

# **HOLD HER DOWN**

## *PROLOGUE*

TANDZILE NGWANE

"Kumnandzi? Kumnandzi kungivisa buhlungu lobungaka? Do you enjoy hurting me?" She asks, I don't get it. I don't get why she is asking me this, she says I'm hurting her? Yet it's her husband that hurts me!

"This is not me hurting you mahke, it's me telling you that your husband rapes me every night, and you are taking his side." Her tears fall. I hate the fact that she cries and makes herself the victim when I have to endure her husband raping me, every fucking day.

"Shut your mouth" She yells over her voice. God, how this frustrates me!

"It's alright mahke, you don't have to believe me, but believe your daughter." I say, I'm eighteen and done with school I can just leave, but I can't leave my baby sister, she's only five years old but already this man is molesting her.

"Angati what it is that you want me to do, your fa..."

"Don't! A father does not penetrate his child" I interject. That man does this to us even though he is our genetic father. That man was supposed to be the love of our lives, he was supposed to be the man we run to when we have problems, but he is the core of our problems, he is the reason why I want to disappear from the face of Earth. I hate him, but my mom? Hate wouldn't be the correct word to describe what I feel for her. I loathe her! Had she taken a step against her husband, I would have had a normal upbringing, but that isn't possible for Tandzile, I just had to have a weird father.

"Get out!" She screams! Well I tried!

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It's the middle of the night, my sister and I are in bed in our dark room. I feel her clinging on to me, Tears burn my eyes, I feel like a useless being to her. I have to protect her but I fail to do it everytime, he hasn't penetrated her but he has been touching her. As I'm still lost in my thoughts, I hear the door open! Oh my God it's time, he has come to finish off what he started yesterday, my heart breaks when I feel Sibongile

shifting, she is clinging on to me for dear life. I pretend to be asleep although I feel him hovering over us, I feel like slapping the shit out of Sibongile because she is busy sniffing here.

"Who's my meal today?" He is talking to himself, I sure do have a psycho of a father! He shifts, I don't know where he is going but after two minutes or so, I hear my sister scream.

"Ufuna kuviwa ngubani Nondindwa?" How can he say that to a five year old? Sibongile doesn't know even why boys are boys and girls are girls, but he is calling her nasty names!

I don't know what happened but I find myself taking the knife that was placed under my pillow and getting on top of him, stabbing him as he is still rubbing his sex on my sisters opening! He groans in pain but I don't stop, I continue stabbing him until I feel satisfied.

My mom gets in and gasps she looks surprised but I don't care.

"Sibongile get out!" I yell, she's traumatized, it's enough, she needs to get the hell out of here, she runs out.

"What the hell have you done?" she asks me, the nerve of this old hag! I've done what she couldn't do for me,

my whole life. I'm defending and protecting a child that is not mine. "I'm calling the police on you!" She can't, I've got a whole life, I can't go to jail.

"Ma, you can't do that!" I say, but either way they were gonna find out that this man is dead, is he even dead? I check his pulse and all my hopes go out from that window.

"I sure can, plus you have money that left to you by your grandmother, hhay shame you will be able to bail yourself, or rather, run away from Swatini" her useless self can be useful sometimes yati, my grandfather– her mother– left us money to go to school, I'm actually glad that they haven't used it.

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I've packed everything of mine, the best thing to do now, is run away from eSwatini and go to South Africa, yeah South Africa, plus I've heard that there, the way it's so corrupt you could even bribe Bheki himself, R25000 cooldrink then you are set, that's all that you should have to save yourself, here? There's nothing like that here.

I need to sneak out, otherwise the woman whom I call a mother would never hesitate to snitch on me, I don't know why because the man she's been running after is dead anyways, I need to wait. until the clock hits 05:00 am, the time now reads 00:05 am, sigh!

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 1*

TANDZILE NGWANE

Everything went well with me running away from home, I'm still in the same area though– in Lomahasha, I know people that know people here, I spoke to Spova, a criminal wannabe here in Swaziland, he organized Transport for me that will take me from here to South Africa illegally, also he has organized me a South African identity card, the only thing I need right now is to get to South Africa, and head to the Johannesburg

home affairs to take a picture, then that's it, I'm a South African citizen but still in Swatini, it's weird, right? right!

"Wenten lengaka sesi, what's this that you've done that would make you want to elope" he asks, I hate nosy people, I've paid 10000 emalengeni , all he has to do is, doing his job without asking questions.

"Awungen' ndzawo, I don't think it's any of your business" I say, as respectful as I can.

"Ngiyeva, I hear you"he says, he seems to have taken offence, I don't care anyways. "It's time Tandzile!" he says, I don't where my mind has been, but it's been hours that I've been out of it.

"Thank you" the time reads 14:20, I don't know how long it will take for me to reach this 'Johannesburg' they've been yapping about.

"Anytime, take care of yourself sesi, Johannesburg is not for people that do not have manners, it's a dangerous city too, utiphatse kahle" I thank him and tell him that I will try my best to take care of myself, before leaving I tell him that he needs to look after Sibongile.

"Your mother is there, she'll make sure she's fine, but for your satisfaction, I'll make sure that I do, and I'll call you every now and then" I thank him yet again, I hug him before he walks me out.

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The Journey from Lomahasha to Johannesburg was long, after arriving at Mpumalanga I took a taxi that costed me R200 to Johannesburg, I paid using emalangenis though, I still need to go change my money to the South African currency.

From Johannesburg I took a R22 taxi, it was easier with this one because my previous driver gave me change and it was in Rands, I sat at the front seat, I looked outside the window, life is really unfair for some of us, while some have everything they have, I have nothing and on top of that I've been molested by my father, and the ironic thing is that he should be my saviour but instead he is the one that hurts me, and I'm done crying over him.

I was taken to Slovo Park, it's where I live now, I know it's not really a healthy place for a person to live, but

Because it's what I can afford, I have no choice but to live in this informal settlement. I'm just glad that the room I have rented is made by brick, gosh what would I be in a squatter camp? I'm not really judging, I mean I have lived in it before, I know the struggles hence I was certain that I don't want a shack.

I just unpacked my clothes, I'm renting under a maNtuli, but she doesn't live here, she made rooms and left, it's just us– her tenants living here– I applaud her, not everyone would think to do this.

My water is boiling, I need to take a bath before I cook my food. I fill the basin with water and take my toiletries, I put my lotion on the bed.

I'm inside the basin right now, I'm scrubbing my self, tears run down my face, it's really hard forgetting the fact that I always wet my bed when at home, my mother had no problem with waking up and washing them for me, that's not the support I wanted from her. All I wanted was her to tell me that she believed me, but there's no point in crying over spilt water.

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He is getting closer and closer, biting his lower lip, I'm disgusted by the fact that he thinks if find him biting his lips flattering, God this man is my father!

"You look really gorgeous, your mother has nothing on you" he says, he wets his lips with his tongue. I keep my silence. "umunhle" he repeats "Mak'wakho akatsatsi lutfo kuwe" (Your mother has nothing on you) somebody tell me where he is coming from.

"You are dead" I say. He laughs, it's getting louder and louder, I close my ears saying 'you are dead' multiple times, I remember that he is dead, I killed him. When I look up, I see him frowning, he touches his back, blood comes out from his nose and he starts groaning, he falls down and I start screaming.

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It's a nightmare, I was only dreaming, I repeat to myself, shit, my pot! I run to switch off the stove, it's too late, my food is now charcoals.

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# **HOLD HER DOWN**

## *CHAPTER 2*

TANDZILE NGWANE

It's been a week that I've been staying here, my bank balance is really not a good one right now, I'm left with L5000, I need to convert it to Rands as soon as I can. Nightmares haven't really went away, I've found a remedy, I asked Sihle, a fellow tenant, how to escape nightmares, of course I didn't go into detail about the nightmares, I didn't even tell her that I am the one that is struggling with those, "Im asking for my baby sister" I said, because wow people can on you 'tfula wen, ang'fun Luca lutfo lephuma mlonyen wakho, lungisa tindzaba takho tema phupho kcalala' (Shut up, I don't want to hear anything coming from your mouth before you fix your nightmare issues) when it's going down, people use what you told them when you were down against you, so I don't vent, so I'm choosing not to take any risks.

I did not change anything of myself, I'm still Tandzile Ngwane, the only difference now between me and

Tandzile Tandzile is that I'm from Mpumalanga Mbuzini, and Tandzile Tandzile us from Lomahasha in Swatini. How am I finding Slovo? Yohh it's boring really, there were gunshots yesterday, it triggered me, so I had to drink three sleeping pills so that my sleep comes sooner than anticipated.

Today I'm going to the bank to finally change my money, sigh, I've been procrastinating a lot. I took a bath earlier so I just change into black skinny Jeans and an oversized black t-shirt, I put on all-star, this will help me do everything fast and come back early, yohh if you wear all-star all day, by the time your day is over you need to rest your feet in warm water because of the corns that could appear, All-star needs to improve that.

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I'm with Sihle, I have to hold myself everytime I pronounce her name I'm used to Sihles being Sinhle so yah, it's a bit of a problem that's why I prefer calling her LaMdluli, that's her surname 'Mdluli' she's a Zulu speaking person, she didn't understand why I say 'La' and the easiest way to explain it was 'You say maMdluli

and I say laMdluli, substitution, did you do maths at school' and she said she understood it, well I'm glad she did because hhay shame, I can't explain things, even at school I would fail to explain things it was always "Ma'am I took this out and put this and this gave me that" my teacher was really disappointed in me, 'You Can't say you know something if you can't explain it to the next person' she said, it was easier for her because she went to university and sat in class for four years being taught how to explain things.

"These taxis take time, yohh" she complains, she told me that they once had to go over the bridge to catch taxis but at least now one can go to BP garage, there's a mini taxi rank there. She's complaining because we are already inside the taxi, and we are short of three people for the taxi to drive off.

"Don't worry people will come" I'm hopelessly giving her hope, I'm wondering whether people will really come, or if the driver will drive if ever the passenger don't come, I mean it's not even month end, so it can't be that the taxi will be full of passengers.

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The three passengers finally came after twenty minutes, and the taxi finally took off, our driver looked really young, he had a toothpick in his mouth and boiled eggs on the dashboard, aiii.

I thought taxi drivers around there were only older people, seems like I was wrong.

I went to the bank and changed everything, right now we are in South gate mall if I'm not mistaken and she's taking me to King Pie, I'm hungry, so hungry, and this thing is taking time.

"So are you planning on going back home?" she asks, genuinely.

"I don't know, but I probably will, for my sister" she nods.

"How old are you vele?" if she was any other person I'd tell her that I'm not up for a conversation, and that I'm too hungry for little meaningless chats.

"I'm eighteen" I'm too young to have eloped at home, but it's for a valid reason. Finally our number is called, yohh I was almost fainting here!

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I hate the crumps of a pie, they make me dirty because I'm a careless eater. Sihle is not doing any justice to me, she's laughing her ass out. I've dusted myself multiple times, some stains are too stubborn, they need me to wash the t-shirt in order for it to be removed, bloody stains! It's time for us to leave now.

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My phone is ringing, I got home and dozed off, I'm too tired, I don't even check the caller ID.

"Hello" I say, I'm still sleepy so my voice is husky.

"Tandzile!" it's Spova. "I don't know how it happened, but she's gone" what is he talking about?

"Who's gone?" I ask, if confused was a person it would be me.

"Sibongile sesi"

"Where is she gone to? Did she also elope?" I chuckle lightly.

"No, Mak'wakho umhlabile, your mother stabbed her, she's taken by the police, and unfortunately for Sibongile the wound was too deep she didn't make it" I should have taken her with, a pain excruciating me this is, I thought she wasn't capable of killing her blood, how could she ever do this to me. "Ngiyacolisa" he says, my hands start shaking, dropping the call was hard but I finally did, I take three pills and down them with water, I want to sleep and not feel anything, this is hard for me, the blame will forever be left to me, had I taken her with me, she would have been alive, Sibongile was too young, too young to die.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 3*

The death of my little sister, that could have been simply been prevented, is a bitter pill to swallow, really, I could have taken her with and everything would be okay, she wouldn't have died. I can't even go home for

her funeral because I'm on the run right now, I'm running away from killing my sperm donor, they can't catch me. I know that I could have probably handed myself in and gotten a lesser sentence because it was a crime I did defending a minor, but the fact that I could be in a holding cell for days, or sent to prison while waiting for the actual day of the trial scared me, and the fact that they could drag it, made it even worse. Now being in an isolated place isn't a problem, the real problem is, when it comes to being there with people that will think that they have to initiate you. Look, I used to chill with boys a lot back at home, so I know everything about being locked up.

The stories of not having to sleep on your first three days there, having to not eat for a specific time, the 'Kudala sila' gang are the ones to tell you when to start eating, it depends on how they feel about you, if you are a walk over, the period gets lessened and if you are not, well it's goodbye to food. Personally, I've learnt to stand up myself, I've learned to not be a walk over, the only person that knows my vulnerability is the man that took my soul away from, I promised myself to never let anyone ever walk over me, but him? He made me cry



myself to sleep every night. And here I am now, sleeping myself to sleep because I don't have any pills. It's been three days after the death of my in sister, and if anyone would ask how I was coping, that would be a hard question to answer, because I'm not coping at all, but I have made peace with the fact that life has its favorites.

I just woke up, and I'm feeling really really tired, my room is clean though, no matter how tired I am, I can never live in a dirty room. Food, when last did I eat, eyy I don't know, I haven't been eating, I've been just snacking so that I could drink my pills.

I may be hurt and everything but if I had to say I had a phobia, it would be death, honestly! My phone rings, checking the caller ID, it's Spova.

"Hey" I say, we last spoke on the day that he told me that Tsandzekile took the life of her own child.

"Sesi, it would have been better if you were here" I told him why I can't be there.

"I know, I should be there, but I can't" I say, I'm trying to keep my breathing steady, I am trying by all means to keep my voice controlled but, I can't, I'm a mess.

"Tsandzekile will know me ngiyaktjela, I tell yoy" I say, I don't want her in prison, I want her here with me, even if I go to prison after whatever I will do to her I won't have a problem.

"I'll call you later on, someone is knocking" I sigh and tell him not to forget to keep me poste before hanging up.

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I don't have any food in here, now I'm forced to take at least R300 and buy myself something to eat, I'm actually inside ShopRite now, I'm window-shopping food, can I do that? if yes then yeah that's what I'm doing, I'm checking what I would be eating if I were Bonang, Matheba's cousin, ahh but I don't think she shops here though. Wuu I can imagine her

"Pinky darling, ShopRite and us cannot be used in the same sentence, we are champagnions" aii it comes with stress, I would scream my whole life especially when she says "Darling" yohh!

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I've paid for my 5Kg rice and 2kg braai pack, and I'm heading to the rank now, I go to the robots as per laMdluli's instructions, she told me that that's where I will get a stop and go taxi, not at the rank, those ones wait for passengers, so if you are in a hurry you should not head there. I'm now standing like a chicken, amongst others, that is praying not to be chosen for a cleansing ceremony of gangster because I would be dying in vain, most of those gangsters do not change. My reason for standing like a chicken is because I'm scared of the guys here in eldos, they are intimidating, they seem to have the possibility to take your belongings respectfully "Hello Sistera, please give me your things" Sihle told me that they also stab you if you don't have anything, I don't understand why anyone would do that, but if they are that desperate for their next fix they should go door by door "halo! I heard that you are going to ShopRite, please bring your most expensive belonging so we can rob you, thank you enjoy your day"

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I've been standing here for over five minutes, I should have just went to the rent instead of coming here, at least there I wouldn't have to think a lot about my life because I'd be in the presence of people, sigh!

Oh here's a taxi, but I forgot how my finger should be positioned, facing up or down? God I'm such a dummy, it stops, I think up is the correct position.

"Sawubona sisi, hello are you going to town"

"Hey, no I'm heading to Eldos" gosh we are in eldos

"Before extension 9, Jamila" I add, he nods his head.

"Alright, that's where I'm headed, your finger should be pointed downwards, come inside" I nod my head, I get in the from seat, I put my plastic on my thighs, he drives off, No the taxi is empty! I look at him, it's him the guy that drove me and Sihle to the mall, my anxiety is at it's peak, I'm struggling to breathe, and that leads to tears streaming down my face, I hate short breath.

He notices that I'm holding on to my chest.

"Woah, please please don't die on me" I can't help it, I wouldn't want to die in a foreign place with a stranger too, he pulls up on the side of the road, he gets off his

side and comes to my side "Breathe sisi breathe" he holds my hands, it escalates, black covers the whole atmosphere, I'm out!

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 4*

He is panicking, what is this? He is already on the bad books of the police, now this? They will surely blame him, they will investigate him and find out that he has been stalking her! Not that he is in love or anything, he just liked the way she spoke her mind the last time.

"Now are we gonna sit here and wait?" she said to her friend, he was standing right by the window of the taxi, they didn't see him though "Mine ngkhatsele, I'm tired I want to go already" she added.

"Yohh, we can't get off, you know how these taxi drivers can be, they are capable of hurting you if ever you get off the taxi" the friend said softly.

"I'm not scared of that, I've got nothing to lose anyways so abakwente abakwentako, they will do whatever they do" she said, he turned right there and then, and he saw how beautiful the girls were, it just happened that the harsh one charmed him, her harshness gave him an adrenaline rush. He decided to follow her around.

Right now, he is calling his father, he does not know what else to do, he would have taken her to the hospital, but she doesn't have her documents with her.

"Baba" he says.

"Ufunani, what do you want I'm busy" He shouldn't have called.

"I'm sorry dad, There's a girl that just fainted on me, what should I do?"

"Really? Really Ncophelo? Did you splash water on her?" Water? Eish it slipped off his mind, really.

"Oh, Ishh, let me do that, Ngiyabonga Mandela, I've always known that you are clever" he says and hangs up, he is thankful that he is a fan of water, he always stocks up bottles of water, he has sparkling water only

though, he takes it and splashes it on her face, She gasps, holding on to her chest. He shifts, he noticed that she isn't comfortable around him. "Hi, I'm Ncophelo Khoza, your taxi driver" he says, he wants to make her comfortable. He doesn't want any problems, he wants peace, always! She nods, and sit ups, alright she's not gonna say anything to him, so he goes to the driver's seat and brings life to the engine.

It's gonna be a long drive, heck a long life with her!

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TANDZILE NGWANE

He dropped me off just by the gate, giving me an excuse of "I don't want you to faint along the way, better safe than sorry." I agreed because I probably scared him.

I'm heading inside right now, my face is sticky, I tasted a sweet flavor when I licked my lips, God I wished to ask for whatever he splashed on my face. I kept my mouth shut throughout the trip, my breath is probably not good right now, I need to brush my teeth!

"Thandile, who is that guy? God he is such a blessing on this dirty earth, pity he is taken" Sihle who appears out of nowhere says too loud for my liking. She's forward, that's why I like her, a total opposite of me, I'm not much of a talker but when I do, there should be a 'BEHOLD' sign wherever because I speak my mind!

"What are you talking about, huh? I'm Tandzile not Tsandzile" I ask, I know what she's talking about, I tried to stop him when he wanted to open the door for me, he didn't listen! Also this thing of her butchering my name makes me want to cry, it's really not nice

"Whatever" she rolls her eyes, I should be able to jump on her and take them off her face one day because she doesn't know what the use of eyes is, it is to see not to roll. "Point is, I saw that hunk, I was looking through the window" she says, I laugh.

"You love gossip wena, you even watch from the window, yekela tindzaba tamakhelwane titokbulala ngalelinye lilanga" (You should leave you neighbor's news, it will kill you someday)



"Weee, but I must give it to you, you are fast, usubambile usafika nje" (You just arrived and already you have a boyfriend) I shake my head no.

"He is a taxi driver, and in top of that he is a good Samaritan, I fainted and he dropped me off at the gate, that's how close CTO God he is"

"Are you okay" she's now back to her protective self "Did he do anything to you?" I start walking towards my room.

"Yes, he helped me so much and I didn't thank him" I say, getting into the house, we sit carelessly which makes me cringe, I'll have to clean, again.

"I'm glad, so didn't you get what you went to buy? Wasubuya ulengise izandla" (I'm seeing you come back empty handed) Wait, my things! Oh God, I forgot my things in his car, he probably saw a meal, because everyone knows that Taxi drivers are not paid well.

"Yohhh, tintfo tami, my things laMdluli" I want to cry  
"Ngitomtfolaphi, where am I gonna find him?"

## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 5*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

"Bafo!" he yells for his father from a distance.

"Nginguyihlo wena mfana, I'm your father you boy not your brother" His father says.

"Same difference, Buka I bought you a 2kg braai, but in exchange for it I want six boiled eggs" His father holds on to his waist, this son of his probably farts a bomb because of his love for boiled eggs.

"Maka Phiwe" he yells for his wife, there's a goofy smile that is creeping up on Ncophelo's face.

"Baba!" she yells back, he sighs, it's love no matter the disrespect you stay because if love. He walks back inside his huge house with his puppet walking closely behind him.

"Your son wants eggs Mkami" he says snaking his hands on her waist, he kisses her cheek, they are still madly in love, they met 42 years ago, and had a child seven years later, Simphiwe who is now 35 years and not married, five years after the birth of Simphiwe they got a baby girl Samkelwe, she's 30 and still being babied , and then their last born Ncophelo, he is very troublesome!

"Mkhathini" she warns, they can't do things like these in the presence of a small child.

"Close your eyes boy, she's my wife I should be able to do anything whenever and wherever I want without having problems" he says, Ncophelo sighs and leaves.

"I want my eggs, I'll leave the meat here" he yells, he really wanted eggs, he doesn't get enough time to boil his eggs because his schedule is tight, he chose to be a taxi driver because growing up he wasn't a smart child at school, so when he decided to leave school when he was doing grade ten, his father lost it and took him to his friend for punishment, he washed taxis for a whole two years, he fell in love with taxis, he is still working under Bab,' Simelane. Although he has enough money

to buy his taxis, there is a lot that still needs to be done, he still needs to do a lot, getting routes, he needs to get people on his side before getting into this industry. People die there, and unfortunately he doesn't have the perks of having his father in his side if it ever backfire.

"Don't do anything that will risk your life Bafana bam, I won't help you in any way" he had said when they were growing up, his father is a no nonsense taker so he is not even planning to rely on him.

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He knocks, he is nervous, it's a bit late for him to be here but he brought food food for her, he hopes she's not allergic to red meat, or any of the spices they used when grilling this beef.

"Ngbani, who is it?" she asks, she was just quarter to sleeping.

"Yimina, it's me" he says.

"Your name is Yimina?" she is annoyed, he closes his eyes and opens them again.

"No, it's Ncophelo, your taxi driver" what does he want, and why is he saying that he is her taxi driver.

"Alright, I'm coming" she says, it's really early but she's trying to escape reality, so she is trying to sleep, She opens the door and looks at him, he is coffee toned and... okay "Hi" she says, a yawn accompanying her greetings.

"Hey" his eyes is burning her skinned, he's got big eyes, too big for her liking. "You left your braai pack earlier, so I brought you this" he says handing her the takeaway.

"Oh, thank you, where is the braai pack though?" she asks, he scratches his head.

"They robbed me on the way and took it" he says.

"And they decided to take the not cooked meat" he nods

"They can't sell cooked food, now can they?" he asks with a raised brow.

"No, thank you though" he nods and outs his wallet, he takes out five hundred rands and hands it her.

"You can replace that rice and chicken" he says, she takes it and thank him "Umuhle, you are beautiful" he has been meaning to say this since he actually saw her.

"Oh, again thank you Ncophelo" she says.

"Mm-mm" he starts, breaking the silence "Can I see you tomorrow?" she knew it, no pure intentions, it's always them chasing after I've thing.

"No, thank you, and bye" she says, she's getting worked up. She tries to slam the door on his face, he stops the door from slamming but closing the gab with his foot.

"Why are you so angry" he asks.

"I'm angry? Ukhuluma mbhedvo nje wena" (You are talking nonsense) she says, he nods and walks away, she slams the door and places that food on the table, she throws her whole weight on the bed, she's tired, her wish is to sleep and wake up to people telling her that this is all is a dream.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 6*

TSANDZEKILE NGWANE

It's been one month nowz and I can say that I am kind of getting used to being a South African, and I think I can safely say that I'm coping and getting over most things I've been through, It's now March and it's a start of a new season, which means I too have to be new me, not totally but partially. My days usually start at eight am, but today I woke up at five am, I felt like praying, I did. Just to thank God that I am alive, it's a blessing, there are people who wished to see today but they did not, and guess what, I did, who's work is that? It's God's, and I'm thankful to him, ALWAYS.

It's ten am now and I'm watching TV, Indian stories to be precise. I love how dramatic they can be, you see it takes thirty minutes for someone to save a person who is falling, they slow motion the hero and fast motion the person that is falling. I, for one, can vouch for their acting skills, when they act, God it seems real, but the

thing that messes it up is the computer edition, God please help them! I sometimes laugh at sad scenes because of how dramatic the system makes the movie.

There's a knock on the door, I sigh, I know it's not Sihle, she just left for her boyfriend so it can't be her, I stand and walk to the door.

Guess who I see when I open the door, yes you guessed it right, it's Mr Taxidriver that calls himself my taxi driver. I frown, I'm not in the mood to talk to a man!

"Hi, can I help" I try to sound as formal as possible.

"Hi, yeah. I'm looking for Tandzile" he says my name so perfectly fine he doesn't need any corrections, but he is here for silly games.

"Oh, she went back home" he knows it's me, I don't understand why he can't just get to the point so that he leaves.

"Oh, alright, do you know any possible way I could give her this?" he shows me his hands, he has a gift bag, I can't say no to this then.



"No" I'm not wrong, there's no possible way he can get to her, except by making me the courier guy. He frowns, creating a furrow on his forehead "But I can give it to her" I say with an eye roll. He smirks, can Somebody also him?

"No, but I don't know you, who are you sisi" he asks, he raises his brow, still smirk

"I'm Ncophelo bhuti" I say with the fakest– I'm adding to the English dictionary– smile on Earth! He laughs, showing his clean and straight teeth, yohhh, such cleanness!

"Ohh, it's weird, we share a name sisi, I think you are trustable, please make sure it gets to her soon, thank you" he hands it to me, I nod, he turns to leave, he is not that tall, he is just average, he is wearing a black Brentwood who still wears that? It's a slim fit though, he probably sewed it, on his feet are Omega sandals, and on his upper body is a black polo neck, he looks really nice. His not slender nor is he fat, but also he doesn't seem like he goes to gym. When he turns his head, he catches me staring and then winks with a smirk, Shit! I quickly close the door, I lean on the door and sink down, I'm internally scolding myself, he will get mixed signals,

I was just appreciating a creature of God, it's an exceptionally good-looking creature but it just had to catch me.

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I'm staring at the Ferraro Roche in front of me, I've always seen it in our screens at home, be it phone or TV, I didn't think one day I'd be given an expensive chocolate gift just like that, yohh! Ngite mali, I don't have money but I have this, I think it will make me feel better than I was earlier, I don't know I'm excited to eat it. Oh, there's a note.

'Hey, I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm not sorry that I am bothering you, it doesn't make sense right? Yeah, even to me it doesn't make sense how I yearn to have a conversation with you, the first time I saw you, you took my heart with you, can I please have half of it? Because I'm not able to live without it, and please replace the other half with yours. Please be ready tomorrow at Six pm sharp, there's something I want to show to you, Have a good day, I'm going to bed now, and I know I'll dream of you Thululu. Don't forget to think of me when

you eat that chocolate." I laugh, was the 'thululu' necessary, I don't know where it's coming from but I know it's probably a pet name.

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It's night, I'm anxious, I don't know what to expect tomorrow, I'm shit scared, what is he does something genuinely and I behave in an improper way, why does it seem like I trust him more than I trust myself? Mxm, I know I will be okay, but what if he tries to hurt me? Argh I'm so frustrated, I will just pretend to be sick tomorrow, because he mentioned that he won't take no for an answer, so he won't have a choice when I tell him that I'm sick, he'll have to believe and leave me.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 7*

TANDZILE NGWANE

I don't have any dresses, no skirts, okay let's rephrase: I don't have any pretty dresses, not any pretty skirts, I'm just me.

I sigh, I have taken a bath, but the problem is clothes, and I only have thirty minutes to get done with everything. I sigh and throw myself on the bed in frustration, I'm sighing in Portuguese right now! How am I going out with a good-looking guy who looks like a ten over ten plus ten subtracting one? I'm just an ordinary girl, who looks cute after plaiting, and it only lasts for one week because I have silky hair. I groan in frustration, I'm left with twenty five minutes, sigh, you know what I don't care, I'll wear whatever I have, it's not like him and I are dating, so we don't have to complement each other anyways.

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There's a knock on my door, it's only ten to six so it can't be him, it's probably Sihle, "Come in babe." I say, yerrr I could scream, it's him, and he has a smirk on his face. He is in a pair of black jeans, a white t-shirt and air-force sneakers, I like him more in his slim fit Brentwood, but those Omegas? No, if by any chance I see them

today, I will sneak out with them and burn them, or better yet take them and give them to those colored guys that sell a casio calculator for ten rands, they'll probably sell the shoes for hundred rands, or decrease the money as their customers complain, one thing about them, is that they care for their customers, they have empathy and sympathize with their customers.

"Oh hi babe" I give him an eye.

"Yohh, I'm not your babe bhuti, I thought it was my sister" he chuckles.

"Excuses, so are you ready?" don't I look ready?

"Uh, yeah" I say, he smiles "But you are early" he shrugs.

"I couldn't wait, I just wanted to see you" flattering, my insides turns, but I keep a straight face. "Asambenik, let's go" he says, I sigh, I think I don't like him, key word: THINK.

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"I'm not gonna hurt you" he came with a taxi, and the drive is too long for my liking. "Please trust me" Okay, I'm trusting a total stranger, I choose to trust him, because he doesn't seem like a person who'd hurt me physically, nope. He turns on the radio, and the song 'I love you' by Thami, may his wonderful voiced soul rest in peace, plays.

"Ngiyakudinga, lovie wami, nguwe wedw' empilweni yam, ngeke ngisuke eduze kwakho, inhliziy' igcwel' uthando, ngalama gama ngithi I love you" he sings along, his voice is not ideal but it's smooth, I'm smiling. I would also like to sing along, but hey, when I sing it's more like I'm talking, so nope andizi.

He's turned the music off, I'm asking about everything as we pass through places, well I have to, it's not like I have been here for a long period of time, I'm just a new comer.

We are now in the Eaststrand, he says this is his hood, it's too fancy for him, I thought he lived in a ghetto place, yoh.

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His house is just fine, too manly but fine, it suits him, it's big for a man that lives alone.

"Kunhle yat, it's beautiful" I compliment, he smiles.

"Thank you" I don't when and why I am this comfortable with him.

"I cooked" he seems excited, I don't know, a taxi driver that cooks? He shows me off to his dining room, his house is giving me sombre mood man, I don't know, it feels like he is not a happy person that he portrays himself to be.

He tells me to sit on the table while he goes to the kitchen to take the food, but I tell him that I'm more comfortable with sitting in the TV room. Well yeah, I'm that no-table-manners type of girl, I eat and speak to people, it's what I'm used to, and also he is a taxi driver he can't tell me that he has table manner.

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Oh, he cooked samp and Lamb stew, it smells divine, he couldn't have cooked this, really.

"I hope you are not allergic" what is he saying, I'm from Lomahasha, we are allergic to everything besides food, if you react some type of way after digesting food, they tell you to 'Ckean your stomach.' You get to drink that disgusting Custer oil and run to the toilet every fifteen minutes, so nope I'm not allergic to anything, I've never been allowed to be allergic to anything.

"Nope I'm not" I say. He serves me and gives me fork, the nerve to give me fork when he has a spoon in his hand. "Please give me a spoon instead" I say, he chuckles and nods, he goes back to the kitchen. He is taking too long to come back, and I'm hungry, so I'm going on a Ncophelo-hunting spree, on my way to the kitchen, I'm hearing another deeper voice, it's an angry voice. I'm taking short strides now, someone is shouting at him, and he is not backing down, he is shouting back.

"Ncophelo, ngak'khipha kuleli elam isende, ngeke ngihlulwe ukukubulals" (You are the product of my balls,



so killing you wouldn't be hard for me) it's his father.  
Ncophelo looks really angry.

"That was your wish, from my birth, you've never really wanted me, it was supposed to be a one night stand, and I fucked it all up, I fucked your family up, She didn't want me, she brought me to you and you also didn't want me, the only person that loved me was uMa, I hate you, you thought I didn't know? I know, I know everything, I heard everything you'd say to your brother about me, so I decided to leave your house, and still, usemuva kwam, you are after me, kanti what is it that you want from me? Sanele Khoza, Voets..." he doesn't get to finish off the word, His father's Knuckles makes contact with his cheek, he groans in pain, he wants to fight back.

"Ncophelo, no" They are both startled, they didn't see me, they were in their own bubble to even notice.

"Go eat!" He says, it seems like he has calmed down, bit I'm not going anywhere.

"No, you want to fight your father?"

"I have a right to" is he mad in his stomach?

"No, that's cursing yourself, buya, come with me" I say, his father looks livid, his eyes are red, he looks like an angry man, nje. "Follow me" u say, he sighs. I thought this was a date, too much drama nje just for a night.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 8*

SANELE KHOZA

He did not leave, he is in shock, well not anymore, he came here to bring Phelo his eggs, nothing more or less, well maybe watch soccer with him, out of all his Children Phelo is the one who is detached from him, he loves him equally like others, maybe even more because he looks like his mother, a highschool sweetheart of his. He tried so hard not to show that he loved him, because well it would have been eyebrow raising to his wife. Yes, he kind of neglected his son because of his wife, but as he grew older he failed to

not love, he loved him openly but Phelo wasn't into it, he wasn't even interested in that.

Their relationship has been fine for two years now. He ruined it by coming today at this time, it was just an innocent gesture, but Phelo? He was infuriated.

"Ufunani Lana baba? What do you want?" He said, he didn't think it was a way to talk, because well he is used to being respected.

"Hhaybo? Is that how you speak to your father?" he asked really calm, he was not even gonna fight him.

"My father? you? My father?" that's how it started, he took offence, all he did was to try to father him correctly, and although Phelo was troublesome, he tried. It hurt him, hearing Phelo ask if he is his father. So he raised his voice, and knowing Phelo, he wouldn't back down.

Hitting him was never his intention, he tried to hold it in, but when he wanted to cuss at him, he lost it, he will never have his son cuss at him, Never.

If it was any other day, he would have left and waited for Phelo to come and beg for his forgiveness, but he

guess this time? Phelo was wrong, yes, but he has been holding in his anger for far too long, so he has to fix this, he just called his wife and told her that he will be home late.

He is still in his son's kitchen, his eyes are bloodshot, he was not crying, it's hurt. He is really hurt.

"Babe" someone says, he shoots his head up.

"Ndodakazi" it's an appropriate response for an appropriate child, she's respectful. "I'm sorry for his behavior" He nods, he is being apologized to by her for his son's behaviour towards him.

"No, don't worry Ndodakazi, that's how he is, he doesn't speak, he explodes when he does" he says, that's what he noticed today, if there's any trait his sons took from him, is this one. "Please never leave him, love him and stay with him, if he does any stupid thing, you tell me, he'll give you my numbers and I'll show him hell" he is trying, he really is but his emotions are trying too, they want to get the better him, he gets on his feet "Can I talk to him" she nods, she's already spoke to him, telling him

how she won't be with a man that disrespects his own father.

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He stands and leans just by the door frame of Ncophelo's door, he is three shades darker than Phelo, Ncophelo's mom was light so she diluted him, other than that all his children look exactly like him, and that includes his wife's Sgcinathumbu, which translates to Last born, although she was not birthed by wife he is her child. His eyes, too, are big; he's got a trimmed head, and grey beard. He brushes the side of his jaw and inhales.

"Ngiyaxolisa Sgcinathumbu samamakhe" he doesn't have a sweet and smooth tongue but he is willing to try "Talk to me mfana, what else did I do?" he asks, he has moved from the door, he is now seated on the side of his son's neatly made bed.

"Nothing baba" he says "I loved, well, love you but when I heard you twenty years ago, telling your brother that I almost ruined your marriage, it darkened and lightened

my love for you" he says. He speaks about how he feels, yet his eyes are as hard as a rock.

"I'm sorry, I was stupid I shouldn't have said that, Your mother" he sighs "The one that birthed you was my first love, circumstances broke us, she saw better men, and left home thinking I'd get over her" he says and chuckles "I met your mother, we grew so much in love and it was not as deep as it was with your other mother, I fucked your mother up mfanam, I would tell her how to do things" he is not comfortable with going into detail "I did so much for myself with her help yet I didn't appreciate her, one night I was out with my friends, just go celebrate our success and it happened that Your uncle called your mother's husband unknowingly, he came with his wife, and we took each other that night, I'd say I regret that night, but I don't because you were the result, I love you mfanam never doubt that, Is die for you and your siblings" he says and pats shoulder.

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# **HOLD HER DOWN**

## *CHAPTER 9*

TANDZILE NGWANE

His mood is ruined, I think. He is not okay, his mood has been dropped, from hundred to zero.

His father just gave me six boiled eggs, he said it's to compensate for the 2kg braai pack, which makes me think.

The eggs are in a lunchtin, they are neatly packed inside, I'm now on my way to his room, his father left not so long ago, he spoke to me, referring to me as 'Makoti,' did I dare correct him? No, because well, I will probably... Nah I'm joking, I'm not going to that hill, ever. Love is not something I want for myself, I'm too broken.

I don't regret choosing to come though, I was bored and decided that no man, I could be in a restaurant and having a really good time, but this was even better, the fact that I somehow reprimanded someone who almost cursed his own life by hitting his own gather.

"Phelo" that's what his father calls him, even a blind man can see the love his father has for him, he looks up

and smiles.

"I'm sorry for today, I'll make it up to you" he says, he is getting up "Come let's go eat" he says, I shake my head no.

"No, here are your eggs we'll eat them together" I say, he narrows his eyes, what? Doesn't he want to share, aiii that's a turn off.

"He had brought those? God no, and I fought him?" he bibles his face, oh at least he is up for sharing.

"You didn't know, you'll go apologise to him... Right?" he nods his head "Now good come let's eat" I say.

"Let's? Hhay, I cooked for you, I'll eat these alone" he says, wow, did I say that he is up for sharing, no I'm taking that back.

"Haaa, you are such a baby yati, ngifuna macandza, I also want eggs" I pout, where do I get the guts to do that?

"Alright, I'll go take salt then" he says, I settle on his bed, I think I'll like being his friend, he is cool person.



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## PRECIOUS ZUNGU

She's got everything in order in life. She has a good job– she is an architect– she is a self-made business black woman, she lifted her family name up, her father can't be any prouder of her than he is right now.

She's a single mother to a 9 year old boy, she's not looking for a stepfather though, she's content with being single.

She's a 30 year old, she's what most people would classify as 'Rude' but in all truth she's just a girl who knows her achievements, and is also proud for herself because looking back, nobody would have thought she would make it in this life.

"What are you gonna do with designing buildings?" people asked her, she was able to ignore all that negativity by listening to her father's words 'umawakho is probably bragging about her architect daughter' he'd say, trying to cheer her up. Her mother died when she was sixteen years old in a car accident, her and her brother were left with their father. He'd brother could

have made it, but he chose to take the easiest ways to make money to help out his father, that's why he went to jail at the age of 23 and is serving fifteen years because of kidnapping and attempted murder, he could have gotten life with twenty years, but he pleaded guilty, so it kind of helped him. He is on his ninth year now, she goes to visit here and there, but their relationship is not at all like it used to be.

They grew apart, but they love each other and would do anything for each other.

She just knocked off, she goes to her Kia Stonic 4 1.0T-GDi, and drives off, she is going to get father's home tonight, it's Friday and late so they will probably cuddle and talk about her mother all night.

There's an explosion sound, her car slows down, wait, it's her wheel, what the hell? In the middle of nowhere, it's in the highway– Soweto highway–, and it's a hotspot of Hijackings, and her wheel decides to burst here, at this time of the hour, she can't even call anyone for help, sigh. She can only pray that whatever happens doesn't get her harmed or killed.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 10*

#### PRECIOUS ZUNGU

It's been over an hour that I've been stuck here, it's getting darker and darker, fuck and I've got no network, I don't know how I'll make it here. No car is stopping by, nope south Africans are just driving through and not even looking at the woman who is stranded, but she doesn't blame them, that's how people get hijacked around here. People pretend to be stranded and when help comes for them, they attack that person and then take whatever it is that that person had, so nah she doesn't blame them. "Umthakathi ugadla la edla khona" is what people, and it's true, people do kill or attack people that help them.

There's a grey Z4 BMW coming, I'm doing this thing, waving hands for help, for the last time, after this— no more. I think it's my luck because the driver pulls over to the side. The car is small so I'm expecting a woman, but

instead a man cones out, woah, can all the sources of oxygen open because I think I'm in need of it right now.

"Ntokazi, sawubona" Did I ever say that I'm not looking for a relationship? Well scratch it, I just started and I think this one here is my perfect match, he is polite I can tell just by how he greets.

"Heyyi" I drag it, I probably sound bitchy right now. I hate myself.

"How do I offer you my help?" I'm sucking in a breath.

"My car just broke down, actually my wheel bursted" I say, he nods. "My phone does not have network, I could have called someone but" I shrug after adding.

"Oh, alright, what's your name Ntokazi?" yohh I can't believe I didn't introduce myself, it's the first thing you do when you meet someone new, especially since he is helping me.

"Oh sorry" I chuckle to ease the awkwardness between us "I'm Precious, Precious Zungu" I say.

"Alright, I'm Mr Khoza" he says, okay is there an old person who still uses this to introduce themselves? Like was the 'Mr' necessary? Yohh, I thought it was only children that do that, I used to do that a lot growing up, 'I'm miss Zungu', he probably wants to sound as formal as possible.

"Alright" I say too, aii ke I don't know what to say because I've already laid my problems before him. He outs his phone from his pockets and taps on it.

"Come sit with me in the car, I just called someone from a certain panel beater" he says, I nod before thanking him, I stare at his round big eyes before leading off to his car, he opens the door for me and goes off to his car.

"Why were you alone in the first place?" he asks, he is probably trying to start a conversation.

"I don't know" I shrug, I really don't know.

"It's not safe out here for women to be alone" I roll my eyes internally, I wouldn't do it externally, yohh imagine if I were to do it and he chases me out of the car, yohh aiii ngeke.

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The panel beater guy came, we exchanged numbers, he is legit, I know of Mkhathini Beatings. I gave him my car, and now this Mr is taking me home, he controls the steering wheel with one hand, God my hand is running wild, we are sitting in comfortable silence, but my mind is not in silence, I'm thinking of the most naughtiest things his hands could ever do to me.

We exchanged numbers and I saved him as Mr Khoza, this was for me to contact him about my car, and he promised that I would get my soon, because the panel beater us owned by his sister.

I just got home, I'm shit tired, I just need a bed and a pillow, but nope, I have to greet my father first. He is reading a newspaper, at this time? God help me.

"Babah, it's late you can't read at this time" I say.

"Who said that?" he asks, mxm.

"Mina babah" I say sitting down.

"Ungazohlanya wena, Don't be crazy, Nkazimulo is asleep and there's food in the microwave" he says, if we were Americans or Whites, I would kiss his cheek, but we are Blacks and most of our homes don't do that.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 11*

#### SIMPHIWE KHOZA

'Mr Khoza' that's him, anyone who's not from his cycle knows him like that, very respected he is, he knows when to smile and when not to. He is 35 years and ready to settle, he just hasn't found the one woman he is looking for yet, he's heard from people about dating sites, and how people find their soulmates there, but yey he doesn't want anything to do with those, and he doesn't have time to deal with those things, he is still a new Cardiologist so he has more things to worry about than going to websites looking for a woman to date, indoda iyazishelela.

He just got home and is tired as fuck, today work was hectic, and already his his times are fucked because of the turns he had to take.

He always get home and sleeps eight hours sharp for him to be active all day everyday, and now it's eight hours and thirty minutes Left before he has to wake up, the problem is he hasn't eaten and there's no time to cook, there's no time to even order in, it's late.

He is not gonna eat, he will just wake up and get breakfast for the first time in like eight years, Simphiwe is a person that is not able to manage his time, at all, so instead of breakfast he always eats brunch.

He has thirty minutes to spare. He can use it wisely, but instead he calls his brother, who is very close to his heart.

"Bafo, what's wrong" Ncophelo always panics everytime he calls, aii it's probably because he is not that affectionate.

"There has to be something wrong for me to call my laaitie?" Ncophelo coughs.



"Me? A laaitie? Come-on bhuti you can do better, how are you?" -Ncophelo.

"Ahh ukukhala akusizi, crying doesn't help" Ncophelo knows that he is about to cry about something, that's his brother, when something doesn't help, he does it, actually that's their nature. "I'm hungry but I can't eat ngoba there's no food" -Simpfiwe

"Hhaybo why haven't you eaten?" -Ncophelo.

"Because there was a woman I had to help, her tyre busted on her" -Simpfiwe.

"A woman? Heee isandla siyophumula bhuti" this 'bhuti' hides a lot of disrespect from this one.

"Uyangijwayela wena, you are disrespectful. What are you doing?" -Simpfiwe.

"Nothing much, I'm just waiting for my food to be served by Tandzile" -Ncophelo. He is bragging, imagine, but Simphiwe is the person that he is so he laughs and says,

"Tandzile, Uma Panic attack?" Ncophelo laughs too, he was shit scared, but Simphiwe and his father made fun of him.

"Yeah" -Ncophelo.

"Where's she?" he asks "Please give her the phone, I want to talk to her."

"Alright" he has been put on hold, alright Ncophelo is probably transforming his voice to a female like voice.

"Hello" she says, oh it's a true woman, he laughs.

"Hi sisi, I'm his brother please run and never turn back, that a problem of man" he says still chuckling. Tandzile just chuckles, she doesn't know what to say so she just says,

"Okay I will do so Bhuti" he nods.

"Alright, thank you, I'm happy to hear that you are in his life though, and thank you for breathing life into his lifeless self, I can't wait to see you in person" He says.

"I can't wait too" she says with a smile.

"Alright then Koti, give him his phone back please, Goodnight" he says humbly.

"Goodnight" she says and hands the phone over to Ncophelo.

"Treat her well bafo, I'm happy for you" he says.

"Ahh, you should have said that to her instead, kepha ngiyabonga bhuti, thank you" -Ncophelo. They say their goodnight and then hang up, shit the call was lesser than fifteen minutes, yohh he has time to set and listen to his stomach grumbling, God knows why he didn't at least buy fruits and store them in his fridge, this is why he needs a wife.

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TANDZILE NGWANE

We are parked by my gate, I told him to bring me back, I wasn't gonna sleep over, I actually enjoyed my night with him, he is a very good person, more than a good person actually.

I spoke to his non-stop-laughing brother, yohh that man probably laughs at a passing fly, yerr. He is bubbly more than this one, and I'd sweeter too.

One of his traits that I hate is him being able to stare and make it seem like he is able to read me and my personality, he makes it seem like he knows all my fears and half the shit I've been through, 'If you need to talk I'm here alright?' he said earlier. I just shut my mouth and continued watching TV, I pretended like I didn't hear him.

"I'll open up the door for you, please don't open it yourself" he says. For the first time ever Tandezile Ngwane obeys without putting up a fight or questioning. He gets off of his car and jogs to my side and opens the door for me. "Can I get a hug?" he asks as soon as I get out of the car, I need one too so I nod my head, and wrap my arms around his waist, he wraps his on my shoulder, this is not the ideal way to hug, but I love how his warmth makes me feel safe, like he is my safe space. His heart is beating against my temple. The pace of it is too fast.

"Are you okay?" I ask. I feel him nod.

"Yes, I am, I just don't want you to leave" trust me, I want to stay like this too, but it's late really late, it's past ten now.

"But I have to" I say and lift my head from his, his face is like a magnet, I find my lips linked into his, He is also shocked, just like I am, but kissing doesn't mean that we have to date... Right? I'm stuck, I don't know what the next step to do is, his hands have moved from my shoulder to my waist, his breathing has changed, just by intertwining my lips with his.

No, I'll just be smart about this, I'll go to the internet and search how to kiss, for now I'll pretend to peck him.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 12*

TANDZILE NGWANE

Something doesn't really add up about my Sibongile's death, Spova has been really slow when it comes to updating me, I don't know whether my mom is or not in jail, I would have liked it better if she was not, because that way revenge would be easy to take.

I'm in my room, I just woke up to a really dirty dream, Ncophelo was present too, actually it was just me and him. We were not having sex but we were naked in the room, he was humping me, someone should give me washing powder and a machine so that I can wash my brain, I'll also tumble dry it, Lord it would be mince in a minute nje.

I can't deny it, I think of him before I go to sleep that is probably why I dreamt of him, my heart beats fast everytime Sihle mentions his name, God I feel like his hug and scent had me in his spell.

My phone is ringing, it's him, I clear my throat before answering.

"Hey" I say, I'm trying by all means to keep my voice as Normal as possible, I feel like I'm starting to have a heart burn.

"Sawubona Ngwane" my smile, it's involuntary.

"How are you?" I ask.

"I'm okay, just missing you, wena?" he's missing me, I miss him too.

"I'm okay too" I say.

"I'm on my second load" I check the time and it's Sunday, yerr it's two am, and already he is doing his second rounds.

"Hhaybo!" I exclaim, it's hard not to exclaim, I mean it's too early.

"Yebo mama, I was just checking you because I thought usuvukile, kanti vele you are, we'll talk later alright?" he says.

"Alright" can't we talk at least for five more minutes?

"Don't sound sad, I'll call you before my third load" he sucks in a breath, like gathering strength "I love you" yerrr, I freeze "You don't need to say it back, just continue with your day knowing that I love you" he says "Usakhona? Are you still there?"

"Uhm yeah, I'm still here" I say after two minutes, I wish I had the strength to say I love him too, but my tongue can't say it back, though in my heart is screaming.

"Enjoy your day yezwa, don't forget to eat" he says, I roll my eyes with a smile, Ncophelo is sweet, really sweet.

"Enjoy your day too" I say and hang up my phone, I take a deep breath, I'd like to see him.

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PRECIOUS ZUNGU

I have to go to work tomorrow, and I haven't had any update about my car, I'm stressed but I'm trying by all means to hide all that because I'm with my son, Nkazimulo Zungu, a sweet boy he is. He is nothing like his asshole father.

His father was my sweetheart back when I was in highschool, we were the it couple, ten years older than me, yes, I'm big bodied so dating people my age is a big no. He was the centre of my life, I loved him to death.



I met him through a friend, we clicked and spoke for four months before we started dating, God I was still in grade ten, I was so head over heels with him, he loved me too. He'd bring me nice things and all that, until he broke my virginity, yohh he was not clingy like he used to be after doing the deed, but me? I was clingy as hell.

I got pregnant in Varsity and did he not run away? Till this day I don't know where he is, I was left to tell my father and crazy brother that I was pregnant, they were not impressed, infact they were disappointed, my father didn't speak to me for a whole three months, my brother was always throwing shades about run-away-babydaddies. I had to take it and make sure that I study hard to show that it was an hars but I had to soldier on, after giving birth I didn't even stay home because I was a walk-in, or rather Contact student. I went to school and got my degree and now I've kind of made.

"Nkazimulo!!!!" he is messing with my father's TV, my father will make I pay for it if ever it breaks, sigh.

"Sorry ma" I don't understand why he has to be this naughty, I mean he is four now.

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I'm calling back an unknown number, it is ringing and I'm pacing around.

"Nkosibusisile" Hol'up who the hell is this, coming to me with my first name.

"Ya, who's this" I ask, well my first name is Nkosibusisile but I don't like introducing myself using that name.

"Mr Khoza" yohhh what am I gonna say now?

"Oh, hey. How's my car?" he chuckles.

"I'm fine how are you?"

"I'm good too, is my car alright?"

"Eish, I called you regarding that" why am I sensing bad news? "Unfortunately, they had other cars to attend to, so they will start with your car tomorrow" he says, what? But I'm going to work tomorrow, I can't use taxis because I'll be late "But I will take up on myself to chauffeur you from and to work until they are done with your car" I could kiss his butt right now.

"Thank you, sir" there are no words that will express my gratitude.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 13*

TANDZILE NGWANE

He said that he'd come over later today, so I'm already changed into my tight high waist jeans and crop top, not my style but I have to wear it, to... maybe impress him?

"It's hot though for a black pair of jeans" I complain,. black observes heat, and you get really freaking hot if you try to make yourself Zorro and wear black in a hot weather like this.

"Yeah, but you can't change to another clothes, this suits you really well" mxm, as if. I nod my head, "what are you gonna do with your hair?" she asks. I shrug

what else can I possibly do? She tells me that she has a wig, a wig that beautiful, I can't wait to see it, I've seen many wigs that are a disgrace to the women kind out here.

She comes and gives it to me, God I laugh, it looks like impepho yakudala. She laughs too

"This is because it hasn't been combed, watch and see girl" the level of trust I had on her went from zero to negative 100, there has to be some sort of miracle for this to work out I tell you. I can bet on my last R50 in my unstable drawer that this wig will look even worse once it's been combed.

I leave her there sitting on my bed and go make something to snack on, I out four eggs on a metal kettle, obviously for Ncophelo, I return to my friend that seems to be struggling with combing her wig, she'll wear it, angeke mina, it can never be me.

Woah, I spoke to fast, it doesn't look like a Brazilian weave but it's decent, and by the way... I was joking about my R50 I knew it was gonna work out.

"You see mngani, it's beautiful now, you should sometimes believe in me" I roll my eyes, they almost

reach my brain.

"I've always believed in you Sihle, it's the wig that I did not believe in" I say, she laughs.

"You are sly yaz" I giggle, she helps me out the black 14inch wig on.

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He has just arrived, he didn't come with a taxi today, he came with white Mercedes Benz C200, I'm walking towards it, I feel like screaming, it looks new too. This is a car I have always seen in the movies. I smile at him.

"Hi", I say, he greets back and gives me a hug, can I always be in his embrace? It's warm and comfortable. He opens the door for, something he never forgets to do, I smile and thank him before sitting down, I thank God that I wore casually, he is also in casual clothes, Black sweatpants and a gray t-shirt.

"You look beautiful" he says once he's taken his seat on the driver's seat, I thank him, he brings life into the

engine. He puts on music, Miguel Adore, aii this guy and his signals.

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He drove us not to his house, but also it's not a restaurant like he said it would, it's a really big and beautiful house, now this is the house of my dreams, I mean I'm still 18, I can still make, I'm done with matric also, so I think it's possible for me to reach these heights.

"Where are we?" I'm still in awe, this house is miraculously big, it's painted in grey, whoever did the exterior design should be a president somewhere I'm the US for house designing, because well they outdid themselves here.

"We are home, my home" oh it's his parents' house, why didn't he at least tell me to be decent, because this is not how I'm supposed to meet them, actually I'm mad at him really mad at him.

"Do they know I'm coming?" I ask, he nods his big head.

"So I was the only one that didn't know about this? What the hell?" he laughs, he is not taking this serious, I'm not his girlfriend... yet, I should be meeting his parents with something to attach my name to.

"Relax, they are gonna like you" he says and gets off the car, I do so too. I know he was gonna open for me but hey I'm mad, super mad, I can feel smoke coming out from my ears.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 14*

#### PRECIOUS ZUNGU

I've taken him to school, uNkazimulo, I'm ready to go to work too, I'm just waiting on Mr Khoza and it seems like he is taking his own damn time.

Look I appreciate the fact that he is sacrificing for me, but like he is delaying me, I could go to the taxi rank but

it will seem like disrespect so I'll wait for him and rather discuss that matter then.

I'm back at home, my home, I didn't know I liked this quietness until I was in my father's house with no choice but to listen to my father and Nkazimulo ramble on about everything, they'd even wrestle, yohh I was tired.

I'm standing just by the balcony, watching cars pass by, and I see it, his Z4, I rush to my bedroom and take my bag.

I'm not fancy today, I'm sightseeing so I'm in my grey overalls and boots, and because I'm big bodied they look good in them. "Sawubona" I got startled a bit when I saw him standing right outside my door, but I'm greeting anyway.

"Ntokazi" he says, I can't get over it, how he can hold a stare, his voice too is also some type of medication. He offers to take my bag, he goes straight to his door and gets inside, hhayke baba wabantu!

"I think your car will be ready by tonight" he's starting a conversation I see, but I'm too clouded by his beauty to



participate in that conversation.

"Alright thank you very much" I say, he nods and focuses on the road, I'm staring at his hands on that steering wheel, No Precious get over it.

"It's alright Nkosibusile" he says, sigh sigh fucking sigh.

"My name is Precious" I say, I'm annoyed honestly, I introduced myself as Precious on purpose.

"I know, kodwa we can't deny that your first name is Nkosibusile" he says, I scoff.

"It's weird that you know my name but in allowed to know yours yaz" I say, he smirks. Yohhh! God can I breathe?

"I'd like to keep it that way Nkosibusile" he lives to annoy me I tell you!

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TANDZILE NGWANE

The yard is big, this is a very beautiful house I tell you, I could probably put two four-room houses in here and still have more space for more, okay maybe I'm exaggerating. But what was I really expecting? It has to be this beautiful, I mean I saw his father and heard his brother so...

He holds my hand as we walk in, I see it's also beautiful, and if I didn't have any heart burn I'd probably tell him that but my hands are shaking to so, I'll pass.

"Mama" he shouts, God can the Earth swallow me? Like I feel sick right now.

"I reprimanded you wena, stop yelling at me, I'm old" she says appearing from I don't know what room but she is taking a seat already on the couch, her eyes are on me, She's beautiful and if take my time to admire her if I liked how she is looking at me. "What's this" she points at me with her eyes, wow! 'What' instead of 'who' aiii she's a typical rich lady.

"Sawubona make, hello ma, I'm Tandzile and surprisingly I'm a human" I sat when his son doesn't answer.

"Oh, nice to know you Thandile" I hate her, for mispronouncing my name, whether it's on purpose or not, but nje this woman here I don't like her.

"It's Tandzile ma"to he says, oh wow he also can talk, I don't like his mother, I don't know why she's doing, it's not like Ncophelo introduced me as a Makoti already!

"Right, Tandzile" she says, faking a smile, please can I go home, it doesn't help that Ncophelo tells me to take a seat, he says that he is coming, he is going to get his father, before he walks out he turns and says.

"Oh ma, she is your soon to be daughter-in-law" she smiles at him, her eyes glisten and sparks when he looks at him, but when he's out of sight she turns to me, her face changes.

"What do you want?" she asks, hhaybo this old woman! She's not that old but...

"I'm not following ma, what are you talking about?" I ask.

"What do you want from my son, actually the right question, I should be asking here is, how old are you,

you look really young!" yerr it's gonna be a long night I see! When her husband and son appear she smiles and say "I like your hair" my hand goes to my head, yohh it was a shade, but at least it does not look like impepho.

"Thank you ma, I like your shoes" aii the shoes are really ugly. She gives me a fake smile, I give it back yohh.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 15*

#### PRECIOUS ZUNGU

I'm so excited, he is bringing my car to me today, I can't wait to drive again, and no lies Mr Khoza is a boring chauffeur. He doesn't say a lot, but he is very charming, but he is really boring shame.

I'm waiting for him outside my gate, today is not a work day so I'm in my peach sweat shorts and just a tight black crop top, I have a black cap over my weave, I'm

also in obhova flip flops, it's funny how these are the it shoes now but growing up, when you had them on they would tell you that you are poor, Children would laugh at you non-stop shame.

Oh, there comes my car! He is surely driving slow, I realize when he kills the engine that no man, he knows almost everything about me yet I know nothing about him, not even his name. I can surely be dumb sometimes, is it being naive? Probably I don't know but all I know is that I do wish to know more than his surname one day. He gets off my car and comes my way, he is in long black track pants, he is wearing a golf white t-shirt and it's tucked in his pants, he has sneakers on, God it's hot, if he, also, wasn't this hot, I wouldn't drool this much because no this is not how he should be dressed.

"Sawubona Busi" Yerrr, I could do with an axe right now, I don't know what's hard in calling me Precious.

"Hi" I say as dry as I can. He gives me his smirk, mxm. I love how he looks though.

"Aren't you gonna let me in?" can I reach him English?  
"Or maybe you don't do well with izivakashi?" When an African person says this, just know they are asking you to let them in.

"Oh, sorry, but I need to at least know your name" I say, he smiles.

"I thought you'd never ask, I'm Simphiwe Khoza"

"Alright Mr Khoza" I say. He chuckles and shakes his head.

I lead him inside, only because he's helped me a lot otherwise I wouldn't have allowed him in.

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He's made himself comfortable on my couch, I served him just and my very expensive choice assorted biscuits but still he is not looking like someone who is planning on leaving anytime soon, it's been thirty minutes and Nkazimulo might wake up now.

"Do you perhaps want to leave?" I ask, my hands are sweating, now I don't want to find myself on that

statistics of naive women that were killed because they were too sweet to men out there.

"No, I want to lay down a little, I was working last night—two shifts, I haven't slept, and home from here is too far" he says, so what the hell is he trying to say I must do? And what the fuck is he saying, if he was working last night, he wouldn't be wearing so casually.

"This where I put my foot down, I know you helped me, and thank you very much, but I can't and won't let you sleep here, that's really abnormal." I say, to say I'm pissed would be an understatement!

"Oh, so sleeping, just sleeping is a form of violation? I just want to sleep please" he begs but I'm hearing none of it, I tell him to leave, this time he doesn't beg, he just stands and bids his goodbye, and then he leaves.

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Guilt tried eating me up, really, but I don't think I was wrong, I mean the guy was acting creepy, and I acted like I should have acted, I'm a woman in South Africa, before everything my life and safety comes first.

"Mama, who was that?" where was he hiding all along? How did he even see him, because an hour has passed since Simphiwe left. "Is he my father?" I freeze, Nkazimulo has never asked about his father, I tried by all means to be a mother and a father to him, I don't know where all this is coming from "Ma?" he calls out, I sigh and shake my head no.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 16*

TANDZILE NGWANE

The dinner with maketala, shaking my head. Maketala kept on throwing low-key shades, only I understood, the boys were too busy to understand, I mean Ncophelo and his father were quiet and focusing on Food, more especially the meat, and there were boiled eggs on the table for Ncophelo, his obsession serious.



I didn't have any energy, so I also answered what I was asked and kept my focus on the food, turns out it was her that cooked, and actually the food tasted exactly like the food I ate at Ncophelo's house, which made me think, but I let it slide. Besides her being bitter and all, I should give it to her, she's a great cook and she is beautiful too, and her sense of style too is fine, but her shoes though? There's this car to we called sikhafsin when we were growing, damn her shoes are exactly like that.

Ncophelo brought me home and kissed my cheek before giving me a tight embrace, he let me head inside while he watched me, and he only drove off when I was already tucked, he called and we spoke while he was driving.

I've fallen so hard for Ncophelo, my egg-guy! I don't know if I'll be able to tell him that though, I think I'll have to drink to even gather strength to say it up to him. It's a pity his mother doesn't like me though.

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It's Saturday and the weather is just warm, Ncophelo said that he will come later today. I'm outside looking at kids that are freely playing outside, oh how I wished I had a normal upbringing like them, while children my age were playing outside, I had to be taking a bath readying myself for the next forced penetration.

"Make papa is doing things to me" I used to tell her that my father is not a father to, he does things that married people do, but as a response, I would get a slap. I used to think it was better for mothers to believe their children but never really take any steps against the perpetrators because "If we were to report this, what will be our next meal" but now, all I say is that fuck those mothers too.

"My husband before my kids" who does that? You carry children in your womb and take care of them even after birthing them, and then choose to watch them suffer? That's bullshit.

"Do you always zone out like that?" Sihle asks, I shake my head no, I'm lying I do, Ncophelo called me out twice about this, 'Talk to me, you are angry I see' he says all the time, and it frustrates and angers me because he

doesn't tell me what to do, I don't take orders from a man now. "You just zoned out even now" she says waving her small hands on my face. If she wasn't my friend a slap would do shame.

"I'm sorry mngani, but I'm thinking about tomorrow" tomorrow we will be job hunting, she said it's still early so we might get some at Casa-Mia, I don't know how true that is but I'm willing to give it a try. They say that biscuit factory is a pain in the ass, because of hard labor, but I think I'll survive because well I've survived a lot of crazy things.

"It's okay friend" She says smiling "So you and Nco?" Yho, she's already given him a nickname.

"Me and Ncophelo?" I'm resisting a smile as I say this. Thing about me is that, Ncophelo brings a smile to my face whenever, I love that about him, so hearing his name too has that effect.

"Yes, are you already a thing?" he asks.

"No" It's the truth, she rolls her eyes, she tells me that I'm really a stupid, this guys has been asking me out for

three years, what? "I arrived her in February, and it's only been two months, hhay wena" I say, laughing.

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He's arrived.

He's lying on on his stomach on the the bed.

I'm sitting on the chair facing him, his head is up, his eyes are not happy today.

"Ncophelo" I start off by saying "What's wrong?" I ask.

"I need to be your safe space." totally off topic, his answer is not what I asked, I simply asked him a question because I see that there is something wrong about him, but he turns this to me, I don't respond, and have no means to do so, he realizes and says, "I've tried by all means to be transparent with you, it's not something I'm used to doing, I usually snack and pass, and it's weird that I don't even have sexual fantasies about you, I just think about you and your happiness" the nerve this guy has.

"Go to your usual snack and pass buddies, I'm not gonna open my thighs for you if that what you want, no

clearly it's what you want" I say.

"Why are you fighting me?" he asks, I chuckle, this one is really disrespectful, he is making me an angry bird, am I fighting?

"I'm not fighting, liciniso liyababa, I'm just saying what I feel you are doing, you are the one who is fighting here." I say, I'm shouting.

"Don't raise your voice" he says, it's a warning. Now why is his face transforming into my father's? His stench of alcohol hits my nostrils, there's a lopsided smile that is on his face.

"Go away" he is approaching me, my breath hitches, I'm not ready for this.

"Tandzile" It's Ncophelo now, I don't know what kind of games my mind is playing, but they surely are working. I'm dying though.

"I can't breathe." I say, u don't even have the strength to ask for water.

"Breathe in" he says, I try to do so, "Breathe out" I'm trying to do as he says, and it's kind of helping me. I hold on to my chest. He runs to the side of the kitchen that has buckets, he takes a jug and pours water on it.

"Mina, phuza, drink it, take small sips" he says, I gulp the water. "I'm sorry" he sits flat on the floor. I shake my head.

"I need to be alone" I say, until when will this last, until when am I gonna have episodes like these?

"I am not leaving you here like this, you need to talk to someone, it's like you are carrying the world on your shoulders, panic attacks are not good, they are always a sign of danger" he says.

"I'm not mentally unstable, I don't need to talk to anyone" I feel like screaming right now. He sighs, and pulls me closer, we are sitting side by side, he puts my head on his chest and embraces me, and I can't stop my tears, I'm sad because they will dirty his T-shirt.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 17*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

Having her here resting on my chest is a bit soothing to me, it's like it is where she belongs. I know this makes me seem like a very selfish man, but damn I love her, I love her scent, it's that of baby oil and these cheap perfumes of hers, but I love it just like that.

There's loving, then there's loving Tاندزيلة. It feels right. I've never, ever in my 26 years of life loved anyone out of my family, but her man, no whatever I feel for Tاندزيلة is greater and beyond love, it's unexplainable.

Her heart is beating against my chest, and man do I not love the way it's going in sync with mine.

But she makes me angry some times, she frustrates the shit out of me, she doesn't want to talk to me, okay she might not be comfortable with me as yet, but I'll try by all means to convince her to see those white people that get money by just putting their sharp noses into

our business and putting pointers here and there, I've heard they help a lot.

Hearing her sob truly does make a number on my heart, but I'm willing to let my heart shatter, because— although I didn't pay attention at school— my grade 10 teacher told me on that crying helps one release tension in one's emotional health.

My grade 10 teacher— Ms Lebakeng, a woman I trusted with all that I had in my veins, she's the one that I talked to regarding my father's rejection, she listened, it was all I needed, someone to listen. I did not need her to talk, or have solutions for me, she just listened.

I told her how I would sit at night thinking about the possibilities of having a stable psychological life if my mother had not given me away, I thought she was alive, but it turns out that she's dead, she died before she could even answer the question I had for her.

One day Ms Lebakeng told me to go home with her, that we'd talk and indeed we really did talk and I felt a bit better, little did I know that my father had people following me.



Me going home with her went on and on for 2 months, and she was my safe space for that time being.

One Friday, a cold one, we went to her home– that day she'd been acting weirdly the whole day at school– She locked the door, and I was admiring how beautiful she was, I was really a nerd boy and I hadn't had a girlfriend that time, I had crushes yes but not to the extent of crushing on a teacher, although she was only 8 years older than me, I took her as my mother, that's what teachers are, they are parents to us at school.

She came to me and held my shoulders, I froze there and then. "I'll make you feel better" she had said, "I'll make you forget all your problems, forget your mommy issues, only if you relax" she said moving her hands to my crotch. My mind did not want her to do that, but my body betrayed me, I couldn't understand why I was getting turned on, I knew that I was getting turned on because I watched porn and I would help myself ejaculate almost every night, although I was 'The clever Ncophelo' or 'Cheeseboy Ncophelo' or 'Nerdy Ncophelo' also, I was scared of girls.

She undressed me and said, "Circumsized, nice" I hated that moment, she laid me on the bed, I couldn't say no, my penis was saying yes, so it couldn't be that it was rape, she bounced on me, I ejaculated and her body shook and she laid ontop of me, a lump formed in my throat, and then she walked me out of the door after cleaning me, I didn't take a taxi, I walked from her home to my home, tears streamed down my face, and I clenches my jaws everytime.

It went on, she was not raping me, I was just 'asexual', I wasn't attracted to any gender sexually, but on our fourth time together I took control, I don't what came over me, but I just cried while sexing her, and she was screaming my name, but I didn't let her cum, I couldn't. I was the one that was allowed to ejuculate then, I ejaculated, and then wiped my penis, wore my clothes then headed home.

The next day, she was throwing so Hades at me, I didn't mind, I hated being at school, I wanted to be unattached to it. My marks dropped, but all I knew was that my body liked her while I didn't, we went on and on, until my father walked in on us.

He roared like a beast, I had never ever seen my father like that ever in my life, he paced around, while Ms Lebakeng and I got clothed, it's funny how– till this day– I didn't know her name, only her surname.

"What the fuck are you doing to my son you whore?" he shouted, this time he wasn't roaring but it was loud enough to make up both flinch. "Is this what you do? Take advantage of young children?" he looked at me with anger clouding him "Why? Why didn't you tell me?" he asked, I shrugged it's not like he cared. mos, and besides ma'am wasn't doing anything bad to me, but everytime I got home, I'd scrub myself off of her, and her perfume.

"Phuma mfanami, I'll get rid of this rubbish" he roared, it was me he was angry at so why was he coming for my teacher, but I knew better than to go against my father's words, I picked up my bag from the floor and left, on my way out I heard gunshots, my heart bled, she was the second person after my mom to care about me, the only difference was that it was her that I could talk to the most, it was easy with her, my father came out of that room crying, obviously it was all about him, his dignity, he wouldn't want a son that sleeps with

teachers, but he did the unthinkable, for the first time ever my father took me in his arms, he embraced me, and I cried, I didn't know why, I still don't know why, but I know that even in this day I still yearn for that hug. We've never revisited that topic, and I couldn't cope at school, because I'd imagine ma'am being there, knowing very well that my father had her house burnt. I left school. but I was not Raped.

"I'm sorry" I say and kiss her temple, how I wish to have her talk about whatever it is that is bothering her.

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**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 18*

TANDZILE NGWANE

His arms are tightly wrapped around me, I'm feeling his chest move up and down abnormally, and I can feel his body shaking slightly. "What's wrong Phelo?" I ask him,

I've long stopped crying, I was just analysing everything he was doing.

"There's nothing wrong, I'm okay, are you?" he does this again, I'm okay but he is not, and he is turning this to me. I nod my head with a sigh. "You are angry, what's causing your anger?" he asks, and now his question doesn't really anger me, it's a genuine question, it had always been.

"My mother" I say and shrug.

"What is it that she did that made you angry?" He asks, it's a lot really, if I were to count all that my mother did, I would finish after one year.

"Honestly all that my mother ever does angers me, look I know that husbands and wives vow to stick with each other whenever, but honestly mine I'd cut off your balls if ever you try raping our kids" I say and immediately regret it, he tightens his arms around me, I've told him, in not so many ways, that I was raped by my father.

"I'd kill myself first, I'm really sorry it happened, you are strong" he says, and kisses the top of my head, I nod my head and suddenly I talk, I talk about how he first

came and rubbed me first, he told me that's its what all fathers do, so I must relax; I didn't get it really, I didn't. He first penetrated me when I was 8 years, but he had already been molesting me for years, and when I would tell my mother, I'd get beaten up because I was a whore.

I went as far as telling him how sometimes I'd go to school with dirty clothes because I wouldn't get the chance to wash my uniform, but no teacher asked why I did that, instead they would make fun of me.

"I'm here" He says and tightens hands around me he is a hugger I see, I feel light, like I've freed off from some weight on my shoulders.

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Opening my eyes, I see his big eyes staring at me, I quickly close mine and blush. He slept here yesterday, he had me in his arms, his alarm went off at three am, but he turned it off, I tried convincing him to go to work but he didn't have any of it.

"Good morning Thululu" this name that sends shivers down my spine, I love the name he's given me.

"Good morning Phelo" I whisper, he pulls me to his chest and tightens his arms around me, he is such a hugger and I'm grateful for that, because I didn't know that I loved hugs until he hugged me.

"I love you, I love you" he repeats, I smile to myself. I really want to say it back but I can't.

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I'm glad I had eggs in my cupboard, I made him eggs for breakfast, and I earned myself a hug and forehead kiss, he said he is going home to take a bath, he wanted to bath here but I showed him how small my basin is so he understood.

"I didn't hear any moans" she's budging into my room and business, aii I'm selling a friend for two cents.

"That's we did not have sex babe" I tell her, as I stand to make her breakfast, she says I should sit down because she's not hungry.

"But you are making progress, and you do seem to be less stressed. I'm just hoping he doesn't hurt you, you

are still a child" she says, now it's her putting on her big sister tantrums. I snap my brows, she looks at me confused.

"We were supposed to go to the factories" I say, reminding her. She laughs.

"I know, but tomorrow is still a day, right?" she says and I nod, she's the only one that knows about me, Tandezile Ngwane. She knows almost everything about me, except that I killed my father, I couldn't say that to her. "Let me get going before Nco comes back, I love you alright?" she's already out, weird she's really weird.

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NCOPHELO KHOZA

He should have went home and taken a bath, but no he didn't, instead he went straight to his father's workplace, he smiled and greeted everyone he saw, his father was in a meeting but as soon as he heard that Phelo is here, he rescheduled, his clients were unhappy but get, Bhovungane is Bhovungane.



"Son what are you doing here?" he asks, taking his blazer off, Phelo never comes here, that's why he is kind of anxious about him being here.

Phelo is pacing up and down, hearing Tandzile say everything she went through broke his heart, but most of all, it made him realize that not everyone is lucky enough to have a father like this one in their lives. Sanele loving Samkelwe can never be in question, this man here is a gem to his children, maybe to Ncophelo too.

He doesn't answer his father's question, instead, he wraps his hands around his waist, not manly, but it's what he's always wanted to feel in eleven years, when his father wraps his hands around his shoulders, it feels just like how it felt eleven years ago, he's probably a hugger because he yearned for his father's embrace for a long time.

"I love you baba, and I'm sorry for all the shit I've put you through" his father does not say anything, he just tightens his embrace, these words put him at peace, Ncophelo breaks the embrace and stands before the window, looking outside, he pockets his hands.

"I wish to at least be half of the man you are to my kids, you are a great father baba, and for that I love you" he says it again.

"I love you mfan'wam" Sanele says and chuckles his tears away, this surely needs a hot drink.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 19*

#### SINKIWE JALI

"Sinikiwe!" she yells, I don't get why my mother is like this, she doesn't understand that I am grown now, I'm not her young daughter anymore, I'm soon to turn 21 and my umemulo will be soon, but...

"Ma, ngiyeza" I yell back, respect is something that I've been taught my whole life, but more than that all my mother has done was to mould and groom me to be a wife to some man, and honestly I've never really thought

about anything but being a housewife because that's what I've been told I'd be.

Going to school was never part of the plan I guess, if it wasn't for the police that came home, when I was nine years old, to enquire about why a child as old as me could not go to school. My mother's answer was,

"She is a woman, instead of being taught how to count she should be taught how to cook. Whether a woman is educated or not, her job always come to one thing, taking care of their husbands, my daughter should be taught about how she should keep a man, not these useless things they are taught at school." what was ironic about all that she was saying was that with all the 'knowledge' she had about keeping a man, her man— my father— still went to buy bread, till today he hasn't come back.

My father is probably waiting on the bakers to bake a personalized bread. 'Special Bread For My Newborn baby That I Could Not Even Name.'

"Ma?" I get into the sitting room and damn? Where in the world is this woman coming from? She looks

absolutely stunning in her royal green dress, she has sandals on and a head wrap that matches her dress, I greet before taking a sit, and I get a 'I will deal with you after this visitor leaves' eye, mxm I sit anyway.

"Sanibona ma" I greet, she greets back, and ma tells me that she is Mrs Khoza, my future mother in law, what the hell? I knew that this day would come but I don't think I was ready at all, she says ama Lobola will take place this weekend, a bike rises up my throat, I nod.

"Go and make your mother tea" my mom says, I'll be passed on from her to this mother-in-law soon to be. When I get to the kitchen I drink lots and lots of water.

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PRECIOUS ZUNGU

"Nkosibusisile" I know who it is, it's only him that calls me by that name, I don't know if he is following me or what, it's been over a month since I've seen him so I don't understand what he wants now. For goodness sake I'm doing my grocery, I'm at Woolworths, I was looking through the cakes.

"Simpfiwe?" I say, turning. And God doesn't he look sexy? He is in formal black pants, a crispy white shirt and loafers, he has a white coat over him, he has glasses on.

"Earth to Nkosibusile" he waves his hand, damn was I drooling? I chuckle a bit, I touch my chin and phew thank goodness I was not drooling.

"Uhm, sorry, I just have a lot on my mind" I say, I'm not really totally lying, I do have a lot on my mind, my son has been bringing his dead-beat-father topic a lot lately, and I feel betrayed, although it's not his fault.

His father– Jabulani– ran away the minute I told him I was pregnant, he didn't deny nor accept it, he just ran like I was a gun carrying bullets in my stomach ready to kill him.

"It's okay, how are you? You are glowing, I hope you are not pregnant" I laugh, I don't see that ever happening because well...

"There's no man in my life so relax" I says, he gives me a dashing smile. I smile too.

"I'm glad... I mean I'm very glad that I saw you today" I'm glad too, I kind of missed his boring self. "Can we meet up for lunch, today later?" he asks.

"Uhm, not today, I have plans today." he raises brow, ah he should not forget that we are not dating! "Tomorrow, maybe?"

"Okay, can I at least accompany you to your car?" he asks, I nod.

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He paid for my groceries, including the cake that I was looking for, we are walking to the parking lot.

"I have a patient at 3 pm" it's something minutes to 4pm so why the hell is he here? And I didn't even know that he was a doctor, I nod anyway "I don't want to drag this any longer, I wasn't sure if it, but when I saw you I knew that it was you that I wanted you by my side, I know it sounds really weird because I've never really been with you, but I love you, I didn't know that it was love at first kodwa now I love you, abd no it's not games" he takes

my hands into his, I just want to hear him, because what u feel too for him is love.

"I'm old, I'm 35 years old, I'm not up for games anymore nje, I want a straight thing, I want a woman love, I won't lie I had snacks here and..." I shut him up with a kiss, I don't want to imagine whatever he is saying about snacking other girls.

"I love you, now go and deal with your client, come home to me tonight" I say, he smiles and kisses my mouth, his big eyes are sparkling, so beautiful this man is.

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Walking in these passages makes my blood boil, it's not my first time being in here but my hands shame each time I'm in here.

The man, warder, shows me the way to the visitors center, I take a sit on the chair, I missed him, that's why I'm here.

He appears, wearing his cap slightly on the side, the match stuck in his mouth can never be left, he looks ever so handsome.

"Nomdade" he says, I smile, he takes off his cap, he has grey hair growing "Waze wang'lahla, it's been long since you came" he is hurt, I know, although he has a smile on his face. "Ityma na nou al'fun nex? Is dad still mad" I sigh before nodding.

"I missed you" I say, I'm trying to lighten our conversation, he smiles before flipping the matchstick to the other side of his mouth.

"Hay suka, where is my nephew? I miss him" ouch I laugh, he just smiles.

"ukhona, he just wants to know about his father" he clenches his jaws, he doesn't like talking about that Jabulani.

"Kuyokwenzeka ngifile, mtshela ukuthi ngithi Mina ityma lakhe libhodile" (over my dead body, tell him that I said his father is dead) I smile and nod even though I know I'm never saying that to my son.



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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 20*

TSANDZILE NGWANE

Sitting here in Ncophelo arms makes me sleepy and yet he doesn't want to let me go because he feels that this movie is emotional so he wants me in his arms, it's a lie because this is a romcom, and he wasn't paying attention.

If ever the book was sad, I would have cried long ago, I cry when I see sad things happening to other people, it's like I wasn't taught to be strong by life, I still have vulnerabilities that I hate, how can anyone go through so much and still can attach their feelings to things? I mean even how much I love Ncophelo scares me sometimes.

He's back to softly snoring again, my eyes are closing off on me, but I want to continue watching this movie,

Someone Great is the title.

"Phelo" I nudge him with my elbow, he pretends to sniff, I laugh, gosh he is so hilarious.

"Yindaba mama?" he asks what the problem is, his voice is lowered which makes it deeper than it usually is.

"Lutfo, why are you crying?" I so want to hear his answer.

"Hawu, weren't you watching the movie with me mama? It's so sad, I see you weren't watching" he says, Hhaybo?

"I was watching" I argue.

"Okay then if you were watching tell me what was happening, because clearly I'm the only one invested in this movie" he says. I see what he is trying to do, he wants me to tell him what the movie was about.

"I see what you want to do" I say laughing, he laughs too, he starts tickling me and I laugh, God when last did I laugh like this?

"Wait!!!" I say, my back is literally hurting because of this laughing I am doing.

He stops and breathes on my ear, I close my eyes, I don't know what it is that his breath is doing to me, but it definitely awakens the butterflies that live in my stomach.

He slightly bites the top of my ear, my breath hitches up.

"Ngiyak'thanda yezwan?" I nod my head.

"I love you even more" I mean it, he pushes me up and sits up straight up. Hawu what's up with him?

"Please say that aloud, I didn't hear you well." dramatic much I see. I smile staring into his big round eyes.

"I love you, I wanted to tell you, kepha madvolo ami agcwala manti" (but I get nervous) "I love you, and I wanted to tell you this each time Itou said it" he smiles and intertwines his fingers with mine.

"Thank you, I promise not to break your heart, I've yearned and longed for you to say that" he kisses my hand, and don't I blush? I am willing to see how far we can go. i know I've heard a lot of people talking about

how 'batlao hurda bashimame' but I don't care, I will learn from my mistakes, this is my first dating experience for goodness sake, so I'm giving it my all.

Oh and by the way, I got to google how to kiss a person, so that's why when he links his lips on mine, I smooch his bottom lip, I try by all means to not use my tongue, I don't think I'd survive that!

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It's morning, I've already taken a bath and I'm in my sweatpants, I have to wear warm, I mean I'm going to job hunt and it's still 4:53- sigh I'm so anxious.

Ncophelo just left, he slept here and cuddled me all night long, I'm grateful for him- I forever will be.

Standing here in the factory area- which we call 'emafemini- before the sun even rises makes me anxious, it doesn't help that this place is not safe, there are whoonga boys here, almost every where. It pains my heart that people have gone through the most in their lives that they thought drugs would help them.

Imagine having to take strong pills like ARVs that are mixed with Retex and smoke them, it doesn't make sense that anyone would do that just 'for fun' there has to be deeper reasons behind that, it damages so no one would ever do that for fun.

I have my ID with me, so when the supervisor of Casa-Mia comes out we all hand them to him, it's funny how we trust them with our original IDs, I mean they could take them and give them to other foreigners– that didn't have the pecks of having Spova in their lives like me– and next thing you know you are Mrs Zibu, and finally when your man decides to marry you, you find that bubble-gum-eating home affairs worker– "Hhaybo sister, what are you doing here? Please stop wasting our resources" you wonder what the resources are, but they continue anyways "You know very well that you are married" then boom, your whatever years of being in a relationship ends there, but you are confused as fuck, "Hello brother, leave bo Mrs Zibu, girls like us– more beautiful than her– are available for hunks like you" I laugh at my silly thoughts.

I've been out of it, I come back to the land of living when my name and surname is called, together with laMdluli,

we got the job, we scream and jump around, today I just came, I didn't think that I'd get the job, it's true: God lives.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 21*

#### PRECIOUS ZUNGU

There's a knock on the door, I check the time and it's still 5am, who the fuck could it be? I mean the person just disturbed me from my sleep, I didn't take this self-given day off to relax, but this unknown big-ass-ruining-things-motherfucker decides to wake me up.

They knock again. This time, harder. "Aiii voetsek, ngiyeza" I hope and pray it's not the police, lest I go to jail because I cussed out at them.

I walk slow but it actually feels like Tata Madiba's walk-long walk to freedom.

By the time I get to the door I'm no more sleepy.

"You?" I say, shit, I totally forgot about him, he smiles, God if I didn't remember that I was angry yesterday I would have collapsed because of how his gorgeous smile dies foreign things to me.

"Yeah it's me mahma, or did you expect anyone else?" he says, a smirk still plastered on his face, he raises his brows.

"No, but I expected you last night, I literally waited the whole night" I say, putting my hands on my waist.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't come, I'm here now", like it's supposed to make me better, I give him an eye, he sighs and tells me that he had to stay behind at the hospital because Dr Dlamini couldn't make it, and then he had to attend that doctor's clients, I nod and let him in.

I make him oats after telling him to go to the TV room, when I go back to the kitchen, moguy is fast asleep, yerrr he is so cute when he is asleep, there's nothing scary about him, he just looks like peace.

I get him off his shoes and take a fleece and throw it over him, this guy is HANDSOME. I take the oats and give it to Nkazimulo who just woke up and looked at the tall man that is asleep "Mama, why aren't his eyes fully closed if he asleep" that's what he asked after analysing him.

"Yes baby, angithi he has big eyes, so his eyes can't be fully covered by his sacs" I said, praying that he doesn't ask more questions, he didn't. He is now sitted on the same couch as Simphiwe, I leave them to clean my bedroom. If they need me they will call me, Simphiwe is still asleep, he is tired shame.

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SIMPHIWE KHOZA

There's someone waking him up, he is not an angry person and he doesn't have anger issues, but never wake him from his sleep! Do not mess with his time, he sleeps eight hours every time, and it shouldn't change.

As soon as he realizes that it is a child that woke him up, he forgets that he was angry and smiles at him, the



little boy smiles back.

"Hi, I'm Nkazimulo" he says to him, well mannered, alright!

"Hey, I'm Simphiwe" he responds with a yawn, Nkazimulo shakes his head in disapproval, but he doesn't say anything to call him out.

"Are you my father?" he asks, suddenly serious, Simphiwe is caught off guard.

"No, he is not your father" she comes from nowhere and answers, Nkazimulo doesn't seem happy, so us Simphiwe.

"Then ma, when am I having a father? My friends have their fathers, ngimi ngedwa ongenaye"(... I'm the only exception) he says, she sighs.

"What if I told you that I will be your father?" Simphiwe asks putting Nkazimulo on his lap.

"I'd be really happy, I'll brah about you to my friends" Nkazimulo says.

"Then I'm your father" he says, Precious huffs.

"Will you come to my soccer matches?" he asks.  
Simpfiwe nods.

"If I'm available then yes, I will" he says, this might be wrong but it feels really good.

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"Fact remains Simphiwe, you are not his father and you never will" hhaybo, kanti what did he do wrong.

"I didn't say I was, but come on I love you and your son that you never even fit to tell me about" he says.

"It's not that, it's just everything happened so fast" she says, well she's not wrong. "And I love you too, but I just don't want you to give him hope and then end up leaving" she says, he nods and pulls her to his chest.

"It's okay baby" she smiles and nods against his chest.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 22*

TANDZILE NGWANE

It's yet another dinner date, this time he told me one week before the actual date of the dinner, and I agreed, he said he will be introducing me to his siblings, but his parents will be there— obviously.

I'm not looking forward to it, really. I don't like the fact that his mother will be there, but then I'm not doing this for her, it's for Ncophelo.

It's my second weekend of being employed and I'm off. I'm always tired, I'm not made for that job I tell you, I mean I thought I'd only pack biscuits and those basic stuff, but we are not only packing them, we are packing them fast, we also have to clean up once we are done working, did I tell you that it's six to six? Gosh yes, fr six am to six pm, with only a forty minutes break in-between.

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He fetched me, I was already ready, he kissed my cheek and opened the door as usual and drive off, I'm looking out the window right now, his hand is on my thigh, I feel him, he is not at, and that affects me.

A lot has happened in such a short space of time, but in all this, my goal is not reached– my return to Swatini. My mother is still alive and kicking, it's what gives me sleepless nights.

She can't take my soul and sister away from me and live to tell the tale! Never.

"What are you thinking about?" I snap out of it and look at him, his eyes are focused on nothing but the road, "You are too quiet it's unlike you" he says.

"Death" I say and look back outside, he chuckles and shuts his pie hole.

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We are here, we are already seated, and I won't lie shame Make Khoza looks too Gorgeous.

It's only me, Ncophelo, Baba, Make Khoza and a really gorgeous lady that looks my age if not a year or two older.

She's soft spoken and sweet too.

Today there are no shades from Make Khoza, it's surprising really, I look at her, and catch her staring at Ncophelo. It's amazing, how her eyes gives it away, this woman would die for Ncophelo, she enjoys watching him eat his eggs, it seems like this fascinates him.

"Your father loved eggs too, before your birth" she says, and chuckles, baba grunts, and we all laugh, and it's genuine even the this lady here laughs, I like her.

"I don't know if we would have survived, before you came we had been going through a lot, and you helped us rebuild what we had lost" she says and smiles "I love you Ncophelo" he smiles, he gulps water, yeah that's what you get after eating boiled eggs, thirst.

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I hear voices coming in closer, there was no ring, they use those intercoms and and and, so i think it's

probably someone they know, and they are not moved too, I should stop overthinking.

"Sanibona ekhaya" damn, Ncophelo and Noncophelo, yeses they look so damn alike. It's a woman and a man, they look too educated, especially the lady, yoh. I wonder how one would carry a person in their wombs for nine months and have them look like the sperm donor nje, yohh I'd bite they child I tell you!

We all greet back, and i realize that the girl that introduced herself as Snikiwe did not respond, instead she just looked down blushing, wait is she his wife? But no it can't be, Phelo told me that they all are not married.

There are helpers in this house, but Mrs Khoza is the one that dishes up for us, I don't trust her, but I'm hungry so I can only pray that she doesn't poison my food.

There's a loud sigh, it's coming from the princess of the home, I like her, she's nothing like her mother, but no her sigh is too dramatic right now.

"Ma who is this Farm Julia?" no, she can't say that! She is pointing at Snikiwe, her name is Samkelwe bit she

can't even follow in the meaning of her name and welcome others since they have been welcomed.

"Hhayi Samkelwe don't say that" she can't even say it firm, Mrs Khoza is weak, I just lost my appetite, I can't sit for this, can't they reprimand their children? "She's your brother's wife" I swear I was not gonna leave, I wanted to adjust my dress, which brother is she talking about? I'm curious!

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 23*

...NARRATED...

Simphiwe's ears are probably playing games with him, or maybe it's that he is hearing things, or maybe he has another brother.

"She is you brother's wife" his mother repeats, it confirms that there is nothing wrong with his hearing.

"Which brother mom?" Samkelwe who is as dumbstruck as both her brothers asks, Ncophelo even stopped eating his eggs, what does his mother mean 'wife?'

"Simpfiwe" their mother says, Simpfiwe chuckles, yisimba lombhedo leli- this is nonsense.

"Musuthi Simpfiwe usho Mina?" (When you say Simpfiwe, do you mean me?) Simpfiwe asks, calmly.

"Yes" she responds, their father is quiet.

"Baba, buwazi ngalokhu, did you know about this?" Ncophelo asks his father, his father looks away.

"Baba? And you didn't even hint?" Simpfiwe asks.

"When all this started, it was when you didn't even have a girlfriend son, and when you told me that you had a woman yesterday, it was already late" Their father says. This doesn't make any sense.

"Babah! Even if bhuti didn't have a girlfriend or whatever your lame excuse is, you do not have a right to bring him this excuse of a woman as his wife" Samkelwe responds. Sinikiwe rubs her hands together, these are



typical things that happen, a woman is always blamed, do they even know that she– also was subjected to this?

Khoza looks at his daughter, she feels old now? This is definitely not how anyone in this house speaks to him, he can't be disrespected like this– Princess or not.

"Minake ngizokushaya ngane yam" ( I will beat you up my child) he starts of "I will not have you talk to me like angikuzali, I carried you in my balls since I was an infant, ungalinge ungiwayele kabi mina angiyena umngakho– I'm not your friend" he adds, Samkelwe swallows, she knows her father really well "Now, Ncophelo, to answer your question; yes I knew.

Simphiwe, unfortunately my boy, everything has been done, usekhishiwe kibo– she's no more a part of the Zungus traditionally, she's a Khoza and there's nothing we can do about it" he says, and then he turns to his wife "I will not have you taking decisions la ekhaya like uyindoda Yami, unamasende yini wena? Umusuwa thengile ungitshela I'll kindly take you back home, I'll get myself umfazi" (... like you are the man of the house, do you have balls? If you bought them tell me...) no one answers, he eyes all of them.

"And please stop this thing of being unkind to a child, yin' ndaba? usuncintisana nezingane? Mengahamba uzosala ulalana no Phelo?" (What's wrong? are you competing with children? If ever she leaves, will you sleep with Phelo?) there are gasps, he stands to leave, this is a Khoza household, so he's not allowing a woman to run it.

"If I ever hear anyone saying any bad thing about maNcwane, nizongazi- you will know me" he says and leaves.

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TANDZILE NGWANE

We are all quiet.

We are still shaken by Baba's words, it's like his presence is still here, he shut everyone up. It was about time, I understand him, he was disrespected for far too long. He had to say whatever words he said to them.

I almost wanted to sigh in relief when they said she was bhut' Simphiwe's wife, but then I saw his reaction, yerr it was like he swallows fire, and I could see smoke

coming out of his ears, but I have to honest; when he came for his wife I felt like laughing, because really she's not a great person– especially to me.

"I'll just go and sleep" Sinikiwe says, her voice is breaking, I nod because the people that we are with here seem to be Zombies, it's like they can't speak. She leaves, I feel for her, it's sad really, but there's nothing that can be done to reverse this, and again I'm wondering if bhuti's girlfriend will allow all this.

"This cannot be happening, I'm never taking anyone as my wife except Nkosibusisile" bhuti says randomly.

"Yobe bafo" Ncophelo says, and takes my hand under the table, he squeezes it, I smile at him with my eyes, this night is a disaster.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 24*

## SINIWIWE JALI

It was an awkward moment, really. I had hoped to at least have a conversation with him, my 'husband', not that it would change the way he feels about his girlfriend 'maNcwane' but at least he would get to know me.

I go to bed with a heavy heart, honestly what runs through my head right now is the pain of thinking that I have a home that I cannot go back to. I was literally chased away from home.

There are women out there who are married but still can say to their husbands; 'I can just pack my bags and leave, angi xoshwanga ekhay' but I can't use that line, because home is what I don't have right now– it's useless.

Simphiwe looks really handsome, I would have loved to be his wife, like being his real wife because I already am, whoever he decides to marry right now will be his second wife, the fact that he didn't even take a minute to just spare me his eyes hurt me, but hey his eyes are

made for only one woman and that woman is who baba spoke about 'maNcwane'

This room is big, it is equivalent to the dining room and kitchen at home. It's a beautiful bedroom, this house is beautiful, I love everything about it, it's also a warm home, I applaud Mrs Khoza for that, although I don't like her, that's a story for another day though.

I've never had the luxuries of lying in a king size bed, that has a fluffy comforter, I throw myself on the bed, and the comfort that comes with that is to die for.

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"Hawu makoti vuka, wake up" I don't like being woken up before time, I have a certain schedule, my mother knew that's why she let me sleep, but hey I can't groan because I have to impress.

"Yebo ma" I say getting up, I don't even stretch my arms.

"Usheshe phela sisi, lay'khaya siyazenzela ukudla kwasekseni" (Make it snappy, we make our own breakfast here in this house) she says, I wish I could roll

my eyes, because just by looking at Samke I could tell that she can't even boil water, but I nod my head. I check the time after she had left the room, it's 4:18, I breathe to keep my cool, sigh!

Checking the cupboards I realize that no, there's nothing I will be able to cook here, there are things I don't know, bacon– I've only seen that on TV so nope andizi. With eggs, I know how to do them, it's just that people are really choosy when it comes to those, there are also fish, the problem with them is that I don't know whether they are already cooked or I should cook them myself, there are other things that I don't even know here.

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**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 25*

...NARRATED...

Umkakhe uPrecious, his wife is Precious.

They are crazy, he is not going with a wife he has never agreed to marry, and besides her big body, you can literally see that she is a child.

He saw and analysed her well when she came back to her pots from wherever she was, 'Sawubona bhuti' she greeted respectfully, he smiled and greeted back, and there was no way he would even consider her his wife— she looked young, although she was dressed in pinafores, with doek wrapped around her head, she's young enough to be his adopted child— okay that's an exaggeration.

He just made a fruit salad for himself, he is allergic to peanut butter. Everyone is seated on the table, but he isn't seeing Ncophelo and Tandzile, they must have went to Phelo's house after the disastrous dinner, oh and his mother's wife is not here too.

He takes a seat, all eyes are on him. Food hasn't been served and no one has seen what will be their breakfast, yet he has food? Must be nice having a wife. She appears, she has a pot on her hands, it's too hot for her to holding, but she soldiers on.

She places the pot in between the other dishes on the table, when she opens the lid, Samke groans, mam'Khoza smiles.

"Hawu Phiwe, it's your favourite" she says looking at Phiwo who takes a spoonful of fruits, he chews taking his own time, after swallowing he wipes his mouth with saviette.

"No ma, I'm allergic to peanuts" he says calmly, although he wants a full bowl for himself.

"Ohh really?" he nods his head starring at the pot, their father is just quietly waiting to eat his porridge.

"Yes really? Ma clearly told her to cook this for you but suddenly you are allergic, we could have had a full English breakfast" Samkelisiwe says. Simphiwe sighs heavily.

"Ungangijwayeli Mina, ngizokugxoba" (Don't be forward, I'll beat you up) Simphiwe says and leaves the table, the parents are tired, they could say something but if they do, they will be the ones left in-between when they fix their issue– izelamane.



Sinikiwe leaves the dining room after she dishes up for everyone, this is sure gonna be a hard life, she's really not into this, yes Simphiwe might be everything a woman wants and more but honestly if this is all that he comes with– emotional abuse– then he can kindly go to his Precious.

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\*\*\*Last Night\*\*\*

TANDZILE NGWANE

I thought he'd drive me home, but nope he is driving towards Norwood, yeah that's where he lives, his house is on a hill or something like that.

"Tomorrow I'm working" I inform him, he nods and takes my hand.

"I know, but I want you to be in my arms all night" he says, I smile and nod, honestly I don't mind being in his arms, they are warm and more welcoming than his mother, she's cold as Antarctica.

He takes my hand in his and drives with the other, these small things that he does are what strengthens our relationship.

Arriving at his house, he turns in the air conditioner after turning on the lights, it's kind of too hot, so I too could do with some coolness.

He grabs my waist before I can even take my shirt off me, I inhale his perfume, it's that of an old spice, he links his forehead to mine, his eyes dig into mine, there's something he is looking for. "I want to kiss you" he says breathing heavily, I don't say anything, I just link my mouth with his.

He is smooching the life out of me, I'm trying so hard to put my father's picture at the back of my head as he lays me on the couch and clumps over me, he locks my head over my head, that's what my father mostly did when I tried fighting.

"Ncophelo no, don't rape me!" I scream, I don't know how this escalated this quick, I tried fighting him of with my legs but he wasn't taking it seriously, he quickly got off me when I shoutef those words. I roll my body to

that of a child still in a mother's womb and let my tears fall.

"I'd never rape you" he says and walks out, I need something to make me forget.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 26*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

She's still crying in the living room, I don't know what it is that I did wrong, whatever it is that has made her angry she needs to talk to me about it, and having a therapist for her would be in good use. Okay, I think me rushing her also freaked her out, but I've always seen how angry she was, she lost her cool too fast.

I just spoke to Samkelwe and she told me that I need to run her a hot bath and put in those salt things, but I

don't have that right now, I will just run her a bath.

She's still sobbing when I get back to the dining room, she has her hands in her legs, her knees are up to her chin. I don't say anything, I just carry her to the bathroom, she doesn't fight when I strip her naked and place her on the bath, in that moment I did think about being inside her and having her scream my name, but I had to control myself, she's not ready yet. I bathe her. She's just still, she's not crying, I think I prefer her crying more right now, her silence makes me think a lot.

"He raped me and she kept quiet" she says, I don't have any idea who the male she's referring to is but I know the woman is her mother, I need to be quiet. "He came to my room every night, he told me how tired he was of a vagina that was stretched out, he wanted a tight one, which was mine, honestly I died the very first time he penetrated me, he started doing when I was really young, I let him because honestly what could I have done? If I had spoken up, we wouldn't have anything to eat at night" she says, my heartbeat escalates to a higher rate, I don't know if I'm ready for all this.

She's still in the bath, the water is probably getting cooler, I'm now flatly sitting on the tiled floor, listening to her speak about what happened.

"But he got tired of my vagina because it was stretched out too, he wanted to penetrate my sister too– my younger sister– I couldn't let him, I killed him" I'm biting on my lips, I'm definitely holding this in, my heart can't hold in, I'm hoping the man is still alive, because honestly he'll be the first person I kill. "He was my father, biological father– I know this because I took his saliva and mine and went to the clinic and a dna proved that he was my blood." what the fuck? I might have fuck up of parents, but I know very well that my father would never do that to his own daughter.

"And honestly, I didn't care about that, madvwodza awatali, men don't give birth, nkhingam Ina make wam, ngkhale kwaphela tinyembeti but still she did nothing" (... I cried till I ran out of tears...) it gets worse, she further tells me that on the night that the monster she calls a father tried penetrating her sister, she jumped in him and killed him, I actually am proud of her for that. She tells me that she ran away because her

mother hinted about it, and then after she got here, her mother killed her sister.

Now as I analyse this, I feel like her mother kind of planned all this, she helped her– convincing her to run away, honestly she– herself– told me that she wasn't planning on running away and that it never ran through her mind, but honestly I don't think her sister is dead, it's probably a story to keep her here, but again this might be me reading too much in this.

"I'm sorry baby" I say, trying so much not to be sympathetic, I know right now that's the last thing she needs, so I help her up and wrap her body with a towel, I carry her to my bedroom. I leave her lotioning her body, this story of hers honestly woke my demons up, I thought I had moved on but I hadn't, so I let my tears fall as I clean up the bath tub.

Eyy, I might be romantic and all but I'm not romantic enough to wash her panties, ngiyindoda mina, I'm a man, so I put it aside.

I sit down, this life thing is surely not good to us, I need to call him– ubaba, he is the only person I need right

now, but first I need to help her through this, but how do I help her go through something when I, myself, am broken?

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 27*

MAM'KHOZA– Zanda Vilakazi

It's not being bitter, if you are trying to protect your children and their legacy. If she had known that he was married she wouldn't have done what she did, but what's done is done, there is no turning back.

It looks like everything she's worked for all these years is crumbling, this man seems to have found his balls, he needs to do something about it. He seems to have reconciled– or whatever that shit is– with Ncophelo, which is not good.

Now here's the story about her and Sanele.

They met at a night club, Sanele had done a little for himself, but she saw that there's more that's coming, so she decided to 'spark' their love, honestly if she hadn't done that Sanele wouldn't have stayed because the woman he's ever loved in his life was Ncophelo's mom.

Ncophelo, she chuckles when she thinks of him, too naive to even believe that she loves him, she means who the fuck would love a product of cheating? But honestly she had to be welcoming and pretend to love Ncophelo because Sanele wouldn't have stayed if he realized that she hated Ncophelo.

She stopped using umuthi last year only and it seems that Sanele is loving Ncophelo openly right now– she'll fix it.

she was clever about this whole situation, she made sure that she made Sanele feel bad about all his cheating, and she'd use emotional blackmail to keep him away from his son. She made sure that she gave Ncophelo all the love he deserved knowing very well that she gave little to no fucks.



She's sipping on her coffee right now, she applauds herself for all that she's achieved through Sanele, it's all his hard work.

She comes from a really bad background, that's why she swore to never make her children go through half the shit she was made to go through.

Sanele has businesses– huge businesses– he owns two restaurants that only she knows about, he has a marketing business, and the only thing that makes him walk up with his sleeve up is the fact that he has everything he has legally, there's nothing that he hasn't worked his ass up for.

There's a lot she is hiding, and it better stay wherever it is, or else she might lose all that she's worked hard for, oh and the death of Ncophelo's mother? Well it was caused by her. \*Shrugs\*

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PRECIOUS ZUNGU

"Babah, you are cheating" that's Nkazimulo, they are playing soccer, it's been a wonderful week with

Simphiwe being here, I'm just glad they are blending in together we'll, they just love each other.

Wait did I start talking about his sex drive? Well Simphiwe is nerdy and all, he has schedules that he never messes up, he never shortens or drag his sleeping time, but I can never be sure when it comes to his sex.

When we first had sex, he came too quick, I was frustrated because he laid there with his penis lying flat like a dead snake when I was horny, I straight up told him that he needed to improve, his reasoning was that: "I hadn't been inside a woman for too long, ngixolele mama" I nodded, but honestly I got turned off, I was sure that he was a two-minute-noodle kind of guy, but our second time, yohh he fucked me to sleep, that guy is a beast, he is really good in bed, although I'd like to have him muff him.

"Baby" he says breathing heavily, playing soccer sure took a lot of energy drink him.

"Sthandwa sami" I say, he shakes his head and says he is hungry, I laugh, he sure does behave like a baby, it's

like I've known him for years, but it's only been a few months knowing him, and a few weeks dating him.

"Alright" I say and head inside, they are following me, and Nkazimulo is bragging about how his schoolmates were surprised that he has a doctor as a father, and now almost every girl in his school wants to date him, because apparently him and his father look good.

"They are lying, you both are ugly" I say.

"Unomona wena mama, you are jealous because your father is wrinkled" I gasp and laugh, wow, Simphiwe is finding this funny too.

**\*\*Message\*\***

~Hey Precious, I'm hoping you are good, ngicela ingane yam during the holidays~

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**HOLD HER ON**

*CHAPTER 29*

## NCOPHELO KHOZA

I had never thought that I would– one day– be sitting face to face with my father, I had thought that detaching myself from him would mean that we would never have to sit like this.

We are in his study.

When the architects or whatever they call them designed this study the had me in mind, I'll take a picture and send it to sis Precious, I'll give her a contract of renovating because I've seen her work– she's a beast. uBafo should never fuck up because well if he ever does, sis Precious would never think twice about throwing the biggest brick, or she would crane him– well that's not funny, I'm not a comedian either ways.

He has a glass of Vodka in his hand, he keep shaking the glass, I don't have time for that I gulp mine and put the glass down groaning as the contents burn my chest. I feel like he is nervous, he has a habit of rubbing his hands together and bringing them to his mouth when he is nervous– we all do.

Before speaking I wet my lips with my tongue. "Why didn't you get me a therapist when you knew that she was raping me?" It's a stupid questions really my father had told me that I would need to see a person, but I had too many demons to even start speaking about them to a stranger, so I think it will be him that will be my therapist, although he knows nothing about Psychological health.

"I recommended it though, sometimes I feel like you hate me to the extent of taking everything and blaming it on me" yeah I do that a lot, but it doesn't mean that I hate him, I love this old man of mine, so much that I feel gay sometimes.

"Yeah, but you gave up too fast" he scratches his head, he is frustrated... maybe? I want to pour myself another drink but I know that he would protest, my father is a man of order, just like my oldest brother, yerr, I can never ever love with those men under the same roof again.

Samke and I are the only rare breed in this house.

He intertwines his hands and places them on the table before saying; "I'm sorry, but you know that emotional

wounds heal only when the person himself is ready for the healing" yeah he is making sense.

"Ngiyakuzwa Mkhathini" I say and then sigh "She fucked me up, it's funny how I knew that she raped me but I couldn't allow myself to acknowledge or accept it" I bite my lips and blink back my tears, he is listening, clenching his jaws here and there but he is listening, and that's all I need– him to listen.

"I think I listened and believed that the reason why I'd feel disgusted was the fact that I was asexual, what made it more believable was the fact that I would get hard and ejaculate, so it couldn't be that it was rape, heeee" I clap once like a township gossipier. "I think it registered that she actually was raping me when I started fucking" he clears his throat, shit– I apologise with my eyes.

"I couldn't allow women to get on top of me, hawu Bafo I couldn't, if a woman would insist to ride me, I would mind to chase them out in the late hours of the night." I tell him, he gulps his contents and pours more for both of us. "I think I let her do anything because I had the belief that she was the only person there for me" guilt

covers him, I feel bad so I say, "But I was wrong, you and mom were always there baba, she just manipulated me, and used my confusion against me" I still couldn't wipe that guilt he has, but maybe what I said reached his heart "I love you and mom to death" I try again, thinking it would bring a smile to his face, but instead he sniffs and stands, walking to the window. He needs a moment.

"I love you too son" that what I needed.

"Yeah, but it's the last time you say it, you sound gay" he laughs, and I chuckle. I'll have sessions with him, every Wednesday, while Tandzile gets her sessions with Dr Matthews, yeah I spoke to her and she told me to go ahead and make an appointment for Saturdays.

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I'm heading home now, It's late but I need to take a bath before I see my woman, I need to wash my sorrows away, hey this life can be hectic sometimes. And driving from Sandhurst to this side is a bit of a long drive.

I just got home and hhay marn my door is unlocked, shit and I left my gun inside, yerrr I'm a dead man today.

I take a risk after taking my time to decide whether I get in and risk my life or I go back to my father's house, but first I call my father to come this side or send his men if I don't call after three minutes.

"Weee bafo" ahhh it's this fool kanti, I laugh at my self.

"Ntabezinhle, wase uhefuzela yindaba?" (why are you hyperventilating) I ask, he gulps the water in the bottle that is in his hands. This is my late uncle's son– my father's brother.

"Abafazi bala egoli bayadelela, buka bafo I'm in a taxi, nangu umuntu uyangqhubeka" (Johannesburg women are disrespectful, I'm in a taxi with a woman, and she kept on beckoning me) I'm already dead with laughter, thing about Ntabezinhle is that he uses his hands to tell a story, and the fact that he has knobkerrie in his hand makes this more funnier "Ngiyathula nafo, uyaqhubeka, hayi nami ngadinekak ngamuthi wabu" (I shut my mouth, and she kept on doing it, I got irritated and hit her) I'm no more laughing this is serious offence, that's



what public transport users do to pass on money, and the fact that he hit a woman makes it really hard.

"Bafo, you don't lay a hand on woman, uzoboshwa, you'll be arrested" I say, he nods his big head like it's not something he did.

"I know bafo, yingakho ngimunqumfuze nge Sagila" (that's why I hit her with this knobkerrie) it gets worse, I shake my head in defeat, we can only hope that the woman is alive and she doesn't remember him, I laugh on my way to the bedroom, inkathazo isila, there's a problem in town.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 30*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Senamile\*\*\*

TANDZILE NGWANE

MaZulu ayadzelela, Zulus are disrespectful.

I just got hit by a Zulu man with a knobkerrie, all I ever did was wanting him to pass money over to the driver, nx I'm so angry right now, he didn't hit me hard but the fact that he hit me makes me angry. I hate his level of rudeness, he couldn't even greet back when I greeted. I just got home and remembered that Sihle is not here, she said something about seeing her boyfriend today.

'MaZulu ayadzelela' I say, but my man is a Zulu man, and he is very decent and respectful.

Honestly I'm hurt on his behalf, the fact that he was yearning for me and I couldn't even respond well to his touch because well I'm a fucked up being.

Firstly I didn't think that I'd be able to love a person, and here I am loving a person like there's no tomorrow. Denying that I love him would be dumb, even a blind person would see that I love him.

My problem with this is that although I love him, when he touches me I freak out, it pisses me off really, why Can't I just be able to love him in all angles possible? Sigh.

He recommended therapy and I agreed in taking it because well, I think I need somebody to talk to. Although I said some things to him, there are a lot more things I have running through my mind in a second.

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I've just treated my arm, I need to find that man so that he can touch my arm using his Knobkerrie, ehh some people are dangerous, if a knobkerrie has some muthi or something it is believed that once they hit you using it, you will never heal. Although I think it's mostly superstitious, it's better to be safe than sorry.

Ncophelo should be here anytime from now, I took a bath, and I have my weekend bag, I'm sleeping over at his place tonight and for the rest of the weekend. Ishh tomorrow will be my first session with that psychologist, I'm nervous.

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We've just arrived, he parks the car inside the garage while I head inside, and well guess who I see, the man who changed my perspective of Zulu men for two seconds, it's him in flesh, Honestly I was angry earlier but now I find it all hilarious, but I'm planning to make all this dramatic. I press my lips into a thin line for a thirty seconds if not more to muffle my laugh, after I'm sure that I will not laugh.

"Yemama!!!" I place my hands on my head, sinking; he seems to have startled, Good. "awu nkhosi yam, nali likhehla mfana" (My God, an old boy) I probably seem really crazy right now.

He scans me and clicks his tongue, mxm it's pointless so I stand and go to him. "Hi, what are you doing here?" I'm praying he is a friend of Phelo's cousin that he briefed me about.

"Hi, this is my brother's house" he says, I sigh and sit next to him. He is looking at me appalled.

"What?" I shrug my hands.

"I thought you were here to get me arrested" I laugh, and shake my head no.

"I'm here for my man, Ncophelo" it came out unintended, I guess I'm too free with him. He smiles and looks back to the TV he was watching, awkward!

I'm glad when I see Phelo walking in, I was not planning on telling him about the incident that happened earlier, but his cousin seems to have a bubble gum mouth.

"Bafo, yiyo lengane engiyinqikizile" he says, Phelo looks at me, then at his cousin.

"Baby? Why didn't you tell me?" He asks, I shrug.

"I didn't think it was important" I say, he chuckles and looks at his brother.

"If you ever lay your hands on her back I'll forget that we share blood" he says and sucks his teeth, he walks away.

"But I didn't lay my hands on her, my knobkerrie did" he says, I giggle lowly following the man I love with my life

and soul.

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 31*

SINIKIWE JALI

I feel like I'm in living the nightmare with uMamezala, sigh!

She's a monster that girl I tell you, I noticed a lot of things, like how baba changes in her presence, he just takes orders from her.

Personally I feel like baba is a man of honor and that he is respectful, I feel like what he says goes, but being here pparoved me wrong, he is more of a woman than be is a man.

He takes orders from mamezala, now there's doing things because you love someone genuinely, and there's doing things unknowingly, Baba is her lapdog.

I think she mutilated him, but hey it has nothing to do with me.

"Ndodakazi" that's baba, I just made him tea, he taught me how to make it how he likes it, and I think I've mastered it. We've been in each other's presence for one week and I love how he treats me like his daughter.

"Baba?" He is a total different person when away from his wife, he is Bab' Sanele Khoza, not Mam' Sanele, alright that's a bad joke there.

"I'm taking you to your house today" he says, sigh I've been dreading this day, I hate being called Precious' man's wife, I hate that idea, that's what he said I should call him, Precious' man, I'm not gonna do that, I'd rather call him bhuti.

"Okay baba" I say and more back to the room I was given to lay my head and check what it is that I didn't pack in to my bag, hey I have to be sure, lest mam'Khoza takes my undergarments and does to it whatever she did to baba, yohh!

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The drive from Melville to Sandton is not long, I feel like I blinked from there to here once.

We've been quiet as he drove, I had nothing to say really, I've been thinking of the atmosphere I'll be subjected to, honestly.

I guess Simphiwe just got home because his car is parked on the drive way, or he is yet to leave.

Baba helps me with my bags, I carry the smaller one, we quietly walk into a room that's quiet too. I thought we'd knock, but I guess it's not their tradition to knock.

He is on a couch, his head is laid on that woman's full body, she's a total opposite of me, she looks beautiful, her beauty is not enhanced by make up, although she has it, She had big breasts, i have close to none, I have a chest nje.

forward pointing breasts are what is believed to be proof for your virginity back home, which is a lie, I know Sindi, heyyy that girl knows every style of the deed but her breasts are pointing like umaJali wanting to hit me, sigh!



I have small breasts and I know that they won't keep Simphiwe because men are in love with big breasts.

She's got a fair skin, that's the only qualities I share with her, otherwise she's more beautiful than I am, and she seems to be educated and all.

Seeing him snap and furrow his brows when he sees me makes my heart sink to my feet, baba takes a seat without greeting, I do too.

"maNcwane" it's her that he was talking about.

"Yebo baba" she replies, she has stopped brushing Simphiwe's head, she's looking everywhere except at baba, impressive.

"Yeyy wena sphukuphuku, vuka" (You fool, get up) baba say, Simphiwe does not get the joke.

"I'm not a fool, and what is she doing here?" he asking pointing at me with his head. Precious looks at me, I don't know what to make up of her face but I can tell that she doesn't know who I am.

"She's here for you, awushadile kanti wena?" (aren't you married) yohh and what is it that baba is doing, he is saying all this politely.

"You are married" her two minutes respect just flew out the window, I don't blame her though, I'd be angry too.

"Is this what you are married to?" she sizes me with her hand, hayike I'm done feeling for her.

"Yebo sisi, this" I mimick her and size myself using my hands "Is what he is married to"

"I will not be disrespected by this thing" she says and gets up, drama queen I guess, when she leaves Simphiwe runs after her, I sigh, my heart is heavy.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 32*

SINIKIWE JALI

Honestly I didn't mean to be disrespectful towards her. First of all I wasn't here to ruin whatever it was that they had here, I was here because I was forced to be here, she threw the first insult, and all I did was to respond, I didn't insult her back, but this big eyed man is here fuming like I disrespected his girlfriend.

"Since when? Huh when did we ever get married?" I hate the fact that I have so much to say, yet I can't because if he kicks me out it's the end of me, I've heard a lot about this big city, and honestly I don't want to go through half the shit people went through.

I look to my feet, baba left me to deal with this angry Simphiwe here.

As far as I'm concerned baba loves maNcwane, I didn't think he'd say what he said, I thought he'd come up with a story like I'm a maid or something, honestly it would hurt but a poor person doesn't have a right to have feelings, just like black people don't have a right to lay a hand on white people even if they were pushed too far.

"Answer me, damnit" his voice rises, i startle, I wish I could apologise, but my self respect is all that I have

with me, I don't have money or anything of this world but I do, however, still have my self respect with me, so I don't open my pie hole.

He gulps his whiskey from it's bottle, I've had umqombothi, and that African beer made me so drunk that I said a lot to my mother, I'm hoping this is not worse.

"Ngisacela ukuyolala bhuti?" (may I please go to sleep) I ask, I'm not sleepy, I'll probably be staring at the ceiling and think of all my problems.

"I'm not 'your husband' anymore?" He asks, quoting with his fingers, I'm scared of what he might become when he is drunk because he seems angry and all.

I stand and leave, I don't have the energy and power to say anything right now, he is livid, but I didn't start anything, she did and I'm getting all the heat because she is who he loves.

Anyways, I don't have time for all this, I have so much things I have to worry about, like helping baba out of his misery, if he continues like this he'll end up losing his children, and also I don't like her– umam' Khoza,so if

there's something wrong she is doing, I'd like to expose her, the problem with that is 'how' sigh, I'll figure it out though.

I'm looking up the ceiling just like I predicted that I would earlier, being in a financially disadvantaged home sucks, really, it does.

I'd like to think that I came out morally well, honestly; there are girls back home that slept with multiple older men than they were just because they had nothing to eat, they hustled using the only thing they had, and honestly I don't judge them.

I'm thankful to maJali, honestly, she did whatever she could to make sure I don't use my vagina to survive when I was too young; although I will soon be doing that.

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Sleep seems to have come, but I'm woken up by a drunk person mumbling next to my ear, if I thought I had any

fears early in my life, I was lying because this that I'm feeling is beyond and above every phobia I think.

"Bhuti" I say, my eyes are still closed, I know it's him because if the perfume that can barely be smelled because if the strong stench of alcohol, but I still manage to smell his perfume.

"Shut up" he says "You said you were married to me, so now we need to seal it and prove that we are indeed married" oh God I shouldn't have.

"I'm sorry" Self respect, or whatever I said I had doesn't matter, I can do anything to have him stop whatever he is planning to do, I can even bow to was his feet, whatever it takes, I would do. "Please stop bhuti, I'm sorry" I cry again.

He tears my hideous dress off of me, I bite my lower lip to muffle my sobs, but a scream manages to escape my mouth when I feel a hot excruciating pain on my vagina, this is it, I shouldn't have kept myself a vagina for so long, I thought I was keeping it for a man that will love me, stare at me before penetrating me, yes it would

have hurt, but at least there would have been love, and my consent.

All my life I have dedicated myself to God, where is he now? He is not here to help me, he can't even help me open my mouth and cry for his help, I needed him before, but I need him more now.

This man has his eyes closed as he keeps on hurting me, he is moaning, he is enjoying, while I press my lips into a thin line.

I can't cry, I can't scream, all I can do is close my eyes, and try not to fight his hands that are pinning mine down, my heart is beating fast, nearly out of my chest, everyone that attested to this marriage is a person that I hate right now.

He groans like a bull, before throwing his weight over me, only now I find my voice to cry, but I don't cry I just sniff back my tears.

"You just killed me Simphiwe, you took my soul and squashed it, so why are you giving it back to me? What am I supposed to do with a bruised and tarnished soul, qedelela bhuti, just finish what you have started and

just throw it away" I whisper and push him off him, he didn't use a condom, I see blood running down my legs. I didn't think about what I said, the words just left my mouth.

"I'm sorry" he seems to have sobered up.

"You are sorry?" I say and bite my trembling lip "Go and apologize to God Simphiwe, he'll forgive you, but I won't; I asked you several times to stop, you didn't. You chose to not listen" he might as well kick me out, I don't care; he sits up, leans on the headboard and pulls his legs to his chest, I don't know when he got the time to get clothed, when he buries his face between his knees, I walk to the bathroom, I'm damaged, what use would it be if I decide to bath? I sink on the floor, wishing God could remember me, at least this once.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 33*



## SIMPHIWE KHOZA

Never have I ever in my life thought I would do an animalistic deed like the one I did last night, I will never forget what I did, I will forever regret what I did.

Sleep did not visit me, instead alcohol left my body, and I stayed up until almost midnight.

I woke up in the wee hours of the morning, I found a letter on my pedestal, I still haven't read it, I've been looking for her, she's nowhere to be found, the two bags that she came with are not here.

I swallow back my tears and the lump in my throat when I sit down, immediately after sitting down I receive a call from my brother, how will I ever Begin to tell him that I am a monster. I sniff and clear my throat before answering.

"Bafo" I say, there's a long sigh before someone clears his throat.

"Bafo, kuyabheda, it's bad, uBafo just came home with a crying bloody woman, she's a mess bafo, back is not okay, he talked about never forgiving you" it's Ntaba, I

bite my trembling lip, indoda ayikhali (men don't cry), Ncophelo knows about what I did and he didn't even try to contact me, he is angry.

"I'll come as soon as I can" i manage to say, I hope this one doesn't learn this, because he will surely kill me.

I sniff and think if Nkazimulo, what am I gonna teach him? That he must rape every woman?

Precious, I cheated on her, I did her wrong too wrong, this letter here with me is one I will put on the wardrobe, maybe I'll have the strength to read it later on.

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I'm being beaten up by something, or someone, I open my eyes, I don't know how I fell asleep. I open my eyes and see my father's red eyes, he's crying while hitting me with his sjambok, a gun- something I knew he had but never seen him use is in his hands- I jump off the couch, he knows too.

"Angaz impela, angaz ngenzenjani, I don't know what I do to you, why didn't you bring her back home Simphiwe?" He asks, he is disappointed, I can hear it in his voice, I'm hurt too.

"I didn't mean to do it baba, I was drunk" I say, it's no excuse really.

"Vtsek, there's nothing like that, there's no excuse for what you did. Umangabe ubufuna igqe, you could have simply went and bought it, you rape? Huh Simphiwe usuyinja?" His words are accompanied by beatings, in trying to run but he is fast too fast.

He seems to be running out of breath when he sits down "I killed a woman years ago because she raped your brother," what the fuck? I didn't know anything about this "Your sister-in-law killed her father because he raped her, rapists are killed, so tell me what do I do with you, what would you do if Samke was raped? Tell me what you would do to your brother's rapist?" I swallow nothing and brace myself for death and honesty.

"I'd kill them" I say, tears fill my eyes, when he nods and cocks his gun.

"So is that what you are advising me to do to you?" He asks, I bite my lip and sigh.

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TANDZILE NGWANE

\*\*\*EARLIER\*\*\*

He is angry at me for not telling him about his brother hitting me with his knobkerrie before knowing that he is his brother, it doesn't make sense, I am not that bruised honestly.

As mad as he was, after eating the delicious food that was cooked by bhuti Ntaba he let me lie on his chest as soon as we got to his room.

His phone is ringing, it's bhuti Simphiwe he says, he puts the phone on speaker mode, there's a woman crying on the other end.

"Hello, who's this?" He asks.

"Bhuti, it's me Sinikiwe" a heart piercing cry comes through after she says who she is, I take the phone from him, he is frozen on the spot.

"Sesi, please calm down, ngimi Tandezile, kwentenjan?" (... It's me Tandezile, what's wrong?) I ask, she takes in a breath when I tell her to, and breathes out.

"I don't want to be here, he raped me" she says, I see Ncophelo clenching his jaw, my heart sinks to my feet, I'm praying she is not speaking about bab'waPhelo.

"Who did that?" I ask, blinking my tears back, I know rape, she might be older than me, but it will do the same damage it did to me.

"Simphiwe" she whispers, Ncophelo bibles his face after blowing a huge sigh. I can't imagine bhuti doing that to a woman, I don't want to make excuses for him because he is wrong.

"Shhh, listen, where are you?" I ask, she tells me that she is in Sandton, she is standing by the gate, I check

the time, it just hit midnight, I tell her to wait there and that we are coming.

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Ncophelo keeps on clenching his jaw and grabbing hard on the steering wheel as we go back Home, no one needs to prove that she was raped, we found her lying on the floor, bloody and all, she was sobbing softly just like I did when my father first abused me.

It triggered me, I stood there frozen when I got there, I know I have no business with what Bhuti does, but I don't think I will ever look at him the same, he added to the rapists of this world.

"Ngiyamcolisela" I apologise on his behalf, it's really sad that I have to do this, I feel like my mother right now, she nods her head.

We find bhut' Ntaba watching TV, Ncophelo heads to his room after telling us that he will never forgive Simphiwe, I need to help this one here bathe.

I don't know how many times bhut' Ntaba asked what was wrong, and how many times we have ignored him.

Getting to the bedroom I strip her off the clothes she was wearing.

"And all I said was 'yebo sisi this is what he is married to' I hate both him and Precious, I don't want to begin with their witching mother" what she says doesn't make sense, I'll have to ask her tomorrow.

I continue bathing her in hot water while she sobs, it's really hard that so many of us have to go through the same thing because of, aii I don't know because I'd be making excuses for perpetrators.

Yohh but bhut'Simphiwe disappointed me, I didn't this this low of him really.

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## **CHAPTER 34**

*SIMPHIWE KHOZA*

\*\*\*Letter content\*\*\*

'Bhuti Simphiwe, I still offer you your respect, never look my way when you see me, please continue to move like you didn't see me. Honestly I have some things I'd like you to do for me, that's why I wrote this letter, because I wouldn't have been able to say it to your face because you ngiyakwesaba, who knows what else you might do if I anger you again?

Listen, I'll deal with the rape tale on my own, continue with your life like nothing happened. But I need to tell you this, You made it seem like I woke up and asked my mom and yours to arrange our marriage, well then no, I was not allowed to say anything to oppose my mother.

Honestly, you took away the only thing I had with me, my pride. Do you think I'd stand up to your mother when you yourself, even your father, shrink in her presence? Think about that, I was quiet the whole time until your girlfriend disrespected me, don't be biased about it, we both know I did nothing wrong. You are just a woman that fails to stand for themself, yes I wrote that right, you are a woman.



That's besides the point, you know what you did, and I hope you don't dwell on it. What I'd like for you to do is to go see someone, there are things that you all as a family should be paying attention to, but you don't.

There are curses, maybe whatever is happening right now is one of them, please go see a person, what it's a prophet or something, or go to church it will help you. I know byou are not a monster though, I know you are a good man, and please do not tell Precious about what happened, she'll be angry.'

He feels like crap after reading this letter, she said he should carry on with his life like nothing happened but it's hard, he feels like a monster.

She hopes to never see him again, how is he supposed to apologise?

He is thankful that it's weekend, he needs to see his brother. His father just left, he pulled the trigger, but it was empty, he was sweating, 'just a warning S'hlama' his father said before leaving.

What Sinikiwe wrote here is really something he needs to pay attention to, she's right z there's something

wrong about their home, although he is a westernized doctor, he knows that every home needs to acknowledge their ancestors otherwise kuyobhidlika kungakhiwe.

He picks up his rapist self and walks out his house, getting I to his car, he brings life to the car's engine.

His gate is an electrical cage so he drives off when it opens, he plays soft music to distract him from running his car on any metallic thing.

He hoots when he gets to Phelo's house in Norwood, there's loadshedding here so the gate needs to be open by a person, Ntabezinhle appears and opens for him.

"Waze wangiphoxa boh Bafo, I thought we as there Khozas are not rapists, but I'll support you because you are my blood" these words are the words that welcome him, he swallows them and follows him to the house.

"It's you? Ngicela uphume la kwami, there are women here, you pose as a threat to Tandzile also your victim is here" (please get out of my house)

"Ncophelo no!" Tadzile reprimands firmly. But Ncophelo shakes his head no.

"I know very well how it feels to be raped, I've been raped before Simphiwe..." It's the first time ever he calls his brother by name in his presence, "... You make me uncomfortable, do please leave" he adds.

"I'm sorry" it manages to come as a whisper, he sniffs and tries to speak, but he releases a sharp breath instead, he tries again "Can I speak to her?" They all turn to him with raised brows.

Tadzile sees the regret in his eyes, maybe she's a hypocrite to feel sorry for him.

"She knows we are here, she'll scream for help, you can go" she says to him and tells him which room she is using, he slowly walks there, when he disappears, Ncophelo stands and says "I'll follow him, I for one don't trust him" he thinks he whispered he didn't and Simphiwe heard, again he swallows them and leaves the door open for Ncophelo to see that he is not planning on repeating the same mistake twice.

She's asleep, she has herself balled on the bed, he leans against the wall and wets his lips before talking.

"Hey, I read and understood, I'm sorry" he fails to hold back his tears, he pouts his lips so that he doesn't make a sound.

"I know it's the last thing you want to hear from me, but I'll say it until you see me and think it was a mistake. I'm sorry" this time he fails to stand, he sinks down, Ncophelo gets in and holds him up, he wraps his arms around him, their relationship might never be the same, but he is his brother anyways.

"I'm sorry Phelo, I didn't mean to do it, there's no excuse for what I did, and I will live my life to prove it to her that I'm sorry" he says, he will never forget that he took advantage of a homeless girl.

"I'll leave you with her" he taps his brother's shoulders and leaves the room, there's a chair on the far left of the room, he fetches it and sits down, he sighs, and shakes his head, he can't believe he did that inhumane deed.

He takes her warm, soft hand in his, when she shifts he leaves it, she stirs but does not wake up.

"I'd do anything to reverse what I did, I raped you I'm a rapist, ngiyaxolisa" there's a lot he'd want to say, but as they say words mean nothing without action.

He prays that Precious never finds out about this, he doesn't want to set a bad example to Nkazimulo.

"Do what I told you to do and maybe I'll forgive you" her eyes are still closed, he releases a breath, she heard him, at least she heard him.

"I'll do it I promise I will"

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 35*

#### PRECIOUS ZUNGU

He doesn't want to let go of my hand. I feel so disrespected, he could have at least said something.

"Angaz impela angaz, what do you want me to say for

you to believe that I love you?" He asks. I sigh, I can't believe I'm about to say this.

"I know that you love me" I manage to say this, he links his forehead to mine, I don't know why I'm allowing this, maybe love should hurt. "The real question is that, do you love her" I ask when he retrieves his head from mine, when he drops his head I know what I'm in for, it's those typical love stories– love and hate relationships. "So what I'm gonna be a side chick?"

" No! " He retorts "I love you, you can never be my side chick" he says. I'm thinking back to everything, how I fell in love with him, I'm asking myself if I would have been here had I gotten help earlier that day when I was stranded, or if my car hadn't broken down.

I don't push him away when he starts kissing me, in fact I hold him closer, he is kissing me, but I feel like there is something holding him back, normally he would have had a boner this time. I touch his cheek and push him away.

"Do you feel like you are cheating her?" He quickly shakes his head no, there's something wrong with him, I

saw it when I opened the door for him, it seems like he has the world over his shoulder. "What's wrong?" I ask.

"I miss Nkazimulo" I had issues to deal with, so I took him to my father, honestly a part of me felt like I am rejecting him, but the truth is I have to get him far from me if I have demons to deal with.

"I called him yesterday, he said he misses you" he chuckles, it doesn't reach his eyes; I bring him closer to me, "He loves you, I love you too" I say, his whole body is trembling, and he is holding on to me for dear life. I can never let him go, this is my man, if that girl has papers then I know that I have his heart.

When he lets go, he links his forehead to mine again, his eyes are bloodshot, I'm crying too, I don't know what it is that is making me cry but it hurts seeing him like this.

"I did a terrible thing, but don't worry I'll try to fix it, I'll try to fix us" he says and baby kisses me, he hugs me before saying goodbye.

"Simphiwe" I call him, he looks back "Give me at least a month, I need to make peace with the fact that you have

a wife, I want to know if I will still love you then" he nods.

"Will I still be able to see Nkazimulo?" I nod "I love you, we'll co-parenting me" I giggle with tears falling, I don't think I will ever stop loving him, but the fact that I will be an option to him makes me doubt that love will be enough.

My phone beeps it's a message, \*\*\*Ingane Yami Precious, I wanty child\*\*\* I swear I'll kill Jabulani with my own hands, dies he have a child even?

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TANDZILE NGWANE

Yeah no, Sinikiwe is one strong woman, she woke up today and made breakfast for everyone of us.

'It's my way of showing gratitude, I'll leave today bhuti, thank you" that's what she said when we were questioning her about all that she was doing.



We ate, and honestly I enjoyed the food that she was taught by baba to make, mam'Khoza should have been the one who taught her but hey homes are different. Right after then we cleaned the house, I'm repeating the fact that she is strong, though I think when everything comes back to her she will be fucked up.

We are on our way to Matthews, my therapist, I'm so nervous, I hope all goes well.

I asked for him to buy me snacks, and he went overboard, I'm not complaining though, being spoiled is nice though, and the thing is tomorrow I'm going back to my rented space, so I need to take this opportunity with both hands.

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I don't know much about therapists and how their spaces should be, but I do know that their consultation rooms should be relaxing and open spaced.

Here it's not that, there are too many things in this room, I can't even breathe.

Ncophelo probably spoke to him over the phone because when we got here he told me that he took too many days off at the rank so he needs to rush there, I kissed his lips and let him leave.

He gave me the directions to his office, so I found my way there, I wished that he was there and held my hand through the corridors. I'm anxious and nervous.

"Good morning doctor Matthews" my English has to come to play, I'm always speaking isiZulu and Siswati—when I'm angry— so I don't know if my English will go easy on me.

"Tandzile? Hey." He says, I've been scanning this room since I got here, he's quiet watching me scan it, and like I said it's nothing like I had expected it to be. "Take a seat please" he says, finally.

I thank him before sitting down, I release a sigh, he chuckles. It wasn't intended, and I hope my breath is still fresh. I'm hoping this will be my healing process, but I hoped that Ncophelo would be here to listen and hold me down if I get overboard.

"I'm interested in knowing you" his voice is soothing, some people are called to soothe people, it doesn't mean a thing that they went to school for it, but I feel like most of them are born with the ability to help and soothe people.

"I just need you to ask every question you need to know about me because well 'tell me about yourself' is the worst question ever" I say and release a nervous chuckle, he does too, I'm glad he caught the joke.

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 36*

TANDZILE NGWANE

"I want to know you, the older version of yourself first" he says, I stand and start pacing up and down. He is here to complicate my life than he is here to fix it. I thought that this room was complicated, but I'm finding

it useful right now, there are a lot of things, amidst I find a stress ball, I take it.

"Who am I?" I ask to no in particular. I squeeze the ball and think about how a person introduces themselves. "I'm Tandezile Ngwane, an 18 year old girl. I'm from Swaziland originally, I've been here for a few months." I sit down and continue to tell him that I'm a friend and a girlfriend to my boyfriend, I think I'm finding a direction too.

"You came here to a family member?" I shake my head no, he keeps on jotting down, I don't know if it's my answers that he is jotting, hey I don't know. "So why are you here if you are not here visiting a family member?" I shrug my shoulder.

"I ran away from home" he nods, I'm praying he doesn't ask why I ran away from home yet, it's not really what I want to talk about yet, although if he wants to know I'll have to tell him.

"You probably have dreams you are young, what are you doing, are you at school" he bombards me with so many questions, I chuckle lowly before answering.

"I do, but they change a lot, right now I know that if I have enough money for an NGO, for women that were raped, I'd feel content. I recently found a job at Casa Mia" I say, he nods.

"I'm proud of you for finding a job, so tell me, right now where you are, what is it that you'd do for a person? Like that would put a smile to your face?" Well I need to think hard about this, I hardly think about the next person, it's always me, me, and me.

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My session with Dr Matthews went well, by the time I walk out, I feel very light, the fact that I feel a lot more better, Luke I know who I am without even touching on the serious matters makes me feel strongly about him. Oh Ncophelo is here, I'm glad he is here, but he said he had to go to work.

"Utacoshwa emsebentin wena" (you will get fired at work) I say, he smiles.

"Angeke kubenenkinga Uma ngixoshelwa wena Thululu" (there won't be a problem if the reason is you) I smile too, he hugs me and kisses the top of my head, Ncophelo gives the warmest hugs, I feel safe underneath him.

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She's leaving already? She has her bags in her hands and bhuti Ntaba us walking behind her, seemingly talking sense into her senseless brain, because where the hell does she think she is going?

"Where the hell is she going?" Ncophelo asks, getting off the car, I follow him, I'm taking her with me.

"Hey, you are back" she chuckles, nervously?

"Yes, and uyaphi? You are a Khoza and you are our responsibility, you can't leave" he says, sigh. As Ncophelo is trying to fight her, his phone rings, "ma... I'm good how are you?... Yeah she's here with me..."

Alright" he hands the phone over to her, she walks off, this is my chance to tell this one that I've decided that I'll leave with her, she will live with me until she finds her feet; that's what will put a smile to my face.

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MAM'KHOZA

She's a mother to people that she birthed only, she doesn't like anyone that didn't come off from her vagina. Ncophelo is one of the most hated being, but he comes off as a pawn sometimes.

She just came from her Sangoma, Nkuna, she told him that all her work will go in vein if she doesn't bring a pure being, that has her and her husband's blood.

Now Ncophelo us out if question, it sucks that he is. But she will see what she can do, she needs to get that useless daughter in law of hers.

That's why she wanted a daughter in law of her own, someone she can easily control.

She calls Simphiwe and asks to speak to her, Simphiwe tells her that she's with Ncophelo, okay it's good that she's familiarizing herself with everyone in the family.

She just spoke to Ncophelo and now she's speaking to Sinikiwe. "Sawubona ma" she says

"Hey ngane yam, unjan?" She doesn't really care, she asks because she doesn't have a choice.

"I'm good how are you ma?"

"I'm okay, why aren't you at home?"

"Bhuti Simphiwe doesn't want me home, so I'll live with Tandezile for now..." That little witch, she knew she was trouble, feisty little bitch.

"I'll come see you tomorrow" she says and hangs up, at first she hated her because she brought joy to Ncophelo, now anything that brings happiness to Ncophelo, she is bound Sanele.



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"Sanele!" She screams over her voice, she's fuming, Sanele needs to get that harlot back to Simphiwe.

"What the hell?" Sanele says calmly, his eyes say he is angry.

"Your daughter-in-law has left her husband" she says now sitting down, Sanele stands, hovering her.

"He raped her so if course she'll leave" what the hell is he talking about? How can she be raped by her husband, their bodies belong to each other, she cares less about the rape and cares more about the child that needs to be conceived, so she will have to act bothered.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 37*

## TANDZILE NGWANE

"Thululu, Themba lam" he says I'm his hope, but it's actually vice versa, he is my hope. "Ngiyakuthanda mama uyezwa?" (I love you alright?) I smile, and nod, I'm lying in his chest. I feel his mouth on my earlobe, it's tickling me, so I release a nervous giggle.

We are lying in his bed; we were finally able to convince Sesi Sinikiwe to stay, and that was too much work for one day, so we decided to take a nap, Bhut' Ntaba said he'll cook, that man should be a chef if he isn't one already.

"I love you too, Sitsandvwa Sam." He brings me closer to his body, his body is warm against my, he covers me with his arms after kissing the top of my head again, his love language is touch, I see.

"You need to do your hair" he says this ensuring that he has me pinned, I'm not gonna throw tantrums though, I just laugh.

"You need to help me do that" I say, I feel him nod.

"Yes, I'll give you money" well, I could never turn that down.

"Promise you'll never leave me baby, ngisho kuthiwa ngiyahlanya, even if I go insane, please never leave me; I don't think I'll live without you" he turns me to face him, he intertwines our hands, I know he means it, I remove my hand from his and wrap it around his waist, his blood is warm, too warm.

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SIMPHIWE KHOZA

He was holding his breath when Precious asked if he loved Sinikiwe, honestly he doesn't really know either, what he knows though is that he doesn't see her as a child anymore, yeah that makes him a pervert or something like that, but it's true.

He's done sulking, he needs to do this as soon as possible, tomorrow is his last day off in this month, so

he decides that he is seeing Nkabinde this, words out here say that he is in Johannesburg for this month; and he is known to be there best Nyanga; It was Gamelihle that told him that.

Gamelihle, and the Hlatshwayo brothers are not really his friends, but they've been working together for some time now, the person he has come to know well is Ntozakhona, that Manis a Soldier, he doesn't know, even today how he survived living for a full month with Danone only, damn.

He's just taken a bath, he wears black, not his favorite color, but a color he wears when he doesn't want to be seen or recognized by people in the streets.

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A Sangoma living a luxurious and lavish life, it's really nice to be Nkabinde.

When he gets to the gate, it opens before he presses the intercom, weird. This man has done exceptionally well for himself, after killing the engine, he gets off his car, Wondering if these people know of the crime rate here in Johannesburg, he chuckles lowly.

A man he didn't see appears, he is in black shorts and a brown leopard print t-shirt, he is his father's age if not younger, in his presence Simphiwe get nervous, this man is staring at him, there are no emotions portrayed in his face, he is just staring.

"Follow me" there are no greetings exchanged, just demands and all, but he follows him anyways, he leads him into an empty room, there are high walls, it's painted in brown, this too is weird. "Respect! Get your shoes off your feet" he wasn't warned about this.

"Ngiyaxolisa, I'm sorry" he says.

"Eii eii, is that your anthem, you seem to sing it everyday" shame covers Simphiwe's face.

The man that he has concluded that is Nkabinde finds himself a corner and commands him to sit down in his butt. Nkabinde crosses his arms.

"You are here to consult?" It's like a statement, he is not given a chance to answer. "I was waiting for you, she was brought to your home for a reason, she's here to fix amaohutha ka nyoko" (...your mother's mistakes) this man has no filter, young people avoid using the word "Nyoko" Because it's 'inappropriate' "You didn't want her, the Ancestors forced her down your throat" this is why he was dreading to come here, these people speak in riddles most of the time.

"It's funny how umthakathi kunguyena omlethe kini" (... the witch is the one that brought her) Simphiwe surely came here to complicate his life, there's nothing that this man is saying that makes sense to him. "She's totally ruined her plans. Your mother, nc NC nc\*" he is sucking his teeth, which is a bad omen, there's something wrong that his mother is doing. "She's evil, your father's hair, yoh" he starts burping and shaking his head. "Nawafathela amadlozi esanithanda, kungani?" (You turned your backs in your ancestors, why) these are questions he can't answer.

"Come back tomorrow with Sanele he needs to vomit whatever thing he swallowed otherwise your seeds will

be useless, Ntandoyamangwanya needs me, wait you are a doctor?, I'll need you too come let's go."

Ntandoyamangwanya? That's Lunga's son, what the hell is this man on about?

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 38*

SIMPHIWE KHOZA

"Drive faster, pervert" hhaybo what the hell "You know exactly what I'm talking about, why do you want to be inside her again when you know that you came about in the wrong way?" This man is what, a mind reader?

Honestly, he hates that his mind is still stuck on her hotness,"Yeah no, you are disrespectful baba" he says with a chuckle.

"I'll answer my question for you, that's because ungunmdlwenguli" (you are a rapist) Simphiwe's chest

falls heavily, it's a bitter pill to swallow honestly "It's not you, don't beat yourself up about it, you were made to do that; here's the thing about you and Sinikiwe, you were binded by God, idlozi Lani thanda" (ancestors loved you) yeah no this is an African version of Dr Phil "Now the problem is love is love, you love Nkosibusisile with your all, you didn't want anything to do with Sinikiwe and you aren't being blamed, that's why you had to taste Sinikiwe, hehe" Nkabinde laughs, Simphiwe does find the humour in all this.

"If I thought I've seen it all, then no I was lying, your ancestors work overnight I tell you" yeah that's true "Umawakho Mfanakithi, ncncnc" again the sucking of teeth on the mention of his mother. "Umawakho yinjakazi, she's not a human, I fail to understand why a person can be so hungry for power even money that's not theirs, Your mother bewitched your father, he can't even stand up for himself in her presence, unless umuthi is finished; you need to observe that, uzoze ujike uthi ngiqamba amanga" (... Because you will say I'm lying) Simphiwe grips harder on the steering wheel, and presses on the accelerator. "Don't kill me, I need to help



Ngwanya" he says and chuckles, yeah this man is bullshit.

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They just arrived at Lunganele's home, Simphiwe has calmed down, he feels a lot more better now; now one can be angry or sad in the presence of Nkabinde honestly.

Nkabinde walks in first "Qo" he knocks, there's no response "I hope they haven't gone to a western doctor, otherwise that child of theirs will forever have these episodes, phela you guys ruin our things." He knocks again, yeah no Nkabinde is a special case, from a non-existent breed.

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## SINIKIWE JALI

I'm stuck as always, having to be helped by a child younger than you is really belittling, it makes me feel useless, but I'm grateful more than that; she has humanity.

It's Sunday morning, my mind has been filled with no one else but my perpetrator; I don't know if it's my mind playing games with me, or it's my heart, but I know that I'm thinking of what could have happened if he didn't do what he did. I'm wondering if we could have or not fallen in love. I can't help but think of him as a wonderful man, like he is not a person that inflicted pain in me, and taken every piece of something I was able to brag about standing tall; I know that I would have lost my virginity either way but honestly that's not how I wanted to do it.

I could have made supper yesterday, but our amazing brother did it for us; Ntaba, that man can cook, he is a man that speaks like he comes from deep villages of Kwa-Zulu Natal, but he is not.

Again when he gets into the kitchen he forgets everything about being a Zulu man; he took after his uncle no lies.

I'm feeling tired, I don't know but maybe all this thing of having to wake up in the early hours of morning is coming back to me now, I think I need a day or two of rest.

There's a knock, it goes once and someone opens the door, he peeps with his head, and fully enters when he sees that I'm awake, he has a plate in his hands; he is looking rejuvenated, he looks nothing like the sorry being he was yesterday, he looks handsome in his tight fit navy chinos and a white crispy shirt, it's not fully buttoned up.

"Sawubona" he greets, I'm staring, my tongue seems to be dry, I don't know why. I want to greet back but I'm failing, words are failing me. "I'm sorry, I will go" he is going back to his miserable self, I don't want him to be that.

"No" I don't know if it's relief that I see in his face. "Good morning" I say and give him a small smile.

"I know I didn't cook this, but I thought I should bring it up; I came here to get you" now that's not what I wanted to hear, I'm not going back with him. "Before you say anything, I want to explain please just hear me out" I sigh, he must have seen me unhappy face.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 39*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Senamile\*\*\*

## PRECIOUS ZUNGU

Simphiwe invited me to his house, saying there is something he wants to address later on today.

I'm worried because that might be the end of me and him; I'm anxious and nervous.

Although I asked for a month, I know very well that my feelings for him can never change, I will always feel the same way about him.

In a short space of time, Simphiwe showed me how it is to love and be loved, with him I became selfless. Now I know that many people would say that I'm a narcissist or something, and I would also attest to that, the thing is I've always been an angry person, I couldn't see any people with good intentions. Like in my eyes, everyone has always been there to hurt or milk me off my money.

I am what I am by working hard; some people are given things on a silver platter, and I'm not judging them honestly; all I'm saying is, maybe I was right to behave the way I behaved, I tried to protect what's mine.

I want Nkazimulo to have what I didn't have as a child, what my brother and I did not have.

My brither– a special case– will be released soon, and I can't wait; I just hope that he doesn't do something that will keep him inside.

One thing about me is that my brother is a crazy.

"Mkhulu Mina nginobaba" (I have a father) Nkazimulo brags to his grandfather, I want to smile at his happy eyes, but my father's cold glare and the possibility of

Simphiwe leaving us stop me, my heart aches for Nkazimulo, what would he be without his 'father?' for the few weeks that he has been there he brought happiness to Nkazi's life, I hate what my separation with Simphiwe would do to him.

"My father is an awesome man, and futhi uthandana nomama" (he loves mom) he says, I laugh, in pain, my heart is aching.

"My father was in too of uma bengagqokile, bebathandana" (naked and they were loving each other) that turned sour real quick, what the hell; I'm panicking, my father's cold glare turned icy.

"Nemza ama nyala phanbi kwe ngane?" (You do naughty things in the presence of a child) I giggle, it's unintended, I just remembered that Simphiwe never calls sex sex, he says it's amanyala; but my father sees it like I'm disrespecting him; he stands and gets his belt of his Brentwood that he is wearing, well I'm not having this again– never– my father used to beat me up with this belt of his growing up, so I'm not having this. I stand before he gets to me and run to the nearest bedroom, which is my brother's.

I had forgotten about the fact that he saw us and bursted or bubble, yerr I could have done a little damage control, I could have bought him some sweets to bribe him, but I was too caught up in my bubble of Simphiwe and his little wife.

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...NARRATED...

Simphiwe has tried to convince Sinikiwe to come with him, she tried protesting and putting her foot down, but he won; manipulative son of a gun.

He is driving her home, the only thing he has to do is convince her to be present in their 'meeting' with Precious, but first he has to keep the car doors locked.

"Waze wamuhle, you look beautiful" it might be used to soften her in this case, but it's not a lie, she is beautiful.

"Ngiyabonga" she blushes, everything is happening fast, honestly she feels that she doesn't have a voice most

times, but honestly she doesn't mind; what she'd like though is that Simphiwe doesn't ever try to stand in her way of helping herself.

Tandzile was disappointed when she heard that Sinikiwe is going back home with her husband, but there was nothing she could do, Ncophelo tried stopping her in the fear of the incident that took place repeating itself but where there is bhut'Ntaba there's a way.

Simphiwe locks the car doors, she notices and panics, her hand become sweaty.

"Relax, I'm never hurting you intentionally again." His voice is sweet, soft and kind; but it doesn't take away whatever happened between them. "Listen, Nkosibusisile is coming over tonight" he introduces the new topic.

"So what is the reason for taking me with you" she asks, with an attitude? He can't blame her though, he created this monster.

"I need you to be present with me there." Is he planning on leaving her? Does he want to be supported?



"You want me to be in the same room with the woman you love?" she asks, it's not a sin to be hopeful but it's a sin to hope for someone else's downfall.

Simphiwe releases a sigh, yeah he is already drained.

"Yes" there's no use in lying to her, he loves Nkosibusisile, he probably will never stop, but sometimes sacrifices are made, the problem-question is will she accept it? "But later today, there are still things I need to fix" like getting that bitchy-old-hag-hex out of his father's house.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 40*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Anonymous\*\*\*

...NARRATED...

She had a Spa session today, she had a face beat, and was pampered. She had to forget about giving Samke up.

She came back to her husband watching TV– bored– so she decided to join him and have Martha, their helper, prepare snacks for them.

They ate their snacks and had a session, Sanele has a stamina for days, she can't keep up. She's tried imbiza but it doesn't work, it's hard to keep up with Sanele's sex drive, she'll die of trying.

He just had a release but he is still hard, what do you call that?

She's catching her breath, lying on his chest, his fingers are running through her arms.

Although she has kept him for years, there are things she couldn't make him do, like telling her that he loves her, it might be that he is still stuck on his love, or maybe he just fails to move on; and she couldn't take his hungry sex alter ego.

He keeps on tapping his four fingers on her arm, he keeps on squeezing it, and kissing her forehead.

Forehead kisses, it's love isn't it?

"Ncophelo called and said he is coming over, he'll sleepover" that son of a bitch, she wants to roll her eyes so bad but hey.

She smiles, it looks almost... real? Again the arm brush that wants to send her to sleep.

"Oh really, let me get up and cook for him" she's tired, she want to sleep in peace, and that spoilt brat just had to ruin things.

"No you need to keep me busy, I'm sure Martha has already started with that" he says and moves his hands to her still small waist, she managed to keep a small figure after giving to two children.

She's a beautiful woman honestly, she's a true definition of 'unyathela ngabantwana.'

He climbs over her, their lips are locked, they are still very much naked, he's breathing heavily over her, honestly she's tired, but this man is very energetic, he

can go on for hours. "Ngikhathele Mkhathini" it's time he hears that she's tired.

"It's okay, you don't have to do anything" he says, kissing her neck, she wants to do something, she's as aroused as he is, and she knows very well that she will also reach another orgasm, he doesn't just fuck, he fucks and keeps you happy; he understands very well that sex is not for men only.

She moans in his mouth, his hand slaps the side of her hip. He slowly enters her, she's not as tight as she used to be, but she satisfies him and it's all that matter.

"Bhovungane!" She moans, he is moving at a slow pace, he is already sweating, he's enjoying and devouring every little piece of her.

"Eyy umnandi impela." (you are delicious) he compliments, she's feeling every piece of him, she's near, her orgasm is near. "Hewu madoda" he is groaning in enjoyment until,

"Mthakashana wakwa Vilakazi" they are disturbed by a rapist, a rapist disturbing consensual sex? There's only

one Vilakazi in this house, and it's her, they stop what they are doing and get clothed.

"Vula lomnyango, open this door you witch" he is fiddling with the door handle, isn't he educated enough to know when the door is locked.

"Akukhona kanyoko la, I'll fuck you up" (this is not your mother's house) oopsie, his wife throws him a death stare, he apologizes with his eyes. "I mean, akukhona kwa gog'wakho" (it's not your grandmother's house)

"Sorry bafo, bit I need that witch of your wife" Simphiwe says.

"Who are you calling a witch wena dodi" (rubbish) mam'Khoza asks.

"Ukhona omunye umfazi kababa? Does dad have any other wife?" A clap back from her most quiet and respectful son, she should have given this one up Yazi, now her daughter will die because she couldn't think about letting this one die "I'm calling you a witch, what surprises you? Are you not a witch sisi?" Yohh.

"Ukhuluma kanjan nonyoko?" Sanele roars.

"Baba, I'm sorry but uSinikiwe us dying at home because of your wife please come check her out" yes she's a witch and all, but she is being given a lot of credit right now, Sinikiwe holds no signifance to her as yet, she's not pregnant so why would she kill her?

"Ungangisukeli Mgodoyi, how dare you disrespect your mother" (don't start with me, you dog) mam'Khoza doesn't give a damn about a dying Sinikiwe, all she cares about is her dignity.

Khoza's penis has decided to lie down and they are both fully dressed so they open the door to finding a hyperventilating Simphiwe on the other side of the door.

"Babah please help me out, u don't know what to do." He's literally crying "I'll get you wena mthakashana" he points a finger at his mother.

"Ngizokushaya okwangempelake manje" (I'll beat you up for real now) Sanele reprimands "And what do you mean by saying that your mother is the reason?" mam'Khoza also wants to know.

"Come baba, we'll discuss that later on" he says, breathlessly. Khoza walks behind his son after assuring

his wife that he'll be back.

"I will not have you disrespect your mother like that in my house" Khoza says.

"I'm sorry baba" mission accomplished.

mam'Khoza returns to her bedroom and throws herself on the bed, now it's time for her to relax and mentally prepare herself for the death of her daughter that will be announced tomorrow.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 41*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Anonymous\*\*\*

...NARRATED...

His father is asking numerous questions they are at a stop sign so the car is stopped, sulking about igqe that

he left, he wants to go back home and finish where he left off, he wants to continue fucking his wife.

"Baba when last did you track your life, spiritually?" Simphiwe asks his father as soon as he take the 'wrong turn' but his father doesn't pay attention to that because his attention has been taken by the question Simphiwe just asked, when last did he track himself vele? It's a good question, sadly he doesn't have an answer.

"Aii angсахumbuli" (I don't remember) it's shaming to even admit that truth, this means that he didn't care about his family.

"I'm taking you to someone baba, there are things I heard, I need you to hear them yourself" Simphiwe confesses, his father sighs.

"So Sinikiwe is not sick or anything?" He asks his son calmly, he long noticed that there was nothing wrong with her, he saw his eyes; they were livid more than scared or panicked.

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They just arrived kwa Nkabinde, Nkabinde is seated outside, obviously it's still day so he might be... meditating, maybe?

Nkabinde is a warm man, he never fails to smile at someone, he is easy to be around, he just has his days of not wanting to be pissed.

"Uyang sinda, it's sinda" (your spirit is heavy on me) he says burping all of a sudden.

"You are one of quads that died? Two of them lived until they were 21, one was a stillborn. You were the last to come out of your mother's womb, that's why you are Sanele" this is a new revelation, he didn't know that his father was a quad, he only knows Ntabezinhle's father, which is his father's late older brother.

"Yes" his father nods.

"Both of them lived through your sons, that's why this one will have to– one way or the other– marry Sinikiwe, Thanduxolo is the one on Simphiwe's shoulders and he was very controlling that's why he was specific on

which side he wanted; guide your last born, Vusumuzi just wants a wife that Ncophelo will love, and he seems happy with his choice" Simphiwe looks like he is about to faint, this man just revealed all this like it's not a bomb to reveal. What the hell, he has a ghost on his shoulders.

Nkabinde goes on to tell him how much of a witch his wife is and that he will have to keep him here for the night, just to get rid of all the muthi he digested.

"So you mean to tell me that I've been living with umthakathi half of my life?" Sanele asks.

"Just that" Nkabinde responds and tells him to go inside, they have respect for each other, so Sanele obeys and goes inside.

"Ya wena, pervert" Nkabinde says and laughs at his own statement "if you were not taken already I would have paid Lobola for you shame, my daughter would have found an amazing husband in you, I'm proud of what you've become, I know I don't know you but you should know that I am here for you, to guide you, and your father too is proud of you" he could hug him right now,

he's always yearned for those words, sometimes he felt like he was an unnoticed son, he felt neglected, but he thought no he's too old to focus on that now, but this brings tears in his face, although he is fighting them.

"Don't allow them to trap you, although they live in you, do what you know you love, they will be mad but they will get a hang of it one day. "Your father loves you alright? Know that, I see it, he doesn't have to say it." Simphiwe believes this, he believes Nkabinde's words, he means the man could read that he craved being inside Sinikiwe without it being written down so...

He left, he shook his hands with Nkabinde and left, but now he is scared to watch over his shoulder, what if he sees the ghost that's sitting over him? Okay that too much, but he is scared though.

One job is done, he needs to fix his love life now, it's time to go to those women, Nkosibusisile is probably there now, they are probably biting each other's heads off.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 42*

#### SINIKIWE JALI

Sinikiwe is sitting on the bed in the spare room, it brings untasteful memories; her knees are pulled up to almost her chin. Her face is sad more than anything. She is not happy, but again this is the only room she is allowed to enter as far as she is concerned.

All the events that happened here are coming back to her, it's all coming back and it feels so real, it feels like everything that had happened is playing out in her head, and all the pain she felt is being inflicted on her over again.

She doesn't want to cry though, she's cried enough all she can do now is hardening her heart, she will have to be strong

She groans and gets up from the bed when she hears a hard knock and the doorbell ringing, sighing because she knows it's Precious she opens the door, and indeed

she is met by her doll face, now to be honest this woman is so fucking beautiful, she is flawless, she seems to have dressed to kill, although she is in a pair of ripped jeans and a shirt, a tight fit crop top over her white crispy shirt. Snikiwe feels like combing Precious' untidy weave, although it is style to toughen it up. Her tekkies have a thick and big solar, this is a disaster, Precious looks like she is ready to kill and take over the world in a fashion show, and her, she is just in pinafores, sigh sigh sigh.

"Sawubona sisi" she says, Precious nods her head, and greets back before heading inside.

Tension between them is thick it can be cut by a knife, they keep on stealing cold glances; they don't like each other, it's visible, they however can tolerate each other until the man of the hour arrives.

"Soooo..." Precious starts off, "No matter what he says, you know that he loves me, right?" Oh wow, SINKIWE could roll her eyes right now.

"Yeah." She gives her answer with an attitude laced on it.

"Right. So would you be comfortable with being a second option, because well, you know how men are with the women they love" -Precious.

"Wait up, you know, bengihambile la, I had left and actually he came to fetch me, and he actually told me I was beautiful so sisi what are you saying, if he didn't feel anything for me, I wouldn't be here today" she says calmly.

Precious is not happy with Snikiwe's response, but she decides to keep her mouth shut, because if she says something, it would be personal and it wouldn't be nice. There would be world war 7 by the time Simphiwe comes back, so she doesn't answer her, instead she takes the remote that is next to her and changes the channels.

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There's a car parking outside, they both run to the window to check whether it's Simphiwe or not, they are

tired of waiting, they both want to get over and done with this thing.

It's him, Simphiwe.

He looks tired, and unenergized when he gets off his car, like he is carrying the world in his shoulders.

By the time Simphiwe opens the door the women are sitted on one couch, quietly waiting on him, he sighs and greets, they greet back, Precious and Simphiwe lock eyes. He shifts his eyes and looks at the suddenly not bothered Sinikiwe.

"Did you guys eat something?" He tries to dilute the situation.

"Cha" Sinikiwe asks because it seems like Precious is not interested in any of these small talks Simphiwe is trying to make.

"So... Nkosibusisile you know I love you right?" Precious nods, a lump forming on her throat, senses a break up, these are break up lines. He takes in a huge breath. "I don't ever think there'll be a time where I'll think about leaving you.

"I love you the way you are and I hope you will love me with whatever baggage I come with" Sinikiwe could laugh right now, if he is saying 'baggage' he means what, her? But she won't act hurt, if saying she is baggage unto him is what makes Precious sleep at night, then she'll be a baggage then.

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## **HOLD HER DOWM**

### *CHAPTER 43*

#### NARRATED

"Ngiyakuthanda maNcwane, kodwa ngino nkosikazi, nanoma ke belethwe abazali kodwa aksenani, ngizomthatha" (I love you maNcwane, but I have a wife, even though she was brought to me by my parents, what can I say? I'll regard her as my wife) Sinikiwe is young, and she has kept quiet for far too long; what the hell is this? Is this man trying so much to prove that he loves her, his maNcwane ? Sinikiwe chuckles in disbelief.



"Kanti Cha ke Bafo, you are wrong my brother, you can just say no and take me back to my mother she'll find a new husband for me, it would have been hard for me to go back on my accord, but there's nothing she can do if you don't want me, she'll have to accept me." She almost retorts, but her answer carries a lot of hurt in her voice, she ups herself and almost excuses herself from the TV room "musuhamba uzohamba kahle sisi" (safe travels) she says and then leaves after Precious thanks her.

"This is hard" Simphiwe says and roughly brushes his head, he is frustrated, he wants to go after her but Precious will probably think he doesn't love her anymore.

"Go and talk to her, I'll watch some TV, you will find me here" she is a woman too, she can't sit and watch a woman in pain, she can't find joy in that.

"Thank you" he stands and goes to the spare room, he knows that's where he'll find her, the door is locked so he has to knock.

"Sinikiwe?" He wants to know if she's here, and why she's locked the door. She takes in a huge breath.

"I'm about to take a shower, please leave" she says, biting her lips, she's lying she's crying, he knows she's crying, the heaviness of her voice says she is.

"Can I please come in? I want to talk to you." He begs.

"I don't trust you, you know what happened the last time I trusted you, I'll come down once I'm done with what I'm doing." She's been tolerating Simphiwe hurting her with his words, she doesn't mean what she just said, okay it's true that she doesn't trust him, but she said it to return the favor.

"Ngiyaxolisa, I'm really sorry" he says and walks away, his heart is heavy, he is on the verge of crying, this thing is very unfair to him, everything that's happening and it's sad that he's alone to deal with this.

"What did she say?" She asks him, he shrugs his shoulders and asks if it's okay to see Nkazimulo tomorrow after work, he misses him, she nods her head and stands to close the gap between. "Am I losing you?" She asks intertwining their hands.

"No" he shakes her head no, and releases a heavy sigh. "You are never losing me, I'm just drained, I'm tired, this is too much on me. There's a lot on my plate right now, I have to think about people who don't think about me, it's too much." She nods her head.

"I'm here with you, ngizokuthwala". (I'll support you) she says and cups his face, she licks her lips and brings his face to her, she kisses him briefly; his blood is warming up, he feel it, their love, maybe they will survive this.

"Ngiyabonga, thank you" he says and intertwines their lips again, he is starting to be in the moment when the thoughts of him on top of Sinikiwe while she was crying and screaming for him to stop floods through his mind, he stops kissing her, and kisses her forehead just to pretend that he is okay, he needs someone in his corner, he needs to talk to someone, and the only person that makes it easy for him to talk is Nkabinde.

"I love you themba lam" he says and hugs her tightly. After some time she feels him shake slightly, she expected that, she knows that when he hugs her, he is on the verge of tears, so she brushes his back, trying to calm him down.

"I love you even more, and kuzolunga my love." She says.

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NCOPHELO KHOZA

He is driving Tandezile home, they have their hands intertwined. Their love is natural, there's no force behind them, it's just them Ncophelo and Tandezile.

Sometimes they forget a lot about people's presence in their spaces, like uBafo, that's sitting in the backseat, frustrated a lot because he is seeing all that he wouldn't like to see, he is being exposed to live porn.

"Hhay cut cut bafo, you always have to remind me that I'm single? Why do you hate me this much?" He decides to speak out, oh if only the Show 'speak-out' was still existing, he would have long taken these two there, it's really hard being in their space, they make it too hard to live with them.

"Hawu? What did we do?" Ncophelo asks humoured, he can't get over the sulky Ntabezinhle, Ntabezinhle huffs and shake his head annoyed, clearly.

They are standing outside the car, Ncophelo is leaning against the car, and Tandzile is leaning towards him, he ups her face using his forefinger and brushes their lips against each other. They kiss, like they will never see each other again, Tandzile is relieved because there's no one coming their way, but there is a Ntabezinhle who is pissed off in the car.

"Ngiyakuthanda Thululu wam yezwa" (I love you, alright?" She smiles and nods.

"I love you too Sthandwa Sami" Ncophelo laughs, it's weird hearing her speaking isiZulu, he's so used to her speaking isiSwati that it's weird when she speaks isizulu.

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"Hewu bafo yeah I will never travel with you yaz"  
Ncophelo laughs.

"What's wrong my brother? Get yourself a wife and stop complaining, vele when are you getting married?"  
Ncophelo asks.

"I'm not the type to get married?" He says and stretches his legs, he is still in the backseat.

"Hayisuka, love will strike you, uzoba ngathi uyahlanya" (it will almost seem like you are insane) Ncophelo says.

"Mxm suka"

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They just arrived home, their father's house,  
Ntabezinhle takes in a deep breath, it's been long since he came here, his father took his last breath in this very yard, so he hates being here, but he will have to have courage.

"Mamami" Ncophelo yells over her voice, this is a habit of his.

"Sgcinathumbu Sami, my last born" she appears. "Hawu Ntaba? Kunjani mfana wam" (how are you my boy)

"I'm good mam'ncane, unjani?"

"I'm good my child, you should in the kitchen right now cooking up a storm." She says.

"Hawu ma, I just git here" Ntaba responds with a chuckle.

"Okay, sit down my boy, Nco please help me dish up" she says to Ncophelo, he pouts and complains before following his mother.

"I want you to wash my hands" Ntaba says, Ncophelo gives him a middle finger.

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"My boy, your brother hates me" she introduces a new topic with tributaries already streaming.

"Hawu ma, which brother" the only tears cannot stand are those of a woman, he can't, he hugs his mother, it's a side hug.

"Simpfiwe. He came here today morning and told me how much of a witch I am, he called me all these kinds of dirty names ngane yam, I don't know what I ever did to him" Ncophelo clenches his jaws, what the fuck is wrong with Simphiwe?

"I did everything in my power to make sure that you guys are comfortable, I'm sure nawe you are thinking the same thing, ngaze ngaqalekiswa" (I'm cursed) she says and cries softly.

"No mama, I would never do that to you, I'll talk to uBafo, angalinge nje alhulume umbhedo" (he should never talk nonsense) he says and hugs warmly, sigh! All this act to get him by her side, but at least she has someone in her corner. "Ngiyak'thanda ma" (I love you mom) he says.

"I love you too, Son" she says and rolls her eyes.



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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### CHAPTER 44

SINIWIWE JALI

I've never really cried my eyeballs out, I failed to do that but today I am, I am crying because I'm one of the stats of people that got raped by people they look up to, I'm crying because of getting rejected, it's not only being rejected by Simphiwe that hurts me, it's being rejected by someone that I really loved, my mom.

I kind of spoke to Tandzile and she told me that I would need therapy, I think I'll go for it, because I don't want to go back to the days where I cut myself because I thought death is my only way out of misery.

I would cut my my wrists, and everytime my mother would get help to save me. After discovering that I almost killed myself she would be a great mom for two or one day, and then we went back to square one, which

really frustrated and made me angry, angry because I knew that she could be a better mother than she was, it was just that she didn't want to be my mother.

A soft knock disturbs me from my thoughts and crying, I wipe my tears and hold on to the side of my head when I feel a sudden throb in my head, this is why I hate crying, it comes with consequences, headaches and all.

The knocks keep on getting louder and louder, I stand to open, oh it's the man of the house.

"What? You want me out of your house? I'll be out by tomorrow..." He shuts me up with a kiss, I can't help but respond, now being a virgin does not mean that I can't kiss, I'm holding his chest, his hands tenderly snake on my waist, he gets closer and closer, I wrap my hands around his neck.

"Sorry" he says releasing my lips but still keeping his hands around me, I hate myself for this, this man has made me cry before we even dated, but I melt in his touch. I'm staring at his chest, it's aligned to my eyes, and I can't even look at him.

"Sorry for what exactly, Simphiwe?" I manage to ask, I try to push his chest but his arms are tightly wrapped around me.

"I'm sorry for everything I did to you, I know that– just like me– you did not ask to be in this marriage, I'm sorry for forcefully... You know" he uses his head, I manage to push him now, because I caught him off guard.

"You'll keep on apologising and discovering new ways to hurt me? I get it, I truly do get that it's not me that you love, and nothing can change that, but at least respect me." I say, I understand, I found him with Precious, she is his love, it hurts yes but it's not something that I wish to change, she's a big part of his life.

"I love you too" I didn't know that I could laugh in Greek, that too this evil. This should be what melt my heart but it doesn't, it makes my heart shatter instead.

"No you don't." I say after laughing, I sit down. "You think you do because you are guilty or some sort, but I? I do love you though." I say, I don't know Where I'm getting the guts to say all this.

He's quiet for sometime, he releases a breath "It might not be love, but I sure do feel something for you" he confesses.

"It's guilt Simphiwe, anyone could tell you that after doing something bad to someone you get tripped by guilt." I shrug my shoulders.

"Am I ever gonna hear the end of that" how dare he?

"I will remind you until you never think dirty about another woman, unless of course you take me to Tandezile" I say, it's really not nice being reminded of your sins, but it's also not nice being reminded that you are not loved and that you are forced down someone's throat.

"You don't get this, do you? You are stuck with me, you were chosen by my ancestors for me, there's nothing that the both of us can do." His tone has changed "Do you think I'd wake up one day and want to hurt someone who is way younger than me, you are 14 fucking years younger than me but I don't have a choice, I have to marry you." He says, what the hell is he talking about, it makes sense while it doesn't.

"I'm sorry that you were forced to be with me, but honestly you don't have to." I don't know what I'm saying, I really don't.

"I want to be with you, both of you." He announces, sigh.

"I want you" I release the words without thinking, if I were to say that I don't feel anything for this guys I'd soon be Advocate Jali.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

He's all over my face, I have a hate-love relationship with this clingy side of him.

"Thando, stop" I say and giggle, I don't want him to stop kissing my face, I love him like this. Thando is my boyfriend that no one– not even my sibling– Knows about.

"Angiyona indoda yasesgangeni, nginesbongo." (I'm not a lost man, I have a surname) he hates it when I call him by name.

"Ngcolosi please stop" and then he kisses my lips and wraps his arms around me, I had never thought I would be able to love a person like I love this man here.

He is my father's business associate's child that had happened to have an accident last year, I guess his father told him that I am a machenic, he brought his car to me, and I was taken aback by his green eyes, a pitch black black green eyed man? They took my attention before he took my heart.

"I love you Bambo lwam" just as he says that I feel a pain on my lower abdomen, I groan in pain "yindaba Sthandwa Sami?" He asks, I place my hands on my abdominal area.

He doesn't waste time, he doesn't even want to negotiate with me he tell me that he is taking me to a doctor, it's nothing serious though.

"But baby I'm not really sick, it's just light pains" I say.

"I will take you to the doctor even if you were tripped by a match stick Sthandwa Sami" I don't have shoes on, but he is carrying me to his car, yeah this man is crazy.

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I'm feeling very hot, I'm sweating, Thando's hand is wrapped around mine which makes me feel more heat.

"Please open the windows" I'm not one to get sick, I don't know and I don't even understand what's wrong with me.

"Hold on Sthandwa Sami, we are getting there, soon."  
He says, it's dark outside, I can't keep my eyes open, I don't even know whether I am or not strong enough to hold on for the both of us.

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## NCOPHELO KHOZA

I decided that sleeping here would be good, if anything bad happens to my mother I'll be here. My heart bled yesterday when I saw my first love crying, it was almost as if someone was ripping it apart, my mother is my queen she loved me, she was there for me mostly, and she showed that she cared.

It's morning, it's too late for me to go to work, I know Monday I will be told that I'm fired because I have been slacking a lot, I haven't been doing what all taxi drivers do, last week, the whole week if not more.

"Morning mom" I kiss her cheek but I realize that her eyes are puffy, what's wrong with her now?

"Your sister left us last night?" And why the hell didn't I see her, I didn't even sleep early, Ntaba and I slept really late, we were watching Shaka Zulu.

"Hawu ma, she doesn't live here, why are you crying" I laugh, my mom is really dramatic.

"She left us, she is no more" I laugh.



"Good one ma" I say and drink water, she starts sobbing loudly, what is she crying for.

"Mama, my sister is not dead, stop crying please." I hold her hand, she shakes her head no.

"She's dead, she died last night" she keeps on repeating this bullshit, and I can't take it.

"Uphi ubaba mama, where is dad" I'm trying to ignore all this thing about Samkelwe being dead, it can't be true, dad would be here shouting or something.

"I don't know, but my child is dead Ncophelo, my baby is gone Ncophelo" she cries, I hold her before she can get to the floor, my heart sinks to my feet, my sister is gone, momma is not joking, but I can't cry I have to be strong for my mom since her husband is not around to give her moral support.

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**HOLD HER DOWN**

## CHAPTER 45

SANELE KHOZA

Didn't all witches die in 1960?

Nx! He is clicking his tongue as he watches his daughter stir, he's gotten himself into deep deep shit with that woman! She made him do things he didn't know he was doing; she kept him under her spell basically, but thank God for Simphiwe and Nkabinde it's all gone.

He wouldn't say he regrets being with her because if he wasn't with her he wouldn't have any of his children, but no one said that they should be binded forever.

He called Ian, his driver, to come fetch him, and he told him the amount of money he should come with, Ian and him are best of buddies.

Nkabinde was done with everything yesterday, he made him vomit, so they decided he'd sleep over, just for Nkabinde to confirm everything by morning, but he got a call from Thando– umsunu ka Thando, what the hell was he doing with his daughter at that time of the

night– telling him that his daughter had cramps and that she was thinking of closing her eyes, so Thando was asking that he speaks to her until they arrive at the hospital just so her eyes can be kept open.

He did what he was asked to do with no hesitation, he spoke to his daughter and helped to keep her alive; he was also driving there.

"Khululeka bafo, ingane yakho ngeke l've" (relax, your daughter will not die) now he has learned to trust Nkabinde even if they knew each for just a few hours, but he had to leave to be there for his daughter.

Getting there he found that Bhengu boy crying for his daughter, why the hell would he cry, is he perhaps gay or something, because the only reason why he'd cry is if he is her boyfriend or her friend and it can't be the latter.

He let him stay till today, Thando looks worn out but is not determined to leave, and Sanele is actually too worried about his daughter to chase this one out.

His phone rings, and when he checks the caller, it's Ncophelo, he sighs he can't decline his call because he'll be accused of being absent.

"Hello" he doesn't get to finish his greetings.

"Hello baba, mom is crying she says she heard that Samkelwe died" what? He looks at Thando who said the only person he called was him, and no one else knew about this episode besides his securities and the workers of this hospital.

"Where did she hear that?" Sanele asks the wrong person. "You know what? Just give your mother the phone I want to talk to her." he commands.

"Bhovungane, where were you yesterday?" Instead of crying about her 'dead' child, she cries about him not sleeping at home?

"I was around" he says and almost rolls his eyes "Who told you that Samkelwe is dead?" He asks.

"I heard from her house keeper" she needs to explain to him how the hell she got to know of the death of his alive daughter, Samkelwe long fired her house keeper.

He ends the call, and looks at Thando who has buried his face in his hands, he looks stressed, too stressed for his liking.

"You said you were both at your house when all this happened right?" He asks Thando who nods at his question.

Noe he is convinced that Zanda had something to do with this, and if that is true, kuzoqhuma inhlavu.

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## BAB' NKABINDE

That Khoza boy– Simphiwe– is trouble nje, if he angers his wife they will always get back to him; he needs to understand that his uncle lives in him, so he always has to make sure that his wife is happy otherwise he will never have a nice life with the one that was chosen by his heart.

BAB' Nkabinde is visiting Simphiwe at the hospital but he feels Ntozakhona's spirit, he goes where the his spirit leads him.

He doesn't knock, he just barges in, Ntozakhona doesn't really know him, so he is startled.

"Ya mfana ompofu" (hello white boy) Ntozakhona already hates being called white.

"I'm not white, I'm just light." He says.

"Same difference, so how are you feeling today?"

"I'm better baba" it's really hard to disrespect or to question this man, it really is.

"I'm glad, you've always been the cleaner one, I don't mean it literally, but I mean your spirit has always been clean that's why they take advantage of you, uxolisela abantu ongabazi nje kungukuthi uhlanzekile my boy." (You apologized on behalf of people you don't even know because you are clean) Nkabinde reopens the wounds of Ntozakhona. "Cry, it's okay to cry mfanam." He releases his tears.

"I've had enough baba, if it's not me accepting to do things, no apologise to free ourselves off the curse that was laid upon us– it's not that I'm complaining, I had to do it for the betterment of ourselves, but it was hard– I

lose people, ngone bani, who did I ever sin?" He asks, Nkabinde shrugs.

"It will soon be okay, you are healing too." He says and touches Ntozakhona. "Tell Sibonelo to lead you to your mother's family, all will be alright, trim this beard if yours, you are ugly." Ntozakhona laughs through his tears, this bug man is just light hearted.

"Tell Lunganele it's all over, Ntando will live yezwan?" Ntozakhona nods.

"I will tell him thank you." Nkabinde nods his head and brushes his head, he bids his farewell when he is about to exit the door, Ntozakhona calls him out "Baba, please tell those nurses that I'm still waiting on my strawberry danone on your way out thank you" he says.

Nkabinde laughs and leaves, Ntozakhona is just too clean, that's why his brothers are so protective of him, he's quite a character though.

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"Pervert" the man he came for is burries in paper work.

"You just don't knock baba, do you" Simphiwe complains to a Nkabinde who doesn't seem bothered.

"If there was a woman in here, I would have knocked, nakhona only if you were having sex, don't forget I see everything" weird, Simphiwe shakes his head.

"Why are you shitting your women like this?" Nkabinde asks "I'm literally craving my wife as you see me, but you boy are keeping me here for nonsense." He is not really complaining, but it's true that he misses his wife's warmth.

"Ngiyaxolisa munt' omdala." (I'm sorry old man) It's an apology that is offered by Simphiwe.

"You just need to put yourself together, please."

Nkabinde responds. "You are the oldest son of your father, you are the heir, you will have to show the rest of your brother's the way, even that young boy– Ntabezinhle, that's not his rightful name– will need you to guide him, but if you can't hold yourself together,



what are you gonna tell your brothers?" Simphiwe sighs, trust Nkabinde to tell you all that is wrong in one go.

"So will the fact that the name is not rightfully his affect us?" Simphiwe asks.

"Maybe, maybe not" sigh, sigh, sigh, fucking sigh.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 46*

THANDO BHENGU

As a man, you have to always be strong and shit, but happens if your strength is being taken away from you?

He tries not to cry, but it aches, his heart aches; he had just found her, and God decides to test them?

He is anxious, waiting for doctors to at least say something, maybe tell him that she is alive, that's what he is praying for.

Bab' Khoza– sigh– that man has been here too, since morning. In all honesty, he respects Mr Khoza, he does not fear him, so those little death stare that he offers actually do nothing to him.

They have been sitting quietly, no one exchanging any words, no one saying anything to any one, what would they say actually? They don't really know each other.

Thando is a person that just arrived, he wasn't living in these suburbs, he found out about his father when he had made a name for himself on the streets; he had to rob banks– and anything that was illegal– to survive.

37 years ago a prostitute Lihle had fucked at an event came to tell them about being pregnant, but Lihle straight up denied that he had slept with that Nobuhle, she wanted to abort the baby, but that was risky back then.

She birthed him and decided to leave the kind of job she was doing, she loved and cared for her son, she named him Luneluthando, she'd call him 'Lunele' when he turned 3, she decided to leave him with her sister– Zinhle– and Job hunted, after a month or so she found

a job and worked as a house keeper, somewhere here in the suburbs and made sure that her family never goes to bed without eating especially Thando.

She was the best mother ever, she always talked about Lihle having to be a good man that was caught up in a choosing situation and he chose his wife and children; she made sure that there's no place for hate in Thando's heart.

She died, it was heart attack that killed her, he caused her mother's death; he met with the wrong friend in high school, he started smoking and when his mother heard, her heart couldn't take it.

When he turned 33– that being 4 years ago– he decided to show up at the Bhengus', no one asked who he was, a Bhengu always has almost-exaggerated bow legs, it's their signature; he looks exactly like his father, the gap between his teeth too was it. His father only has girl children, 2 are older than him and there's one after him.

"Sengibuyile ekhaya, I'm back home." He had said and demanded that his father changes his surname,

because he is the 'heir' of the Bhengus, they paid damages for him and then they changed his surname.

"Ms Samkelwe." He was lost in his thoughts, this doctor here brought him back to life, him and Bab'Khoza stand, Sanele glares at him but the glare makes Thando dart his eyes, not what Sanele thought it would do– sit him back down.

"She's awake, you can both go in, but please don't ask questions, she's tired. My patient needs to rest." They nod, Thando follows behind Khoza, he keeps popping his finger, something he does when he is nervous.

She is indeed awake, she is sitting up straight and sobbing softly, Khoza hurries in and hugs his daughter, she cries on his chest, Thando's heart gets heavier and heavier with every sob.

"I lost my baby." She says, a baby? Both the men in the room are shocked.

"You were pregnant?" The question comes from her father, Of course she wasn't gonna wait until she was 40 to have her first born, it was already late as it was.

"I found out 3 weeks ago." She says, Khoza is shocked, ambit Thando? He is staring blankly.

"You knew but you didn't tell me?" His tone is cold as fuck, but it's true that he had to know about his son or daughter.

"I wanted it to be a surprise." Khoza moves his eyes from his daughter to the Bhengu that is standing next to him.

If it wasn't for this sensitive matter, he surely would have earned a punch or something from him.

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...NARRATED...

MaVilakazi hasn't stopped sobbing on his son's chest– Ncophelo.

Both Ntaba and Ncophelo don't know what to do to help her calm down.

It's hard to hear sobs from a woman.

They are also hurt that Samkelwe hasn't died, but it doesn't really hurt the way it should, it's like they don't believe that she is really dead, maybe they are just in denial.

"It will be okay mama, well through this, together." Says Ncophelo, he doesn't know where they will start trying to forget about this, he doesn't think he'll be able to.

His phone rings, again, it's Tandzile, he declines the call, he has been declining it since morning, she should be at work, not ringing him constantly.

When they hear slamming of the door, the boys stand alerted, the sobbing from mam'Khoza stops.

Oh it's their father, their sister and their big brother, with a man they recognize, oh it's Bhengu.

To say mam'Khoza is perplexed would be an understatement, her face looks like she was forced to eat a lemon at once, it's cold and sour.

"You are alive?" She asks, hawu?

"Bufuna ngife yini mama?" (You wanted me to die ma?) This is awkward for Thando, so he kisses her cheek and leaves the Khoza premises.

"Hawu ma, who's your source? You said she was dead." Ncophelo asks and says, mam'Khoza wants to cuss at him, but she has to keep her cool.

"Baby, I heard you died." She says eyeing her child. "You are hundred percent fine." She add, Simphiwe and Khoza see the disappointment in her statement.

"Hey mfazi, I want you to pack everything of yours and leave my house, now!" Khoza says.

"What?! What do you mean?" He tears are back again. Simphiwe tells his mother.

"You are a witch wena, pack your bags and leave." He says.

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**HOLD HER DOWN**

## CHAPTER 47

### NCOPHELO KHOZA

"Bullshit." He says to everyone, it's only him and Ntaba that don't understand him. "No matter what, I think we can still sit down and fix this." He adds, his father chuckles.

"This witch must leave my house, how dare she bewitch me, she killed my daughter's child and now Samkelwe's womb is fucking ruined because of her, because I failed you all." Ncophelo looks at his mom who is suddenly quiet.

"Ma, back me up here..." he starts, Zandi interjects.

"Awuthule wena, bgisacabanga la." (You shut up, I'm still thinking) she's annoyed mostly by Ncophelo instead of her plans not going accordingly.

"Uyabona? Do you see that she doesn't love you? Fokof MaVilakazi emzin wam. Leave my house, you are lucky I'm not killing you." Khoza says, calmly.



Simphiwe is nowhere to be seen as they exchange harsh words, Ntaba and Samkelwe are quietly watching.

"Whatever you did will come back to you mfaz ndini, phuma emzin kababa." (... Woman, Get out of my father's house) Simphiwe appears with a small bag.

"Where are my clothes?" She asks Simphiwe, perplexed.

"You have never woken up a single day of your life to work for money, so whatever is baba's will remain to him, whatever is yours will be yours, and that is nothing." He announces.

"Are you my son? I'm not a witch." Her tears again come to play, Simphiwe clicks his tongue, Ncophelo's heart is with his mother; she can't watch her suffer like this, even if she is what they claim her to be.

"Avunenhlizwembi, you are so cold hearted Simphiwe." Ncophelo says, taking the bag from him. "Ma will stay with me until you come back to your senses." He announces and attempts to leave the room.

"Usazokuloya unye." (She'll bewitch you until you shit on yourself) Khoza says and shakes his head.

"Ma, asambe, let's go." She continues to cry and follows Ncophelo, wait isn't Ntaba coming with. "Hawu back? Aren't you coming?" He asks Ntaba, who shakes his head vigorously as a response.

"Cha." Ncophelo nods, he doesn't care really. If they think she'll suffer while he is alive then they are wrong, this woman was there for him he can't just turn his back on her just because she is being accused of witchcraft.

"Thank you ndodana yam." (... My son) she says to him, Ncophelo nods, this one doesn't know her; it's still about to go down.

And what did they say about a child dying instead of Samkelwe? Huh it's still about to go down:  
kusazonyiwa.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

Her father and brother briefed her, they told her almost everything about her mother's witchcraft, she believed it, she noticed that her father was submissive to her mother, which is really not normal for an African man.

She is locked in her room, sobbing; this breaks her heart. Why does it have to be her mother that killed her child.

Her phone rings, she checks the caller ID and it's Thando. "Baby?" She responds.

"Hey, Sthandwa Sami, how are you?" He asks with his ever so deep voice.

"Kub'hlungu baby, it truly hurts." She says with a lump forming in her throat, again. He sighs.

"It really hurts, I want to be there for you Sthandwa Sami, but there are barriers, I want to hold you, let you cry in my embrace, but talking through the phone is all I can do right now." He says and sighs, a single tear escaping his eyes

"Maybe you need to move on Lunele, I can't give you kids." She says, her hands are trembling.

"And the doctors said they are not sure." He says  
"Please don't leave me, I'll do anything to have you not  
leave me, we've come so far Sthandwa Sami, I want to  
marry you." He says, it's the first time he mentions  
wanting to get married.

"Maybe if you had married me, none of this would have  
happened." She says and realizes later how insensitive  
what she said is.

"So you are blaming me?" His voice is kept low. She  
sighs.

"Cha, can we talk tomorrow? I need to rest." She hangs  
up before he could respond, she lies flatly on her  
stomach, her face pressed on her pillow, she sobs, the  
sounds of her sons are muffled.

Her mother took away what she loved, even though her  
child wasn't intact yet but she felt the connection, she  
felt her child.

She wondered at night if it would be a girl or a boy, if  
just like them her child would take its father's looks, or  
it would look like them.

She should have also died, honestly she feels dead, her spirit and soul are dead.

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"Sammy" it's her father, Knocking on the door. She doesn't say anything, she pretends be asleep which is a hard thing to do.

"We need to talk, we need to do a cleansing." He says, she lets her tears fall, it's too soon to let go of it, it's too damn soon. How will it feel? That they let go of it after a day of its passing?

"Please ntombiyami let us in, we want to be there for you, this affects us too." It doesn't, it might but it wouldn't hurt as much as this hurts her.

She is trying to suppress the pain but it's all a try for nothing, she feels like she failed her child, it was her that was supposed to die but instead a child that knew nothing, an innocent soul died in her place.

"Keep in mind that we love you and we'll get through this together." She thought he had left, she sighs and wakes up to open the door for him, after opening the door she falls in her father's warm arms.

"Everything will be alright, ngiyamfunga uma owashona ngisamfuna." (I swear on my mother who died when I still needed her.) She nods her head, even though she knows that nothing will ever take away the pain of losing her child.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 48*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

"Awusho ma, why do you do what you are doing?" He asks his mother who gives him a confused look "I mean ubuthakathi, why did you do it." He asks.

"Oh so nawe you are accusing me of witchcraft?" She plays an innocent act, Ncophelo sighs.

"Ma, I know you, I saw you. You did it, I saw it in your eyes." Fuck this child.

"I was desperate for your father's love, that's how it started, I was obsessed with him." She tells half the truth, there's no point of lying.

"Okay, you are not willing to talk to me, I would have helped you, but ke..." He shrugs his shoulders. "Mina ma, I am not taking your side or something, but I love you and because you are my mother I'd do anything for you, ngiyokusiza ngisho ngibulawa nguwe." (... I'll help you even if you backstab me.)

"Whether it's true or not, whether what Simphiwe was saying is true or not, that your love for me was fake, I'll always be by your side because I felt loved with you." He says.

"There are not enough rooms in my house, it's only two bedrooms, I'll rent a penthouse for you and take care if you, I'll visit you whenever I can." She can't believe this,

there's a possibility that Ncophelo knows everything but he is still helping her out, sigh.

"Thank you." She says and releases a breath. "I hope one day we'll talk, really talk." She says.

"I hope so too, ma."

The rest of the drive is filled with silence, Ncophelo's head filled many questions, he needs to drive back home, but his mind runs back to him declining Tadzile's calls.

"Fuck." He cusses under his breath, he's only relieved when he sees that his mother didn't hear him cuss.

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For now he got her a flat to crash in until he finds a perfect penthouse for her.

He called his brother– Simphiwe– and asked him where he got all this information, he told him it was a



Nkabinde, and he is heading now, Simphiwe sent him his location.

This man lives not too far from him, they are both in Norwood, so he doesn't have to worry about Diesel.

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"They didn't tell me you were coming." Nkabinde says, he just got here, there are no guards here, the gate is that if the 'nowadays technology'.

Nkabinde appeared in shorts, and a big tshirt, he didn't believe it was him, which old man clothes himself like this? Oh his father.

"We're they supposed to tell you?" Ncophelo asks, Nkabinde ignores him.

"All that they said to you is true, umawakho should be the queen of the dark world." Nkabinde says and cracks up, Ncophelo raises his brow, but Nkabinde doesn't pay

attention to him, he continues laughing like there's a joke, he is humored.

"You think she loved you? Ncncnc uyislima boy, you are fool."

"I don't know baba, but what I know is that I love her and if her love was fake it's fine, it's the only love I know anyway." Nkabinde nods.

"Help her if you want to, but never I mean Ever eat food prepared by her, otherwise you'll meet your ancestors. Your biological mother was killed by her." Ncophelo nods, he wouldn't touch her food, and he cares less about his biological mother.

"Tell your girlfriend that no one died." Ncophelo raises his brow, when did they move to Tandzile? "Or maybe she did? Hhay suka I'm tired of this shit." Nkabinde gets up and leaves Ncophelo who can't close his mouth, what the hell is up with this man.

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He is back at his father's house.

No one is talking to him, well except Sammy and Ntaba, the two old men are being babies right now, really.

"I'm sorry sisi for your loss." He says to Sammy, Sammy nods, she's watching TV, or rather TV is watching them.

"So are you really gonna help her after all she's done?" Ncophelo nods.

"She's human after all..."

"Don't you dare say that she also is allowed to make mistakes, killing my baby was not a mistake." Sammy makes it clear that she doesn't want to hear any excuses for that woman, to her Zanda Vilakazi is dead.

"Alright sis." She continues to lie in his chest, he'll contact Tandezile tomorrow.

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## TANDZILE NGWANE

"Tandzile look out!" It's laMdluli shouting, I also don't know what I was doing crossing the road without checking whether there's a car coming my way or not. "What's eating you up?" She asks.

"Ncophelo, he is not answering my calls." I tell her shrugging, we are knocking, which means it's already past 6, it's been probably 10 if not more hours since I called him and he hung up, I'm even starting to think that he is cheating or something, what could be his reason?

"He is probably busy." She'll always take Phelo's side, no matter what and I've made peace with the fact that I have a two faced friend.

"It's been more than 10 hour friend." I tell her rolling my eyes.

"Yes but still..." There we go, she's gonna tell me an essay about how busy men are, like we women aren't busy at all.

"I don't want to hear it friend, if he doesn't call today, tomorrow I'll be single, I'll delete his numbers; nx." I say, it's true if he doesn't call me tonight he'll continue to date alone.

"Kani when are we getting home?" I ask.

"Soon." She says, how are gonna get there soon if we are walking like snails?

"I want to buy Mangos." Yohh I'm tired for that.

"Utangfola endlini." I tell her, she laughs and shakes her head.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 49*

\*\*\*TWO WEEKS LATER\*\*\*

NARRATED

Ncophelo found a penthouse for his mother, she seems content where she is so, if she's happy then he can carry on well with his life.

Tandzile sent him a message telling how much she hates him, he understands really, and he tried to reach out but she wasn't interested, so he decided to give her space, but he knows her every move.

He got a call from his boss and he was told that he is fired, sigh. He was tired vele so he doesn't care, he needs to buy the taxis that he was planning on buying, but first he needs to have an association give him routes, that will be too much work.

"Ay bafo, I'm heading somewhere I'll be back soon."  
Ntaba informs Ncophelo.

"Usuqonyiwe?" (Are you dating) Ncophelo asks because Ntaba is always out these days.

"Cha, but there's something that caught my eye." He says and leaves Ncophelo laughing like a hyena, what's tickling him?

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He's been super careful with his mother, he doesn't want any mistakes, he doesn't want to die before leaving a legacy.

He owes that woman a lot though, that's why his heart doesn't have any complains when he does things for her.

A son that has been loved unconditionally by their parents fails to let them be hurt, or hurt themselves.

He needs to revisit Tandezile, they can't be exes so soon, no uyala.

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SIMPHIWE KHOZA

He spends his nights kwa Precious, but during the day he is home, they are fine, him and the women in his life are fine, but there's distance between him and Sinikiwe, and it's understandable.

"I made breakfast for you." She's in a happy mood, Precious. She is busy with something that's cooking in the pot, and Nkazimulo is sitting on a high chair watching his mom.

"Oh, thank you Sthandwa Sam but I can't stay, I have a date." Sigh, if it's not Sinikiwe then it's Nkazimulo, and this time it's Nkazimulo.

"Kanti mina ngonani kuban." (I wonder who I sinned.) She sulks, Simphiwe just chuckles, this one is always pouting.

He kisses her lips and calls out Nkazimulo. "Baby, we are outing with uSinikiwe, I told you right." This stirs all the anger in Precious.

"You told me that you were outing, you didn't tell me that you were going out with that little bitch of yours with my son." This is annoying.



"She's not a bitch, and well Nkazi is my son too, he needs to know about Sinikiwe." He says, Precious shakes her head no.

"This is not right, if you want to be with your wife then fine, don't drag my sin along." Nkazimulo ups himself and leaves the kitchen.

"What the hell are you on about Nkosibusisile? I'm not about to be disrespected by you, what the fuck is wrong with you?"

"What the fuck is wrong with me? What's wrong with me is that I have to accept that my boyfriend was married to a girl without his consent and now I have to watch him fall in love with the girl, I'm not gonna watch my son so that too, kunganyiwa, I'm never doing that." She throws her hands up in annoyance and leaves the room, Simphiwe shakes his head, aiii this is what he hates, angry women.

He sits down and sends a text to Sinikiwe telling her that they aren't going out, and he'll sleep there tonight.

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"Mfanakithi I'm leaving, I'll see you tomorrow morning yezwan?" Simphiwe says to Nkkazi, Nkazi nods even though his heart is heavy, he heard that his baba has a wife, his mother has been screaming about that, and the thing about them being distant makes him anxious, he thinks that they part ways.

"Wena no mah anisathandani?" (Are you and ma not dating?) He asks, Simphiwe is caught off guard by this we question.

"Hayibo bafo, no that will never happen, where is your question coming from?" He asks.

"You and ma are always fighting." He sighs, this has never been a good thing, fighting in the presence of children, even though his mother is a hex, he has never heard them fighting, they both respected them.

"I'm sorry son, it's just that your mom is loud when she's happy, we are not fighting and we'll never fight, I promise to tell her to stop." He says.

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## PRECIOUS ZUNGU

Honestly, Simphiwe is pushing me, this all is not only about Sinikiwe honestly, it's about me losing him.

Two things:

I would never feel some type of way about Sinikiwe if our paths crossed or something without her being Simphiwe's wife.

I'm stressed about Jabulani calling me with different numbers, I blocked every number he has attempted to call me with.

I'm just worried about him making Simphiwe uncomfortable, I need to tell him about this, but I keep on stalling.

"Hey can we talk?" He didn't knock, I nod. "Nkazimulo asked if we are breaking up, are we?" Straight to the

point.

"No, why would we?"

"We are always fighting, and the problem is that we do that when Nkazimulo is present, it's not good for the child." He says, I hate to admit but I know that he is right.

"Ngiyaxolisa, I don't mean to make excuses but I can't imagine losing you, it makes me go nuts." I confess, he nods.

"No one is losing me, I love you Precious, there's no one who is more important to me than the other, ngiyakuthanda, and I want to marry you." I nod. "So that's a yes?" Wait he is searching for what in his pocket, oh it's a ring, God no, his sister just lost her child and now this?

"What's this?" I ask, it's perfect, there's a completely colorless rock, it's what makes my head move up and down, he didn't ask if I will marry him or not but already I'm nodding my head, he smiles and inserts it, tears fall from my eyes, what a good way to end my day.

I peck his lips, I will sleep with a smile plastered on my face, ngiyolala ngidusile. "I love you, no go." I tell him, he chuckles, he can go to his wife I'll nurse my heart with this big stone on my finger, God I'm so over the moon.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 50*

#### NCOPHELO KHOZA

Everything is going according to his plans, everyone is convinced that he is on their mother's side, no one will ever think that it was him.

Now he would forgive and forget about all the shit she's done, but hearing the reason for her killing Sammy's child threw him off, he heard one week ago, also she hasn't stopped doing everything she's doing.

A bullet would be an easy way out, he is sneaking into her bedroom.

"Nomazulu." He says, he is giving her that name, it's her initiation name.

"Awukhathali ne, what are my footprints doing with you?" He asks, calmly. "you are unappreciative, uzonya la kimi, awungzali." (I'll fuck you up, you didn't give birth to me.) It hurts that he had to even cuss at this woman he loves, it hasn't changed he loves her, but she has to go, she's ruining things. When Nkabinde called to tell him that his footprints are with his mother he decided to go ahead with the plan he was planning to drag, he got infuriated, what an ungrateful woman she is.

"Footprints? I... I'm... I don't know what you are talking about." He laughs, it's a fake laugh.

"I'm joking marhn ma, I bought you food." How can he joke about something that's true, she took his footprints, but she also fakes a smile and follows behind him.

"Nakhu." He gives her, it's her favorite, food from Ocean Basket will always be her favorite. They sit opposite each other, she is the only one eating, she is enjoying the food. Ncophelo is watching her with a smile as she

eats her food, it's good that she doesn't have a phone or any form of contact with anyone close to her. His fingers are impatiently tapping on the table.

She coughs, Good!

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TANDZILE NGWANE

I miss him, I miss his hugs but I won't call him, he'll call me if he wants to be me. I don't want to be embarrassed, showing up there and find out that he has moved on, now that would be the worst thing to ever happen to a girl shame.

The last time I met with Matthews he said something about him suspecting that my mother helped me escape the trial of her husband, but he said I should forget about it as soon as I told him that she killed my sister.

Aii aii aii let me get that woman out of my mind.

Oh, a bank notification? It's money, someone sent me R5000, it's Ncophelo, his message follows next.

\*I'll come tonight Sthandwa, there are things I'm still fixing, you can never break up with me, you are mine and I'm yours, if there's something wrong, we talk about it, Go spoil yourself, take your friend with."

Kuyabhedza lokhu, he is mad, who spoils themselves with R5000? Nope I'm not, we are going for a Kasi meal instead.

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I informed her that he said we should spoil ourselves with five thousand rands, I also told her that we can't waste money like that.

The first she did was to snatch my phone from me and sent a thank you message to him, I hadn't forgotten, he said he'd come so I thought I could thank him the way girls thank their boyfriends.



She then forced me to take her to Clear Water mall, when I told her no she threatened to tell Ncophelo, and I had no choice but to go there with her.

We just bought food, this wasn't enough for clothes so we just ate junk and window shopped, I bought him a R500 worth watch at Trueworths, I know it's his money, but it's the thought that counts, isn't it?

All that matters is that I enjoy myself, I needed this, it took my mind off things.

By the time we get home it's already dark, it's 7pm, his car is not parked outside, I'm hoping and praying that he didn't stand me up, Lord help him or else I'll boil his...

Aiii.

"Thank you for the treat mngani." She says and goes to her room, I head to mine.

I look around and sigh, I lock the door and head straight to bed, I strip off my clothes and get inside my sheets, if Ncophelo is coming then he'll ring me, I'm tired I want to sleep, I'll have an early morning tomorrow.

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## SINIKIWE JALI

He promised to come with Nkazimulo, but he didn't, something about Nkazi's grandfather wanting him, I understood.

He came here at 5pm, he said he'd spend the night, honestly I don't care.

My eyes are glued on the screen, but my mind? I'm miles away.

I think of my mother, if she's eaten or not, I hate myself for thinking about her, because even after what she had done to me I still consider her.

When this one is not here, I scream my lungs out, I cry but it does not help, it's like, to me, crying makes things worse, like it brings more problems to me.

"Sinikiwe, ukhalelan, why are you crying?" I don't realize, it's only now that I'm feeling that my face is wet.

"I want to go away, it's not nice being here Phiwe." this is not about the incident that happened, I'd like to think that I'm over it, or rather I've pushed it to the back of my head.

"You want to leave?" Why does his voice carry do much pain, I nod my head.

"I want to be away from you, honestly I'm not happy." I confess.

"I'm sorry, but you can't leave me, Sinikiwe I love you." Why doesn't he get that it's all guilt?

"But I don't." I lie, he shakes his head.

"Please look and tell me that you don't love me." He begs, I suck in a breath.

"I don't love you, Simphiwe." Immediately after saying that I feel sick, I quickly stand and run to the bathroom.

He gets in the bathroom, he followed me.

He brushes my back as I release everything that's inside me, tears and the food that I digested.

I stand and wash my face once I'm done, I take my toothbrush, apply tooth paste on it and brush my teeth.

He is still standing behind me watching me.

"Please don't leave." I ignore him, I'm not okay, I never was, I have always had things to carry over my shoulders. "Sinikiwe, I mean it, I love you. Ngenze njani? How do I prove that I love you?" He asks.

"Let me go, you don't need me and my burdens.", I probably sound petty Right now.

"I broke you, I promise I will do anything– but let you leave me– to try and put them together, ngiyak'thanda maJali."

"Nibezwe kodwa ningalaleli" those are king Misizulu's words and I'm gonna use them. I will hear him but I won't listen to him, I want to leave, I'm so drained I can't take more, there's just a minimum load one could carry over their shoulders, and it's enough, I deserve some peace too, I deserve to breathe.

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## **HOLD HER DOWN**

### *CHAPTER 51*

ZANDA VILAKAZI-KHOZA

Ncophelo made sure that she doesn't die, she almost did though.

She was nauseous almost the whole day, she kept on sweating, she felt hungry but had no appetite.

When that done of a bitch saw that she could not take it anymore, he called in a doctor, the doctor did whatever she did, when she was unconscious; she just woke up and discovered that she can't even move her tongue.

Her hands are stiff against the bed, she can't move her tongue, the only thing she is able to do is to listen, circulate her eyes and make sounds. Tears are falling from her eyes. There's an evil person, and there's an evil Phelo.

Had she known that he was this evil, she would have even tried to mess with him, she wouldn't have tried to warm up to him. She wants to tell everybody that Phelo is the one that poisoned her, all she has ever done to this child was to be a perfect mother to him, but he turns and does this?

"Maybe if you had tried to be a good person, but still after taking umshana away from us unknowingly, you tried to use him to get back home and continue with your evil ways? Aii Cha." Ncophelo says and tells her that he needs to leave. Her heart is burning, she wants to tell him to fuck off but she can't because of this 'paralysis' that she heard that little doctor tell him about.

"Ayike mama, I'll come see you tomorrow with the rest of the family, if they'll be interested to see, don't forget to shed these crocodile tears ksasa." He says and leaves her with the male doctor here, alone. She wants to scream but...

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## NCOPHELO KHOZA

She's angry, she's not looking at him in the eyes, she keeps on giving him one word answers. "Sthandwa Sami?" He says, sitting up, when he got here she was already in bed. She's sulking, he releases a breath, "My love?" He repeats, again she strikes him with a bomb. "My Thululu."

"What?" She says, okay it's working.

"Vuka uhlale phela Thuli, indoda yakho ifuna uku'luma indlebe." (Sit up, your man wants to talk to you.) He says, softly.

"NkHINGA yakho ngleyo, wena ufuna kutsi sikhulume nakfuna wena, unyamalele sikhatsi lesidze, nyalo uchamuka utsi ufuna kukhuluma? Guess what nami angfun kukhuluma." (That's your problem, you want people to talk when you want, you disappeared in me and now you're coming back demanding to talk, guess what I don't want to talk too.) She responds pissed.

"You sound sexy when you are angry mama." There's a smile plastered on his face, he is enjoying this, isn't he. "Buka mkami, ngiyaxolisa, I'm really sorry I hope you find it in your angry heart to forgive me, I love you." He says and forcefully kisses her forehead, she's resisting a smile, she can't stay angry at Ncophelo for too long.

"I love you." She says breathlessly, he is kissing her neck, God knows how they moved from tickling to kissing.

"I love you more than the word love itself, uwena owayenzwa ngembambo yam." He releases the words as he takes her tshirt off her, she's left half naked, she didn't have a bra on, so her dark small twins revealed.

He pecks her lips, and smooches them. "You are not ready Sthandwa Sami." What the hell does he mean she's not ready?

"I am, I'm sure I am." If she wasn't 'shy' she'd let him feel her panties to prove how ready she is.

"I'm sorry Sthandwa Sami, I need you to be with me when we do this, I want you to feel the pleasure that I'll be giving, sex is not only about a man Thululu, it is also



you too." She huffs and gets off the bed and goes to the other side of her one room, he is right though, she needs to be emotionally ready for all this, sigh.

"Baby" he says, she just took a bath, yep with him watching her like she's a child that was just given birth too, the lust in his eyes were not to be missed. "I just wanted to let you know that your younger sister is alive, and your mother is serving years of murdering your father..." Her breath hitches, tears fill her eyes, her lips slowly start trembling.

"Tandzile, breathe!!! Breathe Tandzile."

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SIMPHIWE KHOZA

"It's what she deserved." He says, they just got informed by Maponya– doctor Maponya– that his mother suffered paralysis.

"You can't be that cruel bhuti." Sammy says.

"Oh yes I can dare, she killed your child." If people could run away from their issues, she would be running away from Luneluthando who keeps on ringing her phone that she never bothers to answer, she'd also run away from the fact that she lost her baby, but people always keep on reminding her, if she wanted a reminder she would set it on her phone.

"But whole body paralysis? Hhay that's a bit too much." She avoids talking about it, the baby.

"Aii suka, anginebdaba mina." (I don't give a damn) says Simphiwe who is visibly annoyed by the fact that their sister is hurting on behalf of her mother. "Where's Ncophelo and Ntaba, they need to be let known too." He says getting up, leaving her visitor alone, he is going upstairs to check up on his sleeping wife, oh she's here. She is not talking to him and he is not pressing, she's finally stopped with this thing of hers trying to leave, she saw that he is willing to do anything but let her leave, he's never letting her go.

His phone rings, oh it's Precious.

"Sthandwa Sami." He answers.

"I'm pregnant." She says and hangs up, yohhh screaming isn't something he wants to do, he wants to do more than that, he wants to cry can't he at least have a peaceful month with both these women? Just one month?

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FINAL EPISODES  
**HOLD HER DOWN**  
*CHAPTER 52*

TANDZILE NGWANE

I've had seven sessions with Matthews, and I'd like to say that I'm a lot better, I'm a better version of myself; I've learned to let go of most of my trauma experiences, I asked Ncophelo to attend the sessions with me, he was the holding my hands every step of the way and he made sure to wipe my tears. God blessed me with that man, Ncophelo loves me and is very patient with me.

He is going through some family issues, his mother is mum, she can't move, he cried the whole night when they broke the news to him, my heart. There's something that she did to their family, no one wanted to take her home, even her husband, but Ncophelo did, he took her to his house; im not bothered honestly, I don't feel sorry for her she never felt sorry for me, all she saw was a gold digger and a young girl unworthy to be loved by her son.

I do take care of her when I'm there though, for the sake of Ncophelo, I don't have any disrespect for her, even though she does not like me, she is still Ncophelo's mother.

My sister is not dead, when Ncophelo told me that I was shocked, I couldn't breathe, Ncophelo called for his brother after pouring water on me, I told him that I was okay but he insisted that his brother checks me anyways, his brother came and broke down on us, honestly his problems are tough, he's went through a lot, he didn't cry in front of me, he wanted to, I heard it in his voice so I went to, how it broke with every sentenced he said, so I went to laMdluli.

He left after 30 minutes of venting to his brother, we slept soon after.

We never touched on the topic of my sister being alive till early this week when I told him that I need to fetch my sister, I don't care that my mom helped me or she took the blame because if her own selfish reasons, I am still angry at her, and I hate her.

We are on our way to the airport, he said, and I quote in his word, "I want to be there for you Sthandwa Sami." And for that I'll forever be grateful, I don't know if we will stick together forever but I'm hoping that he doesn't leave me because I love him, even though he is a big baby I love him.

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I never thought I'd ever come back here again, Swatini, I thought I'd never come back, there was nothing for me to come back to anyways, but all that perspective changed now.

It's evident that no one lives here, the grass has overgrown, with every step I take my heart becomes heavier, I look around, and stand for a minute, Ncophelo's hand is on mine.

Tears blinds my vision as I enter my room, I thought I had healed, but I still smell him, his perfume mixed with sweat fills my nostrils.

"I need you to take a deep breath." I do, and it helps.

"I thought I was ready, I'm not, let's just go to Spova." My voice is shaky. Spova is the one that has my sister.

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He is dumbfounded, he didn't know we were coming. He is chilling on a sofa, and Sibongile is playing with her toys on the floor. My sister just looks at me once and goes back to what she was doing, playing. My heart breaks. She's angry.

I'm just hoping he didn't do anything to hurt my sister, I'd die, my heart would part into two. I know he didn't though.

"Ungtshela kutsi you didn't even think to tell me that my little sister is alive?" I asks, he takes in a huge breath.

"Mak'wakho utse kim ufuna kutsi ungabuyi because she didn't want you to rot in jail, and I thought that the best way to keep you away was to tell that she died." (You mother said that she wanted you not to come back) the nerve of my mother, she could have stopped everything, just by reporting that I was abused.

"Nyalo bufuna kutsi ngentenjani, should I thank you?" (Now, what do you want me to do) I ask, I don't see any point in what they did.

"For your sake, I hope you didn't do anything to him." I say, hurt flashes through his eyes. Ncophelo squeezes my hand, he did let me know that Spova did not hurt my sister but I had to make it clear to Spova that I'm angry.

"You know I'd never do that."

"I'm taking her with me." I say. Only then my sister looks at me, I want to tell her how sorry I am that I left her, I wanted her to come with me but time was not by my side.

"What about school?" Spova asks.

"Everything is covered bafo, thank you for taking care of her." Ncophelo speaks for the first time since we arrived here.

"She's just like my little sister, so it's not a problem, can I say goodbye to her?" He's attached to her already, I'm sad that I'm doing this, but I'm alive and I can take care of my sister, I'm thankful for helping me though, I forever will, so I nod my head in approval.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

CHAPTER 53



## TANDZILE NGWANE

He's been quiet, we will be spending the weekend at Lisango Lezulu lodge, this isn't a vacation or some sort but we both need to rewind all, there's been a lot, and he has been holding back.

It's been over 20 minutes that we were shown into our rooms, Ncophelo came in and sat, flipping the channels without exchanging any words with me, I'm wondering why because I didn't do anything to him.

I took Sibongile to the smaller bedroom, Ncophelo and I will be sleeping together.

"I'm sorry sesi, I promise to never leave you, ever." I say, after tucking her in, it's late now. She just nods her head, I understand that it will take time for her to forgive me.

It took time for her to finally fall asleep, I'm now back to the dining room, Ncophelo is fast asleep on the couch with the remote in his hand, when I take a seat I sigh and relax myself, it's been a long day.

"I understand that it's a lot that you've been through, but I did tell you that he didn't do anything to her, he took care of her and gave her best of everything, didn't I tell you that." I thought he was asleep, so I startle when he speaks. "Not everyone is your father Tandzile, am I also gonna live in eggshells? Everytime I'm left alone with her, will you come back and open her thighs to check if I didn't do anything to her." I don't want to become my mother's version, I would like to believe that he wouldn't dare to touch my sister, but it's impossible. "Wow!" He says and shakes his head when I don't respond, his eyes are still very much closed.

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It's Monday, we arrived here Sunday night; Ncophelo is angry at me, and I understand why, but he needs to understand where all this is coming from, I was hurt by my own flesh and blood, and my mother kept quiet, I hate her for that, it will be a shame for me to do the same to my little sister.

I just took a bath, Ncophelo offered to take care of her, and honestly even though there are misunderstandings between us, he always comes through for me. It's funny how I sometimes take that for granted.

"If ukutsintsa ngendlela babe bekakutsintsa ngayo utangtjela angitsi?" (If he touches you the way dad touched you, you will tell me?) Asking this question takes away a lot in me, I'm scared my heart is almost leaping out of my chest. She nods her head. "I love you Sibongile uyava." I tell her.

"Ngiyaktsandza nami sesi." Immediately after she says that, a knock comes through, God it's him, I hope he didn't hear me.

"My Thululu." I release a sigh of relief when he kisses my cheek after letting himself in.

"Hey my unemployed baby." I say with a smile, he chuckles.

"I'll be employing you soon." He says, and chuckles.

"You'll lock when you leave right?" I kiss his lips and walk out, calling Sihle out, aii that girl.

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## BHUT' NTABEZINHLE

After God, fear Ncophelo Khoza. I watched him sobbing for his mother, like he wasn't the one who caused that condition of hers.

I hushed him, thinking he was hurt but as soon as we left Babomncane's home he dried his tears and said, "She deserved it." I just chuckled.

"How did you do it." I just knew, no one can ever tell me anything about my brothers, I know them, he just winked at me and walked faster, I decided to leave.

He topped it up when he offered to take her into his house, talk about 'innocence'. Everyone believes that he is genuinely in love with his mother but the truth is he wants her to suffer, but again she is his mother.

"Nkosazana." I say, I thought I was coming to look for a job since I have a dusty degree that was placed under

my matress, but I found Sihle, she caught my eye.

"Hey." She says, fixing her stare on the ground, she looks tired, they just knocked off, I saw Tandzile walking off alone. I had told this one that I'd be here for her, I think she wants to keep me a secret, it's been months of me chasing her, and she gave in just now.

I remember that I have to open the door for her, I'm not used to these things, heck my car broke down at home, I'm using Simphiwe's car, that I borrowed without him knowing.

By the time I want to get off the car, she's already inside, well...

"You are not romantic." She complains.

"You need to dust off these biscuit crumbs that are on your clothes, only then will I be romantic." She rolls her eyes, she can't change me. "Nazoke I love you." I say and drive off.

She said we are taking everything slowly, which means it will be baby steps, I'm 33, I'm too old for that, we'll figure things out once we are married, but for now I'll do

what she wants, but I'm not sneaking around with her, ngimusa emzini kabafo, I need to finalize my contract and buy myself a house because this is not gonna work, i need to fuck her and we can't do that in Simphiwe's house, I respect him.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 54*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

She's a sweet child, she doesn't talk a lot until she sees that you are a good person to her. I bought her a coloring book and she demanded that I help her color. She's bubbly, one of the traits her sister doesn't know about her. She talks a lot and laughs a lot too, all in all she's just a happy child with scars, emotional scars.

I heard that talk that her sister had with her, and honestly I'm not that much offended because it is what

she should do, she should show her sister the support that her mother never availed to her. I wouldn't sexually harass anyone, let alone think of it, and I know that she knows that but she is being extra careful, as she should.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" I asked, hyped.

"A soldier." Well, I've tried so many times to convince that being a soldier is dangerous for a woman, but she's having none of it, I think it's because she's too young and enjoys the thought of running around with guns.

Mam'Khoza, my mother, is still unable to move or do anything, because of me, and I want to say that it's better to watch her suffer like this than to have her die.

Revenge is not revenge when you can't watch the person suffer and ask you to kill them, now this that I've done to her is probably the best way to get back to her for every fucked up thing she's ever done to me. Sometimes I don't give food to her, it's not easy but I have to, she has to learn her lesson— not that she'll ever

be able to harm anyone anyways, once I feel like she's suffered enough, I'll end her.

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SINIWIWE JALI

I have no grounds to hate maNcwane, I found her here and if it happens that I leave Mkhathini, I will leave her here. We spoke- her and I- and we came to a conclusion that we are in a polygamous relationship, I'm a wife and she's a 'fiance' they are yet to pay amalobola.

Now my problem is that I'm sitting here alone with a pregnancy test that says I'm 4 months pregnant, she's 3 months pregnant, and she made it known; she fought him and it was funny to watch, I don't know if she's warmed up to being pregnant yet or what. I didn't want to call pregnant, heck a product of rape will be my child, a forever reminder of what the father did to me.



I thought I was just skipping two months of periods, but hey a child in my womb was growing.

But now me telling them that I'm pregnant will seem like I'm competing and all, I sigh before collecting myself and going to the kitchen, he is coming home to me today, he does spend his other nights with maNcwane but he spends his most nights here because they are not married yet, we don't do anything except watching TV and locking eyes here and there.

I cooked earlier so I settle down, I miss my mother at times I think if I had her most things would be okay, and that I'd need her to be with me and tell her everything instead of talking to Matthews all the damn time, he helps though, I don't shake whenever Mkhathini tries to touch me and I sleep better at night without having to think of that beautiful ring on maNcwane's finger.

I was jealous, but I didn't allow it to take over me, I just smiled and congratulated him– my husband; I think she will make her his first wife on the papers but that doesn't change that I am his first wife and I'm recognized as Mam'khulu even though I'm the youngest in this triangle of I don't know what to call it, honestly.

"Sinikiwe." It's him coming in with food, i smile at him, I cooked.

"Hey Mkhathini." I say, the smile on his face is priceless, the smile reaches his eyes but his big eyes stay the same– big.

"Wangibiza kamnandi mama." He says with a huge grin as he takes off his coat, today must have been hectic, he always comes home with his formal clothes, no signs of being a doctor whatsoever.

"Are you hungry?" I ask getting on my feet, his eyes go to the paper bag with the name 'steers' on it and he looks at me.

"I came with food nje, sit down." I sigh and sit back in my chair and continue to drink my tea, I need wine.

"I'm gonna take a quick shower, please warm up the food in the meantime" he says, I nod my head and watch him climb up the stairs.

He comes back in shorts and a vest, he is in slides never forgetting his socks, I'm glad I just warmed the food.

He brought burgers and ribs, after eating I feel like having ice cream, I need to ask him, we have been quiet, so I take deep breath.

"Mkhathini m" he looks up, our eyes meet, I drop mine and sigh. "Please buy me ice cream?" He chuckles and says yes.

We took a walk, he said there's a garage near by, his hands are on mine and although I am not breathing, I feel safe.

"Ngiyaxolisa for raping you, I promise you I wasn't a rapist, I don't know what got over me, I love you Sinikiwe, and I don't want to lose you." He says, he stops and looks at me, I can't really see him, although there are streetlights it's still dark, I feel a drop of water falling on my face, what he's crying?

"I'll forever be sorry, but what I can promise you for sure is that I love you, you are also a big part of my life, I hope you love me too." He says, I smile.

"Yeah, I love you." He takes my hand and brushes the top of it with his thumb, he brings my hand to his lips

and kisses it.

"Thank you, let's get you your ice cream, maJali." He offers to carry me on his back, piggyback, I laugh and jump on his back, he's walking fast and I keep on giggling.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 55*

TANDZILE NGWANE

"Fuck!!!" His hands are roaming around my body, I like how he is touching, we have been together for over 6 months and he's learnt my body without having to sex me. He kisses my neck and I moan, fuck Ncophelo.

"Kade ngilindile, ngifuna ukuk' bona Sthandwa Sami."  
He says, God at this instant I feel like my knees are

failing me, he traces kisses over my bare chest and gets to my breasts, he cups one and sucks the other.

I feel two fingers penetrating me in one go, and I gasp for air, he comes back to shut me up with a kiss; bhut' Ntaba and his mother are here, Sibongile is left with Sihle. His fingers keep moving in and out, and I'm moaning.

"I fucking love you" he says as I move my body up and down, this feels so good, nothing takes my thoughts to my father. It feels right, like I'm supposed to be here with him.

"I love you Thululu." He says, I smile. I start to tremble, he removes his fingers. He unbuckles his belt and push down his pants simultaneously with his boxers, his dick springs out, it's pitch black, it's very dark.

"I don't keep condoms here with me, I'll buy you morning after pills." He says, I nod my head. My legs are wide opened, he is staring down at me with a look I don't understand, I think it's lust. With the help of his hand, he directs his penis to my open, he slowly pushes in, crying. "Kuyashisa lana." He says, he balances his

hands on the either sides of the bed, he moves and I moan.

Honestly I feel great, but also I'm embarrassed that I don't know what to do. "Fuck, uphuzani mama?" I don't know if he is asking because he is sane, or he's lost in his own world because his eyes are half shut, he can't fully close then, they are big.

I feel myself clenching, I can't feel my feet, God I so hope I don't get struck by paralysis, lest I become just like my dearest mother in law. He groans like an injured bull when I scream out his clan names, or was I cussing?

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I'm tired, my vagina is burning, and I'm pressed. I'm in his embrace, I try to entangle myself but I can't because he holds me tighter. "I want to pee." I tell him.

Fuck he did a number on me, I'm peeing like I'm pressing pause and play. I'm just glad it's Saturday morning otherwise I would have died.

I finished peeing after 2 minutes and went to bed, he is clingy; I guess that's what vagina does.

"Bhuti will deliver morning Afters, I called and asked him" why would he do that, bhut'Simphiwe shouldn't know that I'm sexually active.

"Why did you do that?" I hate you.

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SAMMY KHOZA

I'm not sure what he is doing here, he's taking me back to my sorrows. There's nothing wrong with this car here.

It's been two months and we haven't been seeing each other, I blocked him on every social media account of

mine, I blocked his numbers, and still he isn't getting it.

He came home twice and I told them to chase him away and now he's choosing to harass me here, I'm trying to check and inspect his car while he is sitting there quietly staring at me, I'm also not finding anything that is wrong with this car, it's a Hilux, I think it's his father's.

"Ngiyazam uk'verstana ukuthi ngichuneni, maar angcavi Jo." (I'm trying to understand what I did but I don't know.) When he speaks this street language of his I know he is pissed and angry. "Did you even love me?" He asks, how dare he?

"How dare you question my love for you? Of course I did." I say, he chuckles, one tear rolls on his face.

"You never asked how I was though, I lost my child too, and I lost you; what the hell am I supposed to do with myself?" He puts his lip in between his teeth. His feet are tapping on the floor, he is damn crying, my heart is bleeding.

I try to near him but he stops me with his hands.

"Answer my question Samkelwe, do you love me?" I



don't think twice before I nod.

"I love you" I ignore him trying to stop me, I go to him and hug him, I brush his head and say;

"I'm sorry Sthandwa Sam." I've been so invested in my pain and forgot that he too lost a baby just like I did.

He sobs softly while I brush his back and kiss the top of his head, I'm glad he is sitting otherwise I wouldn't be able to comfort him because of his height. "I'm sorry for your loss, and I love you." I say.

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## PRECIOUS ZUNGU

My brother was released but sent back to prison shortly, he was taken today. I'm hurt really hurt, Jabulani was found dead and he's a suspect, they say his fingerprints were detected there, and if it was really him that killed Jabulani then I know that he left trails of him there on purpose, he's been in this crime life for years now, he

knows how to clean after himself, I don't know why he is doing the shit he is doing. My father is sick, very sick, and the cause of all that is him, my brother.

Hlanganani is acting like a child really, I hate that he is still being rebellious even in his 30s, I know what Jabulani was doing is considered as harassing but he shouldn't have.

He's also stressing me, I'm pregnant for goodness sake, I'm just glad that Nkazimulo us with Simphiwe and Sinikiwe because really I can't let him see me like this. Baba was just taken to hospital, he can't leave me, they say that he had a mini stroke, tears are burning my eyes as I make a phone call.

"Hey maNcwane, Simphiwe is out, he left his phone with me." She says.

"Hey Sni, please tell him that my father was just admitted, is Nkazi behaving."

"Oh my God, I'll tell him, he's a sweet child." She says, I smile through my tears, fuck I hate crying.

"Alright thank you."

"I'll keep you in my prayers." She says, I thank her before hanging up, my heart is shattered, I can't lose my father, I'm too young to be an orphan. He has to be here to welcome his second grandchild. I'm alone pacing up and down at the hospital, I want to call my father's family but I can't, I don't have the strength.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 56*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Anonymous\*\*\*

SINIWIWE JALI

We drove here, she sounded sad over the phone. He wanted to come alone, but I offered, for the sake of Nkazimulo.

She looks sad, really sad, which saddens Simphiwe. She's been trying effortlessly to wipe the tears that are

falling from her eyes. Nkazimulo senses the cold atmosphere, he is in my arms while his mother is in Simphiwe's arms.

"Mr Zungu." We all stand, I almost drop Nkazi to the ground. He sighs, he can't be sighing, he needs to be updated. "Unfortunately, Mr Zungu suffered a mini stroke, but if you keep on stressing him, it will be more than that, I'll keep him in for a few days, just to make sure that he is okay.", I'd like to think that we are all relieved.

"Okay thank you doctor." She says. We need to give them space so I inform him that he'll find us in the car, me and Nkazi, he says no, it's not safe outside, I could roll my eyes right now, what could be unsafe in a private hospital?

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HLANGANANI ZUNGU

Being outside bored him to death, he'd rather be dead than to be outside; he feels home here than he does at home. He loves his father, but he hates him too. He's never been appreciative of him, he always bashed him for all the wrongs he did as his son but he didn't care if the reasons behind those wrongdoings.

"You missed home Manzini?" That's his friend Qondani Mthembu, who's here for an undercover job.

"Yeah, I love it here; you are back too?" He is staring at his pitch black friend, this guy is fucking scary, if he didn't know him he'd scream, he's fucking scary, he looks a lot like his brothers, he's just too dark.

"My father just died bafo, it's alcohol that I had always told him would kill him." His father was a drunkard.

"Yobe Mfanakithi." It's funny how they always share a cell.

"Nah it's okay, it really is Bafo. Why are you here, we both know you are supposed to be home." Hlanganani Chuckles.

"Home, that's for babies, I'm a big man, ngingama sende amabili Mina." (I have two balls.) Qondani Chuckles.

"I have two too, but I can't have babies." He shrugs and laughs his hurt away, fuck that was just not a insensitive way to reveal bad news.

"I'm sorry Bafo, there are other ways to get children right?"

"Yeah, but they won't be my blood, if I die igumni lase khaya liyovalwa." (... My father's he will be closed.)

"Aiii that's heavy shit bafo, you can't bombard me with that without a drink or something." He tries to dilute the situation, fuck infertility.

"She wants babies though, I always come home to being insulted." H

Qondani says.

"Why don't you hit her."

"I'm an advocate, the new owner of Mthembu Attorneys, why the hell would I beat up a woman?" Qondani asks with a chuckle.

"She's lucky she's with you, uyak nyela lots Jezebel, I told you and warned you about Sibongakonke." And he did, he did tell him that he can't take a woman from another man.

"That was helpful, thank you man; I'm leaving tomorrow."

"I won't miss you." They both chuckle and sigh, "eyy eyy FUCK LIFE." They both say and laugh.

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TANDZILE NGWANE

We've been fucking like rabbits since we've started, I went on the internet to check how to please a man, and I have to say, there are plenty of ways to do that.

I called Spova and apologized, he was a brother to us, but I had the guts to think that he'd do any bad to my

sister, but Matthews said that I'm excused because I was hurt by my own blood.

My sister is a traitor, she loves Ncophelo more than she loves me. With him she is open and always speaking, with me she's just reserved, but she speaks.

Did I mention anything about a toxic relationship? Yohh that's Bhut'Ntaba and Sihle. Sihle is Always stressed because Ntaba is always ignoring phone calls, what she doesn't know is that bhut'Ntaba didn't have a girlfriend back home, she's his only girlfriend but my friend is toxic that she almost broke his car windows, and it's funny that he always comes back to her.

He loves her very much, I see it in his eyes, and he's the one who pushed to let us know about their relationship but Sihle man, she's not used to being loved, she doesn't know how to receive it, I think she was hurt by her boyfriends in the past.

"You need to kneel when you serve food to me." Phelo says and I laugh out loud, forgetting that his mother is in the same room, aii.



"Call Ntombi, she'll feed her please." He asks, I head upstairs, I find him weird when with his mother, also the way his mother looks at him, she looks at him like she's looking at her worst enemy, anyways it has nothing to do with me.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPER 57*

\*\*\*Sponsored by Anonymous\*\*\*

TANDZILE NGWANE

It's been crazy; having to wake up some day and thinking that no man, you need to man up and grow out of your age for the betterment of yourself and the younger generation that will come after you.

I did that, I'm proud I did that because in order for me to become a better version of myself I had to grow up. I've

been juggling being a sister, a girlfriend and a 'mother'. Yep I'm a mother to my sister, basically, I don't think I'll ever be ready to be a mother anytime soon, I'm still young that's why Ncophelo and I decided that I get on birth control, it's helpful because well we can do anything, wherever and whenever we want, okay only if we left Sibongile with Sihle.

Sibongile started her grade 1 2 months back, and yes it's been one year of me being in South Africa and; I'm still working and schooling online at UNISA, I'm doing Education Management in Early Childhood, the reason for this is for my love for young children, and I believe that's where children start to get abused and many teachers don't pay attention to that most times.

Ncophelo too is now a taxi owner, he has four taxis, that is hundred percent invested in his taxis; he is at work everyday, he drives one too. Their mother died 4 months ago, she was dead already I think everyone made peace with it before she died, except Ncophelo. He still hasn't accepted it, there are times where he just zones out, I feel for him.

I'm off today and I'm taking a nap, I'm so tired hey. I'm really tired, but I'm happy too, I'm happy that many aspects of my life are looking up, I'm very proud of myself.

My healing journey too, I have stopped with my a sessions, because Matthews said I'm in a lot more better state of my mind..; even so I still hate my mother.

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SIMPHIWE KHOZA

Some things are just meant to be, after he found out that his wife was pregnant, he winked into depression; because he thought that Sinikiwe would be reminded of his deeds everyday when she saw their child. He couldn't look at her in the eyes, basically he neglected her, still she stayed.

He always fucks up when it comes to her, and God knows it's not intentional, things just happen, and he

regrets it after. She has a close bond with Nkazimulo, he calls her mah, she is his mother too.

Their mother died two months before Sinikiwe gave birth to Nkuthalo and three months before Nkosibusisile gave birth to Thandiwe.

"Mkami." They are still in a bad space, he's a lot more happier with Precious than he is with Sinikiwe.

"Mkhathini." She had stopped calling him that, she was a ticking bomb everytime he was near, why? Because he was an asshole.

"Ngiyak'thanda mama Nkuthalo." (I love you.) She nods her head, maybe she doesn't feel the same way, or maybe she's unhappy.

"Can we talk?" She's busy with her phone, Nkuthalo is asleep. She gives him her attention. "Mhlampe yimina ongakwazi ukukuthanda ngendlela wright, kodwa ngicela ungipha ithuba lokuzama, I promise you, you will not regret it." (Maybe it's me that cannot love you well, bit please give me a chance to try.) She sighs.

"You've been singing that song for a while now, I'm good, I'll take care of my child and my education, as soon as I'm done with school I'll leave you to be." She says with tears.

"That's what you don't understand, you are a huge part of my life, I love you; and I'm never letting you go, please just let me love you." He says, wiping her tears.

"And the worst thing from me is that I'll always love you, kuyangihlula." He stands to kiss her, their lips lock, his hands travel to her boobs, he squeezes them and earns a hushed moan from her. They are a little bigger because she was pregnant, he loves them, this is the closest thing to intimate they have been after the rape incident.

"I love you Snikiwe." He says unclothing her. His hand travels to her vagina, it's hot already, fuck how he's wished to be inside her, again but consensually. "You are ready for me." He says and gets off his own clothes, he can't wait.

He gives his penis two hand strokes before slowly penetrating her, it's too hot, his lips quiver, and he pulls

out. "Fuck mama." He tries again, his hand goes to her boob and squeeze, he feels like screaming, it's super hot, her vagina is super hot.

"Weee, ngizokhona nje?" She's also moaning, he needs to hit it faster and harder, because if not her 'first' consensual sex will be bad, and she'll never forget that he raped her. "Is'hogo senza kancane, ushisa kamnandi wena mama." (Hell has nothing on you, you are hot Mommy.) He's lost in his cloud 9.

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FINAL EPISODES

**HOLD HER DOWN**

*CHAPTER 58*

NCOPHELO KHOZA

Maybe if he killed her with his own hands it would have been easier to accept that she's dead, but he wasn't ready for her departure; and he felt and still feels like

crap. He's decided to come see his father, he's been very occupied these days, he misses him.

"Qo baba." He knocks.

"Come in Sgcinathumbu Sami." He chuckles, he wasn't called that in such a long time.

"I just wanted to have a one on one with you, I miss you Sbali." He says to a father.

"You are always welcome here, or at home." He takes a seat opposite his father. "I'm glad you came Mfanakithi, your brother has taken both his wives as his; correctly." Yep, Sinikiwe has her own diamond on her finger, also sis' Precious is now traditionally a wife la ekhaya.

"Yes, I know that."

"What are your plans with Tandezile; I see you are serious with Tandezile, but I need you to make her yours." Ohh, he thought marriage talks came from women, turns his father is a maba, mama and baba combined.

"I will, soon. She said I should give here time to finish her studies, and I'm respecting that." He says.

"Okay, I understand. And Ntaba, what is wrong with him? I haven't seen him with a woman, does he like girls?" Ncophelo shakes his head fast, they are not Homophobic, Ntaba is not gay though, he just loves playing around.

"He's not, he just isn't sure what he wants; he's with a new woman every weekend." They both laugh.

"I need to give him his name, soon." Ncophelo looks at his father weirdly, and then bids his goodbye.

"Don't forget umcimbi tomorrow." Nkuthalo and Thandile are over 6 months so they have to do an acknowledgement ceremony.

"Alright babah."

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PRECIOUS ZUNGU



I'm happy, sometimes I even forget that I'm in my polygamous relationship. If someone told me 5 years ago that this would be me right now, I would stand up with my chest up, and say 'yes it would' damn happiness looks good on me, but not when I'm tired; we just served everyone food, the two babies were just welcomed to the Khoza's. We had to cook before dawn. Traditional beer was made by Sni, I know nothing about those so I offered to cook, she helped me though.

"Mam'khulu." I mock, she hates it when I call her that. If eyes threw weapons, I'd be dead right now, I laugh.

"Please give me my wine, I can't feel my feet." I say, she laughs.

"Uyatswafake Busi." (You are lazy.) She says, I roll my eyes, she knows I don't like that name. She gives my wine and takes hers too, we relax; we need to go back to the main house where everyone is gathered, but hey we are tired– too tired to move.

"I thought we needed to talkz I'm sorry about the inconvenience of me coming to your lives and almost ruining your relationship with Mkhathini." I laugh.

"No, you also knew nothing, and also you were very disrespectful, I'm the one that needs to apologise because honestly I was a bitch towards you, babe." I say, I really was, I belittled her, and blamed her instead of throwing Jan's to Simphiwe. "I'm sorry babe." She nods with a smile; she's the best, I don't want to lie.

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## TANDZILE NGWANE

I'm here as a guest, and I'm happy for the pecks of that; I'm not allowed to do anything in here, and I can't be any happier because damn Presh and Sni look really tired. I'm sitting next Ncophelo, we are holding hands, my big eyed man.

Sibongile is playing with Nkazi outside, they are best of friends right now, and Nkazi is a big brother to her, he acts like one, he's very overprotective. I love their relationship though.

"Uphi lomnganakho nekhala elkhulu." (where's your big nosed friend?) Trust bhut' Ntaba to say this in a quiet room, him and baba are the only bachelors, I guess they should both hold hands; we were introduced to bhut' Lunele today. "Biscuits crumbs." We all burst out laughing, he means Sihle, those two were just too toxic, I'm glad it didn't get physical. "I loved her, she thought I was worthless." That's what she says too but I can't take sides, I just sigh. "I need to talk to her, I need her in my life." Oh he's crying, they all laugh, I'm lost.

"He cries when he is too drunk, don't mind him."

"Idlozi linglahlile mina." (My ancestors have forsaken me.) This sounds deeper than we think, baba sees it too, the others are in ignorance. "Fuck this life thing man, I'm tired." Just as he says that, I feel abdominal pains, gosh I hold them in, they are sharp and strong.

"What's wrong?" Baba asks, looking at me.

"Nothing," I say, my breath is held.

"What's wrong Sthandwa Sami?" It's Ncophelo, I'm sweating already. "Simphiwe, it has started again; her

panick attack." He says, it's not it, my abdomen feels like it's on fire.

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## NCOPHELO KHOZA

He is moving up and down, making everyone in the room dizzy, he doesn't know what the fuck is wrong with Tandezile, he thought they were in a better place.

She even gave him a blow job, so he doesn't understand what the hell is wrong.

"Hlala phansi." It's His father, demanding him to sit Down.

"Your wife is at the grave yard ndoda, I can't sit down, I have to pray that she doesn't die too."

"Relax, she won't die, angithi you don't have a Ncophelo as a son." What the hell? He knew. "I'm your father my son, I know the amount of sperms stored in your

wrinkled balls." Ntaba bursts out in a drunken laughter, Simphiwe is out, he went to buy refreshments for everyone. The women are left home to look after the kids.

"Uyinja tyma." He compliments and continues with his ups and downs.

The doctor calls them just after Simphiwe got back.

"Congratulations Mr Khoza you are now a father, your wife gave birth to a handsome baby boy. She had a stealth pregnancy, she fainted right after seeing her son." Ncophelo feels dizzy, he looks around the room is spinning, and then he falls down.

The room goes into a fit of laughter, what are they gonna tell the baby that his parents both fainted after he came to Earth? Useless.

"She's awake sir, and she says she doesn't want the baby." A nurse says wiping the smiles from the men. What does she mean she doesn't want the baby? "She said we should give him away or kill him." What???

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***THE END***