I'm not going to be intimidated by her, not by anyone for that matter. I feel a little underdressed compared to her. I'm wearing a denim bum short, a mustard floral crop top with matching sandals, my statement backpack on my back. My twisted braids are tied up in a messy bun.

"Gontse. Stop being so dramatic tu... obatlang?" [what do you want?] Asenathi asks, a little irritated.

"Kebatang? Really? You're sleeping with her already?" (What do I want? 🙄) She asks, clearly hurt.

What? Did she just say that? About me? The bitch doesn't even know me, what gives her any right to talk that way about me? I'm really in no mood to listen to such nonsense so I'm leaving for class.

"Bow wait up please. Gontse can you please leave me alone?"

"I really have to get going, my class is starting soon and besides, you and your girlfriend seem to have so much to talk about. See you around Ase." I say looking at Gontse who's fuming. She gives me a chilly stare. Oh well. 😞

"As for you Gontse or whoever you call yourself, I'm not dating your boyfriend, there's really no need for your wild assumptions."

"Of course you're not dating him! Babes, Asenathi doesn't date your likes and besides, I'm his woman. You on the other side, are this month's flavour. It won't be long till he grows tired of you and disposes of you like rubbish that you really are. That's what he does, sleep with every skank t"

Asenathi cuts her words by slapping her real hard across the face. Gontse's face turns red in an instant!

"Asenathi! 😱" Gontse cries out loud.

“Shut the fuck up! You will apologize now for all the Shit you just blabbed with your stinking mouth. Now!!!”

He says, furiously looking straight into her eyes. Not that I agree with men who physically abuse women, but Gontse asked for it, call me a monster, I don't care but I'm so happy Ase hit her.

“I will not apologise for speaking my mind. Nxa! Wena, you don't know me! This is only the beginning.” She says pointing at me.

“Stop making a fool out of yourself, It's over between us, has been for a while now. Ever heard of the word decency?” He says throwing his hands dramatically in the air.

What does she even mean the likes of me? This skinny bitch must not try me, really. I'm known for my low tolerance for bullshit, right now I'm fighting the urge to smacking the hell out of her flat skinny ass. I don't know the bitch, she doesn't know me also why disrespect me in such a way? Who said I was sleeping with her boyfriend, or whatever

Asenathi is to her? I'm gonna teach this bitch a lesson, she doesn't know me. I'm going to date Asenathi so she'll die of heart attack. I want to date him mainly to spite Gontse. I'm going to show her that “the likes of me” can dethrone her skinny ass. Asenathi will be mine!

4

Makgosi

This is the story of how Bonolo came to be... Well it was a habit of mine to visit my sister Boitshwarelo during school holidays, especially winter and festive holidays. My sister lived in Bloemfontein and worked as a matron at Bloem Gen.

One Saturday afternoon, Diketso and I went out to see a concert in town. Diketso was my good friend who lived front opposite of my sister's house, we were pretty close.

It was during month end and so the town was really packed, taxis and cars honking bells left, right and centre. As we were walking, squeezing our tiny bodies through the roaring crowd, I dropped my sling bag. When I bent down to retrieve the bag someone beat me to it! A dark skinned handsome boy with very striking looks. He stared at me for a moment without blinking and then handed me the bag. I stood up and he did too. Good Lord! He was so tall, I would have had to stand on top of the mountain to match his height! I looked up to look at

him and his hazel brown eyes were glowing down at me, burning through my soul. He was the most handsome boy I had ever seen, not even the Prince I was promised to back home could measure up.

“Hi. I’m Moeketsi, what’s your name?!” He said smiling at me and continued to stare at me like I had something on my face.

“ Hey Moeketsi, you can call me Lee. My name is Lina. Pleased to meet you. AND thanks for this.” I said pointing at my bag.

“It’s a pleasure Lina.”

So the boy had a name! As the words left his heavy upper-lipped mouth, I swear all I wanted was to jump straight into his arms. All I wanted was to taste his seemingly soft lips and to feel the warmth of his hands on my skin. I was in a daze and did not hear him calling me. The next thing I felt was a pat on my

shoulder. It was a small gesture but it sure burned my skin with desire. I felt a spark when his skin contacted mine and surprisingly I was not hating it at all.

“Lee you alright?” he said shaking me softly and that instantly snapped me out of my unholy thoughts and my face turned red with embarrassment, I must’ve looked like a love struck teenager!! 🤔😊

“I’m good thanks. Uhm, listen I have to go, my friend is probably waiting for me.” I said as my eyes scanned around for Diketso.

When my eyes landed on hers, Diketso was ANNOYED! She gave me a WTF look with her hands on her tiny waist.

“Do you really have to go?” He asked as if pleading with me not to go, but I had to.

“I do. It was nice meeting you Moeketsi.” I told him and suddenly, he reached for my wrist, blocking me to take another step.

When our skin contacted AGAIN, I felt a strong force of power pulling me close to his chest. I placed my head on his heaving chest and listened to his heart that was pumping too fast. He put his arms around me and it felt like heaven. I knew right then that I was whipped.

My name is Lina Dikobe, (Makgosi Moledi by marriage.) I grew up in a small village just outside of Zeerust, North West. I come from a very traditional family. My father Rre Mothupi, was a farmer and had lots of chickens and pigs that he used to sell. Since I had no brothers, my elder sister and I would change turns to feed our father’s pigs and chickens. We never lacked anything, my father made sure we had everything we needed.

One day, when I was only 15 years old I think, I attended a royal wedding. I was among a group of girls who were dancing and entertaining the guests. As we were dancing the king suddenly stopped the music and demanded to know who my father was. When my father emerged from the crowd, the king then declared his wishes to marry me off to his youngest son, Prince Kgosietsile when I came of age that is. My father was very happy and proud of his little girl to have been noticed by the king himself! I was also happy, it was every girl's dream in my village to marry royalty and I was going to be queen one day.

One Saturday the king came to my father's house personally to bring mahadi (lobola). It was official and traditionally I was Kgosietsile's wife, I was just waiting to reach a certain age so I could move to the royal house and carry out my duties as the royal wife and daughter-in-law.

After that fateful Saturday I changed from being a simple daughter of a mere commoner to a respected girl promised to a Prince. Most, if not all the girls in my village envied me, I mean who wouldn't? I was marrying a Prince for heaven's sake! The villagers, old and young would bow down their heads in respect upon seeing me like I was a royalty of some sort.

When I reached nineteen, the elders of both families decided it was time the Prince and I got married and I couldn't be more happier. Kgosietsile unlike his brothers, was very kind and such a humble soul, I had no doubt whatsoever that he would make a great husband and a loving father to our kids. He was so easy to love. I loved him and was very ready to be his for eternity until... well Moeketsi came along!

After 'our meeting' we decided to continue seeing each other, much to Boitshwarelo's disapproval. My visits to my sister's house were always the best, but this one in particular was the most special and when it was time for me to go back home my heart bled.

My little honeymoon phase with Moeketsi was now over and it was back to reality... My reality was Kgosietsile and to tell you the truth, I was never ready!

On that Tuesday night, my sister was working night shift and I was home alone. I remember I struggled to fall asleep, thinking about Moeketsi. The next day I would be leaving and the future

of our relationship was uncertain. I cried my eyes to sleep that night only to wake up again an hour later to my phone ringing. It was him! I couldn't bring myself to answer the phone, I was too powerless to even try.

After leaving about six missed calls he sent an sms; *"Love is everything ok? I'm calling you but you won't pick up."*

Was everything ok? *sigh* Fuck if I didn't hate my life right that moment! With tears streaming down my cheeks, blurring my eyes I took my phone off the headboard and called him.

"I want to see you. Please!" My voice was breaking. Judging by the way Moeketsi breathed heavily, he must've sensed I was crying.

"I'll pick you up just now." He ended the call and I got dressed quickly. A few minutes later my phone beeped and it was Moeketsi telling me he was outside already.

He was driving his Nissan 300ZX. When we met he was already working at the bank. He had his own car and was renting a flat at some complex in Bloemfontein. He opened the door for me and I climbed in. He looked deep in my eyes, his eyes were tearing.

“I love you Lina! Damn I love you my beautiful Tswana princess.”

By the time he finished saying those words his tears were falling nonstop, breaking my heart even more. This was the first time since we had started dating that he had told me that he loved me, and I felt overwhelmed by it. We loved each other but I was marrying another man, the man I was not in love with! Life was not fair. Even after he had confessed his love for me, still I had no heart to tell him that I was getting married, it would break his heart. How was I going to tell my own father that I no longer wanted to marry the Prince? My father was so proud, so happy that I was soon going to marry a royalty, imagine if I told him that I loved someone else! This would surely shatter him and I was not having it.

“I love YOU my Sotho Prince. With or without a crown, you’re my Prince.” We shared a brief kiss and drove off.

“Sis I’m fine really, stop worrying. Tomorrow I’ll go home and just like a good girl, I’ll marry Prince Kgosietsile and make papa happy!”

I said to my sister who had called me for the millionth time already, demanding assurance that I was really going to marry the man I did not love. Life!

After the call, I headed back to the bedroom and Moeketsi was not there. I heard the sound of water splattering and I assumed he was taking a bath. I bussied myself on my phone, fighting the urge to join him in there. A moment later he emerged from the bathroom door with a white bath towel wrapped

around his waist. His upper body was dripping wet... Sexy, attractive and dashing all rolled up into one! He was simply irresistible.

I heard myself swallowing a gulp of my own saliva! Good Lord 🙏. Damn I was so blessed and highly favoured to have a boyfriend like him. When he caught me watching I cleared my throat and looked away, but not before I could see him smirking. Fool!

I busied myself by scrolling through my phone. As I was busy replying to a text sent by Diketso, Moeketsi came and stood in front of me.

I stopped typing and turned my face to look at him, and there he was in his birthday suit! Saying I was shocked would be an understatement. Before that day, I had never seen a naked man ever! No matter how hard I tried, my eyes kept darting to his shaft, which was very huge by the way!

“Moeketsi I-“

He kissed me and I just melted. The moment he started touching me, my breasts felt like they were in the world of their own and I felt my clit twitch in excitement. The next thing I was tossed to bed with Moeketsi's knee between my thighs. I felt all sorts of shivers all over my body and I couldn't stop the moans that left my mouth. Moeketsi was touching me everywhere, awakening all my deepest desires, gosh his hands on my skin felt so good.

“Keke I need to tell you something.” Without any warning my voice rang! Moeketsi cursed through his breath and abruptly stopped kissing me. His eyes were bloodshot red.

“What is it you want to tell me love?” his voice was low and a flash of concern was evident in his eyes.

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Here we go! “Uhm.. I... I’m-“ I stuttered.

“It’s ok love. Tell me, what’s the matter?”

“I’ve never slept with a man before!” I blabbed, looking anywhere but at him.

“I know.” He said smirking.

“And you’re ok with it? You do realize that I don’t have any experience whatsoever when it comes to sex?”

“I don’t care. I myself will teach you all there is you need to know. I want to be your first.”

As though he would change his mind, I took off all my clothes and was butt naked in a matter of seconds.

When we woke up the following morning, it was dawn already. I woke Moeketsi up so he could take me to my sister’s house before she knocked off. While Moeketsi quickly put on his clothes I made the bed so long. A blood stained sheet caught my eye, I was no longer a little girl, I was a woman!

When I missed my periods a few weeks after my encounter with Moeketsi, I thought it was nothing and didn’t think much about it until the same thing happened again the next month. Then I knew shit had hit the fan, my father was surely going to murder me! I kept my little secret to myself till I started showing. One morning while I was still lying in bed my mother pushed my bedroom door open.

Her eyes were teary. She sat beside me on my bed and asked who the father was.

“Ma?” She knew, probably my father did too. Oh Lord... Suddenly I couldn't breath. How was I going to face my parents after this?

“Oska ikira stlaela, witsi sentle hore ke bolela ka eng!” (don't act dumb, you know very well what talking about!)

“Mama kopa maitshwarelo tlhe, gape enese maikemisetso ame go le disappoiter wena le papa.” (Please forgive me, it was never my intention to disappoiter you and father.)

“But you did anyway!” She threw me a chilly stare and turned to look the other way.

“The king has summoned you to the palace first thing tomorrow morning.” She released a deep sigh.

“He knows, doesn’t he?” Somehow I already knew the answer to that question.

“He does, and so is everyone in the village.”

“I know it won’t change anything but Im sorry mama.”

“Its ok. Your father and I were talking, so we think it’s best if you leave Moshana (the village) to live with your sister in Bloemfontein while we try and figure out what we will do next to get out of the sticky situation. We need to protect you, otherwise the king will kill you!” She said with teary eyes.

“I hope the boy who got you in this mess is really worth it!”

In the middle of the night when no one could see us, we sneaked out of the house and my father started loading all my stuff in the trunk of his car. I knew my parents were only doing what they thought was best but their plan was a dangerous one. The consequences of fleeing me, the most wanted by the king, were surely going to be dire for both of them!

As the car made its way out of my parents yard, I swear I felt like my heart had been ripped out of my chest. I looked back at my shattered mother who had her hands clamped over her mouth, wailing painfully. It killed me to see her in that state, especially because I was responsible for her misery. My eyes burned with tears and I just let them fall without even attempting to wipe them.

In the car my father was aqua silent, he drove absentmindedly. I tried talking to him but he ignored me till I got tired. It was going to be the long 5 hour drive!!!

I felt a pat on my shoulder and suddenly my eyes fluttered open. It was my father.

“Don’t you want to use a ladies room?.”

I scanned the surroundings of where we were and I realised we were at the gas station. I got up and went inside, and when I was done I headed back to the

car. My father handed me a plastic bag full of goodies. He must have done a little shopping while I was still in a loo.

“Kea leboga papa.”

“Eat up child!” He said and smiled briefly.

“I’m sorry papa.”

“Not now Lina!” He threw me a warning look but that did not stop me.

“Please just listen to me. That’s all I ask!”

He nodded!

“I’m deeply sorry. I know you and mama didn’t want this, and it’s not what I wanted either. I didn’t want to be pregnant so young, but I am. I disobeyed your wishes of waiting till marriage to have sex. I guess I got carried away, and I hurt you in the process. You have to deal with the consequences of my decision too, and I know that isn’t fair to you.”

I wiped my palms that were soaked in my sweat. I was nervous as hell!

“It’s not fair to you too Lina! You’re only a child, you should be out playing with other children not fleeing the village with a swelling belly!”

His voice was loud.

“This ‘swelling belly’ as you refer to it, is housing your grandchild papa!”

“My grandchild? Are you even listening to what you are saying little girl? *Onagana ngwana ke pap en vleis my kind?*”

“I know raising a child is no child’s play, especially for a little girl like me but I am pregnant papa and there’s no going back! The least you can do is give me a break, I’m under a lot of stress as it is!”

I was in no mood to debate with my father really, so I kept my mouth shut and looked out the window.

Onagana ngwana ke pap en vleis my kind? My father’s words echoed in my mind.

Was I ready to have a baby? What if Moeketsi wanted nothing to do with me or the baby, what then? #Sigh!

“I just want you to know what you are getting yourself into *mosetsana, ga ke lwe le Wena tlhe.*” (I’m not fighting with you)

“Well it sure feels like it!”

“I know and I’m sorry. I know I’ve been tough on you these past weeks, it’s just hard for me to accept that my little girl is not so little anymore!” His eyes were shiny as he said.

“I’m sorry.” I said sincerely.

He buckled his safety belt and we left.

“So tell me, how do you feel?” He said looking at me in rearview mirror. I was sitting at the back.

“I’m scared papa, what if Moeketsi does not want anything to do with me or the baby? What would become of me then?”

“The question should be what would become of him should he run? No daughter of mine will be humiliated by a boy. Never!”
He said dead serious.

“Bathong papa!”

A few days later my father drove back to Zeerust. One day him and mama called to inform us that the king had demanded five cows for the damages and disrespect we caused his family. My father had to sell his pigs so he could raise money to buy the cows.

I told Moeketsi that I was expecting his baby and he was happy!
A few months

later, he sent his uncles to my house to ask for my hand in marriage and my father agreed! The date for mahadi negotiations was set...After mahadi we went to the department of home affairs where we officially got married.

A few weeks after we had married I have birth to a bouncy and beautiful baby girl. Moeketsi named her Bonolo and I named her Tshegofatso Moledi. When Bonolo turned 6 months, we moved from Moeketsi's parents house to our new house in River Lea, Bloemfontein.

BONOLO

Before he could leave, Asenathi apologised for Gontse's harsh behaviour towards me. He told me Gontse was a bitter ex who couldn't leave him alone. I mean who could? This guy is super hot yoh. Although he didn't have to, I was glad he explained himself to me. I gathered he's coloured, that explains his blue eyes. His mother, who is Asanda's father's twin sister married a white man.

At break Asanda, Maureen and I went to buy ourselves fold-over meals at McDonald's. There's always been Asanda and I but now we're joined by Maureen.

"Oh Sasa before I forget, I bumped into Asenathi this morning and he said to give this to you." I said reaching for my backpack to take out the paper bag.

Asanda's eyes widen. "You've met Asenathi?"

"Yeah and he's hot yoh!"

“He’s bad news. Please stay away from him.” She says looking all kinds of serious.

“I’m not gonna date the guy, I just find him attractive and that’s all. Jeez!”

After my classes were done for the day, I took a taxi home. I found my mother cooking. My mom’s name is Lina. As you all know, I’m the first born child, after me are my two brothers, Kgosi who’s in matric and Ntsane who’s in Grade 6. Kgosi is a bit of an introvert, he rarely talks about himself. However most people think that he’s a terrific conversationalist since he always steers the conversation so that other people wind up talking about themselves.

Ntsane’s personality is kind of complex. He takes a lot of time to get used to new people before he feels comfortable with them. He’s very quiet and reserved. Once he gets to know you, he’s a completely different person, he’s sarcastic, outspoken and silly. He’s academically smart.

He says he wants to be a scientist when he grows up. He's very cute even in his charcoal dark complexion, which he inherited from our late father. Kgosi is fair skinned and a splitting image of our mother. He's tall and has broad shoulders and his voice very deep. Plus ha itebale ale moholo (He behaves like an adult). With our father gone, he's resumed the duties of the man of the house. 😊😊 We get along like house on fire. He's my best friend. I talk with him things I would never talk about with Asanda though she's my actual best friend.

“Dumela mama, o hlotse jwang? (Good afternoon mama, how was your day?)

“Hello mababy my day was good, and yours? ” She retrieves a towel that's hung behind the kitchen's door and wipes her hands.

“I had the most trying day of my life but I'd rather not get into it.”

As much as I share everything with my mother, I'm not going to tell her about today. Some things are better left as they are!

"Ok my angel kea go utlwa, just know I'm here whenever you want to talk." (I hear you)

"I know mama and thank you."

I pour myself a glass of water from the dispenser and head to bedroom to put my bag and change into comfortable clothes so I can help mom in the kitchen.

She is cooking pap, moroho and chicken stew. My mom works at the hotel as a front desk supervisor. The highest grade she obtained is matric, she couldn't further her studies as she fell pregnant with me. We grew up with my siblings struggling a lot financially. It's better now because mama is working, it hasn't been that long though, since she started working, it's barely two years. But now there's a huge difference, our house is expanded and fully furnished. I've got my own room, my own space. Even Kgosi has an outside room.

Now we have a plasma TV, no old fashioned TV for us anymore. Last week we installed DSTV... Levels. Our new fridge is way bigger and nicer. The curtains are also replaced with elegant ones, the old ones were so torn. Poverty at it's best. We had no fancy clothes, we used to wear rags. We'd always go to school having eaten soft porridge for breakfast. My mama would secretly cry sometimes. Her and my father used to quarrel a lot over money because he'd rather spend it on booze than buying us food.

We're seated in the living room watching *The River* on Mzansi Magic. We've had our supper and as usual it was lovely. I'm so tired, my day was very tiring today, with Ase and his trashy girlfriend

or whatever she is to him. I can't help but miss him, it's as if I could see him. Hayi let me go rest tomorrow is another day.

"Bathong goodnight. I'm going to bed, I'm so tired." (Goodnight guys) I announce.

“Hawo ngwanake!. Are you that tired?” (My child) Mama asks, a little concerned.

“Yoh mama, you don’t wanna know. My day was long and tiring.” I say yawning.

All I want is a nice sleep. I’m not bathing tonight shem, ngeke ngaphela. (Never)

“Ok mababy but before you go to bed, come let’s pray.”

rolling my eyes I said; “Ok mama.”

I told you it was a family thing! My mom is your typical born again Christian. She always puts God first, whether in pain or happiness. I admire her spirit, her devotion to God. Wish she could pass that onto me.

I drifted off to sleep in a matter of seconds. Didn’t even have time to read or at least reply to my WhatsApp texts. I dreamt of my father busy warning me against boys.

“Don’t be fooled Tshego,(that’s short for my middle name Tshegofatso.) beware, be vigilant... moshemane hase ngwana mmao.(Boys will hurt you.) They have sugary tongues I know, they’ll promise you heaven and earth and all those things just to get in your pants.Take it from your father my baby, I was once a boy. Boys are cruel, even the ones you think are harmless. Just be careful, promise me you’ll be extra careful? Promise...”

I woke up covered in sweat, tried to catch my breath. I couldn’t stop grunting and gasping. It felt so real like he was indeed there in my room. I got out of bed and lit a candle there at the corner of my room where I usually call upon my ancestors which is normally

known as ho phahla in Sotho. Yeah I do that. I believe in bonkgono le bo ntate moholo (ancestors.) I phahla very often, to connect with them so they can show me light and protect me from all the evils of this world. So I phahlad and after I went to bed.

Woke up early in the morning, feeling very good and optimistic to start a new day. I went to the bathroom and fixed my bath,

washed my teeth and when I was done I went back to my room, applied my body butter and was done in a bit. Still wrapped in my bath towel I went to wake Kgosi up. This child though, he likes his sleep very much. Orobala letsatsi le mo chabele ka dibonong, (he likes sleeping in) so my father would say. 😊😊😊

I got to his room and as always he's still fast asleep.

“Kgosi tsoha monna it's time to take a bath. Kay?” (man)

Kay; *Snoring*

This boy though, I swear I'm gonna sprinkle him with cold water yoh. I always tell him to set an alarm clock so it'll be easier for him to wake up on his own, I can't babysit him forever. He's 17 years old for heaven's sake. A few seconds later I'm back with a glass of water in hand. I start sprinkling the water on him.

“Kay tsoha man.” (Hey wake up)

“What the hell man? Nolo odirang mara? I'm up geez!!!” (What are you doing?)

I'm the only one who speaks Sesotho in this house, my siblings love our mother's tongue more than our father's...

"Tsamo hlapa. What kind of a deep sleeper father are you going to be to your kids? Hayi man wa tena wena..."

(Go and bath)

He chuckles "What's with drama this early in the morning though? Can you chill out a bit? Thank you."

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"Ha ha ha very funny."

I went back to my room to look for something to wear. After tossing everything out of the wardrobe, I finally settled for my bleached, ripped boyfriend jeans, a black, with a touch of lace bodysuit and my black All Star canvases. I decided not to tie my braids today, I just left them hanging.

I applied some face powder just for control and my mahogany #17 matte lipstick from Signature. I looked at myself in the

mirror and I looked absolutely stunning. When I got to the campus, I couldn't stop looking around hoping to see Mr Advocate. I couldn't believe how much I missed him. I didn't have his tens otherwise I would've called him. I made my way to the stairway cases.

Just when I was about to approach them, I felt a pat on my shoulder. I turned to see who it was. Oh my gosh it was Ase. I don't know what happened but I was in his arms, embracing him like my life depended on it. Luckily he reciprocated the hug.

"Missed me much?" He asked grinning like a fool. 😊😁

"You don't wanna know."

"You've come to see Sasa again?"

"Not really. I came only hoping to see you!"

"What did you tell the security at the gate,? Won't you get into trouble?"

"I have my ways and relax, I won't get into any trouble. Bow wami."

"I'm not yours. 😊"

"Yet. You will be mine, or my name isn't Asenathi Mentjies."

“Cocky much?” I asked blushing.

He smiled revealing his beautiful set. I still couldn't get used to how his teeth were so white, how neat he was. He seemed like a good boy, but even the good boys can be players, take this one for example. One doesn't need to have

to super powers to know he's a player of note, 'fuck boy' is written all over his face. But that didn't make me crush on him less. I found myself so drawn to him and I didn't care if he didn't love me and only wanted to fuck me, hell that's what I wanted. I just wanted a little bit of him, even if it was only scraps, as long as I could have a taste of him. Who's interested in love anyway? Love is overrated.

“But jokes aside joe. I like you Bow, a lot. But I'm sure you've noticed, I'm not very good at concealing how I feel.” He says, snapping me out of my daydream.

“Is that your best line to get into a girl's pants? So cliché.”

“Your fierce spirit is what hardens my cock every time I think of you.” He says bluntly. Bathong!

“Every time?”

“Yes. Ever since I saw you visiting Sasa, I think it was on New Year's eve last year. I wanted to speak to you but couldn't. I was afraid you'd reject me...” WTF?

“Why would I do that?”

“I don’t know, I thought maybe you’d think that I’m not good enough for you.”

He says shrugging.

“There’s no such thing as perfection in this life. We all make mistakes, it’s up to us whether we learn from those mistakes or not... I for one, am not perfect. I’ve done things...things I’m not proud of.

“You’re so matured. For someone your age, those words are so wise, powerful even. I want to be just like you when I grow up. *He chuckled*”

“And you’re so smart yourself. I normally don’t hang out with guys your age because of their level in maturity but with you it’s different, a whole lot better. You’re so wise, I sometimes forget that you’re only 23.”

He just smiled shyly and pursed his lips.

“Shit! I have to be somewhere in the next thirty minutes. I must dash. Can you eat lunch with me, please?” he said, giving me a hug.

“Bow I’m at the gate. Can you come out?”

That is a whatsApp text from Ase. We're meeting for lunch as per our agreement. Without wasting my time I stand up, gather my things and go out to meet the handsome Mr Advocate. When I get to the gate, it doesn't take me long to spot him leaning by a car. Not just any car, an Audi what what, I don't know the model though.

I've never been very good with cars. I approach and he unlocks it. Wait, what? Ase's got a car! He opens the door for me and goes to the driver's side. My gosh, I can't help but check him out. His butt is so scrumptious in that black skinny jeans he has on. I know I said I don't date light skinned guys, fuck that! Did you hear me? Fuck that!!!

He looks so sexy right now with his one hand on steering wheel and the other entwined with mine on his thigh. My poor clit be throbbing painfully.

"These are dope wheels you've got." I tell him, after I buckled a safety belt.

"Thanks hey. My mom bought it for me as a graduation present."

He must come from a very rich family to have been awarded with such a car. I can't help but feel so small all of a sudden. I've never dated a cheese boy before, and I never wished to really but this one I kinda like.

"Hey. What's wrong? I'm still the same guy..." he says, caressing my cheek

"I know."

"Where would you like to eat? I want to treat you..."

"I'm craving Spur."

"Spur it is then."

CHAPTER SIX

So it's been 3 months since that day we drove to Harrismith. We are now officially girlfriend and boyfriend. Everything has been so rosy since he declared his love for me, well not all rosy with Gontse always trying to sabotage us. Last week she had her friends follow me to the toilets to beat me up in hopes that I would leave Asenathi alone.

Fortunately for me, Maureen was with me and she told the bitches where to get off. When I told Asenathi he was furious and confronted Gontse about it, who in response told my boyfriend to tell me that she would get me one way or the other. Like I really care about her

ass! Her threats do not mean a thing as long as I have Asenathi in my possession.

I know not so long ago I said that I didn't care if Asenathi did not love me and only wanted to have sex with me, and at the time I was being honest but as of late all that has changed! I know it may sound absurd, crazy even but I think I'm in love

with him. I've tried too hard to ignore it but I can't take it anymore. I just wish I could read his thoughts, that way I'd know for sure how he feels about me.

I hate not knowing, it freaks the hell out of me and the last thing I need right now is to be heartbroken by a boy. I thought I was smarter than this, I mean falling in love. Love weakens people and being weak isn't in my vocab.

Asanda has warned me about Ase, said I must be careful as his cousin is a Casanova. I know she only wants what's best for me and for that I shall forever be grateful but I love her cousin. Our friendship runs very deep and we care about each other deeply, if she was in the same situation I know I'd behave the way she is. We are both in Tourism And Hospitality Management, after we graduate from college we are going to Aviation academy for air hostess training. We are going to take the world together like a flock of the same feathers we really are.

I'm meeting Ase for lunch today It's Saturday morning and I can't wait to see him. I haven't seen him in like a week. This past week has been ridiculously busy with the exams

approaching. I start cleaning the house, washing last night's dishes and laundry. Mama will take the washing off the line once it's dry shem, I've got a lunch to prepare for. And oh she knows about my relationship with Ase, we share almost everything so she doesn't have a problem really. She's just like any other parent concerned, you know how it goes, no sex before marriage, no visits at a boy's house and sleepovers are prohibited. So since I'm an obedient girl, I'm of course going to play by mommy dearest's rules!

After taking a nice long bath, I feel so refreshed. Yesterday I went to the salon to plait my hair, straight up is what I could come up with. And it's very good, this Ghanaian lady sure knows her way when it comes to hair. So I apply my face powder, apply mascara and eyeliner and complete my look with a Mac matte red lipstick that Asanda bought me. I'm dressed in my white bandeau top, my black ripped high waisted jeans are rather too hugging if you know what I mean. I'm wearing my gold necklace with matching gold studs. I have my black thong sandals on, and my white sling bag is draped over my shoulder. I look and feels stunning.

“Girlfriend.” Ase says as he sees me approaching.

“You look breathtakingly hot, do you know that?”

“Boyfriend! You don’t look bad yourself, in fact you look dapper in those tight jeans you have on. Mmm!”

“Mara baby, how am I expected to behave around you when you look this hot? If it were up to me, I’d take you to a hotel and fuck your brains out.”

I’ve never met someone so blunt before! He’s a straight talker of note, his mouth always talking a lot of dirt. And I love that!

“Gosh Ase, have you always been this foul mouthed? 😊😊😊
Hayi ndiyakuvuma sana!”

He just chuckled and went to the passenger seat to open the car for me.

In about 25 minutes we were in Bloemfontein CBD. We went to some fancy restaurant and had our lunch there. The food there was lovely and so was the whole set-up. He gave me a red rose, ncoo how mushy, I'm not really that type of a girl who likes being given flowers but his I kind of like!. After we were done having lunch, we went to Sports scene store and we were supposed to be just looking and all of sudden motho :

"I love this jeans, its beautiful and I think it would look even more beautiful on you, what do you think?"

He says pointing at this lovely Red Bat jeans he's got in his hand. Wow! I go for a price tag and it's R800.00. Soze shem!

"It's lovely babe but it's super expensive ...I can't afford that."

"Don't worry about the price, it's my treat. Come let's find matching tees for us..."

This guy though! We go and find matching tees, both white and printed in navy blue. He buys Nike Roshe (red in colour) for

himself and we go to pay points to pay. After that we head to the car, guess it's time for us to go back home. Day well spent indeed, with bae buying me two Red bat tees and a pair of jeans. He also wanted to buy me sneakers but I declined. I don't wanna come across as a gold-digger. I was raised well.

It's a little after 17:00 when we arrive in Mangaung. Ase wants to drive me home before he goes to his house in Willows... and I don't want to go back yet, but I don't know how I'm going to break that to him. I think it's about the damn time we took our relationship to the next level. It's been over 3 months already 90-day trial is over, aowa!

You know we live in a male dominated society where we as women are still afraid, ashamed even to be the ones to initiate sex. I'm no exception in this matter... I want Ase so much right now but I'm scared, what if he says no? Or even worse, what if he thinks I'm loose? I'm engulfed with the fear of being rejected more than anything else. But then again life is all about taking risks, right? If he rejects me so be it. Why should one be ashamed of what they feel?

“Baby how about we go past your place first to chill out a bit and take me home later on?”

“Really baby? I wanted to ask you such, I wasn’t sure you’d agree...” he says

“How I love it when we think alike, been contemplating on whether to ask you or not.” I say, feeling relieved.

“You shouldn’t be scared of asking me anything love, anything at all.”

“Anything?” I ask looking him dead in the eyes. He smiles mischievously and nods.

“Would you find me hussy if I asked you to make me yours tonight? If I asked you to show me how you fuck, if I asked you to be the one I lose my virginity to?”

“Stop talking before I lose control and kill us both.” He gasps and stops the car in the middle of the street.

“I want you to lose control WITH me. Fuck me real hard until I beg you to stop.”

I say touching him and he jerks, suddenly his dick bulges, poking through his pants.

He gets out of the car. I sit right where I am, frozen. What in the world just happened? Why did he freak out like that? I’m so baffled by his behaviour, I don’t want to lie. What am I supposed to do?

A few minutes later I open the door and go to where he’s leaned his torso.

“Baby what’s wrong? Talk t-“ He cuts my words.

“I’m a jerk, I don’t deserve you. I’m so unworthy of your innocence.” He says puffing cigarettes.

What? What's he on about?

“Nonsense!”

“You don't know half the things I used to do before I met you, things that are so repulsing. I'm not the right guy for you.” He says as his eyes drop to my red-lipped mouth and he gasps.

“If you think you're not the right guy for me then why are we even here?” I ask him.

“Don't you get it Bow, I'm going to ruin you, that's pretty much what I end up doing to every single girl I get involved with.” He says looking at me and I can't help but burn for him even more.

“I'll take the risk!”

“You don't know what you're saying.”

“Oh yes I am! Look Asenathi there’s no such thing as perfection in this world, I for one am not perfect. I’ve also done things I am not proud of and believe me when I say I don’t care about your past. I’m rather interested in your presence and as for you ruining everything you touch, I guess it makes me and you both. So let’s ruin each other.”

He comes and stands in front of me. He’s too close I could literally hear him drawing his breathe in and out. I can’t help the groan that just escaped my throat, especially looking at him at this close range. His lips are trembling, gosh! He swallows hard, his eyes locked into mine. At this point nothing matters but us. I’m looking at him, hungry for him, craving his touch, my tits are swollen and hard, poking through the bandeau top I’m wearing. He looks at them and I feel his dick poking on my belly. Fuck!

My clit is throbbing painfully, it hurts.

“You’re too good. I don’t wanna hurt you.”

“Then don’t!”

“I don’t have the energy nor the spirit to fight this, the urge to kiss you senseless and to fuck you till you beg me to stop...”

I swallow hard, fighting the tension I feel right between my legs. I could feel my panties soaked wet. I can’t no more! Without a warning I seal my lips over his and kiss him hungrily, passionately. He kisses me back with the same extent. Everything happened so fast, we were panting and gasping and the next thing his hands are inside my panties while his index and middle fingers are thrusting hard inside my pussy. I can’t describe what I’m feeling right about now, nothing compares to this.

It’s so goood, so freakin' good. I feel so intoxicated, intoxicated by him, by his fingers doing things to my pussy. The sounds he makes as he strokes my clit, Jesus come and save me. What am I saying? I don’t need no saving from this. My knees are so wobbly, tension building up inside me. In a matter of seconds I come undone calling Ase's name. He takes out his fingers and suck on my juices like it’s the most delicious thing in the whole world.

“Sweet! I can’t wait to eat you up like a cupcake. To insert my big cock inside that little cunt of yours.”

“Cant wait either. Wish that time could be now.” I say pouting.

“What’s the rush when we’ve got all the time in the world? Come let’s drive you home.” He says, guiding me inside the car.

“I can’t believe you just made me come in the middle of the street!” I say adjusting my jeans.

“Damn you make me crazy.” He pecks my forehead.

“Thank you for the most explosive orgasm I’ve ever had.”

“Don’t you mean your first orgasm? 🙄”

I hit him playfully on his shoulder and he runs away. I chase after him, he trips and falls facing the sky.

I lay on top of him, looking him in his eyes. He kisses me with so much passion I feel my panties soak all over again.

“I love you Bonolo Moledi.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

So today marks exactly 2 months since that fateful day, where I got my first orgasm. So today, Wednesday 14 July is the day I get to make love to him for the first time, nothing gives me greater joy. Today I don't have classes only an assignment I have to submit but I'll do that later. Ase will be here soon to get me. I jump out of bed to take a shower fast. It's cold yoh, I've been in bed the whole morning. My mom is at work, Kgosi and Ntsane are both at school. So I'm home alone.

After taking a shower I put on my black lacy matching panties and bra. I look absolutely sexy, wow! I then put on my black thick socks, navy blue Addidas tracksuit that my mom got me last month on my birthday, and my Nike kicks. It's very cold outside so I put on my beanie and gloves. A few minutes later, Ase was busy honking outside. I went out, locked up and put the keys at our hiding spot and left with Ase. As usual he opened the door for me, a pure gentleman this one.

"Hello boyfriend. I missed you." I say as I peck his lips, they are so soft and delicious.

“Girlfriend, how are you? I missed you more.”

I can't help but smile upon remembering what day it is today. Today I leave my home a girl and will come back a woman. Ase's woman. I'm turned on already by the thought of him fucking my brains out like he said he would. I'm so impatient right now, I'm asking myself; 'Kanti re fihla neng vele?'

“Let's start at KFC first to get some food. I didn't cook.” In my head I'm like it's fine babe I'm not hungry for food. I want you.

“Ok my love. It's fine.”

Wow! Asenathi is one hell neat guy I've ever come across. His room is spotless, well collected. The flooring is dark brown wood and so are the ornaments. There's a bookshelf, a desk and an office chair on one side and a three-seater sofa on the other. Both headboard and dressing table are in white colour. The super white drape is slightly open. Everything is packed so

nicely. It's so spacious, it's literally my room times 3. His king sized sleigh bed is neatly made in black and white bedding. There's a walk-in closet and there's a door over there I assume it leads to the en-suit bathroom.

There are portraits that are perfectly hung on the wall, there's a big post of Kendrick Lamar just over the bed. Asenathi closes the window and puts on the heater. He takes off his shoes and puts them away in the closet.

He wears his morning slippers instead. In a matter of a few minutes, its nice and warm In the room.

"Babe are you good? Aren't you cold?" he asks rubbing my arm.

"I'm good love. Really." I reply.

"What do you wanna watch? Here."

He says handing me a remote. I start flipping through the channels but nothing interests me. So I click on showmax and

search for Game Of Thrones and start watching. I'm on S06E09, Battle Of The Bastards. Ramsay Bolton is one hell of a heartless man! Killing his own father and his newborn brother in cold blood like that has to be the cruelest deed ever! I wish Jon Snow beheads him already...

"Seriously babe, you are watching Game Of Thrones?" Ase asks with a shocked face.

"Yes. Why not?"

"I just never thought you were into hardcore stuff! Thought you liked romcoms, musicals or things like that..." he says shrugging his arms.

"Oh hell no baby, I've never been interested in comedy movies, and definitely not in musicals. I'm a big

thriller and action junkie!" I say.

I'm not a fan of romantic comedy that is stereotypically aimed at female audience! I love action movies and any movie with Keanu Reeves in it.

I remember the very first movie my father took me to see when I was little was Tomorrow Never Dies. Since that day I became a great fan of 007 movies (starring Pierce Brosnan of course.) I fell in love with action movies!

"My type of a girl!" He says fist-bumping me. "There's this new movie in John Wick's franchise that's showing in cinemas and I'd love for you to join me some time next week to see it."

"John Wick Chapter 3, right?" I ask.

"Yeah. You've seen it already?"

"I haven't but I've been wanting to."

"It's a date then."

I watch with great anticipation as Sansa Stark has Ramsay's hounds savagely maul him. Nothing gives me greater joy than watching as he is devoured alive by his own dogs. Serves him right! Guys game of thrones is everything!

18SL 🍆 🍆

I'm on top of the bed butt naked, my legs widely spread. Ase is doing me things with his tongue and fingers. I've lost count of times I've orgasmed yet he still hasn't penetrated me said I'm not ready yet.

"Love I want you, please give it to me. I wanna feel you inside me." I beg.

"I want you so bad. My cock is longing for you, for your sweet little cunt. Are you ready?" he asks, moaning.

“I’ve been ready since the first time I saw you.” I answer truthfully.

“It’s gonna hurt a bit, keep an open mind.” He says looking me deep in the eyes.

“I trust you.”

He stands up, reaches for a pack of condoms that’s laying on a night’s stand. I’m squirming and panting beneath him. My eyes fixed on his thick huge cock. I touch it and it feels so hard yet so tender. His cockhead covered in pre cum. Gosh I’m so aroused right now. Can he fuck me already!

“Love, please tell me if it hurts.”

He says as he inserts his cock inside me in one swift go. I swear I’m in heaven, running around with the angels. I feel a slight pain as he smashes into me, but it’s overpowered by the great pleasure he’s giving me, teasing my hard, swollen tits. He’s

thrusting so nice and slow, his eyes not leaving mine not even for a second.

A few minutes later, I feel my knees getting weak, and the tension building inside me. I come hard, screaming his name. I feel Asenathi picking up pace and I know he's close. A few minutes later he was coming hard, strangling me, not so hard though. The fucking session went very well, at least that's what I think. I wonder if he enjoyed like I did.

"How was it baby? Did I hurt you?" Asenathi asks.

"Amazing. It was amazing." I answer, trying to catch my breath.

"I'm officially obsessed with you! That felt incredible." He says his hard body hovering over me.

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Thank you so much for entrusting me with your innocence, it means a lot to me." He says as he kisses my damp forehead.

He spoons me from behind and I put my head on his chest. I listen as his heart is beating rhythmically.

We stayed in that position, silent. Love could be felt between us. I think I'm in love with Asenathi. I drifted off to sleep. After an hour or so, we were at it again. Ase couldn't get enough of me and I couldn't get enough of him either.

Sex was now my new found happiness shem, I'd often go to Ase's house just for a dick appointment and he wasn't complaining so yeah. We fuck like rabbits, every chance we get we use it. This past weekend we went to the cinema to see After. I'd been longing to see this movie since I finished reading the book.

It's quite a good movie, better than I had imagined really. Now that I've seen it, I can't wait to see the sequel, to see if Hardin and Tessa's love story will conquer. We couldn't really see the end as Asenathi was busy tapping it, banging into me hard. So much for wanting to see a movie. 😊😊

8

Seven months later...

So Wednesday was mine and Asenathi's one year anniversary and since it was during the week, we decided to celebrate it this weekend. So we'll be treating ourselves on a weekend getaway. Asenathi wouldn't tell me where exactly we're going, said it's a surprise. I'm so happy, can't wait. We're leaving this evening.

Now I'm in town buying a few things for the trip. I just bought myself a red and lacy lingerie from Mr Price. It's so damn sexy, it barely covers anything, Ase is going to lose control when he sees me in this. I also bought black suede stilettos that I'll be wearing with my sexy number... Ase won't know what hit him shem, tonight I'm gonna appreciate him, appreciate everything he does for me.

My phone rings just when I get to the taxi rank.

“Love?”

“Mama, how’s it?”

Jesus that simple “Mama” got me wet instantly, I found myself squirming like a love struck teenager. Guys this guy be driving me totally insane.

“I’m good love, you?” I say looking around before I can cross the road.

“Hayi ke grand. So are you done shopping? Knowing you, you won’t be getting out of that store until you’ve bought every single garment that’s in there...” He laughs

“Ha ha ha very funny...”

“I miss you. Can I come pick you up?”

“Nooo baby. I miss you too and as enticing as your offer is, I’ll have to pass. I still need to prepare for tonight.”

“Pretty please?” He says and I can picture him pouting.

“Not a chance. See you later, bye!”

I end the call. With him I know there’s no winning so it’s better if I end this call before I give in to his demands. In a few minutes I’m home. I find mama busy

watching Behind Closed Doors on Telemundo. The way she loves Hispanic and Bollywood telenovelas, hayi shem re utlwile ke Telemundo le ZeeWorld. (We've had enough of Telemundo and Zeeworld channels)

"Javier is a dog shem, how could he sleep with his own wife's sister of all people? And now he's busy with Ignacia, good Lord!"

"Pillar le yena wa bora, why can't she just leave his cheating ass? It's not like she's in love with him. Aowa mama. I should've left long time ago." (Pillar is boring)

"Ey ngwanaka... sometimes it's just not that simple. What do you have there?" She asks pointing at the plastic bags I'm carrying.(my child)

"Hayi mama, yoh it's nothing." I say hurrying to my room.

Imagine showing all these thongs and lingeries to my mom.
Never!

“Hayibo vele you won’t show me?” She says shaking her head in disbelief.

“I’ll be in my room if you need me. Bye mom.” I say totally ignoring what she’d just said.

I lock the door behind me and start fitting my things. Boy oh boy are they gorgeous! 🔥 🔥

After I’m done with the fitting, I start packing my things. I’m taking my large teal suitcase and my cosmetic case that’s also in the same colour. I’ve packed swimwear, clothes, pjs, sheets, cosmetics, and shoes. I hope I’m not leaving anything...

So my mom doesn't know that I'm going on a getaway trip with Asenathi. I told her I was going with Asanda and Maureen, I couldn't exactly day

"Hey mom, Asenathi and I are going on a trip." It wouldn't sound right.

As per promised, Ase came to fetch me from home. Mama was looking at us with such suspicious eyes the whole time, and Ase was looking anywhere else but my mother. He's so scared of my mother, I don't know why. My mother is the sweetest person ever. She's so kind, so humble always smiling nje, the total opposite of me. I'm loud and definitely not humble! I don't even know how spell the word.

Road trips are so lekker shem, especially with the person you love. The car windows are wide open, allowing the gentle autumn breezes to circulate in the car.

Your Love by Azana be blasting through the speakers.

“Ngeke ngize ngikhohlwe

Ukuthi uthandolwethu lwikho konke

Angeke ngize ngiphose, empilweni yami

Wena uyikho konke

Ngiyazfela, Ngiyazfela ngawe my baby

Ngizo kuzalela sikhulise isbongo sakho my baby..”

We be screaming our lungs out, singing along with Azana. This here is a smash hit, I’ll give her that! I’m so in love with the song.

I don't know where we are, I got tired of asking long time ago. I see a board that written Three Rivers, so that means we are in the Vaal. Where's this man of mine taking us?

A few minutes later, Ase pulls the car and stops.

“Mama, we're here?”

I peek through the window and we are at a lodge. This here is a true testament to Mother Nature's natural beauty! It possesses a rural countryside charm that rivals no other. It's situated in the valley of Mekgorong, in the heart of Vanderbejl Park. We step out the car and I can't stop moaning in amusement at how lovely the place is.

“Do you like it?” He asks.

“Are you kidding me? I love it! Thank you baby.” I hug and kiss him on the cheek.

“I’m glad you do, now let’s go check in.”

We head to the reception area and are met by a very nice and humble white lady who greets us graciously.

“Good evening sir and madam

how may I be of help tonight?” Her tone of speech is comforting and friendly.

After what feels like eternity at the reception with the lady identifying us and checking our details, we are finally given the keys to our room. A male staff member with a name Wilson tagged on his chest carried our luggage up to our room.

Upon entering the room, my heart almost stops! I've never in my life seen such beauty and elegance! The room is bathed in the hues of nature, a story told in deep browns and forest greens. It has a wonderful pool view, mini bar tea making facilities and an en-suite shower. The patio has a good view over the pool deck.

My eyes shift to the massive bed in the middle of the room, it's made perfectly in crimson white bedding. I feel like I am in a dreamland of some sort, somebody pinch me now!

Asenathi is standing by the window, looking outside. I approach and hug him from behind. I'm so happy to be here and experience this moment with him. He turns to face me and my knees weaken instantly when our eyes meet. A moan involuntarily escape my throat as his warm hand caresses my cheek. He kisses me with so much passion that my clit throbs painfully. I can feel his cock poke my lower abdomen, unfortunately I have to decline!

“Love how about you go get us some food while unpack our bags?” I say, ignoring the fact that he wants sex.

“Mara love, does it really have to be now? And besides I want to go with you moss.” He says pouting.

“I know babe, but I’m a little tired and hungry. I’ll make it up to you ok? Now go!” I say, literally pushing him out the door.

“Ok Fine, though it seems like you’re getting rid of me.”

“I love you” I say winking at him.

I make sure that he's really gone and lock the door. I quickly jump into a shower and I'm nice and clean in a matter of a few minutes. I apply my Oh So Heavenly pomegranate flavoured body butter and oils. I must say the scent is just out of this world. It's a little after 20:00 and I'm done preparing.

My make up is on fleek, I'm wearing my barely there lacy lingerie together with the stilettos I bought from Mr Price, my box braids are let loose. There's someone at the door, I guess it's Ase. He's got another key so he'll have to use it. I hear his footsteps approaching the bedroom and I can't help but squirm. I'm already so ravenous for him.

I'm waiting for him on top of the bed with so much anticipation. I'm laying on my back with my knees bent, I'm looking at my reflection in the mirror and I'm like, damn girl you look hot. Asenathi can't help but moan with pleasure as he lays his eyes on me.

“Welcome to the party baby. My body is your party tonight.” I say.

“Baby, you look so breathtakingly hot. Wow!”

“I’m glad you like it. Tonight I wanna show you just how much I appreciate you, how good you make me feel. I love you. So much...”

I say as I get up from the bed, and go to where he is standing. I take off his hoodie and push him towards the bed. The groans that leave his mouth, Thixo bawo! 🔥 (God) I connect my phone to a Bluetooth speaker and start playing Ciara – Body Party. Asenathi is in an awe as he watches me moving my hips seductively. The wine I’ve been drinking surely gave me courage because I’m shaking my butt off like nobody’s business. 😁😁 I feel so good, dancing for my man. He watching me, turns me on like shit. His gaze be burning through me, I’m so hot for him right now. I crawl to him seductively. He tries to touch me but I yank his hand off.

“No touching!”

“Baby... you’re killing me.”

“The plan is to kill you with pleasure tonight.” I say, not recognising my own voice.

He can’t take it, I can tell. He wants me so badly, he’s so hard. Shit! I put my ass on him and start swirling. His eyes are rolled back, enjoying as I pleasure him. I sit on top of his cock and I start moving, swaying my hips. He wraps his hands around my waist. It feels so right, feels so good. My head is tilted back, my eyes closed. I unzip his pants and I’m met with his big fat cock. It’s so hard. I’m teasing it, licking it. The taste of his pre cum is salty and delicious. He won’t stop swearing. I seal my mouth over his cockhead and he jerks. I suck on him gently, careful not to bite him.

“Fuck baby, you so good. I want to penetrate you, from behind. Devour on you...” He says and my knees instantly weakens.

I don't know how it happened really, I was far too high, too intoxicated to remember but I'm now facing the wall, butt naked. Ase is fucking me so hard, damn sex is everything! He's thrusting into me, banging my brains out.

“Mama I'm close, come with me...please!” Ase says, struggling to breath.

He inserts his thumb in my asshole while he fucks me and I'm completely done for! We both reach our climax, murmuring each other's names. We lay our bodies entwined with each other.

“I Love You😊😊😊.” I tell him

“I love you.

10

I'm in my room with the makeup artist doing some touch ups here and there. Rangwane Lereko, my father's little brother will be here soon to get us.

Kgosi walks in dressed to kill, a cup of coffee in hand. He's grown very tall these past two years. He is now a first-year student at the University Of Johannesburg, doing Accounting Finance.

"You look beautiful sis, Asenathi is gonna go crazy seeing you like this." He places his arms around my shoulder, a smile on his face while looking at me through the mirror.

I'm wearing an elegant cream long sleeve jumpsuit that's hugging me beautifully. The garment is lacy on the sleeves and it has an open back. I'm wearing beige stilettos and in hand I have my clutch that matches my shoes. My blond hair is down in waves, cascading down my back and just above my butt. I look beautiful indeed, I wish my heart wasn't aching so bad!

I fan my face with my hand, trying to stop the tears that threaten to fall. I still haven't told anyone about Asenathi apart from Asanda. Kgosi doesn't know the irony of his statement.

"Thank you Kay!" My voice trembles, giving away that I'm crying.

"Whatever it is that's made upset don't let it take away your happiness and spoil your special day." He says as he hugs me tightly to his chest. I feel some sense of comfort being wrapped up in his arms.

A few seconds later I break free from the hug, thankful that Kgosi is not asking me questions about why I'm crying. Looking myself in the mirror, I'm a mess. My makeup is in ruins. Sigh!

The time has come and finally I'm graduating! From picking up my gown and putting together an outfit to making sure that my family arrive on time, I've worked hard for my day to become a success.

The graduation hall is beautifully decorated all-white. Streamers are hanging across the hallway, balloons of the same colour fill up the space with a custom made banner congratulating graduates. The atmosphere in the graduation hall is bustling with fellow graduates, parents and lecturers. I enter the hall and make my way towards my seat, my eyes scanning around, hoping to maybe see Asenathi. I know that's sick but try telling that to my heart that seems to be still stuck on him. I'm a little absent-minded and don't hear my name being called till I feel a pat on my shoulder.

"Nolo where's your head? They are calling your name!"

The boy on my left hand tells me and suddenly I feel nervous. All eyes turn on me as the dean has to call me twice, making me even more nervous. I breath in and out before finally standing up from my seat and all my nerves dissolve.

I'm flooded with euphoria as I walk to the podium to receive my parchment. I've made mama proud. I know it hasn't been an easy road, I'm just so grateful to God that I made it this far and hope he continues to shield me.

As per tradition, I shake the chancellor's hand and pause for a picture. The screams and cheers from my family and friends warm my heart. Strolling back to my seat, I take a glance up in the stands and see my loved ones cheering for me. A wave of victory sweeps over me and I bask in the glory of my reward.

"I did it." I think to myself.

After a while I move from my seat to where my mom is and she gets up as soon as she sees. With tears of joy darting from her eyes she engulfs me in hug.

“You made it mybaby, congratulations! Your father would’ve been so proud of you.”

I know he would have been!

“Thank you mama.” I say as I literally squeeze life out of the poor woman. I did not know how much I needed the hug until this very moment.

Asanda comes with Maurine to get me and go outside to take pictures. With our tassels now moved to the other side to indicate that we are graduates, we pose to the cameras. By the time we are done, my feet are killing me!

After so many long and boring speeches, finally it's almost time to go.

Our college chancellor closes the ceremony, congratulating the newly graduates and wishing them well on their new journeys.

As we make our way through the admission doors of Dynamic Drillers (night club) the beat is vibrating off the walls, the crowd is out in force and ready to party. The drinks are flowing across the tables just as fast as the bartenders can make them, conversation so loud. The dance floor is filled with sweaty bodies swaying to the thumping music.

After a few drinks Asanda and Maurine start dancing. Opelong, Maurine's cousin eventually gets drunk enough and peels herself off the wall to dance too. Leaving me alone.

I am enjoying the vibe a bit but I feel awkward and out of place. I'm clinging by the wall and nodding my head to the music, and nothing more. Everyone in here seems to be super enjoying their time and I can't say the same about myself. I suddenly feel anxiety creep up on me, and I consider leaving, I didn't want to come here tonight, it was Asanda and Maurine who insisted. They practically dragged me!

Maurine, perhaps taking pity on me, brings me a drink and hangs out with me for a little bit before hitting the dance floor again. The drink is amazing and I down it rather quickly.

It mellows me out and a few moments later I'm in the dance floor swaying my hips like a problem-less person till I see a couple kissing. I'm suddenly reminded of Asenathi and my eyes sting with tears. With my hands clamped over my mouth I charge out.

I step into the cool night air, the bright lights of the city blinding me. With tears now falling unstoppable upon my cheeks, I head to the swimming pool. Muffled sobs leave my mouth as I sit down on the poolside with my feet in the water.

“What are you doing alone out here?”

I’m enjoying my peace and quiet until a voice rings, startling me out of my thoughts. I turn to see the ratchet flatted ass Gontse striding her long legs towards me, a Corona 440 in hand. She’s walking like this is her father’s house. The arrogance this girl has! 😊

She smirks coldly when I don’t respond and then takes a seat beside me. This girl must have a death wish really!

“What happened to you all of the sudden, cat got your tongue?” She asks, sarcasm evident in her voice.

“What was it you one said to me? Wait I’ll quote for you, you probably don’t remember.

‘Well I’m unlike you and the rest that Asenathi toyed with. He loves me and I’m here to stay.’ You said this to me a few months ago

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not so vocal now, are you?”

My heart tightens and I feel my face burn as I remember the day in question. Gontse had been really on my case, telling me how Asenathi was an ass and I wanted to get her off my face. I wish I could turn back the time and listen to her warnings. So many have warned me about him and I chose to turn a blind eye and follow my heart, now see where that has led me!

“And here I still am with Asenathi, going strong!” I say to her. Although all the things she’s saying really cut deep, I can’t show it to her and give her the satisfaction.

“Oh yeah? If that’s the case then where is he because I don’t see him anywhere? If you guys were really going strong like you claim he would have been there today to witness you as you walk to the podium to receive your qualification but yet he was not!”

“I don’t owe you any explanations about my relationship with Asenathi so buzz off!” I scream at her, really tired of talking about Asenathi, especially with her.

“Ok! Someone is in the bad mood. Trouble in paradise?”

“What do you care?”

“Well to tell you the truth, I don’t! What I care about is Asenathi.” She says, waiting for a reaction.

“What? You’re still hung up on him? Girl have self respect, Asenathi doesn’t want you. I thought you’d gotten over your little obsession.”

“Look here little girl, Asenathi is mine, always has been, always will be. You’re so naïve that you have no slightest idea of what has been going on right under your nose.”

She says laughing sadistically.

“Gontse, I don’t know what you talking about and believe me I couldn’t care less what you got to say, so leave me.”

“Ok if you insist. But before I go, I just wanna tell you this; Asenathi is a real man. He needs a strong woman by his side, and you my dear are not enough. That’s why he’ll always come looking for me.” She says confidently.

Suka there's no way Asenathi is still seeing Gontse, she just wants to hurt me. Pure bluff!

"Just what do you mean by that?" I ask rolling my eyes.

"Asenathi and I are still seeing each other, though I must complement you for lasting with him this long. I clearly underestimated you..."

"What are you hoping to achieve by lying to me this way? There's no way Ase is still seeing you."

"Oh yeah? And why's that? Is it because he buys you expensive gifts, takes you to lodges and stuff? Well he does that with me and every skank he sleeps with too you know? Or what, did you

think that you were irreplaceable? I'm sorry love you aren't that special"

Gontse's diabolical laughter seems to have come from the depths of hell.

"Have you been keeping us under surveillance? That's an only logical reason how you know about the gifts. You're even more sicker than I thought."

I say standing to leave her twisted ass.

"The only sick one here is you, thinking that you'd ever be enough for a guy like Asenathi. You'd never change his true nature sweets, you'll only hurt yourself. Walk while you still can."

“Wouldn’t that make you the happiest bitch alive? I’m sorry to disappoint you darling but andiyindawo (I’m not going anywhere.)”

There’s no way in hell I’m staying with

Asenathi’s cheating ass but Gontse doesn’t have to know that now, does she?

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you!”

“I don’t need your lousy warnings, Asenathi chose me, stop being bitter. He’d never hurt me!” I say the irony of the last part hitting me hard!

“How sure are you that he would never hurt you?” She asks reaching out for her phone in the pocket of a tight jean she has on.

“Take a look.” She hands me her phone and on the screen is a picture of the same girl that tagged Asenathi on

Facebook, Namhla Mtombela.

“What am I supposed to be looking at?” I ask acting all dumb.

“The girl Asenathi is fucking in Cape Town. He’s crazy about her, almost the same way he once was about you. You see sweets, you aren’t irreplaceable after all.”

As much as I hate her for being my boyfriend's girlfriend, I have to admit this girl is very beautiful.

I hand back Gontse's phone as tears begin to pool in my eyes and my lips trembling as I feel the need to cry. Gontse smirks in satisfaction as I turn my face away, not wanting her to see the tears that stream down my cheeks.

"Now you know how I felt when you snatched my boyfriend from me."

"Are you going to bring that up again? Dude I did not steal Asenathi from you, he was no longer yours long before I even came into a picture so don't stand there and blame me for your failed relationship."

“The failed relationship that would have been saved should you have stayed the fuck away!” She says manhandling me.

Ok now that’s my cue to leave before I smack the bitch.

“Get your hands off of me!” I scowl at her and she lets go of me, rage evident in her forever heavily made up face.

“Meet me by the entrance, it’s urgent!” I sent a text in mine, Asanda and Maurine ‘s whatsApp group.

When I reach our meeting spot, my friends are already waiting.

“Nolo what’s wrong are you ok?” Maurine asks as soon as she sees me approaching!

“I’m not!” I say as I break down, tears falling like Victoria falls. The past two days have been really trying and I can’t take it anymore. The purpose of coming here tonight was to forget about my problems even if it’s only for a few hours but no such is happening! I feel like I’m being punished.

“What is it babe, you’re worrying the hell out of us?” Again Maurine asks, hugging me to her tiny chest. Asanda and Opelung have their eyes widen in horror, probably thinking the worst has happened to me.

“I want to go home, can you guys please request an Uber for me?”

“Sure babe I’ll request it just now. You guys will be ok right?” Asanda says looking at both Maurine and Opelung and they nod. Soon my ride arrives and I hop in the minute it parks next to where we’re standing.

“Let us know when you get home guys and Nolo obe right chomi.” Maurine says.

11

When we got home it was around 01:30 in the morning. I used my copy to open the front door and we sneaked inside, careful not wake anyone. When we got to my room I threw myself on the bed with my clothes still on. My head felt like it was going to bust, all I needed was a good sleep but Asanda was having none of it, demanding to know what it was that made me so upset. I had no choice but to tell her what Gontse told me.

“I wish you had listened to me when I warned you about Asenathi! All this shit wouldn’t be happening now.”

Was this girl really playing that card on me? I didn’t need a lecture or

‘I told you so speeches’, all I needed was my friend’s support to get through this. Sigh!

“Don’t look at me like that, you know deep down that I’m right you’re just too proud to admit it.”

Guys I need a friends exchange!???

The house was eerily silent, everyone had gone and I was left all alone. After doing all the chores I went to my room where I spent most of my day on the net applying for admission at aviation schools all around the country.

At around 2:30 I started preparing food for tonight as there was a possible loadshedding at 5:00. My mom got home just as I had finished cooking.

“Mababy how are you?” She said as she stepped in the kitchen.

“I’m fine mama. How was your day?” I asked following her to the living room. I almost rolled my eyes as she tuned in to Telemundo channel as soon as she sat on a sofa.

“It was fine ngwanake. I’m so tired.”

I could only imagine. The poor woman worked so hard for me and my brothers, now it was my turn to take care of her. I couldn't wait to go to aviation school , get my qualifications and start working.

My phone rang, snapping me out of my deep thoughts. It was the prodigal boyfriend! I had no energy in me to talk to him so I ignored his call and made a mental note to call him before I went to bed.

“Hey baby?” Asenathi says at the first ring.

Is this boy for real? After all that has happened he’s only going to say ‘hey baby’ to me?

“How was your graduation? I’m sorry once again for missing it.”
He says when I don’t respond.

“Is that all you’re going to say?” I ask feeling very pissed.

“What more should I say? Why does it feel like you’re angry at me for some reason? Are you ok mama”

Mama se voet! This son of a bitch must not try me!

“Maybe you can start by telling me where you have been these past two days because I’ve been calling you and you never even once answered any of my calls.”

I say pacing back and forth in my room, rage roiling through my blood.

“Eish baby please don’t be mad tu sthandwa sami. (My love) It’s been hectic at work these past days.”

A chuckle involuntarily leave my mouth at that. Who does Asenathi think he’s talking to, a 12 year old? 😊😬

“And I’m supposed to believe that?” I ask.

“Hawu mama, what are you saying kanye kanye? (Actually)

“Never mind. So I’ve seen you have yourself a new girlfriend, is she the reason why you did not come to my graduation?”

I ask trying very hard not to sound affected. He goes mute.

“I know you’re still there and you’re probably thinking of how you’re going to lie to me, don’t waste your breath.” I say and I can hear him sighing into the phone.

“I’m sorry my love, it was never my intention to hurt you..” He says

“Save your apology for someone who cares because I don’t give a fuck and don’t feel sorry for hurting me because you knew well what this would do to me but you did it anyway.”

“Please don’t be like this mama.” His voice is very low.

“How do you expect me to be like mara?”

Before he can answer me I remember what Gontse told me about her and Asenathi still seeing each other, I need clarity.

“You know I bumped into Gontse at Dynamic Drillers and the two of us had an interesting talk about you.” I say.

“Wena noGontse, having a talk?” (with Gontse) He’s in disbelief, phela the two of us are like a cat and a dog always fighting. How could we not if we share a boyfriend?!

“Yeah. She told me about you and her, is there something you should tell me regarding that?” I ask and he sighs.

“You’re going to hate me more than you already you do after what I’m about to tell you but it’s best you hear it from me than anyone else.”

What could that be?

“Before I tell you please know that I hated myself and still do nangoku for having done it.”

“Just get to the point already, what could be worse than dumping me for a chick you only knew for two minutes?” I ask feeling impatient.

“I slept with Gontse while I was still seeing you and that resulted in Gontse falling pregnant. As we speak she’s a few weeks far along.”

“WHAT?” He didn’t just say he’d impregnated Gontse now, did he?

“It was one night i...”

“Say no more!”

For me this is a final nail in the coffin! If there was ever a possibility of me forgiving and taking him back this has just ruined it for him!

He put not only his but my health at risk, having unprotected sex with his skank and for that I'll never forgive him. Who knows how many other girls he has hopped into bed with without protection?

How could I forgive someone who has demonstrated that he doesn't love me when he deliberately went behind my back and slept with someone else. He can never love me the way I WANT and DESERVE to be loved, if he can do this now what will prevent him from doing it again in future?

Someone asked me if I'm over Asenathi, I just smiled. After our break up I have always had this feeling of ache every time I realised that it was and will always be him my heart wanted! The idea of loving someone else is a blur right now and my heart is currently living inside a thought that I can never love

somebody more than I loved him. As much as I wanted to say “I’m over him, I don’t care anymore.” and mean it, I can’t! Because I care even after what he did to me.

It’s been four months since our break up and I must say it has been the longest four months of my life! The first two months were the hardest. I felt so much anger towards him for cheating on me, for lying and acting like the two years that we had been together meant nothing to him but I was even angrier at myself for not realising in time what he was doing. It was very difficult if not impossible to come to terms with what he had done to me. I felt so terrible and degraded and my self esteem plummeted. People would point at me and whisper about me everywhere I went. Asenathi is those popular boys that every girl under the sun wants so everything that’s got to do with him spreads like fog.

In these four months I’ve only seen him once. It was over a month ago when he was busy begging me to take him back. He told me he had broken up with Namhla as he realised he was still in love with me. I told him to go jump off a cliff of course,

there was no way in hell I was going to take his cheating ass back no matter how much I was still in love with him!

I had thought that over time I'd get over him, how wrong I was! I'm still as much in love with him as I was before the cheating saga and Gontse's pregnancy.

I thank God for the great friends I have! Asanda and Maurine have been there for me all these months, offering me their unconditional support. My mom didn't ask me anything, she just offered me her shoulder to cry on whenever I needed one. Oh my mom, my pillar of strength.

Last night at around 10:00 I had missed a call from the number I did not recognise. When I called back to find out who it was, the voice I recognised too well answered, making me go weak

on my knees. I hated how my traitorous body responded to his simple “mama I need you please don’t shut me out.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that and just kept quiet, breathing heavily into the device pressed to my ear, tapping my foot like a teenager in love.

“My mom has just passed on!” He sounded so vulnerable, desperate even. His shaky voice was very low and I knew he had been crying. I felt my eyes sting with tears before I could answer.

His mother’s passing changed everything!

“This is one of the most difficult things you can experience. I’m deeply sorry for your loss.” I said not able to stop the tears from falling.

“Thank you!”

A loved one passing away is one of the most difficult times in a person's life. Whether it's the passing of a close friend or relative, it will be one of the hardest and most emotional times one can ever experience. I'm so saddened and broken by the sudden death of Asenathi's mother and I can not bring myself to imagining what he and Hayden, his 7 year old sister must be going through. After last night's phone call I have all these mixed emotions.

On one hand I want to be there for Asenathi during this difficult time and offer him my full support but on the other I don't want to get close to him as I don't trust myself to resist my feelings towards him. I'm still madly in love with him and that has never changed, these past months have been pure torture on my side.

So today I'm planning on going to see him later on you know, see how he's holding up. Asanda called me a while back,

apparently Asenathi's mother committed suicide. It appears that her

husband, Asenathi's father abused her physically and he has been for years! The poor woman had endured her loveless marriage and all the pain that came with it for years, she probably couldn't take it anymore. 💔😭😭 When I was still dating Asenathi, he never opened up to me about it, but it was clear that he despised his father for some reason, now I know why! Had he been my father I would hate him too he's a monster!

After packing Ntsane's lunch tin I start cleaning around the house. My mom had already left for work. I take out the braai pack from the freezer and put it on a sink's countertop so it can defrost. Tonight I'll be making chicken curry and dumplings. In a few moments I'm done with my chores and taking a bath.

In our Black society we have this tradition called matshidiso/ng (Sotho) or esililweni (Zulu) which is a form of Ubuntu. When someone dies, we (could be neighbours or colleagues of the deceased or just anyone who knew them) go to the deceased's

family to offer our condolences. Just like you can't go to the graveside dressing any how you want, even esililweni you can not! All males should dress decently with their heads uncovered while females wear dresses/skirts that cover up, with the showl on their shoulders and wraps on their heads. So since I'm kind of going to esililweni, I'm wearing my black maxi dress, a cardigan and a head wrap, I don't want to be accused of disrespecting leseko. (tradition)

When I arrive the yard is full of cars parked all around. When I approach the front door I can hear a heart-wrenching sound of wailing and suddenly my mind takes me to a trip back to when my father had passed. That was the hardest thing that could have ever happened to me. I know my father was not perfect and that during the last years of his life he made my mother upset most if not all the time but still the news of his passing hit hard. He had his own flaws just like anyone else and demons that he was dealing with.

Hayden jumps straight into my arms the moment she sees me walk in. A teardrop escapes my eye as I hug her like my life depends on it.

“Nolo why did you suddenly stop visiting us? I missed you!”

“Hello to you too Hayden!”

“Hello” She smiles. She looks so cute with her two front teeth missing.

“I’ve been very busy princess. Anyway how are you?” I don’t think they have told her yet about her mother so I’m not going to bring it up.

Everyone is gathered in the lounge and a few ladies are busy in the kitchen making tea. I think of joining them but later now I want to see Asenathi who I heard from Hayden that he’s locked up in his room.

When I don't hear him respond to my knock I turn the knob to invite myself in, startling him out of his thoughts. He gets up and engulfs me in a hug which I reciprocate. I'm pressed to his chest and a familiar scent of his cologne hits my nostrils, making it hard for me not to moan.

"I never thought you would come! Come lets sit." He says the moment we break the hug and go sit on the bed.

"Thank you so much for coming, you don't know how much this means to me."

He says, seemingly thrilled to see me.

"It's ok, I know you would have done the same for me should it have been me in your shoes. How are you holding up?"

“It’s very hard Bow, it hurts real bad right here and there pain won’t go away. What am I going to tell my little sister? That our mother killed herself because she couldn’t take our father’s abuse anymore? Tell me Bow, what do I do, how do I deal with all this?”

I’ve seen Asenathi shed a few tears before, but never something like this. Crushed can’t begin to describe how he looks and my heart leaps with pain for every teardrop that leaves his beautiful blue eyes. I don’t know how to comfort him other than hugging him.

A few moments later the sobbing has subsided. He lifts his head from my chest where it was buried. I catch his eyes lingering on mine and abruptly he turns his face away, probably shamed that he broke down in front of me.

“It’s ok, sometimes it helps to cry. You shouldn’t feel ashamed!”

I say lifting his chin and bringing it back to meet my stare again. With my index finger I brush softly on his face. He closes his eyes and my heart starts to pound furiously as his breathing quickens with every stroke of my finger over his chiseled face.

“If I could, I would take your pain away.” My voice comes as a whisper.

“I don’t doubt that for a second! You’re an amazing person Bow, one of the big mistakes of my life was letting you slip through my fingers, the biggest being hurting you! From day one you were good to me and I took all that for granted. My foolishness cost me you, the one I gave all my love to. I’m so sorry.”

He says looking me intensely in the eyes and suddenly I feel a trickle of wetness and throbbing between my legs.

“Please forgive me MaMoledi. Please!” He says his hands on the small of my waist.

“I have forgiven you long ago, otherwise I wouldn’t be here right now. You need to also forgive yourself, what happened happened and there’s nothing you or I can do to undo it.”

‘I love you and that has never changed’, I want to say out loud but my fear won’t let me. I want to but I’m afraid to give us another chance, my heart couldn’t bear another disappointment and heartbreak. And even if we were to try again, there’s still Gontse in the picture, expecting Asenathi’s baby. Oh God, why did I have to love Asenathi so much!!



“Although I don’t deserve it, thank you for your forgiveness and for being here with me right now. It means the world to me.”

He says putting his head right between my breasts and I feel my blood boil with desire. Overwhelmed with arousal, my hands land on his head, threading his 'fade' hair and tugging at the roots. Stunned by this, he turns his face to look at me. Without any warning, my lips smash into his. The need to kiss him is just so overwhelming!

"Bow ah.."He moans into my mouth when my lips seal his, his both hands now on my waist like bad rash.

"Bow wait!" Stunned, he suddenly pulls away from me and gets up from the bed.

Thixo, the embarrassment I feel right now! I let myself get carried away!

“I’m sorry.” My voice is low.

“You’re not at fault. I am, I shouldn’t have kissed you!”

Is he crazy? I was the one who kissed him first moss.

“You are not attracted to me anymore?” I ask , feeling a little hurt that he’s rejecting me.

“What? No! I mean I am attracted to you damn it you know that. It’s just that I don’t want you doing something you might regret tomorrow.”

He says squatting in front of me, holding my both hands. Remember I’m still sitting on the bed. He cups my face and and makes me look at him.

“I can never find you any how than beautiful and attractive. Just like the first time I saw you at my uncle's house that New Year's eve, my dick still twitches in excitement whenever I see you. My heart beats for you and only you!” He says as his index finger caresses my cheeks.

“Kiss me!” My voice is thick with desire.

“Are you sure?”

In response I take his hand and places it in between my thighs.

“Fuck.” he curses through his breath and then grabs my waist with his one hand and pulls me close to him. We are now standing, his shaft poking me. I moan into his mouth, immediately knowing that there’s no turning back for me. I

don't know if it's my hormones or if the past several weeks are the major foreplay but I feel completely out of control.

The sounds coming from the back of my throat! 😊😊 I even forget that there are other people in the house. In a few seconds I'm put against the wall with my legs wrapped around Asenathi's waist. His one hand wanders between my legs and finds my already wet pussy. The sounds he's making are like of a cat purring as it devours on its prey. With my panties still on, he inserts his dick in me gaining a moan from my lips. I almost gasp in pain at that, phela during this time that we were apart, I never slept with a guy once! Asenathi is still the only guy I have ever had sex with.

He bangs into me hard, driving me nuts in the process. The next few minutes we come, with Asenathi murmuring how much he loves me and how amazing the sex felt.

I've slept with him! What does this mean for us? Are we back together, and wait what about Gontse? This is messed up. My God what did I just do?

12

Asenathi's mom was finally laid to rest this past weekend after so much drama caused by the Kolisis, demanding that their daughter be buried in eBhayi eduze neyinyanya zakubo.(next to her ancestors) In my opinion I think the Kolisis were wrong because Asenathi's mom was married, hence they had no say whatsoever over her anymore. They were being unreasonable nje, but in the end, she was buried this side.

Today I'm meeting Asenathi to discuss 'us' after what happened. We haven't really talked much or seen each other since that fateful day, except from the day of his mom's funeral. We agreed to meet in a public space to avoid being alone together. After the encounter in Asenathi's room, I don't trust myself much alone and behind closed doors with him. So we're at House Of Ribs in Bethlehem.

"I know I hurt you one too many times in the past and I hate myself for it. I made you feel like there was something wrong with you or that you were not enough. Know that you are enough in every way possible, I was a fool not to appreciate

and cherish you. I was a fool to let my eye wander when I had a good woman by my side, a woman who wanted to know me unlike the rest who only wanted to fuck me. As much as it may be hard to believe, I loved you Bonolo with all my heart, and I love you now! I can never stop apologising for having hurt you and causing you grief!”

His blue eyes, glistening with tears are burning intensely into mine. I see sincerity in them. He reaches for both my hands and intertwine our fingers.

“I love you Bow, it has always been you! I know what I’m about to ask of you is too much but please give me another chance. Give me a chance to love and make you happy. Let me in to try and take away all the pain I caused you in the past. Please.” He says with a shaky voice and I feel a big lump form in my throat as I see the seriousness in his eyes. I’m stunned and don’t know what to say or do.

“As much as it hurts me, I love you Asenathi. I can’t seem to function without you.”

I semi chuckle and semi cry at the same time. “This past four months without you have been the hardest of my entire life. I want you back as much as you want me, but I’m not sure I’ll ever be able to trust you again or get past your betrayal. I see you and get reminded of the great pain you put me through. How do I get back into a relationship with someone I don’t trust? And there’s Gontse pregnant with your child! Do you know what you’re asking of ne mara?” I say. Using a serviette, he wipes my tear-stained cheeks.

“I know it’s not easy to trust me after what I did to you and I can’t blame you. All I ask is a chance to prove myself to you, prove that I can be the man you want me to be.” He says

“I’m sorry baby but I can’t, not while Gontse is expecting your baby!”

Taking him back would automatically mean that I accept him and his baggage (his spawn), and Gontse being the bitch that she is will not make it easy for me. I love Asenathi yebo, kodwa this is just too much. I'm too young to deal with baby mama drama, no offence!

“What if I were to tell you that Gontse’s baby doesn’t exist, never has actually?” He says taking a sip of his orange juice.

What did he just say? 🤔

“What?”

“She was never pregnant, she orchestrated the whole thing in order to keep me all to herself.”

“You’re lying Asenathi, there’s no way Gontse did that!” I say, stunned by what I just heard. I’ve always known that Gontse was a bitch, I just did not know the extent of her bitchiness.

“She confessed to me last week, said she wanted you to suffer for stealing me from her. Imagine!”

“She’s twisted! I mean who does that?”

“Only She can do that! Imagine the stress she’s put me through, thinking I was having a baby. Not that I don’t want to have kids some day, the timing is just off.” He says

“Me and you both! I don’t see myself having a baby in the next twenty years!”

We both crack into laughter. I don't know if Gontse not being pregnant has something to do with it, but suddenly I feel like a big weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I'm starting to develop compassion for Asenathi for his misdeeds, maybe because of his changed attitude and actions these past days. He shows sincere regret and remorse for what he has done and, I'm so proud of him for it. Maybe he has really changed, and wants to fix things between us.

"So it's over between you and her?" I ask.

"It is, I swear!"

"Then we can try again. But this time I want us to do things differently, we should communicate more, spend time together as much as we can and minimize telling each other lies. NO CHEATING or I'm out, and this time for good! If along the way maybe you feel like you can't do this anymore let me know so we can talk it out.

"Do all I mentioned and we'll be cool." I say boldly.

“Absolutely. Thank you thank you, you won’t regret this. I promise!” He says rounding the table to give me hug.

I know my decision of getting back together with Asenathi was rather drastic, and it might haunt me later but what’s life without taking risks? I don’t want to think back to this day five years from now and wonder what could’ve become of Asenathi and myself should I have given him a chance! If it doesn’t work out between us or maybe he decides to double cross me again, it’s ok. I won’t be the first girl to be have been taken for a ride by a boy and definitely not the last. I’ll cry about it and eventually I’ll heal from it and find someone else! As for now I’ll just take everyday of our relationship as it is and trust that it works out.

Yesterday I went to see Asanda and told her about my decision and she was not thrilled at all that I'm back with Asenathi.

"Since my warnings are seemingly falling on deaf ears I will leave you be! You can do whatever the hell that pleases you and don't dare come crying to me when Asenathi fucks up yet again because he will!"

Asanda said storming out of her bedroom where we were hanging out. Asanda doesn't understand the love I have for Asenathi, perhaps she has never been in love the way I am with her cousin.

"Sasa you are my best friend

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what do you mean I shouldn't come crying to you when things don't go right? Are you dumping me as your friend?" I asked her as I found her in the kitchen, pouring herself a glass of fridge water.

“You’re my friend and I can never abandon you especially not over a petty issue like this one.” She hugged me and added; “But still I think you’re making a huge mistake getting back together with Ase.”

“I know.” I said

Since Asenathi was only left with a few days before going back to Cape Town, we thought it would be best to spend as much time together as possible and focus on us as a couple. So we went hiking three days back. The trip was just what we needed after the long stressful months.

The sun was glistening through the tall, swaying pine trees. To the right of the trail, a gentle river flowed softly down towards the mouth of the lake. Walking across the rickety wooden bridge, I inhaled a deep breath of refreshingly crisp mountain air. The sun beat down on me as I made my way across the

bridge and back onto the well-used hiking trail. The ambient sounds of chirping birds, babbling water, and the croaks of several frogs filled my ears as I made my way around the bend. As I entered the mouth of the forest, I could see Asenathi standing in the middle of the path, glancing upwards, taking in the beauty that had begun to engulf us.

“We better get going.” he said, looking back at me. “There’s still many miles to go.”

I smiled and turned, taking in one last view of the beautiful creekside. Then, with determination, we set out to finish the challenging footslog we had started.

It was only approaching sunset when we decided it was time to go. We had an awesome day filled with laughter and created lots of memories together. By the time we parted ways, my heart broke a bit.

When I got home fatigue was killing me and my muscles ached. I hopped in my mom's shower and headed to bed afterwards. It was lights out as soon as my head hit the pillow, that's how exhausted I was.

The next day Asenathi was leaving and I couldn't help but worry. The doubt was lurking around in my mind that he would go back to his old ways but I quickly dismissed it. If I wanted our relationship to work, I needed to stop worrying myself and trust that he would never put me through trauma again.

It's been long months of applying for admission to aviation schools, but in vain. Asanda was so lucky and bagged herself admission in Rivonia School Of Fights that's based in Johannesburg. She started a week ago. Maurine also got a job at some real fancy spa in Welkom. I was so happy for my friends and although it seemed hard, I knew my time would also come. I never lost hope and kept applying.

One day I got a telephone call from the Crystal Hotel.(Where mama works) It was a job interview invitation for waitressing post. I suspected my mom had something to do with this as I never applied for any post in that hotel, but I wasn't complaining. The poor woman must have seen how miserable and depressed I was applying for schools but not getting called back once.

The interview was not bad at all, Llaan, who interviewed me was so friendly with me, I even forgot that I was actually in an interview room. A few days later I received a text, stating what day I was to report at work. I'd like to admit that I was happy for the opportunity given to me and grateful for my mother who made it possible for me, but waiting tables at some hotel in Bloemfontein was not part of my plans. My unfortunate circumstances forced me to swallow my pride and take the offer, after all it would serve as job experience!

Everyone was so good to me and helped me so much and shared tips in how to interact with people (guests). I gradually accepted and embraced my job and ended falling in love with it. I was happier and more relaxed, but still applying for schools.

During my spare time or when it was not busy, I would help out in the kitchen or watch on when the chef prepared meals.

Asenathi and I would talk almost every day, no random disappearances like before. He showed I so much interest and willingness to the betterment of our relationship. Unlike before, he changed his Facebook relationship status from 'single' to 'in a relationship' with me! He was really changing for the best shem, and I was loving every bit of it.

My one year contract at the hotel ended about a month ago and my former colleagues and former supervisor threw a surprise farewell party for me which I thought was very special.

I cried tears of joy and gratitude as I walked into the hotel room that was decorated in black and gold streamers and balloons, specially for me.

They went all out and bought a massive cake. I didn't know what it was I had done to deserve people like them, people with hearts of gold. They all wished me luck on my future endeavors, and Leanè (supervisor) had prepared some real powerful and heartfelt speech for me, I was so amazed at how I had received so much love from people who had only known me for a few months. I was truly blessed! 😊

Narrated

Two months later

Bonolo's mother thought it was rather strange that her daughter was struggling so much to get admitted into aviation school. So she invited Bonolo to one of the prayer sessions at

church and, because Bonolo felt helpless and desperate she agreed. Every Tuesday and Thursday our girl would go attend the prayer sessions and was very committed to God. One Thursday evening at around 3:30 her phone beeped with notification inside the pocket of her denim dungaree.

Upon seeing the contents of the text, Bonolo screamed like a mad woman. She had received an interview invite from the ADT Aviation Academy, one of the best aviation schools in the country! Finally there was light in the end of the tunnel.!!

When the day of the interview came, Bonolo was a little nervous. She entered the interview room hopeful that it would be success and as it turned out, the interviewers really loved her. A few days later she received a letter with a stamp of ADT on it. She frantically opened it and immediately her eyes darted on the paper in her hand. She saw the word 'congratulations' and jumped in excitement!

"I made it!" She screamed.

13

Mangaung had been my home and the safe haven I had ever known for the past 21 years of my life, and to just wake up one day and pack and leave was not going to be easy! This was the biggest challenge I had ever been confronted with in my life.

I watched as rangwane (paternal uncle) Lereko loaded my bags in the back of his white bakkie. He along with the rest of my family (mama and Ntsane) were so happy for me that finally I was only a few weeks away from reaching my dream, I should have been thrilled too but the heaviness I felt in my heart wouldn't let me. For the first time in my whole life I was leaving my family, my home and the whole of Mangaung! For me this was a big deal!

After all my things were loaded in the car it was finally time to leave! My mom shed tears of both joy and sadness, this was the first time that myself and her were going to be apart from each other. She hugged me so tight to her chest and I could hear her muffled sobs.

“Tsamaya sentle Mababy (goodbye my child) and good luck on your studies.” She had said, wiping the tears streaming down my cheeks with a pad of her warm hand. I kissed my brother goodbye and got in the passenger’s seat, soon my uncle started the car and drove off. It was on the 7th of March, the sky was clear and the sun was out to play with a gentle breeze of Autumn. My heart was heavy with tears and a teardrop slid down my cheek as the car drove off. I looked out the window, at the sublime sheltering guardians (mountains) of my village surrounded by the swaying poplar trees. They became smaller and farther with each passing kilometer. A sob escaped my mouth and I couldn’t stop the tears that followed afterwards. This was hard on me, even more harder than I had anticipated.

This was the first time ever, going away and leaving my family. I wondered if Kgosi also felt like this the first time he moved to Jo’Burg. I remembered how his eyes glistened with tears when he said his goodbyes.

As I hopped out of the front seat of my uncle's bakkie, a sharp sense of loneliness came over me. I looked around and saw a bunch of several other learners. After all, the school would only open on the 10th. I had arrived a few days earlier so I could settle in and familiarize myself with the new school. Our school was located in Kempton Park, the city in the East Rand region of Gauteng province, not far from The OR Tambo International Airport.

The school was even more beautiful and fancy seen live. The giant letters 'Welcome To ADT Aviation Academy' at the gate cheered me and I caught myself smiling, I was finally accepted at the aviation school and soon I would become a flight attendant!

Finally my prayers were answered.

I went to fill all the necessary forms and was afterwards given a key to my room. The school offered on-campus residence for students, especially the ones from distant places like myself. When I got to the commune I found this dark skinned pretty and chatty with a bubbly personality girl named Shonisani. She was all the way from Thohoyandou, Venda. There was something about her that made me like her and she was so nice to me.

“Would you come with me to the shops? I need a few things there.” Shoni had come knocking on my door. I offered her a smile and agreed to go with her, I also needed to buy a few things.

So I gathered that Shoni was also doing cabin crew training/course like I was and I was glad, at least we would help each other out and study together since we got along just fine.

Cabin Crew initial course was an average duration of 42 days, which involved demanding and strenuous training. It

included the following components; Safety and Emergency Procedures Training (SEPT), aviation medicine training program, in-flight service training program and completion of South African Cabin Crew Association (SACCA) theory examination. Attendance of all course components was compulsory. One of the pre-requisites of it was, all learners should be in possession of Class 4 Medical Certificate in order to commence in the training.

The trainings were conducted in the headquarters of the ADT Aviation school in Kempton Park. Theoretical training was conducted in SACCA accredited classrooms and practicals were conducted sometimes in an actual aeroplane or in a cabin stimulator. The computer based training center was used for self-study purposes, while the Fire Fighting and Smoking Training stimulators were used for the practical training and the swimming pool for practical training in water.

All training was delivered via instructor-led learning, E-learning modules, role plays, stimulations, presentations/multimedia interactive learning, group work, group discussions, self-study and skills practice on an actual aeroplane or approved

representative training device. Upon completion of the Cabin Crew Licencing course, I had to complete a Personal And Development Course which was the duration of a week.

I have completed my course over two weeks ago and now I'm waiting to be placed.

My journey has been really great and somehow served as distraction to keep my mind from thinking about Asenathi and what he was doing so far far away from me. We are still head over heels for each other and talk over the phone on daily basis.

A sound of my phone ringing startles me. When I reach for it to see who is calling, it's Melo. Well his full name is Melokuhle Nzimande, I met him at ADT, he was doing cabin crew training too. I didn't know his name until our last week at the Academy, I always referred to him as 'four-eyes' because he wears glasses. It was one afternoon after training, I was walking to the mall to buy some few things as my mother had send me money

when he offered to walk with me. I really didn't mind and so I agreed.

I was startled he even approached me. Melokuhle is those shy and nerdy guys who most people often make fun of. Until that day he had never spoken to me once, however on several occasions I caught him sneaking glances my way and would quickly turn his face away when he saw me looking at him. He would become extremely clumsy wherever I was around him and I found that very weird. I did not know he was in love with me till he confessed to me that very day, stunning me. Despite being a total nerd and a geek, Melokuhle was very handsome. He was nice, polite and chivalrous, and a total catch!

After that day he confessed his feelings to me, I started to see him in a different light. Melokuhle was not my typical choice nor was he that tall but I felt so extremely attracted to him, but I wouldn't dare explore my attraction as I didn't want to put my relationship with Asenathi in jeopardy. I made sure to keep the poor guy at arm's length and avoid him as much as I could until the night before our leave day. I remember I was in my room

packing my things. I heard a light knock on my door and in walked Melo.

I felt a big lump in my throat and suddenly I couldn't breathe. Even if you're the most loquacious and confident person in the world, a crush can make the best of us clam up, even nerds like Melo. All was going well until he appeared on the scene, leaving me completely tongue-tied and unable to formulate a complete sentence, much less express anything of real value.

"I'm sorry to have come unannounced but I couldn't help it. I've come to say goodbye."

He said looking at me through his transparent thick glasses. He was wearing a pair of khaki chinos and a scotched shirt, for a normal me, that attire was the worst but the me that I was right that moment in front of Melo found him very hot. I couldn't hear the word he was saying as my mind was preoccupied with the unholy thoughts of myself and him.

“Bonolo? Is everything ok?” Melo asked, snapping me out of my daydream. He was looking at me with a bit of concern in his eyes.

“It’s very hot in here, do you feel that?” I had said, taking off the cardigan I was wearing and was left in my white tank top that revealed a bit of my tiny cleavage. Melo got real stunned, for sure he had never seen a girl’s cleavage before!

“Yes it’s very hot! I mean no. Shit what am I saying?” He mumbled. “You’re so beautiful.”

“Thank you. Would you like something to drink?”

“Sure. Juice will be fine.” He said nervously, his eyes kept darting to my chest

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making me feel even hotter and hotter. Since I had not eaten my lunch yet, I made us some cheese and polony sandwiches and we ate over a little chat, sharing stories about ourselves.

After eating we went to the common room to wash the dishes. Luckily there was nobody in there, I was not ready for the looks I was going to get from my roommates for hanging out with a nerd.

When it was finally time for Melo to leave he suddenly pulled me into a hug, surprising me. I felt a comforting warmth travel down my spine, causing me to moan in excitement. His English blazer (gold) cologne scent so sweet to my nostrils. I listened to his heart that was beating rather fast. Melo hugged me so tight and poured every bit of everything he couldn't always express to me in that hug. I found myself desperately pulling him closer to me, wanting to feel his hands on my bare skin. I grabbed his hands that rested on my shoulders and put them on my ass and he groaned.

Soon I sealed my lips over his and started kissing him. He was reluctant at first but eventually kissed me back with so much

passion that got me panting and gasping. Who had ever thought a nerd would be so good at kissing! 🤔

“Bonolo?” I literally jumped with fright at Shonisani's stern voice. When I looked at her she was standing by the doorway and had her arms folded. She was looking at me as if awaiting explanation. Unluckily for her I owed her nothing. I looked at a frustrated Melo leaning by the wall, his hands covering his erected penis. 🙈🙈

“Shoni give us a second, would you?” She huffed and slammed the door behind her.

“I’m sorry about that.” I said to Melo and he smiled nervously.

“It’s ok. And I’m sorry for kissing you, I shouldn’t have.”

“I kissed you, if there’s anyone who should apologise It’s me. I shouldn’t have kissed you as I’m still in love with my boyfriend.” I said hating myself for letting my emotions get the best out of me.

“It’s ok don’t stress about it. As much as it was wrong, I loved the kiss. I’ll hold on to it, to the memories we created today. If things between you and your boyfriend don’t work out know that I’ll be here, waiting for you. Goodbye Bonolo.”

He had said kissing my forehead and left shortly afterwards. I felt so confused with my feelings, how was it possible for me to feel what I felt for Melo if I was in love with Asenathi? I remained standing in the middle of my room, staring at the space trying to figure out what was happening with me.

A huge part of me wants to call him back but then there’s this small voice telling me not to. In the end I don’t call him back and call my boyfriend instead. His phone takes me straight to

voicemail. So today is Thursday and on Saturday is my 21st birthday. Rangwane Lereko then decided to kill two birds with one stone as he wants to slaughter a sheep (in my honour) to thank the elders (ancestors) for I have been given an opportunity to further my studies which I succeed and for reaching the age of 21 without a baby. His only daughter, Kananelo had a child before she could even reach eighteen. My uncle is proud of me and is making it known how he feels, breaking Kani's heart in the process. Kani and I, despite being cousins have never been close. She has always been envious of me and I don't blame her. Growing up, back to when my father was still working at the bank, I used to wear expensive clothes and shoes and Kani never had all those things because his father had no stable job so they struggled so much financially.

When I got home from the stalls to buy some onions I found my mom already home and watching her favourite Indian series.

“Dumela mama. (Hello) What are you doing home this early, is everything ok?” I asked thinking the worst.

“Hello my angel. You worry too much, everything is fine. As I mentioned to you a while ago, our hotel is sold so the new owners want to revamp it. It’s a 3 Star hotel and they want to make it a 5 star.”

“Ok. Thought you were sick or something.”

“I’m good my love.”

“So mama, are your jobs safe under the new ownership? Or should we start worrying?”

“You’ve always been this way, even when you were just a child. You worry way too much... my job is safe, in fact I got promoted. You my dear are looking at the newest Hotel Manager of Crystal Hotel.”

I couldn't stop my tears from falling, tears of joy. I couldn't think of anyone more deserving of that, my mom had been through so much, from raising me and my siblings alone with my dad always absent to making sure that we never go to bed with empty stomachs. She's a true lioness, always making sure that no harm comes her cubs's way. She's a force to be reckoned with, she'd go to any lengths to make sure we're (her kids) happy.

"Mama, I don't know what to say! I'm so happy for you. You deserve it.." I said as hugged her."

"Thank you my angel."

"No Mama, thank you for always being the best that you are to me and my brothers. I love you."

“I love you more angel.”

Later on I started cooking dinner, I went all out, after all I had great news to share with the family. I prepared my signature meal, chicken curry and dumplings.

“So family I have great news to tell you guys, I got a job!” I said cheerfully.

On my way to buy some onions, I had received a text from OR Tambo International Airport to inform me that my job application for flight attendant post had been accepted. Before we could leave the campus, the school organised job interviews for us with a few airports. I knew I would find a job but I never thought at OR Tambo!

“Ao ngwanaka, God is great.” She says, her eyes teary. She’s a crier shem😭😭😭 “Congratulations, I’m so proud of you my angel. Go spread your wings, make me even prouder than I already am!”

“Thank you mom. I wish papa was here..” And I truly wished to share this with him.💔

“He’s looking over you, smiling down at you.” My mom again.

“Congrats sis, I’m so proud of you... you’re the first in our family to have gone this far. I’m sure papa is proud wherever he is..” Kgosì says, speaking like a a true 'man of the house'. He had come home for my birthday celebration.

“Thank you baby brother.” I teased him.

“Stop calling me a baby! Ntsane is...” he said pouting.

“You’ll always be my baby brother, no matter how grown you are. Now come give me a hug.” He rolled his eyes a little annoyed.

It was a bright and sunny morning. White, fluffy clouds drifted across the sky. The yard was already packed with elderly men and women from the village drinking traditional beer.

My uncle uncle along with other men were skinning the slaughtered sheep, soon the women would start cleaning the intestines. Since this was an ancestral ceremony, I was wearing a dress and a doek on my head.

As I was busy sweeping outside, someone called my name and when I turned to look who it was, I saw Kani striding towards me with a grin on her face.

“Mokgoenyana rona ke neng ao founela!” (Asenathi has been calling you for long) She said handing me my call phone and wiggled her ass back in the house.

“Baby?”

“Happiest birthday to the most beautiful, smart and kindhearted girlfriend in the whole world.” Asenathi said the moment I answered the call, warming my heart.

“Thank you my love.” I said softly.

Ever since the kiss I shared with Melo I struggled much with my feelings for Asenathi. Sometimes I would be all lovey dovey during our calls and others I would snap for no reason.

“See you tonight?” Asenathi said.

“See you tonight babe.”

So tonight we were going out for my 21st birthday celebration. Asenathi had booked for me and my friends in some real fancy club in Willows. Among the friends that would be there tonight was my best bomba, Asanda who I had not seen in like forever, Maurine and Shoni had promised to come also. I couldn't wait for later that day so I could start preparing for my special day.

This is the moment I've been waiting for. I thought turning 18 was cool. Now I'm finally 21; officially legal. I've made it all these years living under the law. But now I'm of age to do whatever the hell I want to! I have gathered up a bunch of my close friends and we are going to the club to celebrate my entrance into adulthood! Shonisani requested we send her the location details of the venue so she'd go straight there.

When we arrive at the club everybody clear the way for us, I feel like I'm at some red carpet event of some sort with everybody's gaze at me. I'm wearing a gold floor-length gown that practically sweeps the floor. The sleeves are thin and off-shoulder with a dangerously long slit on the left side running up to my thigh. I'm wearing black heels to match and my make up is on fleek. My hair is plated in box braids that are tied in a messy bun.

We then make our way to the VIP section that's reserved for us and find Asenathi and a few of his friends already waiting. On the lounge, next to Asenathi sits some redhead I don't

recognise as her face is turned to my boyfriend. Whatever she's uttering into Asenathi's ears must be really ticklish because he's all smiles and don't hear me call him. He's like a teenage boy. The scene in front of me stings my eyes and suddenly I feel my insides turn. I was about to kill someone when suddenly the redhead turns to me, revealing her identity! It's Shonisani Mudau.

"Oh hi birthday girl!" She says getting up to give me a hug. "You never mentioned how handsome and sexy Ase is friend. Wow, he's a snack!" She says before breaking the hug.

I don't think I feel fine with the way she's talking about my boyfriend, like she wants him or something. 😊

"I see you've met my boyfriend!" I say giving her a stern look. She must stay away from my man or all hell will break loose.

“Guys, meet Shonisani. Shonisani these are my friends, Maurine and Asanda, Opelong and Kani, my sister. She smiles politely only to receive cold smiles from my friends. Ok this is awkward!

“I don’t like your friend one bit, she’s shady.” Maurine says as soon as we close the restroom door. “Did you see how she was drooling over your man?”

She’s right, I think Shonisani wants Asenathi, she’s been flirting with him the whole night, thinking I wasn’t looking or maybe she just did not care. I want to but I don’t trust Asenathi to resist such temptation. Shonisani is really attractive and beautiful, and Asenathi’s preference! She’s tall with a slim body like a supermodel, Naomi Campbell. I could never measure up to her beauty even if I tried to.

“I did, and Asenathi was sure giving her attention hey, chatting with her like they’ve known each other for years.” I say clearly hurt by the whole situation.

“The bitch needs to go!” Maurine is a very hasty person and if not stopped she could do something stupid.

“Whoa friend! You not going to do anything to Shonisani that you’ll regret later. Just leave her be. In the end I’m going to end up in Asenathi’s bed tonight, not her!

We crack into laughter. Back in the club everybody is enjoying their time and drinks keep popping. A while later Kani and Shonisani go to get our drinks and come back shortly with glasses in their hands. Kani gives me mine which I gulp down.

A few moments later I feel drowsy and woozy, mind you I’ve only had two drinks so far. I try to get up from where I’m seated and suddenly I have a severe headache, this is weird. I can’t feel dizzy from having only two drinks, something doesn’t add up!

“Baby are you ok?” Asenathi asks me.

“I feel dizzy and my head feels like it’s going to explode.” I say suddenly struggling to breath.

“Do you want me to take you to our hotel?” An alarmed Asenathi asks and I nod.

As my birthday treat, Asenathi booked us into Sizzling Inn Hotel in Bloemfontein, not far from the club where we are. Before going I scan around the club, looking for Asanda or Maurine to tell them I am leaving but they are nowhere to be found, instead I see Shonisani.

She's looking at me with eyes full of what I assume is hate. I swallow hard, her icy gaze making me all kinds of uncomfortable. What's her problem vele? My thoughts drift to the day she caught me making out with Melokuhle, how angry she was when I had asked her to leave.

It was weird how she reacted, like she was somewhat hurt that I was kissing Melo. What if she tells Asenathi? What if she came her to destroy me? Oh my gosh!

Suddenly I want Asenathi and I to get out of this place as soon as possible! When she sees me staring at her, she gives me a malicious smirk and strides towards me. There's a victorious and satisfactory smile on her face as she crouches down in front of me.

"Go look for others i'll watch her so long." She offers Asenathi a fake smile.

As soon as Asenathi is out of sight, Shonisani roughly grabs my hair and

slides her fingers to twine them with

my thick braids.

“You’ll know how it feels like to double cross Shonisani Mudau, ani ndivhi nne. (you have no idea who you’re dealing with.) You thought I’d leave you unpunished after you stole Melokuhle from me? I’m sorry khonani yanga (my friend) I don’t think so!”

What? Shonisani is in love with Melokuhle!😬😬😬 What’s with these crazy bitches accusing me of stealing their boyfriends? First it was Gontse now it’s this Venda bitch!!! How was I to know how she felt about Melo if she never told me? God I don’t have energy for this!

Shoni’s hand is still grabbing my hair.

She tightenes her grasp, pulling my braids till I wince in pain and her diabolical laughter daunting me.

Asenathi has been gone for long, can he come to my rescue! I don't have energy to do anything and my eyes are becoming heavy and heavy with each passing second. Soon I fall into deep sleep.

I don't know for how long I was out for, but when I finally woke up I was exhausted and had a migraine from hell. I was slumped on a couch with my eyes closed, when I heard some strange noises coming from the hotel's bathroom. It sounded more like couple's heavy breathing.

I fumbled over to see what was really happening leaning on the wall when suddenly a woman's voice rang out;

“Faster...faster yes!” Her shameful sounds pierced my poor eardrums, and then abruptly stopped. My blood ran cold as the only sound left was a man’s heavy breathing.

“Don’t wake Bow up... get dressed and I’ll take you to your hotel.” Asenathi whispers hoarsely.

“Oh. Are you scared she’ll find out about us? Don’t you worry about that, I spiked her drink and she won’t wake up until tomorrow. You might be in love with her, but tonight you’re mine.”

Shonisani’s words held a venom, and there was a very large hint that she hated me... God how could I let this happen to me? AGAIN!💔

Outside the bathroom, I held back my tears and staggered backwards. Leaning on the wall for support, I clenched the fists

hanging by my sides, as the blood drained from my face. The noise continued in the bathroom for a long time before finally, quieting. I lay back on a couch

restraining from the severe pain in my heart. After a while, Shonisani left the apartment on the elbow of a man. My man! Hiding behind the curtains, I watched as they got in the car together and drove off. My heart felt like it was going to shatter. 💔😭😭 After crying my lungs out, mourning the love that couldn't be, I gathered my things, requested an Uber and went back home.

There was nothing keeping me there anymore. I left his keys with front desk. I dragged my tired body back to my house, where I took out a bottle of Skyy Vodka from where I stashed my alcohol. After a few gulps, I was starting to get drunk. Slowly, the pain started to fade away. I had no strength in me to continue fighting anymore. He won. He broke me in every way possible.

In my drowsy state, I saw Asenathi walking towards me. He was tall and super good-looking. He was the man my heart was yearning for right that instant. The man who not so long ago wore his heart on the sleeve, telling me how he loved me and how his life was incomplete without me. He practically begged me to take him back and I did, despite everyone warning me against it. I almost lost Asanda over the motherfucker who does not and never gave a rat's ass about me. How ironic can life be!

Even knowing that he fucked Shonisani less than an hour ago, it still hurt like fuck to see him so vulnerable and desperate. In my sick twisted mind, I wanted to just take his hand, hug him real tight and tell Him that I forgive him, that I give him a trillionth chance. All I wanted so desperately was to be his for eternity. I couldn't control the tears that left my eyes upon seeing him. But I was never going to let this bastard play me, ever again!

“You have the audacity of showing up at my mom's house after what you did?”

“Bonolo I love you, only you. She doesn’t mean anything to me but you’re my whole world. Please don’t leave me!”

“I had trusted you, believed in you and this is how you pay me? By throwing that to my face? All I wanted was for you to love me, was that too much to ask? Or am I that hard to love? ANSWER ME HUH?” I was screaming.

“Nothing's wrong with you my love, you’re the most amazing person I know. You’re perfectly perfect. I love you, please believe me Bow.”

“Don’t you call Me that! You’ve lost all the right to the moment you screwed her, my own friend.”

I had so much I wanted to say to this man, I didn’t know where to start. I didn’t have the energy nor the strength. I just looked at him, on his knees begging me to take him back. He looked so

pathetic. Not so long ago he was fucking another woman while I was just a few steps away and now he was telling me this Shit! Just then my mom came to the living room.

“Bonolo keng? Ho etsahalang mo and what’s Asenathi doing here?” (What is it Bonolo, what the hell is going on?)

“Sorry to have woken you up mama. Asenathi was just leaving?”

“Baby ndicela uxolo manyani muntu wami.” (I’m deeply sorry baby.)

“Leave Asenathi!”

“Baby plea-” Kgosi cut him off.

“Hey groot man I think it’s time you left.” He said real pissed and ready to punch someone.

“Haibo lona bana ba Moledi, letlo njwetsa hore moshemane enwa o etsang haka ka 01:30 hoseng?” (Are you going to tell me what’s this boy is doing in my house this early in the morning?)

“I’m sorry mama for coming into your house this late, I just so desperately needed to speak with Bonolo. Ndimoshile. (I ruined everything.)” He says crying like a baby.

“I don’t care what you did or did not do, but this is my house. You can’t just budge in here whenever you feel like it! You’ll leave now or I’ll call the police, you’re trespassing. Wena Bonolo, we need to talk!” my mom casted me a dirty look.

After Asenathi finally left, my mom wanted an explanation. I told her and Kgosi everything and they were shocked. Kgosi wanted to kill somebody.

My mom asked if I still wanted to be with Asenathi, and honestly he'd gone a little too far this time. For me that was a last straw! I've let him mop the floors with my head for far too long. I wanted absolutely nothing to do with that man.

Though I wanted out of a sham relationship between me and Asenathi, that didn't mean that I loved him no more. I still did... I was under a lot of stress for a longest time. Couldn't go a day without crying over the douche that didn't care about me...it hurt so much because I had really loved him.

I started working at OR Tambo three months ago. It hasn't been easy but I'm still surviving. I haven't seen Asenathi ever since that night I chased him from my mother's house, and I'm so grateful for that. I once received a letter from him though, I think it was a few weeks after the break up. I was never going to read it so I burned it. Who still writes letters nowadays? 😊

So I decided to enroll in an online college to learn international languages. This will help me as my wish is to become an international flight attendant and in order to become one, one has to at least know two international

languages. Hopefully this will help take my mind off things that stress me out.

I want to live my life like I did before Asenathi, no fears, no stress and drama, after all, we only live once. I'm going to take the first chance, and don't wait for the second one because sometimes, there aren't second chances! And if it turns out to be a mistake? So what! This is life! A whole bunch of mistakes! But if I never get a second chance at something I didn't take a first chance at? That's true failure.

For so long I thought that Asenathi was my life and that I couldn't do without him, I took the key that unlocks my happiness and put it in his hands. For so long I did not know who I was, but now I do! I'm beautiful and smart... My days of wallowing in self pity and belittling myself end here and now. I'm going to rise from my own ashes just like a phoenix.

15

Some say that a flight attendant is just a glorified waitress... Others look at the crew and think that it is like a regular job that does not stress out or wears you out. And why would there be stress or fatigue? You get to travel all over the world, sit in the airplane, sell some drinks and say a warm goodbye to the passengers leaving the aircraft.

You ask yourself what is so difficult about it? Well, I think otherwise. I think working as a flight attendant is hard, it's almost comparable to working as a pilot and their job is not very easy! As a flight attendant, you're responsible for all the lives of everyone on board. It is not just serving drinks, snacks and other shopping items... First and foremost, you need to make sure that in an emergency situation, the headless chickens that are your passengers do not get lost and everyone stays safe. You are responsible for peace on board, you prevent any harassment from happening or anyone losing their minds, figuratively... Although being a flight attendant has its drawbacks, the advantages outweigh everything.

The flight attendant benefits are one of the top reasons why I chose this type of job. Specific benefits are different for each airline and may be different depending on how long a flight attendant has worked for their airline. The most popular benefit for being a

flight attendant is just the job itself.

Many flight attendants use their layover time between flights to explore a new city or country. There are times when a flight attendant job allows for a several day layover, which provides plenty of time to watch the sun rise or set over the ocean, explore historical places, or just sit and sip a cup of coffee on a cobblestone sidewalk.

One of the most significant benefits of being a flight attendant is the ability to travel. We can often fly for free or at a reduced rate whenever we want to take a weekend trip or an exciting vacation. This job is also one that sometimes pays us to fly to a new city, providing us with a hotel upon our arrival, and even scheduling us for a long layover so that we have time to explore. Most airlines have contracts with each other that allow for all of the flight attendants to take advantage of this benefit, allowing us to fly for free all over the world. Some agreements even allow us to take our spouses, children, or other direct

relatives like parents or grandparents. This job requires us to manage the interior environment of the aircraft while providing an exceptional level of customer service. We get to meet and interact with people from all over the the country who are traveling for a variety of different reasons. These interactions occur at the airport, at our hotels, and even on layovers when other flight attendants meet up to discuss their positions, schedules, and more.

Three years have passed and I couldn't be more content in my life. Although I have to admit things have not always been easy. A few months after the Asenathi/Shonisani saga were tough, break-ups have never been easy to deal with. They emotionally drain and are so painful! At first I acted all tough and unaffected, refusing to shed any tear for Asenathi. To fill the void he had practically left in my heart, I would sleep around with a countless different guys. Every time we went to the club, I would make sure I brought a man home to warm my sheets. I lived by the motto; 'no strings attached'. My mom would've been ashamed and repulsed if she ever came to know half the filth I was doing, thank God I had moved out.

One day, one of a million guys I was sleeping with caught me making out with another in the toilets at the club. 🙈🙈 I know you're probably going to judge me and I can't blame you. I was going through the most and I'm not proud of the things I made and decisions I took. The two guys got into a messy fight with one of them pulling a knife on the other's throat while I watched.

For me that was a wake up call and I knew that somehow I had to stop with my nonsense before it was too late. So I then stopped ignoring my feelings and allowed myself to feel every bit of them. I allowed myself to feel anger, to feel pain and agony, to feel grief and to mourn the love I had lost. After all, Asenathi had been a huge part of my life. It hurt so much, and it sucked big time that he was going on with his life while I suffered and felt stuck. It was no fun at all, but I allowed myself to feel the pain anyway in order to heal. I had to come to terms with some real harsh truths that Asenathi never truly loved me. If he ever did, he wouldn't have hurt me the way he did.

All this time he pretended to be someone he was not in order to be with me, he manipulated and deceived me for a whole three years and I let him! Yes I let him. I knew things were not right but because I loved him I turned a blind eye and believed in him. I actually thought he would some day change and become a better boyfriend. I stayed with him even though I knew very well that I should leave.

I never thought the day would come where I would finally say I'm over Asenathi. It hasn't been easy but here I am and still surviving. I've forgiven and made peace with myself for letting him manipulate and deceive me for so long. Finally I think I've mourned enough for my failed relationship with him and I'm ready to move on with my life.

So much has happened this past three years and Asanda works at OR Tambo International Airport now. She had applied for a transfer after my break up with her cousin, she wanted to be close to me and help me get through the roughest patch of my life. Although Asenathi is her cousin, Asanda has always been on my side, supporting me through the horrible ordeal Asenathi had put me through. She has never made me doubt where her

loyalties lay, ever! She's has always been that true friend to me. I was so grateful for her support, for her inspirational and encouragement words. Friends like her are so rare.

So we're renting some real expensive apartment in Glen Marais

Advertisement

Kempton Park Close to work. We share with Mihlali who also works with us but as an on-board chef. The three of us get along so well and even though we've only known her for a short time, we share a deep bond with Mihlali.

Over six months ago Mama completed her degree in Teaching. When I started working at the airport I enrolled her for teaching at Unisa and sacrificed buying expensive clothes for myself, it was the least I could do for the woman who gave up on her dreams so she could raise me and my siblings. She was very happy and couldn't believe it.

Kgosi has followed in papa's shoes and is now making waves in the finance world as he works at the bank as a Loan Processor. He graduated a year ago from the University Of Johannesburg. I remember I was working that day and couldn't make it in time to see him walk to the podium to receive his parchment. I was so sad about it but at least I got to celebrate with him his special day. He looked so stunningly dapper in his casual slim plaid pencil pants (grey), a pitch black shirt, a matching waistcoat and Bathu wakanda black Moja edition. I cried tears of joy, seeing how my brother had grown up, he was now 22 years old, a young man now, soon he would be bringing a girl home to introduce her to mama. I wished that time that our father would wake up to witness our success, I would have loved to see the proud smile on his face.

Before I forget, my mom has found love ten years after her husband's passing. In these ten years I never saw her not even once with another man. My father's death must have really hit her hard to have stayed single this long. Or maybe she had been seeing people, she just felt no need to introduce us as she had not yet found the one. I'm glad that after so long, finally she has accepted her late husband's death and has moved on. My mother is still young (ok maybe not that young) but she's

only 43 this year and she's beautiful with a loving heart, and she was bound to find someone at some point in her life.

I'm glad that 'someone' is Ntate Mabaso who is in his late 40s or early 50s and the deputy principal of Qalabocha Primary school, where my mom works. Guess that's where they met. He's your typical man his age, you know pot-bellied and all 🐒 He's tall with strong features. He strikes me like a reserved type, shy even. From what I've learned about about him, he doesn't like talking much... he's kind of sweet and my mom is very happy with him. He really loves and cares for my mom, it's evident in his eyes that light up every time he sees my mother. My mom is like a completely different person with him, she's so in love. I'm happy that she's happy and will not ruin this for her by being difficult. She's been through so much and deserves a break. I like ntate Mabaso for being a man that he is but mostly because he respects and treats my mother well. I've never seen my old lady this happy in a long time!

We are all born with a love for learning about new people and a natural desire to discover the world around us. I knew from the early age that I loved Spanish language and wanted to learn it somehow. My persistence and hard work has granted me my wish and now I'm fluent in both Spanish and French languages. Online learning wasn't working for me much so I decided to enroll in some language school in Johannesburg. The school provided me with the skills I needed to mastering my goal, while also nurturing the initial excitement that comes with learning a new language.

As I was growing up, I was 14 I think, I started developing love for everything aircraft! First I wanted to be a pilot but then one day Asanda's mom made us watch a movie named, A View From The Top and my love for flight attendant job was born. I was so inspired by Donna (the main character in the movie), a girl from meager beginnings who has high hopes for the future. She dreams of becoming a first-class international flight attendant and is willing to do whatever it takes to ensure her dreams become a reality. The road to success, though, is rarely a smooth flight, and as she begins her trip she encounters more turbulence... in the end her dreams are fulfilled.

'If Donna succeeded in becoming who she wanted to be, despite being from the humble beginnings, what the hell is going to stop me, a girl from the remote and dusty streets of Mangaung?' I used to ask myself. This would always echo in my mind, and it kept me going. I worked even harder to escape poverty in my village and today I stand before you with a cabin crew hat on my head!

I have been shortlisted for an interview (through Skype) with American Airlines. After long and many years of applying, finally things are looking up!

Three weeks later...

I'm at the airport with my family, they are bidding me farewell as I'm about to board the plane to the Big Apple! I was among the lucky applicants who got the job. Tears of joy stream down my pinkish cheeks, finally my prayers have been answered and I am an international flight attendant now!

“I never imagined a day would come where I would bid you a farewell as you move to another country, but that’s just how life is. Nothing is constant, and things change. I know you are moving away to chase your dreams, and New York is the perfect place to be, but I can’t help but feel sadness. You have been my daughter, my best friend and my confidant for my whole life, and not having you here will be so weird for me. I will find comfort in knowing that you’re taking steps towards your goals in life. I know you will visit me whenever you can.”

My poor mother! 😞😞😞

I can’t say anything with my lips trembling. All I can do is pull her into a tight hug and pour all my emotions in it!

“I love you mama. Please take care of yourself and don’t stress about me I’ll be just fine.”

I turn to Kgosi and Ntsane and tell them to take care of our old lady. Kgosi’s eyes were gloomy. He hugs me to his warm chest and mouths,

“I’ll miss you sis.”

Growing up, New York has always been one of my favorite cities, I would always gush over how beautiful, enormous and tidy it was. From a young age, I would always recognise it by its signature yellow cabs, Empire State Building, Times Square, or the statue of Liberty... I never even in my wildest dreams thought that one day I would be living in the Big Apple, as they call it. This has to be the highlight of my life!

Though the city is very busy and loud. Noise everywhere... beeping horns, subway trains, sirens, traffic and loud people, that doesn't take away its beauty and uniqueness. There's nothing

quite like living in New York City. It's an amazing place with so much inspiration and activity. You can think of anything you want to do and it's here, in this city. There are endless opportunities, and the most impressive is the diversity of people and cultures, it's incredible. I walk out of the building where I live in mid town Manhattan and hear three different languages. I walk another fifty feet and I get hit with an amazing whiff of Italian food from the cart vendors.

I must admit, moving to New York has to be the toughest and the most emotional decision I've ever made in my whole life! On one hand I was spreading my wings, making a mark for myself, living my dream and on the other I was leaving behind my family, friends, my life and my everything. The first few months were the hardest, I was all alone in the foreign land with no one to turn to. Sometimes I thought of just giving up and going back but then I remembered that my mother raised no quitter.

So I was allocated to John F. Kennedy International Airport, colloquially referred to as JFK Airport. JFK is an international airport in New York City. It is the busiest international air passenger gateway into North America, the 20th-busiest airport in the world, the sixth-busiest airport in the United States, and the busiest airport in the New York airport system, having handled over 62.5 million passengers in 2019. More than ninety

airlines operate from the airport, with nonstop or direct flights to destinations in all six inhabited continents.

I was so excited and nervous at the same time, I mean hello I was working at the JFK International Airport, one of America's fucking biggest airports! Even though sometimes it got real lonely, I was happy and proud of myself to have been living my dream!

As I was still a startup at the JFK, I was assigned with short-haul flights in economy class and then two years later I moved to long-haul flights now in business first class.

The overall experience of when I first came to the city is nothing short of distress and nerve-wracking process that required heaps of patience that did not end until two years later when I had finally found myself a proper place to stay. The first few months of my arrival in New York I stayed in a free accommodation in a modern shared fully-furnished apartment, which my airline provided.

I shared with this Puerto Rican-American girl named La'Keysha Green. She despised and couldn't stand me for some weird reason, ukuthi ngamenzani shem angazi. (I had no idea what I ever did to her to hate me so much.) We didn't get along too well and used to fight almost every day, resulting in me moving out and finding myself an apartment. As I kept in contact with my mother, I used to confind in her about what was going on and then she suggested I moved out.

Remember I was still a startup, so I was a little low on cash which means I had to look for a real cheap apartment to rent. One of my colleagues recommended a few places that had available flats in Astoria, a neighborhood in Queens. Queens is the second-largest boroughs of New York and is infamously known for its ghettoness, drugs, killings with the overall crime rate of 13 per 1,000 residents. I wouldn't have lived there on my own

free will, but my unfortunate circumstances forced me.

Astoria turned out to be is a great place to live in, the only red flag about it was its high crime rates. You see young kids drift into the life on crime, how could they not if crime is the only life they know? It's so heartbreaking to see such small kids throw away their bright futures like that.

My apartment was neither fancy nor was it spacious if anything, it was just basic. But I wasn't complaining really, in fact I was glad I had found it. I would rather live happily in the hood than live unhappily in that fancy apartment. My apartment was my fortress, a roof over my head, plus I knew that the arrangement wasn't permanent.

Mrs Ortega, my landlord (former) was a very sweet woman, sent from the above to be my guardian angel. She was in her mid fifties, with her hair slightly greying. She had a great figure even in her age. She was very kind to me, treated me like I was her own.

With my own mother a million miles away, Mrs Ortega filled that motherly role in my life. She'd scold me if needed be and hug me when I felt down. She became a huge part of my life in a matter of a few weeks. She owned a successful restaurant that sells Mexican food in Astoria. I remember how she'd always leave for me two enchiladas to devour on every single day after my shift. You must wonder what an enchilada is, well it's a corn taco rolled around a filling and covered with savoury sauce. It can be filled with meats, cheese, beans or vegetables. It's very good, and Mrs Ortega's were even better. 😊

I often visit her and her two beautiful nieces, Mariana and Lola. Just like any other foreigner in the US, they are here chasing their American dream.

After a couple of months, with Mrs Ortega's help, I was able to find a better place. It was in Mid Town Manhattan, and not far from my home base airport.

Five years have passed since my move to the Big Apple, and I'm still loving and enjoying my job like I was almost eight years ago when I started out.

I stay in a two bed-roomed apartment which I share with my beautiful Asian colleague-turned friend, Geum Jan-Di. She's Korean, and the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, aren't they all? The differences from my last apartment in Astoria to this one are vast. This one is so spacious, the furniture is way better. The bathroom is my favorite room of the whole apartment, it's so white and spotless with a bathtub just in the middle. The view from my room is incredible. New York is such a beautiful city.

I woke up drenched in sweat in the middle of the night after dreaming that I was having the best sex of my life—with a paralyzed Asenathi. It wasn't clear why he was paralyzed, but he definitely couldn't move from the waist down. He could get

erections, though! I know because I was sitting on top of him in his wheelchair, massaging my clit as I bopped up and down on his massive cock and it was amazing until the real world came roaring back.

I literally jumped when my phone buzzed under the pillow, not expecting anyone to call me. I wiped away the drool on the sides of my mouth in disgust. Why was I dreaming of Asenathi all people?! Why now specifically, especially after so many years? Me having an erotic dream about him such as this didn't sit quite well with me. But that did not mean I did not enjoy it, the sex that is.

"I just had the most amazing sex of my love." I told Asanda as soon as I answered her call.

"Good morning to you too friend!" Asanda said ignoring my statement.

“Sorry babe. How are you doing?” I asked her.

“I’m very good, thanks. So I see Stella got her groove back... ! You’ve been in kalahari for far too long. So how was it?” She whispered. 😊👉 Foolish girl!

“Tell me again why I’m friends with you? Chomi you’re the craziest friend I’ve ever had!”

“And the most beautiful! So how’s it? Tell me phela!!” She asked impatiently.

“I’m sorry to bust your little bubble chom, but I meant literally.
”

“I don’t understand.”

“I was having the most erotic dream ever!”

“A dream? Really chomi? I thought you’ve found yourself a Morris Chestnut and that he was fucking your brains out right about now.!!”

“Care to know who I was fucking in my dream?”

“What a waste!”

“It was Asenathi and I don’t think this was a dream. It felt so real, even my panties are wet.”

So I read somewhere that if you dream of having sex with your ex it does not mean that you still have leftover emotions for them, something that most of us misinterpret it as. Dreams involving your ex are, in fact, the most common type of sex dreams that people see. Dreaming about your ex simply means that you are missing what that person represented and not the person themselves. We often also compare our current relationship with our previous ones

seeking what we had in the past. Such dreams only symbolize this desire. It simply means that you need to add a spark or revitalize your current relationship and add the qualities of your previous relationship to it that you find missing in your life at present.

Even knowing this, I still couldn't help but feel weird! Why Him of all my exes? 🤔

“Eh chomi! That's weird!”

Asanda's voice startled me as I was cracking my head, trying to figure the weird dream out.

"Tell me about it! 🤔"

"Uhm...babe can I ask you something? And please be honest with yourself if not with me." She sounded serious all of a sudden. I nodded, forgetting that she actually could not see me. "Are you still in love with Asenathi?"

"What? Hell no! I've gotten over his ass a long time ago. I'm as surprised as you to have dreamt of him, especially after so many years." I said, a little hurt that she was even insinuating that.

"Ok love I understand. I'm sure it's just a dream and doesn't mean anything. Don't lose your mind over it." She said.

“Yeah hey...anywhoo chomi I miss you?”

I suddenly said, changing the depressing topic about Asenathi. How things have changed, the guy moved from being my whole life to a ghostly remnant of a time I wouldn't allow myself to remember.

“Miss you more my chom. So liphi iChaina lakho namuhla?”
(your Chinese friend)

By ichaina lam, she meant Jan D. Asanda felt threatened by her and was somehow jealous of our friendship.

“Her name Jan D, and for the millionth time, she's not Chinese. She's Korean!” Trust Asanda to refer to all Asians (excluding Indians) by 'Chinese'. 😊😊😞

“Whatever. Korean, Japanese, Turkish, same thing.” And I could picture her rolling her eyes. Asanda though! 😄😄😄😄

So over nine months ago Asanda was among a trio that was selected and offered a lifetime opportunity to work abroad. It has been OR Tambo's tradition over the years to select three of top flight attendants annually to give them an opportunity to spread their wings.

So my friend is based in Venice, Italy.

“So ntombi, how’s Venice treating you and have you made friends yet?” I asked as I put my slippers on and went to the loo.

“Yoh sana Venice is life!♥ It’s good to be here hey despite the cold weather... with the average temperature of 0-7 degrees Celsius. It’s winter.”

“Yoh girl this side too. I’m literally deep within the blankets right now. It’s snowing outside.”

“Sleeping? Chini ntombi uzothola umntu njani uzivalele endlini? Phuma kaloku and start living Bonolo Moledi!” (Gosh friend how are you going to find a boyfriend locked up in the apartment? You have to go out a lot and start enjoying your life.) She said with a stern voice, reminding me of my mother. That was something she would say.

“OK chomi I’ll remember that. Now can I go back to my sleep? It’s only 6:30 in the morning.” I said as I get back under the covers.

“Sleep on what I just said love, life’s is too short to be sitting around miserable, what happened to the carefree Bonolo who was unapologetically fierce and feared nothing?”

Anywhooò it’s 12:30 p.m in Venice and

I’m roaming around the city, doing some shopping here and there...”

Venice’s time is six hours ahead of New York's.

“OK love happy shopping ke...So Sasa, have you fucked an Italian man yet?”

Instead of answering me, she busted into laughing. Sneaky bitch! I’m telling you she had got some of Italian dick...

“Bitch! How was it? I want all the juicy details.”

“I’m not gonna go into detail chomi. All I’m gonna tell you is that it was AMAZING... girl you losing out. You gotta find yourself an American guy today, loosen up a bit...”

“Don’t you think I’ve done enough of that chomi? I’m tired of hooking up, I want a serous relationship.”

“OK who the hell are you and what have you done with my best friend?”

‘She has grown up’, I was tempted to say.

I can't believe that I'm a year away from reaching 30 and still there's no mnyakazo relationship wise, in my life. Girls my age either have four kids with different fathers or married twice already, I have nothing, dololo! It's as if I'm cursed or something. My relationships don't last longer than three months. It's been a year and a half in Kalahari desert 🍌 🍎, by now I'm as good as a virgin, a 29-Year-Old virgin! 🙈 I've been asked out by so many hot guys before but none of them has ever been able to make me weak on my knees or give me goosebumps, or something like that. I want that kind of love, whereby you feel alive, you get me? So today is my day off and as usual, my crazy Korean friend insisted that we go out, in a quest to find me a man. Imagine! What's wrong with my being single? Most people are single, I mean come on, this is stupid! 😊 So today we're at Central Park, Manhattan.

Geum Jan-D is BEAUTIFUL, she's like a doll. She's tall and has a slim figure, small face with a v-shaped jaw. Her skin pale and flawless... large eyes, straight eyebrows. Her small mouth pink... her smile always so warm and welcoming. We've grown very

close, it's safe to say that I have found a friend in her. A good one at that!

Central Park is even more beautiful than I've ever seen it on TV. It's good to be out here you know, to get out of bed for a change and just 'live'. I spent my off days locked up in the apartment and eating like there's no tomorrow, much to Jan-Di's annoyance. She always tells me with no fail that LOVE won't come looking for me, so I must look for it.

“Your life is so dull and uninteresting for a girl your age! Girl you only live once, make the best out of it. You need to meet people!”

Mind you, she's only 27! Yet she acts all bossy on me. What's with these people wanting me to meet people? First it was Asanda and now it's Jan-Di.

"I'm here, 'meeting people' aren't I? Why do you keep pestering me so much about my singleness? Geez Jan!" I snap, really tired of this topic. "Sorry friend, I know you mean well, but can we please just stop talking about men, relationships and stuff like that?"

"Ok babe. Come let's take pics." She says, holding my hand. We're seated on a bench having burgers while talking and laughing about random things when Jan-Di suddenly screams at something or rather someone. This girl is nuts! She's fanning herself dramatically with her hand, mouth wide open!

"OH MY GOSH BABE! Look at that sexy thing over there!...He's looking our way!"

I turn to look at the guy that's literally driving my friend crazy and almost choke on my own saliva, not only because he's good looking or sexy, but because he looks filthy rich. You should see the luxury Sedan he's just got off of. The way he moves👁👁 it's as if he owns the damn place. Jesus Christ of Nazareth!!!🔥😊

“Uh hello friend don’t be so obvious, close your mouth. Look how you drooling over the poor guy! Bonolo?” She says blocking my eyes dramatically with her hand.

“What?” I ask, snapping out of my daydream in this man’s muscular arms.

“Dude. You’re drooling!”

She’s right. I’m drooling over him, I can’t stop gawking at him. I look as his long legs are striding towards us. Oh my word he’s approaching. I can’t!

“Friend let’s get out of here.” I say standing up from a metal bench.

“Like hell we’re leaving! Are you fucking out of your mind? Have you seen how smoking hot he is? He wants you!” She says preventing me from standing.

“We don’t know that for sure. And besides he’s way out of my league.”

“Who cares?” she says rolling her eyes.

Suddenly I feel a little underdressed with my black skinny jeans, black suede ankle boots and my burgundy hooded coat. I’m wearing a black Fox fur hat and a matching scarf. I have my signature hairstyle on, twisted braids.

“Friend, you have nothing to lose. Just speak with him and see where that leads you... when was the last time you went out with a guy?”

“It’s been quite a long time hey. I don’t even remember how it’s like to go out with someone...” I say, truly.

“This is your chance to remind yourself. I’m not saying go marry the guy, just live a bit... now smile he’s right behind you.”

“Screw you.” I whisper at her as she leaves, giving us a moment I guess.

“Thank me later!”

“Hola hermosa!” (Hello Beautiful) He says, flashing me a smile.

My GOSH!😊 His set is super white! We hold each other's gazes for a long moment. Long enough for the smiles to end and be replaced with something different. He gives me a look that makes me weak on my knees, making my pulse pound in my throat. Wow!! I always thought that 'love at first sight' was silly and incredibly irresponsible. Then this man comes along and he flips it on me. I understand it now, I do.

He is the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. The man is tall and broad, wearing a black suit. His strands are short and black, combed back to showcase his big dark eyes glowing down at me. 'MY TYPE OF A MAN', I think to myself. I assume he's Hispanic, judging by his thick Spanish accent.

"Hi." That's all I manage to say.

"I'm Lorenzo." He says extending his hand for a handshake.

The name Lorenzo is latin, which confirms my theory that he's Hispanic. He looks like he's Mexican, remember my mom watches Telemundo channel, so I learnt one or two things. I shake his hand and my stomach does a backflip. His hand is strong and firm but not rough.

"This is the part where you also tell me your name..."

Gosh! I can't remember words, so I just nod. He smiles and I feel heat spread through my body.

"Quite a little chatterbox, aren't you?" I smile.

"Discúlpame, I had something in my teeth. Uhm...I'm Nolo. Pleased to meet you Lorenzo."

Discúlpame means (excuse me.)

His dark eyes never leave mine.

“That’s cool. Listen, can I ask you another question?”

I nod, curse myself and then say; “Sure”

He winks and says; “Can I have my hand back now?”

I turn red with embarrassment and quickly release him. I’m suddenly sweaty and my heart beats faster as Lorenzo stares at me with his intense eyes.

“I’m sorry. You must think I’m a fool.”

“Something like that.” He says still wearing a small smile.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

They say that the first time you fall in love is a moment that you will never forget, you remember everything. The way the sky was that perfect autumn blue, the way the wind blew those colourful leaves around making everything seem so different, so perfect. Falling in love for the first time changes you, you see things differently, you think you withstand anything, the moment that you realise that you have fallen in love is a moment that will stay with you forever.

I don't know what it is I thought I felt for Asenathi all those years ago, but love was definitely not it, at least not healthy one! I know it may sound cliché but love is what I feel for Lorenzo. I feel butterflies every time I think of him. The constant happiness and overwhelming joy when I remember how he looked at me. 🙄 It's the way he looked at me that got me all sweaty despite the chilly weather. The look of a man yearning for me. Damn I yearn for him too, though I know I

shouldn't. The moment I felt like my heart had been ripped out of my chest was when he left, and I knew I was hooked!

There was a point in my life when I overly depended on Asenathi and felt like my world revolved around him. I actually thought that he was the only one in the world who could love me, the only one my life depended on. I felt like I couldn't function without him, every time I was not with him I felt abandoned. That was sick!

I think and believe that the root of my anxiety and insecurities came from something that happened in my adolescence. My father was hardly ever home, he preferred spending his time with his friends than with his wife. So this gave me a negative view on love and relationships, and when I found Asenathi, someone I actually deeply cared about, I got anxious about losing him, over the most smallest things. That's one of the main reasons why our break up hit me so hard!

However, with Lorenzo I felt some sense of content, sense of relaxation, something I never felt with Asenathi. I know I'm probably getting ahead of myself, but I think Lorenzo is my

chance to be happy and love again. I know what I feel for him and what I felt that day I saw him at Central Park a week ago. I know he felt something too!

I am in my bedroom, slumped on the couch while I watch this real boring movie. My thoughts keep drifting to Lorenzo. I get up and retrieve the business card he gave to me on the bedside table.

Lorenzo Del Castillo, CEO of Casa Del Castillo is written in bold fonts! I feel so small all of a sudden, what could a man of his standards ever see in me when there's probably a bunch of supermodels queuing for attention? Before this day, I have never been the one to struggle with low self-esteem issues ever! Hell Lorenzo is so sexy, so handsome. He looks like he's just come out of a magazine cover. Guys like him can only bring you heartache...

So I decided to collect all the information I could find on the net on Lorenzo del Castillo, in order to get a little glimpse of what he's about. From my little investigation I gathered that he's the son of Jorge del Castillo, the senator of New York City, his mother is Raquel Uriate del Castillo who owns a shelter for homeless children and abused women. His sister Andrea is married to the son of the senator of Florida. Wow, talk about riches! So Lorenzo is CEO and the founder of Casa del Castillo, a sophisticated and one of the biggest fashion companies in New York. What I found out and really caught my attention is that Lorenzo is a bachelor... though there's this girl that seems to be his shadow. Almost every picture of Lorenzo that I've seen so far, he's with this girl namely Marcela dos Ramos. She's very beautiful and dresses elegantly. She's a true princess and a perfect type for Lorenzo. I hate to admit but they kind of look great together, they make such a cute couple. She has an hourglass shaped body, a body of a supermodel. You guys know Kim Kardashian? Well I've seen her... I don't get why is the hunk like Lorenzo Del Castillo single?

Later on that day Geum Jan-Di and I were chilling in our lounge watching sipping on our good wine while we watched LIFE IN A YEAR, a really

emotional and sad movie that follows a 17-year old boy who finds out that his girlfriend is dying due to the chronic disease she has. He sets out to give her an entire life in the last year that she has left. I'm a natural crier of note, you can imagine how I was after watching this. I was an emotional wreck, my eyes bloodshot red and my nose runny from crying.

"Here." Jan-D handed me a box of hand tissues. Her large eyes reddish and swollen.

"Fuck, this movie hurts like Shit. Can't remember the last time I cried this much because of a movie" She said as she blew her nose.

It's pure flames, I give it that! 🙌😊 Jaden Smith and Cara Delevingne are really amazing in that movie.

After the movie has ended we opened another bottle of wine, while we had a random chat. A few minutes later Alex, Jan D's boyfriend arrived. Jan-Di asked me to join and have supper with them but I declined. I didn't want to be a third wheel, and besides Jan had not seen Alex in a while and they needed to catch up without audience...

When I got to my room I stripped down and was only left in my underwear. I got under covers and was literally snoring in an instant.

When I finally wake up the following day it's 2 in the afternoon. I can't remember the last time I slept past 11, let alone later than lunch, but I forgive myself by taking into account that I haven't rested much these past few weeks. With us, there's barely time for rest, we're always up in the sky, working our butts off. There's barely time for us for our families or social lives. Once you become a flight attendant, believe me you become just like a Roman Catholic priest who can't marry or have children. (I'm not saying flight attendants aren't supposed to get married, it's just that it's very hard to maintain a relationship in this job) Hell you even depart from your own

home just like those priests do. Don't get me wrong, I love my job with everything in me, but sometimes it sucks big time.

Before I went downstairs to meet Jan, I quickly took a warm shower. I put on my Reebok sweatpants

a matching hoodie and my slip-ons. When I was done I headed downstairs but there wasn't anyone home. Where's Jan gone to? I wondered. I boiled water to make myself a cup of coffee and there, pasted on a refrigerator's door was a note from Jan-D'.

"I've gone to meet a friend downtown. See you later. Jan."

Great! 😏

I was never going to wallow myself in boredom, alone in the apartment with nothing to do. So I took my keys and drove to

Queens. I had not seen Mrs Ortega in a long time, so this was my chance to pay her and her nieces a visit.

I was passing by the park when I saw a young couple kissing under a mistletoe. They seemed very much in love with each other. You could tell by just the way they were looking at each other, swaying their bodies while the snow fell on them.

Suddenly my thoughts drifted to when Asenathi and I were still dating. How we used to do these kind of things, you know. How we used to be so much in love, just like these two kids. I didn't realise I was crying until I felt tears fall upon my cheeks. I parked the car on the side of the road to collect and pull myself together. It was almost that time of the month, so my hormones were all over the place, don't mind me.

It was almost 04:30 when I finally got to Astoria. I was passing by a group of boys playing dominoes by the street corner. You know these kinds with hideous tattoos on their faces, who usually have frightening eyes. One had shouted how much he'd love to fuck an Africana pussy. Yew! How disgusting! And I just let him be, the last thing I needed was to tell him off only for a bastard to hijack my car, or even worse rape me. In no time I

was pulling to Mrs Ortega's driveway. Good! Her car was in the driveway, meaning she was home. There was a black Sedan parked next to Mrs Ortega's SUV. It was exactly like our sexy Hispanic man's but it couldn't be his, I mean it couldn't have been only be him who drove black sedans in the whole city.

When I was about to ring a doorbell, I saw Lorenzo's chauffeur, his tall figure standing against the wind making a phone call. I couldn't hide the shock in my face and so couldn't he. This couldn't have been a coincidence!!!

Mrs Ortega was in the kitchen preparing something on the stove. She was so happy to see me. After a while, we went to sit in the lounge, where I had the surprise of my life. There on a lounge was sitting none other than Lorenzo del Castillo. Suddenly, my cheeks were red in heat. I couldn't breath, the air became extremely thin. While I was still puzzled as to why this man was here, Mrs Ortega cleared her throat.

“Bonolo meet my nephew, Lorenzo. Lorenzo Bonolo.”

“This is her, the lady you told me about?” He asked, a mischievous smile forming on his juicy lips.

“She is! Isn’t she beautiful?” Mrs Ortega smiled.

“Wow!” He said standing up from where he was seated.

His face was dashing handsome and compelling... he got closer to me. He moved closer until he was standing right in front of me. We stood there for a moment, staring at each other. My mind was settled and as still as water. I couldn’t help but blush when I looked at his face.

“Nice to meet you, Bonolo.” He said reaching for the pad of my hand and kissing it. I gasped and he winked at me.

“Likewise” I managed to say.

Mrs Ortega left to check her pots and I was left alone with Lorenzo. My God, the sexual tension in the room! As I turned around to head out the door, his voice stopped me in my tracks.

“Are you running away from me, hermosa?”

His thick Spanish accent when he said “hermosa” got me throbbing between my legs.

“Don’t flatter yourself, why would I run?” I sounded unaffected.

“You tell me!”

I was about to answer him when out of the blue, Lola entered the lounge and literally jumped when she saw me. I was so thankful for that child for saving my ass. She demanded that I left with her to her room, apparently she wanted to show me something.

Later after we've had supper, I decided it was time for me to leave. I needed an early night as the following day was a workday. Before I left I went to the bathroom and was busy washing my hands when I felt like someone was watching me. I turned to look and the door was open, and Lorenzo was leaning against it with his arms folded. What the hell? I looked at him with disapproving eyes and he shrugged.

“I’ve been wanting to speak to you the whole evening and you didn’t budge, so I had to stoop this low. I’m sorry I’ve invaded your privacy.” He said casually.

“Are you nuts? What if someone walks in on us?” I asked.

He locked the bathroom door. “There.”

He said, approaching me. I had no strength in me to resist him. He circled me into a corner and now I was completely in his exposure. Our faces were a few inches away, his dark eyes full of lust. Damn, he was so beautiful. When his strong hands landed on my waist, my nipples instantly turned to steel. I had never felt so out of control of my own body and was silently begging it to stop reacting so intensely towards him. My body was an imbecile with poor judgment, how could it badly want such a shameless stranger?

Without any warning, Lorenzo smashed his cold lips on mine. I clenched my fists and held my breath. There was no turning back now. His divine scent lingered at the tip of my nose, causing it to itch till my whole face turned red. I was panting and grunting as his tongue did things to my mouth. My hands disappeared into his black thick strands, tugging at the roots. He groaned, making me very weak on my knees. My gosh he smelled good, so good. I felt his cock poke my belly, and that instantly soaked my panties.

Looking in the mirror at our reflection, I looked small against his tall figure. In my head I was like, 'This feels so good yet so wrong. I don't know this guy, how could I be so irresponsible and loose? What's he going think of me?' I couldn't do that anymore. As much as the kiss felt heavenly, I had to stop it.

"I'm not who you think I am." I said, withdrawing from the kiss.

"What do you mean?"

“I’m sure you think I’m a floozie, that goes around sleeping with random guys. I admit I lost my head there for a second, but that doesn’t mean I’m going to sleep with a total stranger.”

“I’d never judge you for listening to your heart. I like you Bonolo, a lot and I know you feel something for me too. All I ask is a chance. Let’s explore the mutual feelings we share and let’s see where that leaves us. Please” he was literally in his knees.

“Lorenzo. I’ll need time to think about that.”

“Take as long as you want. I’m a very patient man.”

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Guys here's a bonus that some of you have been asking for.
Hope you enjoy 😊

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

You know that amazing feeling of finding or being with someone who understands and accepts you as you are, someone who fills the emptiness of your heart with love and happiness? That special person that can make your face light up, your palms sweat, and make you experience a flutter of electricity racing through your body! Whenever you're around them you feel calm and centered, you feel a stronger sense of security.

This is pretty much how I feel about Lorenzo. Some of you will probably think I'm crazy but I'm in love with him big time. I have met with him a few times for breakfast and lunch this past week, and I must say our 'meetings' were always warm and

cozy. With him I feel like I'm always home no matter where we happen to be. We haven't labelled what's going on between us as of yet. We're just two single adults enjoying each other's company and getting to know each other better.

“He looked at me like I was the most precious thing in the world, I found myself getting lost in his dreamy eyes with each passing second. When he caressed my cheeks my eyes involuntarily closed as I savored his delicious touch on my skin. The next thing he sealed his lips over mine and kissed me senseless. Friend the kiss tasted so heavenly that I couldn't even try to fight what I was feeling, I kissed him back!”

Jan-Di is grinning like a fool as I tell her about my encounter with Lorenzo yesterday in an elevator of the restaurant we were having breakfast at.

“OH MY FREAKING GOD! Nolo That's great!!! I'm so happy for you.”

Her smile is genuine. Everyone needs a friend like Geum Jan-D, someone who knows how to act in any situation. I told her everything that has been going on between Lorenzo and I and the fact that Lorenzo was actually Mrs Ortega's nephew. She is shocked.

I can't deny the connection that I felt between us, there is something about him that draws me to him. Yesterday I just melted in his arms, the feeling was intense. Believe me if I could, I would travel back in time to relive that moment when he kissed me. He made me alive, awakened my burning desires, even if it was only for a second but at least I got to remind myself how's it like to deeply love and be loved back with the same extent. After that first kiss, I knew I was completely whipped. There's no turning back for me. I'm deeply in love with Lorenzo del Castillo, the most eligible and desired man in Manhattan, who's not only handsome but also sophisticated and one of the most respected men in the city.

“I know, right!” I say.

“Finally you’ve found yourself a Prince charming. I hope everything works between you guys.” She says genuinely.

“Thank you my friend, but it’s not official yet.” I say, thinking deep about it. Just what if Lorenzo is not interested in a serious relationship and only wants something casual? I never thought of that before.

“Friend?” Jan-Di snaps me out of my deep thoughts.

“Huh?”

“What’s on your mind?”

All of a sudden I feel so unsure. I don't think Lorenzo and I would ever work. We're from two different worlds, we just won't work. He has all the money and riches in the world, even with my year long's salary I could never measure up to him. What could I ever offer him?

"Lorenzo."

"Sounds interesting, go on." She says with her creased forehead.

"I don't think it's a good idea for us to start something. I'm just a mere flight attendant with nothing to put on the table. People will think I'm just a social climber, and that I'm only with him for his wealth."

This is one of my deepest fears, to be labelled and accused of being a gold digger. I love him yes, but our social status is going to cause problems for us.

“I understand your fears baby, and I’m gonna tell you something. People will always talk whether you do bad or good. You can’t live your life pleasing everybody. If there’s one person you gotta please, then that person is you. Listen and follow your heart, it’ll never let you down.”

“I hear you Jan, but our different social class isn’t the only problem... I’ve never been in a serious relationship after my ex I told you about. I wasn’t interested in commitment but now I am with Lorenzo. My deepest fear is, what if he is not the commitment type? The last thing I need right now is to get hurt. I’ve been hurt before by someone I loved with all my being. Someone I trusted deeply, what if this guy turns out to be worse? And besides, He’s not my type. I’m way-" she cuts me off!

“Are you gonna start with that again? Who cares if you’re not his type? Friend I get that you’re scared to open your heart for another man, which is totally normal, especially for someone who’s gone through what you have but you can’t spend the rest of your days like this! You gonna somehow have to deal with that, plus you can’t crucify all the guys in the world for that douche's sins.” She is right.

“ True that! But still that doesn’t change the fact that Asenathi scarred me for life. I’m scared to move on to another guy, I still have to deal with my own demons first before I could let another man into my life... Have you seen how gorgeous this guy is? And plus I’m just a little girl for him, guys like him need strong women, I’m not!”

“The problem with you is that you undermine yourself. Girl, have you seen how beautiful you are? You’re are so smart, for a 29 year old, you’re so matured. ANY man would be a fool not love and treat you like queen that you are.” Ncoo 😊😞

“Well thank you my love, though I must confess, I’ve never in my life dated a guy from a different race, let alone a white guy given I’m black.”

“Love knows no colour!”

“The way I’m stressing myself, you’d swear he’s asked me out already.”

“HE kissed you though. That guy wants you friend.

At 05:10 AM, my alarm spears into my sleep. I’m momentarily confused about why I’m waking up until I see my smoothly-ironed flight attendant uniform. It’s time to fly a trip again.

Today I'm going to Buenos Aires. It's about an 11-hour flight, but I'm one of many flight attendants who add a few hours to their working day commuting, meaning I take a short bus-drive to my base airport.

I arrive at John F Kennedy International Airport at about 07:00AM, my flight is at 09:00 AM. After my second round of security for the day, I head towards crew check-in. Walking through the airport invites endless questions from confused travellers who swoop from seeing a uniform – anything from 'what gate for flight YXZ Flight' to 'where can I purchase nail clippers'. Today though, I survive unhinged. Thank goodness! The first few hours after take-off are a non-stop flurry of drinks, dinner, duty-free

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tea/coffee, WiFi help and so on. Now that the rush is over, let me grab something to eat, I'm starving. As per standard, I'm interrupted by a call-bell from someone needing a G&T (Gin and Tonic). 😊😞

Exactly after 10 hours 50 minutes, we land in Ezeiza Ministro Pistarini Airport. It's 07:50 PM in Buenos Aires. I'm so tired, all I

want is a long warm bath and a nice peaceful sleep afterwards. We've booked at the hotel me and the rest of the crew. I'm not used to anyone here, only Chris. He's also South African like me. We used to have a thing back in SA, we were both still domestic flight attendants.

I remember it was shortly after I'd broken-up with Asenathi, I was still raw, so fragile and Chris, the kind hearted white guy helped me through the roughest patch of my life. I knew how much he loved me, and I took advantage of that. I led him on, made him believe we had a chance even though I knew deep down that I didn't love him, at least not romantically. I was a heartless bitch to him, and I totally understand why he hates my guts. I'll have to find a way to end the stupid animosity between us somehow.👍

After settling into my hotel room and unpacking my things, it was already after 10. it's a seriously 5-Star hotel man, everything is just so luxurious, including the carpets on the floor. Guys, this here is life. As the steam from the shower filled the room, I allowed myself to think back on my recent encounter with the sexy Hispanic man. I hopped in the water

and let my mind drift. I might be just a simple little girl from a small village in Mangaung but the fact remained; He NOTICED me!

With one towel wrapped around me tightly and another on my head, securing my damp braids, I left the bathroom feeling much better. The soft and fluffy carpet hugging me – walking shoeless on this carpet was like walking on pillows. I rushed into my room where my phone was ringing. I looked at the caller ID and almost didn't believe it.

“Lorenzo?” I said, feeling chills on my spine.

“Hermosa. How are you?” he asked with his thick Spanish accent.

“I'm very good thanks, and you?” I asked.

“Not good at all, the picture of you gasping and grunting while I kissed you in that elevator is stuck in my mind and I can’t seem to cope at work because of it.” He said causing my clit to throb painfully.

“Do you kiss all the random girls you meet at the park?” I asked as I took off the bath towel that was still wrapped around my body and started applying body lotion.

“You so happen to be the first, and the last I hope. Did you like it.” His voice was thick with arousal.

“I loved it, and every bit of our encounters, but it can never happen again. There can never be anything between you and I.” A pang of pain attacked my heart as soon as those words left my mouth.

“You’re hurting me... give me a chance to be the man for you. Please.”

Jesus it was the way he said ‘please’ that’s got me throbbing hard between my legs. My bed squeaked as I plopped on my stomach and sighed into the phone. I was flattered by his burning passion to going after what he wanted. I found myself squirming, pressing my legs together real hard, imagining the sexy Hispanic man pounding into me hard. Fuck!

“Yes...uhm fuck no! I can’t!” I stuttered like a fool that I was!

“You know what, let’s meet and talk about it in person. Are you available tomorrow evening?” he asked.

“Tomorrow can’t do. Im out of town, work things.”

“You are?”

“Unfortunately.”

“When will you come back?”

I must've sounded like a real fool with the stuttering and all. Like I didn't get why he made me so nervous. When he calls me 'HERMOSA' I swear all I wanna do is scream my lungs out. His voice alone does things to me, I hear it and I just melt, I'm done for. I really got it bad. He makes me feel things I never knew existed, things I never felt for any man, not even Asenathi who not long ago thought he was the love of my life.

I tried my absolute best to keep Lorenzo out of my mind all day but I just couldn't. After I've put on my PJs I get under the covers. Just then I remembered that I had a missed call from

mama. I was playing Blaq Diamond tracks, I was a little homesick. I missed my mom so much...

“Nolo ngwanaka. Okae?” (how are you doing?) she asked

“I’m good mama. I missed you badly today but I couldn’t call you as I was on duty. Are you and my brothers fine?” I asked yawning, I was tired.

“We’re fine baby. How are things over there?”

“Things are fine mama, I’m just a little home sick today. I miss one of your warm hugs. 😞 I said, suddenly feeling so emotional.

“Ao mybaby hotla loka Tebele. Kea orata.” (It’ll be ok Tebele, I love you.) She said, feeling sorry for me.

“ I love you too mama, you don’t know how much.” I said with a trembling voice.

I was suddenly very emotional. I missed my mom, my brothers... I missed home. Asanda was half across the world, chasing her own dreams. I was there, all alone, I didn’t even have a boyfriend to laugh with...my life sucked big time.

“Hush baby! Everything will be alright. I know you miss home, I miss you too my pumpkin and so are your brothers “ She said, soothing my heart with the warmth of her sweet voice.

“I know mama!”

“So how’s America treating you? Have you met anyone yet?”

“America is great mama. Everything is way better here, except the cold weather. Jan-D literally dragged me to the Central Park a few weeks ago. To 'meet people'.” I told her rolling my eyes, knowing that this will interest her.

“Well?” she asked impatiently. “Have you met 'someone'?”

Bathong mama!👁👁

“Well, I might've. But I don't wanna jinx it, so for now I won't say a word.”

“That's ok mababy you'll tell me when you're ready. I'm glad your Korean friend cares for you and I hope everything works out between you and your mystery man.” She chuckled.

“ Mama!😄😄😄😄”

“Goodnight my angel. It was good chatting with you...don't forget to pray..”

“Ok mama. I will pray. Bye!”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

When I woke up this morning I was feeling nauseous, suffering from the worst headache. HANGOVER at its best! After washing my mouth, I called room service, I needed a strong black coffee. Last night after my conversation with mama, I dozed off instantly. I was so exhausted.

At 01:45 AM I was awake and couldn't sleep a wink afterwards. Insomnia was a bitch Shem. 😞 I switched on a TV and found Titanic 🎬 playing. I remembered how Malome Pule would scold me for wanting to watch it back when I was younger, said it wasn't for kids my age. I was 16 for crying out loud. And now that I've seen the movie a countless times, it's not that explicit. 😊 😞.

I took a plastic bag containing all kinds of junk that I bought at a supermarket before I checked in into the hotel and went back

to bed. After I was full from eating all the junk I opened a bottle of wine which I finished within 30 minutes. I was drunk! 🍷 In my drunkenness state, I called Asanda. Crying 😭, telling her how much I loved Lorenzo blah blah blah. 😁😁😁 She couldn't stop laughing at me and now that I remember how wasted I was, I probably would've done the same if she told me all the crap I was telling her. I don't know when I fell asleep. Thank God I called Asanda, my bestie, imagine if I had called Lorenzo. 🐒

After some time, room service buzzed at the door with my breakfast. At least I was able to eat. After taking a shower, I felt much better. My flight back to New York doesn't leave till tomorrow night, which gives me time to do some shopping. I make sure to always buy something everywhere I fly to, you know a little souvenir that I was once at that certain place.

I went to Jhene's room and found the other girls there. We all agreed to meet in her room...Jhene is this crazy African American girl who has a very foul mouth, with a stinking attitude I tell you. She's very arrogant and self-centred, to be

honest with you, I don't like her much. I don't even want to go but then again if I don't go I'll be bored to death alone in my room. The other girls insisted that I come so we can go explore Buenos Aires together.

I'm wearing a pair of thick black leggings, my knee high black boots, a fawn polar neck and a black coat. My twisted braids tied in a ponytail, I have on a fawn beanie that matches with my polar neck. That noise must come Jhene's room, damn these girls, do they think this is a club? 🤪

"Is there a day care centre in this room? I could hear you guys from down the hallway!"

"I'm sure it's not that bad Nolo."

Lola says, hugging me.

“IT IS BAD! Anyway, how are you guys, are you done yet?” I ask settling down on a couch.

“Uhm babe, I don’t know about all these bitches, I was born ready..” Jhene says wiggling her booty and we all cheered on.

“We were actually waiting for you babe. You look amazing.👀” Summer says, hugging me.

“Thank you babe.” I say smiling

“Hey y’all bitches, I want an Argentine man and I ain’t gonna find him locked up in this motherfucking room. Move your big asses!😁” Jhene though😁

After spending the whole day exploring the city of Buenos Aires, we then headed to the hotel. It was a great day indeed! The girls and I had the best time ever! We got to see the beauty the city has to offer, we went to some restaurant that sells Argentinean's traditional food and it was not what we're used to yes, but it was lovely either way. People were gushing over us, "bellezas africanas" (African Beauties) as the middle-aged man at the stalls called us.

Jhene, Lola, La'Keisha and I are black, while Summer is white and Shriya is Indian.

We were like celebrities of some sort... The boys were chilling in Chris's room and Summer wanted us to hang out with them. She's head over heels for Ike, Nigeria's own Usher Raymond. Guys, Ike is a snack man, shiya phansi. (I give him that.) Summer wants him so badly, poor girl, I just hope he feels the same way too.

I couldn't go with the girls to Chris's room not only because of the animosity between us, but because I was super exhausted. I went straight to my room, took a shower and headed straight

to bed afterwards. I watched the first episode of Power Book II : Ghost, and ended up falling asleep, but not before my thoughts drifted to when Lorenzo del Castillo kissed me senseless in his aunt's restroom. My panties soaked instantly, just remembering how sexy he looked that fateful day. Not a single minute goes by that I don't think about him. Think I'm going to take Jan-D's advice and go with the flow, live a bit and give Lorenzo a chance. If it doesn't work between us then, it's ok. It won't be the end of the world. I'll keep on looking for the one till I find him.

A week has passed and with Christmas in less than two weeks, most people fly to their homelands to spend the holidays with their families and loved ones. You should see us running around like headless chickens, working our butts off. This past week has to be the busiest of my entire eight years in the aircraft industry. I haven't seen Lorenzo in a week but we've been keeping in touch. I miss him so much it hurts. With Jan-Di leaving tonight for Korea, I'm going to be all alone in the apartment. This is going to be my first Christmas that I'm going to spend without my family and I'd be lying if I said that didn't hurt.

“Love, I’m about to board the plane now. Take a good care of yourself. And have lots of FUN!!! I want all the juicy details of your encounters with del Castillo when I get back. Ciao!❤️”

My heart fills with sadness as I read a text from Jan-Di. I so envy her right now, wish I wasn’t working these holidays so I can go home.

“Travel safe my friend. Send everyone my regards. Love you to bits.😊” I send her a text.

I just got to my home base airport from London. At least it’s only a 7-hour flight. I was there for the first time ever! Had so many places I wanted to visit, Natural History Museum, The Shard, Big Ben and Buckingham Palace to name a few. However I was able to visit only two places, The Shard and

Buckingham Palace. We (cabin crew) were booked in the Shangri-La Hotel and since it's close to The Shard, we decided to go check it out.

I went with Summer and two more ladies from the crew. It's over 1000 feet tall, entirely glass fronted and shaped like a momentous icicle, you can't fail to notice The Shard from any borough of the city. It's even more impressive when you're on top of the building, looking down. We had such a great time and took lots and lots of pictures. I bought myself a Jo Malone perfume as souvenir that I was once in London.

After we were done exploring The Shard, we then went to The Footman Mayfair to have dinner, which was mouthwateringly delicious. By the time we got to the hotel we were super tired. We slept into our separate rooms.

This morning we showered, had our breakfast and headed to the Buckingham Palace, which is the seat of the Queen of England. Since today was Wednesday, the regiments who are

tasked with protecting the palace were changing shifts and it was nice to witness them do it. The exact times of the changing of the guards vary, but are usually around 11 AM on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. There was a bit of a ceremony, with brass band playing while the soldiers march in front of the waiting crowds. It was so beautiful. We enjoyed to the fullest!!!

It's a little after 10 in the night. I'm exhausted. After I've showered up, I put on my gown and slippers and head downstairs for a cup of tea before I go to bed.

I am snuggled up on a couch, watching Wendy Williams Show when I hear my phone ringing all the way up in my room. Who could it be this late? I wonder. When I reach my room the phone has stopped already so I check who it was so I could return the call. It is Lorenzo.

“Hermosa. ¿Como estas?” (How are you beautiful?) He answers on a first ring.

“Muy bien gracias, y tu” (Very well thanks. And you?) I reply as I take a sip of my camomile tea.

He goes on asking me about my day and stuff like that. I am really missing him. Tonight I’m so going to use my dildo to get off some steam, I haven’t gotten ‘any’ in a long time and I feel a bit tensed.

“I miss you!” And I meant it

“Miss you more. Can I see you?”

“What? When?”

“Now! I’m at the gate, please open for me.”

“Don’t joke like that!”

He doesn’t know where I live so it’s impossible for him to be actually at the gate... not unless, fuck!!! He’s here...”

Just then the intercom rings, the security at the gate telling me that there’s someone at the gate for me. When I peek through the window

I see a car with the lights on at the gate and there is a man leaning against it. Fuck it is Lorenzo! I’m literally running around like a madwoman, what is this man doing in my apartment? Who the hell is Lorenzo del Castillo?

There's a moment of silence as I bring the cup up to take a sip. I'm shaking a little, so I set it down quickly before he can see how nervous I am. He can still be a serial killer for all I know, this could all be a trap! He's looking at me like he's reading my thoughts.

"Are you sure you don't have a problem with me being here?" he asks, a little concerned.

"I swear I don't... What are you doing here Lorenzo? I'm sure you didn't come all the way here just for a small talk."

He's looking me dead in the eyes and I can't help but twitch my eyes, this happens a lot when I'm nervous. I can't help the heat that's spreading through me, my whole body is on fire. Gosh, I shift uncomfortably on the one-seater sofa I'm sitting on, pressing my legs real tight. He adjusts his tie, stands up and starts pacing back and forth in my apartment like he owns it. He looks scrumptiously sexy in the black dress pants and a white shirt he has on. In hand he has a glass of whiskey, on the rocks.

I look as he stands by the window in the lounge, looking outside. His butt firm and defined, he's so tall my GOSH. I'm so consumed by his sexiness that I don't hear when he speaks.

"Stop looking... it makes me hard." He says, gasping.

"I can't help it. You're so beautiful."

I say striding towards him. I want him badly, I'm going to turn off my conscience and do what my heart wants. It wants him. When I touch his tie and start playing with it, he gasps sharply. His breath is a mixture of clove and whiskey and it's intoxicating. He's glaring down at me with his intense eyes, his one hand on my waist and the other cupping my head from behind.

"Damn, you're so beautiful, so perfect. What is it you want from me Bonolo? I don't do hook-ups."

“I don’t do hook-ups either. I want a man who I can open up to. A man whose passion for life matches mine. A man who grabs my hair in big fistfuls and twists and pulls it when he’s fucking me. A man willing to walk wire for me... Are you that man for me, Lorenzo? ”

“ Ain’t gon promise you nothing I can’t fulfill, rather give me a chance to prove to you that I’m worthy of your love. Please?”

“Kiss me!”

I was done talking! He kissed me with so much passion. He held me like I was fragile, with so much care in his gloomy eyes. For the first time in forever, I felt so alive, felt wanted and desired. It was a great feeling. I found myself panting and grunting... I wanted him to fuck me senseless, I was done waiting. Gosh, his moans pierced my eardrums, making me weak on my knees.

“I like the sounds you’re making,” He murmured in a hoarse whisper. “I just bet you’re a screamer.”

We were making out by the window where he was standing, the next thing we were climbing the stairway to my room. When we got there I let loose of my gown’s belt and let it fall down, revealing my nakedness, mind you I only had a thong on. Lorenzo almost had a heart attack, seeing me like that. I then unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, unbuckled his belt and took off his pants. I sucked in a sharp breath as his shirtless torso was exposed to me. Gawking wouldn’t quite describe my state. I was amazed, stunned, mesmerized by his physique. It was like nothing I’ve never seen before. His body was drool-worthy. His abdominals sculptured to perfection as his six pack pops, instantly giving off the impression that he came out of Calvin Klein shoot.

His eyes locked into mine, Lorenzo took off his underwear. Holy shit! His cock is BIG, it was covered in his precum. My clit was

throbbing so hard, painfully. I dropped to my knees in front of him and swiftly took him into my mouth. I worked my tongue around him, flicking and swirling and I was rewarded by the feverish sounds from him. His head was tilted back, his both hands cupping my head. In no time, he was coming all over my boobs. He grabbed me and placed me against the wall with my legs wrapped around his waist. My panties were still on, but he didn't let that stop him, nosing them out of the way and tonguing my pussy, making low, growling sounds in his throat like a big cat purring with pleasure while it devoured its prey.

“You're doing me so good, my gosh oh you're fucking amazing, Shit!”

I was done for! I came undone. He put me on the bed, looked deep in my eyes.

“I've never felt for any other woman what I'm feeling for you. I swear it. You make me lose control.”

“Ah.. Lorenzo!” His thumb was rubbing deliciously on my anus. My eyes were rolled back in my head as I savored the moment. I swear I felt my muscles stretch as he entered me swiftly. I opened my legs widely to accommodate his huge cock.

“Fuck, you’re so tight, so warm. Ah... holy shit” He growled.

I would’ve given anything to see what we looked like right that moment, molded together. His smooth tan skin and my skin with my hands running up and down his arms must’ve been quite a sight! He took my one nipple in his hot mouth and rubbed over the other while pumping into me. The sensation caused me to ease into him, the feeling was exquisite and one I had been longing for, for a longest time.

“Fuck.” He cursed as I moaned. He went in and out of me faster, rougher and I loved every bit of it. My knees became weaker and weaker with each pump. He held me with one

hand, guiding me with the motion of his hips. I was completely his to do with what he wanted and he knew it. In seconds I was coming hard, screaming his name.

“Look at me!” He breathed. When my eyes met his, he was done for. He spilled out all of him inside of me and collapsed on top of me. We were both a panting mess. He tried to climb off me and I grabbed his arms to stop him. He smiled and stayed still. I caressed his cheek, drawing small circles against his damp skin.

When I wake up the next morning I'm sweating. My head is rested perfectly on Lorenzo's chiseled chest, my legs intertwined with his. His lips are slightly parted. He's so gorgeous even in his sleep. I touch his lips and he twitches, his eyes stuttering.

“I didn't mean to wake you.” He smiles, revealing his beautiful set.

“How long have been up?”

“Long enough. Want some breakfast?”

“Please, but first come here.” He says tickling me.

He hovers over me, his knee between my legs and just like that, we’re at it again.

When I finally woke up after a few hours, Lorenzo wasn’t in bed. I caught a whiff of smoked russians, was Lorenzo cooking? I went to take a quick shower. After applying body butter crème, I put on my thick black leggings, mustard knitted cardigan and my navy blue winter boots. I tied my braids into a straight up bun. When I got to the kitchen, indeed Lorenzo was preparing brunch for us. You should see him chopping onions,

he's a natural. He had Calvin Klein jogger sweatpants on that are grey in colour and a black long sleeve tee and a black and white pair of Alexander McQueen oversized low-top sneakers.

“Smells nice in here. Yum!

“Babe, you're supposed to be in bed. This meal was supposed to be served in bed!” he said when he saw me.

“Sorry I didn't know, but I can always go back 😊😊” I said hugging him tightly and pecking his lips.

Miguel, his chauffeur brought him a change of clothes. We spent the whole day together, getting to know each other even better. We spoke about Marcela dos Ramos. Apparently Lorenzo and Marcela were once a thing back when they were still in college, over 13 years ago. Things didn't work out between them, and as a result Marcela's parents sent her to

Europe in order for her to get over her feelings for Lorenzo. Lorenzo believes she's over him, which I doubt and now they are just 'friends'. Call it women's instinct, but Marcela is still madly in love with Lorenzo. Mark my words!

CHAPTER TWENTY

A flight attendant's job doesn't only mean flying all the time. They typically fly 75-100 hours a month and usually spend another 50 hours on the ground, preparing flights, writing reports and waiting for planes to arrive.

This week I'm working on the ground, thank God for that. Asanda is coming to New York tomorrow night from Venice. She'll only be spending a night and then after that she'll be off to SA. I can't wait to see my best friend after so long, it's been like a year since I last saw her. Lorenzo wanted us to do something tomorrow night and I told him about my plans with Asa.

He couldn't stop pouting, but eventually came around when I told him I haven't seen Asa in almost a year. I think he's even more hooked! He wants me to meet his family, like imagine that! Dude, it's only been like what? 5 minutes and already he's

playing that card on me, never!! We have to explore this first and see where it goes, maybe after a year we can start with the introductions, okwa ngoku (as for now) we enjoy our relationship. Finish and klaar!!!

I told him it's still early and he seemed to have caught my drift. I love him a lot and I don't see myself with another man who's not him and my gut tells me he's the one but still, we have to get to know each other better, take our own sweet time. I already see myself pregnant with his son, with a huge diamond ring on my finger. 🤔🤔🤔 Dreams hey! Speaking of which...shit! What have I done?

“Mi amor” (my love)Lorenzo answers the phone cheerfully.

If Only I wasn't this freaked out I'd be flattered really by him calling me mi amor (my love). That's the least of my worries right now!

“Babe, we didn’t use a condom!” I say bluntly, panicked.

“Fuck. Babe I’m sorry I didn’t mean to be reckless on our-“

“Baby this isn’t your fault, not alone that is.”

“I should be the one to protect you though! What should I do, is there anything I can do?”

“Actually there is. Please go by the pharmacy and buy me a morning after pill, 72 hours hasn’t passed yet since we did the deed.”

“You were amazing, I loved every bit of our sessions. I can’t concentrate at work thinking about you.”

“I can’t keep you out my mind also and that scares the hell out of me...”

“I know. My feelings for you scare me too. Listen I have to go hey, I’ll pass by the pharmacy and personally deliver your package. Have a beautiful day.”

“Have a beautiful day too hermoso!...” (handsome)

After the phone call I felt like a huge burden has been taken off my shoulders. I loved Lorenzo even more for being the person he is, so considerate and understanding. During my lunch he came to bring me food and my parcel. The girls at work were all gushing over how handsome and sexy Lorenzo is.

“Damn girl that niggas is hot. Does he have a brother or something?” That was Jhene looking at my man as he left. She looked like she wanted to eat him up.

“Hands off bitch! That’s my man.” She just laughed and we carried on working.

My shift has ended at 06:30 PM and Asanda’s flight will be landing at 09:00 PM so I’ve come to the apartment for a quick freshening up before I head back to wait for my friend. Lorenzo insisted to come see me you know some ‘us’ time before Asa gets here. We both know what he wants, sneaky man! We’re in my room after taking a shower together. He’s looking at me as I apply body butter.

“Have you seen enough?” I ask, obviously teasing him.

“Of you? Never! I could do this all day. Come here please mi amor.”

I oblige and stand in front of him. His bulging cock twitches and releases precum as he touches my waist. I slide my leg on his lap and straddle him, he curses through his breath, smashing his sweet lips to mine. Oh gosh Lorenzo is so good at this, sexually pleasuring me. And he's moaning my name just now, Jesus! His fingers are buried deep in my sex, while his thumb is doing wonders to my throbbing clit. I scream out loud as he enters me, my eyes suddenly heavy.

He looks in my eyes while I'm grinding on him, swirling on him. This is beyond sex, I'm high on him. My moans become louder and louder, and he brings his palm to my mouth so I can bite on it.

"Let go mi amor." (my love)

I come hard, calling his name. My body goes rigid on top of his and in a few seconds he also reaches his peak.

We shower all over again. I settle for my maroon sweatpants, a white long sleeve tee, a maroon hoodie and my black Air Force kicks. Lorenzo is dressed in black Nike sweatpants, a matching hoodie and his black Alexander McQueens. We look good together shem.

An hour later, we're at the airport. Asanda is looking as beautiful as I can remember. She's a true African beauty, so confident in her dark skinned self, her afro so dark and healthy. My friend has never been the weaves person, ever. She always rocks her beautiful natural hair, which by the way looks artificial, that's how good it is and it suits her. She's striding towards us, catwalking like she's on a runway show of some sort. She's wearing a powder blue skinny jean, black knee-length high heeled boots and a white fur coat. She's pulling her suitcase. She engulfs me in a hug.

“Chomi, oko ndakuqibela sana! I've missed you so much.”
(Friend, I haven't seen you in ages!)

“It has been long chomi. Oh my gosh I’m so happy to see you. You look like a Hollywood star. ✨ Look how beautiful and elegant you look!”

Wow, Italy has been so good to her I see. You should see her looking like a million dollar baby.

“Well thank you sana. You look lovely too. And uya glower, yikuphathe kakuhle lendoda yakho. He wethu! Kanthi ubaba kanjena ubrothers! Yeses ntombi!” (You’re glowing, he’s treating you well I see. He’s smoking hot)

She says checking Lorenzo out who’s so uncomfortable by the way. I assume because we’re speaking in the language he can’t understand.

“Tlohella ho pota wena. (Stop talking nonsense.” 😊😊😊 “Baby, meet my best friend Asanda. Asanda this is Lorenzo my handsome boyfriend.”

“Pleased to finally meet you Lorenzo, I’ve heard so much about you.” Asanda says as she stretches her hand to Lorenzo for a handshake.

“Likewise. I hope you only heard good things hey.” He smiles and takes Asanda’s luggage to the car.

Lorenzo drove us to my apartment and left briefly after dropping us off. To be honest I didn’t want him to leave and he knew it, he didn’t want to leave either. But then I had to spend some quality time with my bestie and though, it’s hard to admit, I was thankful he left, giving us some space to catch-up.

While Asa was showering after a long and tiring flight, I ordered some pizza. A few minutes later, our food arrived and we ate in the lounge while we watched a music channel with our PJs on. We talked about everything girls talk about whenever they are alone 😊.

Around 4:00 in the morning, that's when we decided it was time for us to sleep, we spent the whole night chatting, giggling. I drank two bottles of wine alone, Asa said she was on some no-alcohol-diet and wasn't supposed to drink. I found that very hard to believe, phela my friend is a drinker!

We woke up in the afternoon to a bunch of missed calls and messages from my boyfriend. I called him and told him we were alright. I showered while Asa took the bathtub, in a bit we were done. We went and ate out. It was so good to be with Asanda who I spoke the language she understood, you know no matter how excellent and fluent in English you are, there are things you can express only in your mother tongue. I missed that!

These past few days that Asanda has been here, I've noticed that something is up with her. I'm really worried about her but I don't wanna push her to talk. She'll come to me when she's ready. So today we're going to The Bell House, in Brooklyn to see Trevor Noah's show. Live. Apparently Kevin Hart will also be there, I can't wait!!! I told Lorenzo about our plans who suggested that Miguel would drive us there. This man wants to keep me under surveillance I see and I don't like it one bit!

I had to agree as I didn't want us to fight at least not while my friend is visiting me. After bathing, we then dressed in comfortable clothes. I put on my navy Calvin Klein jogger sweatpants and a cream puffer jacket, navy beanie and matching scarf and my black Nike roshe kicks while Asa settled for her blue jeggings, a black puffer jacket and knee length flat boots. She had a fur beanie on and a scarf. We went to meet Miguel outside as he buzzed at the gate. Miguel, even in his late forties still is attractive, he's easy on the eyes with a heart of gold. He's your average type, not tall but not short either with a belly that's slightly bulging. He has thick black strands that's short on the sides and long on top. I haven't known him for

long but I can see he's one of the good guys. He's wearing his chauffeur uniform which is a black tux, a white shirt and a black pair of dress shoes.

He's very fond of his boss, señor (sir) as he refers to him. He doesn't talk much, always behind the steering wheel, stealing looks in the rearview mirror. He takes us straight to the Brooklyn Bridge, which we plan on walking across it. One way or the other, Brooklyn Bridge is a must-see when traveling to Brooklyn. Brooklyn Bridge connects two great boroughs of New York, Brooklyn and Manhattan. It's so beautiful, we're so charmed really. There are lots of tourists admiring and taking pictures. There's a dedicated pedestrian walkway on the bridge, above the roaring car traffic.

After an hour we've reached the other end, Brooklyn. As can be expected, the place is so packed with so many people speaking different languages, Spanish, French, Italian and the ones I can't make out. It's so beautiful out here really, I'm enjoying and so is Asa. The show ended and we decided to get artsy at the Brooklyn Museum. I've never seen such beauty in my whole life! Wow! New York is BEAUTIFUL indeed. Before we entered

the museum, we paused in front staring at the mesmerizing fountain that shoots water up from the pavement. This prestigious art museum has a large collection of Egyptian art in its permanent collection, as well as its contemporary art.

After two hours or so, we're as hungry as mules, so we decide to go find a restaurant nearby. We settled for Nitehawk cinema, a dine-in theatre. We had our lunch and headed to the cinema area. It featured a wide range of cinematic treats, from rarely seen movies to most seen ones. We watched some real lame action movie, I was bored but couldn't say anything to Asa because she seemed to have quite loved the movie. Overall, we had such a blissful day. From our walk across the iconic bridge, which was really a wonderful and enjoyable stroll, to an afternoon in Williamsburg, Nitehawk cinema, it was such an experience. We had a superb day!!!

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

I don't really believe that everything happens for a reason. That's just something people say to make you feel better, or to help them make sense of seemingly senseless things. Instead, I think it's a lot more honest to say that we decide to give meaning (or not) to whatever happens in our lives!

After a long day Asanda and I had yesterday, exploring Brooklyn I should still be sleeping by now but I'm not. I'm still in bed despite having woken up over two hours ago. My mind is stuck and won't think about nothing but Asanda's confession last night.

NARRATED

Asanda met Tariq three months after her big move to Italy. Tariq was the only black guy around the block where Asanda was staying. They had one thing in common; they were both new in the country and knew no one. The two of them clicked the first day they saw each other and they exchanged numbers and started talking. At that time Tariq was going through a tough break up after 5 years being together with her girlfriend (now ex) and Asanda was not coping being away from home.

The pair started spending lots of time together and would find an excuse to hang out. As the time went by, they started to realise they were attracted to each other and as they were both single, they decided to explore what they felt for each other. A year later things gotten serious between them with Tariq popping the question. Asanda was taken aback by Tariq's sudden marriage proposal and did not know what to do as she was unsure about her feelings towards him. She turned him down, saying it was rather early and proposed they move in together instead. As the time went Asanda realised her and the guy lacked so much in common, Asanda liked partying and going to clubs but Tariq was not about that life and would get real pissed when Asanda went out.

For peace's sake Asanda stopped going to clubs and would spend her off days in their apartment if not out shopping until this one time. Tariq had gone for a month out of town, work purposes and with a cat out of sight, a rat got up to no good.

Asanda decided to go out with a few friends for some drinks and a night out on the city. There she met this smoking hot Italian man by the name of Giorgio who showed so much interest in her. The guy bought Asanda and her friends drinks and joined them on their table. As the night progressed, Asanda and Giorgio grew very comfortable around each other and were touchy feely, with a few kisses here and there. The night seemed to last forever with an endless bar hopping and tequila shots, until Asanda was unable to even walk on her own.

These were the nights she was used to before she dated her quiet and uninteresting boyfriend, Tariq. She loved getting out there and living her every day like it was her last.

The next day when she woke up, she was under the covers she did not recognise and her body intertwined with a tanned muscular body of a man she met the previous night at a bar.

To her dismay, they were in a hotel room and they had had unprotected sex.

Feeling worse than the scum of the earth she quickly gathered her belongings and left the apartment planning on never seeing Giorgio again.

Fast forward four weeks later, and she had an unexplained feeling of nausea. She literally couldn't keep anything down. At back of her mind, she imagined pregnancy as the reason but she refused to believe it. After not being able to take feeling sick anymore, she visited her doctor only to have her worst fears realised. She is pregnant with the other man's baby while still together with another!

All of a sudden, it feels like everything she has built so far with Tariq could be lost with one conversation and she does

not have the courage to let him know and she does not want to lose him.

This is quite a situation Asa has on her hands!!!

A few minutes later I finally get up and head to the bathroom to brush my teeth. When I get back to the bedroom Asanda is up and deep in thoughts.

“Morning sleepy head, how did you sleep?” I greet her as I take off my PJs.

“Morning sana. I slept like a baby yoh wena ulele njani?” (How was your night?) She says leaning on her side to retrieve her phone on a bedside table.

“Couldn’t sleep a wink dana, especially after the bomb you dropped on me last night. So what’s the plan babe? Did you tell Tariq yet?” I ask joining her on the bed.

“And risk breaking the poor guy's heart? No...” her eyes suddenly glow with tears.

“You do know that you can’t keep this from him, right?” I ask and she nods.

“I know I got to tell him but I don’t have the courage to do it now.”

I don’t mean to sound judgemental and all, but she could’ve avoided all this by not having unprotected sex, especially with a total stranger!

“I understand. So this Giorgio guy yena, can he be trusted? Did you even tell him about the pregnancy?” I ask her.

“I did.” She says as a teardrop slides down her cheek and says nothing more.

“And?” I ask impatiently.

Instead of answering me she busts into tears and a sob escapes her throat, scaring me. I don't know what to do so I hug her and let her cry in my arms.

Anout 30 minutes later, Asanda's sobs had subsided and she was calm. She told me how things went down between her and Giorgio when she told him about the pregnancy.

Turns out Giorgio guy is actually married and with three kids, despite telling my friend otherwise. So now he doesn't want anything to do with Asanda or her baby. He offered her a large sum of money to terminate the pregnancy and stay away from him as he loves his wife and is not willing to leave her for a 'one night stand'.

"I hate that you've been so reckless and irresponsible with this Giorgio guy, you could have caught an STI or even worse, HIV. I hope this serves as a lesson for you in future." I say feeling defeated.

"I know I messed up big time friend." She says and I can't help but feel bad for her all of a sudden. Despite being reckless and all, she's a victim. This guy took advantage of her, lying that he was unmarried. I know my friend wouldn't have flirted and ended up in a hotel room with a married man if she had known.

When I asked what she planned to do with the pregnancy she simply said she was keeping her baby.

“I’m so happy, but also a bit frightened about what is going to happen. What will my parents think of me?”

“Guess you’ll have to tell them to find out.” I said sighing. Aunt Cindy was sure going to kill her, despite being very nice and cool, Asa’s mother was the strictest person I’ve ever met.

“I will when I get home.”

Honestly I didn’t expect Asanda to keep the baby but I’m glad she is. I’m going to be an aunt soon! For someone who’s 20+ weeks far long, she has a very flat tummy. Asanda was initially set to fly to SA tonight, but she postponed to tomorrow night.

Unfortunately she's under suspension. In our industry, as soon as you're found pregnant, the company will suspend your services and your flying license till you give birth and complete your post maternity.

I miss Lorenzo terribly, I haven't seen him since two days ago when Asanda, myself and him went out for dinner. Today is my last off day this week and I intend on spending it with my man.

I've just seen my friend off about 30 minutes ago and now I'm from the airport to Lorenzo's house. Miguel is of course driving me.

I walk in slowly, trying not to gawk as I take in Lorenzo's beautiful expansive house. It's my first time coming over. I'm greeted at the door by a forty something year old lady who introduces herself as Roxana, a very beautiful and humble soul. She's dressed in a help's uniform. She flashes a genuine smile upon seeing me.

“Good day ma’am and welcome. Señor is in the study, on a call. Come sit. He should be done in a moment.”

She leads the way to the lounge where she invites me to sit while she pours me something to drink. She disappears and a few seconds later, Lorenzo appears wearing a simple pair of jeans, a hoodie and nike kicks. He looks younger than his actual age like this, so relaxed and carefree. He smiles, coming towards me and pecks my lips. I missed him so much. I listen as his heart pumps rhythmically on my ear that’s pressed perfectly on his hard chest. We stay like that for a full minute, without saying anything to each other

our emotions communicating. I could stay like this forever, in his arms.

I’m sitting on a high chair by the kitchen island sipping wine, while Lorenzo prepares something on the stove. He looks so sexy with an apron on. It’s about 04:30 in the evening. We’re all

alone in this massive house, Lorenzo got rid of the house maids. Said tonight is going to be all about us. 😊

After he was done cooking we moved to the dining table where he served me. He had prepared risotto with roasted shrimp. It was divine! My man sure can cook. He's not only good in the bedroom, he's a kitchen boss. After we've eaten, he loaded the dishwasher. We then went to the cinema room to look for something to watch. We settled for some romantic comedy which we didn't even finish really. We started making out and a moment later we were upstairs in Lorenzo's room. He ran us a bathtub, put all the fragranced oils, bath salts and all. He came back, helped take my clothes off till I was butt naked. My nipples hardened instantly as he stroked them. His long fingers a little cool but seemed to be carrying an electric current, which made me shiver involuntarily.

He flashed a mischievous smile and looked like a predator looking at it's prey. He also took his clothes off and hand in hand we made our way to the bathroom. While bathing, he couldn't keep his hands to himself, he kept on teasing me,

making me even more tense. I craved him so bad, he hadn't tapped it in a while and believe me, I was in Kalahari desert.

He covered me with a bath towel, wiping the water off me and carefully placed me on the bed. The bed squeaked as he also joined me, hovering over me. He looked deep in my eyes, without blinking. I forgot to breath for a second, I don't know if it was because of how intimidating he is or how handsome and sexy he is.

"I love you so much."

He said with a husky voice that sent a million sensations in my being. I looked at him as I felt his fingers inside my pussy. This was the very first time he said those magical words to me.

“I don’t mean to scare you off, I’m just letting you know how I feel, you know putting myself out there for you. I’m in this for a long haul.”

I held my breath, unable to know what to say as his touch brought tingles to my lower body. Every brush of his thumb against my clit sent shivers to my every nerve. He looked at me with eyes full of lust and I found myself squirming, wanting him to touch every inch of my body.

“Ah baby... ah! You feel so good.”

“You like that, don’t you?” he asked, drawing small circles on my hot folds, causing me to pant in anticipation for what was yet to come. I couldn’t wait for him to penetrate me, he knew just how bad I wanted to feel him inside me and he was prolonging it. Fuck!

“Baby. I beg you, please!”

He smirked down at me and then without a warning he penetrated me. I cried out loud, feeling a slight pain and pure pleasure both at the same time. No matter how many times we’ve had sex, I still couldn’t get used to how big his dick was. The sensation was just too high. He was growling, telling me how sweet and tight my cunt was. His eyes were rolled back as I tucked my fingers at the roots of his strands. He was cursing through his breath. Gosh that felt so good. A moment later my body went rigid beneath his and he collapsed on top of me. Our sex is always so amazing, so mind blowing.

As always seen in movies, New York City's Christmas is snowy. The entire city is decorated beautifully! Rows of houses decked to the brim with colours and lights. All of the retail stores take holiday season pretty seriously, so there are really awesome decorations at every storefront. In addition, New York has some pretty great holiday markets around Union Square and Bryant Park. So far I’m having a great Christmas day with the man I

love. We took the subway out to Dyker heights and we explored the lights like we've never before. Though it was super crowded and chilly, we enjoyed to bits. We moved to Rockefeller Center to see the magical Christmas tree and then went ice skating at the Wollman Rink. Experiencing Central Park in the snow is such a beautiful view... Right next door was Saks Fifth Avenue which does a light show and has window displays that filled us with an awe. It was such an unforgettable and blissful experience really. The best Christmas day of my life!!!

We got back to Lorenzo's house around 5:00 in the evening. Because of the cold weather, we made our way to the bathroom where we took a shower together and put on our sleepwear. We prepared some food for ourselves and had supper.

We were snuggled up on a sofa watching Euphoria on Netflix when the doorbell rang. We looked at each other, really irritated. We were so enjoying our quality time and didn't want any intruders. Who could it be?

I was puzzled as the door revealed none other than Marcela dos Ramos. I studied her neat appearance. The beautiful woman with flawless cheeks was dressed in a gold dress that was a little above her knees. It enveloped her figure perfectly and highlighted her beautiful face. She had a white draped coat on, long high heeled pumps, a gold Santa's cap and a black clutch in hand. She furrowed her brows in confusion, I assumed she wondered who I was.

"Hi. Can I help you with something?" I asked friendly and she just stood there frozen.

"Babe is everything alright, who's there?" Lorenzo asked, snapping me out of the little daydream in which I was strangling this bitch standing before me. Before I could answer him, Marcela pushed me aside and made her way inside the house. The fuck?👁👁

“ Renzo. I’ve been calling you the whole day!” she said striding towards my man, wiggling her really nice booty. I was as jealous as fuck that she was talking to Lorenzo.

“Marce! Merry Christmas.”

“I’m so angry at you. I missed you at the Christmas party at your parents villa.”

I felt very bad that I was the reason why Lorenzo couldn’t spend the Christmas with his family. He had initially invited me to go with him but I turned him down, I wasn’t ready to meet his family. So he decided not to go and spend the rest of the day with me.

“Oh sorry about that. I had a very serious matter to attend to.” He said casually.

She threw me a dirty glance and asked Lorenzo; “When did your house maids start floating in the house indecent?” I guessed by ‘indecent’ she referred to my sleepwear. Lorenzo was a bit lost for a moment and then he realized Marcela actually mistook me for being a help in his house. He frowned.

“Who told you she was a help? This is my woman, Bonolo. Baby meet my friend, Marcela.”

The warmth that traveled my spine at those words was comforting. Marcela turned to look at me her face was red with embarrassment and furry. I smiled, much to her irritation.

“Pleased to finally meet you Marcela. I’ve head so much about you.” I said extending my hand for a handshake. However, she only glanced at me, as if I repulsed her. She gently touched my hand for a good second and withdrew it like a hot potato. OK!

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Six months later

The car is parked in front of the villa, which is built along the side of the hill. The white villa stands quietly in the forest, making it look strange. To be honest with you, I don't know why agreed to this madness. This could all be a trap to get me killed for all I know.

"We're here." She says as she unbuckles her seat belt.

"You wanted to talk. Go ahead." I state.

"Don't be silly, let's talk inside." We went inside and were seated in the lounge.

“I’m a very blunt person, so I’ll just cut the chase and get straight to the point. I want you to up with Lorenzo!” Marcela says, dead serious.

“What? Are you out of your fucking mind?” I ask stunned that she has the audacity to ask that of me.

“That wasn’t a question! You’ll do as I say or all hell will break loose.” She says wearing a cold smile on her beautiful face.

“Didn’t you hear me? I’m not breaking up with my boyfriend, especially not because you’re telling me to. This conversation is over.”

I say standing up and taking my bag off the coffee table. This infuriates her and she abruptly stands up and comes in front of

me, blocking my way. All of a sudden she gives me a head-turning slap across my face. I hiss in pain as I pounce on the ground. The crack of skin contacting skin echoes off the walls. Vibrations start on my cheeks and spread all over my face, in a matter of a few seconds, my whole face is on fire.

I am so shocked by her ill treatment towards me and I'm so mad as fuck at her. I try to fight her back but she holds me back and then squats down and grabs my hair.

“Listen here you insignificant little twit! Lorenzo is mine, you better crawl back to wherever you came from and leave him alone. Do you understand?”

This bitch must not really know me, if she thinks that she's scaring me by doing this then she has another thing coming. I'm not the type to get intimidated that easily but because I want to come out of here alive I guess I have to put on my Oscar performance in convincing her that I'll do as she asks.

“Marcela please don’t hit me again, I’ll stay away from Lorenzo. I swear it!” I’m acting like a scared little girl when deep down I’m dancing zekethe laughing at this bitch especially now that a triumphant grin spreads across her evil yet beautiful face. She must really think she’s got me, little does she know! After my little person Marcela is convinced that I’m going to leave Lorenzo.

“Now that wasn’t too hard, was it reina Africana” (African queen?)

With a flick of her brunette hair, Marcela turns and marches away, leaving me there while I nurse my numb cheek. She doesn’t look back to see me looking at her so gravely.

My thoughts drifts off to earlier today. Lorenzo had invited me to a runway show that was held at Casa Del Castillo (House Of Del Castillo). I was dressed in a black freakum dress and red

stilettos while Lorenzo was dressed in a black suit. We looked good and were so happy. We sat on the front row, alongside each other. A few moments later Marcela arrived looking absolutely stunning. When she realized Lorenzo was sitting next to me she got really annoyed and casted me an evil look. I just smiled to whatever my man whispered to me and paid no attention to Marcela.

As we were still enjoying the show, I felt a need to pee and so I got up to find a restroom. After using the toilet I was so stunned to find Marcela by the washing basins. She was leaning by the wall, smoking a cigarette. She looked at me long before she finally spoke.

“Bonolo, we haven’t introduced ourselves properly. How about we take a ride around the city to get to know each other better?” she said wearing a pretentious smile.

“I don’t think there’s a need for that, besides we’re no friends. Why pretend?” I said as I washed my hands, dried and lotioned them.

“Come on girl, I don’t bite. If it makes you feel better, call Renzo and tell him you’re with me. We’ll be back before the show ends.” I was hesitant at first but eventually gave in to her crazy request.

I thought it was unnecessary to report every little thing to Lorenzo and so I left with Marcela. Like a fool I fell into her trap. I struggle to understand why Marcela could be so threatened by me while she’s so beautiful. She’s a top-notch actress in New York, a first class both in appearance, figure and education. She’s God’s highly favored daughter, and I can’t compare it with her at any level.

I got up from the cold floor and searched my clutch for my phone. When I found it, I found so many missed calls from my

boyfriend. I went outside the villa and was now standing by the entrance. I sent Lorenzo my location and then he came to get me. He was surprised what I was doing there and he freaked out as he saw a red hand mark on my cheek. He demanded that I tell him what the fuck was really going on. I told him everything and he was in disbelief. He wanted to confront the bitch but I advised him against it. I didn't want to be known as a girl who lets her boyfriend fight her own battles. One of these good days I was going to get my revenge on Marcela.

It's been two weeks since the runway show at Casa Del Castillo (House Of Del Castillo). It's a Saturday morning, Lorenzo and I are still snuggled in bed after our mind blowing session.

"Let's move in together!" Lorenzo says out of the blue.

His request catches me off guard and I suddenly don't know what to say. I love him and there's nothing I want more than living the rest of my life with him, but it's too early for such big decision.

"As enticing as your offer is, I'm afraid I'll have to decline. I mean what's the rush? We haven't dated long enough to be talking about moving in together." I say trying not to offend his feelings.

"But we love each other mi amor, isn't that reason enough? I love you and wanna spend my every day with you." He says, caressing my cheek.

"I want that too babe and believe me I'd do it without hesitation if-" He cuts me

"If what love?" he asks desperately.

“I don’t want people thinking I’m only with you for your money and riches. At least let’s wait till our one year anniversary.” I say looking him in the eyes, practically pleading with him.

“Who cares what people think if we love each other? Think about it mi amor, ok?.”

“OK.” I say.

Miguel and I have become very close this past months that I have been with Lorenzo and we chat from time to time. So today when he was driving me to my apartment to get a few things I told him about Lorenzo’s request.

“He loves you more than he has ever loved before. I know that for a fact because he has never brought any woman to his house

Advertisement

let alone ask them to move in with him. Finally he's found the one and I'm so glad that's you."

He says, gazing at me in the rearview mirror. After hearing this, I'm even more in love with my man.

When I get to the apartment Jan D isn't home, she's working today. Speaking of which, I haven't spent time with my friend in so long, think I'll have to make time for us maybe go to a spa or something.

When I get to my bedroom I get a shock of my life! All my things are scattered on the floor, my toiletries, my clothes, shoes yonkinto nje (everything). I have this big photo of myself and Lorenzo that was taken when we were at the beach some time ago, it's also ruined with my face cropped out and replaced with Marcela's. To say I'm afraid is an understatement! This girl is crazy. My eyes dart to my bed with

torn and completely ruined bedding, right in the middle is a note written with a red inked pen.

“NEXT TIME YOU WON’T BE SO LUCKY. WALK AWAY WHILE YOU STILL CAN BITCH!”

Right then I hear a sound of the front door opening and I panic. Marcela has come back for me, I think to myself. Afraid of what she may do to me, I quickly retrieve the knife from my bed and hide behind the door. A few seconds later I hear Miguel’s voice calling for me. Thank goodness.

“Miss are you ok, don’t you need a hand?”

“I do, come on in.” My voice is trembling.

“Holy shit! What in the world happened here?” Miguel asks and just then a sound of something falling down on the floor can be heard, startling us. Miguel then takes out the gun that I do not even know he has and pulls it out towards the the ccorner where we just heard a noise coming from.

“Reveal yourself before I pull this trigger and kill your ass!” he warns.

A soft sob of a woman rings out, and I’m taken aback as I see Geum Jan-D laying on the floor, her tiny body tied up on a chair and her mouth gagged.

“Jan what the hell happened and who did this to you?” I ask as I help her up and remove the gag from her mouth.

“Lorenzo’s ex is a nutcase friend. She is the one who vandalised your room, said she’d be back if you don’t stay away from her ‘boyfriend’!”

“Oh my friend. I’m sorry, it’s my fault that this bitch has done this to you.” I say as I hug her tighter to my chest, feeling real bad for what Marcela has done to her.

“You’re not at fault Nolo, that woman is crazy, and she deserves to be locked up in a looney bin. Period!”

After a sshort while I’m in the kitchen making tea while Miguel and Jan D are in the lounge. A minute later Lorenzo walks in, his intense eyes popped out and looking like they are about to fall.

“Mi amor thank God you’re ok. Where’s Geum Jan-Di and how is she?” he engulfs me in a hug and won’t stop kissing me on my forehead.

“She’ll be fine. She’s taken some pain relief pills and now she’s sleeping. Thank you for coming, you don’t know how much this means to me.”

“Anything for you mi amor. And I promise you I’ll get to the bottom of this, this bitch doesn’t know who she’s messing with!” His warm eyes that I’m used to are nowhere to be seen and are replaced with cold ones filled with hatred.

“Baby please don’t do anything that could land you in jail. I love you so much and wouldn’t make it without you.” This catches him off guard and he shifts uncomfortably, his eyes locked into mine.

“What did you just say?” His eyes are gloomy with what I assume is tears. 😞 This is the first time I’m telling him this.

“Te amo tanto Lorenzo del Castillo❤️.” (I love you so much)

I say, my own tears betraying me as they fall upon my cheeks. Marcela doesn't know what she's asking of me, it's like expecting a fish to live outside water. I don't know how I've been living all these years before I met Lorenzo but now all I know is that I can not live without him.

“Say it again, please.” His voice is soft, almost desperate.

“I love you so so so much.” He kisses me with so much passion that leaves me trembling with desire. Marcela can kill me for all I care, but I'm not leaving Lorenzo!

I don't know if im too relaxed or if maybe I'm too trusting but I don't feel threatened whatsoever by Marcela, I mean her as a

woman fighting for my man's attention of course! How could I ever feel threatened by her if my man has never even for a second made me doubt him? He's always been clear about how he felt about her, Marcela is just a lonely ex he cares about and feels bad for the horrible things she went through as a child and nothing more.

Please tell me if I'm wrong to blindly trust Lorenzo when all he's ever done is put it out there that I am the woman for him, when he made it very clear to everyone, including his crazy ex that he is in a relationship with me for a long haul and not just for the sake of it. He's choosing to be with me. He could still be with her, or single! Or having sex with a household object but he's not doing any of those things because he wants to be with me!

A few days after the incident at our apartment Jan D struggled so much with insomnia and would wake up in the middle of the night screaming in fear. I had to take her to see the doctor so he could prescribe some pills for her but still that couldn't help.

Feeling entirely responsible for what happened to her I took it upon myself to help her as much as I could. Lorenzo suggested that the both of us temporarily move to his penthouse till Jan felt better.

A change of scenery was after all what my friend needed as she started to react so well to her medication. She was more calm and relaxed and the nightmares and panic attacks were still there but not so extreme.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Home is where you find solace from ever changing chaos, to find love within confines of a heartless world and to be reminded that no matter how far you may wander, there will always be something waiting when you return.

After what Marcela has put me through I decided to take a break and visit home. The bitch won't leave me alone and keeps terrorising me. I keep on going in and out of the police station reporting each and every single offence she does against me but no matter how hard the police try, they still can not pin point where she is or might be hiding. Its so tiring really so I need some time off with my family. I haven't seen them in a while and did not even attend Ntsane's graduation. He graduated three months ago with honours degree in Anatomy. I'm so proud and happy for him that his dream of becoming a scientist has come true.

So I'm at Bram Fischer International Airport. I just landed a few minutes ago. It's so good to be back home after so long. I sigh with a relief that I'm finally here after sitting in the plane for a

good 21 hours. A sharp breeze cuts through fog, slicing through the warm clothing I have on.

After I was done with customs, I was planning on hiring a cab home but that's when I heard someone call my name. I recognized that voice too well. I turned to see if my ears weren't playing tricks on me, and as if the universe was mocking me, I saw Asenathi standing a few feet away. I suddenly needed some air as it was so hard for me to breath. Damn! Even after so many years, he still had that effect on me. He was still as hot as I can remember. I found myself fighting the urge to jump to him and engulf him in a hug. He looked at me with those eyes that always turned me on so bad, eyes full of pure lust. His eyes were so intense on mine, but it was a good kind of intensity. Like for the first time he saw me, I don't remember him looking at me like he was, even during our relationship. His gaze skimmed over me, from my hair all the way to my feet.

His eyes then dropped to my lips and warmth spread through my veins. Jesus!

“Bow. Still as sexy as you were ten years ago, when I first met you.” He said striding towards me with his arms open.

“Hello Asenathi, I see you’re still as charming as ever.” I said reciprocating the hug. It felt so good yet so weird to be in his arms again. As always he smelled heavenly.

“How have you been though?”

“I’ve been good. You?”

Because it’s Saturday today, I found my mom home doing some laundry. She was busy hanging the washing when I rocked up in my ex’s car. Asenathi insisted on taking me home and I ended up giving in. My mom was dumbfounded for a second and screamed her lungs out when she saw me. She shed a few tears of happiness. She was genuinely happy to see me. As mama hugged me for the millionth time, Ntsane who was leaning by the front door mumbled,

“Mom you’ve been hugging your daughter for the last 30 minutes, give me a chance.” We bust to laughter.

“You’re right and I’m sorry. Bonolo ngwanaka I’m just so happy to see you.” She said warmly and I felt my cheeks burn with my own tears. I missed her so much.

“Why didn’t you tell us when you were at the airport? I would’ve come pick you up.” Ntsane said hugging me.

“I wanted to surprise you guys. The priceless looks on your faces was what I was longing to see.”

I say as I kissed his cheek. He’s so tall, in order to match my height, Ntsane had to bend over. I was so happy to be around my family, people I knew loved me.

You know how life is in the villages, the neighbours were peeking through the windows. Some were giving us dirty looks.

Black people though. Not everyone was happy that I now lived and worked overseas.

After a while we went inside and I invited Ase inside for at least a cup of tea and cookies. My mom gave me a disapproving look but I chose not pay attention to her really. I had not forgotten what Asenathi did to me in the past, I just chose to let the bygones be bygones. Once the poor guy left, mama was on my case.

“Why is it that he knew that you were coming and we didn’t? After everything, are you still seeing him?” she asked curiously.

“Hayibo mama, I’m not seeing Asenathi and besides I have my own boyfriend back in America that I love so madly. I say smiling like a lovestruck teenager, missing him so much.

“That still can’t explain how he knew where to find you!”

“It was just a coincidence mama! Don’t read too much into this.”

I got woken up by Kgosì the following morning. He was busy tickling me, so happy to see me.

“Sis why wouldn’t you tell me you were coming? I missed you.” Despite how old he’d become, still the child in him wouldn’t get away. He was just like when we were still kids, so playful.

“This was meant to be a surprise. Make me breakfast, I’m starving.”

“Still as bossy as I could remember. Get up I’ll treat you to a nice breakfast out.”

I showered and settled for my navy jeggings, a maroon cargo jacket and burgundy flat boots. I wrapped a scarf around my neck and I headed out to meet Kgosì in the living room. My mom was already dressed in her ushering uniform. She cast me a glance and said through her breath,

“I thought you were going to join me to church today?”

“Mara mama hao watjho. I’m going out for breakfast with Kgosi. I’ll go with you during the week.”

“OK mababy. Enjoy your breakfast akere bana baka?”

“We’ll do.” We answered in a draw.

Ntsane was still sleeping when we left. Kgosi drove us to Mugg n Bean in town. We ordered food and ate over a light conversation. Kgosi seemed somehow stressed out like something was bothering him.

“What’s wrong?” I asked him.

“Nothing is wrong, I’m just a little tired.” He said faking a yawn.

“I don’t believe that.” I pointed out.

“What, do you think I’m lying?”

“I’m not saying that, all I’m saying is that I know you too well brother, and I can tell when something is bothering you, now out with it.” I said giving him a look.

“OK fine, you win Bonolo! I’ll tell you.” He said, rubbing his hands together. Kgosi always called me by my middle name, the fact that he called me by Bonolo meant whatever he wanted to tell me was serious.

“Dimpho is pregnant!” His voice rang out, causing me to choke on a coffee that I was sipping.

Dimpho was his girlfriend, the daughter of the pastor at our church.

“What? Kay are you serious? Mama is going to kill you, you do know that right?” I said that making the poor child even more nervous than he already was.

“You’re not helping atseba.” (You know)

“Congratulations I guess. So how do you feel?”

“I’m happy but at the same time I’m scared.” He said wiping imaginary sweat on his forehead.

“That’s normal I think. And how far along is makoti wa rona?”
(Dimpho) I asked smiling, brightening the dull mood. He grinned widely. Ncoo my brother was in love.

“We’re 20 weeks long.”

“Kgosi Moledi! A whole 5 months, and you only tell me now?”

“I didn’t know how to break the news to you.”

“I’m glad you finally did mara. Congratulations my baby brother! I mean it from the bottom of my heart really.”

“Thank you sis, you’re the first person I’ve told so far and tonight I’m planning on telling your mother. I’m nervous as hell.” He said, a smile suddenly fading on his face.

“Don’t be. Mama is going to be mad that’s for sure but she’ll eventually come around, this is her first grandchild after all.”

He was so quiet as we got inside his Audi A4. He’d really done well for himself, now he was in a process of buying himself a house in Welkom. Wow, my brother dearest. I was so proud of him.

We headed to Ster-Kinekor to see a movie. We settled for Aqua Man. When I first saw Jason Mamoia it was on Game Of Thrones where he portrayed the character of Khal Drogo. I loved him ever since and thought he was really amazing.

We headed home after the movie ended and started cooking, you know 7 colours. It's Sunday after all. Ntsane was in his room watching derby between Kaizer Chiefs and Orlando Pirates.

It is evening and we're gathered around the dining table. Kgosi is so nervous and restless beside me. I had to hold his hand under the table, assuring him that all will be well. Mom keeps looking at us suspiciously. After Ntate Mabaso had said Grace, we dig in. Everyone can't stop praising me about the delicious supper I've prepared. I just smile politely, my heart accelerating as I recall what's yet to come. I don't know how my mom is going to handle the news.

After we're done, Ntsane clears the table and disappears in the kitchen. A moment later Kgosi clears his throat and announces that there's something he wants to share with the family. He turns to me and I nod, squeezing his hand slightly under the table. My mom is looking at her son curiously, awaiting him to spit it out.

“I have something very difficult to tell you guys.” He said with a shaking voice and my mother’s eyes popped out, probably thinking the worst.

“Go on child, you’re scaring us.” My mom said impatiently. Kgosi cleared his throat.

“I’m going to be a father.”

“What?” Mama and ntate Mabaso asked in unison.

“Congratulations son! I know without a doubt that you’re going to make a great father.” Ntate Mabaso hugge Kgosi tightly and wiped his tears that were threatening to fall from his eyes.

“Thank you Ntate.” He mouthed.

“How do you feel about the news child?” my mom asked his son.

“Afraid.”

As you should mababy. Raising a baby is not easy. It’s going to be a bumpy ride that I tell you

especially for a young man like you. But I believe in you and I trust you’ll be a good father to that child.” Mine and Kgosi’s eyes widened in shock as mama got up from her seat and hugged Kgosi.

“How far along is your girlfriend? We should call Lereko and the rest of the family to tell them the news.” To my surprise, she was very happy. She got real hurt that despite Kgosi knowing sooner about the pregnancy he only told her now.

That went rather smoothly and I was glad my mom was not mad..

“Amor when will you be back?” although Lorenzo said that in a feeble voice because of the cold he’s caught, his voice was recognisable. I recognised it.

“Baby I’m gonna see you in four days tops, why are you so worried?” I asked him as I turned to look at my mother who was admirably looking at me as I sighed into the phone. “I love you Señor del Castillo.” (mr del Castillo)

He went silent for a minute, breathing heavily. He always got turned on whenever I called him by his last name.

“Shit! I love you. I want to marry you!” He suddenly said, making me very hot. I looked at my bedroom door and realised my mom had left. I closed and locked the door.

“Baby..” I said, panic heard in my voice.

“Not now love, but some day. I can’t wait for that, to start a family with you. I know you’re not ready yet and I’m not gonna rush you into anything.”

“There's nothing I want more than that. To be your wife. I love you so much.” That’s the truth. I love Lorenzo to the bone. I don’t see myself married to any man that’s not him.

“Molweni endlini. I hope you’re all good.” (Good morning everyone)

I greet Asanda’s parents when I find them in the living room. They’re both so happy to see me. We chat for a while and then I head to Asa’s room. I find her trying to apply Vaseline on her very dry and cracked feet. My friend is so round and big. She’s so tired shem, she’s due in a couple of weeks. She gives me a faint smile.

“Friend how are you? How was your flight?” she asks me, mind you she’s butt naked. Beside her is a nicely ironed dress. Shem let me help her.

“I’m good babe thanks. My flight was ok, how are you holding up? Is my little niece giving you a hard time?” I ask as I start applying body lotion on her tired body.

Talking about flights, Lorenzo wanted me to take his private jet instead of a normal plane and I refused. I hate depending on others, especially the man I'm involved with. In this instance, I don't wanna be labeled as gold digger. I love him for him not for what he's got, even if he were a beggar I'd still love him. So I don't comprise when it comes to his billions, and I've realised that doesn't sit well with him. But oh well... We got into a huge fight over that matter, but still I wouldn't budge. Eventually, he threw in the towel and just let me be. The least I did was let him pay for my trip, which he was more than happy to.

"I'm so PREGNANT love. Your little niece doesn't give me peace, she keeps on tossing and turning in my belly. Ngapha ne nausea."

Shem my friend... In a few minutes she's nicely covered up in her knitted dress. We hung out in her room just like the good old days, watching a movie. We talked about everything in general and about the men in our lives, obviously. I told her about the whole 'Marcela saga' and she couldn't stop swearing. Ey this preggie and the swearing. She told me that Giorgio wanted her back. I mean what the fuck!

For all I know my friend has been through an intense emotional roller coaster in the time that has passed since their “break up”. The pain and shock of the separation, the questions about what she was going to do single and pregnant, the sadness, and the healing process which contained ups and downs of its own. Now he wanted her back, after all the humiliation?

“I hope you told him where to get off.” I said and my friend couldn’t look me in the eyes. When she didn’t say anything I knew that bloody Giorgio somehow managed in manipulating her and like a fool she fell for his yet another trap. Oh God!

“Asanda have you forgotten what this guy did to you?”

“I haven’t but I decided to give him another chance. I love him Nolo. You of all people should understand that as you were once in the same situation. Even though my cousin was a scum to you and repeatedly did all sorts of horrible things to you, you still gave him millions of chances, why can’t I also do the same for the man I love?”

The man she loved? Bathong how did we move from the “baby daddy” to the “man I love” in such a short space of time? My friend was surely crazy. The relationship between her and this Giorgio guy was never going to work not with him having three kids and a wife. I love my friend and only want what’s best for her, and this guy was not right for her!

“The man you love? Did you even for a second think of the woman you’re snatching this man from, how she must feel and her kids? Do you think they deserve what you’re doing to them?”

“I do feel sorry for his wife and kids, mostly the kids but I’m thinking of my own too. I don’t want my child growing up fatherless and I’m going to do my absolute best to make sure that doesn’t happen, even if it breaks Giorgio's wife’s heart.”

I don’t know if it’s the pregnancy or what that had made her like that or what but my friend had changed a lot. The Asanda that I knew wasn’t this cruel, she was considerate of other people, and wouldn’t do anything (intentionally) to put tears on someone’s face.

“Wow.” I was lost at words when and I had no energy whatsoever to keep on debating with her as she was hell bent on doing what she wanted.

If this Giorgio guy loved Asanda, he would have been honest with her from the get go, the fact that he did not spoke volumes for me, but hey what can one say!

Except from the her craziness and obsession over her Italian man, my friend seemed to be at peace. She was happy man and as strongly as I was against what she was doing, I couldn't be more happier for her. I ended up staying the night. We cuddled the whole night like we were lovers of some sort.

When I woke up the next morning Asanda was fast asleep. So I took a shower and looked for something to wear in her closet. I settled for a set of her black leggings and a white long sleeve tee. I put on my boots from yesterday and headed to the kitchen to cook us something. There wasn't anybody around, so I guessed they had already left for work.

I was startled by the sound of the front door opening. I went to see who it was and wished I didn't. It revealed Asenathi in his gym gear. He looked so incredibly hot, especially with the sweat running all over his handsome face. There was something about his eyes that was soft and kind. They were filled with what I thought was love and affection. He looked me dead in the eyes and I twitched, giving away that I was nervous. He knew it! My gosh, why was I suddenly feeling that way? My clit betrayed me as it throbbed for attention. My whole body was on fire. It remembered him! Fuck.

I looked as he came closer, too closer to me. I wanted to get away but couldn't. The force that was pulling me against him was just too powerful. I was fearful of what he'd tempt me to do, 'I love Lorenzo' I reminded myself. I was about to turn back when Asenathi suddenly reached out his hand and grabbed me, pressing my lips and kissing me passionately. I was shocked by this, but still that didn't stop me from moaning in enjoyment to the kiss. I kissed him back for a second and realised what I was doing. I broke off from his touch and slapped the hell out of him. How could he do this to me?

“Don’t ever trick me like that again! I’m in love with someone!”
Touching his burning cheek, Asenathi looked at me a little hurt by my statement.

“But that didn’t stop you from kissing me, clearly you don’t love that fool the way you claim to do. Come back to me please Bow, let’s forget about the past and start over again. I promise I’ll be the perfect boyfriend and treat you better than I did before.” He said approaching me again and this time I didn’t let him too close to me. “I’m still deeply in love with you. You’re the only woman for me.”

Eh! This guy. If my memory served me right, this same man was the man who broke my heart 8 years ago. He treated me like trash and now he was telling me all this rubbish. Wow!”

“You’ll have to find a way to deal with those feelings because I’m never getting back together with you, ever!”

I was going to leave him there and carried on with what I was doing before he walked in when suddenly he grabbed me. Slamming me against the wall, he dug his fingers in my throat,

eliciting a whimper from me. His eyes were bloodshot red with anger and were popped out, like he was possessed or something. This shocked the hell out me.

Asenathi despite his cheating shenanigans was a gentle man who wouldn't put his hands on women, I hadn't known him to be a coward who beat helpless women.

"You're hurting me Asenathi!" I told him and in response he loosened his grip on me, his other hand then started to caress my neck and all the way to my breasts.

Now more than ever I feared for what this man would do to me. The same hand somehow landed on the sensitive part between my legs and I felt all sorts of fearful shivers run through my body. His muscular and strong body trapped mine and I wouldn't do anything to stop him from touching my nuna. I was so scared I was even trembling, making him even too excited as he couldn't stop groaning in enjoyment.

"Stop pretending Bow, you know you want this."

Without a warning he smashed his salty lips on mine and started kissing me. I felt so numb to even try to react to this. As the kiss intoxicated him, he started to loosen his grip on me now and I was able to get away from him by kicking him in his stinking balls. He winced in pain as he fell on the floor, his hands covering the area between his legs. My gosh, what almost happened? 🤪 The motherfucker was definitely high on drugs!

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

I know no one asks to be abused, assaulted or raped and no survivor should ever be blamed for not preventing their own abuse. That the blame should always lie with the perpetrator, but I feel differently about what Asenathi almost did to me. Although it was uncalled for, I somehow feel responsible for it. I shouldn't have gotten in his car at the airport that other day and I shouldn't have let him kiss me. I feel like a dirtiest scum in the whole world!

A few days after the incident I felt angry, irritable and short-tempered with everyone close to me. I felt intense panic whenever I thought of Asenathi.

I felt so embarrassed and humiliated and like everyone in the world knew what had happened to me. I felt so isolated and alone even though I was around my family, I felt like I was the only person who's ever been through what I was or like I was different from everyone else. I felt empty inside, like my heart had been ripped out of my chest. I locked myself in my room and wouldn't let anyone in. I suffered a lot in secret and

couldn't open up to anyone, I mean how could I have been able to if it was my fault that this happened to me in the first place?

Ashamed of what people would think of of me, I decided against reporting my oppressor and carried on like nothing happened plus I didn't want people

pitying me. It was just easiest for me to pretend Asenathi had not tried to sexually assault me. Speaking of which, he kept pestering me with non-stop calls that I never even bothered to pick up, I mean what was it he wanted to talk to me about after what he had done?

Today is finally the day I go back to the US and I'm so happy. I think getting away from this whole situation will help speed my recovery. What Asenathi did to me was despicable and I don't think I'll ever forgive him for it or get passed it.

This morning I received a whatsApp text from him, he apologised. I'm not interested in his lousy apology and he can go jump in nearest hell for all I care!

I know I lost my head for a second with him when I kissed him back but Lorenzo is my one true love. My heart yearns for him and only him, my Hispanic hunk. I love Lorenzo with all my being, he's the man I plan to spend the rest of my days with. Whatever confusion I felt at the sight of my ex was just that. Confusion!

My whole family have come with me to the airport to see me off. As can be expected, I'm so emotional. It's never easy to say goodbye to the one you love. These past week has been amazing with my mom and brothers, tears are blinding my vision as I hug each and every one of them. Even Kgosi is crying, mind you he's always been the tough one.

"Take care sis. I'm going to miss you so much." He said against my shoulder.

"You take care too brother. I love you."

I close my eyes and make a short prayer as the plane takes off. After a few minutes or so I head to my suite to take a nap. It is

fully enclosed. I'm flying on an Emirates A380 in first class, the pecks of dating a billionaire 🧐😊. This here is a definition of true luxury. Game changing technology includes temperature controls and mood lighting, virtual windows and soft leather seating reminiscent of a Mercedes-Benz S-Class. I close my door and I'm in a world of my own. With fine dining at any time, an onboard shower spa and the ultimate lounge bar just a short walk away.

I looked out the window to find clouds and only clouds. As much as the plane was comfortable and all, I still got frustrated by being in the same room. So I made up my mind to get some fresh air. I walked out of my room, crossing a small cabin, I reached the front part of the plane. There I saw a black girl, Mary-Ann was her name. She could be in her late twenties just like me. We clicked the moment we started talking to each other.

Soon we landed at Charles de Gaulle international airport for refueling. Charles De Gaulle is the France's biggest international airport and the main hub of the Air France airline. The airport is situated 25 km northeast of the French capital. Once we

touched down, there were all these biggest brand names all around. France was even more beautiful than seen on TV. Mary Anne convinced me to get inside the Metro with her from the airport to wherever she wanted to take me. It took me a while to get my bearings when Mary-Ann grabbed my arm trying to turn me around and excitedly saying,

“Bonolo look!”

As she turned me around, there it was, the Eiffel Tower. It was ‘Love at first sight’. I had no idea how huge it was and I had never noticed from photos just how beautiful the iron work on it was. I literally stopped in my tracks, mouth open, and then the tears started swelling up in my eyes. I couldn’t believe I was in Paris looking at the Eiffel Tower!

My whole life I saw pictures, watched movies of this site, but I wasn’t expecting the actual size of it. Seeing the surrounding area with the long water fountains, green grassed park areas, I was frozen and struck with awe. I couldn’t believe I was standing here in person, me! Both Mary-Ann and I just stood there trying to take in the moment.

We had a little extra time before the take off so we walked over to the grassy park area, and found a tree to sit down by and lean against. We sat and just stared up at the tower, watching the people doing about their business around us. There were people having their picnics and It really was an amazing sight.

We spent our one and half hours walking the East bank of the Seine, going to the Notre Dame, seeing the Lovers' Bridge with all the locks on it. After that we walked back to the airport and three hours later we landed at John F Kennedy International Airport.

Lorenzo and Miguel had come with a limo to pick me up from the airport. Lorenzo opened the door for me personally. I literally jumped to his arms and he hugged me tightly for a good minute before kissing me passionately. I leaned on the car for balance as my knees were getting weaker and weaker. When we broke the kiss, we were gasping so much.

“Hola bebé. How was your flight.” (hello Baby)

“It was tiring. I missed you so much my love.” I said pecking his lips.

Miguel drove us straight to his boss’s house. When we got there Lorenzo excused himself, said him and Miguel needed to discuss some matter in his study.

I decided to take a shower so long. When I entered Lorenzo’s room, there was an isle of red petals. I noticed that the lights were dim, the bed was made perfectly with brilliantly white bedding, on top of it was a bouquet of red roses, beside it rested a little number. An expensive lacy black lingerie. There were a several candles on the floor and a bucket containing ice and a bottle of champagne. On the far end of the bed was a coffee table, on it were two plates and and two glasses of wine. Wow I felt so special right now.

I quickly took a shower and put on the lingerie. I was busy looking at my reflection in the mirror, admiring how well the piece of clothing fitted me when Lorenzo came into view. His jaw dropped when he saw me. He took off his shoes and left them by the door. He also took off his hoodie and let it fall on the ground. He was left in his joggers and a tee shirt. He strode

towards me and hugged me from behind. He looked at our reflection in the mirror like I was, we looked so perfect.

He touched my belly and a feverish sound escaped my throat. My head tilted back as he grazed my earlobe, the hot breath against my skin sending shivers to my whole body. As I was savouring the moment, I felt as his fingers made their way inside my panties, rubbing my swollen folds. Fuck!

“Ah” A moan escaped my lips as he kept on rubbing my clit over and over again. I sucked in a deep breath as I arched my back surrendering myself into a million sensations I was feeling right that moment.

“Are you so wet for me, Hermosa?” he asked as he inserted his fingers in my slick hole.

“My God!” I shifted. I couldn’t even recognize my own voice as he slowly dipped his fingers in me.

“Tonight I want to fuck your brains out but first come let’s feed you.” He said as he held my hand, guiding me to the coffee table. I couldn’t wait for dessert. 😊😋 🍷🍎

Meeting your boyfriend’s parents for the first time can be a scary and nerve-racking ordeal, especially if you and your boyfriend are from different races. Lorenzo has been nagging me about meeting his parents ever since we started dating but I kept putting off going with him to Houston whenever he suggested it, though I never told him the truth why I was scared. I really want to meet them and have always wanted, but I was actually quite scared, what if they don’t accept me because of my ethnicity? Guess I have to go and find that out hey.

It was Saturday noon, Lorenzo and I drove to his parents’s house in Houston. Though I saw them at the runway show, I had not met Lorenzo's parents officially. As it was Spring, I wore a navy maxi summer dress that revealed my cleavage slightly, I matched the dress with my pink heels and to complete my look, I took my pink clutch bag.

Lorenzo couldn't stop looking at me, and that's how I knew I looked stunning. That day Miguel didn't come with us, Lorenzo drove us. It was a little after 1:30 in the afternoon when we reached our destination. It was the most beautiful villa I've ever seen, the yard was vast, with green pastures covering the most of it. There was even a tennis court. The driveway was lined with beautiful flowers. Wow! Lorenzo rang a doorbell and in an instant the door opened. A woman who I've never seen before stood by the doorway, but I somehow instantly knew who she was. The similarities were undeniable and she was very beautiful.

"Hermanito, ¿como estas?" (little brother, how are you?) The woman asked as she engulfed Lorenzo in a hug.

"I'm very good sis, you? This i-" she cut off her brother's words and said;

"You must be Bonolo. Oh my gosh you're even prettier than I've imagined. I'm Andrea." She said cheerfully as she hugged me. She seemed pretty cool.

The house was welcoming from the open door to the wide hallway. Upon the walls were the photos of Andrea and Lorenzo when they were younger, obviously so loved. It was as if I just walked in the palace. The chandeliers in the massive living room where Andrea led us into were so beautiful, I'm sure each one was worth my year's salary. As Andrea and I were busy chatting like we had known each other for years, Mr and Mrs Del Castillo walked in hand in hand.

"Bonolo, hi. We finally meet you, the woman who stole my son's heart. Welcome to our home my child." Ncoo he was so kind. He said, hugging me. And I just smiled politely. His wife who was just standing there, looking at me suspiciously, just nodded and said nothing. Ok! Mr Del Castillo gave her a look and she came closer to me, her arms folded.

"Where did you meet my son and what is it you want from him?" She asked coldly, looking at me straight in the eyes.

"Ma?" Lorenzo said real annoyed.

“What? I’m just asking. I don’t want any gold digging floozies throwing themselves at my only s-”

“Enough Raquel! You will apologize now to this poor child. What has she done to deserve such hostility?” Mr Del Castillo shouted at her and she just ignored Him.

Lorenzo was frozen beside me. He mouthed, “I’m so sorry babe.” And I told him it was ok. I lied, it wasn’t ok but I didn’t want to stress him.

“I’ll not apologize for speaking my mind. Lorenzo how could you date this Africana, when there are beautiful Hispanic women who’d die to be with a handsome man like you.?” She asked looking me up and down, like I smelled bad or something.

“By beautiful Hispanic women, don’t you mean your precious Marcela? Ma, Marcela and I are over, get that through your head. Accept it, I don’t love her. I love Nolo.” He said as he put his hand on the back of my shoulders.

“Marcela is a true princess. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth just like you. Not this hood rat you brought home. This is a joke!! Imagine what will people say, you’ll be on the front page of every newspaper. The well known del Castillo family will be a laughing stock. Is that what you want? Huh?”

“Let them talk, I don’t give a fuck. Bonolo will be my wife. Why don’t you marry Marcela yourself since you love her so much?” he was livid.

I just stood there frozen, as I witnessed mother and son bite each other’s heads off. Her words cut very deep, and it was hard for me not cry. I felt my face burn with tears.

“You’ve never in your life raised your voice at me, you see what this woman is doing to you already? Driving a wedge between us? What kind of enchantment have you used on my son, skank?”

“Raquel shut the hell up, I’ve had it with you! If you can’t join us for lunch, then go to your fucken room and sleep. I won’t let

you humiliate my son's woman more than you've already have!" Mr Del Castillo scowled at her.

"It's fine Mr Del Castillo I'll just leave. I'm sorry Mrs Del Castillo, I didn't mean to intrude in your home." I said and turned to my heels but both my boyfriend and his father stopped me.

"Please stay and have lunch with us. And excuse my wife's rude behavior." Mr Del Castillo pleaded with me but still I said,

"Thank you for the offer, I'm really flattered by your kindness but today has been stressful. Maybe one day."

"I understand my child. Please accept my deepest apology."

"It's ok."

Lorenzo gave his mom an evil look before following behind me. Andrea came to us when we were about to drive off.

“Bonolo, I hope what just happened doesn’t come between us. I really like you and would love to see you again.” She said with watery eyes.

“Don’t be silly darling, this will definitely be not the last time we saw each other. I like you too”

Our ride back home was rather quiet. Lorenzo kept on asking if I was ok. He was really concerned about me. When we got home we ordered take out (take away) and ate over a very awkward silence.

“Baby don’t feel bad for what your mom said about me. I love you even more now. As long as you know that I’m not in this for your money.”

“Fuck it! I love you! Even if you were in it for money!” he said as he pecked my forehead.

When my alarm went off Monday morning, I jumped out of bed and quickly headed to the bathroom to take a shower. A few minutes later I was done and ready for the road. I went to Jan-Di's room to check up on her. The previous night was crazy! We were drinking the whole night and only went to bed at 2:40 in the morning. My head was pounding from the excessive amount of alcohol I consumed just a few hours ago.

When I entered her room, it reeked of alcohol. There was vomit all over the sheets, the floor and the walls. Jan was curled up nicely on the floor butt naked in a pool of her own vomit. Yuck! I opened the windows for some fresh air and dragged her ass to the bathroom. I put her inside the bathtub and opened cold water to help sobben her up a bit. I splashed water on her face and she opened her eyes, scanning the room as though she didn't know where she was.

“Friend are you trying to kill me or something? The water is fucking cold man!”

“Clean yourself babe. You stink.” I said as I went to get her a hangover relief mixture.

“Here, drink this. It’ll help.” She gulped it down in one go.

“Damn Nolo what’s this, are you trying to kill me or something?” She screamed.

“I gotta go. Call me when you’re done. Bye” I said closing the bathroom door.

When I got out, Miguel was already waiting for me by the gate. This had become my norm by now, I mean being chauffeured to and from work. Indeed dating Lorenzo del Castillo came with its own perks. My BMW 3 Series had been in the garage I don’t know how long.

“Morning miss.” He said as he opened the door for me. That day he was driving a silver G-Wagon.

“Mr Santana, how are you this morning?” He looked at me in the rearview mirror and smiled briefly.

As I settled in the seat and checked my e-mails, my phone rang. It was Lorenzo. I answered it and he wished me a blessed day. After the call, I was literally like a puppy with a bone, I was all smiles. That's how this man made me feel! I narrowed my eyes to the rearview mirror where I saw Miguel looking at me, grinning. Shit, I must've looked really stupid.

"You really love him, don't you?"

"Is it that obvious?" I asked offering him.

"It is, and I pray that what you guys have conquers all the hurdles that may come your way." He says, his eyes glued on the road ahead. "Mrs Del Castillo is a very good person, don't take what she did to you by heart. In my opinion, I think she feels threatened by how serious you guys have become in just a short space of time. Give her time."

"Thank you Mr Santana, those are really kind words. As for Lorenzo's mother though, that woman hates my guts! It'll only get worse with time I tell you. But I'm not giving up the man I love for her. Ever!"

I love Lorenzo so much to let anything come between us, not even his mother! But I really hope that one day, I win her heart and change the perspective she looks at me with.

“Though I still think hate is a powerful word, I understand miss. May the love you and Mr Lorenzo share prevail.”

“I hope it does too.”

As hard as I knew it was going to be, I was willing to try my best to have a good relationship with Raquel because in the end, she and I were the two most important women in Lorenzo’s life, and there needed to be room for the both of us. And I hated that Lorenzo and his mom were not in good terms because of me. I somehow felt like I had to do

something about it, even though at the time I had no idea what.

Jan-Di has complained that we haven’t gone out together in a long time and she’s right! I can’t remember the last time we did

something together, I always spend my off time with Lorenzo at his house. So today I decided to take my friend out and do something. She said she was craving Mexican food, so I don't know of any other restaurant that sells mouth watering Mexican food other than Mrs Ortega's.

When we got there, it was nearing 7:00 in the evening. The place was packed, we had to literally squeeze our bodies through the crowd just to go to the front. After placing our order we headed outside and luckily we found a spot.

"So girl what do you have in mind?" Jan D asks after I tell her about my wish to make things better between me and Lorenzo's mother.

"I don't know friend, I was thinking of inviting her out for lunch or something."

"Why are you doing this to yourself though? This woman has insulted and humiliated you. She made it very clear that she despises you, yet here you are planning on impressing her, why?"

“Because she’s Lorenzo’s mother Jan, my possible future mother-in-law and I can’t have her hate me.” I know I must sound like suck-up bitch and it’s OK, I’m doing this for Lorenzo, and for him I’d go to the ends of the world.

Shortly our food arrive and we literally dig in as soon as our plates hit the table. As usual the food is devine, we’ve ordered spicy chicken taquitos and sodas.

“You have such a good heart my friend and Lorenzo’s mother must be blind or she’s just too proud to acknowledge it. How could she still want Marcela for daughter-in-law even after what the bitch has done to you?”

“Beats me.” I said flatly.

Just then these two macho yet handsome guys came to our table and offered to pay for our drinks. I wasn’t so sure about that but since Jan-Di was game, I had to just keep my opinions to myself.

Drinks kept on coming and coming and my friend couldn't be more happier. Jan-Di is a shark I tell you. When we went to the dance floor, Jan-Di was already drunk and couldn't stand steady. I decided then that we should call it a night, just then my phone vibrated in my pocket. It was Lorenzo.

“Bonolo what are you doing in Queens?”

His voice was stern and thick with anger. Wait...what the fuck? How did he know where I was?😳😳😳

“Uhm... baby?” My voice came out as a starter as I turned my face to the entrance where he was standing like he owned the damn. When my eyes met his I gasped sharply, I don't know if it was because of how drunk I really was or simply because I was turned on as fuck at the sight.

“I'm here to get you, let's go. Now!” His tone was rather commanding and I wasn't sure if I appreciated it one bit, no matter how turned on I was.

“Ok” I said as I held Jan-Di’s hand

and literally dragged her to the door. On my halfway there, a woman in a skimpy dress, who by the way happened to be bootilyously gifted purposely dropped something on the floor. With her back facing Lorenzo, she bent down to retrieve whatever she dropped. To my horror, she strode towards my man and grinded her big ass on his dick! Fury couldn’t begin to describe how I felt.

Bitch! I was so ready to kill her, but then I looked at lorenzo and my fury began to melt. He looked at this bitch with so much disgust in his eyes and then gotten away from trash. This alone made my clit throb painfully

I then wiggled my ass past the bitch and went straight to my man. I kissed him so passionately, so claiming ownership. People cheered on us, angering miss man-snatcher even more.

On our way home, Lorenzo was very angry and couldn’t speak to me until we got home. Oh well, I was not about to suck up to him so I just sang along to Enrique Iglesias’s song that was playing, making him even more angry and pissed.

When we got to the apartment Lorenzo helped me with Jan D and we took her to her room. I took off her clothes and replaced them with her pajamas, afterwards I tucked her in.

The moment I walked inside my bedroom, Lorenzo gave me an earful about how dangerous Queens is and that I shouldn't be out at night blah blah. How I wished I was Jan-Di who was snoring nicely in her bed.

"Baby I'm not 12 years old, stop treating me like I am. I can take care of myself!" I said really tired of his nagging.

"Maybe I wouldn't be treating you like a damn 12 year old if you weren't acting like one! This is not only about how dangerous Queens is, Marcela is still on the loose or have you forgotten that? Huh!" He was beyond livid.

Deep down I knew that he was right, but I was too damn proud to admit.

“The fact that Marcela is still out there doesn’t give you a right to have me under servilliance Lorenzo.”

“Have you under what? My gosh Bonolo, you’re missing the point here. I need to know where you are all the time so I can be able to protect you should Marcela try anything. I love you damnit, can’t you see that?” His angry and loud voice was now replaced with a soft and warm one that got my heart melting in an instant. Damn if I didn’t love him even more right that moment.

“I’m sorry baby.” That’s all I could say.

“Please don’t do that again.”

The following day I woke up to a delicious aroma of smoked Russians and bacon. When I looked on Lorenzo’s side I realized he wasn’t bed, he was the one cooking. Putting on my robe and slippers I went downstairs and found him in the kitchen doing what he did best.

“Good morning mi amor. ” He greeted me setting the table for two.

“It is a good morning indeed! How are you my love?

“I’m good love. Come breakfast will be served shortly.”

“Thank you Mr De Castillo.”

We ate our breakfast over a light chat. Lorenzo told me that Geum Jan D had already left for work. As we were still enjoying our meals, Lorenzo’s phone chirped with a notification. His forehead creased as soon as he opened his phone, making me real nervous.

“The audacity!” He sneered.

“What’s wrong baby?” I asked.

“My mom is inviting us for dinner

tomorrow evening.” He said sighing.

“Well isn’t that a good thing?” I asked thinking just maybe Raquel realised she was wrong about me and wanted to apologise.

“Good thing? Babe don’t tell me you’re thinking of going to the lousy dinner because I’m not!” He said, leaving me at dinner table. Bathong Lorenzo!

“Baby listen.”

“No babe you listen to me, you don’t owe my mother anything to feel compelled to accept her invitation.” He said.

“I don’t feel compelled to do anything, I’m just curious to know why she’s invited us, that’s all. Please don’t turn her invitation down.”

In the open plan kitchen, Lorenzo's mother and I were preparing dinner. She asked for us (Lorenzo and I) to arrive early so I could help out with preparations, which I found rather odd. Unlike the other day, she's very chatty and friendly around me, but there's something about her behavior that I can't wrap my head around. Sigh!

The kitchen had the essence of a gourmet restaurant, aromas were sprinkling the air and tickling the noses of everyone it touched. It brought a sense of warmth and safety that reminded me of my own house back in Mangaung. The sound of sizzling meat and steaming vegetables making my stomach grumble with hunger.

We listen as Lorenzo and his father chat about economy and some real boring stuff. The two of them seem to share a very close relationship. You should see them laughing and how playful they are around each other.

A few minutes later, Lorenzo and his father set the dinner table while Raquel and I made final touches ups. Just when I was busy running around like a headless chicken taking casserole

pots to the dining table when a woman in a white fur coat walked in. She was tall and slim, a true supermodel.

“Oh Marcela darling, welcome. How was your flight from Belgium?” Lorenzo’s traitorous mother said running to the woman who I later discovered it was Marcela Dos Ramos, my worst enemy!

“Good evening Raquel, you look ravishing.” Her laughter filled the room, and I couldn’t help but cringe in disgust.

As I was standing in the middle of the kitchen, lost in thoughts, Raquel patted me on my back.

“Boni love, would you be so kind and bring the rest of the pots to the dining table? Thank you.” She said striding to her precious Marcela, who was just standing there smiling. Bitch!

I did as I was told and when I was done I took off an apron and put it where I had found it. As I was about to sit down on my rightful seat, (next to my man) Marcela beat me to it. The cheek

of this girl! The anger made me shudder, and I bit my lip as I turned to her.

“I think you have a wrong chair!” I sneered and she just looked at me like I had lost my mind.

“There are so many chairs around the table, Bonolo why don’t you find yourself another one.” Raquel asked mockingly.

So this was her grand plan to humiliate me, this was why she invited me to this stupid dinner! Because I didn’t want to cause any drama I sat on a different chair, gaining a victorious grin from Marcela the bitch. Lorenzo who was bored to death moved from where he was seated and sat next to me.

“When are you going to stop denying your love for Marcela my son? You two make such a cute couple, isn’t it My darling?” With a smile on her face, she asked his husband who in return just nodded his head in disbelief, and left the table.

“What are you hoping to achieve by doing all this?” He asked his mother.

“Can’t you see I’m looking out for you? Marcela is the right woman for you. You and her come from the same world, can’t say the same about your African queen!” She said, gulping her wine. “Don’t get me wrong Bonolo, I think you’re really an amazing person but not good enough for my Lorenzo!

Bathong Raquel, all this while I thought we had found a common ground, little did I know that she was just putting on a show. Bathong I tried and I failed dismally!

“Who do you think you are, deciding what’s good enough for me? Listen to me mother, and listen carefully, Bonolo is my woman and she’s going nowhere.”

“I knew you’d say something like that and that’s why I came up with a brilliant idea that will benefit all three of you.”

She had really lost it!

“What are you on about Raquel?” Marcela demanded to know what Raquel meant.

“You and Lorenzo should marry and then African queen will be Lorenzo’s mistress.”

“What?”

NARRATED

“What do you think you’re doing old hag?” Marcela was screaming like a mad woman.

In the aftermath of the bomb that she had dropped just a few minutes ago, Raquel was sitting with her head between her legs, tears streaming down her face.

“I’m doing my best to ensure that Lorenzo marries you just like you asked me to, you should be happy.” Raquel gritted through her teeth.

“I should be happy? Are you fucking out of your mind? How can I be happy when you’re practically proposing I share Lorenzo with that Africana? The deal was I alone get to marry your son and nothing more!” Marcela sneered.

“Would you stop with your madness for goodness sake! Lorenzo doesn’t love you, and there’s nothing you and I can do about it, just let it go.” Raquel said to her.

“Listen here bitch I’ve heard it with your whining, make sure your son marries me by end of this month or feel my wrath. Your choice!” She said as she wiggled her ass out the door.

Raquel was left alone in the dining room, her head was reeling to the point she was fevered.

“I can’t believe even beyond death you’re still continuing to ruin my life Cecilia!” She thought out loud. But who was this Cecilia?☹

Back in the master bedroom Mr Del Castillo could be seen sitting in his bed, a glass of whiskey in hand while his tears fell non-stop on his face. Sorrow and rage pierced him to the core. He wondered what had wrong to his kind and sweet wife that turned her into a bitter and heartless being that she had become as of late.

In a rage fit, he smashed a glass against the wall and fell to his knees and wailed painfully. Hearing the smashing glass sound, Raquel even though hesitant, in fear of facing her husband after what she'd done, she headed to the bedroom. What her eyes were met with stung her eyes even more, blurring her vision.

Though she had married Jorge for over 30 years, Raquel had never seen her husband cry the way he was right that instant. This broke her heart into million pieces. It was her fault that her husband was like that, and again it was her fault that her only son probably hated her.

“Mi querido (my dear), please get up or you'll catch a cold.” Raquel said to Jorge who in response just retorted, “What do you care? Get out of my side.”

“Please don't say that?” She squatted in front of her husband and reached for his hands which he yanked out.

“After everything you did to sabotage my son's happiness, what do you want me to say? What has Lorenzo ever done to you for

you to hate him so much?" he asked getting away from his wife.

"I know you may think I'm a monster and it's OK because I feel like one too, but I love my son with everything in me and only want what's best for him." She said still squatted on the floor.

"You've got a real funny way of showing it!" Mr Del Castillo took his car keys and stormed out.

Thirty minutes later, Raquel was snuggled up in her bed, dangerous thoughts running through her mind. A minute later Miguel walked in.

"Sister, you called for me?" He said, snapping Raquel out of her deep thoughts.

Yes you heard right, Raquel and Miguel were actually siblings, but Raquel didn't want people finding that out, her husband and son included. She worked hard, bribed people in order to keep her past a secret, and if her being Miguel's sister ever

came to light, all her hard work would all be for nothing, and she wouldn't have that.

Both her and Miguel grew up from humble beginnings in a small town in Mexico. Their father was murdered when Raquel was only 10 (Miguel was around the age of 2). Their mother who was greedy and ambitious then turned to the easy life of drugs and killings when she dated a biggest drug lord in Tijuana. Raquel witnessed how her mother's boyfriend tortured and killed those who double crossed him, and how he mistreated her mother. You can imagine how a young girl like Raquel must've felt, being exposed to such life especially at such a young age. She grew up with anger suppressed inside of her and she made a promise to herself that if the chance ever presented itself, she was going to leave and never look back.

When she turned 16, she escaped to Mexico City. She didn't know anyone there, had no place to crash and definitely had no money to buy food but even so she kept going. After 3 days sleeping on a metal bench in a park and eating from dust bins she met this Good Samaritan, Luz Villalobos who took her in. Mrs Villalobos was a widow, and stayed with her daughter Cecilia. As they were the same age group, Raquel and Cecilia

clicked the moment they met each other and became good friends.

Their friendship was put to test when Cecilia stole Raquel's boyfriend. Not only did she steal him, she ended up marrying him. This of course crushed Raquel and she fell into a severe depression. Her relationship with Luciano blindsided her when it ended because she never saw it coming. She felt like she was going through the stages of grief; betrayal, denial and bargaining, depression and acceptance. Only, strangely enough, it felt almost worse than most deaths she had grieved because in that relationship there was never a clear goodbye or any closure.

She made a decision to move away from those who hurt her

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only this time to America, and there she met Jorge, who fell in love with her the second he laid his eyes on her. The two started dating a few months after they had met. Raquel wasn't emotionally invested in their relationship because even after what Luciano had done, still her heart belonged to him.

As the time went by, Raquel grew fonder and more loving with Jorge and the two decided to get married. Two years into their marriage, the couple was blessed with a baby girl, and they named her Andrea. Four years later they welcomed a baby boy who most of you know by now.

One day Lorenzo had attended a friend's birthday celebration in Sydney, his mom was very much against it but ended up giving in. You know how wild and chaotic these teenage parties can be, so Lorenzo got involved in a physical fight with some boy at the party.

In the middle of the night, Raquel received a call from the parents of Lorenzo's friend whom they had attended her birthday party. They rushed there and much to Raquel's horror, she was met with none other than Cecilia Suarez, behind her emerged her husband, Luciano Dos Ramos who looked breathtakingly handsome. Even after so many years that had passed since she last saw him, Raquel still found Luciano very sexy and attractive. She gasped at the sight before her, and felt tears prick her eyes but immediately got hold of herself.

"Raquel Santana!" Cecilia's voice came out as a whisper.

Mr Del Castillo was surprised to know that his wife and Lorenzo's friend's mom knew each other, he was even more surprised at the Santana surname as he knew her wife's surname to be Arroyo. Though he was confused about that, he never said anything to his wife.

As it turned out, the birthday party was for Marcela Dos Ramos, a girl who was head over heels for Lorenzo despite him feeling nothing at all for her.

Fast forward two weeks later, Raquel and Luciano met for lunch, without their spouses knowledge of course. The two of them started spending a lot of time together after that day, and even ended up having an affair.

They would book into hotels whenever they wanted to meet, which by the way was almost every week. Luciano had changed a lot towards his wife and had no time whatsoever for her, making her suspicious that there could be another woman.

She started being paranoid and would go through Luciano's phone. One day she tailed him to a hotel just outside of town. She waited in her car, wanting to see the face of a woman her husband was cheating on her with.

As she was still waiting, she saw a yellow cab pull up at the hotel's main entrance and out came the woman who used to be her friend years back. She looked even more beautiful than she was all those years ago, maybe that's why she stole her boyfriend, she envied her.

Cecilia looked as Raquel strode inside and thought it was not a coincidence that both her husband and Raquel were there at the same time. Curiosity getting the best out of her, Cecilia followed Raquel and bribed the front desk lady to give her information on who her husband was with in his room. Confirming her suspicions, indeed it was no coincidence for Luciano and Raquel to be at the same hotel at the same time. The two of them were definitely having an affair. This broke Cecilia's heart, I mean its never easy finding out that your husband is cheating, especially with your best friend (ok maybe not best friend) This caused Cecilia to swear revenge on the both of them.

One day Cecilia booked into hotel and invited Raquel, so luring her to her death. Unknowingly, Raquel accepted the invitation and went. When she got there, Cecilia was already waiting for her by the balcony. Raquel noticed something was a bit offish with Cecilia.

“What’s wrong Cecilia, are you OK?” Raquel asked concerned.

“Am I ok, really? How can I ever be ok if some bitch is having an affair with my husband?” she retorted.

This got Raquel to almost choke on the wine she was drinking.

“What?” she was shocked.

“Drop the act Raquel, I know you’re the skank that’s sleeping with my husband!”

She said striding towards Raquel and pulled a gun on her. But luckily Raquel managed to disarm Cecilia and threw the gun away, then the two of them fought tooth and nail. In the midst of the struggle, Cecilia fell off the balcony from the 85th floor.

Raquel panicked and started wiping fingerprints on the rails of the balcony. She took the gun with her and left, but what she did not know is that Cecilia had their meeting on video and somehow that video landed to Marcela's hands. Now Marcela was blackmailing her into marrying Lorenzo if not she was going to the police.

She might not show it due to her very unfortunate circumstances, but Raquel actually loves Bonolo and thinks she's an amazing woman for her son!

"The bitch must go!" She said with a grave face, that gave Miguel chills.

"Do you mean like permanent?"

When his sister nodded in agreement, he responded; "Consider it done!"

The drive back to Lorenzo's penthouse was aqua silent, my eyes were glued to the road ahead. Lorenzo tried to talk to me a few times but I just ignored the poor guy, it wasn't his fault I know but I just wasn't in the right mind to speak.

When we finally got home I headed straight to our bedroom and took off all my clothes and then hopped in the shower. I turned on the faucet and let the water fall upon my skin. As I closed my eyes, savouring as the hot water made me arch my back in enjoyment, my thoughts couldn't help but drifted to the events of that day. Raquel's hateful words came flooding back and I couldn't stop the tears that left my eyes. My heart ached so bad! I found myself cracking my already cracked mind, trying to make sense of Raquel's hatred towards me. I know it must sound crazy to most of you but as much as I knew my man loved me, I felt like I somehow needed his parents approval, especially his mom's. I felt like we could never really be happy if Raquel continued to hate me.

I couldn't hold the heartbreak no more and fell to the floor in a disheveled heap as my grief poured out in a flood of uncontrollable tears. Gut-wrenching sobs tore through my

chest, causing my head to feel like it was about to explode. I covered my face with my shaking hands and let it all out.

I don't know for how long I had been in the shower for, but the water was now cold. I was sitting on the floor in a corner of the cubicle, curled up in a ball when I heard the sound of the bypass shower door opening. I was too drained, too tired to even lift my head to look who it was. A great tremor overtook me all over again when I heard Lorenzo's breaking voice.

"Mi amor" He said as he suddenly turned off the faucet and carried me out to the bedroom.

He wiped my dripping wet body with a towel and then wrapped me in his fleece gown, his scent on a piece of garment soothing my heart.

He opened the covers for me and carefully put me inside and then cuddled me afterwards. I listened as his heart was pounding, making the sound that beat any music or lyric. The way he embraced me made me feel all sorts of security and

warmth in his arms. He didn't say anything to me, and I was thankful as I didn't feel like talking either.

I fell asleep in the arms of the man I love but when I finally woke up he wasn't in bed. I got up to look for him and found him in his study on a call with someone.

"What you did to my girlfriend was despicable and for that I'll never forgive you." He said to the person on the other end of the call.

"No no, you did that to yourself mother. Maybe you should've thought about that before insulting and humiliating her the way you did." He was beyond fuming.

He turned his face and found me standing by the doorway and suddenly said, "I have to go!"

"How are you feeling baby?"

"Much better love." I said marching to him to give him a hug.

“I love you, do you know that?” he told me, and I just nodded.

“I’m deeply sorry for what my mother did to you, if I could I would undo it.” He said his eyes gloomy with tears. This broke my heart.

“You don’t have to apologize for that love, it isn’t your fault your mother hates me, and besides your love is enough for me. I love you now even more than I did yesterday.”

“I was in a call with her just now and told her she must apologise to you, if not I’m never speaking with her ever again. And as for the polygamy madness, she can go to hell for all I care, you alone are the woman I’m going to marry. My heart belongs to you!”

My heart melted at the promise of marriage to me, and my dull mood improved instantly. He saw a future with me in it and I couldn’t be more prouder, more happier for that.

“Baby Raquel is still your mother no matter what, you shouldn’t be talking about her like that.” He gave me a look that caused me to throw my hands up in surrender.

A few days later, Lorenzo and I had received a call from Andrea inviting us for lunch at her house in Miami, Florida. As much as Raquel hated me, her daughter felt completely different about me, she liked me and always treated me very well.

It was a Sunday morning and the sun was peeking through the curtains cascades onto the bed, and I could feel the heat it emitted. I slowly sat up and gazed over at Lorenzo, who was content and asleep. I tip toed to the window and looked out in the garden that was enormous and lined with green grass, colourful flowers all over. I felt his scent before I could see him, my Lorenzo, was standing behind me with his hands on my waist.

“You look beautiful.” He whispered into my ear, his hot breath against my skin sending shivers to my whole body. As I arched my back in enjoyment, I could

feel his erect shaft poking my ass and caused me to moan. Even after the erotic night we had had the previous night, I was still as hungry for him, and he was for me too. He took off my pyjama bottoms and tossed it on the floor.

“Hold on real tight on the sill!” He said sharply, teasing my earlobe. I didn’t wait to be told again and did how I was told. He started kneading my ass, causing my clit to twitch with excitement.

I was so wet and slick by the time he entered me, making me to cry out loud in enjoyment. He gave it to me hard, with a few ass spansks here and there. I couldn’t help but moan as he banged into me. When he was close to reaching his peak, he withdrew his cock and let it cool a bit, and then put it back in again and started thrusting slowly. I began swaying my hips and shaking my ass, driving him even mad. He picked a pace and then a few moments later he came in long, trembling runs. Still trying to catch our breaths, we lay exhausted on the floor on top of a fluffy carpet.

“Sex with you is always amazing.” He said a few seconds later, kissing me on my neck.

“I love you.” I told him.

As Lorenzo and I approach the hillside on which Andrea’s house is, I catch a quick glimpse of it. It is huge, and is the most noticeable building in the area. Our private jet lands on the air strip next to the house. We get out of the plane and start our journey through a heavily wooded path leading to the most beautiful house I’ve seen. Lorenzo is all smiles beside me.

All around us lie the most beautiful trees and plants you have ever seen. It is peaceful but you can hear the sounds of birds chirping. As we continue to walk along the path the end starts to appear. I now see Andrea’s house up close, and it’s wow! It is a four story dream on a huge fifteen acre lot. As we approach the stairs at the entrance to the house, we’re surrounded by four columns leading to the most elegant doors I have ever

seen. They are made of mahogany and have a stained glass window in the center. The handles and the frame is made of brass.

We meet Andrea and her husband Santiago at the door already waiting for us.

“Hey guys, and welcome to our paradise.” Andrea says giving a hug to both me and Lorenzo.

“Hi guys and thanks for having us today.” I say.

“Hermanita" (little sister) Lorenzo says giving his sister a look.

“Don't you mean hermana (elder sister)? Andrea says pinching Lorenzo's ear playfully and the two of them end up tickling each other, their laughter making me emotional at how close the both of them are.

“Get used to them, this is how crazy they always become around each other.” Santiago says leading me inside.

“Come let me give you a house tour.” Andrea says taking my hand.

After the tour I’m in an awe, the house is BEAUTIFUL! There’s a way leading us outside. As we continue around the house I come across three windows overlooking the entrance to the house.

As we walk into the back yard we are surrounded by the best things a man could ever want. Well not quite everything! But a lot of things. I walk toward the road and I first come across a basketball court, to the left of the basket ball court is a tennis court. This is a true definition of luxury!

Later we gather around a dining table, outside by the pool. It’s Lorenzo and I on one side and Andrea and Santiago on the other. Lunch has already been served

buffet style and we’re chatting and laughing, it’s a very beautiful day indeed.

My thoughts keep drifting to Raquel, how she'd feel seeing me here, laughing, cracking jokes and sharing a meal with both her children. For sure she'd die of heart attack 🤔🤔🤔!

Andrea seems to genuinely love me and has always been good to me. I loved the way she handled the whole introduction lunch saga at her mom's house and she didn't let her mother's hatred towards me cloud her own judgment. She's an amazing soul with a heart of gold, sometimes I wonder if she and Lorenzo are really Raquel's children, I mean how could a devil like Raquel birth such angels? It doesn't make sense to me.

Andrea is outgoing, freewheeling, handy with a joke, and fun to be around. We've been laughing and talking like we've known each other all our lives, despite the age gap between us. I'm 10 years younger than her.

"I think I understand why my little brother is so head over heels for you." Andrea says as soon as we're left alone on the dining table. The guys have gone for a smoke.

"You do?" I ask smiling and she nods.

“You’re an amazing person with a an amazing heart. You have that ability of touching hearts of everyone you come into interaction with. And you’re so beautiful!” She says smiling.

“Not beautiful as you are, in and out.

“Thank you. I’d like to take this opportunity to apologise for the ill treatment you suffered at the hands of my mother.” She says her smile fading.

“It’s ok. Water under the bridge. Maybe she has her own valid reasons for disliking me. I just hope she realises one day that I really love her son.” I say sighing.

“I’ve known my mother since forever and I know her like I know myself. Believe me when I tell you this; she loves you!” She says looking me deep in the eyes.

It must be the wine that’s making Andrea speak nonsense because there’s no way in hell Raquel loves me. Not after everything!

Some time later, the four of us changed to swimwear and headed to the pool. The fascinating, open air swimming pool was located on the south side of the house. It was constructed with the cool blue tiles that enhanced the colour of water in the pool. The day was not so hot due to slight breeze that touched our faces softly. Water in the pool was blue as the sky and clean as the crystal, so soothing at the eyes and refreshing to mind and body.

We played all these pool games that I didn't even know existed, toss n splash, poker, (mind you I didn't know a thing about it), pool volleyball and so much more. We had loads of fun.

While we were still having fun, a house help had come by the poolside to inform Andrea's husband that someone was on a call for him. A few minutes later Andrea followed and we were left alone, drunk and horny as shit.

We started kissing each other, making low groans as our hands touched each other's most sensitive parts. Lorenzo carried and put me against the pool's wall with my legs wide open and wrapped around his waist. His dreamy eyes dropped to my

parted lips which were trembling with desire. He kissed me with so much passion that got my toes twirling in excitement. My whole body responded to every stroke of his hands on me.

A moan involuntary left my throat when he started touching my breasts, teasing my hard as steel nipples. He paused for a second and smirked mischievously when he saw how consumed I was by his touches, and then resumed kissing me while his hands did things to me. I felt as his shaft increasingly got harder and bigger, causing my clit to throb painfully. My nails desperately dug deeper and deeper into his back, I wanted to feel him closer to me. I wanted him so bad it hurt. I couldn't care that we were actually outside, and in the middle of his sister's pool, all I wanted was to be fully filled with HIM. I kissed him back, making my intentions very clear that I wanted to get laid right there and then!

"You drive me crazy woman!" He murmured in my ear, his a bit chilling on my damp skin. The sensation alone was it for me, and I reached my peak, crying out his name.

Before I could even catch my breath, he penetrated me swiftly in one go, causing me to bite my lip as the deliciousness of him

filling me consumed me. I felt tears prick my eyes, my gosh this man drove me crazy!

“Ah!” I tried but couldn’t hold back my tears, this was beyond sex. I felt so connected to him in every sense of the word. No man ever brought me to tears during sex, not even Asenathi who at some point I thought was the love of my life had that privilege. Lorenzo had to be the only one!

He picked up the pace, his thrusts were faster and harder. His head was buried in my chest while my own head was tilted back, my eyes rolled back as I savored the moment. I felt the tension build up inside me and I knew I was close, but I didn’t want to climax as of yet, I wanted the moment to last a little longer!

“Let go mi amor!”

Lorenzo must’ve sensed I was holding back. As soon as the words fell out of his mouth, I came hard murmuring his name. My knees were trembling uncontrollably underneath the pool water. Lorenzo followed shortly after me, his body collapsing in

front of mine. I held tightly onto his neck for balance as my legs felt wobbly. He pressed his lips to mine and said with his hoarse voice, “Te amo tanto.” (I love you so much)

We stayed in the water for a moment with my arms still wrapped around his neck and his own on my waist. His heaving chest that was pressed on my breasts crushed all the doubts I might had about Lorenzo, he was the only man for me! I knew that there was no other man who could ever love or make me feel the same way he did. I myself could never love any man who was not him, my soul and his were intertwined with each other!

“Are you guys planning on spending your time in the pool forever? Come now, the barbeque is ready!”

Andrea said coming out of the house. Her hair was a little messy, like someone who just got dealt with thoroughly. As she got closer to us, I realised eyes were a bit reddish and cheeks kind of flushed, giving away that she had just got laid!

“Will be right there, give us a sec!”

Lorenzo said, his gaze on my pointy nipples. I felt his dick poke my lower abdomen, it was hard and heavy, arousing me all over again! Bathing our appetites were just so huge 😁🙈

“Babe your sister is right behind you, stop it.” I whispered in his ear and he cursed through his breath.

“Hermana give us a moment, would you?” he pouted like a little boy.

“Not a chance, you guys have been at it the whole afternoon, aren’t you tired?” She asked laughing and I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment. 🙈🙈

“You want to starve yourself to death? Go right ahead but you will not do such to poor Nolo.” 😁😁😁 Mara Andrea!

As much as I was so looking forward to the millionth explosive orgasm, I couldn’t yank her hand out when she reached out for my hand. That would have been really rude.

“Fuck you” Lorenzo mouthed to Andrea but she didn’t see him,
thank God!

Raquel can love or hate me, bottom line is her son and I love
each other and there’s nothing that a hundred men or more
could ever do to keep us apart. Just like the rain down in Africa,
It’s going to take some time but I know Lorenzo is worth
fighting for!

After my break-up with Asenathi I was left scarred for life and I never thought I would ever find love again. The breakup pulled me into the purgatory of life. I lost all sense of meaning and purpose. The forever consistent love and support in my life bounced off scar tissue encasing my hollow being. I became pain through and through. None of my other breakups ever felt this destructive. I remember how lost I felt that time, I felt like dying. My whole world collapsed. I was terrified that I wouldn't be able to go on with my life without him. I felt humiliated. I felt alone. I felt a variety of feelings and emotions, but the one that I always remember is the feeling of loss. I had lost everything I ever thought I would eventually have. The family, the life and most importantly: the man. The man I had loved for 4 years had cheated on me.

My heart was disfigured and I lost all hope in love. For me love only existed in fairytales not in real life, but then Lorenzo came along and completely changed my perspective, he broke all the walls I had built to shield my heart. He gave me hope, he gave me reason to smile, to be happy about life again, most of all, I was able to love again. Love literally rewrote my life. I don't regret going to Central Park that day, almost one and half years ago. I met my soulmate, my whole world, my forever!

Things have gotten very serious and intense between us these past months. We've officially moved in together in the house Lorenzo bought for me a few months ago for my birthday present. I'm truly blessed, I mean it's not every day that your boyfriend buys you a house for a birthday gift.

We're still going strong despite the hurdles we face here and there. Raquel is now less of a bitch towards me, I don't know what could have happened that had changed her behaviour, either way I'm just glad. I haven't heard from Marcela in a long time, it's as if she's disappeared from the face of the earth and I couldn't be more happier. I just hope she stays in whatever hole she's hiding in forever. Lorenzo never gave into Raquel and Marcela's sick demands about the sham marriage. His mom realised she was never going to win and eventually threw in the towel.

Jan-Di is still my closest friend, though we don't see each other more often anymore. Asanda has given birth to a baby girl six months ago and she's now back to work... Kgosì and his fiancée were also blessed with a beautiful baby boy, who they named Tlhohonolofatso. (Blessing)

An unplanned pregnancy can be a huge thing to get your head around. It can be a massive shock that will undoubtedly lead to some pretty serious conversations and mammoth decisions!

I'm sitting on a couch in the doctor's office, holding the test results in my shaky hands. Tears just keep on flowing on my cheeks.

"Congratulations Miss Moledi, you're pregnant!" The doctor's words echo in my ears again.

I started using Intrauterine Device (IUD) about a year ago, afraid I'd fall pregnant as Lorenzo is not the type to use a condom. The first three months after having it inserted I experienced severe headache, a certain sex positions were now painful and I had a severe acne. When I told my doctor about it he told me it was normal and the problem shouldn't last for more than six months. The period of six months had passed, severe headache and acne had subsided but the pain in my

uterus was persistent. It just couldn't go away, causing problems between Lorenzo and I. Lorenzo didn't want to have sex with me because of all the wincing during 'umcimbi', he preferred to orally sex me other than actually penetrating me. That was sweet of him I know, but sometimes fingers and a tongue just wouldn't do! 🙈

One day whilst in the loo, I felt it come off and rushed to the hospital. The doctor scheduled an appointment for me in a week's time to have it re-inserted and that completely slipped my mind! As a result, lately I've been feeling very sick and I've gained a few kilos. I suspected it was pregnancy and then decided to go to the doctor who has just confirmed I am indeed a few weeks long!

I got up from the chair and headed to the door, despite the doctor's warnings. I had a massive mix of emotions all at once. My mind was empty, other than the replaying of the phrase, "I'm pregnant. I'm really pregnant. Holy shit I AM PREGNANT!" I instantly realised that in a matter of a few months I would be in labour, suddenly some movie scene flashed I don't remember well flashed into my mind and I realised I would have to push a baby out at some point, Modimo! 🙈 ♀ □ ? ♀ □ ?

Childbirth is scary, even for a 30 year old like me! When I was about to call Miguel to come get me I saw Lorenzo's Maybach with one of its windows rolled down by fraction parked by the hospital's main entrance. He got out to get my door 😊🚗 and then went to the driver's seat.

"What did the doctor say my love? Are you OK?" He asked before he could drive off. His question caught me off guard and I didn't know how to answer him. As much as I wanted to tell him about the pregnancy, I felt slightly afraid of how he might react. We had never even once talked about babies and to be honest with you, I didn't how he felt about them, so I was going to keep this to myself for a bit.

"I'm fine my love. The doctor said it must've been something I ate." I lied🚗

With his one hand on a steering wheel, Lorenzo intertwined his other with mine and whispered how much he loved me. I looked at him and wondered what on earth I had done to deserve a man like him. He caught me watching and blushed.

“What’s on your mind?.” He asked snapping me out of my thoughts.

“What do you think of babies?” Out of the orange I asked.

“I think they are cute and adorable little things. But why a sudden interest in babies?” His eyes still glued to the road ahead.

“Because we’ve never discussed or talked about babies, and I wanted to know how you felt about having one or two, in the future that is.” I said looking at him.

“The thought of having babies never crossed my mind until the day I met you, I’d gladly have 10 babies as long as it is with you! But now is not the right time, for us to have babies we first have to get married. I don’t want no child of mine to be born out of wedlock.”

Damn it! If I decided to tell him now about my pregnancy, he would want to marry me for it and I couldn't have that. I wanted him to marry me because he wanted to, and not any other reason.

"We're here." Lorenzo said as he removed the blindfold from my face and I couldn't believe my eyes. Oh my freaking word! We were at his beach house in South Carolina!

Everybody has a gateway destination that brings them happiness and peace, where for a few days the time slows down and you live out every full moment and for me that would be the beach house, and Lorenzo knows that! Gosh how I love men who pay attention even to the smallest details.

This beach house has brought me many great memories with Lorenzo ever since we started dating. The two of us would go for a few days or even a week to get away from the city and actually enjoy nature at its best.

So moguy has been planning the surprise trip for a past few weeks and couldn't tell me anything as he didn't want to ruin the surprise. It turned out perfectly. My God I loved him so much.

The bright and dark green trees watched the branches sway from side to side while the wind blew me get to open my window and put my arm out and make it flow with the wind, feel, smell, and taste the fresh breeze. The atmosphere outside was just as great as the one inside the car. Lorenzo and I were in the zone of our own, indulging in the beauty of the beach.

After we have unpacked our bags we went for a little swim, kissing and loving here and there, you know how couples get moss. 🐒😊 After swimming we sat on a cozy chair under a soft blanket and right next to the ocean. Waves were gently crashing on the shore and making the most mesmerizing sound, while there was no one else there but the two of us. I felt like the romantic evening couldn't possibly be any better until Lorenzo turned his head, looked deep in my eyes and planted a soft and warm kiss on my lips, making the moment even better than I could've ever anticipated.

The next morning

The splash of water hit my face and I felt so relaxed as if the time had stopped and there was nothing else to do except just sitting on the sea-shore admiring the beauty of nature. The rays of the sun embraced me, and I moved towards the water, the sand which was soft and hot slipped away from beneath my feet, making me feel so at home. The waves crashed against my body and moved back as I kept moving forward. The cool touch of water was stress-buster and relieved my mind of all tensions. As the fast blowing breeze hit my face, it left a soothing effect.

“Mi amor”

Lorenzo’s thick Spanish voice brought me back.

“It’s very beautiful out here, come.” I said as I turned to face him and I gasped sharply. No matter how many times I have actually seen the man naked, I always get lost in thoughts whenever I see him topless.

“Let’s have breakfast first!”

Surrounded by palm trees, our dining area was serene with only the sound of the birds chirping penetrating the silence. On a big white picnic blanket that was spread nicely on the sandy ground, was Orange juice, Greek yogurt topped with homemade granola and fresh blueberries

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homemade muffins, peaches, and coffee. So while I left him still fast asleep in our room Lorenzo got up and planned the picnic for us. Impressive!

“Come let’s sit” He said holding my hand and guiding me to sit down, and he sat across me. We ate over a light chat, laughing about random things. He poured me a cup of coffee which by the way smelled horrible. ☹️ I’m normally a coffee drinker of note but since the pregnancy it makes me sick, just smelling it. I made an excuse not to drink it, said something about me being on a diet.

After having our breakfast Lorenzo randomly came to me and wrapped his muscular arms around me from behind. His heart was beating very fast, making me all kinds of weak on my knees. He gave me a small box. I smiled and took the box. I unwrapped it while he kept his head on my right shoulder, his face touching my cheek.

“Oh my God! Baby!!!”

I said clamping my hands over my mouth. Tears pooled my eyes and I couldn't believe my own eyes! Inside the small box was an elegant diamond ring! At that point, tears of joy were flowing down my cheeks and I couldn't believe that this was really happening. The next moment Lorenzo was kneeling down on one knee. I gasped as my heart rate spiked, thinking of the possibilities of what was to come.

“I know this may sound cliché, but I'm gonna say it anyway as this is how I feel. I fell in love with you the minute I laid my eyes on you, my African goddess. I wake up every day, thankful to God for leading me to Central Park that very day. My life literally began the minute you flashed me the most beautiful smile I've ever seen, giving me hope. I never knew I had it in me

to love the way I do you, so here I am, asking you for a chance to love and honour you not only now but forever. I love you Bonolo Moledi. Marry me. Please!”

I couldn't contain the happiness I felt right that moment. A whole Lorenzo Del Castillo, was on his knees asking me to be his wife! He wanted to make an honest woman out of me, despite her mother's disapprove. He chose me over his mother, and for me this was a BIG DEAL! Oh my gosh, I wished I had a camera with me so I could photograph him in that moment.

“YES! YES Lorenzo I'll marry you!”

I knew we had not dated long for us to be talking about or proposing marriage but we loved each other and so we went for it!

As if I would suddenly change my mind, Lorenzo hurriedly put the ring on my finger, the big rock on my looking even beautiful on myself! It fitted perfectly.

He stood up, carried me off the ground and kissed me with so much passion. We made the most mind blowing love to each other on the beach, under the moonlight. Lorenzo was so over the moon, and so was I!

When I told my mother about my engagement she was happy, and was even happier when she learned that I was expecting.

“God is great tthe mababy, ke itumetse tota gore at long last things are going so well for you.” She had said over a video call.

When I told her I still hadn't told Lorenzo about my pregnancy she panicked, telling me how I shouldn't keep secrets from my partner and things like that. I knew she was right. *sigh*

An intercom rang, frightening the hell out of me. I got up from the couch where I was slumbered on, watching my favourite TV show. When I got to the door I was taken aback as I was met

with Raquel, carrying a bouquet of lilies and behind her was her husband looking handsome as ever.

“Hello my dear, how are you?” Mr Del Castillo greeted me.

“Mr Del Castillo hi.” That’s pretty much all I could say. What were they doing here anyway? Don’t get me wrong, I love Mr Del Castillo and I don’t mind him coming over to my house, but his wife no bathong! 💀

My eyes darted to Raquel who looked so uncomfortable beside her husband. Her eyes looked anywhere but me. Something was quite different with her, she wasn’t her normal frosty and bitchy self, she was more humane, and was wearing this awkward smile on her face. Seeing her like that, I even noticed what I had been missing ever since I had known her, the woman was beautiful! Her gloomy rhapsody blue eyes were looking intensely at a big picture of myself and Lorenzo that hung by the wall.

“My son looks happy in this picture.” She finally said.

“That’s because he was happy, and still is with me.” I said a little irritated about her comment.

“I know.” She said softly, “This is for you, congratulations on your engagement.” She said handing me a bouquet and I just looked at it, it could have still been a bomb, yoh I wasn’t taking any chances with that one. This seemed to have hurt her feelings but I just couldn’t care less.

“I deserve that.” She said nervously.

“You think?”

Bathong Raquel was really getting on my nerves. Why was she even at my house? 😊😞 Mr Del Castillo cleared his throat awkwardly, mind you I had not even invited them in. I forgot



I invited them in and we went to sit in the lounge. As it turned out, Raquel had actually come to my house to apologise for the ill treatment she had put me through since I started dating her

son. She told me she was forced into it, like I would believe a word she had said. I mean please 😊😊😊!!!

“I always hated myself for hurting you, but at the moment my hands were tied and there was nothing much I could have done.” She had said shedding crocodile tears.

She didn't say who had put her up for it but I suspected it might have been Marcela, that's really if what Raquel was telling me was true. What I didn't quite get was why was she telling me all this now after so long?🤔

“Why now?” I asked her

“Because I now realise I was wrong and you definitely did not deserve it.”

Wow! So it took her a whole year and a half to finally realise she was wrong! Hayi qha impela ngisehlani, ngiyalingwa nje strong. (Wonders never cease!)

After some time Mr Del Castillo received a call and had to leave, leaving me and Raquel alone! I was beyond annoyed.

Being left alone with Lorenzo's mom wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I wouldn't say we're now best of friends, but we're civil to each other.

"I know you don't trust me and probably hate me, and for that I wouldn't hold it against you. But all I ask a chance to get to know the woman who has stolen my son's heart better, my soon-to-be daughter-in-law." Raquel said.

'Don't you think it's too late for that?' I thought of asking her, but didn't.

"Let's start on a clean slate. Please child." Her blue eyes were gloomy. 😊 Why drama jwale!

"Don't tell me you want me to give you a hug because that would really be pushing it!" I said jokingly as I got up from the

couch where we were seated. She smiled and then mouthed,
“Ok”

“Would you like something to drink?”

“Coffee would be lovely my dear.” She said smiling.

We sat in the lounge while my soon to be mother-in-law sipped on her cup of coffee. We chatted and laughed about random things... I got to know her better, and realised that Raquel wasn't really a bad person like I've always thought.

Soon I heard my fiancé's car pull up outside. He walked on Raquel and I cooking the storm in the kitchen. At the first glance, he looked dumbfounded and when he realised what was really going on he was even shocked.

“My future bride and my mother cooking together??🤪 This I have to capture. AMAZING! I never thought I'd live to see this day, ever!” He said reaching for his phone in his jacket's pocket and shot us a picture. He was so happy he couldn't stop grinning.

“What happened to you guys? Or rather don’t tell me, I’m just so glad the both of you are talking!”

“I’m so sorry I wasted so much time trying to keep the both of you apart, that I didn’t even realise in time just how wonderful Bonolo is and just how happy she makes you. The two of you share something so beautiful and you should never let anyone destroy it for you!”

She was so emotional when she said those words. Her son hugged her and the scene made me want to cry. I’ve never seen them so affectionate before. When she hugged me for the millionth time, she whispered something in my ear. Something that got me reeling!

“Marcela will never hurt you and my son again, ever! Her voice was suddenly stern and frosty, making me feel chills down my spine. She winked at me and went out the door!

Telling your partner that you're pregnant can be a nerve-racking moment, especially if the pregnancy is unplanned! After so many attempts, today is finally the day I'm planning on announcing the big news to baby daddy dearest, and I'm nervous as shit!

I'm so tired due to lack of sleep last night. I turned and tossed most of the night trying to figure out what it was Raquel meant about Marcela not bothering us ever again. Could it be that she, no Raquel may be a lot of things but a murderer isn't one of them, or so I think! It's the way she said it that got me up all night, the way her eyes went from warm to frosty in a matter of a few seconds! There is something shady about the woman I tell you, I can feel it in my blood.

When I get up Lorenzo has already left for work. There's a tray lined with food for me on the bedside table. The perks of being Lorenzo's fiancé! 😊😊😊

There's croissants with caramelized onion and goat cheese and orange juice. There's a note written in red bold fonts; "bon

apetit my love❤️” (enjoy your meal) ncoo motho waka
hle😊🤔😊

After eating I took the dishes downstairs to the kitchen and went back to bed, I felt very tired despite having just woken up.

I woke up a few hours later to a message from Asanda. Yesterday I left a voice mail for her, letting her know that I was pregnant.

“As your heart grows with love for your new arrival and you share every wiggle and kick, may your joy overflow because of the life that is growing inside you. When you face those tough pregnancy days, remember that each day brings you closer to holding your little one in your arms. Sending love and best wishes upon hearing the wonderful news of your pregnancy.”

Shem that was so sweet of her!❤️

After having our dinner Lorenzo cleared the table as I got the flowers that I bought him.

“This is for you” I said handing him the bouquet and he looked kind of surprised.

“Don’t tell me I had forgotten my birthday”

“No silly, it’s not your birthday. Open the note.” I said as I felt my heart pound out of my chest. My pulse and blood pressure were soaring with anticipation as I awaited his reaction when he saw the contents of the note.

“Don’t joke like this baby, please!”

So the note which I attached my pregnancy test results to, was written as follows: “Hi daddy, I can’t wait to meet you.”

“We’re going to be parents love. I’m not joking.”

He was leaning by the window with his head looking down. His body was shaking. Wait, was he crying???

“Baby say something. Please.” I said as I went to him. “Please look at me.” I begged

When he lifted his face, my breath was knocked out of me. He was crying, tears streaming down his gorgeous face. His eyes were bloodshot red. My heart broke at the sight of him breaking down like that. I didn’t know what else to do, so I hugged him and let him cry in my arms. When he finally stopped, he kissed me on my forehead.

“Muchos gracias mi Amor.” (thank you very much my love.)

“But what for baby?”

“For giving me this. It’s a precious gift no one has ever given to me.” He said brushing on my belly. “How do you feel?” His excitement was affirming.

“Overwhelmed and mostly scared. I don’t know anything about being a mother, what if I fail?” I said as the tears pool in my eyes.

I didn’t realise just how much I needed a hug until this very minute, tears just streamed down my cheeks. I don’t know how to be a mom, I mean I still call mine 45 times a per. How am I going to pull this off mara? Although I love babies with all my being, I never pictured myself as a mother. Hell being a mother is full-time job!

“Hush baby. I know you’ll make a great mom to our baby, don’t worry. I’m gonna be with you every step of the way and if we fail, we fail together. My gosh baby, I’m so happy! You don’t know how much I love you right now.” He said as he hugged me real tight, His scent intoxicating me.

Its been a couple of weeks since the big discovery and I still wake up some days not believing that I’m really pregnant, and there’s a little, tiny, human with a beating heart, formed out of mine and Lorenzo’s love growing inside my body. If this is not a miracle, I don’t know what else is!

I've already began my antenatal appointment checks to ensure myself and my baby are in good health and that my pregnancy is going well. As you all may know, it's vital to go to these checks. Screening tests, ultrasound scans and checks of my blood pressure and urine will help identify any possible issues, so that I can get the right care as early as possible.

It's a barely a month since Lorenzo and I have been engaged but there's already trouble in paradise! I don't want jump the gun but think my fiance is up to something shady, at the moment I can't figure out what it could be, but something is definitely fishy. He has been acting really strange these past few days and I don't know what could be the problem. Normally he has no problem at all with me touching or going through his phone but as of late things have changed! He now has late night calls that he answers behind closed doors, when I ask him about it he accuses me being nosy. Yesterday I found him in the pantry room, talking on the phone, what was weird about the whole thing is that he was whispering into the phone and got real nervous when he saw me. As I didn't want to be

accused yet again of being nosy, I kept my mouth shut and carried on like nothing happened.

I spent almost the whole day yesterday cracking my head, wondering what I could have done wrong for him to act so poorly towards me. I kept thinking that maybe he was seeing someone, but then again, this is Lorenzo we're talking about. The man who literally went to the ends of the earth just to be with me, why would he ruin what he had worked so hard for? It made no sense at all.

As a token of peace, although I did nothing wrong at all

I cooked him his favourite Mexican dish for dinner, and he was actually happy. We got to chat and laugh about random things like we normally do. I actually thought we were getting somewhere until he received a text on his phone. I watched as his expression changed from happy to horror in a matter of a few seconds.

"Is everything fine my love?" I asked, hoping that just maybe he would open up to me. But I was wrong!

He just stormed out of the dining room and climbed the stairs, I assumed to the bedroom. This was beyond me, and I was going to lose my man if I was going to just fold my arms waiting for Jesus to come back, so I followed behind him. I was going to get to the bottom of this one way or the other.

As soon as I entered our bedroom, I heard the sound of water splashing, he was in the shower. Taking my clothes off so I could join him in there, a constant beeping of his phone stopped me in my tracks. Something drew me to it, and even knowing well that it was wrong, I still went ahead and opened the phone. It was with no hassle that I opened it as he hadn't changed his password yet. As soon as it opened, my eyes landed on a text message from a contact number stored as 'M'. The contents of a text message read as follows;

'Let's meet in an hour, at our usual spot. Xoxo'

Usual spot? So this wasn't the first time they were meeting 😬🤔
The sharp pain that I felt after reading that text is something that I will not be able to forget for a long time! Just when I thought I had found happiness, when I thought the storm was

finally over, history had to repeat itself. I was cheated on yet again! Fuck love I tried.

The sound the bathroom opening startled me, causing me to jump in fear.

“Who’s this woman and why is she texting you?” I asked pointing at the text message.

“Amor, when did you become this person? You read my texts now, don’t you trust me at all?” He said blow-drying his hair.

“Don’t tell me about trust when you’re the one who’s been answering your calls in secret, don’t you dare! Who’s she?” my voice was trembling with anger.

“Baby what were you looking for on my phone?”

“We’ll get to that, but first answer my question, who is this woman?”

“She’s no one of importance, just let go love.” He said casually.

“Like hell I’ll let it go. You tell me now who she is!”

When he didn’t answer me, I came to my own dark conclusions in my head. The motherfucker!

“Are you sleeping with her?” I asked bluntly, not ready to hear his response.

“What? That’s absurd! Are you listening to yourself right now? Have I ever given you any reason to mistrust me? How could you think that of me?” He asked really hurt.

“What do you want me to think? Tell me the truth Lorenzo! What’s going on between you and this mysterious woman?”

“I can’t do this with you right now. I’m out” He stated and walked out the door.

“Would you rather do it with her?”

He turned to look at me and didn't say a word. Just like that he left, slamming the bedroom door. I felt my blood boil with anger, my tears couldn't stop flowing down my cheeks. I cried my eyes to sleep and when I woke up in the middle of the night, Lorenzo wasn't in bed. I got up to look for him and found him in his study, fast asleep on a couch. At least he slept home, that should count, I consoled myself.

I looked at him, my handsome as hell fiancé. I loved him to the bone! I took a throw and put it over him, to prevent him from catching a cold. I then went back to the bedroom where I kept turning and tossing most of the night. I wasn't used to sleeping alone anymore, especially with Lorenzo mad at me. The morning came and I went to the study only to find Lorenzo already gone.

The rest of my day was horrible with Lorenzo not taking any of my calls. I was in an anguish, wondering whether I could have done things differently to avoid the fight. I got real desperate to

talk to him and I decided to go to the office. One way or the other, he'd have to hear me out.

After I had some smoothie, I went to my room to change into decent clothes as I was still in my pajamas. I changed into a black skinny jeans, black bodycon top, black heels and a yellow long blazer. I put on my brunette Peruvian hair. I looked at my reflection in the mirror and I looked good. I touched my belly and remembered that there was a baby growing inside my womb. Instantly my dull mood improved, I felt warm and ecstatic.

Just when I was about to walk out the bedroom door, my phone rang. My heart skipped a bit as I looked at the caller ID, the name looked so surreal. I had to blink a couple of times just to be sure... Maybe he wants to fix things, I thought to myself. I grabbed my phone frantically and answered.

“Lorenzo”

“Ah... Lorenzo you're so amazing. Ah I love you!”

I heard a woman's voice on the other end of the call. Her moans rudely penetrated my ears, followed by a low groan of a man. I held the phone in my hand, while I felt a bone shattering pang of pain attack my heart. I quickly hung up the phone, wanting to wipe those voices from my memory. However, tears had already started to well up in my eyes. My heart was filled with desolation and betrayal. What have I done to deserve this?

As I was still standing in the middle of mineband Lorenzo's bedroom, my phone beeped. It was a text from unstored number.

"Isn't it about time you gave up, reina Africana? Renzo is mine!"

My vision went blurry as I read the text. So the bitch was back, and sleeping with Lorenzo

NARRATED

Have you ever found yourself dazed and wondering “how did I get here?” or “is this really even happening?” Life has a way of spinning around and turning everything upside down when we least expect it. Sometimes, despite our every effort to perfectly craft a life exactly the way we think it should be, it does not work. So how do you handle it when it feels like the world around you is crumbling down?

After the phone call that has left Bonolo's world crashing and crumbling on her, she felt so numb and completely disconnected from her feelings. Her heart was broken, and she bled an ocean through her eyes. Her soul felt wafer thin. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't keep the tears from pouring down. She knelt down on a soft carpet beside her bed and just sobbed painfully, having no care in the world if anyone walked in.

A few minutes later Bonolo was now laying on the floor, her head was throbbing. After crying for so long, she felt so drained and had no energy at all. She heard Miguel calling for her from

down the stairs but couldn't answer. Miguel got concerned and called Bonolo but still in vain. Ascending the stairs like a maniac, Miguel got to the master bedroom in an instant and found Bonolo on the floor. Frightened by this, he tried to call Lorenzo but then remembered Lorenzo had mentioned something about losing his phone. Shit!

"Bonolo, are you OK?" When Bonolo didn't answer, Miguel carried her off the floor and put her on the bed and put a throw on her.

"What happened?"

After what Bonolo told Miguel he was in total disbelief at how twisted and malicious Marcela was. He claimed to have chauffeured Lorenzo to Texas, for a business meeting during the exact time that Bonolo allegedly received a call from Lorenzo.

"There's no way Lorenzo could have been in two places at the same time. I was there, literally watching him. The only logical explanation is that Marcela stole Lorenzo's phone and called

you with an intention to cause problems between you two, and she succeeded! Fuck this bitch.”

Even after hearing Miguel’s true side of the events that took place the fateful day, Bonolo still felt uneasy. Lorenzo might've not slept with Marcela, but there was still mystery between them, for example, why were they meeting up in secret?

“You should have killed the bitch Miguelito, see where your good heart has put us now. Ah!”

Raquel smashed a glass of whiskey against the wall in a fit of rage. Her eyes were bloodshot red, and facial veins popping out. She couldn’t keep still and was pacing back and forth in the basement of her house where their little meeting was held.

“Maybe you should’ve done the job yourself since I’m so useless!” Miguel said getting up to leave.

“Now is not the time to throw your little tantrums Miguelito! We have to come up with a plan, a new strategy to deal with Marcela, and this time permanently!”

Miguel who was sulking, sat back down on the chair.

Just then Raquel received a phone call from the number she did not recognise.

“Hello?”

“Hello Raquelita, remember me?” The woman on the other end of the call said, her voice was diabolical.

“I’m sorry who’s this?” Raquel asked, having no idea who the woman could be.

“I was hoping you’d ask. I’m your biggest nightmare!”

“Marcela?” Raquel’s voice trembled.

“Yeah bitch it’s me! Sorry to burst your little bubble, but I’m alive and guess what? I’m coming for you with everything I’ve got. You and your dearest Lorenzo with his African bitch will feel my wrath, get ready!” Her laughter was chilling to the bone and then the call went dead.

BONOLO

When I heard Lorenzo’s car pull up in the driveway I quickly got under covers and pretended I was sleeping, I didn’t know if I was ready to face him after the fight we had the previous night.

“Mi corazon (my heart)” He said the minute he walked in, making my heart to beat faster than it already was. “I know you’re not sleeping, you probably don’t want to talk to me and it’s OK. You don’t have to talk, just listen to what I got to say, that’s all I ask.” He came to sit beside me on the bed.

I squinted my eyes only to find the guy with his palms on his face, giving away he was nervous. My heart bled for him, but at the same time I wanted to know what Marcela had on him that made him literally dance to her tune.

As it turned out, the contact number stored as 'M' was actually Marcela's.

"But I swear on our unborn baby, I didn't cheat on you especially not with her. I know it may be hard for you to, but you got to believe me my heart!" his voice was breaking.

"Please come back to me, I'm nothing without your love. These past few hours, knowing that you were mad at me were a pure torture! I missed you badly. Don't you get that you're the only woman for me? That my eyes can only lay on you, on your beautiful body, even on the parts of your body that you seem to think aren't so beautiful 😊? Don't you get I only need you when my heart is beating? You're the only one I believe in, without your love I don't know how I'll ever survive. It's you and only you that's keeping me alive. Please tell me what I should do for you to forgive me and I'll do it. 🙏"

By now my pillow was soaked wet with my tears. I wondered what I had done to deserve so much love from this man! He touched my heart with such beautiful words and I found myself fighting the urge to jump to him and kiss him senseless. Heaven knows I love Lorenzo!♥

“Kiss me!” I said.

“Huh?” His voice was hoarse

“You asked what you should should do for me to forgive you.” I asked as my nipples turned to steel as soon as his eyes dropped to my lips, burning through my skin.

I still needed answers from him regarding his shady meetings with Marcela but now I wanted him, I wanted his loving, his touching.

As his lips touched mine, he let out a desperate moan, gasping into my mouth. He seemed a bit hesitant, but I reassured him

that I wanted him. Without wasting any time he took all of my clothes off and made love to me like it was his last time on earth. Soon he let out a low groan as he reached his peak, his body collapsing on top of mine.

“Those were really beautiful words you told me earlier on. Thank you!” I said after a few minutes of silence.

“And I meant every word. I love you!

After a few minutes we wore our clothes and were still in our room.

“I know you have many questions about why I was so distant and acting all mysterious these past days, and I’ll tell you the full story of what happened.”

NARRATED

After what Lorenzo has told her, Bonolo is in disbelief! Marcela is one hell crazy bitch, she thinks to herself. So with the same damning video of Raquel pushing her mother off the balcony that she used to blackmail Raquel, Marcela blackmailed Lorenzo to sleep with her, give her a child that way she would leave Lorenzo, his mother and her alone. Lorenzo who felt compelled to keep his mother out of jail was willing to do what Marcela wanted. So the night Marcela sent a text which Bonolo read, it was actually the night that Lorenzo was going to fulfill Marcela's sick demand. So when they were about to do the deed

Lorenzo suddenly couldn't go through with it and he stopped.

"I can't do this to Bonolo" he said, "I love her too much to betray her like this." He said as he put on his shirt that he had already taken off.

"Is the bitch that important to you that you're willing to sacrifice your own mother for her?" She asked, screaming her lungs out.

“She is that important, but you wouldn’t understand that now, would you?” He said slamming the door behind him, leaving Marcela high and dry. This made her very angry and she swore revenge on Lorenzo.

Lorenzo drove like a maniac to his parents’s house to confront his mother about everything, I mean EVERYTHING Marcela told him.

“I don’t condone Marcela blackmailing you and all, but locking her up in a madhouse was just so cruel and uncalled for.” Lorenzo said to Raquel.

“Would you rather I went to jail Lorenzo, because should I have not taken measures I would be in jail right now?”

“Maybe jail is after all what you deserve after what you did to her mother, maybe then will Marcela be satisfied and stop her madness.” Lorenzo said

“You don’t mean that son.” Raquel said her voice breaking.

“You were ready to sacrifice my own happiness for your sins, so yes mother I mean that. I’ve never in my life come across someone as selfish as you are! You’re the one who wronged Marcela, why should I be a sacrifice lamb? You shouldn’t have let Marcela hurt my relationship with Bonolo in the first place, you of all people should have been the one to protect me, to protect my happiness but no! I’m so disappointed in you.” He was more hurt than he was angry.

“I’m sorry my son please don’t leave like that. Lorenzo?” Raquel pleaded with Lorenzo who stormed out of the house, bumping into Miguel at the door.

“Señor (sir), are you OK?” He asked

“Señor? Oh please drop the act Miguel, or should I call you uncle?” he sneered and left Miguel there, with his mouth wide open in shock.

BONOLO

“I love you so much for what you did for me, for us.” I said brushing my belly and he said, “Anything for you”

I was indeed grateful for him for choosing us (me and the baby) over Marcela, for being able to resist

temptation (she might be a bitch mara leshano le lebe (to be honest) shem Marcela is BEAUTIFUL, and for my man to have resisted such was a big deal for me. I loved him even more right that moment.

“So what now baby?” I asked

“I don’t know and to be honest with you, I don’t care really, all I know is that I’m not going to do anything to put ‘us’ in jeopardy ever again.” He said kissing my forehead.

I wasn’t going to press and so I shut the hell up and cuddled with my man. Raquel, as much as I had bonded with her over

the past few days, what she did to Marcela's mother wasn't fair at all, intentionally or not. She had to pay!

When I discovered that I was pregnant I was on a 21-day leave which was supposed to end last week so, I decided to inform my Performance Manager about my pregnancy. I can't be flying long hauls and running around for long hours in my condition. They say working as a flight crewmember can put a pregnancy at risk, particularly during the first trimester and I'm taking no risks.

After being tested by my airline doctor, confirming I was really pregnant I was then given a full 9 months leave starting immediately. Because I didn't want to be stuck in the house the whole day doing absolutely nothing, I had initially thought of asking my Performance Manager to at least move me to the ground in office to do mundane admin work but Lorenzo being Lorenzo advised me against it.

"Baby you need to take it easy and rest as much as possible for our princess to be born healthy." He had said.

Mind you it's still early for sonar to detect whether it's boy or a girl but ubhuti wenu/abuti wa lona already thinks it's a girl!

It was a Friday afternoon and I was at the shopping center, doing some shopping. After I had paid for my things, I took my bags and headed to the parking lot. Out of nowhere came Marcela dressed elegantly in red pants and a black lacy top. Her black heels very high. She was very beautiful as always.

"I heard you're getting married girl, so I came here to congratulate you personally."

How the hell did she know where to find me? Was this witch stalking me now?

I knew she was just there to cause trouble, and as I was in no mood for her nonsense, I bluntly ignore her ass. I went to the car.

“Ignore me all you want, I don’t give a damn. All I want to tell you is, enjoy it while it still lasts because soon Lorenzo del Castillo will once again be mine.” She let out a diabolical laugh, infuriating me in a process.

I was honestly sick and tired of Marcela constantly harassing me whenever she saw me, and so I turned to her and in a blink of an eye, I was all over her like a bad rash hitting the shit out of him. I’m not usually an impulsive person but Marcela asked for it shem!

Motho wa teng (she) was all talk but dololo action, the whole time I was beating her, not even once did she try to throw a punch nothing! With her palms covering her face, she just lay on the ground, screaming for help. Just then, Miguel appeared out of nowhere and grabbed me.

“Señorita (Miss) you’ll kill her!” he asked real shocked.

“You don’t mess with me bitch!” I told her. “Miguel please take me home.”

He nodded and adjusted his hat and grabbed the shopping bags that were scattered on the ground and put them in the trunk. I was about to get in the car when Marcela's hellish voice stopped me in my tracks.

"You will pay with your blood for this, African queen!" She said as she dusted her clothes off and walked away.

"Bring it on, perra (bitch)!!!"

Miguel drove in silence and didn't dare say anything to me, he kept on stealing glances of me in the rearview mirror. When we got to my house, I went straight to my bedroom and stripped down. I took a shower to calm myself down, I was really pissed! Why did I let that bitch get under my skin like that? Nxa, and what if she gets me arrested?

A few minutes later, I got out of the bathroom to my bedroom. Lorenzo was already home. Great!

“Amor, what is this I hear about you and Marcela fighting at the parking lot? What happened?” he asked quizzically.

Now he knew!

“I see news travel very fast around here. So besides being my chauffeur-turned-bodyguard, I see Miguel also spies on me!” I sneered

“It’s part of his job to ensure your safety. What if Marcela had hurt you and my baby? Love you don’t go around beating people, especially carrying our precious cargo.”

“Marcela’s a real bitch. She just kept provoking me. She asked for it.”

“Come here babe. Stop stressing yourself.” He said with his arms open. He hugged me real tight and my heart just melted. “Teamo.” (I love you)

“I thought you’d be mad.”

“I am.”

The next day evening, at around 5:30 I went for a jog as I usually did with Lorenzo, but that fateful day my man was working till late and so I had to go jogging without him.

As I went out the gate I noticed a black SUV with tinted windows parked a few houses away from mine but paid no attention. I jogged past it and suddenly the door flew open and out came this big man with big muscular hands. Do you guys know the WWE's Big Show? This man was his size! He had this hideous tattoos on his face, and was so scary. He grabbed me and tossed me in the car.

“Leave me alone!” I cried out but the man reached for his back pocket and took out a small bottle. On his handkerchief he poured a liquid from the small bottle and put it on my nose. Soon I felt very sleepy, and it was lights out!

Something clicked and my senses turned on; my heart pounding, mind wide awake and fists clenched, ready to attack as I scanned the surroundings of where I was. With my hands tied up to my back, I was laying on the floor, in the middle of the aisle of an airplane.

I turned around towards the front of the plane and all I could see was blood on the floor. In panic, I touched the back of my head that was throbbing with pain and it was wet, sticky wet. Jesus I had lost a lot of blood, my baby, oh my baby I hoped she was ok. 😞 I looked further past the blood and my eyes stung from the concentration. I saw a man lounging on a red seat with a gun pointed at me. I thought this was all a dream as I attempted to stand up, but failing dismally when I fell down. I felt so drowsy, I assumed from the chloroform they used to knock me out. My head was pounding and throbbing with so much pain, almost unbearable.

With my eyes becoming blurrier with each passing second, I looked at the man's face. It was dirty with rings under his eyelids. His black hair was lank and greasy. When he caught me looking at him, he waved the gun at me.

“What are you looking at bitch, you want this?” He asked pointing at the area between his legs. Yuck!🤢

“You’re one hell blessed bitch with all the curves at the right places,” he said, biting his lower lip. “now I get why my boss hates you so much, she feels threatened by you, I would too if I were in her shoes.

So Marcela was really behind my kidnapping! For sure she was probably sipping champagne in some abandoned warehouse, awaiting my arrival with so much anticipation to kill me. Tears started to form in my eyes at the realization that this could be my last day on earth. My thoughts suddenly drifted to my family back in SA. I imagined my poor mother, how crushed she would be over my death.😭😭😭 And Lorenzo, my sweet Lorenzo! Tears streamed down my cheeks just thinking of him.

“Show some respect man, you can’t talk to a lady like that.” A blond haired guy with the gentlest eyes in the world said to the one taunting me.

“Who cares? The bitch is going to die anyway, by giving her a good fuck we’ll be doing her a favor. Or what guys?” He asked the rest of the crew who nodded their heads in agreement, angering the blond guy even more.

Suddenly he pulled a gun on his fellow crewmembers. “I said no one touches her!” his bloodshot red eyes were ready to pop out. The guys raised their hands in surrender, with one of them making fun of the blond guy, “Ooh he got it bad.” 😊😊😊 Fools!

The guys went to their seats and left me alone. The guy who was taunting me, who I learned later that his name was Pablo, gave me an evil look that was chilling to the bone. I was definitely not safe!

A few minutes later the blond guy came with a glass full of water and some pills in hand.

“Here, this should help with the pain” he handed me some water and pills.

“What are these?” I needed to know what he was giving to me. You know when you’re pregnant you not supposed to take any medication unless prescribed or given to you by a doctor, so this was me, being careful.

“It’s pain relief pills.” He said softly. Although he had a hideous 666 tattooed on his face, the man seemed good-hearted and like he was one of the good guys.

“Thank you but I shouldn’t take those, I’m pregnant.” Even though the was a total stranger to me, I somehow felt like I could trust him.

His eyes narrowed in shock at the news. “You’re pregnant? Shit you need to get out of here!”

He said softly, not wanting to alert the others.

He was right I needed to get out of there but how if I was up in the air?

“But how?” I asked looking around at the rest of the guys who were looking at us suspiciously.

“I’ll come for you” He promised and disappeared in the cabin.

I must’ve fallen asleep while still in the plane because when I finally woke up we were at some airport that I did not even recognise. Pablo tied up my hands, gagged and blindfolded me. I was huddled into a car and driven off to an unknown destination. I was too frightened to try anything.

After an hour or so, the car came to a stop, and I was dragged out of the car and pushed into a corner. When my blindfold was removed I found myself in a dark room with nothing at all other than a double bunk bed on the other corner.

“Welcome to your hell hole Africana!” Pablo said with a voice full of hate.

I felt so defeated. Just a few hours ago I was happy by the side of the man I loved, the man I was going to marry, but now my dreams were shattered! I literally watched as my own world came crumbling down.

I snuggled up on the bed, as I awaited my fate fate!

Some time later I heard the sound of the door opening, startling the hell out of me. I looked to see who it was and there she was, Satan's daughter striding her long legs towards where I was standing. She walked like she owned the damn place.

"Well well well, look who my dogs have found! La reina Africana. (The African Queen)" She said, sarcasm evident in her voice. "Didn't I tell you you would pay for getting in my way? You brought this upon yourself!"

"So what are you going to do with me, kill me? Go right ahead bitch, I'm not scared of you." I said.

“Well you should be!” she said suddenly whipping me with an electric cable that I didn’t know where she got it from. As much it hurt like fuck, I didn’t wince or cry. My pride couldn’t let me give her that satisfaction.

“So I hear you finally succeeded in hooking your filthy claws into my Lorenzo’s life

harlot? You must be very proud of yourself hey?” She said pacing back and forth, like she was Queen Elizabeth II.

“Lorenzo was never yours to start with, and he’ll never be. You know why? Because he’s mine.” I said, infuriating her. She lashed me repeatedly, mind you I was still tied up.

“Lorenzo will never lay his eyes on a heartless bitch like yourself, have decency and leave the guy alone.”

What I said seemed to have hit home because she fell on her knees and with tears streaming down her cheeks. The drugs

that they fed her at the psychiatric hospital were really messing with her head.

“All I ever wanted was to be Señora Del Castillo (Mrs Del Castillo), but you bitch had to come in the picture and ruin that for me. He was starting to give me attention like the good old days, until you came along. I hate you and curse the day you came into Lorenzo’s life. I can’t be happy with the man I love while you’re around so you have to go. Tonight you die” She said looking at me gravely.

Marcela was even more crazier than I thought!

“Kill me or not, bottom line is, Lorenzo will never be yours! You should stop wasting time and kill me now, I’m not afraid of you coward. Why don’t you untie me so we can fight woman to woman? Huh!”

Instead of answering me, she strode out the door. My whole was on fire, screaming out in agony as I tried to get up from the floor.

Right then the blond haired guy, ok his name was Diego, walked in with a first aid kit. He helped cleaned my wounds and then applied some ointment afterwards. He left shortly after he was done and came back with a brown paper bag containing supplements and pain relief pills for pregnant women, and a tray lined with food. After eating I took my meds, a few minutes later I felt much better.

“Diego right?” He nodded in agreement.

“Why are so nice and kind to me?” I asked him.

“Because you’re a good person and you don’t deserve what La Doña is doing to you, that’s why I decided to flee you.” He said standing by the door, checking coast.

“La doña?” I asked.

“I mean Marcela, she’s the most dangerous, ruthless and notorious female drug lord in Colombia. If not stopped, she’s

going to kill you, and I can't have that in my conscience." He said wiping a tear that had just slid her cheek.

"My sister Maria was only 16 when she was introduced in a world of drugs. She started out using and eventually dealing. I took it upon myself to rescue her and flee her to Ecuador to start a new life from here, but La Doña's people got to her first and killed her like she was nothing at all, while I watched!"

"After that day, they took me to Colombia where the cartel headquarters is based. I was tortured and starved for days. One day boom, Pablo and the rest of the men put this tattoo on my face, which is a symbol that I belong to their gang now. There's no hope for me at all of getting out of this alive, but there is for you and the baby you're carrying."

By the time he said those words, his tears were falling non-stop. If there was ever a hope that God exists, what this man was willing to do for me was really testimony.

"You remind me of her so much. She was the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, with so many big dreams for life, but her life was

cut short. I want to do for you what I failed to do for her. So let me help you get away.” He reached for his back pocket and took out my phone and gave it to me.

Without wasting any time I called Lorenzo who was going mad not knowing where I was. I sent him the location of where I was and told him to call the police!

“You truly are a God sent Diego, thank you so much for all you’ve done for me.” I told him, tears pooling my eyes.

“Come let’s get going before the witch gets here” Just then the door flew open and Marcela walked in with a pistol in her hand.

“You thought you could outsmart me by escaping? Sorry my sweethearts, there’s no escaping La Doña!” She said as she shot Miguel in the head.

This scared the hell out of me and I wetted my panties instantly. Marcela was a real nutcase! Kanti where were the police at mara?

“Raccoon tell the others to come, I want to have some fun.” Marcela commanded one of her lapdogs. Soon the room was full of them.

“Take off your clothes Africana.” With a stern face she ordered me.

Like hell I was going to do that!

“I’m not going to repeat myself.” She warned.

“I’ll do no such thing, you can kill me first!”

“Are you challenging me bitch?” She said rushing to me and tore open my gym tank top, exposing my breasts to her hooligans who couldn’t stop moaning, drooling over my nakedness.

Marcela then ripped my tights and I was left only in my panties, in front of these guys who looked like they were ready to eat me alive.

“Come now boys, feast on her! Do whatever you want, all your dirtiest fantasies with her while I watch.” She said touching herself down there, making the most disgusting moans I’ve ever heard.

‘Oh God where are you when I need you the most?’ I wondered!

As these men were busy touching me, much to my annoyance, the door opened and in budged the DC police, yeah we were in Washington.

“Police! Everybody on the ground, put your hands where we can see them.” Shouted one of the officers.

A minute later Lorenzo walked in looking so drained and like he hadn’t slept in a week. His eyes glistened with tears when he saw me and hugged me so tightly to his arms. Tears that I had been holding back fell upon my face. It was over!

Seeing me and Lorenzo all lovey dovey, Marcela tried to shoot at us but unfortunately for her, one of the cops shot her.

We all dream of floating calmly through pregnancy, but many women feel more vulnerable or anxious. After all pregnancy is a life-changing event, so it's only natural to feel overwhelmed sometimes. I read somewhere that the first trimester of pregnancy can often be the hardest, and I couldn't agree more. Most if not my entire first trimester I was bedridden due to a severe nausea. My pregnancy hormones were too high, extreme fatigue and vomiting, tender breasts, and perpetually needing to wee every 5 seconds made life so uncomfortable and unbearable. The morning sickness was just on another level, with constipation and heartburn from hell. At that point, I would have given anything to see myself given birth already! ---

Today marked exactly six months since I was rescued from Marcela's claws. I was just so grateful to God for sending me Diego, he gracefully fulfilled his purpose in my life, and I shall forever be grateful to him. Being freed from Marcela brought me a sense of elation and relief. However, adjusting back to the real world after that traumatic experience proved to be difficult. The first few days were the most difficult, with me struggling to fall asleep at night. The events of that day, especially where Diego was shot to death, would replay in my mind every time I closed my eyes. I would see his lifeless body lying on the floor in the pool of his own blood. I somehow felt responsible for his death, I mean the guy died trying to help me

escape. I don't want to imagine what could've happened to me should he never helped me. He was truly a Godsend, and I hope he's resting easy in heaven, I'll forever be grateful for him. Marcela, who was shot on her stomach trying to shoot at us got badly injured and was rushed to the hospital. The bitch proved to have a whole 9 lives like a cat when she survived a bullet and lived. She was in the hospital for a duration of a month and as soon as she had recovered she was sent to jail, where she and criminals like her belong. The rest of her lapdogs were arrested at the scene and taken away. Six months had passed since that dreadful day, but the memories were still as fresh and raw! Life had not been easy at all. I now relied on therapy to get by, I just prayed my baby was born healthy! Lorenzo had been home with me since the day I was freed and didn't leave my side not even for a second. He always sat with me during my therapy sessions, holding my hand and reassuring me that everything would be ok. Raquel always came by to bring me fresh soup and helped where she could around the house. She was a whole new and different person after our little 'bonding' session all those months ago, and I was just so happy that finally things were fine between myself and her. "How are you feeling today mi amor, I hope my princesses aren't giving you a hard time?" Lorenzo asks the minute he steps in our bedroom with a tray lined with some English breakfast. I woke up that day feeling like a greasy breakfast. In

these past months, soft porridge was pretty much what I could stomach, but now on my third and last trimester, nausea had subsided and I could eat whatever food I wanted and didn't feel my stomach churning afterwards. "Apart from the minor cramps in my lower abdomen, I'm fine baby. Thank you, knowing you're here with me, and will be throughout this overwhelming time of my life soothes my heart. I love you." I had said trying to sit up straight. "Remember we're in this together. I love you and can't wait to hold our little miracles in my hands." So three months ago, when Lorenzo and I had gone for an ultrasound scan, we had learned the most amazing news of our lives! When we were told not only were we pregnant with one but two babies, fear did not set in, at least not until later in my pregnancy when I could barely move without fainting. But the idea of twins joining our family only brought myself and my fiance feelings of joy and excitement. For the first couple of weeks I assumed I was in shock and that the fear would come... it never did. During my first trimester, twins had crossed my mind. I remember my mom mentioning something about how nausea can be extreme when you are expecting twins

for a long time the thought would cross my mind but I would dismiss it. Even the morning before my 32 week ultrasound I commented to Lorenzo about the possibility of twins because of my severe nausea, but he nicely said to put that thought out

of my head. But after peeking at my ultrasound after my tight lipped technician left the room and saw what looked like owl eyes (two sacs) staring back at me my heart started to race. Once taken into a private room and an exceedingly kind nurse explained that I was pregnant with di-di twins (dichorionic/diamniotic which means separate sacs, separate placentas and they don't share blood vessels, again more twin lingo). I was reassured that this was the safest type of twins to carry and that most likely they would be fraternal but because they were spontaneous that there was a very small chance that a fertilized egg has split really early creating identical twins... something that we wouldn't be able to confirm until they were born. One of the first things I did after finding out we were expecting twins was search the internet for pregnancy belly photos with twins. I wanted to see what a freak show I would become. While scouring Pinterest and other websites I came across a variety of belly shapes. Pointy, wide, low... it truly became an obsession of mine. I had seen Asanda's singleton pregnancy and I thought she was huge then. I just couldn't fathom that my body could possibly carry two babies! Once I got past 33 weeks the weight of my belly was increasing. This was the point that I was connecting with other twin mamas online and the most common horrible symptom we were all experiencing was excruciating hip pain. I used a super sexy support belt which helped take the weight off of my hips but

near the end of my pregnancy I had to stop using it because it was making my wicked heartburn ten times worse. Walking up the stairs would put my heart into an overdrive and I came very close to fainting multiple times a day. I was experiencing pre-syncope (almost fainting) and feeling like my heart was going to explode. I was subjected to a string of tests due to this but in the end it showed that my heart was having runs (racing) at times but the babies were thriving. The weight of my belly forced me to stay off my feet almost all the time... even in the shower I had to sit on the floor. It was very hard but I would do it all over again! *** They say the end of the third trimester of pregnancy is typically full of both excitement and anxiety for baby's arrival. It can also be physically uncomfortable and emotionally draining. It's true! I'm experiencing swelling ankles, increased pressure in my lower abdomen and pelvis... at this point I'm asking myself; 'when will this be over already?' So I was told by my doctor that my babies needed to be born early to reduce the risk of stillbirth or neonatal death. His recommendations ranged from 34 to 39 weeks. According to him, this is because the risk of stillbirth begins to increase after 39 weeks. He asked me and Lorenzo to pick a suitable week for us to finally meet our babies between 34 and 39 and we both picked 37! --- With less than a week until a scheduled C-section delivery of our babies, Lorenzo and I have already decorated their nursery. We decided not to find out the gender

of the twins and wanted a soft, dream-like nursery that would be soothing to both us and the babies. We chose to stick with a monochromatic colour scheme and rely on interesting textures and shapes in the room. The hedgehog lamp between the cribs - this was a surprise gift from my soon to be mother-in-law that I wasn't even sure I liked at first! We decorated the entire nursery around this little guy. I also wanted to use my baby bonnet and shoes from my Christening and these are framed in our wall collage. Since we don't yet have photos of our little ones, we used pictures of us as babies in the frames for the time being - which makes me even more excited to see what these babies are going to look like! Lorenzo booked my mom a flight online so she can be here for the birth of our babies. She's set to arrive in three days. I can't wait to finally see her, after long months of not seeing her. **** The day had finally come, and finally I got to meet my babies! I was at the hospital, in the birthing room just a few minutes before the procedure started. Both my babies's grandmothers and my fiancé were here, to witness as I became a mother! Prior to the surgery, I received my anesthesia, which is usually a regional pain block such as an epidural or spinal block. An injection allowed me to feel no pain during the surgery while also remaining awake to witness the birth of my children. While my anesthesia was being administered, the room was busy as the nurses and doctors prepared the room with instruments and the warmer for the

babies. Anesthesia can take about 20 to 30 minutes to administer. The powerful numbing happened quickly and effectively. My arms were strapped down in a T-position away from my sides. This was done to prevent me from accidentally interfering with the surgery. I had a catheter placed. There was a drape placed at my abdomen to keep me from seeing directly into the incision. However, I was able to see the doctors, and most importantly, when the babies were delivered. Lorenzo appeared in the operating room not long after I realized that my entire lower half was numb, and after taking a seat beside me, and my hand in his, we barely spoke. We simply stared at each other under the bright and unnatural hospital lights. We cried. We kissed. He stroked the tiny bit of hair on my forehead that had escaped the required hairnet. And as I felt my insides being rearranged, the pressure heavy, everything so crammed, I also felt more love, trust and connection between my fiance and me than I ever had before. The procedure itself was quick, and then came a siren scream; my daughters had entered the world! How much my arms ached for them, but since I was strapped down, I couldn't do a thing other than look at their tiny fragile bodies. "Milagros! (miracles) Nuestros milagros!" (Our miracles)" With eyes full of tears, Lorenzo said. He then put one baby on my chest and carried the other in his arms. "That they are!" I said choking on my own tears. I was so lucky and loved by the heavens! FROM the first time Lorenzo

learned of my pregnancy, he had been very supportive. For every milestone and all the moments in between he was there, holding my hand. From the first scan, from the first kick, the first heartbeat, the first shopping trip for baby things to the first cry. God had really come through for me! Both my girls were beautiful and healthy! Luz (light) and Paz (Peace) are the names Lorenzo and I chose for our babies. Our love's Light and Peace. 'Kganya le Kgotso'... I know the name Kgotso is typically a male name but I love it for my princess! 🤱

Becoming a mother makes you feel joyful, elated, empowered, and invincible. You've just pushed another human being out of your body, and you're unprepared for all the things that come so quickly. While you're in the hospital, you've got plenty of help, but when you go home, it's all up to you. It's an exciting time because of the newness of the experience, but it is also a time of great uncertainty. It's the first time we realise that it's possible to love someone so much. Becoming a mother expands the parameters of what love looks like to you by opening up a part of your heart that you didn't know existed. This kind of love is entirely different than the love you have for your parents, spouse, etc.

Becoming a mother allows you to be able to love from a different part of who you are. Being a new mom can come with feelings of inadequacy because there is a learning curve involved. It's important to be realistic about the transition to motherhood because the more realistic you are about it, the easier it is to get through those difficult things. Suddenly you have experiences like having to stay awake all night to care for your baby, crying, loss of prior freedoms, lack of help, and other adjustments. Your life is entirely different, and you're learning

how to adapt and figure out everything during a time when you are so tired that you can't see straight.

The important thing my mother made me realise is that I'm not alone, and that all mothers experience the same process, and I will get through it. She told me I don't have to be perfect, but I do have to understand that it's OK to make mistakes in motherhood. All mothers make mistakes, and I will too.

Being a mother is the most rewarding and the most frustrating experience. Kids challenge you, mold you, and in many ways, define you. This relationship, at least in terms of influence, is definitely a two-way street. When you have a child, you become a hostage to fortune; you feel like your heart is walking outside your body. Having a baby is the most terrifying thing you will ever do. Nothing makes you more vulnerable than having a child. However, it also brings you inestimable joy and fulfillment. Scarily, just because you can have a baby does not mean that you have any clue about what to do with the baby once he or she is born. We are not like other mammals, who have the ability to nurture coded somewhere in their DNA.

Motherhood is a unique time in your life, you are on the threshold between being a child and a mother. You experience not just the birth of a baby, but your own rebirth as well - of your identity as a woman, rather than a girl. Having a baby makes you grow up quickly. You are no longer free to pursue whatever you want, even if all you want is to sleep through the night. We are biologically programmed to connect with our babies. The hormones surging through our bodies make us love them, no matter what.

It's been a year and a half since the birth of my babies and I still love them like I did the first time I held them in my arms. Nothing will ever take away those special memories from my mind, when for the first moment I met my hearts! They were tiny, wet little creatures when they first arrived. Their heads were slightly pointed but took on a rounded look within a few days. Their skin looked somewhat red with tiny fingers and toes. Their nails were paper thin. My little munchies looked scrunched up, I think because their legs and arms had been kept bent at the knees and elbows while in the womb. They were so perfect, and more than what I had expected!

Going back to work after maternity leave can be an extremely stressful time. It can also be exhilarating if you are returning to a job you love. For many it's a combination of both, maybe with a sizeable sprinkling of dread. For a woman who has suffered from postpartum depression and anxiety the idea of being physically separated from your baby regularly for extended periods may trigger panic attacks, intrusive thoughts and much worry.

For myself, a flight attendant who works primarily long haul flights, the thought of going back to work was a combination of excitement and horror. Excitement because it meant returning to my beloved work and horror because it meant leaving my babies for several nights. After giving birth I could barely let other people hold my babies without cringing, so imagining leaving them for days resulted in anxiety unlike anything I had experienced before.

My worst fears came true when I got my schedule and discovered I would have to endure seven nights away. I remember looking at my computer and feeling my heart speed up. Millions of thoughts raced through my head all at once.

How could I keep up my milk supply for seven days? Would I have to hide in the airplane lavatory to pump? How would Lorenzo manage on his own? Would my daughters feel abandoned? What happens if there's an emergency when I'm overseas?

I worked with a lot of mothers coming off of maternity leave in my over 10 years as a flight attendant. Most seemed happy to be working again while enjoying the company of friends and colleagues. Would I be that relaxed at work or would I be hiding in the washroom, crying into my blouse? I needed someone to talk to so I called Asanda. "You might feel panicked right now and probably can't imagine being so far away from your babies, but once the wheels go up you will learn to let go." I wasn't so sure.

Before my first flight I did everything I could to prepare for my trip. I made extensive meal plans; I made sure the laundry was done and my babies's closets were organized; I fulfilled a prescription for anti-anxiety medication that my doctor had given me to use if my anxiety got out of control. All my nervousness was rubbing off on my fiancé. He wanted everything hyper-organized so things would go as smoothly as possible when I was away. He expressed some concerns that

our daughters wouldn't eat well, that they would be dehydrated because they weren't getting their usual breast milk, and that he wouldn't be able to get them down for their naps. Yet at the same time he was up for the challenge and excited about taking some days off work to spend one-on-one time with his daughters. He reassured me time and time again that our daughters were in good hands. And of course they were, they were with their very capable father. But that still couldn't dispel the guilt I felt about leaving them.

Finally my first day of work came and I left for the airport with butterflies. I debated calling in sick but I knew I couldn't postpone forever. Apprehensively I boarded the plane. I prepared the cabin and before I knew it we were speeding down the runway. Up went the aircraft, up went the wheels and out came a huge sigh of relief. I had done my best this past week, this past month, this past year and I let go just a little, putting my trust in others.

By the end of the week

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naturally, I was desperate to get home. The week had gone very smoothly for all of us and when I quizzed Lorenzo on

whether he felt they were missing me or not he replied, “Mi amor stop stressing so much, our girls are just fine.” How true. But of course this hadn’t stopped me from me missing them like crazy. So when I finally landed back in JFK airport and micromanaged the taxi driver on the fastest route home, I burst into our penthouse desperate for a kiddie hug. We hugged, or more like I hugged them, and they seemed a little happy to see me again.

In less than 3 minutes from getting home, Kganya was happily feeding away, without resentment, not caring if there was milk left or not. Her sister was still clinging to her father, sucking her middle and index fingers. She looked all kinds of cute, people I know I shouldn’t be tooting my own horn but my babies are the prettiest in the whole world. 😊❤️😊

I survived that first week and now I am stronger because of it.

So last weekend Lorenzo has paid mahadi (lobola) for me. He had flown with his both parents and one of his uncles from

Mexico. Two worlds collided as the Moledis and the Del Castillos gathered to negotiate mahadi, a traditional means to cement ties between two families. Mahadi is a centuries-old tradition and an important part of African marriages which continues to be endorsed and applied across generations. It used to be paid in cattle, but that's a little complicated in modern times. We celebrated love across racial and cultural barriers and everything went surprisingly well, better than I had thought.

At first when I told Lorenzo that he had to pay lobola for me if he wanted to marry me, he was a little bit skeptical because obviously, this was something new to him. I mean in South America things are done differently wedding/marriage wise. For him this was something foreign, but in the end he was keen to know about my culture and customs as an African girl. I told him from A-Z what he should do now that he had declared his desire to marry me, from mahadi to mahlabiso (unembezo), to the wedding being at the bride's home. He was fine with everything.

"I'll do just about anything to make you my wife!" He had said, kissing the pad of my hand. 😊 I loved and respected him a lot for respecting my culture and my family, and not criticizing.

My maternal grandmother, who unfortunately isn't here to this day, was more excited than anyone else because she was like, 'This is exactly what Nelson Mandela fought for.' And she was right, Madida fought hard for freedom to do anything we wanted, and what I wanted was to marry my Hispanic man!

My mom was so proud and so was the rest of my family from the both sides of my parents. Rangwane Lereko was the chief negotiator and I heard he was very good at it, he even made an exception for both Raquel and mama to sit in as the negotiations were being held. That was so sweet and considerate of him shem, phela females aren't allowed to attend mahadi negotiations.

I would've paid my last dime to be in the same room to witness English and Sotho speakers negotiating mahadi, at least my uncle can speak English, even though it's broken here and there 😊 kodwa ke I'm thankful everything went well.

After the negotiations my mom and a few cousins who came dished up for my in-laws who enjoyed so much. I had made

sure I hired a mobile/delivery catering, I was not going to let my in-laws be fed mala-mohodu (tripe/mogodu), for sure they would have had runny stomachs upon smelling it nje. 😄😄😄😄

Later on they went back to their hotel and I stayed home with the babies. Speaking of which, the way my mom loves my babies guys! You should have seen her gushing over them this past week, she literally spent hours carrying them around. Tlhohonolofatso, Kgosi's child is all grown up now and as handsome as his daddy. Kgosi is now married to his baby mama Dimpho and now stay in Welkom. Ntsane is now a Biomedical engineer at the Centre for Engineering and Health Care, at the University of Cape Town.

My both brothers even with their very tight schedules were able to come and rejoice with me. It was indeed a special day, for me, Lorenzo and our families.

Asanda and Jan D couldn't make it but had promised to come to the wedding which will be in six months from now. Lorenzo and I decided to have two weddings, traditional one in Mangaung and the white one this side, that way both families are happy.

“Baby come with me tomorrow to the office so you can meet up with Hugo Lombardi. I’m sure you’ll like his designs.” He said as he plopped on the bed beside me.

“I sure will.” I said caressing his cheek and he gasped sharply, his dark eyes thickening with lust.

“Have I told you how much I love you?” I asked flipping my body to face him properly.

“Not in the last 30 minutes.” He said, his lips slightly parted.

“I love you, baby daddy.” I said straddling him.

I gasped as I felt his shaft already hard and heavy. After a wild night we had the previous night, I went to bed butt naked, and so had Lorenzo. The minute our warm skin contacted, my clit

twitched, causing me to swirl and sway on top my man. He held my hips firmly and penetrated me swiftly. My already slick hole expanded to accommodate him and a cry involuntary escaped my throat. With my head tilted back, and Lorenzo's one hand on my neck I started moving my hips, gaining feverish sounds from Lorenzo's mouth. He couldn't stop cursing through his breath, making me even crazier.

When Lorenzo's phone rang I silently cursed whoever was calling. Without stopping his movements, Lorenzo reached for his phone on the bedside table and answered.

"What did you just say?" He asked the person on the other end of the call as he got up. He paced back and forth in our bedroom, his eyes popped out like he had just seen a ghost.

"Baby what's wrong? You're scaring me." I asked as I put on my robe, frustrated that I was so close to coming.

"Marcela has escaped from prison." He said dropping his phone on the bed in frustration.

I felt the intestines turn in my stomach. The bitch was out to get me!!!

Is anyone truly a stranger to nightmares? Has anyone not woken up in a feverish sweat with a racing pulse or pounding heart? Whose eyes have never wildly searched their room for the phantoms of a dream? Now, what if the familiar consolation of learning it was all in your head never came? How do you wake up from a nightmare that is, in fact, a reality?

The next day after we learned of Marcela's prison break, Lorenzo and I decided it was not safe for the twins to go to a day care center and took them to their grandparents's house in Houston instead, for safety reasons. We knew Marcela would try something and so we wanted the kids to be somewhere safe.

The streets of Houston were covered in snow that was falling hard when we arrived at Lorenzo's parents's house. After dropping the kids off Lorenzo and I headed back to our house in Manhattan. Lorenzo then called the office to tell his PA to cancel all his meetings for the day as he was not coming in.

He went downstairs to prepare some light breakfast for us and I hopped into the shower so long. As the warm water hit my skin,

I had this great feeling of unease right in my chest, I had a gut feeling that something real bad was going to happen. I tried a countless times to dismiss the thought but it just couldn't go away.

After a few minutes I stepped out of the bathroom to my bedroom and got the shock of my life! There in the middle of my bedroom was Lorenzo tied up to a chair. His face was bloodied and so was the shirt he had on. His eyes were swollen and nose broken to a pulp. In a moment of panic I attempted to rush to him but a voice stopped me in my tracks. Marcela Dos Ramos, the devil himself!

"Ah! Reina Africana" She said from behind the headboard, looking dangerously sexy in a simple navy blue leggings, a hoodie in the same colour and Nike trainers. She looked even more beautiful without make up and a weave.

"Bienvenida a la fiesta." "Welcome the party"

"Marcela what have you done to my man? Why won't you leave us in peace?" I asked turning to look at the bitch.

“Leave you guys alone? Not a chance! As long as I live, you’ll never find peace. I’m going to torture you until you beg for me to kill you, you’ll know how I felt when the both of you made a fool out of me. Brace yourselves and buckle up your seat belts because your road is about to get even bumpier.” She said striding to the door and opened it.

“It’s time.” She told whoever was on the other side of the door. To my surprise, in came some topless man whose arms were covered in ink. His hair was buzzed, and his eyes were bloodshot red like he was high on some drugs.

“Just like I promised, here’s your ‘package’. Do whatever you want with her.” She said pointing at me. “My friend here has just been released from jail after being locked up for 6 years. He has not gotten any ‘cookie’ for the past six years, so would you be so kind and show him some good time?” Marcela said looking at me dead serious.

The bitch was crazy! I held the bath towel that was wrapped around my waist tightly and pressed my legs real tight.

“You’re mad. There’s no way I’m sleeping with ‘this’.” I said looking him up and down in disgust.

“Oh sweet African princess, I wasn’t asking you. Now take off that towel! Her voice suddenly became frosty.

“Mmmmmmm” I turned to Lorenzo who couldn’t speak due to a duct tape they gagged him with.

“Oh you want to say something Renzo?” Marcela sneered, as she took off the gag from Lorenzo’s mouth.

“Marcela do anything you want with me, just please don’t hurt Bonolo. I’ll marry you and give you the child that you want so bad.” Lorenzo begged. He was so helpless.

“For so long I’ve longed to hear you say those words but you never did. You chose a farm girl over me, you humiliated me! I’m sorry but it’s a little too late for that now.” She said

“Por favor Marce.” (please) Lorenzo was literally on his knees, but his pleas fell on Marcela’s deaf ears.

The tattooed man beside me breathed into my ear, his stinking breath on my skin sending shivers all over my body. Terrified by what he was going to do to me, I ran to the bathroom and locked the door but he somehow managed to break through it. He grabbed me forcefully and threw me on the bed. He then took off his pants and I was so disgusted by the sight of his erect tapered cock. You know the kind that starts thick at the base and almost come to a point at the head? Yeah. He tried to kiss me but I spat on his face, this infuriated him and he choked me until I passed out.

When I woke up, I was completely naked, and he fully inside of me. I literally felt his penis in my throat. I had peed on myself due to shock. The motherfucker was on top of me thrusting hard into me and I couldn’t do anything with his huge hands tight around my throat.

The sound of Lorenzo crying, sobbing like a small baby broke my heart. This was sure going to haunt him forever, me being raped before his eyes and he couldn’t do anything about it.

“Enough damn it!” Lorenzo cried out.

“It’s not enough until I say it is. Just chill and enjoy the show.”
Marcela said with an emotionless face.

“You’re the most heartless person I’ve ever come across, and I curse the day I met you. I wish you had been the one that died instead of your mother.”

Marcela just ignored what Lorenzo said and laughed diabolically!

Clawing hard at this man that some of my fingernails ripped off, I fought him. He twisted my head against the side of the bed until I thought my neck would break. We fell onto the floor, at Lorenzo’s feet. I lifted my face to look at him and he looked away, he couldn’t even look at me the way he felt sorry for me.

“I’m sorry mi amor.” His lips were trembling.

I tried to caress his cheek and wiped the tears that were falling non-stop on his cheeks, but Marcela hit me with something in the back of my head and I fell. Without any warning the man penetrated me and started moaning, disgusting the hell out of me. I had no power whatsoever to keep fighting and just let him finish what he was doing. In a few seconds he reached his climax, screaming and making some real disgusting sounds while at it. After that he started hitting and kicking me in my stomach, this led to me blacking out again.

When I finally woke up, the room reeked of chaotic sex. My whole body was on fire and my head was throbbing. Even though it was hard, I still got up. To my horror, there was no one else in the room, only me. Lorenzo was nowhere to be seen, and this freaked the hell out of me. One thing for sure was Marcela had him and she was going to kill him.

I desperately looked for my phone and called Raquel.

“Miss your babies already?” Raquel asked cheerfully.

“I think she’s got him.” I said into the phone, my voice trembling.

“Bonolo you’re not making any sense who’s got who?” She asked quizically.

“Marcela’s got Lorenzo!” I said going through my closet, to look for something to wear.

“The bitch has gone too far this time! Wait for me there and don’t do anything, I’ll be there in a short while.” The call went dead.

NARRATED

In the motel room crying unstopably, Bonolo was sitting on the beige carpeted floor. There were shattered pieces of chinaware and blood all over the floor. Bonolo was sitting,

crouched in front of Marcela's lifeless body. On the bed was lying a half conscious Lorenzo who was burning up due to ketamine, the drug Marcela had injected him with.

Ketamine is anesthetic and acts quickly to cause feelings of relaxation. Victims may lose consciousness or be confused and compliant. They might not remember what happened while under the influence of the drug. Unlike most other date rape drugs, ketamine acts almost immediately. A victim may not have time to realize they have been drugged. At high doses, ketamine can cause breathing problems that may be fatal.

Despite not consuming any alcoholic drink, Lorenzo felt drunk. He felt confused and disoriented and did not remember how he got to the motel. As his eyes scanned the room, he saw Bonolo sitting on the floor, crying and it was lights out.

After the call between Bonolo and Raquel, Bonolo received a text from Jan D telling her that she had just seen Lorenzo walking into a motel with a redhead. Marcela had dyed her hair red. Bonolo rushed to the motel and bribed the receptionist to tell her what room Marcela and Lorenzo were in. She arrived just on time before Marcela could do anything. Marcela was

wearing a sexy lingerie and was trying to take off Lorenzo's clothes.

When Marcela saw Bonolo she grabbed a dagger that was lying on the side table, in hopes to stab her with it but she wasn't so lucky. Bonolo managed to get hold of the dagger and without thinking started assaulting Marcela with it. She was like a woman possessed as she repeatedly stabbed Marcela everywhere, her belly, her chest. Tears kept on falling non-stop on her face as the events of that morning replayed in her mind. Marcela who was lying helplessly on the floor couldn't stop screaming, begging for her life, but selo sa tsuonyana hase kaba sa hlomola phakoe nix, (she continued assaulting Marcela and never felt sorry for her.)

"You thought you were so untouchable huh, where are your goons now? This is for all the grief you caused me and my family!" She said fuming.

Just then the door flew open but Bonolo couldn't care less who it was, I don't even think she heard the sound of the door opening. Raquel and Miguel walked in, their eyes wide open as

they noticed what Bonolo had done. It was too late, Marcela was no more!

“Bonolo stop it my child, she’s gone now, it’s finally over.” Raquel said, taking away the knife in Bonolo’s hands. Bonolo fell in Raquel’s arms and broke down.

“I’ve killed her.” Bonolo said suddenly.

“Shhhh, it’s OK my love.” Raquel said tugging through Bonolo’s natural strands.

Stabbing Marcela to death like that should have made Bonolo feel some kind of remorse, but it didn’t! Marcela was after all a heartless bitch, and she deserved everything that has happened to her. The world was going to be a better place without her, Bonolo thought to herself.

“I should be panicking, or at least feel guilty for what I just did, but I don’t! If there’s anything I feel right now, it’s relief. The bitch is gone, Lorenzo and I can now breath... do you think I’m a monster Mrs Del Castillo?” Bonolo broke the aqua silence.

“You’re no monster, if anything, Marcela was! I won’t judge you for fighting for what you LOVE, for fighting for Lorenzo, all this you did for a good cause.” Raquel said, brushing Bonolo on her back.

Miguel called their family doctor and told her to meet them at the Del Castillo residence in Houston so she could treat Lorenzo. Lorenzo who was still unconscious was taken into the car by his uncle, Bonolo and Raquel also tagged along and they driven off to Houston.

A few moments later the four arrived at the mansion and the doctor was already waiting for them in the lounge. Raquel asked her most trusted maid to prepare the basement, that was where the doctor would treat Lorenzo. Mr Del Castillo was a righteous man of integrity and Raquel knew he would want to report the incident to the police should he have known what happened to Lorenzo and the fact that Bonolo had killed Marcela. And luckily for them, the old man had gone to work to the office already.

Back in the motel Miguel and his men took away Marcela's body and burned it in a big tin container, afterwards they filled it with stones and then disposed of it in East River in Brooklyn. They started cleaning the whole room, wiping every trail of fingerprints. Finally the Marcela Dos Ramos chapter was over and closed!

Recovering from sexual assault is a gradual, ongoing process. It doesn't happen overnight, nor do the memories of the trauma ever disappear completely. It is very painful and hard to deal with. Regardless of age or gender, the impact of sexual violence goes far beyond any physical injuries. The trauma of being raped or sexually assaulted is shattering.

After I was raped, things were never the same, I was left feeling scared, ashamed, alone and plagued by nightmares, flashbacks, and other unpleasant memories. The world didn't feel like a safe place anymore.

I no longer trusted men. I didn't even trust myself. I questioned my judgment, my self-worth, and even my sanity. There was a point in my life where I believed that I was dirty and damaged goods. But Lorenzo was there for me, holding my hand, nurturing me and telling how much he loved me even after then incident. 🤔😞 My relationship with him felt dangerous, intimacy impossible. And on top of that, like many rape survivors, I struggled with PTSD (post trauma stress disorder) anxiety, and depression.

It was extraordinarily difficult for me to admit that I was raped and sexually assaulted. I was too ashamed to come forward, not only because sexual assault is a very humiliating and dehumanizing act against someone, but because if I ever talked about it I would have been implicating myself. I really felt invaded and defiled, and there was a lot of shame attached to that. I felt afraid of how people would react. Would they judge me? Look at me differently? It seemed easier to downplay what had happened and kept it a secret, but through therapy I learned that by staying silent, I was only denying myself help and reinforced my victimhood.

My therapist told me that as scary as it was to open up, it would set me free. However, it was important to be selective about who I told, especially at first. She recommended that my best bet would be someone who would be supportive, empathetic, and calm. Besides Lorenzo, Jan D was a best option, and so I opened up to her. She was so supportive and patient with me, and forever so helpful. I found out she was also a sexual assault survivor, making it even easier for me to talk to her about my situation.

She suggested I joined a support group for other sexual abuse survivors, and I, together with Lorenzo went for it. Being

around a bunch sexual abuse survivors like me helped me feel less isolated and alone. The support group provided us with invaluable information on how to cope with symptoms and work towards recovery. It was hard but in the end I regained my sense of control, rebuilt my self-worth, and learned to heal.

Lorenzo who blamed himself for what had happened to me struggled so much to deal with the horror he had witnessed being done to me. For so long he had felt like a failure for not being able to stop the rape from happening. In the beginning a part of me despised him for what happened to me, should he had not approached me all those years ago at the park, all this wouldn't have happened, Marcela only hurt me because she wanted to get back at him. But as the time went by, I learned to forgive him and realised he was not at all at fault.

A few months after Marcela's death, her half brother that we didn't even know existed came to the city from Mexico, looking for her. Unfortunately for him, he never found her, and ended up opening a missing person case, but even with the help of the police he was still unable to find his sister. I just prayed and hoped that Marcela's body remained in the depths of the river where she was disposed into. We had been through enough

hell already, and Marcela's body resurfacing would be a final blow!

Only my mother, Raquel, Lorenzo, Miguel and myself knew about what really happened to Marcela. The rest of the people who knew about my sexual assault were my family and friends (Asanda and Jan), a few of my close colleagues and my superiors, my therapist and the support group that I had joined and that was it.

After 3 years since the incident, Lorenzo still continued to love and care for me a lot, he was still as madly in love with me as he was before the rape. I loved him even more for his continuous unconditional patience and support. I felt so luckily to have found a partner and an amazing father to our babies like him. He stood by me even during the trying times of my life, not giving up on me even when I had personally given up on myself. He showed me there was life after the horrible ordeal I had experienced.

Our love had faced so many storms, trials and tribulations yet it still flourished. It conquered every obstacle it ever faced, and for that I would like to

thank the Almighty! 😊

Kgotso and Kganya, my beautiful baby girls are now 5 years old. Remember they are fraternal, meaning they don't look alike. Kganya is her father's replica, and a bit chubby. She's more naturally introverted while Kgotso looks more like me when I was younger and has a slimmer body than her sister's. She's the most-talkative of the two, and the queen of mischief!

The biggest challenge I've faced so far of parenting twins is their constant fighting. Managing them has proved to be quite a challenging task. These fights began when they were still toddlers; they fought for small issues like being pushed or not sharing a favourite toy to play with, etc. They would hit each other, bite or pull each other's hair. When I asked my mom if this was normal, she told me the phase of fighting was completely normal, and was a part of their growing up. Lorenzo's mother said the twin sibling rivalry helped them to

explore and form their own identity, and would pass as time went by.

This all feels so tiring I tell you, motherhood ain't pap en vleis (is not easy). I'm just glad I'm not alone, this difficult journey of parenthood I'm walking it with my better half! He's always so hands-on, helping me with the twins, he's the best father any child could wish for, but mostly the best partner!

Getting married is one of the biggest journeys of life. Finding the right person, growing with them and then deciding that they're the one you want to be with for the rest of your life is an amazing commitment. When I was sexually assaulted 3 years ago

Advertisement

I thought Lorenzo wouldn't want me anymore. I thought it was over for us and that we would never get married to each other but he proved me wrong when he popped the question all over again about 2 months ago!

With a maximum of ten months left until we finally tie the knot, I still had plenty of time, but there was a catch. There was A LOT to do. At the moment, I felt a little overwhelmed at where to start. I thought a good way to start would be to take care of a number of larger aspects of our wedding day – from booking the venue to choosing a photographer, wedding planner, entertainment and plenty more.

I sat down with Lorenzo to understand the vision we were going to bring to life. We considered our style as a couple, the colours we like, the themes that resonate with us best and the kind of atmosphere we were looking to create for our big day celebration. We both wanted an intimate celebration with family and close friends at the beach, and what was the other place that held old sentiments and memories for us than Lorenzo's beach house in South Carolina? That was where he had initially knelt down on one knee and asked me to be his.

Lorenzo and I decided to find a wedding planner to ease the stress of planning our own wedding. We started online and perused wedding portfolios and reviews from the other couples

to get a sense of type of a wedding planner we could hire. Although it was difficult at first, through research, we managed to find a wedding planner with a great portfolio dealing with our potential theme and style of venue.

Malcom was such a reliable individual I felt wholeheartedly comfortable communicating with, and I felt he could take the ideas I was envisioning and convert them into a wedding day to remember.

With all the planning and stress leading up to my wedding day, it got hard to remember to have fun and truly celebrate the fact that I was getting married and it was so incredibly exciting! It was finally time to get together with my loved ones to take my relationship to the next level and create a foundation for the future between me and my partner. So, just for a moment, I took a deep breath and tried to clear my head so I could set my mind up to enjoy the beautiful wedding day that I had spent months preparing for. After so many months of planing and organizing the wedding, after many sleepless nights and pre-wedding anxiety, the day had finally come!

I've had had the air kicked out of me playing backyard netball with the twins, but it wasn't at all comparable to standing in front of a mirror getting ready for my own wedding!

The rays of light beamed through the multi-colored leaf shaped windows, creating patterns in the air. The dressing room was library quiet except for the crack of my voice as I practiced saying "I do" and the loose planks that creaked as I paced the ancient wood floor. I was alone with my wedding planner Malcom who was buzzing all over the place manically scratching items off his checklist.

Just then my mom and Kgosì walked in, looking all stunning. My mom got all emotional when she saw me in a wedding gown.

"I wish Moeketsi was here to see this! My God, I can't believe I've given birth to such a beautiful bride! You're the most beautiful bride I've ever seen ngwanaka." She said hugging me.

"Thank you mama."

“From the first time I saw him ka letsatsi la magadi, (the day he paid mahadi for you), I knew Lorenzo would be the one to love you with all his heart. The man who would take on the role of head of your family with certainty and no fear at all.

Congratulations my love, for finding your true love. May this love grow stronger and deeper through each passing day of your married life. I hope you have a great life together. May this life-altering day be the new chapter of only love, peace and harmony in yours and Lorenzo’s life, and may you be patient with each other and may you love and stay true to each other. That way, no mountain will be too high to climb, you’ll have the most harmonious and love-filled marriage. I wish you nothing but the best as you embark on your new journey. May you always be happy ngwanaka!” (my child) She said with a shaky voice and hugged me.

I didn’t realise I was crying until Malcom handed me a hand tissue to wipe my tears.

“Thank you” I mouthed to him

“Kea leboha mama (Thank you) , for everything! For raising me and my brothers with love and respect. Growing up I know I

didn't always tell you how much I care about you. Now that I'm older, I can see how much you sacrificed for me and my brothers. I want to say that I'm so grateful for all you did. You have been so selfless and giving. I'm the woman I am today because of no one else but you. Thank you for your words of wisdom that you always without fail dish for me. It's because of them that I kept on pushing through even when there was no hope at all. They were my motivation during the hardest of times in my life, especially the rape thing. You being a million miles away did not stop you from being there for me. You're my lifeline, my shoulder to cry on, my mentor, and I could never even hope to express just how much appreciation I hold in my heart for you, my loving mom. You have helped me in the toughest of times and you have celebrated by my side in the best of times. I am forever thankful for and to you. I love you with everything I have, and more. Thank you for being my mom, for gracing me with your presence at my wedding celebration. Most of all, thank you for making today come true. I love you my old lady." I said grinning about the last part.

I was not able to control the tears that streamed down my cheeks, completely ruining my make up. My mom hugged me even tighter as her own tears fell non-stop.

My brothers also joined in a group hug, with Kgosi's eyes pooled with tears. It was really an emotional moment for me, for us as a family.

Right at that moment, my best friends came in still in their robes. I was greatly thankful for their support that they had showed me since the beginning of the planning of the wedding.

“We’ve come to give you this before doing the walk!” Asanda and Jan D said engulfing me in a group hug.

I was glad they were getting along for a change, phela the two of them couldn’t stand each other, with Asa always accusing Jan of stealing me from her. I mean really now.???

Soon the make-up artist fixed my make-up and I was ready to marry my one true love! One more time, I glanced at myself in the mirror and I looked gorgeous. I was wearing a ivory mermaid scoop pleated long sleeve floor-length gown, diamond studs and a matching necklace. My faux locs were tied to a

messy bun. Kgosi walked in again, looking dapper in a simple white linen pants and a shirt.

“Are you ready sis?” he asked leaning on a dressing table in front of me.

“As ready as I can ever be!”

It was on the 5th of July, the weather was sunny and pleasant. [NB: US climate differs from ours.] The beach was decorated beautifully. The chairs were arranged in a circular pattern, I wanted to be literally surrounded by my loved ones and for everyone to feel included in the ceremony, rather than just looking on. The ceremony was intimate and inclusive, just a few friends and close family. It was taking place at the beach house in South Carolina.

The aisle runner was in white color, lined with dusty pink, white and seaweed green petals. To top it off, there were statement florals in glass vases of varying heights at the entrance. The wedding arch was decorated in our theme colours roses with a greenery touch. It was so so beautiful!

As per tradition, since my father had passed on, my brother Kgotso had to be the one to walk me down the aisle. My brother and I were bundles of nerves before doing the walk! I had known that everybody would be there waiting for us, I just couldn't really picture the moment. And when I saw them all standing, I became incredibly emotional... Everyone was there, my few cousins and uncles, Asa's parents and ntate Mabaso. Not to mention Jan-Di's mother who had flown all the way from Korea. Lorenzo's grandparents from Mexico and Chile had also come.

I suddenly calmed myself down, a deep breath then we walked down the aisle all smiles. As Kgotso and Kganya scattered rose petals along the aisle, I couldn't help but cry at how beautiful they looked. 🤔😭❤️ My babies looked like the true princesses they truly are in their rustic ivory flower girl dresses.

My eyes darted to the alter in front of us, there stood the wedding officiant, an elderly white man in a black suit, next to him I saw my heart in human form! My lover, my daughters's father and my lifetime partner. Next to Lorenzo were his handsome groomsmen, on the other side were my

bridesmaids, Asanda and Jan-Di. I had asked them both to be my maids of honour, I didn't want to be accused of favoritism.

They looked absolutely stunning in dusty pink hugging dresses they were wearing. My groom was dressed in a dusty pink slim fit linen plain suit and a white shirt. He looked real sexy. He smiled when our gazes met and that got me real hot... I moved closer until I was right in front of him. Looking at him at that closer range got me all sweaty, and it beat faster.

“You look beautiful and fucking sexy. I can't wait to unwrap this gown off of you.”

I couldn't help but gasp as he whispered that in my ear, his hot breath against my skin awakening a set of different emotions in me...

The music faded as the officiant got hold of a microphone. He offered the guests a small smile.

“Cherished family members and honored guests, I’d like to thank each of you for coming out this morning.” He said. “Let us begin by offering thanks to the Lord on this wonderful day.” We all bowed down our heads and prayed.

“Dearly beloved, we’re gathered here today in the sight of God and this company of witnesses to join together Lorenzo and Bonolo in the holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and His Church; which Holy Estate Christ adorned with His presence and his first miracle---”

I couldn’t hear what he said next as my mind dwelt on the man in front of me. I thought of how blessed I actually was to have found someone like him. He was the most loving, the most supportive and the most considerate person I’ve ever met. I might’ve been very unsure of many things, but I was sure of my love for him.

"...now there will be no loneliness, for each of you will be companion to the other. Now you are two persons, but there is only one life before you. May beauty surround you both in the journey ahead and through all the years, May happiness be your companion and your days together be good and long upon the earth." The officiant said and lifted his face to us.

"Please join hands and say your vows."

Instead of holding my hands, Lorenzo who had a microphone that I didn't even know where he got it from signaled for the pianist, I assumed to play whatever he wanted. As I gave him the 'WTF look' he started singing. For the long years that I had been with Lorenzo I never knew he could sing, let alone that he was this good at it! My gosh his voice was angelic, and I found myself drooling over him. I couldn't wait for later tonight when we were all alone to show my gratitude. He was singing **HERE AND NOW** By LUTHER VANDROSS:

"One look in your eyes and there I see

Just what you mean to me

Here in my heart I believe
Your love is all I'll ever need
Holdin' you close through the night I
need you, yeah I look in your eyes and there I see
What happiness really means
The love that we share makes life so sweet
Together we'll always be This pledge of love feels so right And,
ooh, I need you
Here and now I promise to love faithfully (Faithfully)
You're all I need
Here and now
I vow to be one with thee (You and me), hey
Your love is all (I need) I need"

After he was done singing he gave the microphone back and came to stand in front me.

"Thank you babe, that was amazing! I love you so much!❤️👉" I told him with a breaking voice. He wiped tears that were

streaming down my cheeks with a pad of his hand, fighting his own that threatened to fall! Damn it if I did not love him more at that moment. ❤️❤️❤️

“Te amo tanto reina de mi corazon, (I love you so much queen of my heart) he said smiling. “You’re the strength I didn’t know I needed, and the joy I didn’t know I lacked. The very first time I met you, I saw the future in you. It’s the way you looked at me, the way you talked to me that gave me hope. You awakened the love I didn’t know I had in me. You loved me for me, never expected anything in return and for that I’ll forever be grateful to God for bringing you into my life.”

At this point, his tears were falling. He was so emotional and you could see he meant what he was saying. “You have made me the happiest man alive by agreeing to share all your life with me!” he continued, “I promise to respect and cherish you, to love and care for you always, to protect, to comfort and encourage you. I promise to nurture your dreams and to help you reach them. I promise to be with you for all eternity, to love you for who you are and for what you’re yet to become. I promise to listen, to hear and consider your feelings and thoughts as we travel together on this journey. Te amo tanto.” (I love you so much.)

By the time he finished, he was soaked in his own tears and so was I in my own. I was suddenly hit by a flush of nerves, my palms sweat and my heart began accelerating as it was now my turn to say my vows. 😬😬 I looked into Lorenzo's eyes and he nodded his head, as if telling me 'you can do this'.

“Oh Lorenzo my love, where do I begin to tell you just how much I love you? It's been hella long, exhausting and bumpy ride for the both of us, but I wouldn't have it any other way.” I said half smiling, nervous as hell. “I'm so happy to be here with you, starting this journey with you. Until the day met you, I had forgotten how it felt to love and be loved back. I had completely lost all hope in love, and I thought that true love did not exist at all. I was dead inside, I was in a very dark place in my life where I thought I would never get out of, but you came along and literally loved me back to life. You turned my miserable and dark days to happiest days of my life. My life began the first day I saw you in Central Park. You gave me hope, you gave a purpose and a reason to wear a smile every night before falling asleep and waking up every morning with a huge smile on my face. In you I found a safe haven! You're my solace, my harmony, my ecstasy, my one true love, the man I want to mother his kids, the man I want to grow old with,

loving and caring for till the day I draw my last breath. I love you Del Castillo, with everything you are, with all your flaws, even the part of you that you seem to think is diminished. You are and will always be perfection in my eyes!" As I said this, a teardrop slid out of his eye.

"Today, in front of our families and friends I take you my best friend, the father of my babies, as my lifetime partner and husband to respect and love wholeheartedly. I promise to always be supportive and caring wife to you, to nurture and cherish you for the rest of my life. Thank you so much for being an amazing person that you have been and continues to be to me. Thank you for loving me the way I know you do, even when I'm not so deserving. Thank you for choosing me among zillions of pretty girls in the world. Thank you for making an honest woman out of me, for believing in me even when I personally don't believe in myself. You're a true testimony that God does exist, and today as we embark on our new journey, I would like to call upon his angels to be with us always. May the Almighty bless our union, and may he reign in our marriage! I loved you yesterday, I love you today and will always do." My eyes were sore because of all the crying.

Lorenzo was an emotional wreck. I had never seen him the way he was that particular day.

It was now time for the exchange of rings. Tlhoni, Kgosi's son together with Ziyanda, Asa's daughter were our ring bearers. Tlhoni was dressed in an ivory linen plain pants and a simple shirt while Zee wore a dusty pink rustic dress. They walked up and Tlhoni handed Lorenzo his ring.

"Do you Lorenzo Leon Del Castillo take this woman as your lawfully wedded wife?" the officiant asked Lorenzo.

"I do." He said slipping the ring on my finger. When it was also my turn I said 'I do'

I took a ring from Ziyanda, who looked adorable by the way and put it on my man's finger!

"By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife." The officiant declared our marriage and the crowd cheered us on. "You may now kiss your bride." He said, and

that was our cue to seal it with a smooch. Our first kiss as husband and wife was so intense, for a second there, we lost our heads and forgot that our parents were looking.

The officiant held up his hands, bringing the crowd to their feet. He closed the ceremony with prayer.

Lorenzo and I left the wedding arch arms linked with identical smiles on our faces. The bridesmaids and groomsmen followed behind us. We stopped near the end of the aisle runner, forming the start of the receiving line. The family and guests filed down, pausing for hugs kisses and congratulating us, the newlyweds.

There was a white decorated Lincoln already waiting for us. Lorenzo jumped in the driver's seat and me in the passenger's. He took off as if he was in the Fast And Furious movie, the ribbons and twisted coils and streamers whisked in the wind behind us. Our day had so far turned out delightful!

Our wedding reception, dinner and all-night-party hold the most precious memories; the beautiful heartwarming speeches, the first dance as husband and wife (we chose GOD SENT YOU BY PUFF JOHNSON), the romantic photo shoot, the fun and laughter filling the room and simply being surrounded by family and friends who celebrated and rejoiced with us.

As the reception came to an end

the DJ announced that my husband and I would be leaving shortly to our hotel room for the night, as we would be departing for our honeymoon the following morning. So, one by one the guests started approaching us, saying their goodbyes, wishing us luck and safe travels. Once, my husband and I left the reception party, we headed to the hotel. We were both so exhausted, but elated and overjoyed.

As I sat on a couch, next to the man I loved, my HUSBAND ❤️👫, the feeling of bliss and happiness surrounded me. I couldn't believe I was somebody's wife, Lorenzo's wife!

The wedding day was perfect, and my guests were satisfied. I was finally married to my best friend, the person who

understood me and who has stood by me through all the ups and downs. I couldn't wait to see what the future had in store for us.

Our room was decorated beautifully in white and red. There were rose petals spread all over the bed and on the floor.

Lorenzo, I mean my husband 🙈 helped me out of my gown and we both headed to the shower. Who doesn't get a little turned on when their partner joins them for some shower sex mara? The cascading water, the steam, the delicious aromas wafting through the air, and the naked skin are total aphrodisiacs.

With my back leaned back against the shower wall, my husband was standing in front of me. I wrapped my one leg around his waist, gaining feverish sounds from his mouth. His shaft was heavy and hard against my nuna, and this caused me to moan involuntarily. He dipped a vibrator inside my slick hole and started moving it, teasing my clit while at it. My screams and moans filled the shower as he penetrated me and started

thrusting into me. We had refrained from sex for a month prior to our wedding, and so we were both extremely horny.

“I love you wife” He whispered in my ear and gave me a long and deep kiss. He made me face the other way. With both our feet planted firmly on the shower mat, I pressed my palms against it and tilting my butt upward and out. Lorenzo gasped, seeing my ass displayed for him like that. Without wasting any time, he penetrated me from behind, thrusting into me with his hands anchored on my breasts. I almost cried with pleasure as he took out his shaft and put his tongue in my nuna. He kept swirling and circling it on my most sensitive clit, and soon I exploded while I screamed Lorenzo’s name. He carried me out the shower to our bed. My legs felt so wobbly.

After the endless planning and organizing of our wedding, it was finally time for us to relax and forget about the lists and worries that accompanied our big day. We had chosen the Maldives as our honeymoon destination and bona, it was AMAZING! With its white sandy beaches, crystal clear, azure blue waters, and incredible night skies, is it any wonder that the

Maldives is one of the most desired honeymoon destinations in the world?

Before that day, I had never been and never dreamt of being in Maldives before, and believe me I had never in my life seen such beauty! The Maldives had an incredible choice of water villas that perched just above sea level, offering amazing views across the turquoise waters. The one we had chosen offered us the opportunity to be as close to the sea as we possibly could, without actually being in it.

To wake up next to the ocean truly is a once in a lifetime experience and should be experienced by everyone visiting the Maldives! Being out there was indeed what Lorenzo and I needed after so much work, planning the wedding. We just relaxed under the sun most of the time, admiring nature. Hotel staff and the rest did all the hard work for us, leaving us to concentrate on the important things such as which cocktail to buy and when to take a dip in the pool. This was truly paradise!

Our temporary home at this eye-catching destination was Amaya Kuda Rah, indeed a very beautiful resort. It was located in such a perfect place that we got to wake up to some best

views of the sunrise and sleep to some best views of the sunset. Clean, comfort and beautiful, is the perfect combination that anyone would expect and we got it at Amaya Kuda Rah. And, one of the best things that we loved while we were there was their hospitality. Hotel staff, beach bar waiters, masseuses, and just about any other service you can think of were just a phone call away, allowing us to kick back and relax. Oh, and their food, it was just 'YUM'.

We didn't know how much we needed this vacation until we found ourselves in the midst of beautiful beaches surrounded by lush greeneries making our hearts feel the warmth of nature and love. Right from landing in this beautiful paradise to taking a sea-plane transfer to the resort to the warm welcome that we received to the activities we got to do there, our honeymoon experience in the Maldives was nothing short of amazing.

Our honeymoon packages, included a four-course candlelit dinner on the beach, with an ice-cold bottle of champagne as well as speedboat transfers, massages, and cake! What better way to enjoy the company of your newly married partner!

"Mi amor come," Lorenzo had said, grabbing my hand.

We stepped outside and went a few feet until we got to where he was taking me. There in front of us was a romantic dinner on a table dug in the sand, on the sides were two seats carved beautifully in the shape of benches and were covered with soft cushions for a comfortable sitting. The beauty of this was just out of this world! 😊 We had our sunset dinner, reminiscing. Oh how long we had come in our relationship! 🙏 It could only be God 🙏❤️

LORENZO

☐ Explicit and bluntness 🚫 🍷 🍎

After a romantic dinner, we ended up in our room. My wife told me to wait for her on the balcony. I was standing there with only my shorts on, sipping whiskey while I overlooked the sea when suddenly she appeared from behind me. I almost choked on my drink seeing how sexy and hot she looked. 🔥 🔥 🔥

She was wearing a red and lacy assless romper with a crotch slit for good measure.

“Holy shit” I cursed through my breath. “You look hot wife” I said, the word wife sounding so foreign in my mouth. I still couldn’t believe Bonolo was really my wife.

“Thank you husband” She said flashing me a smile, her voice thick with desire. When she approached me she started grinding her body against mine. Her hands touched me all over, and I couldn’t stop moaning in enjoyment. Leaning on a balcony railing, my head was tilted back. I felt her warm hands inside my shorts which she took off of me and suddenly her tongue started working its way on my cock head, causing me to pant tremendously.

She gave me the most delicious and intense blow job I had ever had. Soon I reached my climax, emptying all of my cum on her boobs that were exposed to me. I made her get up from the floor and started kissing her, gaining all kinds of delicious sounds from her smart mouth. I had my hand inside her romper, caressing the outside of her pussy. I played with her hardened tits while my finger was dipped in her warm and slick hole. Holy shit, the sounds she was making made me even hungrier and hotter for her.

In the midst of mind blowing making out, I took off the garment off of her as I needed to feel her skin on mine. I made her lean over the railing, and she slightly bend her body, giving me a nice view. She has a gorgeous tight ass that I love to caress, knead and kiss it, and she knows that!

I came up behind her and leaned right into her. When I did I pulled my dick up and rested it between her cheeks. I was naked and half hard from looking at her bare ass. I started rubbing her back and shoulders. I put my hands on her boobs that were full and tender, and then slowly worked down to rub the top of her ass. I moved back a little so I could reach farther down and to the outside of her pussy. She spread her legs to give me more room. I was rubbing her pussy with my whole hand and slipping a finger into her as I pulled my hand back towards her ass. I had let my finger rub across her asshole as I continued up over her cheeks. I stopped rubbing her clit and slipped a finger down into her. She was wet and the more I played with her pussy the wetter she got. I ran my finger into her and then up to the front and slowly rub her clit with the wet tip of my finger. She pushed back towards me and gave me a little moan. I licked her juices off my finger and ran it back down. I used my other hand to reach and pinch her hard nipples.

My dick was throbbing as I continued to play with her. She reached back and started stroking my dick. I was rock hard. She stroked it and then pushed back towards it just letting the head touch either her pussy or asshole and then moved back towards the railing as I played with her pussy and tits. After a bit, I pulled out my finger and licked it clean then slid my hard dick in her from behind and reached around to rub her clit as my other hand pinched and rubbed her tits.

I'd like to think we went at it for a long time but it was over sooner than I wanted. I shot a load into my wife which set her orgasm off as I was still rubbing her clit and playing with her tits. I pulled out of her and watched the cum leak out of her.

“I love you mi amor, tell me what I should do to never lose you.” I asked her struggling to catch my breathe.

“Just love me the way you do, that’s all it takes!” She said kissing me senseless.

.....**The End**.....