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CHAPTER 1

Jayson got inside their bedroom with a tray full of food all smiles. He placed the tray on the bed and kissed her forehead. She was sleeping but he went on talking to her and apologizing. Wakey wakey darling. I made you breakfast I hope you will enjoy it. I'm sorry about what happened last night. I promise It will never happen again. I just got carried away." he still smiling from ear to ear. "You will eat then take a bath hopefully you feel better after. I love you." he kissed her forehead and walked out.

Amara turned after he closed the door and looked the other side. She was red just above her cheek next to her left eye. She cried softly thinking about her ruined and stand still life. Nothing goes well in her life besides the company and her loving sister Naledi.

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"You have to stop and listen to me, I am your mother!" she screamed on top of her lungs for his attention.

"Mother, there's nothing to talk about and I'm late for work."  
Zubi calmly told his mother.

"Son, listen to me. You can never marry that girl she lacks  
manners." his mother defends.

"Mom, I'm marrying her like it or not. You have been talking  
about marriage pestering me about getting married and now  
that I am you don't want me to." he stood by his words.

"She's disrespectful, son." she stated.

"Mother, I have never seen her disrespect you." he said.

"But you don't even love her." his mother throws the facts he  
doesn't want to hear on his face and he turns in full speed  
daggering sharp stares at his mother. "How do you know I don't  
love her?"

"Zubi, I am your mother I know you. You are good man, you  
deserve good things. You don't have to be tied forever to a bad  
woman like that because you are trying to punish me for

pestering you with marriage." she tries letting him see the reason.

"Well, I'm sorry mother it seems too late for that. I am marrying Liya and soon you are going to be a mother in-law and going to have grandchildren running around my house. Have good day. I will see you later." he kissed his forehead and pat her should. He turned and opened the door walking out to the parking area.

"It's not going to good for me. I won't have a good day at all." she mumbled to herself. She went to the kitchen to prepare her breakfast. After breakfast she cleaned around her son's house and refreshed before sitting down and watched TV.

Her son asked her to move in with her after her husband died. Zubi didn't want her to stay alone so he asked her to move in with him so he can be with her nearer and watch her closely.

She shook her head thinking about the girl his son wants to marry. A very wicked woman she is. Liya is so not a good woman for Zubi. She's rude and doesn't acknowledge her one

bit. She doesn't know what an elder is nor does she have manners to save her life.

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Ammara woke up feeling numb. Her body was painful but she told herself that she will drink pain killers and bath with warm water to feel better. She hid her red mark with her weave. If she didn't her sister Naledi would question her. Naledi is a very overprotective being towards her sister. They are so close and she wants nothing mistreating her sister. You wouldn't say she's the younger sister because of how overprotective she is of her sister.

Ammara was preparing to go out with her sister and eat lunch because she missed her. They actually missed each other. They are both married and living their best lives and minding their own businesses.

"Hey sister, I missed you soo much. You have been scarce lately." Ammara met her sister halfway smiling then hugged her and she went back to her chair catching up with her little sister.

"I missed you too

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you should come see me at my house." Naledi said cheerfully.

"I have ordered your favourite and biltong, you enjoy it I promise. And where is my brother in law?" Ammara narrowed her eyes.

"On a business trip he will be back in a week or two." Naledi's face dropped down.

"But you normally go with him, what happened?" Ammara matched her sisters dropped face.

"I know, I know it just that I couldn't go..wait, what's that?" Naledi questioned.

"What's what?" Ammara acted confused.

"This?" Naledi pushed back her wig already fuming with anger.

"Uhm... nothing."

"Nothing? Is he hitting you again? Better not be that because I definitely won't be a countable of what I will do to that b**ch you call a husband sewutanase kakhulu ngitomkhombisa ke mine (he has been free for long, I will show him.)"

"No, it's not him I fell." she defended.

"You fell? Huh? I see, you know what I hate the guts that even after beating you after you and causing you a miscarriage you still defend him. That bastard of your husband! I have lost my appetite!" Naledi pushed back her chair grabbed her bag and stormed out then turned.

"Even in your grave, I will still haunts you with the truth. That what set us apart that I will never stop telling you the truth, just know that." she turned angrily and walked away leaving Ammara deep in her thoughts.

She loved her husband and not only one mistake that she triggered will make her leave nor divorce her husband. He's not the enemy. He just loses his temper and she hopes and believe he will change plus she can't be alone and the vows they made "for better for worse" are not making things easier for her because she believes she has to stand by her vows. If he becomes an animal in their house she has to endure and deal with that animal and believe she caused and made him an animal. Marrying her husband hastily prevented her from the feeling the void and gap of losing her dear father that she loved so much.

It was enough they they were abandoned by the woman who gave birth to them and walked away and never looked back leaving them to be raised by a man who was a businessman and had no time to deal with toddlers. Nonetheless, their father prioritised and raised his girls with nothing but love.

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I believe many of you have been with me since from day one of posting on Facebook where my grammar was bad and all. My first story's grammar was terrible but my readers supported me



and never gave up on me. They continued reading and commenting everyday stating their views. And their views kept me going and I was happy everyday. I had a coach who coached me and when I started my previous story I sent her the story and she was happy and very pleased, "you should celebrate for this improvement. It's beautiful and I am proud of you." I learned a lot from Zey and she taught me a lot. I will forever be grateful to her. So people I'm asking you to comment and I will never ask again I really don't want to bother you. Your opinion matters to me.

## CHAPTER 2

Knock knock! Ammara descend the stairs and rush down to the main door. She opens and is met by nobody but her rude sister-in-law who doesn't even acknowledge her presence nor as her brother's wife or as another woman.

Ammara comes a long way with the abuse not only is her husband abusing her but also the nightmare of a sister-in-law who feel entitled to her money and her marriage. There are do's and don't's in her marriage told by the so-called sister-in-law monster. Love has blinded her, she loves her husband more than anything and wouldn't trade him for anything than being submissive to her dear husband to make him happy. Ammara believes that taking care of her husband and respecting him and being the perfect wife will change her husband but no he's not willing to.

"Liyabona!" Ammara opens the door wider and she enters swaying her hips and looking around the house pushing her blonde wig back definitely feeling like the President's daughter in her brother's house. "I had no idea that you were coming

today." Ammara stated closing the door wearing a frowned face.

Liyabona reeks of nothing but a bad attitude. She lacks manners in everyway. She's manipulator and a liar. She could insult you the whole day and call you names but at the end she becomes the victim. She's a very good actor, she only needs an agency then she's good to go for big movie's.

Liyabona rolls her eyes and push her wig back. "Pretend that you are happy to see me." Ammara chuckles and fold her arm's against her chest. The frown never leaving her face. She knows her sister in-law very well that whatever she came here for is trouble.

"What do you want?" Ammara throws her a question that laughs to and sit her behind on the nearest couch.

"Heeh." she rests and place her sling bag next to her. "Be happy to see me. Well, you don't treat my brother as the man of this house." she continues to look around.

"Are being serious right now? How do you look at me in the face and tell me that I don't treat you as the man of this house? Do you live with us?" Ammara calmly asks her.

"Well, I don't have to live with you to know everything." Liya smiled and looked at Ammara one more time.

"Ohw, since you know everything you should advice your brother to be a better man and a better husband." Ammara told her.

"You should be a better woman, change!" Liya spits back.

"How am I supposed to be the one to change when your brother is the sensitive and an abusive one?" Ammara.

"I will ignore the sensitive part but my brother abuse's you because you push him to beat you." Liya points her middle finger on her sister-in-law.

"How on earth do I push him? How?" Ammara is fuming and definitely about to burst.

It never amazes her to say things like that whereas she knows very well what her brother is capable of. She goes in and out of the comma because she was beaten till she passed out and half dead. The surprising part is that it's another woman telling her to change for an abusive man who cares zero about her feelings and wellbeing.

"Listen, I won't let you put the blame on me. Your time is up

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go!"

"Don't act like the victim here, change!" Liya said.

"I said your time is up, now go. Don't push me to call the security to drag you out of my house and out of my yard."

Ammara was angry.

"I only came here to give you an advise but it's clear that advise means nothing to you. So fine, I will go." she picks her bag and her phone and stand up leveling herself with Ammara looking her straight in her face and breathing in her nostrils. "Learn to be a submissive wife."

"Learn to mind your business." Ammara tell her and she takes slowly strides to the door and Ammara opens the door then push her out before closing the door and cursing under her breath.

She tries getting some work done but thoughts trouble's her. Thus is not the kind of marriage she vowed for. This is no different that she married Liya and her husband because Liya always her throat. They fight with her husband and Liya will come throwing insult's and calling her a weak bitch. Even bedroom talks which are supposed to be private his sister knows about them and comes hailing insult's about it.

The door opens and her husband got in holding his tie on his hand. He's fuming and definitely not breathing properly because of how much angry he is. "How dare you? How dare you throw my sister out like that? Calling the security to throw

her out like a criminal?" he wipes off his sweat holding his waist.

"Is that what she told you?" Ammara raises her brow and put her laptop on the coffee table before standing opposite him.

"Isn't that what happened?" he shoots back the question.

"Well, she lied to you and reprimand your sister and remind her I'm not married to her but you, unless you know, unless you never told me." Ammara shrugs.

"She came to give you an advise and you threaten to beat her? How dare you?" he charge at her.

"To tell me to stop acting like a bitch?" Ammara continues without backing down. "You know what, I deserve some respect from Liyabona, I am her brother's wife and I should be treated as such." She defended herself.

## CHAPTER 3

At night Ammara fixed herself for bed. She lotioned and dressed and blue short Pyjamas. Her husband was already in bed watching her every move. The room was silent and it felt uncomfortable for her knowing what her husband is capable of doing. After their afternoon encounter she was sure that she would sleep with closed swollen and injured eye's.

Just a two weeks back he came back angry and swearing at her and started beating her and kicking her on her lower abdomen endlessly. He knew she was five month's pregnant but he cared less. He kicked her till she bled and almost died. That never moved him one bit. He's always accusing Ammara of treating him like trash not like the man of the house and when she questions on when has she ever done that when he's the one who made her miscarry her five months pregnancy he defends himself by saying, "but you didn't die" he doesn't care about anybody else but him only.

She got on her side of the bed and turned away with her back on her husband who was debating on either to touch her or



what to do. He shifted forward and pressed her body against her.

"Baby, I miss you and I'm sorry." he whispered in her ear.

"Could you just leave me alone? I want my peaceful sleep." she said irritated.

"Oh baby, I'm sorry now please forgive me." he begged.

"That's what you always say everyday but guess what you do? You wake up the next morning and repeat the same mistake. I don't believe it's a mistake anymore. I always forgive you." she pushed his hand away roughly.

"I'm sorry baby but just one round then we sleep." he lifted his finger.

"I forgive you, now let me sleep Jayson." she pulled the comfort covering herself.

"Thank you baby but.." he tried touching her but she wasn't having it.

"Leave me alone Jayson." he surrendered and let her be.

"I love you." he murmured.

She giggled and responded. "I love you too."

"But you are not being fair on me baby. I am apologizing, you say you forgive me but you push me away baby I want you please." he continues nagging but Ammara doesn't respond.

"Baby, just one for tonight. You know how much I care for you and love you or you want me to die fro. Sexual hunger while I have a wife? Okay, okay and it's fine sleep mxm!"

He turned the other side and kept murmuring thing's only heard by him. "I have a wife but I'm sexually starved, mxm! If I go and get it outside it will be an issue again."

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At Zubi's house, Liyabona enters humming a song known by only her and shaking her ass left to right. She finds Zubi's mother watching TV but doesn't say anything and places her slingbag on the couch.

"Huuuu, what do we have here" she says going to the kitchen not acknowledging her mother-in-law. She comes back sipping on a juice smiling.

"What are we watching." she says to herself her hands getting in touch with the remote then start changing channels.

"Liyabona

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Zubi is not at home." her mother-in-law tells her but she looks around like she's searching for whoever is talking.

"I'm here, it's me Zubi's mother right Infront of you." she waves her hand like she wants her to notice that she'd Infront of her.

"I know that I am not so slim that you can not see me."

"Did someone just call my name?" she looks around.

"It's you? No wonder the room is gloomy. I know that Zubi is not here, it office hours isn't it?" she says sipping on her juice.

"A mere greeting would never kill you. You lack manners and you don't know your elders my son will never marry you."
Zubi's mother spits out of anger.

Liya waves her left hand in her eyes, "I'm getting married to your son, soon I'm going to be your daughter-in-law but sadly once we get married." she makes a disgusted face.

"Once I am married your son, you won't be allowed in this house meaning you will never set your foot in here. Didn't he inform you? Oh poor you, he must have forgotten." she continues sipping on her juice unbothered.

Zubi's mother laugh sarcastically and stand up to face her. "You lack manners, you want to marry someone but you walk into his house and can not even greet his mother?"

"Huh? That because I know you don't like me and I don't like you too. I know you don't want your son to marry me." she sips on her juice.

"You? Would you want your son to marry you?." she paused.
"From the first day I met you I knew you were a walking bag of badluck. You even reek of it." Liya kept quiet.

"Wait! Wait! Wait! What's the meaning of this? Just because because I didn't greet you now you want to kill yourself? Small greeting?" she indicated with her fingers.

"Huh?" Zubi's mother asked surprised.

"Just because I didn't greet you, you wants to die?"

Zubi's mother gasps in shock what on earth is this? She questions herself. Where did her son get this woman? Is God punishing her? She looks around and asks, "is it me you are speaking to?"

"Yes you! Are you a madam? I know that you don't like me and I don't care you will suck it because sooner I am getting married to your son and you are not invited. For now you can put him very close to your chest because once we are married I repeat, you will never set your foot in this house. Old hag." he picks her slingbag and leave the glass to fall and breaks with the juice wetting everywhere.

"Lord, if I have offended you in anyway please forgive me this temptation is too much for me. Haaah!" she exclaims. "My son is finished."

CHAPTER 4

At Ammara and Jason's house, Jason just came through the door and called Ammara downstairs because he has something to say.

"Baby, where are you now? I called you a long time ago." he calls raising his voice a little.

"I'm here now, what is it?" Ammara sits next to him on a one sitter couch legs crossed.

"Baby, I need money things are not going well for me, so I need money. Can you please borrow me some?" he said looking at her straight in the eye holding his chin.

Jason is a dark, actually black man. He's tall and a size 30 on the waist. He do got a body of a well built men. Only if the mind was there of not demanding from a woman.

"Money? Jason, I don't have it." she said then played with her hands. She knows very well that playing hard to get will get her in trouble.

She might not even sleep at home today but at the ICU. Her husband is full of sh*t and he's unappreciative but she loves him nonetheless, she can't afford to upset him when he's asking nicely.

"But you own a company and I know you have got a lot of money in your accounts. You are just refusing me." he raise his voice a bit harsh.

"Owning a company means nothing. Having money doesn't mean I should use it recklessly. The only money I have is my savings and they cannot be touched until due time." she also raised her voice unaware.

"I'm still your husband, don't raise your voice at me." he warned her but she just looked aside but not at him. "Just give me the money baby, you can take from the company money

and you will replace it. You are the boss." he lowered his and he's voice back to begging.

She widened her eye's, "what? I can't believe you right now Jason, what does it mean being a boss? It's the company money that is supposed to pay people not to be used just because I'm capable of doing so. Please!" she held her head closing her eyes.

She doesn't understand her husband because he's always demanding money everyday and she gives him a lot of it besides complaining. Jason is working but she never asked for money from him and she never compared her being the boss and what Jason is earning because she loves him. She never asked him to help with the house bills even in one day or to do her hair.

"Oh, you are refusing me? It's okay, okay!" he shouted.

She sighed. She knew it wasn't gonna end well. "How much do you want?" she asked and he smiled.

"R3 000000.00" he said excitedly. 'why not because you have money' he thought to himself.

Her eyes bulged out not believing the money her husband just called like it's a mere R3.00. "did you mean R3000.00, dear husband?"

"Are you mocking me because you have money? Are you going to give me the money or not??" he enquire.

"I don't have the money. I can only give R50 000" she looks around but not at him.

He got worked up by that statement. "R50 000 Ammara? That's so small you have a lot more than that. I'm your husband, are you happy when I suffer? Do you enjoy my misery? Is it because you have all the money the world can ever have? Fine!" he stomps up and point's at her shaking.

"Jason please, just sit down okay?" she says begging him.

"Sit down? Do you even see me as the husband? As the man of the house?" he continues shouting running upstairs.

"That's it! When a woman you marry earn a lot than you, she lacks respect. She becomes the man of the house." he drags a suitcase but put it back again and walks out of the house almost running.

"And where are you going?" she wiped her tears then sat down hugging her knees.

"Father, I need you. Why did you leave us? I wish you were here. I wish you never left. I wish you held on a little longer." tears kept on flowing.

"I don't wish for a mother but I yearn for her the love of a woman maybe just maybe I wouldn't be going through this if she was here. Did you leave because she wasn't with you? It is? Can't you come back? The pain is too much. I can't talk to Naledi because she will tell me to leave my husband. I love my husband and I know he will be better. I also can't leave him, who am I going to be with? Alone? It can't be Dad, I miss you."

She continued crying rocking herself back and forth with her head between her thighs. She cried till got a headache and mucous flowed into her mouth. She kept sniffing. Her nose

got blocked and that when she stopped crying and stoop up to drink hot water in the kitchen to unblock her nose. She then went to fetch a throw in the laundry room and decided to take a nap before she could start cooking. She set an alarm just so Jason don't find her sleeping because hell, will break lose. She fall into a deep sleep and relax her body thinking about her messed up marriage.

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One hour thirty minutes later, Ammara chops veggies and defrost the wors and some chicken to cook. She put some fruits she just chopped into a blender then added yoghurt. She blended. Shes boiled eggs

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potatoes and beetroots to make a salad. She is going to mash the potatoes. Jason love mashed potatoes.

She tried calling him but his phone was on voicemail. She was really worried and wanted them to talk maybe they can negotiate to R500k she's not ready to lose her husband. She loves him and she doesn't see her life without him. She sighed

before continuing with her pots hoping he comes back because when they quarrel it's either he doesn't come back or he hit's her.

## CHAPTER 5

At Zubi's workplace in his office, the receptionist got in followed by the sniffing and crying Liya. The receptionist gasped

not believing that the arrogant and rude girl who insulted her just because she wanted to confirm if she should let her in or not is crying.

"Sir, I tried stopping her but she pushed and forced coming here on her own. I'm sorry." she apologized.

"It's okay Ciara, thank you. I will take it from here." Zubi said not moved by Liya's tears. Liya nodded and closed the door behind her going back to the front.

Liya enjoys being the front of the Company but such events causes her to sometimes sleep on an empty stomach to quicken up her savings for her Salon that she wants to open in a few months as she counts from now. She started saving six years ago when she started working for the company. She has nothing but Zubi by God's grace helped her to be what she is today and she will forever be grateful.

"Why are you crying, what happened?" Zubi swings his chair facing the window.

"Are you not going to stand up and hug me, comfort me? Your mother will never accept me, she hates my guts. What did I ever do to her." she bust out crying ontop of her voice forcing tears out.

Zubi closes his eyes huffing. Ever since she introduced Liya to her mother he doesn't know peace. They are both always on each others throat. One claims that the other doesn't have manners, she disrespect her and the other claims that the other doesn't like her.

He dreads going home because of that. This is not what he wants for the two women in her life. If he were to choose he would choose her mother everyday but he doesn't want to, he doesn't want things to escalate to that point. He loves his mother so much.

"What happened?" he opens his arm's for her.

And she throws herself on him while sniffing.

"I knocked in your house but there was no answer so I opened for myself. I found your mother in the sitting room and greeted

her but she just looked at me from bottom to top. I kept quiet. I went to the kitchen to pour myself juice and came back to watch TV but she just started insulting me telling me that I lack manners and I don't deserve you because I'm a goldigger. She confessed her hate for me and told me to leave her son's house and never come back. Your mother hate me Zubi." she cried all over again holding on tightly to Zubi.

"My mother would never say such, are you sure that what she said?" Zubi sighs inspecting her face.

"Do you think I would make up lies? For what? Zubi, I love your mother and I'm willing to make a good relationship with her but she doesn't allow me to. I'm not given the chance. The benefit of the doubt to prove myself. She just judged me too soon." Zubi nodded not wanting to say anything further. This is his fiancé.

"It's okay, I promise you it will stop I will talk to her okay?" she smiled hugging him and he kissed her forehead. "I should get back to work. I will see you later." she nodded then get off him fixing her pulled up dress.



"I love you, bye." she waved and walked out the door without him responding.

He is left questioning himself and his actions. When she was on his arm's he kept glaring at her let finger and guilt stroking him. "I should make thing's right." he said to himself.

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"You better try harder than that." Liya says with anger. "You caused this it's all your fault." he spit on him.

"How? How when you are the one who told me to beat her, do you think I enjoy this begging? Huh? You initiated this." Jason bangs the stirring wheel so bad.

"Don't, just don't... you made her pregnant! Wait..are inlove with her?" she furrowed her brows.

"What, no!" he hastily said.

"Then what?" she questions him.

"You know very well that my eyes are only for you, there's no one else." he said.

"You better help yourself that way because I won't spare your cheating ass." she warned. "What did she say about the money?" she turns and face him.

"She refused." he said in a low tone.

"Refused? How dare she?" she asked with anger visible on her face. "Or maybe you didn't pester her enough." she say looking out the car window facing the streets.

"Listen, I think for us to get the money, you need to stop being rude to her. Just be nice to her just for a while, please."

"I'm not promising that." she folds her arms across her chest.

"How is the fiancé, are we getting anything?" he asked.

"He is monied and he has a soft spot for me just his mother who is always on my throat but I will take care of her." she smiled proudly.

"Okay, I should get going before she comes back. I want to cook for her, maybe she can change her mind." Liya laughs so hard.

"You and cooking?" she claps her hands and he glares at her.
"Sorry, drop me off in his house." she told him.

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"Sorry, drop me off in his house." she told him.

## CHAPTER 6

"Ma, just leave me alone. I'm tired of you two always on each others throat, can't you just stay without biting each other? Are you teenagers?" Zubi calmly tells his mother while taking off his tie.

"Son, she came to your office just to lie on your face. I didn't touch her nor say anything." his mother tells.

"I don't care Mom, I really don't. Just get it into your head that I'm marrying Liya and there's no changing it. It's final." he said.

Zubi couldn't understand why his fiancé would behave like this towards his mother. He believes that this two women in his life should be getting along no matter what the circumstances because he would never choose between his mother and Liya. His mother would always be there and Liya is soon to be his wife. Them not getting along strains him and he can't even concentrate on anything.

"Son, you cannot marry that woman. I'm sorry for perstering you to get a wife all these years but that woman is not woman enough." his mother.

"Mom, please." he says looking exhausted.

"You are a good man and derseve good things but Liya is so not your good thing."

"I hear you mom but can you please go and fix me food before I die. I just got back from work I'm tired for livings sake." he sat on his bed.

"You won't die in Jesus name." his mother said turning her back out of the room.

"Amen." he raise his hands up.

"But..wait..I saw the ring on her finger.. where is the right ring? The ring your grandmother said you will give to your rightful woman. The one you love." she came back and sat down again.

"How do you know about the ring?" he frowned.

"Your grandmother was a very mother in-law. We were very close. We would talk and gossip about anything, so ofcourse she told me and showed me the ring. Where is it?" she enquired.

He sighed and responded, "Somewhere safe." he dismissed her.

"Fine, freshen up and come and eat." she smiled and eyed him before going out of the room.

Zubi's mother was beyond the word "thrilled" she was super excited that at least God answered her prayers. "Indeed God works in mysterious ways. I love my God and thank you."

she clapped her hands walking to the kitchen not really believing that her son is not inlove with the girl but she saw it. Ever since she came into their lives her son is not in his best moods like before. And doesn't even enjoy soapies with his

mother like before. If he's not coming home late then he is his home office working extra hours. He hardly smiles.

She started by warming the food while making him juice. She waited for the food to warm up while humming to a song only known by her, happiness visible on her face. She keeps making funny sounds "mmmmmmh" then claps her hands again. She really serves the living God. She dished up for his son. Glad she cooked his favourite food. And he is going to enjoy his food.

She took the food to the sitting room. The dining area is too big for an exhausted person. The smile is not leaving her face.

"Mom

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what's with the unending smiles?" Zubi frowns.

She glance at him and places the covered tray Infront of him, "here is your food, son." then she sat on the nearest couch taking the remote.

"Thank you, Mom." Zubi ignored his mother's weirdness.

"How was work, Son?." she looks at him in the eye.

"Work was hectic and tiring as always mother. How was your day?" he asks back.

"My day was ruined I don't even want to talk about it." her mood suddenly changes and Zubi notice and nod not wanting to ask further.

"The food is tasty, thank you." he compliment.

"You are welcome, son. I cooked it especially for you." she smiles widely.

He nods then focus on his food. He was really hungry and missed his mother's cooking. Not that he doesn't eat it everyday but that just one fast food take out makes him tired and lose appetite. He doesn't want her mother to go back.

They might as well find tenant's to rent her father's house or the outside rooms just for the home to be occupied by people and let it not be a dessert. He should mention it to his mother.

"Mom, is the food finished?" she doesn't respond but takes the plate to refill. "Thank you." he receives and dig in again.

"So I was thinking." Zubi

"What?" his mother.

"That we put people to rent my father's house or the outside rooms because I want to keep you here longer." he stuffs his mouth with food after.

His mother smile's but it vanishes again, "not your father's house but I don't mind with the outside rooms because they are vacant anyway. Why?" she questions.

"I enjoy having you around here and with the kind of work I do, it doesn't make it easy for me to go home randomly. I have to get a leave which is not so very easy because things doesn't go well when I'm not there." he heave a sigh.

His mother heave the same sigh and nod. "But you know that at the end of the day, I have to go back?" Zubi nods.

"Yes mother." he sighed.

## CHAPTER 7

"Baby, I have this girls trip that we planned with the with my friends and I have already told them that my fiance is going to cover all our cost so baby, are you going fund our trip?" Liya kiss Zubi's forehead smiling.

Zubi sighs and looks aside, "two weeks ago I have already given you a lot of money, you could have used that money for the trip." he turned to her face.

Liya made pleading faces, pouting and faking cries. "Baby, I am your fiance and we are about to get married. You are very well-known and successful being with a lot of money and so your wife should stand out from the crowd. Plus the girls are already expecting me." she pleaded.

Zubi rubs his eyes exhausted, there's actually no day that passes without Liyabona telling him or reminding him about how much money he has and how much she should be getting. The thing that frustrates him is that Liya seems to be only spending money and no saving and not even looking for a job.



Which leaves him questioning himself about their future. This is not what he want, is it too late?

"Baby?" Liya nuges him.

"Fine, I will transfer the money to your account." he said not paying attention to her.

"Really baby, oh my God you are the best fiancé ever. I love you!" she exclaimed hugging him endlessly and he would tirelessly put his hands on her back.

"Sure." he yawned.

"You seem tired baby

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I should go and prepare you something to eat so you can rest."  
she get off him and walked to the kitchen dancing.

She bought Chinese food on her way here so she will just warm up and go feed her exhausted fiancé. Ofcourse she can't Cook and how do you expect a slayqueen like Liyabona to cook with who's nails?

"You are so going to enjoy the food baby, I bought it especially for you." she handed the plate to him before digging in with him.

"Thank you." he said then only focused on the sale and left everything else.

"Baby, why are you eating the salad only?" she asked clearly offended.

"I'm a pure Swati Liyabona, not some Chinese guru okay?" he pushed the plate on her laps and got of the couch and walked to his room.

"A wife cooks." he murmured.

"That was uncalled for." she said to herself then continued eating her food like her fiance didn't just stomp out on her angrily. She rolled her eyes laughing. "A wife cook's my left foot." she laughed.

Zubi's mother stood at the door and watched her sadly, she shook her head regretting pushing his son. Only if she gave him time and trusted his doings they wouldn't be here today.

She walked to the kitchen to warm up the food she prepared for them. She warmed up the food and dished up and set the food on a tray putting a wet dishcloth on a dish then walked to her son's room worried.

She knocked and knocked but there was no answer. "Son, it's me please come and take some food. You need to eat something so you could rest." she begged him and she head foot steps coming towards the door and sighed waiting.

He opened with moist eye's. "Thank you." he muttered before taking the tray.

"I'm so sorry son, it's all my fault." he nodded and closed the door on her face and the door clicked meaning he's locking. She pressed her ear on the door and all she heard were sniffs which broke her heart. She wiped the tears that were falling on her cheeks and walked to her room.

Zubi wiped his tears that were continuously flowing down his cheeks. He sniffed then headed to his shower and had a cold shower while he regretted his decisions wishing he could turn back the hands of time and not feel pressured by his mother's words always telling and yelling at him to get a wife.

Threatening him about death which was opening an already hurting wound that hasn't healed and that will never heal. The death of his father, who was his best friend and brother above everything. A father who left everything and came to nurse his broken heart because of women and today he is all alone. His overprotective mother turned on him. He has no one to cry to and lean on or share his burdens.

He missed his father so much. He was definitely sure that if his father was here he would have given him a solution by now. That's the pure truth about his father, his solutions was always permanent and came faster. He sure died still having his lawyer

tactics because he was a retired Lawyer who was praised even in his coffin. All in all he was a great father to him.

He got out of the shower then wiped himself and wrapped a towel on his lower body and went to lotion before wearing a short and vest. He took the tray his mother brought and sat down on his chair on the dressing table. Before he could put the spoonful lifted, a knock on the door disturbed him and he should already who that was. He went to open but didn't say anything and went to his food ignoring her.

"Baby, I have to go my brother just called. He needs me." she told him but there was no reponse from him. She shrugged her shoulders before dressing up and taking her slingbag and walked out of the room.

## CHAPTER 8

In Ammara's house, Ammara is having fruits after the breakfast they prepared and had together while catching about the old times and their father.

"Dad was the man of jokes indeed." they both laughed.

"He was. Your husband is still not back?" Ammara asked.

Naledi's face dropped down by the mentioning of her husband. She really does miss him and she hasn't been able to get him on the phone for the past two days now which got her worried because her husband, never disappear on him no matter his business trip is.

"Sis, are you okay?" Ammara asked worried.

Naledi quickly wiped the lone tear and out on a brave face. Ammara saw that and hurried to hug her but who? Naledi? The brave girl? She couldn't cry for that without a proper

explanation. he will just wait for him to call and explain. She trust her husband and he wouldn't do what she's thinking. He was better than that and he has never gave him a room for accusations.

"Are you okay, Sis? You are crying?" Naledi quickly wiped her tears.

"I'm fine, I just got emotional because I miss him so much." she lied.

"Oh, so he still not back? What did he say the reason is? For not coming back?" Ammara enquired raising her brows. She too knows very that unlike Sam Smith to just disappear. She trust her sister with him and believe she is in good hands.

"No, he's not and that the thing, he's not available on this call!" she snapped. "Sorry." she realised Ammara just nodded taking her phone dialing a number.

The phone rang while Naledi wiped her tears with her big eyes out on her sister. "Who are you calling?" Ammara put her finger on her mouth shushing him.

The person on the other line said, "hello? Sam Smith speaking"

"Yeah, Sam Smith." she said sternly.

"Sister?" he said in a low tone full of respect.

That how he play his card's right, he respect his sister-in-law with everything in him. Even before messing up she always pop up in his mind then shift's back. That how overprotective she is of Naledi.

"Are you alright? Are you back? I heard you went to a business trip." she asked him.

"No sister, I was held up by extra meetings but I just crossed the border now, I'm driving home." he said busy clearing his voice.



"I like your business, I want in maybe we can well together in property and probably be richer than we are." she joked.

"The travelling is too much Sister, I'm tired of it and you wouldn't handle it plus your husband won't allow you." he laughed lightly.

She laughed too, "he wouldn't dare by the way drive safely sharp."

"Sure sister." she hunged up.

"Now go and prepare for your husband. Give him a good welcome home back sex." she winked and Naledi laughed.

"I should hey, walk me out." Naledi.

Before they could stand up, Liya got in screaming, "Ammara! Ammara! Oh here you are, why are ignoring me? My knuckles

are stiff and my voice is hoarse." she faked a cough. "I've been calling you." she ignored the presence of Naledi.

"Hello?" Naledi faked a smile.

Liya looked around pretending not to see her. "I'm here darling, hello?"

"Oh

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you have a company. Fatcakes!" she made a disgusted face and Naledi wanted to slap her but Ammara held her.

"She's not worthy it, leave her." Ammara let go of her hand.

"What do you want, Liyabona?" she popped a grape in her mouth. Naledi was fuming with anger. "Let her talk Naledi."

"If I were you, I would listen to her. And you, Ammara? Why didn't you give Jason the money he asked yesterday? You do as if it will damage your pocket. I told you to be submissive marn!" she snapped at her.

"What? Did I hear correctly? Ammara pinch me." Ammara pinched her then laughed. "Ouch! Why did you do that? You, listi to me and listen very carefully I'm not Ammara, I'm not your walkover. You are not my sister-in-law I will wipe this flow with bubble eyes."

"Say another bubble eyed. What will you do? Huh? Don't take your frustrations on me, I didn't say your husband should abandon you." she rolled her eyes looking around.

"What? I wi-" Ammara held her back to her chair before her hands could reach Liya. "I will kill you, do you hear me." Liya ignored her and looked everywhere but not at her.

"So, are you going to give my brother the money he asked?" she referred the question to Ammara.

"Hey!" Naledi reprimanded.

"Naledi, she's here to cause trouble as always just let her be, okay?" Ammara continued popping grapes on her mouth unbothered.

"Ammara, please don't hold me back. I wi-" Ammara pushed her back again.

"Listen, I'm not abandoned by my fiance and hey, I'm engaged and getting married." she winked at them. "And you two are invited, vvip for you." she showed them the ring with a proud face and the sister's both busted with laughter and high fived while laughing.

"Nice joke, you nailed." Naledi said not believing it.

"You, you getting married? The blind shall see and the deaf shall hear, are you hearing yourself?" Ammara laughed so hard that her eyes formed tears.

"Well, like it or not I'm getting married. You too can laugh like hyena's for all I care." she put out her attitude on display.

"Wait, would you marry yourself?" she just clicked her tongue annoyed and went out shaking her ass. The sister's continued laughing.

"I feel for the poor family she's getting married to." Naledi said laughing.

"No, we should find the poor guy and warn him. I'm sure he's unaware." Ammara put a serious face.

"Did you see her displaying her ring? I'm nyenyeng menyid." they laughed again.

"You should go, I'm sure hubby is home now." Ammara said clearing the table.

## CHAPTER 9

She left Ammara's place and passed by the mall next to her house to get something's just to push time. In her head she couldn't wrap it up the sudden feeling of withdrawal she felt. She last felt this way the day she lost her father. She feeling of losing a loved one. They feeling of incompleteness. Her heart was beautiful abnormal. She try to keep things cool but it was hard.

She did a little baking shopping and bought a lot of things she knew she doesn't need but what better way to calm herself down than playing around the kitchen with flour even, her favourite. She likes playing around with flour besides being in the office and wearing formal even on your face.

She pushed the trolley ignoring the whistles blown at her and others asking to push the trolley for her but she wasn't there. It wasn't as if her husband was home to her. The husband she has known and been married to for two years. Her dear husband.

"Hi beautiful." she stopped and raised her head.

Her world stopped for a second while she was admiring God's work. The creature Infront of her was beautiful even though, men are handsome but this Infront of her was the beauty of nature and she wouldn't mind committing a crime.

"I'm married but hi." she faked a smile and waved her left hand to him.

"You don't have to fake anything Princess. The foreign feeling, oh I shouldn't say foreign but your instincts are right. I just hope you accept and heal. I hope you don't fight it. Here is my card number, call me anytime when you need some company." he smiled showing his medium pure white beautiful teeth. He unlocked a car next to her and she looked at the Lexus and gasped. He waved and hooted before he drove off.

She looked at the card number and read his names "Asher Chance Miller." he's a South African. "This is not a business card but It was made for someone special."

"What? Some people are really crazy." she said before throwing it in her jacket then opened her boot and packed her things

then went to her side and got in. She locked all doors then said a short silent prayer. She was praying for the feeling to wear off. But..but..what was the meaning of what that guy said? Her instincts are right? She must accept and heal? Why? Because when her husband went to a trip and before he decided to ghost her few days back they were happy and inlove. Sam is all she knows and she's grateful to God for such a husband. He has been a great husband and a faithful husband and never had he cheated on her or raised his hand on her.

Her phone vibrated and she quickly wiped her tears and took it out of her bag swiping up unlocking it. "I'm back home, please come back we need to talk." a text from her husband.

She tried not to panick, why didn't he call like always?

She drove away from the parking area heading to her house. She played a song 'Loneliness' by Westlife. She kept telling herself to keep it together, that she's a big girl and can handle anything.

MINUTES LATER



She drove in and parked next to his car and took her groceries with her to the house. She placed them on the kitchen counter before calling her husband. "Sam! Sam when are you?"

"Behind you." he was leaning on his office door.

He seemed bored or exhausted for someone who last saw his wife a few weeks back. Pain twitched in her heart that she felt tears pricking her heart but she couldn't cry Infront of him. At least not now that he looks like he's pitying her.

"Hi." she tried to raise her hand to wave but she was suddenly shaking and cloud of fear was hovering her.

"Hey, can we go and sit down?" he pointed to the sitting room. He looked weak and really couldn't balance well.

"Sure." she played along the coldness even though deep down she was crying.

"I love you, I hope you are clear with that and you know that everything I do I do it for you. I will never just leave you without a valid reason. All that I do

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I do it for you, for us. I love you so much Naledi but sometimes life gives us lemons to make lemonade. And that lemonade is always sour and bitter. That lemonade leaves our faces with a frown. That frown means anything not good you could ever think of. Naledi, please forgive me." Sam said without taking a breath.

"Wait..what are you trying to say, are you divorcing me? Huh?" tears fell off her cheeks. "After all the years I spent with you this what you are doing to me? Did you even love me? Do you love me? Huh?" she hit him on his nose and his nose bled. She was emotional and not mentally okay in a minute that she continued hitting him without realising the damage she was making. He didn't fight back because he thought he deserved it.

To his thoughts he should have told her earlier but it wasn't easy to tell the love of his life that he was dying. Sadly, they failed to have a baby. She just couldn't get pregnant and that hurt him more. He googled and asked to his friends who are

into this medicine thing. And they told him that it's not always about who can't conceive or who's not fertile but it can be about, "are you meant for each other" and that has been rooming in his mind ever since and added to his problems. This might be the last encounter with her wife and sadly, she wants to finish him without knowing the truth about what he said and his reasons. The bleeding is causing him more damage than good, he's already dying and this blood is causing him more headache. He might as well accept his death and die Infront of her.

"Why?" he slowly raised his head and took his handkerchief to wipe away the blood. He looked up for about five minutes then pressed the handkerchief on his nose. Guilt now started to eat her up as she looked at how serious the moment is. Her hands were bloody and he was bloody too. "I'm so sorry, we should rush you to the hospital, please." he shook his head no.

"Please."

## CHAPTER 10

At the hospital, Naledi is holding on her waist crying while waiting for the doctor to give her news about her husband.

A nurse came her way and she quickly called her, "how is my husband?"

The nurse looked back and a doctor came out from the emergency room her husband was rushed in. "here is Doctor Sibanda." she passed her. Naledi ran to the doctor.

"How is he?" she wiped her tears.

"Can we please go to my office?" she slowly nodded with fear written all over her face.

"Your husband has brain cancer." he kept quiet.

"Brain cancer!?! What do you mean? Did he lose his memory? What happened?" she hastily asked.

"Brain cancer is a malignant growth of abnormal brain cells in the brain. Brain cancer can arise from many different types of brain cells (primary brain cells cancer) or occur when cancer cells from other parts of the body metastasize (spread) to the brain. True brain cancers are those that arise in the brain itself." the doctor explained.

She continued wiping her tears, "so where is his brain cancer arises from? Will he survive this?" she questioned.

"From the brain itself but more tests are going to be done. He will survive, 40 out of 100 people (40%) survive their cancer for one year or more. More than 10 out of 100 people (more than 10%) survive their cancer for five years or more." she nodded and thought for a while.

"Can it be cured?" she bit her lips.

"The outlook for a malignant brain tumour depends on things like where it is in the brain, it's size, and what grade it is. It can sometimes be cured if caught early on, but a brain tumour often comes back and sometimes it isn't possible to remove it." tears fell on her eyes.

"Brain tumour is not a death sentence, some brain tumours grow very slowly (low grade) and cannot be cured. Depending on your age at diagnosis, the tumour may eventually cause your death. Or you may live a full life and die from something else. It will depend on your tumour type, where it is in the brain, and how it responds to treatment." he added.

"What do you mean by grades? What are the causes of nose bleeding?" she sniffed.

"The cause of nose bleeding, well the most common cause of nosebleeds is dry air. Dry air can be caused by hot, low-humidity climates or heated indoor air. Both environments cause the nasal membrane (the delicate tissue inside your nose) to dry out and become crusty or cracked and more likely to bleed when rubbed or picked or when blowing your nose." she nodded. "When I talk about grades, I'm talking about how

cancer is staged? Brain tumour prognosis is based tumour histology, age

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symptoms, extent of tumor residual, location, molecular features, functional neurologic status, metastatic spread, and recurrences. Unlike other cancer's that are classified according to their stages, brain cancer is graded based on its pathologic characteristics or how the cells appear under a microscope. The grades/stages of brain cancer are:

Grade 1: a grade 1 brain tumour is noncancerous or slow growing. Its cells resemble healthy cells in appearance and are often cured with surgery." she gasped.

"Will he be required to do a surgery?" the doctor nodded.

"Yes, he will have to do quick surgery as soon as possible to remove the tumour in his brain before it grows after we have done more tests and got to see which grade is his brain tumour." she sniffed not believing that her husband almost died under her watch.

"How many grades does cancer have and which stage is dangerous? What are the symptoms?" she was panicking. How is she going to deliver the news to his family.

"There are four grades and stage four is the fourth grade that is required dangerous and unlikely to survive from. The second grade, the stage 2 brain tumors are malignant but slow growing. Its cells under a microscope appear somewhat unusual. These tumors have the potential to spread to adjacent tissues or recur after initial therapy.

The grade 3, the stage 3 brain tumours are malignant and develop more quickly than grade 1 and 2 tumors. When viewed under a microscope, the malignant cells display severe abnormalities. Stage 3 brain cancer can actively generate abnormal cells cells that can spread to other areas of the brain.

The grade 4, stage 4 cancer brain tumours develop rapidly and have various abnormal features that can be seen under a microscope. Stage 4 brain cancer timeline is aggressive in which the tumors can spread to other regions of the brain and may even create their blood arteries to keep up with their fast growth. Sometimes, they also feature tiny clusters of dead cells



(necrosis)." the doctor explained but her head was buzzing and couldn't understand a thing. All she was thinking is Sam, and she had questions but couldn't ask the doctor because she sure knows that he will throw medicine types of words her way and she won't understand a thing he said.

"Can I see him?" he nodded.

"Follow me." she followed him walking on his pace. They reached his ward and he had pipes all over him and her heart broke. She wished he told her sooner, she wished she didn't jump into conclusions. She wished she listened to him before throwing fists at him.

## CHAPTER 11

At Ammara's house late in the afternoon, Jason follows her after she got in and he drags his suitcase and start packing his clothes busy cursing and calling Ammara names.

"Jason, what is it now?" she asked with a frown.

"Leave me alone, I'm leaving." he retorted.

"Leaving? To where and for what?" the frown never leaves her face.

He zips his suitcase and put down ready to wheel it and face Ammara with an angry face.

"Until you treat me like the man of this house then I'm not coming back. Until you give me the money I want I'm not coming back." he said.

Ammara eye's formed tears and in a second they were falling. "I just came back from the hospital and my sister's husband is sick and needs a surgery." she cried. "He has brain cancer." she finished.

He turned again and looked at her, "I can't believe you just told me about your useless sisters husband along with your sister. They are both useless, are you married to them? I heard you brought your snake of a sister in my house and fed her my food playing happy family in my house?" he shouted and Ammara jumped.

She held her cheeks, "if there's a snake and a useless person here, it's you! Am I married to you---" she didn't finish because Jason slapped her so hard that fell and lied flat on the floor crying.

"Say one more word with that filthy mouth of yours I'm going to kill you. Leave Liyabona out of your shit." he kicked her on her stomach then spat on her before he opened their bedroom door and wheeled her suitcase downstairs.

Ammara called his back and followed him while limping to their parking area but he never paid attention to her. "Jason, let's talk this like adults please." he slammed his car door and roared the engine before driving out in full speed. Ammara cried till she decided to go back inside the house. She sat down next to the coffee table in their sitting room and continued crying busy calling him but he wasn't picking up. She sent countless messages but he didn't respond.

Meanwhile Jason booked in an expensive hotel and was having the best time of his life drinking expensive alcohol. He laughed and clicked his tongue watching her messages and calls. He didn't bother to check up on her or answer the calls and hear if everything is okay.

The following day

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she ended up sending him all the money he asked because she wasn't ready to wasn't ready to lose him as she loves his husband to lose him over money she can always replace. That very same morning Jason came back home and found her preparing for work and he left her and went to make her breakfast for appreciation so he says. After thirty minutes of

her preparing she came downstairs looking for her car keys but she couldn't find it. Jason appeared Infront of her dangling them in the air and asked,

"Looking for this?" he laughed.

"Yes, give me my car keys Jason I will be late for work." she said frustrated.

"I want to use it today and you are the boss anyway, you can always arrive late and nothing will happen unlike some of us." he smiled.

"Jason, are you going to give me me my car keys or not?" she asked impatient.

"I told you that I'm using it today, my car has faults." he said.

"Why didn't you take it to a mechanic?" she enquired.

"Why? When you can afford buying me a new car? I need a new car." he blurtely said.

Ammara sighed. "You are working, you should afford a car or something."

"You buy me a new car or you don't get your car keys." he said folding his arms across his chest.

She left him there and opened the door and walked out requesting. She was already late and she hates being late as much as she hates late comers. Her drive came and drove her to work.

"Boss lady." the receptionist acknowledged her.

"Hi.." she waved and the receptionist frowned. That's unusual but very usual for her boss to just wave without a smile on her face or looking at her.

She was very aware that her boss lady is in an abusive marriage but acts strong and that all is good at her work. But she knows this because she always find her crying in his office. Sometimes she takes her ring off for the whole day. "Mmmmmmh" she said the. shrugged before getting back to work.

In her office Ammara called her sister to ask about Sam. "He's awake but they are getting him ready for the surgery. They said they gave him steroids. Later today they are going to perform the surgery."

"Sis, I understand your concern but you need to rest. I promise you that I will be there when they start the surgery but this needs you fresh please." she begged her.

"I can't leave my husband alone, I can't. I feel like this is partly my fault hadn't I hit him maybe.." she sniffed.

"No no, he was already sick. I'm not condoning what you did but.... you know" she said to her.

## CHAPTER 12

Ammara was in her office discussing business over the phone with an assistant of Mr Mthiyane, one of the most successful business man in his early thirties. It was said that he is also a CEO at some hospital. Well, because of her always busy schedule she never entertain people's business that way and she has never seen him or met him even by mistake but now she needs to. She shrugs then smile.

"It's okay Miss Williams, I will run it through the boss then get back to you with a set date." the assistant responded with so much enthusiasm.

She smiled already thinking of her signing a deal with the most successful business man and they will actually form a bomb just by the thought of it. Hopefully he agrees on working with her. She squirms, "I will hear from you then, thank you so much."

"It's a pleasure Ma'am, have a good day." she smiled and dropped the call. Money! Money! this is what she loves, making money.



Work is actually her home of peace and happiness.

She could see her assistant coming towards her office door and wondered what does she want because she's not caring anything in her hands. "Come in." she shouts before she could knock.

"Mmmmmmh, it's nice having a glass door office. Worse aluminium. You can see us but sadly we can't see you." she widely smiled.

"What do you want Nicky?" she put her hands under her chin looking at her straight in the eyes and Nicky just smiled.

"Well, since..you..forget.. your... lunch.. time.. everyday.. I'm here to remind you that it's your lunchtime." she spelled then said the last part faster.

She smiled

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today it's actually her lucky day. "Do I have any meetings after lunch?" Nicky shook her head no. "Great!" she exclaimed.

"Thank you, see you tomorrow..and oh expect a call from Mr Mthiyane's PA, anytime." Nicky nodded with a wide smile on her face. He sighed Mr Mthiyane until she got him. Them signing a deal it will actually help her get a raise in her salary and then her dreams will come true. She quickly left her office and literally ran to her desk.

Ammara shook her head and packed her thing's and took her car keys. She locked her office and walked out waving at Nicky and went to the parking lot but she remembered that she didn't come with her car. Her stomach grumbled but..she was planning on going home first and refresh before getting something to eat. She took her phone and called Nicky.

"Boss lady?" Nicky answered.

"Please get me one of the company car keys." she said.

"Which car?" Nicky asked.

"Any car keys but not for a big car. Oh, get me my father's car keys." she dropped the call. She almost forgot that her father liked cars like kids do with lollipops. She smiled thinking about him. He was an amazing father. She never thought a man would

actually lay a hand on her judging by how her father was. He was strict and well disciplined but he was a very lovely soul. He had soft spot for his daughters and would literally kill any fly that tried to steal their beauty sleep. Overprotective always just like how Naledi is towards her.

"Here, what happened to your car?" Nicky questioned her.

She huffed, "My husband is using it. Thanks." she welcomed the keys and walked to the private parking lot that had locked gates it was more of a garage. She rang the alarm that called the security.

"Madam?" he humbled himself.

"Please open the private garage for me." she asked him.

He nodded, "which car exact?" he asked.

"My father's favourite car." she said excited. She's missing him more. "You must be missing him?" the security smiled. She nodded.

"You are very intelligent soul just like your father. Business minded, strict and down to earth. Keep it up my girl. You are going far." she smiled. It's a beautiful thing and actually something that makes her more happy to hear those kind of words from an elder. This man is the head of all the securities in the company. He worked with her father for some years and they decided to give him a promotion and a very good salary. You wouldn't say he's a security guard. "Thank you so much." he nodded and waited for her to drive out of the garage before locking again and setting the alarm again. Ammara hooted and quickly drove off.

"It's must be nice being you, you skip work and drive a luxury car out of the blue. Multi-multimillionaire. Kumnandi kwamali huh?" Jason clapped his hands when Ammara got her father's car leaving her things behind.

She ignored him and walked inside the house and went straight to the kitchen and drank water then rinsed and apple before going up to their room. She finished her Apple then brushed

her teeth before going to shower. She quickly showered and dressed in tracksuits without lotioning and left her face natural. She picked her car keys and walked out. She went to the kitchen and took an orange and peeled then rinsed her hands before eating it.

"Are you cheating on me?" she raised her eyebrows amazed. He was leaning on the door frame in the kitchen with arms crossed. "Why are you not at work again?" she continued eating her orange. He laughed bitterly.

"Are you f\*\*ken cheating on me?" he banged the door and she jumped.

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me Jason. I'm your wife for heaven's sake!" she threw him with the orange in hand and roughly walked out of the kitchen pushing him in the process.

"You are doing wha..t?" he couldn't believe it he held her hand roughly but she kicked his balls without alert and threw a punch in-between his eyes. "I'm tired of being your punching bag, you will learn to respect me as your wife. Bloody husband of a nonsense!" she took a few strides and walked out leaving Jason grunting behind.

## CHAPTER 13

Ammara clicked her tongue angrily when she hit someone and her phone almost fell as she was pressing on it. "Hey, watch where you are going! Are you blind?" she screamed at the other person.

He apologized but she wasn't having it, "I'm sorry, I really am but you should watch where you are heading too especially in a public space." he warned calmly.

She chuckled annoyed, "oh so now you will put the blame on me? Wow! I can't believe this." she impatiently bite her lower lip like she's thinking.

"I'm sorry but you should leave your problems in your house than the public it's clear you are frustrated and I'm sorry for that. Be alright." he walked away smiling alone. He turned and watched her again. Such a dark beautiful lady.

"Hey Ammara." one waiter smiled at her. She waved. "I guess you are not okay." the waiter came towards her. "Talk to me, is it Jason?" she just nodded. The waiter sighed, "this marriage has been long overdue, Ammara! She abused you from the word go, from the very first day of your marriage and you are still there? Why? Why are you burying yourself alive?" the waiter questioned her.

Ammara thought for a while, Jason is her man and she doesn't see herself leaving without him. Besides the bad and ugly moments he gives he was the best husband at first and she hopes she could just go back to that but today's episode really got her by surprise too. She's not sure where she got the powers from.

"He's my husband, Amile." she said blinking tears.

Amile huffed, "the husband that abuses you? Are you happy with your husband Sis?" Ammara shook her head no and shook yes again. Tears voluntarily fell on her cheeks.

"You are not happy and you will never be happy with Jason

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that I can bet on. He's causing you nothing but frustrations always. I saw how you almost strangled Zubi at the entrance. You bumped into him but he was at fault. See...Jason is causing you nothing but stress, come on out your sanity and happiness first. Just leave!" Amile said through her gritted teeth. "You are good on business everything is going well for you besides that fool of your husband who wants nothing but to rip you off your money and leave you bankrupt. We are here for that but because we are being shut out what can we say. This is what upset Naledi."

Amile huffed and signed Ammara us too blind for her liking. All she's wishing for is to put a bullet in-between Jason's eyes and split his brain into pieces. Bloody manipulator! She clicked her tounge watching Ammara cry.

"I love Jason, there may be times where by we misunderstood each other like today but we make up for it. I can't just get up and decide to go just because of misunderstandings. He has been with me for long." she sniffed. "I don't expect you to understand it. Nobody does." .



"Because we wouldn't understand sh\*t Ammara! That's no misunderstanding m, that half of a man is going to kill you if you keep on defending himself. He's using you wake up." Amile said getting impatient.

"You wouldn't understand because you are not married. You are not married, we made vows and they can't just be broken just like that. And today I did something terrible too." she looked down.

Amile's eyes widened not believing what she's hearing.

"Usuyahlanya wena stru." (You are now really crazy.) "What did you do?" she held her chin analysing her. Ammara is that perfect dark beauty she envy as a yellow bone. It suits her and compliment her beautiful soft and shiny skin. She's beautiful inside and out but too blind for a smart person like her. She now understands what they say when abused people end up dead from the hand's of their abused boyfriends and husband's it's because if this. They defend them because of that pretense they put when they want to draw and manipulate their fishes. They whisper them sweet nothings that are full of poison and they fall for it.

"He was standing on the kitchen door leaning on a door frame and forcefully wanted me to agree that I'm cheating on him but I got angry because of that then forcefully pushed him out of the door but he held my hand roughly and kicked his balls and punched his face. I then left him there. Amile smiled. She frowned. "Why..why are you smiling?"

Amile smiled, "girl, good job. You actually made me proud hopefully he won't try to get smart with you because he's the one who always cheat. You actually deserve a lot better than him. So what are you going to do when you arrive at home?" Ammara shrugged. "Let me tell you since you don't know. Stand your foot down, tell him where to back off if you get a chance kick him again. He will learn to respect woman." Ammara kept quiet thinking of her next move. Divorcing wasn't a solution at all.

"Jason is going to kill me." her voice changed showing how afraid she is.

"Trust me, he won't even think about it just contact your lawyer and tell her to draft divorce papers and give him nothing. Like zero cent, he doesn't deserve a penny from your money and

don't let her near your father's company." Amile told her and just nodded seemingly far away with thoughts. "Let me get the menu for you." she left her and to take a menu and came back to hand her. "Order then I will be back in ten minutes."

"Thanks." she looked at the menu and loved the kota she saw and a burger with chips. She waited for Amile to come back and take her order. "This kota with no atchaar, then this chicken burger with large chips and add four wings with a 1,5l coco Pine of just Spa letta Pine Nut."

"Always your favourite." Amile smiled. "Your food coming right up even though, I'm not so convinced that you will finish the food." She shrugged and mouthed we will see."

## CHAPTER 14

Jason had a funny walk, he was literally limping. He limped to his car. His pride couldn't let him drive Ammara's car even though it was on the driveway. He was thinking of his revenge, Ammara has never disrespected her this much and she was going to pay for it. He got in his car and drove to Liyabona's apartment and parked a house away and called her.

She came out not looking not so good. She looked angry for some reason. "Hey baby." he tried kissing her but she ducked the kiss and ended up kissing her neck. She clicked her tongue and said, "idiot!" under her breath.

Jason signed not in the mood himself, Liyabona is an attention seeker and a bully. She likes torturing him. "Baby, what is it now?"

She chuckled popping and chewing on her bubblegum like she was borrowed for some seconds. Jason looked at her. "What's wrong?" she rolled her eyes and played with her ring.

"You are what's wrong! You are wrong!" she snapped. "Are you falling for her? Are you inlove with her?" she shouted at him.

"Baby... I..." she disturbed him.

"I

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nothing! You disgust me. What am I going to do with such a little money? Huh? 2M? are you kidding me? You have gone so soft for this b\*tch." she clicked her tounge.

"But.. it's the only money I was able to get from her but I will try again." he said.

"No, don't try again do it! Jason say it if you can't maintain my lifestyle and leave me alone to hunt big fishes." she brushed back her wig with her fingers.

"Okay, I promise. I will." she smiled. "Take.. it's Ammara's ring. I found it on the floor today after she kicked me and punched me and left me to die." he swallowed regretting telling her that.

"What? She even beat you now? You see? This is what I was talking about you have gone weak and soft." she took the ring and smiled.

"You will sell it and see how much it can give you." he said.

"Sure, I have to go. My fiance called me for dinner with his mother." he nodded and watched her go. He drove home all read to deal with his so called b\*tchy wife who have grown some balls and can't respect her anymore. He has been nothing but a good husband and he can't let her get away with kicking him like that and punching him. He should teach her a lesson to never mess with him like that but see him as the man of the house. He can't tolerate this behaviour. And he can't shake off the feeling that he's cheating on him. That too he's going to deal with it, she's his alone.

When he got home it was already starting to get dark outside. She drove through the open gate and got more angry seeing her father's car meaning he's inside. He didn't even lock the gate or his car. He ran inside like mad man sweating forgetting that he's limping but he didn't touch the door handle because he hissed in pain. Ammara did give him a scar to remember. He

got inside and called her everywhere but she kept quiet in the kitchen her heart beating so fast that she was for her life and quickly regretted her actions.

"Ammara! Ammara!" he got inside the kitchen and angrily looked at her. "Why are you quiet? You are continuing to make me a fool like you did? The guts to kick me and punch me. Are you now the man of the house? Huh? Have you grown some balls?" he marched towards her and she held onto the knife so tight no letting go and Jason wasn't aware of that action and kept going forward.

"I'm talking to you damn!" he banged the table with his fists and she jumped almost dropping her knife but also quickly held it tight. If he tries something then this is her plan. "I'm sorry." she said in a low shaking tone.

"Ontop of that you make fun of my sister with your ugly and disrespectful sister. You give her my food and feed her my food, how dare you?" he said pointing at her veins popping all over him.

Ammara decided not to answer and her phone rang and she quickly jumped. Jason gave her a sharp eye. "Hello? Okay sis...I promise I will be there first thing in the morning..... okay Sis goodnight, get some rest. I love you more."

Jason clicked her tongue and walked out.

She dropped the call and set an early alarm. If there's anything she could do right now is to go and support her only family. Her only sister. She was thinking of leaving the pots and drive to Naledi's house and support her. She knows it took her a lot to leave her husband alone at the hospital when she's told that his surgery is starting tomorrow. And luckily Sam is a bald man so that made things easier for the doctors.

Her mind travelled miles forgetting the burning pot. Sam never got sick before not that she knows any moment. So She was asking herself if this Cancer inherited from the old generation. She was really worried but it was a good thing that him and her sister do not have a child yet.

She should Google more about this so she's aware of some thing's tomorrow when the doctor's bombard them with their



jargon (word's used in different professions.) she shook her head and continued with her pots.

While she was cooking she made that 'clean as you go' and cleaned her kitchen swept and dusted everyday. She should one day take a day off and spring clean her house or call the local cleaning company to help her. It's been a while since she thoroughly cleaned her whole house.

She made a pudding after washing her hands and baked it while she hummed to her own song disturbing her running thoughts. She can't afford to stress when she's going to the hospital tomorrow because she's needed there and sober minded. She's aware that Naledi is not herself.

## CHAPTER 15

The next morning, Ammara woke up very early and called her assistant that she won't be at work today. She prepared herself and wore comfortable clothes. She took her car keys and father's keys and walked out leaving Jason sleeping. She was planning on denying seeing nor know where the car keys are. Jason is full of nonsense and she's going to show him.

She descended the stairs and walked to the kitchen and made a cereal, ate then took an apple walking out. She got into her father's car and drove off accompanying herself with music to her sister's house.

"Hey Sis, you are up." she said hugging Naledi tightly.

Naledi nodded and tears just streamed down her cheeks. She seemed weak. She looked lost and she looked like someone who has already given up and lost hope throwing out the towel. Her eyes were all ready and almost puffy. Her Chubby cheeks hid that very well.

"I have lost hope, he's going to leave me." she cried on her sisters chest holding onto her tight.

"No, no one is leaving you Sis. He's a strong guy he will survive the surgery." Ammara brushed her sisters back calming her down.

"Wha..t.. what if.." she had hiccups and that sound pained Ammara more. Her sister had never broken down like this she has always been strong.

"No please have faith Sis." she walked with her to the couch and helped her sit down before walking to the kitchen and warmed some water and put sugar in it and stirred then dropped a sleeping pill inside and it dissolved until it was all transparent. She walked back to her sister.

"Drink some sugar water, you need some energy as i make you something to eat." she shook her no. "What?" she questioned her.

"I'm not hungry." her voice was husk. She drank the water then leaned on the couch and closed her eyes. Ammara watched her counting minutes before she could actually pass out and rest because she needs.

"What are they starting the surgery?" she enquired her trying to know when to wake her up.

"They said the doctor who is supposed to perform his surgery will arrive at 09:00 so i should be there too by that time. I feel sleepy." she yawned.

"Sleep, we will definitely be there it's just 06:00 now we have some hours to spend and you can rest. I will make food so far." she sighed feeling her sister's pain.

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At the hospital, Ammara was holding her sisters hand as they entered the doctors office. They took seats and waited for the doctor to tell them the way forward.

"We are doctors and we believe in science but we also believe in Christ meaning we have faith in him. You too Ma'am, you need to believe in him put your husband's life in the hands of the Lord. Believe that under what circumstances your husband will survive the surgery." the doctor calmly advised.

They both nodded. "What's the way forward?" Ammara questioned the doctor.

"Normally before treatment

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which in this case is the surgery the patient is given steroids, drugs that relieve swelling and edema. And may receive anticonvulsant medicine to prevent or control seizures. Your husband was given the steroids two hours ago and he's responding very well to it, no allergy or anything. We pray that he don't show any allergy to the anaesthesia during the surgery. A Radiographer performed a CT scan to confirm all we need to know of before we continue with the surgery including how much damage is inside and where it is in the brain. And to obtain detailed images of the body noninvasively for diagnostic purposes." the sister's nodded and exhaled some carbon dioxide. "We have to wary about everything we do in the

surgery room since we are going to perform a craniotomy and removal of your tumor."

"How long is it going to take?" Naledi's shaking voice asked.

"The surgery typically takes 4-6 hours." she nodded with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Naledi looked up and said, "Lord, keep him alive."

They were disturbed a knock on the door. "Come in." the doctor shouted.

A nurse got in. "The clock reads, 10:00 and we are ready for the surgery. Everything has been placed in place." the nurse told the doctor.

"Okay, I will be right behind you." the nurse went out. "You can use my office for privacy, I don't mind." they nodded and he took his stethoscope and walked out placing his ball points on his doctor's coat and closed the door behind him.

Naledi literally stood up and ran behind the doctor. She wanted just a second with her husband Incase he doesn't make it.

"Doctor?" the doctor turned. "Can I see him before the surgery?" the doctor nodded and led her to her husband's ward.

"You have 5 minutes." the doctor signalled the others to give her space.

"My husband, I'm so sorry for hitting you and not listening to you. I wish you told me earlier about this. But let's thank God that you are just on it early stages. And I will be praying for you when they perform the surgery. Last night..."

She sniffed. "I couldn't sleep. I was thinking about you, missig you. I pray that you make it. I'm glad that the doctors are promising and being so positive about everything." she paused sniffing holding his hand busy brushing it.

CHAPTER 16

"Please, fight this and come back to me. I promise to be here for you each day of your healing. I promise to respect you and not jump into conclusions from today onwards, just come back to me." she sobbed painfully. And the machines beeped higher than they were. Two doctor's and some nurses got in pushing each other inside. They gently escorted her out crying and screaming as she was. Ammara helped and took her to the doctors office.

"I think we should sedate her because by the looks of things we will end up admitting her too." the nurse suggested and Ammara nodded teary. The nurse quickly mixed some injections then injected her and she slowly calmed down closing her eyes. They struggled putting her on the bed but eventually did. "I should get going." Ammara said okay.

The nurse walked out and Ammara took out the key behind the door and locked her sister inside then walked to the waiting area where she greeted Sam's family.

"Hi everyone." she said looking at them straight in the eye. She's aware that it's only Sam's stepmother that gets along with him and that loves and appreciates her sister and be able to share her sisters pain.

"Hey girl, how is your sister? How is Sam? The doctors won't tell us anything." you could spot worry on her face. Her husband and elder daughter just clicked their tongues obviously bored. Ammara shoot the daughter a look then the husband. They both looked down ashamed.

"Hey Mom, I guess it's because Sam has been with his wife all along with no family to check up on him so they decided to make her the only close family and relative." Sam's mother looked down avoiding eye contact. "Naledi is fine just that this is all not easy on her. She has been sedated and Sam? Sam is ready for operation. I think they have already started and we are going to wait for six hours to hear about the surgery for now we wait." she explained.

Sam's mother wiped her tears, "thank you, thank you so much. I am going to wait for him." she sat down on the near bench crying. Her husband just watched unmoved.

He turned and looked at his doctor, "you are staying? I can't just sit here for six hours." he said already walking away with his daughter following him.

Ammara exclaimed not believing this, what kind of parent is this?

"Sam is not his son." she blurted out and later regretted it. Ammara turned.

"You said what? No wonder he was always sour around him and Naledi. Poor Sam." she looked at her in shock.

"I shouldn't have said that, I'm sorry." she looked down and continued wiping her streaming tears.

"It's a now or never, maybe it's the reason why Sam is inside that operating room. He has been living a lie his whole life. Did your husband refuse you to come see him?" she folded her arms against her chest.

She slowly nodded. "Where is Sam's father?" Ammara questioned her.

"He's death." she looked away.

"Oh" Ammara said in a low tone. Sam's mother was avoiding eye contact with Ammara but kept stealing glances at her guilty strangling her. She shouldn't have allowed it.

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SIX HOURS LATER

The doctors finally walked out of the operating room just when Naledi woke up too. She got off the bed and walked to the sink and drank water before she shook the sleeping Ammara on the couch. "Sis, wake up." Ammara woke up too.

The doctor knocked on the door and Naledi opened the door and her knees immediately got weak and her heart started beating on a high rate such that she felt dizzy and Ammara

quickly got up and helped her sit on the couch and helped her drink water.

"Doctor, how was the surgery? Is he alive?" Ammara asked on behalf of her sister and the doctor smiled widely. Ammara sighed with relief hoping that smile brings nothing but good news. Naledi quickly turned her head waiting for an answer.

The doctor nodded, "the surgery was a success he's in a comma right now." Naledi cried painfully. Ammara comforted her with her own eyes glittering tears.

"Thank you so much Doctor. Can we see him?" the doctor nodded.

They all walked to his ward. Ammara helped Naledi sit down and walked out to fetch Sam's mother. Sam's mother held her mouth muffling her cries. She quickly rushed to Naledi and hugged her. They both cried on each others arms. "I'm so sorry my daughter

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please forgive me." Sam's mother wiped Naledi's tears and kissed her forehead. "Thank you."

Ammara turned to the doctor. "How long is he going to take him to recover?"

Naledi and Sam's mother turned and looked at the doctor. "It typically takes about 4-8 weeks to make a full recovery from a brain surgery. The initial incisions on his head may be sore for about a week afterwards. He will also experience some mild for a period of about 4-8 weeks as well." Ammara nodded.

"Any any side effects?" Naledi asked.

The doctor nodded, "yes, he might have some lasting problems, such as seizures, walking difficulties and speech problems. And also swelling in the brain is expected after surgery, so recovery will take time and the benefits will not be immediately apparent. Steroids will be prescribed to your loved one to help with the swelling, but they may have their own side effects which can be difficulty in sleeping, sweating, over eating and agitation."

Naledi held his hand and kissed it. "Pho uzovuka nini?" (When is he going to wake up?) Sam's mother asked.

"Most people wake up a few hours after their brain surgery. But because we decided to make to keep him asleep for a few days after surgery to help him recover. We used sedatives to keep him asleep. Right now he's breathing through this machine we call a ventilator." the doctor pointed the machines.

"Thank you." Sam's mother said.

"He will be able to leave the hospital after only a few days. Depending upon on his functional abilities following the surgery, our physical therapists and occupational therapists will evaluate you. In some instances, at a rehabilitation hospital near his home may be recommended but we will monitor him and update on what needs to happen. Now I'm going to give you some space." he left and closed the door behind him.

"I can watch him after he's out." Sam's mother said.

"No, I will watch him, he's my husband." she a vaseline and applied it on his lips.

"You will need help." Sam's mother said.

"Ammara is here with me." she continued.

"Naledi, let her be she insists." Ammara said.

"No problem." she kissed her husband's hand and smiled watching him. "Wake up." she whispered in his ear. "I love you so much, when you get discharged I am going to cook your favourite."

## CHAPTER 17

At Ammara's house, Jason left early in the morning without a word as Ammara was no longer playing her wife duties in the house and they now sleep with separate blankets. Ammara is preparing for her meeting with Mr Mthiyane as it was scheduled for today. She wore her best suits and smiled at her own reflection on the mirror.

She picked her car keys and walked out. She reached her kitchen and took an apple from the fridge. Rinsed it then drank some water and also took some bottled water from the fridge. She closed the fridge then leaned on it and breathed heavily. She sighed then walked out to the garage. Jason's car wasn't in the garage. She sighed and unlocked her car. She drove out of her yard and off to Mr Mthiyane's workplace.

She was easily let inside the building after she sighed on a visitor's board. She was led to a parking parking spot. She thanked the security and smiled at him before taking her documented file and walked towards the building. She was met by Mr Mthiyane's assistant, the one she spoke to and he welcomed her nicely and led her to his boss's office.



"Boss, Miss Williams is here." the assistant told Zubi.

"Send her in." he notified him without looking at the door. Ammara got in and stood in front of him. "Have a seat." she sat down and waited. Zubi raised his head and Ammara gasped. "Small world." he smiled.

"It's you!" she swallowed already thinking about her proposal being rejected for her behaviour that was uncalled for.

"Yes, the know your worthy woman." he smiled.

"Uhm... I'm really sorry about the other day, please forgive me it was really uncalled for. I would understand if we don't sign any contract because of that." she picked her file all ready to go but Zubi asked her a question that she's in denial of.

"Okay, you are forgiven but under one condition, if you agree to be mine." he said placing his pen down.

"I'm married." Ammara said unwarily.

"Are you happy?" Zubi threw her eyes on her left finger and she quickly checked and didn't find her ring which made her to panic and her heart to beat faster. She loat it and this is the second time.

"Uhm...." she swallowed. "I lost my ring but I'm going to get a new one." she defended.

Zubi shook his head smiling. "Are you happy?" he questioned again.

"....no...yes.. uhm yes.." her throat became dry at that moment. She felt like she was trying to convince Zubi more than herself.

"So can you be my girlfriend?" he asked. She shook her head no. "Friendship?" she shook her head no again. "Okay, I guess we are done here. Enjoy your day."

She wet her throat with her saliva not believing the man Infront of her. "But...but i thought we have to reach an agreement and sign."

"Oh about that, congratulations my assistant will help you with that close the door behind you

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i have some work to do." She wanted to hig him but she was hesitant seeing the seriousness on his face. "you are still here?" he raised his brow.

"No, I just want to say thank you so much for this. I promise I won't disappoint." she said excitedly.

"You are welcome Miss Williams." he opened his laptop as if she wasn't in the room. She took her things and walked out and closed the door embarrassed.

"Congratulations Miss Williams, come with me please." she jumped. "sorry if I scared you." he chuckled.

"Thanks." she held onto her file against her chest tightly deep in thoughts.

~~~~~

Later that evening, Zubi found his mother in the TV room. He greeted his mother with joy written on his face. His confused mother now focused on him waiting for him to talk.

"Mother, how are you?"

"I'm good son, how are you?" she greeted back.

"I'm fine Ma." he leaned back on the couch.

"What is it with the smile?" she questioned him.

"It's nothing Ma." he kept quiet. "Mom, have you ever met someone and fell in love with that person immediately?" he asked his mother.

His mother frowned but again smiled, "son, did you meet someone? Who is she? Is she beautiful?" her smile was wide and beautiful.

"No Mom, i met no one. I'm going to shower." he stood up smiling and humming to his own song and his mother clapped once smiling alone.

CHAPTER 18

Ammara reached home and Jason saw her hand without the ring on her ring finger. He gasped, "where is your ring?" he questioned her. Ammara quickly hid her left hand. "Where is your ring!?" he charged towards her and she stood still brave as ever.

"Uhm... I kind of lost it but I don't know where." she shrugged.

He widened his eyes in shock, "really? You don't know? I'm sure you took it out when you were seeing your boyfriend." she gasped.

"What? Are you out of your mind? When have I ever cheated on you? Did I ever gave you an impression that I'm cheating? Don't bullsh*t me Jason, you are the one who is cheating not me!" she shouted angrily.

"I don't care what you do but I want you to buy another ring by tomorrow, you can afford it anyway!" he left her there and went up the stairs literally running.

She sighed, he just ruined her mood after the embarrassment she got today. She placed her bag down before taking off her blazer and heels and rolled up her shirt sleeves before walking to the kitchen to make herself something to eat and made a mental note to go to Middelburg mall to buy the ring. Jason is such a pest.

TWO HOURS LATER

Liyabona was sitting with her fiance in his house. And she was planning that they spend their weekend at her brother's house with his wife.

"Baby, I was thinking that we spend the night at my brother's place, I'm sure they would love to host us for the weekend and also want to properly introduce you to him since.. you know we will getting married soon." she smiled.

"Mmmmmh." he shrugged with one shoulder. "I don't mind but you have to call them and ask them before concluding, I will hear from you." he said.

She nodded, "okay bbe

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I will call my brother and let him know. I'm sure he won't have a problem." she said taking her phone.

Zubi rested his eyes and went to his imaginary land and dreamt of the love of his life getting married. He could see himself bonding and laughing with her. The lovely part was when she came towards him and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Damn! I love you woman." he smiled alone.

Liyabona was on the phone with Jason. "We are coming to your house with my fiance later today to spend the weekend and we will be back on Sunday. Train your dog to not bark unnecessarily." she rolled her eyes.

Jason sighed, "okay, I will tell her to cook dinner."

"Do that. Ciao!" she dropped the call smiling and went back to her fiance.

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"I have guest's coming over tonight and their going to spend the weekend here so cook food for four people." he commanded Ammara.

She folded her hands against her chest not moved by the attitude Jason is giving her. "Who are your guests? And you should be asking me not command me because they are your guests not mine."

"You should also fix that attitude of yours because you can't embarrass me like that Infront of our guests. Oh, Liyabona and her fiance are our guests make sure they get everything they want." he said more like warning her.

She rolled her eyes and mumbled, "in your dreams, Satan." she gave him the "don't dare me look."

"Whatever you say, now go and start cooking." she stood still. "Do you want me to drag you to the kitchen and show you what you should do!?" she clicked her tongue and went to the kitchen.

She looked at the ring she brought online. It was starting to itch, Jason is a monster and she's slowly losing interest even though her love for him will always be there. She shook her head before gathering the ingredients she's going to use.

She hummed while chopping her veggies and fruits for salad. She sat down waiting for the potatoes to boil while scrolling through her phone and asking for updates from her sister about Sam.

The thing about Sam not being her father's son was also troubling her. She wondered how the treatment was when growing up, maybe he was also treated differently just that he never noticed because his mother was always there for him and

gave him everything he needed. "There's more than what meets the eye, we shall find out." she said to herself and attended to her pots.

She placed everything where it should and kept her fruit salad in the fridge. She made herself a green salad and an avocado on the side. She heated white bread from the fridge in the microwave and started eating moaning to her food.

## CHAPTER 19

After eating her food she drank a glass of water and turned off the stove and sat down and continued chatting with her sister. Her phone rang and she answered immediately.

"My father's last born." she smiled

Naledi sighed sounding exhausted. "Hi Sis, how are you?" she greeted her.

Ammara frowned, "I should be asking you that, are you okay? You sound like you are carrying the problems for the whole South Africa."

"How can I be when I just found out that the person I thought is my father-in-law is not my husband's father ontop of that my husband is still not waking up. He's on his deathbed for getting sake, he doesn't deserve all this. How is he going to take in all this when on the other side he has ro fight this and handle the surgery side effects? I feel like God is not being fair on him." she said sounding more disappointed than hurt. You could also hear that she's angry about this.

"Sis, I'm so sorry about that. I also found out about that yesterday when the operation was still going on but I couldn't tell you about it because you were already stressed worse it really wasn't my place to tell." she sincerely said.

"I understand, I really do just that I'm worried about how he's going to take all this if he doesn't know about it." she said.

"Please don't stress about it, let's place everything in God. I think you guys shouldn't say anything about it until he has fully recovered maybe in a few months." she said.

Naledi huffed

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"I guess you are right. I'm just tired, my shoulders are heavy and they hurt my head is spinning, I don't know which is which." she broke down crying.

"Don't cry sis, don't cry we will figure it out I promise. Maybe we should hire a professional nurse to take care of him while you rest, you have been stressing so much in the past few days.

You need a Spa treatment for the whole body to release the tension. You are shaken too, your body is just stiff." Ammara told her.

"Maybe when he's awake I will consider especially after they have rechecked everything. For now, I want my face to be the first thing he sees when he wakes up." she said.

"No, he needs to find you fresh when he wakes up. Tomorrow I will come and pick you up." Ammara.

"But.."

"Not up for discussion,bye Sis. I love you." Naledi chortled.

## CHAPTER 20

"Who did you call about our coming here?" asked Zubi taking their luggages out of the car boot.

"I called my brother why?" Zubi raised his brow.

"Why? he questioned.

"Because my brother is the man of the house, I don't have to call her if I want to spend the weekend at his house with my fiance plus we are not best friends." she pushed back her wig and played with her eyelashes.

"No matter what your brother is, you don't call him with thing's like this but you call the wife, he's not a single man but she's married. You should respect his wife and his marriage. How would you feel if that would happen to you?" he questioned her closing the boot.

Her face changed, "I wouldn't mind because she's your sister but let's not talk about me here because I'm not my brother's

wife plus i just told you that we are not friends with the wife. Are we going to stand here the whole night or we are going to knock?" she said grabbing her handbags and walking towards the front door.

She didn't knock but just bathed in and screamed Jason's name. "Jason, we are here." Zubi shook his head and followed her dragging the suitcase's.

"Oh, you are here? I'm glad you came." Jason widely smiled when his eyes landed on Zubi who just got in. Zubi stood next to Liyabona who was smiling too.

"Oh yeah. Babe? This is my brother, Jason and Jason, this is my fiance Zubi Mthiyane." she side hugged him and leaned on his arm.

"Nice to finally meet you, man." Jason said smiling still.

Zubi nodded, "sure." Liyabona nugged him. He ignored her.



"Let me call my wife to introduce her. Honey? My love?" he shouted and she didn't respond rather opened the kitchen door and asked

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"What?" slightly annoyed.

Jason's face changed but he quickly hid it and replaced it with a fake smile. "Love, come our guests are here." he extended his hand but he didn't take it. She just put her hands on her apron that was printed "Ammara the cook."

She gasped but didn't show it when her eyes met Zubi's who was also stunned as she was. They both didn't expect this surprise. It's a small world indeed. Who would have thought. Is this a misfortune or a coincidence?

Liyabona looked at Ammara then back to her fiance who had an emotionless expression that she couldn't really read because Ammara put it back quickly again and it left her confused but nonetheless, she's going to ask them. She just can't let her curious suffocate.

"Wait, do you two know each other?" she pointed at them both with narrow eyes.

"Oh yes, we just became business partners." she said without a smile.

Liyabona raised her brow, "oh, I see."

Jason smiled, "This is my beautiful wife Ammara." Liyabona rolled her eyes bored. "And honey, this is Zubi my sister's fiance they will be spending the weekend with us. I'm sure my wife is done with cooking we can go to the dining table." he ushered them leaving Ammara still standing. He quickly came back furious.

"Fix your attitude and bring the food." he said and left.

"Nx!" Ammara said out loud.

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"Are you not going to help your sister-in-law?" Zubi asked Liyabona.

"Oh no, I already told you we are not friends plus I'm sure she got it all covered that she doesn't need my help." she said not paying attention.

"Liya..." she cut him mid sentence.

"I'm the guest and she's the wife, that's her job." she said annoyed.

"At least she's a good wife who cooks for her husband and she's doesn't buy." he kept quiet when Liyabona glanced at him.

"Excuse me?" she said.

"You are excused." she gasped and Jason got in.

"I'm sorry about that my wife is bringing the food." he took his sit too.

Ammara brought the food and left everything there and walked away like someone who is coming back but she never came back. Zubi ended up asking seeing that she's not joining them. "Is your wife not joining us?" he stopped eating and Jason fixed himself and drank some juice feeling uncomfortable. Liyabona just eyed him through her glass expecting his response.

CHAPTER 21

"Oh, I'm sorry about that. I'm sure she's still coming. I will go and check up on her, excuse me." he pushed back his chair and walked upstairs leaving Liyabona and her fiance. She wasn't bothered at all.

"Why are you not getting along with your sister in-law? She's married to your brother and she's like family to you." he pushed back his plate.

Liyabona frowned, "why are you so concerned about my brother's wife? It his wife not mine and it doesn't concern you." she drank her juice like she didn't just shout at her fiance. he huffed and kept quiet.

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Jason roughly pushed their bedroom door and showed his angry face to Ammara who was busy wiping off her make up using face wipes.

"You, why did you just gave us food and not join us? Huh? Why are you embarrassing me?" she chuckled and continued wiping herself. "I'm talking to you dammit!"

She turned and looked at him, "you wanted me to sit Infront of your sister and her fiance and play happy family with you? Knowing very well that I'm not happy? You are bullsh\*tting me strai...aah!" she brushed her pricking cheek and looked at herself in the mirror. The fact that she's not light skinned nor too dark didn't help because his hand was visible. She looked at him with teary eyes and didn't say anything but continued wiping herself.

"You are going to put on some make up and hide that sh\*t then join us at the dinner table. What do you want my sister's fiance to say? That I have a disrespectful wife? That I'm not treated like the man of the house?" he slammed the door and walked out.

Ammara thoughts for a while before she placed her thing's back and took off her gown and in bed covering herself with tears streaming down on the corner of her eye's.

~~~~~

Jason found the couple quiet and the silent was uncomfortable. He cleared his throat, "you can go and sleep my wife will clear up the table and wash the dishes."

Zubi looked at Liyabona, "I'm sure Liyabona won't mind doing that. The food was nice, i was hoping to pass the appreciation to her but sadly I couldn't do it, can you thank her for me?" he looked at Jason.

"Yes, yes definitely." he faked a smile and Zubi nodded and stood up. Jason showed him a room that was downstairs and he thanked him.

"I'm not washing any dishes that's not my job." she said not even looking up.

"Come on Liyabona

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the poor woman cooked and served you. Just wash the dishes to show appreciation for the sake that she allowed us to invade her privacy in her house, please." Zubi said.

"Oh, you meant in my brother's house? I'm always welcome in my brother's house I need no permission, please?" Zubi sighed.

"Fine!" she rolled her eyes and Zubi left irritated.

"Liyabona? You need to at least give a little respect for your fiancée before they suspect something, please." Jason pleaded.

"Whatever, goodnight and tell your wife to wash the dishes." she wheeled the other suitcase and went to the room she's sharing with Zubi.

~~~~~

"Are you crushing on my brother's wife?" Liyabona questioned Zubi while she was drawing invisible circles on his chest.



He frowned, "what? How can you even ask me that? How can I disrespect your brother like that?" he sat upright.

"Uhm... I'm sorry babe, I just saw the way you looked at her." she said.

"How....how did I look at her?" he asked.

"It was convincing though, but I'm sorry." she apologized.

"You have to know that if you don't trust me then you cannot love me. There will be no marriage without trust, please. Goodnight." he pushed her hands back a bit roughly and turned his back on her looking the other side.

"Bab..babe?" she called him actually surprised that he did that. Was she wrong to ask about her suspicions? I mean she cannot have Ammara fall for Zubi or Zubi to fall for Ammara. She should press some buttons to Jason to deal with her. She won't let Ammara ruin what she worked hard for. It's enough that she let her marry her boyfriend and she sleeps with him everyday and everynight.

"She's not even beautiful, mxm!" she thought out loud unaware and Zubi frowned looking at her.

## CHAPTER 22

The next morning Ammara descended the stairs wearing casual clothes looking all beautiful with a different weave when she raised her head she found Zubi and Liyabona watching TV. Liyabona was on Zubi's chest and holding him with her arm's.

Jason called her behind but continued descending the stairs and only stopped when her legs landed on the sitting room. She turned and was met by an angry Jason.

"Firstly, I'm calling you and you continue walking. Secondly, where do you think you are going?" he questioned her.

"Firstly, you are not my father whom I should answer too when questioning me and secondly, mind your tone I'm not your child." she calmly said.

"Don't cross me, I asked where are you going?" he asked stepping two times towards her.

"I have a sick sister remember? And I need some time away from your abusive self." she said unbothered but Jason cut that with a slap that tilted her head as she held her cheek not believing that. Zubi quickly stood up just before he could send a punch between her eyes. Zubi pulled back Ammara and the punch landed on him.

Zubi punched Jason so hard that he fell down. "Liyabona warn your boyfriend." Jason said spitting blood and stood up and leveled with him.

Liyabona held Zubi's hand but he didn't budge, "babe please, let my brother fix problems with his wife." she said dragging him to the couch.

"By beating a woman? Huh? Are you condoning GBV?" he angrily asked. "And you...." he pointed at Jason. "Beat me not a defenceless woman." Jason ignored and turned to Ammara.

"Let's go and talk upstairs." he said already walking away.

"I won't allow you to walk with him, who knows what damage he will do more behind closed doors? No, I'm not taking risks." he pulled Ammara back holding her tightly.

"Do you want my wife? Huh? What is wrong with you if I want to speak to my wife privately?" he turned to Ammara. "Let's go." Zubi didn't let her go.

She begged him

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"Zubi, please let me go."

"No, who knows what he will do to you up there with no one to defend you?" he was already turning red due to his light skin. He was angry at himself more than anything. That one slap shouldn't have got her, it shouldn't have landed on her cheeks. He looked at her cheeks and they were both telling a hidden story and he knew right there that she's being abused and she also can't get out. He let her hand go and held his waist deep in thoughts.

"Babe just let my brother speak to his wife without us interfering. It's their business." she pulled him to the couch. "let's continue with our movie." Zubi couldn't believe her.

"What are you doing? Are you going to turn a blind eye on what your brother is doing? Beating a woman? Are you condoning his behaviour?" he angrily pushed her away.

"Babe no, but I cannot interfere in my brother's business. He's my big brother. And I didn't say I'm condoning his behaviour." she defended.

"But I didn't hear you reprimand him." he walked away from her.

She ran after him, "wait babe, where are you going now."

"I have a house remember? I can never stay in an abusers house and watch a defenceless woman being beaten up, no! My mother never raised me like that as I will never, ever take

part in abusing a woman nor raise my hand on a woman. You can stay in your brother's house. I'm done with you." he walked away and she stood still swallowing her saliva wetting her dry throat.

If there's that one thing Zubi hate with all his heart is watching a woman being beaten up by someone who calls himself a man just because he has a penis and some testis. In his own dictionary a man is someone who knows what a woman is and how how valued a woman is. A man's responsibility is to treat a woman as a Queen that she is. Cherish and spoil her, let her cry on your shoulder and give her everything she wants not what he's witnessing.

He has watched a lot of women get decapitated but the only people who are supposed to be protecting them and loving them but instead man are killing women day by day. Leaving this place won't give him a piece of mind and his mother would be so disappointed in him hearing that he left a woman in the hands of an abuser.

He grabbed his car keys and packed his outside belongings and dragged his luggage out of the room and out of the house. He

opened his car boot and put in his luggage and closed then got into his car and banged the steering wheel.

He wiped his tears that were falling off his face. He blamed himself. He thought he should have tried harder to convince her.

## CHAPTER 23

Later that day Ammara called Zubi crying and asked to meet him and Zubi panicked and asked for directions and Ammara told her. She booked for a private area. She's a married woman after all she cannot be seen with a man. To all that has occurred she's not thinking of leaving Jason even after all the shows Jason pulled on her clearly showing that she doesn't care about her. Ammara has learnt, watched and witnessed GBV in the past year but that doesn't ring a bell in her brains. A beautiful lady who was a close friend was severely abused by the husband in every kind of abuse. He used to kick her and punch her with fists every single day. He would get drunk every hour after work then come back home to fist on her. He would beat her until she's red and hurting all over. She died with a bald stitched her because of her husband.

The day she died she woke up and cooked food for her kids excluding her husband because he never slept home that night. She blessed her kids and told them everything about how she settled their future and education.



She then packed all important belongings and took her to her mother who warmly welcomed the kids then suspiciously watched her daughter converse with her kids beautifully with smiles and laughter after years of faking it.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do, I love you so much and please come back. They still needs you." her mother hugged her with tears streaming down her face. She couldn't shake off the bad feeling like something bad happened or is about to happen.

She hugged her mother with definitely no emotions on her face. She rubbed her back. Her mother later pulled herself together and took the remaining bags. "I love you too, Mom." she avoided eye contact. Her mother watched her drive off and wiped her tears praying for her daughter's protection.

When she reached her house she smiled and got inside the house and made herself beautiful without make up, she only applied vaseline. She wanted everything to be natural.

She walked to her kitchen and cooked her husband's food and then made a green salad and blended some fruits with yoghurt and ate then sat down waiting for her husband to come back.

The husband came back and he was sober but did look like someone who hasn't slept for days and smelt of alcohol. She kissed him all over and kept smiling that he started being suspicious. "My husband, why don't you and freshen up, I cooked your favourite for lunch." she kissed him.

He raised his brow, "are you trying to kill me? Did you poison the food?" she chuckled.

"If I wanted to kill you, I would have done it a long time ago." she said with a naughty smile.

"I guess you are right." he said with a shrug.

"Uh.uh." he walked away and came back later and found her serving them with the wine they drank on their honeymoon in London.

He smiled remembering all. He drank all of it at once and she choked on her own saliva. He asked for more and she poured it for him and gave him the cup but before he could drink again the glass fell and broke. "What did you put in here? Are you trying to kill me?" he tried fighting but no strength was left in him. She started eating her own food.

"Let me help you to the couch. Well

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you will die hungry because I thought we were going to enjoy our last meal together but you took the easiest way out. You have always been a coward anyway." she dragged him to the couch and layed him down and smiled watching then took the glass of poison and gulped it down then slept on his chest kissing him then layed her head feeling the poison take over. "they will find us death. If I can't have you then nobody can, I love you so much and the abuse is enough." he stopped breathing and she followed shortly.

Thinking of this scenario Ammara cried. Sonia was a beautiful and successful lady. Nobody was allowed to visit her house because her husband would always fight about it just like Jason

does with her. It hurt so much thinking about Sonia but she also can't live her husband.

She stood up and wiped her tears then went to her bathroom and washed her face and reapplied make up hiding her purple face. Her eyes were swollen and red from all the crying. She took eye drops and dropped in her eyes and waited a few minutes before taking her car keys and walked out clicking her heels on the floor.

She carried her beautiful self to her father's car. "I love you and miss you Dad " then she got inside her car and drove to the location. She parked and walked inside and found Zubi already sitting. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, have you ordered?" she tried smiling but her heart was heavy.

Zubi shook his head no, "are you okay? You look shaken." he worriedly looked at her but she just forced a smile.

"No, I'm fine." she then swallowed feeling like the lie is stuck on her throat.

He looked at her, "obviously, you are not a happy woman in your marriage but i don't understand why are you not leaving him. It's not like you lack anything." she just plainly looked at him.

"You won't understand, you just dont understand and nobody does Jason is my husband and.."

"And nothing but an abuser!" he snapped but quickly composed himself. "I'm sorry." he continued looking at her.

"It's okay, I shouldn't have came here in the first place nor called you, I'm a married woman and shouldn't be meeting with another who is not my husband in a private area like this. I'm sorry but I should get going." she quickly picked her slingbag and ran away.

Zubi shook his head disappointed by her statement it's clear that he stands no chance. She just won't leave her abuser no matter what he put her through. It kind of hard to accept but he strong feels for her and imagine his life with her. She's the one to carry his seeds and his legacy.

## CHAPTER 24

A week has passed and Sam was released from the hospital and recovering very well with the help of his wife and mother life is very easy on him. Them believing in him and always giving him courage and motivation to hold on and always think positive is the best thing to ever happen to him.

He is grateful to his wife for standing by him during this storm that almost took him away from his loved ones. His speech was not that much disturbed and everyone is happy with his progress including himself.

Naledi's thought's has been battling all alone ever since Sam woke up . She's guilty even though, she was told that nothing physical caused her husband's tumour. She still feels that it was slightly her fault and she should also apologize for raising her hand on her husband who has been nothing but the best in her life.

"Love, are you okay? You are crying." Sam wiped her tears and that when she remembered she wasn't alone in the room. "talk to me." he seemed worried which shouldn't happen since he is

still brain swollen and shouldn't risk being too happy or get worried because that can cause a great damage on his healthy.

She composed herself and said, "it's just the thought of almost losing you. I wish I could share with you your pain. You are good husband and doesn't deserve all this. I love you so much." she covered her face with her hands crying. Sam sadly watched his wife crying. It made him more sad that he can't do anything about it.

"I love you, my wife. I'm sad that I can't hug you, comfort you please come and lay on my chest. I miss you." he faintly smiled through his pains. Naledi shook her head no, "please my Queen."

"You are in pain, I could see it right in your eyes. You should rest instead, sleep." she wiped her tears and smiled trying to convince him.

"I will rest well with you on my chest, I fall asleep immediately so please." he opened his arm's for her and she slowly walked

towards him and layed on his warm chest which brought her a genuine smile.

"I'm sorry." she muttered.

"Sorry? For what?" he almost frowned but he felt great pain that he didn't show but layed back biting himself and he bled. Tears rolled out through the corner of his eyes hoping Naledi doesn't sense it. They both kept quiet for a few seconds before Naledi finished with her apology.

"I love you and I love you so much but the thought of us not being able to get out own kids doesn't sit well with me, it makes me to be always angry especially, seeing a toddler or a pregnant woman. The other day when my sister called you about your come back, I thought that you were out cheating because your phone was off and I couldn't get hold of you on work phone. I'm for doubting you, I'm sorry for jumping into conclusions and not allowing you to explain what happened and end up hitting you even after noticing that you were struggling with balancing. I'm sorry for hitting you, you have never hit me before nor thought of hitting me no matter how much I misbehaved.



You are the best husband one could ever ask for, I pray that God heal you faster than the doctors know. I love you so much and I'm sorry. I promise to be nothing but the best wife to you." she sniffed and raised her head to look at him and found him silently crying. "I'm sorry for making you cry, please don't cry you are hurting yourself. I wouldn't forgive myself if anything were to happen to you. How am I going to live knowing that I killed you, please." she panicked noticing that he is in pain. She ran out to call his mother who called the doctor. The doctor said they should give him steroids sedatives and they did then injected him to sleep.

Naledi sat down next to him crying. "It's not your fault my child. He will be alright, I trust the Lord to make it alright." Sam's mother hugged her trying to shush her.

"He's in pain

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he was crying I saw him. The pain is too much on him. I wish I could help him and we both feel the pain. I don't want to lose my husband." she cried hysterically that her heart broke. She now witnessed how much Naledi loved his son. She always saw

it but because others hated her, she sometimes felt that Naledi is not good enough for her son but now she witnessed it all. She's the good candidate her son has ever chosen. She's the best. Not knowing how to comfort her, she used her other hand to take out her phone and call Ammara who said, "hello, Ma?" But heard Naledi's cries and quickly said, "I'm coming." then dropped the call.

"He's hurting, Ma! He's hurting!" she screamed pulling away from Sam's mother who struggled with her because Naledi is Chubby lady. Nonetheless, Sam's mother helped her up moving her away from Sam to the couch. Naledi sat down crying, "he's hurting! He's hurting. I love my husband!"

Ammara parked outside and ran to the kitchen and warmed water then put the sleeping pills she bought at the pharmacy to dissolve before putting sugar inside and took it to the room Sam is put in. "Sis?" Naledi didn't even acknowledge her, she kept on crying. "I will take it from here, Ma." Sam's mother nodded and walked out. "He will be fine Sis. Here, drink some water to calm down." she forcefully made her drink and ended up giving in and drank the whole glass. "You need some rest, don't do yourself like that Sam wouldn't be happy seeing you

this heart broken, please do it for him." she slowly calmed down.

"My eyes are heavy." Naledi said not moving from the couch.

"Closed them and sleep." Ammara said busy brushing her back. She slowly closed her eyes and allowed the drug to work on her body. She covered her with a fleece and walked out looking for Sam's mother.

"Ma? Please help me carry the mattress from the other room. She can't sleep on the couch. She needs some serious rest." Sam's mother nodded.

"Did you drug her?" Sam's mother asked.

"I had no choice, she wouldn't have listened to me either. Naledi loves Sam and ever since they got married they have always fixed issues no matter how they both messed up which made their love life and marriage looked perfect. Losing him will break to her grave. Same as watching her husband cry

because of headaches. It's painful watching the person you love on your deathbed trust me." she sighed feeling a lump on her throat, she was about to cry. Sam's mother just hugged her.

"I'm so sorry, I know everything. Sam is gonna be okay." they both broke the hug and wiped their lone tears. They picked the mattress and went to the room Sam is in and placed it just next to the couch and helped the sleeping Naledi to it and Sam's mother fetched a pillow with a blanket because it was cold. They made her comfortable and checked Sam and made him comfortable the best way they know how and walked out to the kitchen.

"Sam or Naledi shouldn't know about the father not being Sam's father." Sam's mother looked down. "you wouldn't want to be responsible for your son's death after everything and you wouldn't want to live in regrets your whole life." Ammara said sipping on her coffee.

"Thank you, I understand." Ammara nodded.

"How did it even happen?" Ammara asked placing her cup of coffee down.

"I was having an affair with husband's friend. This one day he was away on a business trip and I booked into a hotel with the friend and in a few months I found out I was pregnant."

Ammara gasped.

"When you counted the weeks and month's did they correspond?" her eyes were all out. There might be a coincidence here. Sam's mother nodded yes. "Your husband found out when?"

She huffed, "he found us in action." she played with her cup avoiding looking Ammara in the eye.

"Then he concluded that Sam is not his or?" Ammara questioned.

"The friend told him and also by counting the weeks I confirmed it." she said.

"Mmmmmh." Ammara sipped her coffee already giving herself a task to do. Sam might his father's son no DNA was conducted after all. She felt her heart smile.

## CHAPTER 25

Ammara found missed calls and messages from her phone the next morning because she ended up spending the night at her sister's place. She ignored Jason's messages messages messages and calls and called Zubi. She smiled hearing his voice.

"Princess, are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine Prince, how are you?" she laughed.

"I'm fine now that I have heard your voice and heard you laugh. I was worried." he said.

"I'm sorry, I had an emergency. I has to attend to my sister and forgot my phone in the car, I only fetched it now." she explained.

"Is your dear husband not fuming?" Zubi laughed and Ammara laughed too thinking about it

"I'm sure he's more than mad." she laughed. "I'm sure he hasn't eaten since he woke if he slept though." they laughed.

Ammara ended up friend zoning Zubi. He accepted it because he had no choice. He thought it was better to get that little stolen moment than not be on her side at all. It hurts him because he wants more and he thought him being there will help her realise how much she's missing on. He hoped she will see how much he loves her but Ammara is not showing any emotions about ever leaving that bullsh\*t of a husband.

"Yeah." his smile disappeared. "Mom invited you over for lunch tomorrow, you can come with your sister. I'm sure she needs to leave the house a little." he said sighing, he knows he's lying but he would do anything and everything just to have Ammara stay on his side. He just needs to be patient.

"I'm sure she does, here she comes. I will text you or call for feedback." Ammara said looking at her sister with a smile spread on her face.

"Morning sis." Naledi kissed her cheek before plugging the kettle to make coffee.

"Morning baby sis." she brushed her back.

"Okay, greet her for me." Zubi said.

"Bye." she smiled and Zubi dropped.

"Who was that." Naledi asked as she pulled out a chair to sit down while waiting for the water to boil.

"Oh, that was a friend and partner. He said I should greet you and he said his mother invited us for lunch tomorrow at his place."she said playing with her eyes.

"Are you guys falling for each other? But it's clear that the guy loves you just that you are blind on purpose because you are busy with that scumbag of your husband. I hate that soul."  
Naledi made an irritated face.



"I know, I know you hate him but it just hard. The more i think about it and the more I try to talk to my lawyer is the more I feel terrible and feel like I'm not being fair on him. I don't know, Zubi is a good guy but I don't see myself with him in that way plus he is about to get married to Liyabona. What will that make me look like? No!" she said.

"What!?! Liyabona? That's not going to happen and I will make sure of it. Text Zubi and tell him that we are coming to that lunch." she picked Ammara's phone from the table and gave it to her. "Instead, call him and tell him."

Ammara received the phone and typed for some few seconds, "done. Right now stand up and go freshen up we are going out. You need some fresh air, I mean you lost your beauty for a second there because you look challenged like you are from some underworld cult what what. You look like you are carrying the President's problems " Ammara said teasing her..

"Fine, I heard you but can I please drink my coffee first it will help me to get that energy to freshen up." she giggled.

"Whatever you say

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I'm going to dress up because I have already bathed. I want you down at 09:30 no stories." Ammara walked to the room she's using.

"Yes Madam." they both laughed. "Did you even bring clothes?" Naledi asked more like shouting as Ammara disappeared.

"Don't worry yourself about what doesn't concern you, go and bath." Naledi smiled shaking her head. She needed this. She walked with her cup to her room.

"Morning Makoti." Sam's mother greeted her.

She smiled, "morning Ma."

"Just seeing your smile makes me feel okay. Sam is awake and wants to see you." Sam's mother told her.

"Okay Ma, I will go and see her now. Uhm...Ma?" Sam's mother turned. "Ammara is taking me out, uhm..do you mi.." she smiled.

"Ofcourse, I will watch him. Go and enjoy yourself, you need some fresh air." she assured her.

"Thank you Ma." she winked at her before she walked to the kitchen and Naledi smiled walking to the other direction to her husband."

"Sthandwa sami." Sam smiled opening his arms for her and she got emotional before hugging him. "I forgive you." he pressed her against his chest tightly.

"Thank you, I love you." she kissed him.

"I love you and you know it. I can't wait to fully heal so I can show you how much I missed you." Naledi giggled.

"I'm sure I won't be able to walk for days." they both laughed.

"You are beautiful." Sam played with her cheeks. She hid her face on his chest blushing. "I'm glad I did my job."

"Baby?" she called him.

"Yes, my love?" he responded kissing her forehead.

"Uhm... Ammara is taking me out today so.." he cut her mid sentence.

He smiled, "you need it baby, I wish you were going with me instead. You were taking care of me all along, you are tired. Your body is tense, you need some relaxation. Let your sister take care of you, okay?" they kissed. "Don't worry about me."

"Okay, thank you my love." she smiled hugging him.

"Brother-in-law." Ammara greeted him.

"Hey Sis." he greeted back.

"How are you feeling today?" she asked.

"Much better thanks." she smiled.

"You are welcome brother-in-law, I'm sorry to disturb your bonding moment but I'm taking Mrs Smith out today. I'm even surprised she's not dressed yet." Naledi hid her face on husband's chest as they all laughed.

Sam kissed her forehead, "baby go and freshen up. I will see you when you come back." Naledi got up and walked to the door and playfully punched her sister who slapped her and chased each other away. Sam laughed almost shaking his head but remembered he can't. He just smiled.

## CHAPTER 26

After Ammara came back from their outing with Naledi, she dropped her sister off and drove straight to Sam's home to his father. She needed answers, "if I don't take care of this, my sister is going to suffer." she thought.

It wasn't that far for her to drive from Middelburg to Witbank. When she arrived on their street she smiled while wearing her shades. "Sam's father is full of sh\*t's." she drove slowly approaching their gate.

"Hey, come here." she called a little boy who was passing by holding a boy. He was coming from a practice or from his friends looking at the sun that was about to set. "Hey boy, unjan."

"Sis lomdzala." (Sister)

"You speak siSwati don't you?" she smiled. She smiled leveling herself with the boy. He was cute that her smile disappeared while her hand went to herself stomach. She got flashbacks of her miscarriages that she screamed the little boy and he

stepped back but seeing that she was struggling she stepped forward with glossy eyes.

"Sisi? Uryt?" (Sister, are you okay?" he kneeled Infront of her and hugged her. She held on to the boy crying silently. Having him in her arm's felt like heaven. "Utoba ryt sis, konkhe kutolunga." (You will be fine Sis, everything is going to okay." she pulled off from him and wiped his tears then kissed his forehead.

"I even forgot that this is Mpumalanga, thank you boy. And don't worry about me, go home it's getting dark." the boy nodded suddenly getting tense. "I can accompany you home. We can walk." she smiled wiping her own tears.

"No Sis, thank you. I will just run home, usalekahle." she nodded as he picked her ball and ran away. She sighed before she got into her car thinking.

She drove through the open gate and parked behind a big car on the driveway. "Let the game begin, angizwan namaxoki." (I hate liers.) she got off her car and walked to the back passing

the swimming pool. She opened the back door and walked in. She has been in this house more times than she can remember so she knows all the corners. She tiptoed to the kitchen and opened the fridge and took out all the booze and placed them on the kitchen counter before opening them all poured sleeping pills and closed professionally and placed them back. She noticed the stove was on and opened the pot, she smiled before dropping a few pills and thought for moment and searched on the cardboards searching for something, "found it!" she said before closing her mouth and laughing alone. She poured it on the pot and stirred then closed.

"Aaah.....yes...oh..f\*\*k!" she frowned.

"What was that?" she questioned herself already taking out her phone and opening the record camera, "this could make my mission a lot easier." she smiled. It was already dark outside. She put her phone on silent and switched off her vibration. She peeped and found Sam's older sister ontop of his father having sex. "What!?" she exclaimed a little louder and no they didn't hear a thing they were in it too deep.



"Yes, daddy..... I lo..ve... I love youuuuu.....oh...yess!" she through her her back and Sam's father kept groaning like a slaughtered bull. Tears prickled her eyes remembering the times she found Jason with different girls on their matrimonial bed.

"Pull yourself together, Ammara. You are better than this." she composed herself and positioned her camera it didn't shock her that it long started recording. They went on and on changing positions without noticing her. They took a break and kissed each other smiling.

"That was great." Sam's father said smiling from ear to ear.

"That was amazing, Sam did well by getting sick. I mean when was the last time we got all this to ourselves. I was about to form a spider web down there." they both laughed and Ammara gasped.

"Don't your boyfriend feed you?" Sam's father laughed.

"Aw... that one tickles me, he never satisfies me at least not like you do. I need to f\*\*k, you know I like it rough." she winked at him and she teased him licking his dick.

"Mmmmmmh." Sam's father pulled her in f\*\*ked her mouth as she gagged.

"Kumnandi la." they both jumped and Sam's sister fell ontop of the glass coffee table and it broke. (It nice here.) she clapped her hands. "Kuyadliwana, kukhala abo yes, daddy, harder ewu sies!" (You are enjoying each other, screaming yes, daddy, harder, sies!)

Their eyes were both all out and Sam's sister was bleeding the glasses cut her too bad and she was silently crying. "Ubanga umsindo wena!" (you are making noise!) she gave her the "don't dare me" look and she got up and picked her gown. "Go and dress that wound

we don't want it to get infection, do we?" she winked at her as she angrily walked out of her sight. "And you, dress up, we have game to play." she also winked at him.

"What do you want, Ammara?" he asked with attitude and Ammara laughed...

"Dropping that attitude will help you more than you think, I'm not here to play games and don't forget I have seen and heard the game you play with 'your elder daughter' so we better work together for peace." she shrugged.

"I asked what do you want, Ammara?" she laughed.

"Are we angry? That was so fast and you shouldn't be angry. I'm sure your daughter has been helping you release the salt ever since Sam got sick, since you long wanted to get rid of him and your wife to finally f\*\*k your daughter in peace. You have no shame!" she picked the vase and threw it to him but he quickly ducked it and it fell on the couch. "your son is sick for heaven's sake and needs his damn father!" she picked another vase and threw it on him but he caught and it next to the other one.

"Same is not my son!" he screamed.

Ammara looked at him, "oh really?" he stepped forward. "Then how do you explain this mark? Your wife is dumb, just like you!" he looked at the mark and gasped.

"He's my brother's son, she cheated!" he said not so sure about that remembering his brother's mark and kids. Sam is his son but he can't admit that after all he has done. "What do you want from me? Why are you doing to my family? This isn't your battle." he said getting more angry.

"You can turn into a lion for all I care but listen, what will happen today will shock you to death because I am going to reveal all your dirty secrets by midnight if you don't admit and accept your son. You have made him suffer for too long and it ends tonight!" Ammara said fuming.

"I asked where does that concern you!?" he shouted.

"Tone it down old man. You see... the day you thought of bothering my sister with your problems, is the day you provoked me. The day you decided to make her cry is the day you invited me into your life. The day you decided to not accept

her as Sam's wife nc nc nc, you already know the answer. Now...." she smiled.

"Let's sit down and talk like adults, sibadala moc?" she continued smiling. "or you want everyone to know about your little affair with your daughter?" she raised her brow while smirking.

"You have no proof and I will make sure you dont live to see sunrise with your father's company too." he kept a straight face.

"Try me, now talk." she played the video she recorded. And Sam's sister gasped as she approached them. "Join the party sister-in-law-Makoti." she smiled widely.

"Pl... please don't realise the video I will do anything you ask." she pleaded while kneeling Infront of Ammara..

"Oh really? That could fun." Sam's sister nodded. "Take a sit, I'm not about you. I'm all about Daddy here. I'm sure some

inmates would love his sex game since he knows how to lay the pipe." she laughed. "I saw you cooked, are you not hungry?" she giggled. "Go and dish for the two of you Sis." she winked.

"And back to you, do we have a deal? I'm tired of your secrets because they are affecting my sister's wellbeing and if she doesn't enjoy her marriage because of you then I will always be a pest in your garden. I want nothing makes my sister cry and you have been a problem ever since." she huffed. He nodded, "angikuzwa uthini?" she asked frustrated. (I don't understand you, what are you saying.

He sighed, "I will go to Sam tomorrow and apologize and also to my wife."

"Well... that was way easy man, you were going to pay my wasted money for that DNA fool! Stop making yourself mad man and own up to your mistakes, man!" she said.

"The video?" he asked.

"What video?" she frowned.

"The... you...see ..uhm... the se..x...vi...." he stammered..

She laughed, "oh that? No, I'm not deleting it until I'm sure about you and...it might work for me in the future." Sam's sister got in with three plates."I will see you then it late, I should get going." she winked.

"But.. I tho..." Sam's sister frowned.

"I'm not eating your food, I'm sure it's dirty and full of old man's sperms." she made a funny puking sound. "Bye" she waved and Sam's father held his head defeated. Ammara came back running and passed to the kitchen with an opened beer. "I'm sure after eating you won't be able to sleep and this will help you here." she gave it to him but he didn't take. "Okay, give me his plate." she took it and forcefully fed him and he gave in and ate everything before he accepted the can and drank it all.

"Great, have a blessed night and be ready to wash the blankets in the morning." she laughed while Sam's sister frowned.

## CHAPTER 27

Ammara slowly drove down the street going back to Middelburg, she was deep into her that she stopped her car and cried thinking about all the things she has been through in the name of love. She has beaten and almost killed but...but she never thought of leaving. When she did, she would feel like she's committing the biggest crime. She remembered Amile's words the she first hit Zubi unaware.

"The husband that hit you? Are you happy with your husband Sis?" those words rang a bell in head.

"Is he worthy my perseverance? Am I worthy the abuse? What did I ever do to you Jason, all I did was to love you, give you a home and my everything. This is not the Jason I fell in love with, where is my Jason?" she cried banging the steering wheel angry at herself for not wanting to let go.

She cried but her cries were disturbed by what she saw. She quickly wiped away her tears then looked closely before she got



off her car locking it behind. When she neared she heard faint cries and that made her to up her feet.

She crouched down kneeling Infront of the crying kid. She made the kid look at her and she got the shock of her life realising who the kid is. "My boy, what's going on? Why are you crying and why are you not home at this hour? You could get yourself killed!" she worriedly shouted.

The boy sniffed looking at the stars, "maybe that could be way beautiful and maybe it can make the scars, the pains to go away. And get meet my parents, may my soul rest in peace." he buried his head in his thighs and sobbed painfully that she cried with him. She brought him to her chest and brushed hus back. "Let it all out, my boy. Cry all you want, I'm here for you." she shushed him humming her own song.

The boy slept in her arm's and lifted him up and walked to her car. "You have strong bones boy, you are heavy." she giggled. She opened the door with one hand and put him Inside and searched for her throw but remembered that Naledi took it saying it needs to be washed. She smiled then closed the door

and got in and drove to the nearest police station where Amile's brother works as the detective.

"Hello?" she tried getting attention of the sleeping officer.

"Sorry, hello Ma'am, how can I help you?" the Police officer said stretching himself and yawning.

She sighed, "is the tall and dark detective in?" she forgot his surname and that because they have different father's with Amile.

"Ofcourse, let me call him for you." Ammara nodded. "sir? There's a lady looking for you here.... I don't know...yes sir....okay sir..." he placed the phone down and showed her a bench. "he's coming you can sit down and wait for him." she just nodded and continued to stand.

The detective appeared, "Ammara Williams?" he said surprised.

"Will you stop calling me that?" she rolled her eyes laughing. They hugged still laughing.

"It's funny because many married women are using their husbands surname and some use both but with you it's a different matter." they laughed as the police officer held his mouth hoping that she doesn't report him because of how professional he was minutes ago.

"I will die a Williams no matter what." they laughed.

"A late night visit? Are you guys okay your side?." he asked leading her to his office.

She nodded, "we are, just my sister's husband but he's recovering very well." the detective frowned.

"What's wrong with Sam? Such a strong man." he asked shocked.

"A brain tumor is what wrong with him but he was operated a week back and coming up very well." she said.

"Great, send my regards. I will make time and drive to his house. Back to you." he looked at her.

"Well, I'm coming from Sam's place to do some damage control. I.."

"I know you with doing damage control, I hope we don't arrest you tomorrow morning." they both laughed.

"You are here for that right? A big brother who makes things happen. And relax I did nothing wrong but I have a parcel with me that I found on the side on the road and I thought why not take it before it lands into wrong hands. I would you to call your famous rude Social worker with her assistant tomorrow morning, I have some questions for her. There are government opened orphanages that are running all over and we offer what we can every chance we get but there's child that's still cries and sleep on the side of the road? But they are quick to judge and say we don't love our kids when they are well taken care of and fed. I will show them what I'm made of..." the room was suddenly hot for Ammara and the detective opened a fan and positioned it her side.

"I might not know the whole story but can you calm down? And talk then." the detective said calmly noticing the rage in her eyes. He knows very well that Ammara can even confront the president and tell him where to back off if necessary. She gets what she wants one way or the other and the last time she spoke with the Social worker it wasn't a great show. It didn't end well.

"I also don't know the whole story, but for now come and see the boy for assurance, take a picture of him

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my car and number plate. Give me the form to fill in and sign. The. Alert them that I have a busy day tomorrow so I won't have the whole day for them to gloat. They better have the adoption paper's because that boy is mine." she angrily walked out and some Police officers gossiped among themselves

"What do you think is wrong?" one officer nudged the other.

She shrugged, "I don't know but we shall find out tomorrow."

"What do you mean by that, who is she?" the officer asked.

"Ammara Williams, if you that Williams famous company from Middelburg. Well, she owns it and if she visits the police station this angry just know that hell will break lose with some Social workers. Those are the only cases she reports about orphanages." she said.

"What?" he watched her exchange words with the detective.

"Let's go!" the female officer pulled the other officer away.

"Whatever detective, come. I don't have the whole day." she walked outside to her car. She unlocked from a distance and when she reached her car she opened her side and switched on the light's. The detective reached the car and gasped looking at the boy. He was full of blood and it was then that she noticed Ammara has some spots of blood. He cleared his throat.

Ammara looked at him "What?"

"It was dark where you took him?" he asked beating around the bush. He knows very well that hell is about to break loose if Ammara notices the blood surely the boy has scars too. He look badly beaten. "I should take him to my office for the pictures." Ammara nodded. He lifted him and left Ammara behind locking the car.

"What? Ammara didn't see this, did she?" the female officer that was telling stories about Ammara asked.

"Nothile please." she surrendered and walked away.

"Detective tell me this is a joke? How didn't I notice anything, oh my God." she started panicking taking off the boy's clothes. She sobbed painfully noticing the scars that represented a sjambok. The fresh drawn scars that were bloody they got her more angrier and pain her heart that she screamed painfully with her hand on chest. Three police officers got in running terrified by the screams.

"Detective, what's going on." they all asked in unison.

"Take the station camera and take pictures of this boy naked and in clothes then file them in a new portable file and write Ammara's case in bold then I will take it from there in an hour time. I will be back." he lifted up the screaming Ammara and asked one officer to follow him with car keys.

The detective quickly took Ammara to the doctor using his medical aid. He couldn't take her to the clinic because she's clearly having a panic attack if not a heart attack and he can't risk that.

He parked his car and Ammara was now just heavily breaking the screams died down. "I will get you help, just hold on a little." he lifted up again and closed the car door with his foot and ran inside the doctor's place.

"I was about to leave, detective." the doctor said sitting back on her chair.

"Don't worry about that, now because you are still relaxing Ammara is dying here." the detective said placing her on the bed in the room..



"Williams? Oh my God no! What happened?" she quickly jumped up almost falling. She picked her stethoscope and listened to her heart. "Her heart is beating so fast and her breathing is scarry. Whatever you did to her, don't ever do it. What really happened?" the doctor asked wearing some gloves to attend to her.

"Well, her daily cases." he sighed. "He found a boy almost ten if not eleven on the side of the road crying. She took him to the police station, I guess because you can't just take someone's child without the parent's consent, we might say you kidnapped him. So she asked me to take pictures, like we always do and also she wanted to sign a form that she took him. She also said said that I should call the social workers because hell will break lose for what happened. Fast forward I went to her car and picked up the boy to my office and what found is heart breaking we should have came with him because he might be having an internal bleeding. His scars are scarry and you could tell that he endures a lot everyday. He's skinny, not your usual skinny. It's scarry so that what caused Ammara to be like this. She screamed several times holding her chest before she kept quiet."

"I feel for those social workers, and they are rude too and not doing their job. I'm we, as doctor's are allowed to call you guys with just a medical record in such cases, imagine if we had to go to them first. Okay, I'm seeing a panic attack here. She will be fine." the doctor smiled reading her.

"When will she wake up?" the detective stood up and came closer.

"I'm awake and like you heard, I'm going to be fine. I'm actually fine. I heard everything you said about me, you are good at gossiping detective." they all laughed. "Thank you doctor, but I can't spend the night so you observe me. I will be fine, I just had a lot to witness for the day. Don't close before I come back, that boy needs to be checked ASAP." she got off the bed feeling a bit dizzy.

"Are you sure?" they both asked in unison. She nodded. She tried standing on her own but she almost fell and they quickly held her.

"I forgot how stubborn you are." she smiled feeling like a failure.

"Can I get a cup of water?" the doctor nodded.

"Thank you." the doctor gave her a pill to help with the dizziness. She drank then they said their goodbyes and walked out with the detective's help.

## CHAPTER 28

"Detective? Should we go to the boy's home and arrest her parents?" Ammara eyed the social who was out of words after seeing the pictures and the state he was in yesterday.

"This boy shouldn't be here in the first place, because due to his situation the daughter admitted him. Hence, he is lying on the mattress right now. Miss, I'm afraid if something like this happens again.. again, your powers will be taken away from you. This is your last warning, oh? Give the detective the adoption paper's when they are ready. You are responsible for everything that concerns this boy at the moment including talking to his guardians. Just fix everything I'm good giving you a week. Detective, me and my boy here should get going. Here is my office number, Miss Rude Social worker." the nurses that were guarding the boy pushed him out with his wheelchair.

Not that he can't walk but because he's got a broken rib and his whole is bruised and survives through being sedated as he cries that the pains are too much. Ammara swore that whoever did this is going to pay. No human being would do this to such a

respectful and cute kid. They reached their destination and they walked inside.

"Doctor, I would like you to give me the transferring paper's. I left him here last night today I can't. They can arrest me for all they want I don't care. I'm my own boss after all." she said bored.

"Don't say that, I mean no one would ever want to partner with you. Everything is going to be okay, here." the doctor smiled.

"Thank you, I'm invited for lunch by a friend so I have to go before I become late." she sighed.

"Ofcourse but you look tired." the doctor said.

"Here, I forgot to give you some medication for panick attack."

"Oh okay, thank you. I'm tired no lie." she rubbed her eyes.

"You should rest." Ammara nodded.

"Bye doctor." the doctor waved at her and she followed the nurses who were pushing the boy out to her car.

"Thank you." they smiled at her and waved walking back as she started the engine ready to drive back. Her phone rang. "I will be there in +- an hour." she dropped the call. She wasn't planning to drive in full speed as she wanted to accommodate her newly found lover. She wasn't planning on telling anyone about him.

He's going to be her happiness and for the time being she's going to keep him in her sisters house until she have figured what to do with her life or if it's wise to take him to her home to Jason.

"No, not you my love." she said a little louder.

"Ngitoba kahle mine Sis?" (Am I going to be okay, Sis?) she smiled and turned nodding.

"Perfectly fine, I'm going to make sure of that and no one is going to hurt you ever again, okay?" he nodded with a faint smile. "I'm going to be your new mother and I'm going love you forever."

"Ngyabonga Sis, kodvwa kute lengijwayele kumubita Make ngoba mine bengingavunyelwa kusho loko ngenca yekutsi akasiye makwami mbamba kepha nami bengikutsandza kumbita Make. Yena bekavele angishaye noma angishise ngestofu sagesi mangike ngamubita Make nje." he said with tears rolling down his face. (Thank you Sis, but I'm not used to calling anyone Mom because I have no one to call Mom. I was never allowed to call anyone Mom because she's not my biological mother but I also loved calling her mom. But she would beat me or burn my hand on an electric stove if I do call her Mom.) Ammara wiped her own tears. People are cruel out there.

"Now, that won't happen anymore boy, I promise you. I'm sorry I never asked your name. What's your name?" she smiled at him.

"Nkohliso."

"Nkohliso?" the boy nodded, "what kind of name is that? Is it your birth certificate?" he shook his no and shrugged again. "You don't know?" he shook his head yes. "Okay, I will give you my own names because from today onwards you are going to be a Williams, okay? But firstly, we don't shake our heads when talking to each other okay? We use words. Understand?"

"Yes, Sis." she smiled.

"I guess we have a long way before we reach the 'yes mom' stage but I understand." she continued driving and they were only a few metres away from the Middelburg hospital. "don't be scared Fortune, your name is Fortunate meaning Lucky. You are my diamond in stones

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you are shining more than the sun in daylight. Thank you for allowing me to save your day and everyday from today. So I was saying I'm taking you to another hospital near to where your new mother stays and I promise to visit you until the doctor says, you are free to go home. Okay?"



"Yes, thank you." the boy slightly smiled.

"For a moment I thought you can't talk English. You are welcome Lucky." they both giggled. she looked at him through the review mirror complimenting him.

She drove for a while before she reached the hospital gate and signed before she drove in and parked in an open space. She got off and left Fortune in the car and went to the OPD area and had a chat with the receptionist who called two nurses to come with a wheelchair to assist her. They all walked to the car and came back with Fortune who looked terrified but Ammara's smile assured him that she's safe.

She whispered something in his ears and he giggled. "I'm registering you here so you can be covered under me. You are safe and don't panick, I will be with you shortly." she kissed his cheek and they pushed him away.

"Williams, is he your nephew? I don't remember him." one of the nurses said.

"Awukahle Matron, go and attend to my stop." (Stop it.) They both laughed.

"What did I do, I mean he's too old to be your son." Matron laughed.

"You want to gossip that's all. His name is Fortune Williams and he might not be my blood son but he's my son. I will tell you all when it's official." she smiled.

"Mmmmmmh, it's very nice being him. How I wish, good luck Sis." she said.

"Thank you, I will need it. I'm done let me check my son."  
Ammara walked away.

"Doctor Mphemba, udokotela wami." (My doctor.) they smiled at each other.

"Hey, long time. I'm glad you haven't been here in a while. Who is this handsome boy?" Doctor Mphemba smiled.

"Fortune Williams. I'm glad too, this place makes me sick on it's own." she cringed.

"I know but it's all your fault, we all know that." Doctor Mphemba said.

"Please, how is my son?" she changed the topic.

"He's perfectly fine just needs a few tests, I will keep him for a week only." he continued jotting down.

She walked near his bed and took his hand into hers and kissed it, "that will be enough for me to fix his room."

"You adopted? I'm sure your husband doesn't know. I know you." he looked at her suspiciously.

"Ofcourse he doesn't know and yes the papers are being processed. Just make sure my son is okay and safe and stop thinking you know me." she walked out.

"Whatever." he laughed.

"Well....Ammara, I can say you are brave but you see.. you almost killed yourself, this is not how you should do things. Yes, damage control is beautiful and at least this time around you involved the police. You unbelievable but nonetheless, you are one strong lady." she giggled leaning on his starring wheel.

"Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. You did good, now you will never feel lonely." she smiled.

She might have done too much in few seconds but it was worthy saving someone's life especially a little boy. No one knows what that little boy has endured other than him. It makes her sad out there, there are still females a whole woman who knows how to mistreat a little child. She thought and what she knew is that a female is a mother, a friend to her kid, biological or not it doesn't matter but that child was not going to be left under your care if you were not the right person to take care of that child. Dont be heartless.

No matter what you went through at any age or under someone's care that doesn't mean you should treat the next generation the same way you were treated. Nobody and no one knows how bad it is other than you. Change and do better. Open up and forgive and start on a clean plain slate. Try and learn how beautiful it is, free yourself and your soul. Your heart is hurting because you have held the mind hostage.

## CHAPTER 29

Naledi was lotioning herself humming beautiful to her own song imagination. She looked happy and beautiful. She was indeed glowing, dating back to how she was a few days ago. She terribly looking and literally didn't care about herself but only how her husband was. Indeed "Uthando olwaziyo" Only love knows what.

Her eyes couldn't see, her ears couldn't hear, her feet's couldn't walk. It felt like she stepped on a glue and she was on a "sticky situation" her hands had cramps and shaking. She couldn't hold even a plastic glass with a liquid because it would split all over. Letting her mind go wild and not keep it hostage really did help her. It might not have not been sooner that it worked but the fact that it did work for her it means it should and can work for anyone who is walking on the path she's walking but a little bit behind her.

There's nothing that a non-human made person can't do if the mind wants to do that certain something. The mind and will never block you if you allow it to use your brains on your behalf. Let your mind go free so the brains can function and

spread all over. When your mind is free and your brains has spread equally, you might as well tell the heart to be peace and let yourself feel the happiness. The happiness is deep and within. You will never find your happiness from someone else but within yourself. Stop being intransigent and start being introspective. Introspection is all you need to stay happy and be a happy soul.

"Wahleka wedwa ntombi?" (Why are all smiley, girl?) Sam's mother leaned against the door frame folding her arms against her chest.

After her outing with her sister she figured a lot of things. That actually brought back the Naledi she last saw and conversed with when her husband was admitted and was between life and death. She has been keeping herself occupied with absolutely nothing because her husband is always encouraging her to go out without him and be happy. But that is never enough to Naledi because her outings are joyful when she's with her husband or Ammara but now to her it all different and frustrating. She's just not used to being alone.

"I don't know but you have seen it yourself and I think it's about time I listen to Sam. I have captured myself for far too long and it's not healthy at all." she smiled.

Sam's mother held her shoulders and made her look at her face. "I think I should thank Ammara for this because if it wasn't for her, I bet you would be this happy." she just smiled without responding and hid her face with her hands. "Now go out there and enjoy that lunch, your left your husband here and you will find him here, so please don't complicate things by thinking about how he is everytime and ruin that lunch." she pat her shoulders and smiled folding her arms against her chest.

"It hard but I guess trying and accepting things the way they are will help us all. It just that..." she got choked by her own tears. "I love Sam so much. I love my husband that it hurt seeing helpless to his own self. I actually sense and see the pain and the anger on his face. My husband is pretending with me for me to be happy. He's pretending to be fine and healing perfectly even though I could hear his cries at night thinking I'm asleep kanti no. And it hard to wake up and comfort him because I don't want to show my worried face to him because it makes matters worse. He wants me to always smile, laugh and be happy without worrying myself whereas that's very



impossible because he's my other half without him I'm useless and incomplete. When he cries, I always find myself crying also because my heart hurt seeing his tears. Oh Sam, I love you baby and I promise to stand by you at all times. I'm sorry!" she knelt down crying and Sam's mother quickly knelt down to shushing her.

"Sam is just in the next room, my child and he's definitely hearing your cries. I'm not saying don't cry because you should and let it all out because you are hurting no matter how strong we think you are but you are also human and you do need some air and let go of the pain your heart is feeling just don't scream too loud. I'm so sorry." she Naledi's head on her breasts and let her cry whilst she muffled her cries.

Ammara parked her car on the driveway and called the hospital before she could get inside the house.

"Yes, Ammara speaking. How is Fortune?" she asked.

"He's sleeping at the moment, we had to sedate him because he seemed to be having episode or remembering thing's because he was crying and apologizing." the nurse explained.

"Oh my God! Oh okay thank you please update me if anything happens." she said.

"Okay, I will do so." the nurse responded.

She dropped the call and leaned on the steering wheel with her head hang low. Her phone rang disturbing her thoughts.

"Miss Williams." Zubi said on the other side.

"I'm married woman Zubi, I'm Ma'am to you." they both laughed but Ammara's laugh was short and not firm.

"I will never say Mrs Williams because it's not your husband's surname, I mean where have you ever heard of that?" they laughed again and Ammara's laugh was short again. Her laugh felt forced.

"Okay, now I can't ignore the fact that you are not okay." he paused. "What did he do this time around?" he asked sensing the worry in his voice.

"No, no, no he didn't do anything and I haven't seen him for a few days now. You don't have to worry about anything, it something else that I'm not ready to talk about." she said then kept quiet after. She sighed thinking, it Zubi if not her sister Naledi who always heard or see her smile or laugh that she's not okay and they will automatically conclude that it about Jason. She always doesn't understand if their concern is about her or Jason because they ask about him at all times.

"I see, so are you still coming?" he asked.

"Yes, yes we are still coming. I'm outside my sister's house right now, I should probably go and check if she's ready." she said.

"Yes, you should." he encouraged.

"Yes, bye." she said.

"Call me when depart your sister's place." he said.

"Definitely." she got off her car and closed the door and locked her car before she walked inside. She first went to check up on Sam and found him fast asleep. She smiled watching him for a few minutes. And said, "I will bring back your wife before midnight." Sam smiled.

"I knew you were not sleeping you thug." they both laughed.  
"how are you feeling?" she asked him.

"I can't but I'm living. My wife is hurting, she thinks I'm pretending. Please do tell her that I wish her nothing but the best, all I want is for her to be happy. I trust you with making her happy because at the moment I can't do it. Please take good care of her." Ammara opened her eyes wide. "No Ammy, I don't mean this in a bad way. I'm not dying, I heard her cry in the other room minutes ago and she was screaming so loud meaning her heart is piecing, she's in pain because of me." Sam teared.

Ammara shook her head no and took a few steps and sat next to him on the bed. "If there's anything that I know Naledi do for you is the love she has for you that's burning her deep inside her hurting heart. All I could say is that, watching you laying here everyday hurt her. She's strong, yes but not strong enough to watch the love of her life helpless like this. Don't give up on her and I'm placing a bet of 15k she will never leave you take my word for that. You are the one to flop not my sister because she's not even the cheating type. You know her better than she knows herself. Forgive yourself bro, and take it slow. You won't heal if you keep hurting yourself and thinking too much." Ammara warned.

"I love her so much and I just want her to be happy and stop stressing about me." he wiped his tears.

"And we love her more." she checked the time on her phone and, "Sbary, let me check up on your wife. I wouldn't ve surprised if she's still trying to wipe away her tears. Your girl us dramatic." they laughed.

"That's my wife we Ammara." she laughed and waved walking out of the room going to the next room which is their main

bedroom that Sam and Naledi use. "Knock knock." she said and  
ley herself in and they looked at her. "What? The door was  
open." they laughed.

"You will never change." Sam's mother said.

"She will never." Naledi said fitting all her dresses but they  
seemed to be too long if not lose. She sat on the bed  
frustrated.

Ammara looked at her. "what's wrong baby sis?"

"This clothes just won't fit." she rubbed her eyes.

"Still a cry baby, I see. Let's take down the whole wardrobe and  
we will calling the cleaning services to come to our rescue and  
put everything in it place. Plus the last time I checked you had  
untouched clothes that still got name tags on them."

They did take down the whole wardrobe and started searching  
for a fitting dresses and a skirt with a matching t-shirt. And

Naledi kept fitting and modelling for them but they weren't that pleased and she wasn't pleased herself.

"I'm tired

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I might as well stay behind." she threw herself on the bed.

"Wait, I think I found something. Let me check the size.... what? What the hell is size 34 doing in your clothes or you stole it from my clothes?" she narrowed her eyes and Naledi avoided eye contact.

"You don't even wear size 34." she rolled her eyes.

"Don't roll your eyes on me young lady." she mimicked their father's voice and they laughed.

"Whatever." she took the dress and wore it.

"Wow, you are beautiful Mrs Smith." Sam's mother said in unison with Ammara in administration.

"You look great." Ammara admired again.

"Thank you Sis, but I have lost a lot of weight." she kept turning around checking herself out..

"And you are the only one to be blamed, we really tried." she made an angry face and Ammara laughed at her.

Sam's mother slightly punched Ammara, "ouch!"

"That's for playing with my daughter-in-law, come here baby." she hugged Naledi.

"One day, I will get know how my mother-in-law's hug feels like." she fake sniffed.

"Whuuuuuuu, such a cry baby." they all laughed.

"Mom, bye." Naledi kissed Sam's mother on her forehead and waved walking to Ammara's car.



"By Mrs Smith." Ammara waved getting inside her car.

"Enjoy yourselves and don't forget to represent yourselves well." she waved. And Ammara hooted reversing out of the yard.

"We are late." Naledi said.

"I will sort that out, I still have to pass by my house and freshen up and I have sweating since morning. You wouldn't tell, I bathed in the morning." she smelled herself.

"We will be more late than." Naledi complained.

Ammara's phone rang. "Williams speaking, hello?"

"You are late Williams." Zubi calmly said.

"We are are so sorry about that but we are on our way, we will be there in the next 30 minutes, I promise." she said.

"Better, drive safely."

"Bye."

"See you." Zubi said and dropped the call.

"Whuu, I have never met such a calm man like this one. He's so chilled he makes me nervous." Ammara said breathing out.

Naledi giggled, "I see, now drive faster I can't wait to see this man that's burning the fire of love for you. And you are a fool to reject such a man." Naledi said and looked outside the moving car waiting for the obvious statement.

"I'm a married woman Naledi." she said.

"I'm married woman Naledi. Stop it, man! You are so smart and brilliant and a damage controller for many things but when it

comes to your marriage nc nx nc, you are such dumb ass. You make more angry than anything else." Naledi said still looking out the window. "When it comes to Jason, you are slow, a fool and blinded. I should take you to a Sangoma to vomit whatever he fed you, it's not good for mental healthy."

Ammara kept quiet and kept driving. If she could start fighting with her she will never win. She will go as much as repeating the "I will never stop telling you the truth." which according to her is unnecessary.

"You are jamped, argh!" she looked at her. "tell me what a beautiful Queen like you, lack? To stand by such a horrible man? Come on sis, love yourself for once. You are always looking out for us and others but....but what about yourself? Learn to out yourself first. You have a lot to live for and I swear to my father's grave, you are not dying without making me an Aunty."

"What?" Ammara laughed.

"You heard me." Naledi responded.

"I'm not fighting." Ammara said laughing.

"And who is fighting?" Naledi questioned her and they faced each other and bursted with laughter.

Ammara parked on her driveway feeling relieved that she's not seeing Jason's car. She's just not ready for him. Thinking about the running around and not answering his calls and messages and Fortune's adoption.

"I will wait for you here." Naledi said checking herself on the mirror.

"What if Jason and his so-called sister are inside and they gang up on me?" she made a sad face and that got Naledi's attention.

"What? They wouldn't dare start me on second thought, I'm coming with you. Jason and Liyabona are so full of themselves, they think they are the President's daughter and son." she took off her heels and Ammara laughed looking at her fuming self. She loves how overprotective self. She took flops and gave them to her. "Good thing you stay with these in your car, let's go. We have 15 minutes left." they walked inside the house

and, "what is it that is smelling?" she quickly ran to the kitchen to check the gas and Ammara ran to the garage for the generator and switched it off and ran back to the kitchen.

"Is Jason trying to burn my house, where the hell is he?" she was angry but again she blamed herself for always running around and not staying in her house.

"Dont worry about him, let's thank God and ancestors that we came just in time. Go and switch off the big gases outside and lock so he doesn't have access to them and lock the garage too. And the door leading to the garage." Naledi told her. "Your house is stuffy marn, when last were you here?"

"This morning, and that fool almost burned Father's favourite car." Naledi's eyes narrowed.

"What? I'm going to kill some people soon, they should thank their ancestors that they are not here." Naledi said.

"I should quickly go and freshen up, I will be back." she ran upstairs and Naledi took the landline and called their daily favourite cleaning company and they promised to come in few minutes.

"Wow Jason, I wish my sister could do better, man."

## CHAPTER 30

Ammara parked her car next to Zubi's car who was waiting for them leaning on his car and pressing on his phone. They both got off and Ammara locked the car and went on the other side meeting with her sister and they approached the angry Zubi hand in hand.

"You want my mother to die of heart attack, huh?" Zubi eyed Ammara.

"Why would I want your mother death?" she frowned smiling.

"Is that your way of greeting your sister-in-law?" Naledi raised her brow.

Zubi held his forehead chuckling, they are both forward. He said in his thoughts. "I'm sorry, where are my manners. My name is Zubi." he introduced himself offering him a handshake.

"Hi, Zubi. I have heard a lot about you. My sister literally can't let the sun set without sharing a thing or two about you. You look good brother in-law." she smiled.

Zubi smiled already imagining Ammara talking about him to her sister but his thoughts were brushed away about how Ammara always defends her abuser. He has lost hope on ever having her as his because Ammara doesn't feel the same way.

"Brother-in-law, are you okay??" Naledi said her voice laced with worry.

"Yes, yes... I'm fine." he fake smiled. "We should get inside." he ushered them towards the front door leading to the sitting room. "Knock-knock, Mom." he opened for them and he followed after.

"Wow, finally!" she said smiling widely. "I couldn't wait to meet you girls, you are both looking so beautiful."

"Thank you, Ma." they both said with smiles.

"You must be my lovely daughter-in-law, Ammara." she said pointing at Ammara.

"Ma?" Zubi reprimanded her and Naledi nugged Ammara and winked at her but she just looked down.

"What? You failed to properly welcome them and I'm doing it on your behalf. This is not how you treat your guests young man. And you my lady, you must be Naledi. You are such a beautiful brown skinned Chubby girl. Both of you come here." she opened her arms and warmly hugged them. "Welcome my kids, take this as your home too and enjoy your visits. I cooked enough food for the all of us. Let me go and dish up." she said breaking the hug.

"I will help you." Ammara volunteered.

"No, no, you are our guests. I will manage just fine." she said.



"I will help you and I'm not taking no for an answer." they laughed.

"Feist, I see. Let's go, young lady." they carried their beautiful chubby bodies to the kitchen and Ammara remained with Zubi.

They kept stealing glances at each other and no-one dared to say a word until Zubi decided to break the uncomfortable silence.

"So have you thought about it?" Zubi questioned him.

"Thought about what?" she raised her eyebrows looking at him in the eye.

"Divorce." he plainly said.

"Zubi, I never agreed not ever said I'm divorcing my husband. How can you even ask me that? Knowing very well how I feel about it. It's not fair." she said.

"It's not fair? Ammara are you happy with your husband? Does your husband makes you happy Ammara? Do you want to leave your marriage in a casket?" he angrily asked.

"Absolutely no." she said not paying attention to him.

"Then leave now before it's too late!" he said looking at her.

"Zubi, no!" she snapped.

"I have done everything for you to make sure that you keep your smiley face and stay happy. I agreed to be friendzoned hoping that you will see your husband the way he is and see your worthy and leave! But no, you take my love for granted." he snapped with anger visible on his face.

"I never asked you to, okay? You did what you did willingly. You knew very well what you were getting yourself into stop acting surprised and leave me alone!" she snapped back.

"Fine! I'm going to change." he stood up and disappeared between the corners in the house.

She guilty swallowed her own saliva regretting telling him to leave her alone and snapping at him. Zubi has been good to her and he persevered all the bad things she would randomly say at him. She would say things and expect him to take them as a friend that he is but deep down they hurt him and he stood still and supported her when she needed him. But all she does at the end is throw away his love not even on his face but on the rubbish bins to be taken away by the Municipality rubbish trucks and get get burned.

She has no idea how much he's hurting in his heart. His heart is in pieces because of her but he just can't sleep and wake up not loving him or letting her be on her own because he believes he is protecting her from a distance. Loving someone who doesn't see or ignores all the signs you give and show feels like a glass that has fell into pieces and can never be repaired ever again. It feels like spills milk that can only be drank by a cat but you can never put in a glass to drink again because it's a mission impossible. Ammara is breaking Zubi's heart unaware of all the damage she's causing. The pain he's causing. She's throwing

away the love that should have been her safe place. The love to heal his wounds and warm her body during winter times.

"Where is Zubi?" Naledi shook Ammara who was lost in her own thoughts.

"Uh...he said he's going to change." she said composing herself together before they could ask questions further.

"Did you two fight?" Naledi continued asking.

She shook her head no, "just a misunderstanding but we fixed it." just then Zubi got in in different clothes.

"Oh son, we are sorry we took a bit longer. We can all settle down and eat." they all settled down. "Naledi, please pray for the food." Zubi's mother said.

They held hands and closed their eyes but Zubi and Ammara kept theirs open as their finger's touched. They stared at each other such that they didn't hear Naledi pray until she finished.

Zubi's mother cleared her throat and they quickly let go of each others hands.

"Amen." Zubi said.

"We long finished praying and we are halfway through our plates and you two are lost in your own world. Should we borrow you the room?" Sam's mother asked.

"No, no, we are fine." Ammara quickly jumped in. Sam's mother nodded and they all ate.

"The food is delicious." Naledi said trying to break the silence.

"Thank you, my child." Sam's mother smiled.

"You are welcome

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Ma." she also smiled.

"So Ammara, I heard you own your own company. How is it being your own boss?" she asked with a smile.

Ammara smiled thinking about how her father taught her all the ropes since high school. "It's a beautiful thing to experience and the best thing to ever happened to me."

"She's the strict boss, that is why I ran away from that company." they all laughed at her statement.

"Don't be like that, a girl has to do what she has to do to keep the company flowing. We need money to spend right? Then we better work harder so a strictness here and there won't hurt. You were just lazy but it's the same thing because it's one and the same branch. Same company." they laughed.

"At least there's no Ammara, I am the boss." they laughed again.

"I should come and check out the books." Naledi's eye's widened.

"Ungangilingi." (Don't test me.) she said with defence.

"Why?" Ammara laughed.

"We have people for that not you, asikdingi." (We don't need you.)

"She's the dragon lady, huh?" Sam's mother said laughing.

"I actually agree with Naledi, she's strict and always serious at work. She doesn't smile with worker's during work hours. You will swear she doesn't know how to." Zubi backed Naledi's statement.

"You guys are exaggerating. In the morning, I greet and smile. I chat with my worker's and we laugh about random thing's." she defended.

"In the morning, during tea break and lunch then after working hours that's it." Naledi said.

"It's just....." Zubi interrupted.

"It's just nothing Princess but you are too much. Our workers are scared of you. Normally, in some companies you would find worker's gossiping and doing high five's but not in your company." Zubi said laughing.

"Huh? That can be the very last minute of those to gossip in my father's company during working hours. Lingashona emini."  
(The sun can set in broad daylight.) They erupted with laughter.

"But I admire the confidence my child, and true you should show the smiley side to them but not the tooth. No, don't ever show the tooth because they will make you their friend and some will start stealing from you and gossiping about you and your company will start going down. You tend to lose a lot when you show your workers the tooth. Keep it like that my girl keep shining until they say, you are using a snake for your riches. Keep shining." Sam's mother encouraged and she looked down smiling.



"Yeah, keep shining my sister and know that you are an inspiration to many. You are someone's role model. Many people are looking up to you, including me. You are the best sister ever. Keep up the good work. I love you." Naledi raised her glass and others raised their glass too.

"Keep shining Ammara!" Naledi said.

"Keep shining Ammara!" they said in unison.

"Well, they have said it all and all I have to say is to continue being the bigger person and you shall reap your fruit's. You are still young but you have done a lot and changed a lot of things since your father's passing. You are brilliant. Keep shining." he raised her glass and drank.

"Thank you to all of you for the heart warming words. I really didn't expect today to turn out like this. This means a lot to me and I appreciate it. May God bless you all." she raised her glass and drank her juice.

"Oh my children, thank you for leaving your duties and coming here and Naledi thank you for coming even though, you had to leave behind your sick husband. Thank you so much my children, may the good Lord bless you. I have loved you from seeing you for the first time and I hope Zubi is going to bring you again because I enjoyed your company. Oh, you are so

beautiful. I wish I could watch you the whole day." Zubi's mother complimented.

"I, for one have seen the directions. It's really not far so I'm going to visit you, don't worry." Naledi said and Sam's mother cheered.

"That's good news, I was dying of boredom alone in this house. Finally, I have some people to keep me company." she said excitedly.

"Don't worry about it Ma, boredom days are over. You found yourself two daughters." they laughed.

"Indeed, Ammara my girl please do visit. I know you are a busy woman but if you get time." she asked.

"Yes Ma, I will visit." she said.

## CHAPTER 31

Fortune has been in the hospital for two days now and Ammara has been thinking just the best way to accommodate him and bringing him in her house is not a good idea and will never be because Jason might as well threaten the little boy. She just came back from seeing him and she just can't put the picture of him smiling at the back of her mind. Fortune is all she could think about. After all the years of getting denied the best days and happiness of her life Fortune finally gave her the happiness she deserves without even trying harder. The little boy might be aware of the best days he has given her but he's nothing but a blessing in her life.

"What am I going to do with him?" she asked herself.

"Should I talk to my sister about it?" she stood up and slowly walked outside.

"I love him and he's the best thing that has ever happened to me.

"Naledi? But she already has a lot in her plate." she sighed and walked back inside the house and sat on the couch and held his chin looking up.

"I am going to confront Jason, this is my house I shall not live in fear.....argh!" she said throwing her head on the couch showing irritation.

"What should I do?" she put her hands on her face.

"I'm sorry Fortune." she rubbed her eyes.

"Let me talk to Zubi." she quickly stood up and literally ran outside to her car remembering that she left her phone there including her bag. She found her car unlocked and the engine was never switched off.

"Sh\*t!" she cursed and quickly switched it off and searched for her phone but she didn't find it.

"Where is it? Dammit!" she opened and closed everything in the car but she didn't find it.

"Hospital!" she ran back inside the house and locked the house then ran back to her car and drove to the hospital locking the gate too.

She reached the hospital and she told the securities that she will sign when she gets back and they just laughed at her.

"Is Fortune okay? You don't look good." one security asked. Everyone around the hospital now know her because she's always around every hour she gets she spends it at the hospital with Fortune. She usually help him walk around the hospital showing him things and telling him what is what and playing with him. Taking pictures and videos while laughing and eating snacks and fruits.

She shook her head yes, "Fortune is fine, I just happened to leave my phone behind."

"Is this the reason why your face looks this sour? You need to calm down, I mean someone can mistakenly say something

happened to Fortune judging by how much you love him or someone died." she heaved a sigh.

She nodded, "a lot is going on but I promise to calm down." the security nodded.

"You are good person and we do need people like you. Many people do adopt and love their kids but what you do is more than anything. You have made the little boy feel free around in a space of a few days. You are really good at this parenting thing." she smiled.

"I have always wished to not be a good parent to my own kids but be a friend too, be their best friend. My child shouldn't be shy or ashamed around me. I have to be his shoulder to cry on when things turn bad. I believe that sometimes as a parent you should put aside your mother tittle and be a friend to your child. Listen without judging. Your child shouldn't be scared of trying new things and making mistakes just because mommy will dearly punish him. I believe in a lot of things, maybe just maybe as parents we could change a lot if we could stop being strict even in unnecessary times. Our kids needs us the most

when growing up but we tend to push them away." she smiled thinking of Fortune.

It has only been three days with him under her care but they have shared a lot of lovely memories.

"Ukhulumile Sisi wami, uyibambe kanjalo nje." (you have spoken well my sister, hold it like that always.) she nodded and waved driving Inside the hospital.

She got off her car a bit calm and took off her heels wearing her flops and walked through the OPD door.

She came face to face with Fortune's doctor who checked his wrist and looked at her again as she approached him walking slowly. "Ammy, what are you doing here?" he frowned.

"You mean, you haven't checked up on my son ever since I walked out that door Dr Mphemba?" she folded her arms against her chest.

"What are you on about?" Dr Mphemba looked at her.

"I left my phone in his ward." he relaxed.

"I saw it and thought you left it for him, I checked up on him and found him sound asleep and still is." she nodded. "Come, let's go." they walked towards his ward.

"Have the social workers contacted you?" Ammara questioned the doctor.

"No, I would be lying if I say they did. Check your phone maybe they called you."

"Argh! It's that rude social worker that just want to make my life miserable. I don't want to go back there and make their lives miserable. Not forgetting that my son here is recovering very well. It might trigger him some bad and traumatic memories but I'm taking him there to his home if they don't give me what I want." she said then kissed his forehead. He



turned and looked the other direction because he was facing up.

"Ammara, you need to understand that, that is not how things operate. They have to follow up all the required procedures before coming to a decision and the parents too have to be contacted." Ammara turned and looked at him.

"Whatever you said Mphemba, we all know that in situations like this kids are taken into a home with immediate effect. I will face those parents myself. If they don't give me what I want then, sharp, no problem. We will meet in court. I want you as my son's doctor to write a report to the police station at Witbank and they will pass it to that rude social worker after that an arrest warrant will be issued because that how they want things to be done." she opened the drawers and took out her phone and unlocked it.

Doctor Mphemba just shook his head looking at Ammara. "I will leave you."

She nodded still checking her missed calls, "aaah! Great they called. Let me call them back." Dr Mphemba looked at her and turned continuing with his walk.

"Detective?" she said.

"Ammara, we have been calling you and your phone rang unanswered." the Detective said.

"Sorry about that but I left it here in the morning." she said looking out the window.

"Here, where?" the detective asked.

"Hospital, any good news?" she questioned him.

"The social worker was here to report that the boys parents passed on and he's been living with her drunked Aunty from her father's side. She refused with his documents but she willingly signed away her parenting rights for the boy." the detective explained.

She smiled excitedly, "good riddance to rubbish." she said excitedly. "And when is Fortune becoming mine legally?" she asked.

"They said she made things easier by signing away her parenting rights so the papers shall be ready by next week. And you are expected to come and sign here." he continued telling.

She jumped up and down screaming with happiness written all over her face.

"Thank you

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thank you, thank you. I should thank Amile for hooking me up with you. Thank you so much I am going to award, wait for it. I'm glad the week is ending already, this is good news. Thank you, bye." the detective laughed.

"Bye, Miss and Mrs Williams." they laughed.

"What's the hell is that?" she continued laughing.

"I should be asking you." he laughed.

"I love my father's last name and I shall keep it. Leave me alone." they laughed.

"Heard you and I surrender. See you."

"Sharp, Sbary." she dropped the call smiling.

"You woke me up." she turned and was met by Fortune's beautiful eyes.

"Your eyes are glowing." he smiled and quickly closed them.

"Everyone says that when looking at my eyes." she smiled taking his that is connected to a drip and brushing it.

"They are really glowing but they are beautiful." she smiled.

"Ngiyabonga Sisi." (Thank you sister.) she smiled shyly.

"You are the most handsome boy, I have ever met. And I am happy that God sent me your way to be your saviour. In this few days you have given me the reason to stay alive. For you I will conquer any storm coming your way. I have some good news for you." she kissed his hand smiling.

"Yini leyo Sisi?" (What is it Sis?) he said excitedly.

"I thought we are venting English now?" she slightly tickled him and he laughed.

"No Sis, stop." he said laughing. "I don't love English." he said still laughing.

"Why?" she frowned.

"You said you have good news." he put on a straight face and Ammara frowned then started tickling him and they both started laughing. "Okay, okay fine." he said trying to breath.

"Talk, why don't you love English?" she questioned him again.

He looked down and played with his fingers and his eyes got more glossy. Ammara looked at him pitying him but she couldn't stop him from saying anything further.

"I went to school twice a week, my teacher's were the best. They taught us everything in English, they told us that the reason why us, kids don't understand cartoons is because they baby us a lot just because we are studying in public schools." Ammara watched in admiration. He's so grown.

"How old are you?" Ammara asked.

"Turning ten in the 05th." Ammara gasped.

"This month?" he nodded, "it's the first today, young boy." he laughed.

"I know that too." he continued laughing at her face. She couldn't close her mouth because of how surprised she is.

"Close your mouth or else....here is a fly!" he said and Ammara quickly spit out making him laugh. She made an angry face pretending to be angry and he continued laughing making her laugh too.

"I will revenge myself, Fortune. You won't get away with this." she pointed at him.

"Forget about revenge, what are the good news? And when am I meeting your family?" the boy asked looking at her face.

"Well, next week we...are... signing... the... adoption paper's. Your Aunty didn't fight us, she signed away her parental rights for you." she excitedly said.

"Thank you." Ammara frowned.

"I thought you were going to be happy about it." he nodded.

"I am happy more than anything, I am happy that finally I will get to have someone who won't mind me calling her Mom every now and then. Thank you." he said crying.

"You are welcome and you are ugly when crying, come here big boy." They hugged. "You will meet your Aunty soon and she's my only family." she said breaking the hug.

"I can't wait but is she going to love me?" his smile disappeared.

Ammara nodded, "she's going to love you, who can dislike a good looking Prince like you?" they laughed.

"Thanks for the compliment." he said shying away.

"One more thing." she said.

"Ma?" Ammara's eye's widened.

"Did you just say..." he just nodded and she tightly hugged him and he flinched. "Sorry, I got carried away. I'm so happy. Thank you for accepting me." he nodded.

"You were saying?"

"I was saying that I have a few things to sort out so after being discharged. You are going to stay with your Aunty." he frowned.

"I will be there too, till you get used to her." he nodded.

"Agreed?" she confirmed. "yes Mom." they smiled hugging.



## CHAPTER 32

[TWO WEEKS LATER]

"Fortune?" Naledi called out for him.

"Aunty?" he came running.

"No, running." he stopped.

"Sorry Aunty, I'm sorry." he looked down.

"I didn't shout, why do you look so sad?" she squatted Infront of him.

"I miss Mom." he pouted with sad face clearly indicating that he's about to cry.

Naledi took his hand and went back with her to the sitting room from the kitchen. He made him sit next to him and she held his hands tightly.

'how do you even explain this to a little boy?' she thought to herself.

'I don't want the little boy to grow up knowing that beating a woman is the solution or it's part of living.'

'I won't tell him, what should I do?' she kept her eyes away from him as she battled with her thoughts not knowing what to say.

The big and terrible thing that happened the past week is Jason. Jason found out about Ammara adopting behind his back and he got more angry hearing that she is the legal parent now and it didn't even take weeks or months like adoption processes normally do. And the naive Ammara responded when called and summoned knowing very well the damage that Jason is capable of doing but she cared less she wanted to apologize and explain to her husband.

Naledi's hands were tied as Ammara told her where to back off. Ammara told her that her marriage is all about roses and popping of champagnes. She told her that her marriage is perfect so she should leave her alone to fix hers. She then wondered if Jason is using black magic on her sister or she's just like this all by herself or the abuse has gotten too deep in her skull that it left traumatic marks.

The mistake that she ever made was letting her drive all the way to her house to that monster. Even though, that day she let God take control and told herself that if her sister never survive it then she will let her go.

Ammara took her car keys shaking and crying, you could sense the fear in her voice. You could sense the worry, the doubt. She kept saying, "it's about time."

A lot happened in this two weeks, from her sister being admitted because Zubi arrived too late when Jason was ready to finish her sister. Sadly, he was never arrested because he ran away. Three days later Ammara woke up and told the doctors not to allow any visitor's including Fortune. That broke them all.

Zubi has been a workaholic no matter how hard his mother reasoned with him.

Sam's father came and apologized and spoke nothing but the truth and Naledi's husband was never angry at him or his mother because apparently, he knew the truth. He did a DNA on his own. That was the reason why Naledi couldn't go after Ammara because she was babysitting Fortune who was just discharged at the hospital and needed all the care he could get. Sam's mother went home to fix a few things and she visits every chance she gets.

"Aunty? Are you okay?" Naledi snapped out of it and Fortune wiped her tears that she didn't feel falling on her cheeks.

"I'm fine, my boy." she forced a smile.

"But..but you are crying. Is Mom okay wherever she is?" she nodded and smiled.

"Yes, and she's coming back soon." she said wiping his own tears.

"How soon? I miss her." he said with a hoarse voice.

"Come here." she opened her arms and hugged him. "Mommy is coming back, okay?" he nodded in her arm's. "Should I tell you a story?"

"Yes Aunty

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please." he excitedly said.

"Once upon a time, there was a house that was built near the road well, they were many of them but there was this one with a young beautiful woman in the yard and she was sweeping and cleaning around her yard. On the road an old woman was walking slowly more like dragging herself until she fell."

"What made her to fall Aunty?" Fortune curiously asked.

"We don't disturb a storyteller, do we?" she smiled.

"I'm sorry, continue." he continued laying in her embrace.

"When the woman fell, she couldn't get up. All the near neighbor's ran to her and asked her if she's sick and she said no. They asked what's wrong and didn't hide her shame and pain but she said in a very low tone 'i'm hungry' they all gasped at that. But some complimented her for that. Only the young woman who was sweeping in her that never gasped but after hearing that the old woman is hungry and looking at her condition and toned clothes she bended and said, I don't have have a lot but let me help you gain your strength so you get home. And the old woman couldn't stop thanking the young woman. The young woman helped the old woman up and walked slowly with her to her home. She helped sit comfortably and quickly made her sugar water to regain her strength as she was making her food. You know that sugar water is capable of you with nothing but energy when you no food?" she looked at him.

She shook her head no, "no Aunty, I didn't know but now I know." he smile.

"What do we say again?" they laughed. "Did we know class?"

"No, we didn't." he said out loud and Sam was leaning on the door and they have not noticed him. He was smiling admiring his wife for mothering Fortune this beautiful.

"Sugar water contains Glucose which is then broken down into our bodies to give us what? Energy." they high fived.

"Back to the story, Aunty." he layed his head on her chest and she laughed at that.

"Fine. The young woman made food and gave it to the old woman who ate really fast showing signs of hunger. The young woman watched with pity and the old woman quickly finished which amazed the young woman and she offered to dish up again and the old woman was very thankful that she said she's

going to tell her kids about her kindness. She thanked her until she disappeared going home."

"What a beautiful story. If all people were kind like that young woman then there will be peace in this world and we would be in a better place." Fortune admired.

"I know baby, I know but I'm not done. Stop disturbing me." he giggled and zipped his mouth and pretended to throw the non existing keys into her breasts and laying his head on them and Sam couldn't hold his laughter. He quickly ran away to laugh into his room.

"Damn, zokshaya wena." Naledi laughed. "So the following day the young woman was busy up and down again doing her chores when a young lady greeted getting into her home carrying a bucket in her head. She put it down next to her and kneeled. I was told there's a good Samaritan who generously helped my mother yesterday after she collapsed on her way home. The young woman offered the young lady a bench to sit and she did. She then said she only brought water from the river as a way of appreciation because that is all they could afford as they have nothing at home not even food. She added



that they only live on cow dung and water. Their mother boils water until the little ones fall asleep. She added that the situation is really bad. Her mother was from checking her pension which hasn't paid for months now and she's been applying for jobs with no luck and she has no start-up for a business. The generous kind woman then thanked her for the water and told the young lady that she was just helping an old woman and she did not want anything in return as she was expecting it either but the lady insisted that she take the water and she did then offered her a plate of food and a glass of water. The young lady thanked her with joy written all over her face. The woman then went back inside the house and filled the bucket with a lot of food from what she eats and what she doesn't need and offered the young lady who cried tears of joy and couldn't stop thanking the young woman for her generosity. After eating she put her heavy bucket on her head and couldn't wait to get home and cook for her family and tell her mother what happened. The young woman told the young lady to not forget her but always visit." she smiled feeling Fortune's weight on her.

"Nice story, can I am feeling so sleepy. Can I sleep on your chest?" he closed his eyes.

"You have already done so. Let me take you to bed." she smiled standing up from the couch to lift him up.

"I will take him." Sam said appearing from behind. She turned not believing in his voice.

"Baby, you are walking!" she carefully placed Fortune on the couch and threw herself on his embrace.

"You are good at this parenting thing, we should adopt ours and give Fortune a brother or a sister." he smiled hugging his wife tightly. They both missed each other.

## CHAPTER 33

"Uncle Sam!" Fortune ran into him and he had to let go of his wife and lift him up. They have formed a very beautiful relationship in this past two weeks and their bond is inseparable. Even Naledi stand no chance. They always both gang up on her and team up her.

"Buddy!" Sam said.

"Buddy!" Fortune said fist pumping with Sam.

"I'm glad, you are finally up from your deathbed buddy."  
Naledi laughed.

"What? But I was never death." Sam said in disbelief.

"What do you want me to say? You always said your head is hurting and heavy and you can't raise it up." he laughed. "Or your paralyism bed." they all cracked up with laughter.

"What? Baby did you tell him that?" Sam asked tickling him.

"I'm surprised as you are." she kept on laughing and went to the kitchen to dish up for them. She dished up and and called them to the dining table and they came and conversed asking Sam how he's feeling and Fortune literally forgot about his mother for a moment. They kept teasing each other with Sam and the room was actually peaceful and light after such a long time of unending gloomy.

"I'm happy, finally!" she said eyeing Sam naughty.

"I'm still sick." they laughed.

"Whatever!" she rolled her eyes.

"Awusemdala." she giggled. "Buddy, let's go and some games in my room or watch a movie and have a man to man talk. It's been long since you sleeping on your Aunty's breasts." Fortune laughed finishing up his last spoon of food.

"Brush your teeth!" Naledi screamed behind them while she smiled alone.

She washed the dishes and cooked again just pushing time because she was now lonely. Her husband took away his buddy and he was her buddy too but he do needs some father's love to actually feel complete and learn a few things too. And to not think about Ammara a lot.

Hours later she was in the dining room watching TV and there was a knock on the door. She slowly stood up and wore her flops and walked to the door and she got shocked seeing Ammara all smiley in her door step.

"Are you not happy to see me?" Ammara asked opening her arms for her and she just hugged her without saying a word.

This is her sister and she will always be. No matter what mistakes she makes but she will always have a dear space in her heart.

"I love you Sis." she held her tighter.

"I love you too." she tightened the hug herself.

"You are beautiful, do you know that?" Naledi said breaking the hug and checking her up all over.

"Well, thank you little sis. I'm fine stop worrying." she said assuring her.

"Get inside. I am angry at you not for what you did to me or anyone else but for Fortune. You are no longer alone but you have a child now Ammara. You brought this child into your life and you are bind to him your whole life. He's now our family. He might not have our blood but he's family. You don't just sideline him because he's young and will never understand. He's hurting, he's missing. He has been forever asking about you and I have ran out of lies to tell him. I don't care about myself but you shouldn't have pushed him out. You should have allowed him to visit you. Don't the I didn't want him to see me like that because the boy is attending therapy for that to face his demons and you have witnessed it that boy is smarter than his age. He will amaze you one day, don't undermine him." Naledi heaved a sigh.

She breathed and rubbed her face feeling guilty kicking in. She thought she had it all under control but clearly she was lying to herself rather she was trying to comfort herself. She didn't expect any of this bomb her sister just threw at her because she never thought it that way nor seen in that way. It's very bad and now she regret her decision. Fortune must hate her for being so unreliable as his newly found mother. She disappointed him and broke her promises.

"Does he hate me?" she questioned Naledi who just shrugged.

"Go and find out, and don't ask me to help you because you made this bed now lie on it. He's in my room with Sam." she stood up and went to the kitchen and dished up for her sister and warmed her food and covered with a cloth and took it to the sitting room.

"And?" she placed the covered plate in front of her sister.

"They are snoring." Naledi slightly laughed.

"Sorry, try your luck and when they wake up." she nodded.

"Thank you for the food

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I am also tired. I should bath and rest after this." Ammara said eating slowly with thoughts roaming freely in her mind and some taking bites here and there crushing and feeding on her vulnerable state.

"Since you are here, I have to go the shops to catch a few things. Please watch on my boys for me. I will be back." she took her car keys and walked out to the garage. She unlocked her car and got in switching the engine on before reversing out of the garage and out of her home to the road. She drove for a while then got into some street and parked on the side of the road and got off and locked her car then walked to the gate and used the small one to enter. She walked to the front big wooden door and knocked on it hoping that there's someone home.

A woman opened and she gasped surprised Naledi just smiled widely. "Naledi? What are you doing here?" the woman asked.



"I thought you said we should visit and today is that day. I just needed some fresh air away from home."

"Ofcourse, what's going on?" she opened the door wider for her and Naledi got in.

"A lot is happening." she sat on the couch and Sam's mother offered her. Drink and quickly drank it and finished her glass.  
"Thank you."

[TWO HOURS LATER]

"How is Ammara, son?" Zubi's mother asked Zubi.

"Ma, can we not talk about Ammara? Can we just never mention that name in this house? Please" he sat down on the couch looking exhausted as he put his hands on his face heaving a sigh.

"Ammara is the good woman for you, son." he gave his mother a sharp look.

"Mom, please Ammara will never leave her husband for me."  
he said looking more angry than sad.

"Trust me, she will." she joined him on the couch.

"How do you know that?" he questioned him.

"A woman has a limit of tolerating nonsense and abuse.  
Ammara too will one day reach those limits." his eyes widened.

"I never told you anything about her abuse, how did you know about it? Who told you?" he sat upright on the couch looking at his mother straight in the eye.

"Just know that, one day she will leave." she left him there and went to the kitchen.

## CHAPTER 34

The following morning Ammara left Fortune in bed since he wanted to sleep with mommy. They talked and forgave each other then put the past behind and focused on growing their bond. They chatted almost the whole night until they fell asleep.

She just woke up and made some cereal and ate. She was planning on going to take some of her clothes in her house. She went back to the room and picked her car keys and left her phone in the charger. She kissed Fortune's forehead and whispered, "I will be back just now, baby." she went to the kitchen and took a pen and a paper and wrote a note, "I went to fetch some clothes to change. I will be back before sunrise. I love you, Ammara."

She placed it on the table in the kitchen and unlocked the kitchen door and went to her car which was parked in the driveway. She unlocked the gate before she got inside her car and drove off heading to her house.

The thoughts that she was battling were hectic enough to send her into depression. She has had enough and it was about time

that she choose herself and part ways with Jason. He's not worthy any of her parts. She's not worthy the treatment and the relationship just needs to end so she could raise Fortune well with no fear. For the fact that he had the guts to beat her up for not answering her phone when he called and also for going behind his back and adoption a "fool" like he called Fortune.

She wiped the tears in her eyes and continued driving. She slowed down when she got into her house street and drove slowly when she approached her gate. She parked outside her gate and fanned herself before pressing the gate remote. She drove in and parked behind Jason's car and took her pepper spray and some drug she bought.

She got off the car and slowly closed it and leaving the car keys inside. She walked to the front door and unlocked with her keys. She got in and closed the door. She walked up the stairs straight to their room. She was hoping to find him deep asleep. She found the door slightly opened. She froze finding a girl wrapped in her bed sheets standing Infront of Jason and actually conversing. She then screamed Jason's name teary.

"Jason!"

"Baby, I can exp...." Jason woke up dragging the bed cover with him.

"Explain!?" she questioned him. "Explain that you brought another woman in my house? In our matrimonial bed?"

He came and knelt Infront of her, "baby, I'm sorry. Please let me explain." he tried touching her.

She yanked her hand off his, "don't touch me! You disgust me!" she ran out almost hitting herself with the door. She ran until she reached her car and quickly got in and started the engine and immediately reversed out.

She drove in full speed heading to her sister's place with tears streaming down her cheeks like a waterfall. She couldn't believe how Jason could betray her like this after all the pain she endured thinking Jason loves her. Thinking Jadon will change and this is what he does to her. This is how he thank her after everything she has done for him.

She kept wiping her tears but the more she wiped is the more they fell. The road became blurry when she was approaching her sisters house but she kept on driving. She found the gate opened and drove in, in full speed and parked her car. Luckily, she remembered to switch off the engine. She ran inside the house and found her sister eating. Sam and Fortune were not in sight.

Seeing her sisters tears Naledi met Ammara halfway and she just threw herself on Naledi. She bursted out crying and Naledi helped her to the couch while comforting her.

"I wish I listened to you, Naledi. I wish I listened to to you and saw Jason for who he was and left him." she kept on weeping and weeping.

"What did he do?" Naledi held her head and made her look at her in the face as she waited for the answer.

"Can you imagine that... that.. I found Jason in bed..our bed..our matrimonial bed with another woman playing a happy couple and when I got in he had the audacity to look at me in

the eye and tell me that he can never explain? What was there for him to explain whereas everything was displayed right in front of me to witness. I hate myself so much for believing Jason was going to change for me." Naledi brushed her back as she looked down crying.

"Don't cry Sis, he's not worthy your tears. You deserve better, way better. I'm just glad that at last you saw him for who he is and finally you are going to divorce him." she continued shushing her.

"I wish I saw it earlier. I wish I left earlier. Jason has never seen me as his potential other than beating me every chance he got. I hate him! I hate him. He broke me!" she screamed crying. "He played me, Naledi. He played me. He's the big mistake I ever made in my life."

"Don't cry, he doesn't know what he is missing on because there are a lot of men out there who would like to have you as their Queen and treat you the best way you deserve. You really don't deserve him and he doesn't deserve you. You will find someone who will treat you like the Queen you are and love you the best way you deserve. Calm down. He's a manipulator."

She added while she brushed her back until they heard a car park outside followed voices and Fortune's loud laugh. Ammara quickly wiped her tears and composed herself and put on her best smile when they got in.

"Mommy!" Fortune jumped at her.

"Hey baby, how are you?" she smiled kissing his forehead.

"I'm fine, when I woke up and you were not on my side." he pouted his lips and Ammara kissed them and he laughed.

"I'm sorry baby, I had some errand to run but now I'm back. Forgive me." she smiled.

"I forgive you, Mommy but you broke our promise." he paused and looked at her in the eyes. "Your eyes are puffy and red and moist. Who made you cry

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Mom?" he asked with a serious tone.



She shook her head no, "I wasn't crying baby. I had a terrible headache at night and today something got into my eye. Don't worry." she put on her best smile.

"Mmmmmmh. Sorry Mom." he put his head on her chest and she hold onto him tighter.

"Hey baby." Naledi kissed Sam's cheek taking the plastic's he was carrying.

"Hey love, are you okay?" he held both her cheeks and pecked her lips.

She nodded yes, "I'm fine, don't worry. I should ve asking you. You haven't fully recovered but already roaming in the streets." he chuckled.

"Don't worry about me, Madam. I'm fine plus you are always a phone call away when I have a problem.." she laughed.

"I guess you are right."

"And I wasn't alone but my buddy right there." he pointed at the sitting room.

"Yeah right." they laughed.

"I love you, wifey." he said admiring her.

"I love you, husband." she blushed

[A MONTH LATER]

Naledi and Ammara went for lunch birthday celebration for Zubi and they sang a happy birthday song for him beautiful while he smiled with his heart full with nothing but joy standing next to his woman. He couldn't believe that after the fight he fought she would end up with him sharing such beautiful moments together and making memories with their loved ones.

"Speech! Speech! Speech!" they all clapped for him and he just laughed at them and told them to wait for him for a moment and he will be back.

"Coward! Why are you running away." Ammara laughed at him.

He laughed back and said, "we will see when I come back who is a coward." they laughed and patiently waited for him.

He came back shortly holding a small box. He pulled up his pants a little before he went on one knee Infront of Ammara and she froze when he opened the box and and a ring displayed. It was an old ring with a glittering diamond.

"Zubi, what is this?" Sam's mother ulululated seeing the ring. The symbol of love. That simple means her son's heart is at a better place and he's inlove and happy.

"It was in a safe place waiting for a special person. Ammara Williams, will you marry me please?" her eyes glittered with

tears. It may seem to be so soon but the heart wants what it want.

"Say yes." Naledi cheered with encouragement.

"Yes!" she said in more of a whisper and he slid the ring in her finger and they hugged then kissed while Naledi cheered for her sister and Sam's mother was in tears because of joy.

"I love you." Zubi confessed.

"I love you too." Ammara confessed too.

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It was a few days later when Zubi insisted on going with Ammara to her house to fetch her clothes and finally serve him with the divorce papers.

"No, I can't risk my Fiance's life that man is not to be trusted. What you fond him in the house and does the worst? No, I'm coming with you." he said.

Ammara smiled, "even though there's absolutely no need for that but okay." she shrugged with one shoulder. She lead the way outside to Zubi's car and they drove off busy complimenting each other.

They parked one house away from Ammara's house and walked, they found the gate unlocked and they got inside the yard walking to the front door. Before Ammara could knock they heard quarrelling voices and they leaned on the door listening. They kept gasping and looking at each other amazed by what they are hearing.

"We have been played." Ammara said in disbelief.

"Yep, we are both victims. We were their ATMs." Zubi said amazed.

"I can't believe that they are actually dating but pretending to be siblings just to get money." Ammara said as she moved to the window they were standing next to inside.

"You are a fool, Jason. How did you even lose her? Now what are you going to do?" Liyabona snapped at him.

"That rich woman was making my life difficult. She was making things difficult and stingy too and besides I can always find another rich woman to marry." Jason said unbothered.

"So they target rich women." Ammara laughed.

"Don't bullshit me, Jason! We were very close into a jackpot but because you sidelined the plan and decided to fall for her. I asked what happened?" Liyabona sounded very angry.

"She found me in bed with another woman." Liyabona slapped him.

"What? You are back on your cheating ways again?" then they started fighting.

"Did you just hit me?" he let go of her and held his cheek.

"I will slap you again, you are full of it Jason. Useless man." she slapped him again and this time he punched her and she fell in between the couches and hit a coffee table in the process and she stopped breathing. He knelt down and shook her but she layed down still not moving and started calling her name panicking and shaking her. Zubi and Ammara got in pushing each other and Zubi squatted before Liyabona and felt her pulse calling her name but she was turning cold each minute.

He shook his head, "she's no more." Jason started crying looking at the lot of blood that was coming out from her head. They called the police and Jason was arrested for murder.

THE END

"Before we go, let me help you wash the dishes." Naledi said already up from her chair and collecting the plates.

"I will help you." Ammara said.