



For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends. Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

## Chapter 1

●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

[FLASHBACK]

“When I grow up I want to be star mommy. I want everyone to know my name.”

“Is that so?”

“Of course! I want to shine bright like my name. Every where I go I want to bring light and love in people's hearts.”

“Like your name?” I giggle and she joins me.

“Like my name mommy.”

“Nokukhanya woza sambe.” My dad calls out for me. Today he is taking me to school while my mother takes my grandmother to the doctor for her check up.

“Bye mommy. Bye Gogo!”

Both of them says goodbye to me while my dad steals a kiss from my mom before we walk out. Those were there Happiest days of my life.

[PRESENT DAY]

Well that was 13 years ago. I wish things were still the same as before I lost both my parents in a terrible accident. Now I’m left with my grandmother and everyday we are trying to make ends meet. Well I am.

I'm graduating next month and I'm praying to God that I have obtain high marks so I can get entrance to complete my CTA. I've been desperately searching for a learner ship and applying everywhere for an internship so I can get this baby on the roll. I've always wanted to become a CA and if it means that I need to wash dishes every night so I can earn money to pay my fees so be it.

I'm still yet to tell my grandmother that her other daughter kicked me out of my parents house. This will surely kill her if she finds out that I am now renting a one bedroom house I can barely afford.

"Khanyo! We need clean spoons! Stop day dreaming and get on it!" Its Nokukhanya you idiot!

I snap out of it when my manager shouts at me like he always does. Today its very busy the restaurant was booked for a function and instead of waitressing I'm on cleaning duty all because of my smart mouth. When he shouts again I roll my eyes at him and continue doing my job.

The function takes the whole fucken night and I swear I have washed dishes for the whole of South Africa! My hands are numb I cant even feel my toes.

How many times did I tell Mr Jones to invest in a dishwasher it would make life more easier for some of us... I mean for the restaurant but Noo 'Theres no budget for that Khanyo...why is it that you are the only one who complains every time you on kitchen duty' Its the same damn speech all the damn time! No Budget for a stupid dish washing machine! but who am I to complain I need this job it pays my Bill's at the end of the day.

I need my big break my brain wasn't born for this!

"Nokukhanya are you coming with me no Jabu or uzohamba no Vic?"

Cindy. My only best friend well my only friend. Lord bless her soul she's been with me ever since I lost my parents in that horrible car accident. She made me move in with her and her mother and that horrible sisters of hers when my aunt decided

to put my grandmother in an old age home. They thought I wasn't going to look after her right since she was old and sick and yena she didn't have time for it as if they go see and check up on her like I do. All they ever wanted is my parent's money.

Vic...Victor this guy has been after me since I finished high school. I'm not interested in him though and I've been telling him this since he said hello to me the first day we met. He goes around and tells everyone that we are dating I got so tired with correcting everyone who had an opinion about us that I just don't care anymore.

"Khanyo!" I angrily turned my head at her and frowned she knows how much I hate that name.

"Don't call me that you know I hate it."

"I'm sorry but awunginaki mos."

"I'm coming with you. I don't want Vic to see me today." She laughed.

“You are always saying the same thing but makafika you are all smiles and yes Vic ...No Vic...okay Vic.”

“Cindy! Don’t lie I’m not like that.”

She continued laughing at me till we were outside. Both her Boyfriend and Victor were outside waiting for us.

Victor is not a bad looking man but not my type. The smile on his face right now tells me he has done something that will definitely piss me off. When he walks around his car so he can meet up with us I get mad...what the heck is he wearing. I can hear how Cindy is trying to hold in her giggles but shame uyahluleka ugirl.

“Please don’t say anything I will see you tomorrow. Hello Jabu bye Jabu. Vic asambe!”

“umuntu akasa tholi nekiss nyana just a hello kiss?”

Cindy can be a terrible friend sometimes. Couldn't her and her boyfriend wait till we were out of sight before they burst out laughing at me. What the hell is Victor wearing mara. This skinny jean looks horrible on him and the tight spiderman t-shirt is just ridiculous this man is old for such.

Imagine a skinny guy inside a skinny jean. It's like walking matchsticks. I wish I could get a break or something or someone who will come and marry me and take me away from here!

I can't!

For the rest of the week I bury myself into my studies and shut the whole world out. Victor included I've been ignoring him since he was embarrassing himself on Monday I even blocked his ass.

Today is Friday and I want to go see my grandmother since we will be knocking off early today.



“I know you are going to say no to this but please do it for me.”  
She hooks her arm with mine while we were going to the taxi  
tank.

“The answer is No!” I tell her sternly.

Whatever it is...it's a no from me.

“But you will be doing it for me. You promised that you will  
always be there for me when I need you. You promised!”

I hate it when she guilt trips me like this because she knows I  
will do anything for her.

“Okay fine!”

.

.

“I cannot believe you dragged me here with you.” I complained as I pull down the short and tight dress she made me wear. I had to put my foot down when she wanted me to wear heels also.

“Get over it! And leave the dress alone! I can’t believe I let you wear sneakers to such an event you can be very embarrassing sometimes!” She said annoyed and I stuck my tongue out to her making the bouncer at the door laugh when we passed by.

Damn this place is packed! Is this what I’ve been missing on because everyone is having a good time in here. There isn’t any sign in them that shows that they are suffering from any hardships in their lives.

“Nokukhanya you will stay by side no matter what don’t lose sight of me. Uyangizwa?” Yes mom!

I rolled my eyes at her for the hundredth time today I mean why did she ask me out if she is going to treat me like a child.

“Yes Cindy I promise to stay by your side always!”

Eye roll!

“Good! Last thing I want is looking for you all over the place.  
Don’t get lost!”

Her overprotective bone turns to show up at places I don’t even want it to show up. Who needs babysitting in a club!

●Langa Gumede

“You have to be kidding me! Who did this report?” I shout from my office I’m sure the person downstairs can hear me. I hate it when I find mistakes in such reports it means the person who was doing wasn’t paying attention and in my books its means that they don’t care.

“Fikile get in here!”

“Mr Gumede is there something wrong?”

“Yes! Find me the person who did this report right now!”

“Sir there’s no one in the office everyone went to the yearly fundraiser.”

What! Was that today? How did I forgot about it.

“Then why are you still here?”

“Because I was waiting for you.”

“I’m sorry I forgot about it. You can go.”

“Thank you.” She says and leaves. Now I’m all left alone as always.

All I do I wake up eat ...work and work. My social life died the day I lost my wife and daughter in a accident.

“Mr Gumede I’m leaving now. See you on Monday.”

“Safe travel Fikile. Stay safe.”

I get back to fixing this damn stupid report but I feel her gaze on me. I look up and find her staring at me she’s been doing that a lot lately and she’s kinda freaking me out sometimes.

“Is there something else Fikile?”

“Uhhh no...I mean...yes...”

“Fikile what’s wrong.”

“Sir...uhm Mr Gumede will you be joining us for the fundraiser after party?”

“Not today thank you.” Why does she look so disappointed.

“Okay goodnight then.”

“Bye Fikile.” She walks away.

I stood up and went to stand by the window. I still had my wedding ring on even though it's been 2 years since I lost my girls. It's very hard to move on from such events.

My phone rings from my pocket and I know it's my mother checking up on me. She always calls right about this time.

“MaGumede unjani.”

“Ngiyaphila wena unjani.” I sigh deeply.

“I’m okay ma. It’s getting better.”

“Your brother tells me that your company has a party and you not even there.”

“Yeah. You know how I feel about being around people.”

“You need to go out and interact with people...your employees Langa get to know them again. Linda is coming there to fetch you. Change into something decent I know you keep clothes in your office as well.”

“But Mma...”

“Aai Langa be ready for him uyeza.”She hangs up.

.

.

“You don’t have anything to worry about when you have me by your side.” Linda says the moment the car stops outside the club. This is not my style.

“We’ll see about that.”

“Loosen up a bit. Just have some fun. Don’t cramp my style.”

I narrow my eyes at him and ignore him. I mean why would he fetch me to tell me this shit.

“Seriously bro you need to get laid.”

“What did you just say to me.” How dare he!

“Nothing. Let me introduce you to some people.”

This whole place is packed up. I thought it was only my company that booked the place but it doesn’t look like it.

Something or someone bumps into me.

“Watch where you going!” We both say at the same time and she giggles after.



“I’m sorry.” She says still giggling I don’t know at what because the situation wasn’t even funny at all.

I nod and walk away. Before it gets more awkward. I can still hear her giggling. She Must be drunk.

## Chapter 2

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

So last night I drank till I couldn't walk no more. I remember bumping into something or someone and that's where I lost my phone or maybe that's where I last saw it.

I have this horrible hangover but it wont stop me from seeing my grandmother today. I boil water from my kettle and pour it in my wash bowl so I can have a bath.

I'm done within ten minutes and off to go. I wish people can stop screaming like this. I mean I'm sitting at the backseat and these two women are sitting next to each but you would swear one is in Mpumalanga and the other in Cape town the way they are screaming...don't they know how to talk like normal human beings.

.

.

“Why are you wearing sunglasses indoors.” I love my grandmother more than life itself but why is she yelling.

“Nokukhanya!”

“Gogo ungarhasi please. I have a headache.”

She snatches the sunglasses from me and the look on her face tells me she’s shocked and probably disappointed because of what she sees in front of her.

“You’ve turn into a drunkard now? Nokukhanya sewuyaphuza manje?”

“Cha Gogo.”

“Then what’s wrong with your eyes. Why are they red.”

“I went out last night and I think I over did it. Sorry.”

She sighs.

“I’m sorry Nana please don’t be mad at me. I promise you it was the first and last time I did something like that. At first I was doing it to annoy Cindy then I started having some fun and I couldn’t stop.”

“Its okay you are an adult now. Did you at least have fun.”

I nod. And tell her everything from wearing a tight dress to annoying Cindy the whole night. Me losing my phone and throwing up in front of everyone in the VIP section after the show I was performing. I’m never going back there ever again. She’s laughing at my misery.

Am I not glad that there wasn’t anybody who knew us back there. Boy I am ecstatic!

- Langa Gumede

I have never laughed so hard in my life like I did yesterday. That girl who bumped into me was a breath of fresh air she was doing everything to annoy that girl she was with. It was nice watching her move like that and her singing was indescribable I've never heard such a bad singer who was that confident she had a blast till she threw up next to me.

I think when we bumped into each she drop her phone coz the bouncer gave it to me thinking it belonged to me. I want to go through it maybe I will get some information about her and probably give back her the phone.

I'm sure this is invading her privacy right because wow she is very beautiful. I went through all her pictures all of them...emails...chats...Facebook posts everything. This is the very first girl I know who doesn't have a password on her phone. I had to put it on flight mode though because a 'Vic' kept on calling her.

“Whose phone is that?”

My brother asks me as soon as he walks in shirtless. I'm still going through this girl's phone. She's very intelligent and interesting.

"Go put on your shirt Mam'Zodwa will be here any minute now. Be decent."

"I will. So whose phone is that? Did you meet someone yesterday?"

"No why?"

"That is not your phone the cover is so girly."

He says going straight to my fridge. I really hope for his sake he wont drink my milk straight from the bottle.

"The bouncer at the club gave it to me izolo."

“So why are you going through it? Did you find something interesting in there? Nudes? Or better yet porn.”

“I am going to take a bath and pretend as if you did not just say that to me.”

He laughs.

I fell back against the wall trying to keep myself together...come on Langa get a grip. I don't even know the girl she looks young for me. But the image of her arms wrapped around my neck while I fucked her hard was hard to erase why did I go through her photos though...I shouldn't have done that.

I should have stopped myself the minute I saw her boobs...I mean cleavage. Shit this is going to a very long day.

## Chapter 3

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

“I cannot believe you right now! What did I say to you? Didn't I ask you to stay by side?” She says and start taking the chairs from the table and putting them back on their rightful place. The restaurant will be open in 30 minutes.

“You did. I'm sorry Cindy.” I've been apologizing to her since yesterday. I stopped by her place when I got back from my grandmother but she's not having it even Jabu couldn't save me from her this time.

“I go to the bathroom for 2 minutes. 2 minutes! Then you have drank for the whole year! What were you thinking?”

“Ladies! Keep it moving! Get back to work!” Mr Jones says loudly for the whole world to hear.



“I’m sorry Cindy. Please forgive me I was only trying to get back at you then I over did it.”

“You cant over do it Nokukhanya...you just cant! Move out of my way!” She pushes me slightly and go to the next table. I follow her.

“Cindy I’m sorry hle.” I’m in a brink of tears right now. Cindy means a lot to me and her being angry at me is weighing me down.

She sighs deeply.

“Nokukhanya do you know how worried I was when I couldn’t find you. I panicked.” She was worried about me?

“Then I found you dancing on top of a table. How embarrassing that was... I can’t with you anymore. What’s going to happen when I leave...who is going to clean up after you? I told Jabu you weren’t ready but no athi you are old enough...and mina I worry about you.”

“Leave? You leaving? When and why?”

“Ladies work please!” Mr Jones voice can be very irritating sometimes. Very! Like right now can’t he see I’m talking to my best friend.

“We will talk later.” She says going away from me to change because she is working behind the counter today and I’m on kitchen duty again.

.

.

What did she mean she’s leaving? Leaving to where? Cindy can’t leave she knows she is the only one I have besides my grandmother. After my parents died all my relatives died as well. I’m all alone in this world without her.

“Nokukhanya someone is looking for you.” Cant these people leave me alone with my thoughts and these stupid dishes?

Can't they see that I'm freaking out here Cindy wants to leave me.

"Looking for me?" I glance up and find Khensani folding her arms and tapping her foot. They should seriously burn the chewing of a gum because she is over doing it now what's left is for her to blow a bubble.

"Yes you. Ukhona umunye uNokukhanya lana." Mxm this bitch! Who the hell does she thinks she is talking to me like that. Ngathi angawa!

I follow her to the front busy shaking her none existing hips. I inwardly laugh at her because phela ugirl is'shwapha siziphamadla.

When we finally reached the front Cindy is busy smiling from ear to ear talking to some guy in a suit. I wonder what will Jabu say if he saw her like this phela this is beyond flirting she was undressing the poor man.

Ooh dzamm who is tha-...?

Bam!

Ass on the floor!

Head bump will be visible in 3 seconds!

“Son of a bitch! Dammit!” I cursed the moment pain pierced through my whole body as my head came in contact with the special notice board. How many times must I tell that old Jones to put this shit near the door and not here.

“Nokukhanya are you okay.” I think that was Cindy I’m not sure. My head is spinning I swear I’m seeing small stars that are dotting my vision.

“Hey are you okay?” A male voice. I’m saying a male voice because it’s so deep so sexy much manlier than Vic's ...well comparing Victor’s voice to this one he sings soprano definitely soprano. This voice I’m hearing now just silenced my thoughts

the stars disappeared and pain gone. It was so deep that I got wet down there.

Holly cow!

●Langa Gumede

To say I had a long Sunday is an understatement. Yesterday was a long ass day. It took me the entire day to get of that girl's image off my mind I regret going through her phone period because not only did I get a boner every time I closed my eyes I forwarded her CV to my company and I know she will be contacted as soon as possible.

Now all I have to do is return her phone to her so she can come work for me.

“Mr Gumede the HR Department is requesting an urgent meeting with you.”

“For what?”

“I’m not sure...I just got the email now.” I look up at Fikile only now do I notice how tight her dress is. This is not acceptable for the office. I clear my throat and get back to my emails responding to HR.

“Its okay get back to work I’ve responded to them. Thanx.”

“Ooh okay. Is there something I can help you with.?”

“That will be all. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” I’m sure my mind is playing tricks on me but I think she’s flirting with me.

.

.

“Mr Gumede I know we don’t have any vacancies available at the moment and she doesn’t have any experience but she’s

good... out of all the CVs we have received in the past her's is better much better since your brother's CV." See I knew she will be contacted ASAP.

"So Mrs Cele what you telling me is that I should hire her even though we don't have any open vacancies?"

"Uhm yes Sir we can create something for her brains...if that wont be any trouble." It wont I want her here.

"I should hire her without any experience...just for her brains?"

She nods.

"She's still a student am I correct?"

"Yes that's correct."

"So who is going to train her? Who is she going to work under? Last time I checked the finance department was doing pretty

well and I don't think any of them will have time to train a new student."

I look at her and I think she is trying to come up with an idea.

"Mrs Cele..."

"Uhm... She can work with you...you can train her. I'm sure she can adapt fast working under you."

Under me? Well that's a nice way of putting it she will be under me when I fuck her brains out. What the hell is happening to me I haven't been like this since my wife.

I clear my throat. This will be a bad idea. Very bad.

"I don't have time for that. If you feel she is worth it call her and set up an interview with her and we will take it from there. It's your baby handle it. I want to meet her before anything."



“Okay. I will arrange everything. I will call her myself for an interview tomorrow and-...” I cut her off. Not tomorrow I still need to give back her phone.

“Not tomorrow!... make it for next week Monday.”

“Okay. Monday then.”

Shit that was close. I watch her leave my office. Last time she was this excited about hiring someone is when we hired my brother...Linda is very good at what he does.

.  
.

Why am I so nervous? I've been sitting here for almost twenty minutes I did not plan this through. What am I going to tell her 'Hi here is your phone we bumped into each other and It fell' That's too long. 'Hi my name is...' I don't need to tell her my name. Let me just walk in there and see how it goes.

“Welcome to Jones Eat how can I help you today.” Wow. She sounds very happy she is not even looking at me when she says that.

“Afternoon...” She looks up and find me smiling at her. I know her. She’s the girl that was with my girl. My Girl WTF. Why am I smiling like this. Boy am I glad that she is returning the smile as well.

“Afternoon...I’m sorry can I get you anything or you will be sitting in.” She says politely.

“Uhm no actually I am looking for someone?”

“Someone? Here? Do you know their name perhaps?”

“Nokukhanya...” I say.

“Nokukhanya? Why? Is she in trouble? Why are you looking for her?” Wow she is talking very fast.

“No she’s not I just want to give her something that belongs to her.” She sighs in relief.

“I will get her for you.” She says while picking up the phone and telling whoever is on the other line to get Nokukhanya to come here.

“She will be here any minute now.”

“Thank you.”

We make small talk here and there and I know my charm has gotten to her as well because right now Cindy as her name tag states is totally flirting with me. Then a loud bang making us turn finding my girl down on the floor. Clumsy are we.

“Son of a bitch! Dammit!” She screams making the whole restaurant go silent.

“Nokukhanya are you okay.” Cindy rushes to her worried and I follow her.

“Hey are you okay?” Damn she is even more beautiful in person. Even that bump on her forehead is cute.

What have I gotten myself into.

## Chapter 4

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

This is witchcraft I'm telling you. Its been 5 days since I collided with that stupid board and my head bump is still here visible for everyone to look at and laugh at me.

That man in a suit...that sexy man came by to give me back my phone he was the one I bumped to in the club and that was very nice of him to return it. I had wild thoughts about him when he asked me if I was okay I have already pictured us married with kids you know the life us girls dream about but my wild freaky thoughts and fairy tale ending was immediately erased by that ring I saw in his finger. I don't look at married men and I don't date married men. So his picture in my mind was gone. I got so bored that I thank him for my phone and left Cindy to drool over him like I said...married men do not exist in my life.

The following day I received call a for an interview which is tomorrow and I'm so excited about it. My first real interview i hope this goes well for me because I need a break.

Cindy is doubtful about this so we are going check out the company after work she asked Jabu to drive us there since Vic has been missing in action since the skinny Jean dilemma.

"The company exists it's legit." She says sounding very happy and excited the minute we parked in front of it.

"So does this head bump... the interview is tomorrow Cindy and this shit is still here." I whine making Jabu laugh.

"You do look cute nge poyoyo." Jabu teases me and he gets a hit on his shoulders while laughing at me.

"Don't mind him... it will be gone tomorrow."

"I don't think so...My life is ruined!"

“Stop being a drama queen! You are going for the interview tomorrow bump or bump. Babe let’s go home.” She says.

“Yes Mam...”

Ooh God I wish it was that simple. Cindy doesn’t know what this means to me this can be my big break...the one I’ve been praying for and to say she has been ignoring me about her leaving me is also getting to me her words was ‘let’s worry about the interview now and we will talk after it’ When I asked her what she meant.

.

.

I’m early! Even the lady at the reception is not here as yet. I’m an hour early this good on my side but I hope I don’t look desperate with this stupid head bump on my forehead.

This is a beautiful reception area. Simply decorated with its white and grey colours yet so elegant and sophisticated.

“Good morning... can I help you?.” I turn to look at who is greeting me with this sexy voice I remember this voice...Its him. I want to roll my eyes at him for being married but I don't.

“Good morning...I'm here for my interview but I think I'm a bit early. Do you work here as well?”

When I googled this company there wasn't any photos for the employees and the management. Their fucken website chowed my data for nothing I'm still mad about that and I feel like I need to be reimbursed for wasting my time. What does he do here he looks like those big shot supervisors or a manager. But never judge a book by its cover who knows he can be a cleaner here.

“The earliest bird catches the fattest worm so they say and I do work here as well. Have you had any coffee as yet?”



“No thank you but I’ll pass I don’t want to be running to the loo during my interview.” I say and laugh. Shit I’m being weird right now.

“Uhm...okay. Good luck with your interview.”

“Thank you.” I respond to him smiling and he walks away leaving me checking him out...what a sexy ass.

Nokukhanya stop! He’s married snap out of it!

“Like what you see.” Says a human doll...all perfectly dressed In formal she over did the make-up though but I wish she could teach me how to do my brows like hers...perfectly drawn!

“Excuse me?”

“Nothing. Good morning you must be Nokukhanya Ngwenya correct?...here please fill this in and I will let Mr Gumede know you are here.”

“I thought my interview was with Mrs Cele...the email said that.”

She ignores me and dial on her phone. This bitch just ignored me. I hand over the form once I'm done and wait for Barbie doll here to let me know what she wants from me.

“Please go to the elevator...last floor the lady there...Her name is Fikile will show you Mr Gumede's office then you can proceed to Mrs Cele from there.”

I nod and walk away. There's no need to say thank you to her after the way she just treated me.

Receptionist can be very unnecessarily rude sometimes.

- Langa Gumede

She's early and she's more beautiful than the last time I saw her even with that bump on her forehead. I hope she doesn't mess this up because a sight of her everyday will surely brighten up my day. Something about her though that doesn't sit right with me she doesn't look taken by my charm and looks like the rest of them.

"Mr Gumede good morning. Someone is here for you should I let her in it's the lady for the interview."

"No! Uhm let them interview her first then she can see me afterwards. I want to talk to Joyce before she does the interview though and I want to talk to my brother as well please."

"Okay sir." Fikile drops the call and i stand up to go look outside to calm my suddenly pounding heart. Why am I nervous.

"You wanted to see me?"

"You need to learn to knock before you let yourself in."

“Sorry. I ...”

“Its fine. Where were you? You didn’t come home last night.”

“Langa you need to understand that I’m grown up now you cant worry about me all the time.” I sigh in frustration. Linda is the only person I worry about. He goes out every night and I don’t want to lose him like I lost my girls.

“I know that but I would really appreciate it if you let me know where you are.”

“Okay. It wont happen again. Can I go back to work now.” I nod and he walks out but returns back in again like he just saw a ghost.

“What’s wrong?”

“Is that table girl sitting there or my mind is playing tricks on me?”

Table girl?

“Who?”

“That girl who was dancing in the club that other day...she is fine!”

No no no no! Linda must stay away from her.

“You know me and my friends we’ve been going back there hoping we will bump into her or something...she’s a whole mood.”

“Get back to work Linda and stay away from her!” I didn’t mean to raise my voice like this.

“Okay okay fine I’m going. Geez! There was no need to raise your voice.”

.

.

“Joice I said I wanted to see you before the interview not after the interview.”

“Your PA didn’t tell me that.” Damn! I wish people can listen to what I tell them.

“How was is? Is she getting the job?”

“She’s good but...”

“But what?” She deeply takes a huge breath and looks at me. This isn’t good.

“She’s very good but do we need another Linda here? Your brother is enough and two of them of the same kind ... I don’t know if we can handle that.”

Shit!

“Mrs Cele let me meet her and I will decide. If you were impressed by her CV without knowing her that’s means there something there and you cant penalised her because of her personality that’s not how we do things here.”

“I know I’m sorry.”

“You can leave I will meet her and get back to you.”

Dammit! This woman will ruin my plans and what does she mean when she said she is another Linda. She cant be that worse.

I walked out from my office and find Fikile talking on the phone and her sitting by the couch also on her phone. Fikile is behaving very weird lately. I went back to my office with neither of them noticing me. I called my PA.

“Yes Mr Gumede?”

“I’m ready for Miss Ngwenya . Fikile let her come in.”

There’s a slight knock on the door before Fikile appears and tells her to come in. I turn my attention to her as she walks in my office. Should I meet her half way? No let me just stand here so she can come to me.

Eyes widen. She looks surprised to see me. Good.

“Holly Shit.” She says softly as she walks to my desk but I heard her and I will just pretend like I did not hear it.

“Miss Ngwenya once again good morning.” I extend my hand to her for a handshake and she nervously accepts.

“Good morning.”

“Please take a seat. Would you like something to drink?”



“Thank you and no I’m still fine thanx.” She says politely as she sits down making her dress go up a bit. Dammit I didn’t mean for my eyes to travel to her thighs.

“I have already met up with my team and had feedback regarding your interview now tell me how was the experience? Were the questions okay with you?”

“It was a nice experience and the questions were okay too.” I raise my eyebrow at her.

“Just okay?”

“Yes. I thought interviews were very hard you know. But the questions she was asking didn’t require me to use my brains. It was like she wanted me gone.”

“Why is that.?” I ask raising my eyebrows.

“Did I say that out loud?” She whispers that more to herself.

Dammit! Another Linda!

## Chapter 5

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

I think I messed it up I know I did. Once again my smart mouth ruined things for me. It's been a week since they told me 'Thank you don't call us we will call you' and I've been depressed ever since I'm not naïve I know that they wont call me maybe its time I start applying again. I think I was so wrapped up that the suit guy was the actual CEO and I forgot to be professional and my personality just took over.

But why would he come and meet me before my interview something doesn't add up. Was he trying to see what kind of person I was before he considered hiring me. Cracking my head over this wont do me any good because I will never know. Let me just get ready for work .

I roll to the side of my bed and try to charge my phone but it doesn't want to charge. Dammit! They switched off my power again. I groaned and pushed my head deeper into my pillow screaming. This is not happening when will I ever catch a break.

I rushed out of bed and wiped the important parts with my wipes making sure that I put on more lotion on me to avoid any unpleasant odors later on. My braids are neatly tied up unlike that day I had to let them loose to hide my head bump.

“When am I getting my money Nokukhanya? Your rent is due.”  
No good morning nothing.

“Today bab'Duma... I'm sorry I'm a ekbit late this month but I will pay you when I get back from work.”

“Until then your power will remain off. I'm sorry but I have to treat you like the rest of my tenants.”

“I understand. Usalekahle.” He nods and I walk away going to the taxi rank.

Such a nice man I'm sure his wife put him through this he actually doesn't like doing all of this because he understands each and everyone of us as his tenants. My phone is off since I didn't charge it now I'm not listening to music like I usually do

so I'm forced to communicate with the guy sitting next to me or just get depressed thinking about my life... thinking about my life it is. I'm going to ignore this idiot sitting next to me busy telling me he saw his future and I was in it. Idiot!

.

.

"Why is your phone off? Old Jones is looking for you."

"Sawubona Cindy unjani." I greet her softly and she rolls her eyes.

"Mxm! Why is your phone off Nokukhanya."

"My rent is long over due and they decided to cut off my electricity. I will see you later." I walk away leaving her there to avoid any lectures when she starts she never stops.

You would swear she was older than me but we the same age I know sometimes I act childish but she's worse when she starts acting motherly with me.

"Good morning Mr Jones...you wanted to see me?"

"Morning Khanyo please take a sit." This is not a good day and trying to correct this man regarding my name will be a waste of time.

"Uhm I don't know how to put this in a nice way..." Its happening. It was long overdue.

"Is there something wrong Mr Jones?"

"No!...Yes!... I mean no but... this is hard..."

"Are you firing me Mr Jones?"

“What? No! Uhm yes I’m sorry Khanyo but you’ve been slacking lately and making mistakes which are costing me more money...I’m sorry I have to let you go.”

“Its okay...” I’m not even going to argue myself out of this one like I did before. I stand up and leave.

“Thank you...I’ll leave now. Bye.”

“Are you okay? Aren’t you going to fight me this time?” The look on his face is funny but I don’t have the energy in me for what he was expecting me to do.

“Not today...” He nods and when I reach the door he stops me by saying.

“I’m not sure if you have checked your phone but I have already transferred your salary for 2 months and all your leave days that was due to you. Good luck with everything.”

“Thank you.”

What is happening today.

.

.

I've been sitting in my grandmother's room since 10 this morning. They took them out for their morning walk and sitting in this room is very depressing I wonder how she manages to stay sane while in here I would go crazy.

I had to sneak out at Jones Eat to avoid Cindy. I know she would have thrown a scene if she found out I wasn't keen in fighting for my job. This time it's different I feel like I need the change like she always says I need to grow up.

"I didn't believe them when they told me you are here. Its Monday"

"Hello Nana unjani."

“Ngiyaphila. What’s wrong.”

“Nothing I just missed you.”

“Try another lie.”

“I lost my job today.” Shit!

“What job...I thought you were going to school full time. What job are you talking about.” She is getting worked up and I know I wont hear the end of it. THINK Nokukhanya THINK!

“Opportunity! Not lost my job Nana I don’t work remember. I mean I think I lost on a job OPPORTUNITY for my course.” That was believable in my head.

“Ooh okay. Don’t stress about it I’m sure you will get another one. One that’s meant for you. Phela my daughter gave me an intelligent granddaughter.” I nod and smile.



“When are you graduating again I want to be there. And there are some documents I need you to bring them for me they at my old room.”

“Your.... Your old room?” Shit!

“Yes Nokukhanya in my old room.”

“Okay tell me where they are exactly and I will bring them for you.” How the hell am I going to get them. I cant even go to my house because of my Aunt.

This is bad.

●Langa Gumede

For the past week I've been delaying to call her and offer her the job. Joyce has been on my case as well regarding this as she has already gotten her an office and someone she will be working with. Fikile is driving me crazy lately she's too much to

handle my brother said she has a crush on me and now I'm trying to avoid her at all cost.

"I found a house we can buy that we can easily turn into a rental property ...create some units there... the yard is huge."  
Linda says walking in while busy on his tablet.

He has been pestering me to go into property as well but I have doubts about this I love what I'm doing now.

"Where is it."

"Downtown..." he says and I raise my eyebrows.

"Its in a great neighbourhood though...here check it out." I take the tab and go through the photos. Its actually a good house.

"Okay...get in touch with them so we can view the place."

"On it... I will send your PA the info about the dates and times."

“Please don’t! I rather you tell me straight and not through her.”

“And now?”

“I think you were right about her.”

“About what?”

“I think Fikile has a thing for me.” This idiot laughs at me and I don’t think what I said is that funny for him to laugh like this.

“Maybe she wants you to hit it...you know.” He say wiggling his eyebrows.

“No thank you I’ll pass.”

“How long?” He ask after he finishes with his laughter.

“What?”

“Since you’ve been with a woman.” I’m not having this conversation with him right now. I’m not going to tell him it’s been 2years since I’ve been intimate with a woman.

“Get back to work linda.”

He chuckles before he leaves my office.

.

.

We back here again. We’ve been coming here everyday for the whole week now because my brother thinks we will bump into table girl as he calls her but unfortunately that has not been the case. She is nowhere to be found and I’ve been tempted to go to her work place and just stare at her but I wont do that.

“You back again” The bartender says throwing off my mood.

“Will that be a problem?” I ask with a boring expression on my face. How can he ask us that we are paying costumers dammit.

“Don’t mind him. Langa woza I’ve found us a table.”

“He should mind me...”

“Cut it out please. You don’t have to be rude. Just chill! Or else you will be embarrassing me in front of my friends.” He says then leaves me hanging.

He did go good by walking away I had no comeback for that.

“Sho guys.” I greet Linda’s friends and take my seat. Themba he is the only one I know here.

“She just walked in...with a guy” Themba says looking straight behind me and my brother.

“Who walked in?” Linda asks turning to face the door.

“Table girl!” They say at the same time causing me to turn also.

Dammit! She’s beautiful. Skinny Jean’s looks good on her. All that ass!. My blood boils when I see how the guy is holding her.

“She’s has a boyfriend we should just leave her.” Themba

“Or maybe befriend the boyfriend then we get close to her.”

Linda says after taking a sip of his whiskey. I wonder how come he never has a hangover the following day.

“Excuse me.” I cant sit here and listen to this bullshit so I excuse myself I need fresh air.

When I return I can’t help the smile on my face she’s on top of the table again singing and people are cheering her on...even the people I came with have left our VIP section to go watch her.

Now I get why she's called table girl...she's a rare breed.

"Vic leave me alone..." She says to the the guy loud enough for everyone to hear.

"But you had enough now...get down please." Poor guy. Wait! Why the hell am I listening to their conversation.

"Yya I know but you only live once right? So let me be."

"Nokukhanya! I'm going to leave your ass here you will walk home! If you don't get down."

"Fine! You know how to ruin someone's mood Victor yho!" I'm still listening to them. Weird I know.

"We can take her home." Linda says walking past me. When did they get here? They went back to our table a minute ago.

“I know you...” She says pointing at me now everyone is looking me.

“Yes I know you! I’m still waiting for your call.”

Whoah! She’s drunk!

“What?”

“Vic please.... I want to give him a piece of my mind.” She tells her boyfriend yet looking at me.

“You know I used my last savings to come to you and still today you haven’t called me. Why? Where’s your sense of humanity yeh? You should have called me even a call of rejection is fine!” She shouts.

“I don’t think this the time nor the place to discuss this.”

“Langa what is she talking about?” Linda.



“Why not? We both here at the same time. So we can talk about it. Why haven’t you called me. Am I not what you were looking for?” I know what she’s talking about but I bet everyone is thinking something else.

“Nokukhanya let’s go please.”

“Victor please...I want to know why he hasn’t called me.”

“Yes Langa why didn’t you call her.” Linda is just making the situation worse.

Everyone turns again to look at me and I just walk away texting my drive to bring the car around Linda will find his way home he always does. She follows me.

“Nokukhanya...” Her boyfriend calls after her when I reach the door she grabs me...wrong move.

“Hey...I’m talking to you! Why haven’t you called me ...Mr Gumedede?”

“Like I said...this is not the time or the place to talk about this. Now you are going to let go of my arm and walk away.”

Instead of letting go of me she throws up next to me seriously people should eat first before they consume alcohol to avoid all of this. She giggles.

“Sorry...” I’m glad no one followed us around or they did we just got lost in the crowd.

“I’m leaving now...will you be alright?” She shrugs.

“Come on get in I will drop you off at home.”

“I’m not coming with you.”

“Okay suit yourself.” I say getting in and closing the door when the driver starts the car she gets in as well. Now my car is going to smell like her.

“So why haven’t you called me? Wasn’t I good enough.”

“Call me tomorrow when you in a right state of mind.”

“Okay I will...where’s my phone? Ooh Vic has it...that idiot he couldn’t keep it in his pants you know that’s why he brought me here so I can forgive him for sleeping with that bitch. Why did he do that couldn’t he wait for me? I mean I know I’m difficult but I cant just give my cookie to anyone...its precious to me.” She says causing my driver...Stan to laugh I’m just shocked.

“Where do you stay?”

“In a house. You know I lost my job today...that old Jones finally got the guts to fire me. I had it coming though sometimes I can’t even control my mouth. Something smells funny in here can you smell it?” Yes it’s your vomit but I shake my head.

“Anyway...I’m jobless and broke. My grandmother wants me to get her stuff for her at my old house.”

“then what’s stopping you?”

“She will have a heart attack if she finds out I haven’t been staying at home for seven years now. Her daughter kicked me out and took everything that belongs to my parents. Now I have to go back there and beg her to let me in my house.” She says softly. I think it’s the alcohol making her talk like this.

“Its your house surely you can go there.”

“That witch will murder me. She took everything from me and I cant let my grandmother find out I still need her...she’s the only one I have and Cindy but she’s leaving me Jabu is taking her away from me and there’s nothing I can do about it he makes her happy.”

I’m trying to understand what the hell she’s talking about she’s not making any sense. She sound sad about everything.

“Sir we here.” Why did he drive us to my house. I look at him through the rear-view mirror for him to explain.

“I didn’t want to disturb plus I don’t think she knows where she stays.”

“Okay thank you. I will take it from here see you tomorrow Stan.”

“Goodnight Sir.”

I pick up my guest and take her to my room. What do I do now should I undress her or just put her in the shower like this?

Shower it is!

“What the hell!” She screams.

Cold water!

## Chapter 6

### ●Langa Gumede

“Bloody hell! What is wrong with you?” She yells at me.

I didn't mean for my eyes to travel to her boobs but I cant help staring at her perky breasts she is not wearing a bra underneath that top she's wearing and now her nipples are staring back at me.

“What are you looking at pervert!”

Watching her going crazy and getting wet isn't helping me so i walk out and leave her there. I need to sort out the problem in my pants right now.

Dammit Linda is home. I change into sweatpants and a vest and make my way downstairs so he doesn't come here and witness this.

“Why did you leave me there? Who is screaming like that?”  
Shit!

“What?”

“Ngithi who is making noise? Wait? Did you bring a girl home?”  
He smirks.

“What! No!”

“Then who is in your room?” he asks walking upstairs.

“Nokukhanya...” He stops and looks at me. I hate the look on his face right now.

“Who?” I know he heard me and I’m not about to repeat myself.

“That girl from the club...she followed me out.”

“Seriously? You brought table girl home?”

“Her name is Nokukhanya stop calling her that.”

“She was there with her boyfriend Langa.”

“So? Angithi I’m telling you she followed me I did not ask her to come along with me.” Why am I explaining myself to him though.

He is looking at me like he is judging me. I know he wants to say something because he keeps on opening and closing his mouth.

“Why am I here?” She says walking down past him and straight to me. She’s in my robe.

“Langelihle Gumede!”



“Its not what it looks like Linda.” He chuckles and shakes his head leaving me with her.

“Please use rubber.” He says before disappearing on us.

“I don’t do married men.” She mumbles.

“Did you say something?”

“Can you please borrow me your phone so I can call Cindy to pick me up.” She sobered up I see.

“Why don’t you call your boyfriend rather.”

“He is not my boyfriend. And plus he has my phone.”

“So?”

“So I don’t want to create drama for him with his girl. Please borrow me your phone.”

I give her my phone and she starts dialling the numbers. The look on her face right now is confusing I’m not sure if she is disappointed or just embarrassed.

“Hey Cindy it’s me...” She says and I walk away to give her some privacy.

.

.

What a night! I go to my office and find Linda there busy looking at my computer.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing.” He says shutting down the PC.

“It didn’t look like nothing...wenzani Linda.”

“Nothing calm down. Where’s your girl.”

“On the phone and she’s not my girl.”

“Mhmmmm.”

“She’s not.”

“Then why was she screaming at you back at the club...were you supposed to call her and you didn’t.”

“Yes for the job...” he raises his eyebrow so I explain everything to him.

“Yho...so what now?” I wish I knew.

“I don’t know.”

“You scared you will fall for her?”

I shrug and pour myself and him some whiskey. I'm not sure what I'm feeling right now. I have never looked at other women since my wife passed away. I was always working working and working then she came along it didn't help me that I had to go through her phone...now she's stuck in my head. I see her everywhere.

“Don't you think it's time you move on now. It's been 2 years Langa. No one is going to judge you and I know it will make mom happy she worries about you.”

“I'm not ready...”

“Then why is she here?”

“What? I just told you everything...she followed me.”

“Okay then I’m asking her out you said she said she’s single right.”

“You won’t do that.”

“Why not? Who is stopping me? You?”

“Linda....”

“Goodnight Langa and thank you for finding me a girlfriend.” He says walking out and I run after him.

●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

“How many times do I have to tell you to grow up! Nokukhanya what is wrong with you!” I close my eyes and let the tears flow. I told her what happened and how I ended up here and she’s

been screaming at me ever since and that was from fifteen minutes ago.

“I’m sorry Cindy okay. I lost my job today. Jones fired me and Gogo wants me to go back there...”

“Why didn’t you tell me...you just disappeared. You can’t do that Nokukhanya not to me you know I worry.”

“I know I’m sorry okay...” She keeps quiet.

“Are you going to fetch me?”

“Jabu is not here. He is on night shift today...”

“So what am I going to do? I don’t have clothes...my clothes are wet because that idiot decided to put me in a shower with my clothes on.”

“I would have done the same if you threw up on me.”

“Cindy sorry...”

“Shut up let me think...”

She’s quite. I’m quite. Its gets awkward with her breathing heavily and me sitting here. My eyes are wondering around. This house is beautiful but it doesn’t feel like a home it surely needs a woman’s touch. Last time he had a ring on his finger...but not tonight maybe he is one of those guys that take of their rings when they go out and put it back the moment they return home. Bloody cheaters!!

“Nokukhanya....” A voice in my ear and behind me says at the same time. When I turn around it’s a younger version of Mr Gumede.

“Uhm yes...”

“Are you even listening to me!” Cindy screams in my ear.

“Sorry...” I turn around again so he is behind me.

“Stop apologizing and listen to me!” She yells at me again and I roll my eyes. She’s been doing a lot of that this days she gets irritated fast I wonder what’s wrong with her.

“I’m Listening...”

“You need to sleep over there Jabu and I will fetch you in the morning it’s late now.” What did she just say to me.

“You want me to do what?”

“You have no one to blame here but you...I’m dropping the call now my baby needs to rest. I love you.” She hangs up.

What baby? Isn’t Jabu at work?

Argh! Why is she doing this to me!



Someone clears their throat. It slipped my mind that someone was here with me.

“You are Nokukhanya right...”

“Right.”

“Why are you wearing my brother’s robe?”

“Because my clothes are wet.” Why are we having this conversation vele?

“How did your clothes get wet?” He says with attitude raising his eyebrow and folding his arms. He mustn’t start with me...its been a terrible day.

“Water...”

“What?”

“Water made my clothes wet.”

“Just like that?”

“Like that. Idiot.”

“Excuse me.”

“You heard me” I say and he chuckles.

“Why did you follow my brother to his house? What do you want from him?” A job!

“Nothing if I could get home I would leave right this minute.”

“But you still here.” He says moving closer to me. Too close for my liking.

“So? Is it your house?”

“You need to leave.” He says sternly.

“I will when my sister gets here.” I lie.

“Tell her to make it quick.” He gets closer and I get irritated.

“What the hell is your problem?” I ask raising my voice and the other brother walks in.

“Linda that’s enough. Is your sister fetching you.”

He must thank his brother he was about to get it from me.

“Yes... she’s on her way.” I lie again. Ukuthi why nami angazi.

“She’s not me I think she’s worse.” The young one says moving away from me and they both laugh.

“You think?”

“Yes and I wouldn’t survive. We will definitely kill each other.” The older one laughs again. I must get their names right.

What the hell are they talking about and why do I get the feeling like they are talking about me. Wait was this a test? He turns and leaves.

“I’m going to bed Langa...she’s your guest.” I don’t like him!

Now we are alone.

“She wont be long right?” Who? I Shrug my shoulders.

“Do you want to call her gain and find out.” Ooh he is talking about Cindy.

“Uhhh yes...I’m sorry for inconveniencing you.”

“Its okay just call her. I need to get to bed I’m tired.”

I take his phone and pretend to be dialling Cindy. I need to think and fast!

“She’s not picking up.” I say in a low voice.

“Uhhh okay we can wait for her. Maybe she is driving.”

I nod.

I must have dozed off because now I’m covered with a fleece blanket and he is sleeping next to me. This is so weird I have never shared a bed with a man before let alone sleeping next to one but here am I sleeping next to this man. His mouth is slightly open and he snores. Lord I don’t think I would survive this kind of snores my sleep should be peaceful.

Finally my senses comes back to me and I move away from him...he is married and I wouldn't be comfortable with this if I was his wife. Let me just snoop around.

Its 3 in the morning and I'm busy touring around a house that is not even mine. Its beautiful though it just lacks some homely feels. I get to what seems like a studio and there's picture after picture of a pregnant beautiful woman. Wow such beauty. I wish he isn't cheating on her.

"Damn this woman is a work of art." I say moving my fingers on the portrait.

"What are you doing." Shit!

If looks could kill I would be dead right now. I stand still not moving. He comes and stands next to me.

"I asked you a question Nokukhanya." Why is he calm.

"I'm sorry I got lost..."

“And your no sense of direction lead you in here?” Mxm!

“Of course not. You don’t have to be rude about it. The door was open and I didn’t want to go back your snoring.” Damn my mouth!

“I do not snore!” He snaps.

“Then your wife is lying to you.” I say and move away from him. The ring is back on.

“My wife doesn’t lie!”

I am not having this argument with him. He snores and it’s not cute. He must ask for his lobola money back because clearly she doesn’t love him enough to tell him the truth.

“Nokukhanya...” He is behind me. Where the hell am I going too this is not the way to the lounge. I stand still and he crashes to

me causing me to fall but he gets hold of me before I hit the floor. Why are we staring at each other like this.

“Where are you going? You don’t walk away from me while I’m talking to you.”

“Run or crawl perhaps?”

“What?” He is confused. I sigh.

“Were you expecting me to run or crawl away from you since I cant walk away from you?” He laughs.

Why are we still like this.

“You are funny.” He says. maybe I should consider being a comedian who knows maybe I’d earn myself lots of money.

“Why are we still like this.”



“Sorry...” He says letting go of me and we stand up straight. Straightening the robe I have on.

“I need my sleep yaz. And it’s clear your sister wasn’t coming to fetch you.” I stay quiet.

And he turns and walks away. I follow him he cant leave me here.

“I’m going to bed mina. Some of us have jobs you know.”  
Bastard!

“I’m sorry Mr Gumede yaz I did not plan this at all.”

I say with the most boring tone that has ever come out of my mouth.

“Ya ya ya Nokukhanya whatever...goodnight.”

Where am I supposed to sleep then. He shuts the door in my face and I stand there startled. Did he just do that to me...oh no he didn't!

I bang on his door.. and bang and bang until the door flew open...eish he looks frustrated.

“What the hell is your problem!” He yells.

“I need my clothes and also to borrow your phone to call my sister.” I say and he rolls his eyes letting me in. He closes the door and stood there shirtless with his hands inside his pockets.

Dammit did he have to be shirtless though.

“What do you want?” Rolling my eyes is out of the question the way he said that my knees were shaking. His voice is so cold.

“Your phone...”

“Nokukhanya do you know what time it is. I need to be in the office at 9. What do you want from me.” I don’t understand why he asked me that while he is handing his phone to me and walks away. I sat down on his bed. His wife will have to forgive me for this.

Look at me going through his photos instead of dialling Cindy. I went through his photos and that stupid rude brother and some old woman who look like the both of them. There was no pictures of his wife or any child in here. I wanted to go through his texts until ...until I landed myself in a folder that had...

“What the hell!” I screamed while I stood up and he came rushing to me still half naked.

“What’s wrong?” Shame he looks worried. He should because I am going to murder him.

“What’s wrong? What’s wrong? Why do you have my...”

“Give me that!” He tried to snatch the phone from me but I held onto it and he tripped and fell on top of me when he wanted to take it.

I never knew I was this strong till today because he was having a hard time getting his phone from me even when he had my hands pinned over my head.

“Why are my pictures on you phone Mr Gum...” He cut me off by smashing his lips on mine kissing me.

One thing lead to another in my head and I kissed him back and then his tongue went inside my mouth driving me crazy. Why am I feeling like this for another woman's husband. This is wrong...so wrong. His one hand went down to untie the robe I was wearing leaving me naked before him. The kiss intensified and I was pulling him further on me when he tried to pull out from our kiss. Everything happened so fast I didn't even see when he took off his sweatpants...he inserted himself into me and I screamed. I felt pain everywhere when he fully went in. Cindy lied to me...she told me it wasn't painful. The bitch lied to me! His head was now buried on the side of my neck and my

nails on his back. He moved and I winced and he stops. Looking straight at me.

“You okay...should I stop?” He asks and I shake my head eyes wide open there’s no turning back he is already in. If he stops now I wont get my virginity back would I?. He moves again and I cry out for the second time but that doesn’t make him stop. He slowly thrusts in and out. I feel a mixture of pleasure and pain when my hips move tentatively to meet his thrust. Oh my...this is good so good. A wave of pleasure hits me as I climax underneath him. And he calls out my name as he comes thrusting hard one more time before he empties himself into me.

## Chapter 7

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

When I open my eyes his arms are wrapped around me and my face on top of his chest and the pain between my legs cannot be ignored my cookie is on fire. I don't know when we finally managed to sleep because after that first round he gave me he wanted more and I couldn't resist him I also wanted more I'm sure they call this whore tendencies right.

I'm so disappointed in myself this is not the way I wanted to lose my virginity well it was good really good got my first orgasm on the first round I heard some they never get to that point on their first try but look at me I'm flying high but the downfall of it is that I slept with someone else's husband's. This is bad extremely disappointing I'm sure my parents are turning in their grave.

“Good morning.” He says softly. Why is he awake though I wanted to slip away from here and run away. Let me just pretend like I'm still sleeping.

“I know you are awake.” Then why isn’t there breakfast in bed kinda treatment.

“Nokukhanya...”

“Mhmmm.”

“Good morning.” He says holding my face so I can face him. I could just slap the smirk off his face right now.

“Morning...I should get going.” I say trying to move away from him but he holds me tightly to him.

“Thank you.”

“For what?” I raise my eyebrow at him.

“For your innocence...” It comes out as a whisper.

“What... I mean what innocence... you think I was still a virgin... come on how old do you think I am...I wasn't a virgin.” He laughs. Bloody idiot.

“You cute you know that. But thank you.”

“I should get going...” I say sliding off the bed and running to his bathroom. I hope there wasn't any blood stains that I left on his sheet that would be embarrassing right imagine losing your virginity to a married man he must think I'm those women who are easy and easily accessible.

There's a knock.

“Are you ever going to come out from there...”

Dammit I've been in here for a such a long time.

“I'll be right out...” I scream to him.



“Make it snappy please I need to go to work.” He says.

I roll my eyes and step out from the bath wrapping myself with his towel. I will be smelling like a man today... like him. Cindy is going to eat me alive today I swear.

I find my clothes neatly put on top of the bed but my panties are no where to be seen. I know I wasn't wearing a bra yesterday that I remember but where the hell are my panties. I've looked under the bed inside his drawers everywhere but I cant find them. I walk to his wash basket and my eyes lands on the bloody stain on his sheet. I can smell him. His here.

“Don't worry about it. I will have it cleaned.” He says behind me. When I turn he is already suited up and ready to take over the world unlike me who still has a towel wrapped around my body with no job and no life. I clear my throat before my mouth runs. When it starts it never stops sometimes it gets me into trouble because I can speak without thinking. I need to ask where my panties are in a nice way though.

“Have you seen my panties...” Ooh Shit. That wasn’t what I wanted to ask. I wanted to say something like have you seen my undergarments perhaps. That’s more ladylike right.

“No.”

“No?” He is lying. Why is he lying because he was the one who undressed me.

“Yes.”

“Have you seen them or not. Yes or no?” I ask moving closer to him.

“No Nokukhanya I haven’t seen your panties. Get dressed your sister and her boyfriend are downstairs.”

“Cindy is here already.” He nods moving closer to me. There are butterflies inside my tummy.

Lord help me to not fall for this married man. It is true once you give them your whole being you feel entitled to them. I want to be close to him I want him to touch me like he did this morning. Dammit why am I so clingy. This so not me. I breathe out when he walks away from me. I wasn't even aware that I was holding it in.

I get dressed and make my way downstairs.

Cindy is smiling from ear to ear. This girl! Jabu is right here and she is busy flirting with my man...uhmm I mean with Langa that's his name he is only Mr Gumede in the office.

"Morning..." I greet and I get one response from Jabu. Cindy just rolled her eyes and went back to flirting and that jerk Langa's brother is a non-factor so it doesn't matter even if I don't greet him.

"Thank you once again for taking care of her. I'm not sure what would have happened if you weren't there." She says.

"Its only my pleasure. You know we need to help each other." He replies with a smirk on his face.

Bastard!

“That’s true but I wish she was more careful you know. She needs to grow up some people wont be generous like you were. Some would have taken advantage of her...”

“Cindy!”

“What! You know it’s true or what did you want to lose your virginity to Victor last night. Is that why you went out with him.” I choke on my saliva!

Seriously she doesn’t have timing.

“That’s not true and you know it!” I snap at her. How dare she.

“Don't scream at me.” She says softly so unlike her.

“I’m not screaming at you.”

“You are. Nokukhanya tell me this neh...when are you planning on growing up? What will happen when Jabu and I decide to move who are you going to call to come fetch you at night?”

“You are moving? When? Why are you moving?” That’s all I heard. She wants to leave me like everyone else. I move close to where she is sitting. I will not cry I mean we at someone else’s house for heaven sake.

“That’s all you heard. I give up! I Cant anymore. You need to grow Nokukhanya I cant stress like this. It’s not good for my baby.” Baby? What Baby? She said that same thing when I called her yesterday. Is she...

“Cindy you are pregnant?”

“Yes.”

“Serious.” Holly Shit!

“Yes Nokukhanya I am pregnant.”

“But why...”

“Why do you mean why. I’m pregnant because Jabu and I had sex...we had sex and made a baby!” She shouts at me and that non-factor bloody idiot Laughs. I cant believe we are fighting in front of strangers.

“Cindy that’s not what I meant and you know it.”

“listen Nokukhanya we are going to go home now and after this you’re on your own do you hear me?”

She says banging Langa's beautiful table. Wow!

It’s the hormones right they drive people to craziness it must be the hormones because all of a sudden she’s someone else.

“I’m sorry Cindy and congratulations with the baby.” I say and walk out leaving her screaming at me. She is evidently giving up on me I can hear it in her voice. She is busy screaming at me and I hear Langa trying to calm her down then Jabu.

“Babe calm down please. She’s here and she’s safe. Let’s go home now. Mr Gumede thank you for your kind gesture.”

“Again it was my pleasure.”

I’m outside his gate. This is a beautiful neighborhood all the houses here are fancy very big. I’m not sure where I’m at but I know I’m lost right now but I needed to get away from that situation Cindy is pregnant and she cant wait to move away from me. This was definitely not how I pictured her getting pregnant I wanted her to get married first have her own house then kids maybe by then I would have come out from the dark hole I’m in...how am I going to look out for her children if I cant even look after myself.

I think I’ve been going around in circles I know I’ve past this pink house 15 minutes ago but I’m back here again. I’m tired so

I decide to sit down on the pavement knees up and bury my face between them. I haven't had a good cry in such a long time you know that one where you scream your lungs out and have mucus all over your face that one. All I want to do is scream and shout and let it all out but I won't do that here I'm sure the people here will call the cops on me though I need a break but I won't embarrass myself like that so a silent cry will do for now.

His here. How did he find me. Funny how I can smell him now since I slept with him his scent is unforgettable very strong for my system. I can feel him sitting down next to me. He is close to close. I get those butterflies in my tummy same feeling I got earlier on when he was close to me now that he is sitting next to me basically our bodies are in touch. I just wonder if he realise what he is doing to me. I think I need help I cannot not be falling for someone else's husband.

● **Langa Gumede**



After 2 years I finally slept with a woman who wasn't my wife and I thought guilt was going to consume me but it's the other way round. I don't regret sleeping with Nokukhanya in fact I want more of her. I had this fear that I wasn't going to last for long with her when I went in... you know two minute noodles since I haven't done it in such a long time but that wasn't the case. And how cute was she this morning pretending like she wasn't sealed while she said it to me herself ...her cookie is precious to her and I must I agree with her as well her cookie is delicious I even sang this morning something I haven't done in such a long time.

Taking off my wedding ring this morning wasn't hard compared to any other days. I hope this moving on shit wont bite me in my ass. I don't want to put my heart out there and fall in love then end up getting hurt. Losing my girls was hard enough right now I will be ignoring all of that.

Her sister and her boyfriend are here to fetch her. She's busy flirting with me again like that last time I went searching for Nokukhanya. Women though how can she do this while her man is sitting right next to her.

I watch her walk out from the argument she was having with her sister. She seemed very upset with this whole thing.

.  
.

“I never took you as someone who walks away from an argument.” I say to her after sitting down. I drove around the estate looking for her. She looks lost and disturbed.

“Sometimes you have too.”

“Why is that?” I ask.

“I sometimes speak without thinking and Cindy is the last person I would ever want to hurt with my words. She’s my everything.” She says wiping off her tears.

“Can I ask you something.”

“We are talking aren’t we.” She’s mean. I chuckle.

“Yes we are but what I want to ask is personal so I don’t want it to come across as me getting in your business.”

“Yes you broke my virginity this morning...” She says.

“Can you please let me talk! And I knew you were sealed so no need to explain.”

“Sealed? You make it sound like I was a pack of simba chips that needed to be unsealed or something.”

“Nokukhanya man!”

“Sorry. Go ahead and ask me.” The drama of this woman!

“Are you not happy for her that she is pregnant?” I shouldn’t have asked that.

“Excuse you!” She’s angry.

“You getting involved in my business.” She yells.

“I mean if she’s your sister then you must be happy for her not jealous of her...she’s your sister-.” She cuts me off.

“Who the hell do you think you are heh! Of course I’m happy for her! She’s my sister! Who gave you that stupid idea that I’m jealous of Cindy. You don’t know me and you don’t know us!”

“Nokukhanya calm down and listen to me!”

“Go back to your house Mr Gumede and let me be! For your information I’m very happy for her. She always wanted to be a mother that’s why she was mothering me. It just that it happened so fast and...and...just forget it I don’t know why I’m even talking to you.” She says and runs away. I get in my car and follow her.

“Get in the car...”

“Leave me alone.”

“Nokukhanya get in the car dammit!”

She gets in after rolling her eyes and bangs my door.

“You know there was no need for you to bang my door like that.” I say.

“I know but I had too since you were screaming at me and by the way why do you have my pictures on your phone?” Eish.

“Langa what are you doing with my pictures. Why are they on your phone. How did you get them.” I am going to ignore her. Yes that’s what I am going to do.

“Langelihle Gumede! I’m talking to you.” What did I get myself to.

I stop the car and gets off while she is busy mumbling behind me. I did say I was going to ignore her and that's exactly what I'm doing.

They still here.

"Where did you find her? Is she okay." This one worries a lot.

"She was walking around the Estate. She's fine."

"Thank you Langa. Your brother left. Thank you once again we should leave Nokukhanya woza sambe."

She looks at me up and down before she clicks her tongue. Then points her small index finger at me.

"This is not over Langalihle Gumede!"

"Nokukhanya woza man!"

What the hell have I gotten myself too. She is definitely crazy.

## Chapter 8

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

I have no idea why I said that to him seriously who does that surely I looked like one of those crazy women who got dumped. I'm sitting at the back seat and thinking about my life. Come to think of it I don't have any direction at all I mean Cindy and I are the same age but already she has a stable job a house and Jabu who loves her dearly and now they are expecting their first baby I wouldn't be surprise if they would get married. And here am I sleeping with married men leaving in a one bedroom house and I cant even get an internship for my degree yet I'm graduating in three weeks. How pathetic.

"Nokukhanya..." Why is she talking to me now.

“Nokukhanya I’m talking to you.” She says again.

“I can hear you Cindy.” I’m tired really and right now I don’t need her judgement.

“Aren’t you happy for us...with the baby I mean.” She asks.

“How can you say something like that. Of course I’m happy for you guys.”

“No indaba your reaction earlier on was not of an excited person.” She says. I’m confused kanti she wanted me to throw a party for her or maybe shout from the roof top.

“I’m sorry it came across that way because I am happy for you guys.” Both Jabu and her looks at me then at each and then they remain quiet after that.



I just need to get away from them for a little while. Or just maybe get away from life itself this living shit is hard and having no one on your corner is harder.

“Can you please drop me off at Victor's I need to get my phone.” I say and She hands me my phone back. So she had it all along. Mxm.

“Thanks.” I says.

“Are you okay.”

“Yes I'm okay.” I tell Her.

I need to do some changes with my life.

Starting with getting what's mine.

.

.

.

I asked them to drop me off at the mall I needed to get a few things for my room before going to see my grandmother.

I bought myself a small plasma TV a microwave and a brand new iron and some groceries. Things that will help me to survive until I get a new job. My rent is fully paid up for the next coming five months. The package that I received from Mr Jones wasn't bad at all in fact my leave days boosted it hence I can get myself all this things now room will look nicer.

I was behind this couple who seemed like they were in love killing us with their affection making me wonder if ever I was going to meet someone who is meant for me and not someone else's husband.

Why is everyone looking at me.

"Next please." Shit. I was day dreaming again.

I pushed my trolley to the front.

“Hi...sorry.” I said with a smile.

“Its okay...it happens all the time. You looked miles away.”  
Okay...she’s friendly compare to all the cashiers you get at  
supermarkets.

“It does neh. Are they not looking for people? I need a job.  
Anything will do.” I asked the cashier while giving her my card  
to swipe my items. She seemed very nice I hope she’s not one  
of those uptight one and I’m not overstepping boundaries.

“It’s your lucky day...they are. You see that guy over there.” She  
said pointing to some guy who was wearing uniform that was  
completely different than the rest of the staff.

I nodded.

“Yes go to him and give him your CV. They are definitely looking  
for cashiers at the moment.” I thanked her and went up to him.

Lord please be with me. I have never asked you for anything since I lost my parents but right now I need a job... any job. I found myself saying a little prayer.

“Excuse me. I’m sorry to disturb you. I heard you were looking for cashiers. Where can I submit my CV.” He smiled. Why is he smiling.

“Well it’s your lucky day Miss... I’m looking for an assistant.” Didn’t she say they were looking for cashiers.

I returned the smile.

“Okay...where can I submit my CV. I don’t have hard copies with me now but I can send it to you on Email if you don’t mind.”

“Follow me.” He said pushing my trolley to what seemed like a office. He took a paper and wrote something down for me.

“Here. My email address send it now if you don’t mind.” He said and with no hesitation whatsoever I did exactly that.

After he promised to give me call. I make my way home. When I got home I found ubab'Duma busy reconnecting my power. While at it I was rearranging my room to put the things I bought today. So my room is an open plan. It's one huge garage that they turn into a room to rent out so my bedroom kitchen and lounge it's in the same place... all in one. What's nice about this smallanyana complex of ours is that bab'Duma and that horrible wife of his made sure that all the rooms had built in kitchen units and wall units for our clothes. Even though mine is the smallest room compared to the others its perfect for a single broke person like myself. There's nine rooms including mine. However we all have to share three toilets and the two showers they just installed and there's also three bathrooms which I hate using because some of the tenants don't clean after themselves hence I'm using my wash bowl to take a bath. My electricity is back on and now I have TV that's actually playing my old one I had to give it clap before the screen came on.

What a day.

.

.

.

Maybe it's time I told my grandmother the truth. Maybe it's time I told her everything how I left my parents house to live with Cindy's family when I was only sixteen and moving out when I was doing my matric. Leaving Cindy's family wasn't easy because I got along with everyone except her sister and I knew if I stayed there longer me and Carol would have killed each other that girl is a bitch a mean bitch. Sigh. Maybe its about time my grandmother knew how evil her daughter is I cannot carry on like this anymore.

Okay so I don't know how I ended up being here. My house. It's still the same as the day I was last here and that was 8 years ago. The colour is fading though. My parents' house needs some serious revamping and I will be doing some serious renovations once I get myself into my parent's affairs.

Must I go in or just come back tomorrow? I kept asking myself that for the past fifteen minutes. Finally I make my way in.

There's someone coming after my knock.

“Hello can I help you?” She says with her huge bump staring at me. Okay weird. I know today I just find out that my best friend is pregnant and funny enough today still I kept on bumping into pregnant women at the mall and here I am now talking to a pregnant woman what is this? Is the universe trying to tell me that I might be pregnant also since I lost my virginity?

“Uhhh yes... who are you and what are you doing in my house?” She raises her eyebrows and shouts someone’s name.

“What! Didn’t I tell you to never shout?” Says a man behind her.

“Who the hell are you and what do you want.” He’s rude...bloody mampara!

“Who the hell I am? Who the hell are you! Where is my aunt? What are you doing in my house?” I says angry and slightly pushing the pregnant fairy aside but making sure I don’t crash into her I wouldn’t want to hurt her baby just because the

parents don't have manners. I've been standing outside far too long not to be invited inside my own house.

"Hey don't push her like that." I ignore him and let my eyes wander around. Everything is still as it was except my family portraits...all of them are gone. My parents wedding picture is replaced by an ugly clock and next to it there's a picture of Nelson Mandela. I roll my eyes.

"Where's my aunt." I ask calmly now.

"Look kid. We are renting this house and like I told your aunt this morning is that we only moving out at the end of the month. She can't sell the house and expect us to move out just like that. We paid our rent." I widen my eyes. That stupid witch sold my house without my consent. How dare she!

"You renting out my house with everything else inside here." I ask defeated.

"Yes." The wife says.



“Everything. Everything?” I ask again just to be sure because everything inside here belongs to my parents. Except that ugly watch.

“Yes with everything else in here. We are not from here so when we got the house fully furnished with plates and all. We took it.”

“How long have you been staying here?”

“For a year and just today your aunt told us to vacate the place since she sold it.” I nod.

I don't know what to say anymore. How can she do this? How can she sell my house like this surely I have a say in this. I have rights too.

I ask to go to one of the rooms and they let me. Everything is still the same. I find the documents my grandmother asked me to bring to her then leave.

●Langa Gumede

After that drama at my house this morning I drove straight to wife's grave. I've been coming here only once or twice a month just to clean and vent out my frustrations. Today I feel...I feel like a heavy load has been lifted off my shoulders I don't even feel guilty for sleeping with her and I definitely don't feel like I have cheated on my wife. I even bought her flowers something I haven't done for the past two years the last time I bought her flowers was the day of their funeral.

"Sthandwa Sami it's me. I know it's been a while since I came here and ngiyaxolisa for that. I love you maka Simi and I will forever cherish you until I take my last breath. I want you to know that there is absolutely no one who is going to replace you in my heart." I say

.

“Maka Simi I met someone.” I take a deep breath and look at my daughter’s grave next to my wife’s. Ooh how I miss them.

“ I met someone who is driving me crazy at the moment and I every time I’m with her my heart skips a beat just the same as way when I met you for the first time. She is the first woman I have taken interested since you. These feelings I have inside are very unusual for me and I don’t know what to do and plus I don’t want to disrespect you. Please give me sign if I should move on or just forget this love game.”

I clean up both their graves and spend a few more minutes with them before I leave. I’m not sure if I should go straight to work or just go home.

Home it is.

.

.

.

I have rearranged my whole bedroom completely changed everything. I even cooked as well. There's a door bell and I make my way downstairs and I find my mother already inside.

“Langelihle what's wrong? Why aren't you answering your phone? Your brother has been looking for you and why you aren't at work?”

Dammit! So many questions which one do I answer and which one do I ignore. She comes forward and places her hand on my forehead to feel my temperature.

“Ma I'm fine.” I tell her.

“Then why aren't you at work?”

“Because I didn't feel like it.”

“What do you mean you didn't feel like it and what are you wearing?” She asks looking me up and down. I really do not

think there's something wrong with me wearing sweatpants and a hoody

Advertisement

it is just one of those days that I feel under the weather. After visiting my girls I got this weird feeling when I driving here. Like someone was watching me.

“What’s wrong with my outfit? There is nothing wrong with me wearing this. Ask your other son I do sometimes dress down I mean I can’t be wearing suits all day every day and for the last time Ma... I’m fine.” I say while getting myself a glass of water.

“Who is she?” I choke and spit out some of the water.

“Sies man Langa!” She says then laughs at me.

“So tell me...who is she? Who is messing with my son’s head?”

“Ma there is no one. Trust me”

“Mntanami you know that you and your brother can never lie to me, you are my children and I gave birth to you so I do know that you met someone who is driving you crazy. So tell me who is she.” Dammit this woman.

“There is no one Ma. I promise you. You will be the first one should I ever decide to start dating again and that won’t happen any time soon.”

“You do know that it has been two years already and you can move on and just allow yourself to move on. You cannot remain single for the rest of your life I still want grand babies from you uyangizwa.”

I look at her and just stare at her. I know I’m not getting any younger but I think it still too soon that I move on but Nokukhanya is just... she is just someone else that my heart is yearning for.

“Ma you know that I loved my wife more than anything I still do and there is absolutely no one who is going to replace her.”

“I know that. Everyone does but its time you let go don’t you think? You are going to grieve her until when.” I shrug my shoulders I also don’t know. My door bell rings and someone walks in without me even taking a breath no manners at all.

In walks Fikile with her skimpiest dress I have ever seen not like I see things like these everyday but yeah how can she dress like this to see her boss worse my mother is here.

“Sir I brought you lunch. Since you didn’t pitch up at work which is so unlike you so I thought I should bring you food...” She stops talking when her eyes lands on my mother.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t notice you had company. Good day Maam.” My mom just nods her head and walks away leaving me with her.

“Sorry Mr Gumede. Here’s your food I should get back to the office.”

“Thank you Fikile however there was no need for all of this.”

“I know but I always get you food so I thought you were sick or something.” She says looking me up and down busy undressing me. I clear my throat.

“Fikile I’m fine. You can go back to work now. Thank you.”

“Okay see tomorrow?”

“Maybe. Goodbye Fikile.”

I watch her leaving my house busy shaking her hips as if she is the madam of this house. Dammit this woman will be the death of me if I don’t do anything about it now.

“Langelihle Gumede who knew you were into women like that?”

Ngavelelwa mina!

I won’t hear the end of this. I hate that my mother still treat me like I’m the same age as Linda.



## Chapter 9

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

So I got the job and I have been working here for almost three weeks now as an Accountant assistant and my pay isn't that bad for a beginner and I always thought that people working at a supermarkets don't earn much but oh boy oh boy was I wrong this supermarket makes a lot of money even the cleaners gets paid more than what I was earning at Jones. So tomorrow is my graduation day to say I'm stressed out wouldn't even be the word to describe how I'm actually feeling. I'm graduating tomorrow because I was able to pay off my fees with the package I got plus my salary. One thing that I am very worried about is my Nana. I don't know how I am going to take my grandmother to my house after the ceremony since my old one is on sale. I still haven't told her that her other daughter is selling my parents' house without my consent and that the wicked witch is nowhere to be found. I have been going there every day after work just to catch her on the act but with no luck I think she found out that I'm looking for her. Desmond and his wife moved out last week shem they have been very helpful with helping me gather more information about that witch they would call me every time she sent her skivvies to

come and threaten them since they had to move out immediately but still no luck from me in meeting her.

“Nokukhanya please come in here please.” Shit what have I done now? I always get worried sick when I’m called in by my supervisor

Mzwadile Nazo he is one very funny man to everyone but I find him very scary and intimidating. On my first day here he gave me a pile of files to go through and his exact words were “Whatever is wrong fix it” and my clever self did exactly that and found something that wasn’t meant for my eyes. When I showed him my findings he was LIVID. I have never seen someone as angry as he was that day I almost peed my pants. His manager was stealing the money... well he still is stealing it that is why Mzwandile is currently being investigated because they thought it was him who was stealing the money.

“You called for me?”

“Yes. Close the door and sit down.” Okay.

I watch him watch me before he leans back on his chair then looks at me like he is undressing my soul. He is looking at me like he sees beneath this clothes I'm wearing. I clear my throat.

"Is something wrong." I ask.

"Who are you." He asks and I frown.

"Excuse me."

"Actually I mean who sent you here. Are you working for the big boss? Are you spying on us. On me?" I laugh. I laugh really hard.

What is this. "Alias" ? Am I Sydney Bristow? Was I sent to carry out missions and solve cases in this store? This is ridiculous and very funny. My life is mess and I'm trying to sort it out before I tell my Nana everything spying on people is the last thing on my mind. My laugh seizes when I see how serious he is.

“The big boss? I don’t know who that is. Why would I be spying on you. For what?” I ask and my eyes follows him as he stands up and starts pacing around the office. He is good looking no lie about that. I wonder if he has a girlfriend.

“I don’t know you tell me Nokukhanya. You came here for a job and I gave you one because... I don’t know... that day I was in a good mood but right now I’m not sure anymore. Why would the big boss write your recommendation letter to your school without even knowing you.” Say what!

“He did what.” I stand up and face him and he stops moving.

“He wrote you your letter for the school for tomorrow. You know the internship you lied about last week.” Argh!

Why did he have to bring that up again. So I lied then what because I’m still here. I mean I didn’t mean to send an email to my school and telling them I was I was on a internship here. I did very good with my exams and I was automatically granted entrance for my CTA. As I speak with this man who is looking at me funny. I am a qualified Chartered Accountant. Why is he

looking at me like that. I mean he does know that sometimes you have to lie a little to get ahead but just make sure your lies don't bring harm or hurt anyone. So I did not hurt anyone my little lie was justified who about that.

"I don't know who the big boss is. I mean I put your name as my reference on my letter. We spoke about this Mzwandile and I did apologize for lying and saying my job was an internship. I just wanted to get my degree ksasa. I know I'm still on probation here."

"You are graduating with Cum Laude tomorrow. You did very good kid. I'm proud of you however it still doesn't make sense. Why would the he write the letter for you when he doesn't know you." He says scratching his head. What did he just say???

Did I get Distinctions?

Unbelievable!

Holy cow!

.

.

After work I head straight to my grandmother. I just want to make sure that everything is set for tomorrow I don't want her to miss out on anything. I get there and find them playing bingo.

“Nokukhanya unjani.” Where the hell did she come from manje. Since she was transferred here she's been a pain in my ass rubbing her relationship with Victor in my face. I've been trying so hard to ignore her and her boyfriend but she's like a fly buzzing her mouth everywhere I turn there's motherfucken Carol.

What did I do to deserve this.

But I'm in a good mood today and nothing is going to bring me down not even this fly that's standing in front of me. I passed with Distinctions so I smile at her.

“I’m good Carol and how are you doing. Are you well? Is Victor treating you well?” She looks irritated. Good.

“Victor and I are good. In fact we are expecting our first baby. I’m pregnant and happy. I have never see Victor so excited when I told him about my pregnancy.” She says.

“Well congratulations Carol. Do pass my gratitude to your boyfriend.” I say and walk away.

I don’t need this.

Dammit!

Did she have to tell me that today mara. I know Vic and I were not an item but hearing her say that hurts like a bitch. I always thought he was going to be my first.

“You look miles away. You don’t look like someone who is getting a degree tomorrow. What’s wrong.” I look at this woman who has hold on for me... far too long I must say. My

Nana is old yet so strong for someone her age. I'm very grateful that I still have her.

"I'm just thinking about mom and dad. Would they be proud of me like you are right now." I tremble as I say this and lay on her bed facing the ceiling just to avoid tearing up.

"They are very much proud of you and they will always look after you. Even when I'm not here I will look after you my Sunshine." She says and lays next to me. My dad used to call me that. Sunshine. I came and brighten up their lives after they've been trying for baby for such a long time I was their sunshine. This talk is depressing me.

Enough now. Why are you sulking when you are getting a degree and will be honoured for being on the top 10 list for best students! My subconscious scold me and I ignore the bitch. She's too much right now and I don't need her judgement.

Well after Mzwandile mentioned that I will be getting Distinctions I had to emotionally blackmail him for more information that's why I found out that I'm on the top ten.



“Nokukhanya. Your mind is running around. What’s wrong. Talk to me sunshine.”

“Nothing is wrong. I just wished that they were here you know...but it’s okay I have you and Cindy.” I tell her and get up to start packing up her things after the ceremony she’s coming home with me. Eish! That neh. I still haven’t told her about my situation.

“And Victor. Where is he by the way. You haven’t brought him here in such a long time.”

That Bastard! It’s been a month since our fall out and already he has impregnated that fly.

“He’s around and he will be a father soon. Where are your medicine’s?”

“What! I knew it! I told Mavis that you were expecting. This explains your weight gain and the sudden light complexion... are you pregnant my Sunshine?” What the hell!

“Nana! I’m not pregnant!”

Deep breath.

- Langa Gumede

I have been feeling like shit for the past two weeks. Going in and out of hospital and Doctors finding nothing wrong with me. I vomit a lot and lose my cool within a second. And all the female species are driving me crazy...including my mother who has decided to move in with us.

“Uyaphi?” Can’t she see I’m going to work? I’m wearing a suit aren’t I?

“I’m going to work Ma. I can’t stay inside this house any longer.”

“But your brother is there making sure that all your businesses are running smoothly. Sit down and have breakfast with me.” I don’t think I will stomach anything right now after the episode I just had in my bathroom.

“I’m fine Ma. I will grab something at work.” I say making my way out.

“Langelihle Gumede hlala phansi.” She shouts.

“MaGumede I’m running late. I have a meeting to get too.”

“That meeting was cancelled last week already. And were you seriously going to work dressed like that?” My annoying brother says the minute he walks in. And how come I wasn’t told about the meeting being cancelled and what the fuck is wrong with what I’m wearing.

I walk in and look at myself...dammit!

The shoes.

“Of course not. I have a spare pair of shoes in my car I was going to change this sleepers when I get to work.” I sound like a woman don't I? That's why these two are looking at me like that.

“Mma you sure the Doctor said there was nothing wrong with him because between me and you...your son is losing his mind.”

I walk away not even wanting to hear my mother's response. I get to my bedroom and throw myself on top of my bed. What the hell is wrong with me. I need to get my shit together before tomorrow.

.

.

When I opened my eyes much later on my room was dark so it was probably the evening already. There's a knock on my door. I must have doze off however I'm still dead tired.

The knock again.

"What!"

"Sir your mother is calling you downstairs." Patricia says on the other side of the door and instantly I feel bad for shouting at her like that.

"I'll be right there in a minute."

I get in the shower and wear my sweatpants and a vest when I'm done. I need to change my deodorant because the smell of it is messing with me. Like right now I feel like I need to throw up again that's what I've been doing lately and its driving me crazy because at first I thought inyongo but I cant suffering from that for whole two weeks...impossible.

Great she's here again.

Fikile has been a pain in my ass for a month now. She has decided that she is going to take care of me. She's been coming to my house every day to cook and check up on me.

Today she has a long dress on. And her hair is tied up so I can see her face. Not too bad on the eyesight if she would remove all that make up and the long lashes she would be breathing taking right now she's just okay. She can try to warm herself in my life and befriend my mother all she wants but she isn't her...she can never be her... she doesn't make my blood boil. She doesn't make my heart skip a beat and definitely doesn't drive me crazy to a point where I want to tear up everything she has on and have my way with her.

"You up? Did you have a good nap." My mother brings me back from daydreaming about Nokukhanya.

I haven't seen her since that day she was here. She was offered the job at my company but she declined it so I snooped around and found out that she was now working for the supermarket I just bought.

“What’s for dinner today? I’m starving.” I say ignoring my mother.

“Lucky for you I made your favourite. Pap and stew. Unjani?” She says putting the plate that looks delicious in front of me. Then it starts.

Can’t I have a break though.

One whiff of the beef smell and all my insides wanted to come out. I ran quickly to the bathroom and threw up absolutely nothing. This is frustrating seriously. I knelt there gasping for something...anything to come out but nix...nothing ...nada came out.

“Did you sleep with someone?” My mother asked behind me. What’s that in connection with how I’m feeling. I guessed she saw the confusion in my face.

“I’m not sure if you remember I doubt though because you were really young when it happened but your father went

through this process when I was pregnant with your brother. So who is she because I can put my money on it that you made someone pregnant and it's not Fikile."

Can she be? Nah! I don't think so. Even though I had my way with her and we did not use any protection. She's a clever girl I'm sure she would have taken the emergency pill.

"No one is pregnant Ma. Nginge nyongo nje kphela." I tell her while getting up and rinsing my mouth.

"Mhmmm if you say so. And by the way I would be ecstatic if I become a grandmother again regardless of how the baby was conceived." She walks out leaving me with my thoughts again.

She can't be pregnant. Just like that few rounds nyana and I knocked her up...impossible and knowing Nokukhanya she wont even tell me should she be. I can't wait for tomorrow to confront her with this. I will be at her graduation ceremony tomorrow as well.

I hope she isn't though that would be betrayal to my wife.



## Chapter 10

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

I'm so excited finally I will be a qualified CA and if everything goes according to my plans maybe I will do my Master's as well but one thing at a time. I woke up feeling light today I even dreamt of my parents last night and they were happy so happy that my mother kept on touching my stomach. Speaking of my stomach how crazy was my Nana though thinking I'm pregnant I mean how can I be pregnant I only slept with that married man nje kphela and no one else and it happened once basically I'm still sealed as he said. I'm still a virgin so how can I fall pregnant if I slept with one person and only once.

You sound so stupid right now. Wake up and go get your degree you are embarrassing me right now... how dare you think like that? Don't you know that having sex ...unprotected sex for that matter leads to babies? Don't be stupid. Fuck you bitch! I tell my subconscious and the bitch leaves after flipping her hair and showing me her middle finger.

My head was buzzing with various options ...scenes and all that shit that happens inside one's head last night and it was so hard to sleep because I am so confused, I mean how can my grandmother think that even this bitch now is getting me paranoid. I can't be pregnant I am not ready to have someone call me mommy I mean I am still a child myself. Enough! Get up and get ready you still need to come up with a lie to tell your Nana why you leaving here instead of at your house.

.

.

The auditorium is crowded. Shit! I never knew we had this many students here. I had to come in early so they can prep us you know the clever students the ones that get distinctions for all their modules and we not that many it's just five of us...2 boys and 3 girls. Girl power! Anyway, the ceremony is about to start. My Nana walks in looking so ever beautiful with her long dress I'm telling this one used to turn heads she is simply breath-taking and my friend with her small baby bump looks very sexy.

As the Chancellor gets to his feet and starts the ceremony with his speech, I'm busy scanning the hall to see where my family is

at and my eyes lands on his...WAIT he is here? But why? What the hell is he doing here? I watch Langelihle looking deliciously handsome with his black suit that looks like it was tailored on him and a fresh haircut and I find myself thinking about my first time with him on how delicate he was with me... looks like he lost some weight there though. I sink into my seat trying to make myself as invincible as possible and I fail miserably because the moment my eyes go back to him, he is gazing at me.

The ceremony takes about two hours to finish I mean I did say they were a lot of students here today. Finally, I get called by my sexy faculty Chancellor on the stage to get my degree. When I return to my seat, I do a little twerk and a twirl, and everyone laughs, my inner goddess... the bitch is definitely not pleased with this as I cannot dance to save myself, I would die on the spot should they ever ask me to dance but hey look at me twerking in front of the whole auditorium like I'm a video vixen or something.

“Seriously you had to do that in front of everyone just right after getting a degree Khanyo?” Mxm! This bitch just had to call me that though. Ignore her she just wants to piss you off and

today is your happy day. The Goddess says and I agree with her this time.

“My baby girl has gotten herself a degree. I’m so proud of you my sunshine.”

“Thank you, Nana...” I say giving her a hug. Oh, I love this woman and I pray to God that he keeps her until I’m more established in life there’s more, I still need to do for her. I still need to spoil her rotten and she still needs to meet her grand-grandchildren.

“You did good Kid and I’m proud,” Mzwandile says earning a look from my girls. But I don’t know why he calls me kid I mean we are like six years apart he can even be my boyfriend for all I care since there’s no ring on his finger plus I haven’t met any of his girlfriends since I started working with him.

“Thank you, Boss.”

“You know the big boss would like to meet you. Please come with me if you don’t mind.”

“Ahh, why does he want to meet with me? I’m not in trouble, am I? I mean I did submit all my findings to you and everything was clear on your side you did not steal the money. Why does he want to check my references because I did tell you that my previous work experience was washing dishes dirty dishes and nothing else...Mzwandile you know thi...” I stop talking when I find everyone looking at me like I've grown two horns. Even my poor gogo is sitting down. It’s because you were blabbering you moron you know you can’t stop talking when you get nervous. I roll my eyes at this bitch.

“Yho! Calm down will you? He just wants to congratulate you nothing else and there was no need to mention that in front of everyone.” He scolds.

“Sorry...”

“Miss Ngwenya.” For real though did he have to come here and disturb my peace?

“Mr Gumede, how are you doing?”

“You guys know each other?” Poor Mzwandile.

“Yes, we do. We’ve met before right Nokukhanya?”

“Right. Excuse me please I need to take my Nana home now it's late.” I need to get away from this man I only want to see me suffer I mean that’s the only reason that he didn’t give me a job angisho.

“You are not running away from me, aren’t you?”

“Why would she?” – Mzwandile.

“Sunshine do you know this man? Who is this man?” Can this floor swallow me please? Can I just die and disappear? When I turn to Cindy, she is having the time of her life with my misery.

“Nana this is Langelihle Gumede...Mr Gumede meet my grandmother.” I watch as they exchange greetings and all the formalities and all I want to do is run...run Nokukhanya and never look back.

This man is a temptation a delicious sin I wouldn't want to commit. Since that day he took me in his bed and had his ways with me I've been thinking a lot about him and I dream about him too and when that happens, I find my fingers going down there. I touch myself to a point that I can't even breathe anymore.

“Nokukhanya...” Oh someone is calling me. I think I zoned out there.

“Sunshine are you okay? You look flushed.” I am flushed. All of a sudden, it's hot in here and I'm finding it difficult to breathe.

“Yeah, yeah I'm okay Nana. We need to get going. Bye, Mr Gumede please say hi to your brother for me.” That fucker. What a rude person and I wish to never meet him ever again or it's going to down between me and him I swear.

I tell them and walk away. I don't need him to look at me like he was looking at me just now. I feel naked when he does that and it leaves me empty and I hate feeling like that. I get outside and take a huge deep breath I was suffocating in there. Why did I have to sleep with a married man and actually catch feelings afterward? I thought me not seeing him since that day would have crushed my little crush but damn these stupid feelings. They just decided to come out from wherever they were and ruin my day.

"Are you okay?" He speaks so softly I swear if I didn't smell him, I wouldn't have heard him. See why I need to get away from him and get over these feelings. I know his scent now, a scent that doesn't belong to me but someone else and I know it.

I close my eyes and inhale deeply before I look at him.

"Yeah, I'm good wena."

"I'm okay too, congratulations on obtaining your degree." He says and looks away from me. What's wrong with him.



“Thanks, why are you here?” I ask.

“I was invited.”

“By who? I didn’t know you knew people here.” I mean how does he know anyone here, his business is not even that big, is it?

“I was invited by the Dean Nokukhanya he is an old family friend. How have you been? I haven’t seen you since you stormed out from my house.”

“I did not storm out, I walked out and I did it gracefully and I’ve been good.”

Bitch why are you even lying you did storm out and threaten the poor man. Do you see how sexy he is today? Look at his tie ...mmmh. Oh my God, I bet we can drag him with it and pull him to bed and just have our way with him you know returning the favor so you can stop touching yourself.

“Been sick you know throwing up and finding everything smelling funny. Thanks for asking.” He says sarcastically and I show him my smile.

This is too much for me. He's been sick? He doesn't look sick. Why is he telling me this? Shouldn't he be sharing this with his wife? Where is my family when you need them to show up, they just disappear without a trace?

“I'm glad you feel better you look better even. One would say you were lying.”

“Are you calling me liar Nokukhanya?” He asks.

“Of course, not why would I do that?”

“Have you slept with anyone else since our night together?” I frown and watch him look everywhere but me. He has been doing a lot of that since he got here. And how dare he!

“Excuse me! How dare you ask me that.”

“It was just an honest question. No need to get all dramatic about it.”

“Yeah

Advertisement

whatever! I need to leave and I do not appreciate you asking me about my private life Mr. Gumede, do you see me asking you about your life?” I ask and he just looks at me. Let me just walk away from this man before I throw myself at him again.

He grabs my arm and pulls me to him close enough that we breathing the same air.

“Dammit Nokukhanya marn! It’s a yes or no answer nothing more nothing less! So, did you sleep with anyone else after me?”

“Why does it matter to you huh? And let go of me you are hurting my arm.”

“Did you or did you not.” He says angrily this time.

“Ummm...”

“There you are, I’ve been looking all over for you,” Cindy says clearly looking shocked after the position I was with this man.

“Are you okay? Nana is looking for you, she’s tired now. We need to leave.”

“Yes, I’m coming. We are done here Mr. Gumede, right?”

“No, we not done here, Cindy please give us a minute.” Excuse me what!

“What do you mean we not done?” I shoot him a deadly look.

“We still talking, aren’t we? And plus, you haven’t answered my question.” Bloody hell.

“I need to leave Langa and you are not going to stop me and by the way, you are the only man I slept with not that is any of your business but I guess you knowing that will make you sleep better at night. Good night.”

How dare he grabs me like that, I don't belong to him. Bloody bastard!

“What was that about?” Cindy asks me as soon as we out of sight from him.

Am I not glad that she did not hear that I slept with him otherwise I would be getting a lecture for sleeping with a married and I wonder what was that about?

.

.

.

“What are we doing here? You leave here now? How did this happen?” Here goes my life. I’m dying today.

“I moved out Nana and I found this place for myself you know so I can be an independent young woman and it’s a lovely and safe place.”

“Sunshine you are not answering me. When did this happen? Judging by your furniture in here, you have been staying in here for a long time, am I wrong.”

“You are right Gogo, I moved out because your daughter wasn’t treating me right if stayed there, we wouldn’t even be here right now, I would have failed my matric.”

I watch her as she closes her eyes and sits down.

“I had to Nana otherwise I wouldn’t have got my degree khona manje. Your daughter is evil and she is even selling my father’s house without telling me.”

“Nokukhanya...what...what are you say...saying.” Why is she stuttering now? When I turn to look at her, she is struggling to breathe.

I take my phone and dial the ambulance.

“Nana please don’t do this to me.”

- **Langa Gumede**

For the first time in years, I think I may be losing my touch or something. How can she leave me hanging like this? I’m relieved that she hasn’t slept with anyone else but me so if she is indeed expecting then it's mine. Still, how is she not afraid of me? Why isn’t she drooling after me like the rest of them?

I'm still standing here still on the same spot where she left me and I'm finding it hard to move. What is she doing to me though, why can't I get her off my head?

I send a request to my PA to send me her address then get my driver to follow them. I will not be leaving this issue hanging I need to know if she is pregnant so we can handle this like real adults and maybe start a relationship. Okay okay I know I'm pushing it right now she is as stubborn as they get.

"Langelihle uyaphi.?" My mother, Lord bless her soul, and I'm very grateful that she is still here with me but she is too much now. I mean was it necessary to track my phone like I'm a two-year-old.

"I'm trying to get you your grandchild ma."

"What do you mean? You told me you did not sleep with anyone. Are you dating Langelihle?"

"I'm single Ma but I think I like this one but she is driving me crazy," I confess.



“Langa...”

“Can I tell you when I get back please?”

“Are you okay?”

“I am Ma. I will see you later nyana.”

I had to tell her something because she was never going to stop asking me questions and right now, I’m not in the mood actually I need to puke. I ask Stan to stop the car by the side of the road so I can take out whatever is stuck in my throat.

I get done with vomiting nothing and this what pisses me off vomiting nothing. When I get inside the car we get past by a speeding ambulance.

“Stan, how far are we till we get there.”

“Almost there, Sir.”

We get to her place and it's busy, people running around and all. I'm not a people's person in fact I find it very hard to socialize with new people, it's funny how at the office or during meetings and meeting new clients I'm this untouchable top dog but put me in front of people to social, I would die. So, I kindly request my driver to find out if we at the right place or not. Definitely, she leaves here however that ambulance that passed us back there was her and grandmother that's why Stan is driving like a maniac now following my orders.

.  
. .  
.

"Mr. Gumede, what are you doing here?" Cindy.

"I wanted to speak to your sister but I was told you guys are here. Are you okay?" I ask while my eyes are on her. She isn't even looking at me I don't even think she even noticed I was here.

“I found her like this.” She tells me when she sees that I’ve been staring at her. I’ve been here before with my wife. Waiting for the impossible to happen when I knew that they wouldn’t survive that accident yet I still prayed to the man above for them to make it. I make my way to her and sit next to her.

“Are you okay?” I ask clearly not expecting any reply from her because I know what she is going through her grandmother means a lot to her. The pain of not knowing what will happen is what drains you and right now is more scared of losing her. I reach out to her and our hands entwined. She turns and looks at me then our hands.

“She’s all I have.” She says softly.

“I know.”

“I cannot lose her.” I wish I can tell her that she is going to be fine but at the same time I really don’t want to lie to her.

“You know what I was scared for happened today and if something happens to her, I will never forgive myself.

“Ngwenya! Sibongile Ngwenya!” We both turn to look at the Doctor calling out her grandmother’s family and she quickly stands up and still holding my hand.

“She’s my grandmother... is she... is she okay?”

## Chapter 11

- Nokukhanya Ngwenya

“Miss Ngwenya. They are waiting for you.”

“I’ll be right there Zanele. I just need a minute.”

I watch her as she walks out and closing the door behind her. My life has always been a roller-coaster ever since I lost my parents and it’s worse. When I lost my Nana, may her precious soul rest in peace, I died along with her even though It has been 3 years since she left but it still feels like yesterday when the Doctor announced her death. I had to be strong because she only had me that witch only came to claim her belongings when

she learnt that her mother left everything to me. But I wasn't having it, I fought her till she gave up. She might have won selling my parents house but she didn't even get a cent from my Nana.

Sigh, memories.

I rush out my office headed to the boardroom to meet our potential partners.

After her funeral I packed up and left. I left everything behind including my heart. Cindy threw a fit when I told her that I was leaving. She threatened to cut me off her life for good but I had to do it for myself, I had to leave otherwise depression and stress would have killed me, just after three days burying my Nana, Vic paid lobola to that stupid Carol and my virgin breaker was a married man even though he was there for me from when I found out that she was no more till the day I said my final goodbye to the love of my life he still wasn't mine. My best friend wasn't talking to me for a week and I had to settle in Cape town all by myself. I grew up that week, I bought a small two-bedroom house and a car, a white kia picanto with the

money my grandmother left me with and went to find a job. I had to get busy or else I would have gone crazy.

Mr Butler hired me on the spot that day I came rushing in here and bumped into him because of the strong wind and rain outside and ever since we've been inseparable some of the workers even thought I was his side chick. The company wasn't doing so well that's why I convinced him to sell some of his shares and get partners than to close down and move back to England.

I get in and all eyes are on me.

Shit!

Oh, God!

Oh, good Lord what is he doing here? What is this man doing here? When I left, I left him with all his drama little did I know that I was going to be connected and tied to him for the rest of my life.

“Sunshine, meet Mr Gumede. He just bought half of the company.” Says Mr Butler.

What!

Patrick cannot do this to me seriously!

“What do you mean half? I thought we agreed that I was going to do talking here, half! Seriously?” I cannot believe this, if I don’t kill this old man right now, I’m sure his wife is going too and I am going to help her bury his body.

Khanyo! Stop the drama tu. Why are you ignoring the man standing in front of you? Look he still looks good and there’s no ring on his finger. My subconscious says the obvious. I mean the first thing I did when I saw it was him, I checked his finger and there was nothing. Don’t look at me like that I still dream about the man and my daughter betrayed me and came out looking like her father and nothing like me who carried her for full nine months. It is very hard for me to forget him.



“Miss Ngwenya.” He speaks and I freeze. I was about to strangle my boss right here and right now. His voice is still so manly and seductively like that first time I heard him speak.

“You know her?” Butler asks and I roll my eyes.

“Yes

Advertisement

we do know each other.” He says looking at me but my eyes are everywhere except on him. He is still intimidating.

“She almost killed me here.” They all laugh. My eyes scan the entire boardroom avoiding him of course then they land on Mzwandile and that stupid brother of his.

This is going to be a long day.

“But we had an agreement, didn’t we?” I ask. Mind you I still haven’t acknowledge this man even though his presence demands attention.

“I know we did but the ship was already sinking sunshine. You know we need the funds.”

“Okay, let me see the paper work then.”

Someone clears their throat.

“Nokukhanya.”

Nokukhanya! Look at him. Look at your baby...

“Bitch shup up! Not now!”

“Excuse me.” He says. Dammit I said that out loud. The idiot laughs.

“I’m sorry that wasn’t meant for you.” I say finally looking at him. Dammit! Why did he have to look like this though? He even has a beard now. Tall, dark , sexy with a beard and handsome. Seeing Langa still gives me butterflies in my stomach.

“I’ve missed you table girl.” The idiot says still laughing. What’s his name again? I need to remember his name because just now I will be calling him an idiot out loud and embarrass myself again.

“Linda not now please.” Langa says irritated. Did you hear that? That’s his name so stop calling him an idiot. I think this bitch needs to find another accommodation because I’m giving her notice to vacate my head.

“Patrick where is the contract? You can show it to her before you sign anything then get back to me. We going back to Joburg tomorrow so the sooner the better. I have another meeting so we have to leave now.” He is ignoring me. Why is he ignoring me?

“Okay thank you. You will get an answer by close of business today.” They shake hands and he leaves, my eyes follows him until the door closes.

“It was nice seeing you again kid, you look good.” I smile at Mzwandile as he walks out followed by the idiot.

What just happened?

You acted like a fool! So childish! I cannot believe you embarrassed us like that. My subconsciousness disappears after showing me her middle finger.

“What was that about?”

“What happened to our deal? 50% Patrick though? You gave them your company on a silver plater you know that. Let me see the contract.” He gives it to me.

“I love your fighting spirit you know that right? But both you and me knows that half share is better than nothing. The man clearly made it known it was that or nothing.” He says while I go through the document and everything looks okay.

“Atleast you get to keep your staff because he will be a silent partner right.”

“About that ...”

Jesus what now!

“What did you do?”

“I’m stepping down and he will be taking the CEO's position.”  
He says unbothered.

Unbelievable! Somebody shoot me now!.

.

.

.

I bang my car door and walk furiously to the front door and get in without even knocking. I'm so angry and the only thing that will cool me down is my daughter.

My daughter, she came unexpectedly I didn't even know I was pregnant until one day I fell sick that Patrick and Samantha forced me to go see a doctor and TA-Daa! There she was announcing herself with a strong heart beat and I instantly fell in love. I was seven months then and had no evidence in terms of a stomach to prove that she was growing inside of me.

My stomach was so flat and with me being on the injection made it so hard for me to know that I was expecting. Plus I've only been with one man. I named her Nonjabulo because she only brings happiness to my life. She's two now and very talkative that I know she takes off from me. When my mouth starts running I never stop.

“What happened? I just got off the phone with Patrick, he told me to pacify you and he will come home later. What did he do?”

Yes! He better run of course.

“I am going to kill your husband do you hear me. Did he tell you what he did? Didn’t we have an agreement that I was going to do the talking with those people? Do you know what he did?” I stop pacing around and place my hands on my hips, dramatic I know.

“Come sit down and tell me what he did so both of us can kill him. He is tiring me as well and I need to breathe now. Can you believe that he wanted a blowjob yesterday after he took it from behind.” What!

How old are these people.

I give her a look and raise my eyebrows. Ooh! I see she’s playing with me.

“You should see the look on your face. Come sit down before you wake my baby up.”

“Where should I start.” I ask sitting down.

“From the beginning.” She says smiling at me.

I love this woman. Both her and Patrick came in my life at the right time and they gave me hope again. They became my second parents, in them I found a family and I’m not letting them go that’s why I’ve been pushing so hard for Butler to get partners, I mean what’s going to happen to me and my child when they relocate and leave me all alone here.

●Langa Gumede



“She ignored me!” I say again. I have been complaining since we got here and I think I have said this for the hundred times now. There was no meeting that we had to rush too I just had to get away from her because I might have committed a sin.

“Sizwile Langa. We were all there remember.”

“Indaba wena Linda you don’t understand. I had to look for her for two years yonke and here she is, she’s been right here all along.” I say defeated.

“So you are going to drink yourself to death because of that.” He asks as I take a sip of my beer. I’m on my eighth bottle now.

“Yes, why not?”

“Yho! I’m calling your mother. I cannot believe you are crying over table girl while you have a pregnant fiancé back at home, remember her? Mzwandile talk some sense to your friend I’m going out I cant deal with grown ups issues.” He says walking out leaving me with my sorrows.

Yes, I'm engaged now to Fikile. One drunken night led to her being pregnant with my child and I was forced to marry her so that my child will take my last name. Lobola has been paid and all of that we married traditional now and I wanted to have everything at once to just get over and done with but she refused something about not looking beautiful on her wedding day with a big stomach so over that shit now.

"Imagine she completely ignored me." Again.

"Yeah man she did. She looked good though. She looks her age now...curves in all the right places. I can definitely tap that now." In a speed moment I'm all over Mzwa beating the shit out of him.

"Langa! What the hell man!" Linda says pulling me away from Mzwandile. Where did he come from I thought he left.

"Jeez man I was kidding!"

“I’m sorry.” I say.

“Get over yourself dude. I will let this slide only because you are intoxicated. Go to bed and get your shit together!” He clicks his tongue and angrily walks away.

“What was that about?”

“Lindokuhle not now please.”

.  
.br/>.

After a needed cold shower. I dial my mother just to offload. She is always here for me, she even helped me look for Nokukhanya when she suddenly disappeared on me.

“Are you okay? Linda told me what happened.” That snitch!

“I’m okay. Just embarrassed that’s all.” I need to apologize for my behavior.

“You need to apologize to uMzwandile baby and make him understand. I’m sure seeing her brought all those feelings you had for her so whatever transpired between you two was the alcohol and your feelings.”

“ He said something about her which I didn’t like and I reacted but I hear you I will talk to him.”

“Okay. When are coming home.”

“I need to talk to her mom, find out why she left like she did.”

“But remember baby she’s no one to you.”

“I know that mama but still I was there for her and she up and left without saying anything.” I hear her sighing before she wishes me well and reminds me of the pregnant wife I left at home.

I need to speak to her.

## Chapter 12

### ●Langa Gumede

Waking up today felt like a drag, I don't know how many times I have snoozed my alarm the damn thing was irritating and I ended up switching off my phone. Nokukhanya is seriously fucking up my mind. I couldn't sleep, I've been tossing and turning the whole night because of her once again she has occupied my mind.

When I saw her yesterday my heart skipped a beat like the very first time I saw her. Mzwa was right she looked beautiful, she gained weight in all the right places and I just wanted to kiss her but I'm a married man now I need to respect my wife. Speaking of wife let me call her.

The phone rings for the forth time now. I just wonder where she is normally she picks up at the first ring. I get up and get ready for the day.

.....

“Morning.” I greet when I find Mzwandile and my brother already having breakfast.

“Good morning.” Mzwandile replies. I start dishing out for myself before sitting down.

They are both looking at me making it difficult for me. This is awkward.

Shit I need to apologize.

“Mzwandile I am sorry for my behavior izolo that shouldn’t have happened. I shouldn’t have taken my frustration out on you. For that I apologize.”

“Apology accepted.” He says and I nod and start eating.

“But Langa tell me this...do you have feelings for her?” He asks and I choke on my food.

What's his problem? Is he trying to kill me?

"Why do you ask? Do you have feelings for her as well?" My brother comes to my rescue however throwing me under the bus too. How can he say 'as well' he just told Mzwa how I feel.

"I do. And seeing that your brother is already involved with someone

I would like to take a shot at her and ask her out." This fucker!

"Langelihle will that be a problem if Mzwa asks table girl out?"  
Definitely!

"Why would it be a problem? I mean he is married." He says then looks at me.

"You have a wife and a baby on the way so it shouldn't be problem for you right?"

"Yeah man."

“Then I’m asking her out and I hope that wont create any issues between us.”

“It wont relax. Excuse me I need to get ready for our meeting.” I say then get up. I won’t sit here and listen to this bullshit.

“About that... we not going to meet Patrick at his office but his house.”

Let me just walk away before I say something I’m going to regret. I wonder why we have to go to his house instead of the office what if she told them about us and now they don’t want to do business with us. That would be lost for both companies.

.....



We on our way to Patrick's house now and I must say my brother is driving very slow. It's just us, I don't know where Mzwa went it's been awkward since he basically confessed his feelings about her.

"Langelihle Gumede." He wants something from me.

"Mhhmm."

"Are you okay?" He asks not looking at me.

"Yean I'm good."

"You know you can always talk to me. I'm your brother and I'll always have your back no matter what."

"I know."

"Now tell me...what's wrong."

“Nothing I’m good. I’m just worried about Fikile I’ve been trying to get hold of her with no avail and that’s so unlike her.”

“Okay.” He doesn’t like her not at all. Linda thinks that my wife slept her way to the top before that’s why it was so easy for her to warm herself in our family.

“We will be legally married next year you know that right...so whatever hate or dislike you have for her needs to end.”

“She won’t be married to me so I don’t have to like her. We here.” He says getting of the car and not even waiting for me to reply him. I just hate tension especially when I’m stuck in the middle.

This is a beautiful house. I must ask them about this estate since I’ll be moving this side.

Butler has a beautiful home and a gorgeous wife, Samantha. She welcomed us and offered us breakfast while her husband

was fetching the contract. I'm not sure how to put it but she seemed nervous.

"Gentlemen I'm sorry I had to call you guys here but I figured since the hotel you staying in is near my house it was for the best to come here than driving to the office."

"Patrick thank you. Are you happy with everything? Any concerns...changes?" I say.

"No...I've already signed and sent it to my Attorney to che-" We get interrupted by a crying baby.

"I'm sorry I'll go check on her." Samantha says running off. I didn't know they had grandchildren. He told me it was just the both of them in SA their children moved back to England two years ago when we first met.

"My granddaughter... she slept here with us. I swear my wife has replaced me with her." He chuckles.

“You kids are visiting.?” I ask.

“No no... this is Sunshine’s girl...both of them are my family.”

Sunshine? She called her Sunshine yesterday didn’t he?

Daughter? She has a daughter? Could it be? No I don’t think so.

“Sunshine?” My brother asks.

“Yes Nokukhanya has a daughter a two yea-.” He gets cut off by his walking in holding a crying baby.

“She can’t stop crying. Have you seen her teddy?” She asks.

“No. Did you call Sunshine?” He asks her.

“She’s not picking up. I’m sorry for disturbing your meeting.”

She says looking at us. This baby can’t stop crying and I can’t even see her face since she is hiding her from us.

“I think we should leave. Everything will be finalized by my attorney and you will get your copy of the contract as well.

Thank you for doing business with us Patrick.” I say shaking his hands and preparing to leave.

“Thank you gentlemen.”

Patrick takes the baby from her and she stops crying immediately. Then she complains that the kid always wants him.

“I’m never having kids.” My brother says as soon as we get to our car. A car drives in. It’s her. She gets off from her car looking at us then greets and walks inside not even waiting for us to reply her. I see she is still rude as she gets.

“Let it be. Not today.” My brother reprimands me.

“I have to speak to her Linda before we go back.”

“Langa...”

“Just five minutes please.” I get from the car marching inside. She needs to explain herself.

“Did he see her?” I hear her asking Samantha but I don’t hear the response.

“Nokukhanya.” They are both startled by me. She’s holding her baby.

“Langa...” She’s nervous. But why. I look at her child and she’s...

“I will take her so you guys can talk.”

“Who’s child is that?”

“Sunshine give me the baby and talk to him.” Samantha says taking the baby from her and she shakes her head.

“Sunshine...” Repeatedly she shakes her head. Then I see her. I see my daughter. She had my daughter all along and she had no decency to let me know.

“Nokukhanya...is...is she...is she mine?”

This cannot be happening. She definitely looks like my other daughter. No doubt that this is my daughter and she kept her away from me for fucken two years!

“Answer me dammit!” I seethed. Banging the table.

●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

Jesus!

He is extremely angry. How do I answer him and make him understand that it wasn't my intention to keep her away from him. He bangs the table again and I get a fright.

"I asked you a question and I need you to answer me right this minute. Is that my daughter?"

"Yes." It comes out as a whisper. And I watch him change from being angry to something I cannot even describe then out of know where he laughs.

"Langa...I'm sorry." I say.

"You kept me away from my daughter and you say sorry? How is that going to help me huh?" I don't say anything. I'm scared of him I wont lie this is not the same man who took my virginity.

"Two years Nokukhanya! Two years! I asked you if you were pregnant and you never gave me an answer! Two years!" Ahh when did he ask me? I don't remember him asking me that. He



did. Remember when you graduated, he asked you if you slept with someone else other than him. My subconscious reminds me and I keep quiet again.

This is not happening.

“You have ruined everything you know that and if you think I’m going to let this thing go you have another thing coming I’m telling you.” Is he threatening me. Why would he say something like that. I didn’t do this on purpose.

“Are you threatening me?” He chuckles. A cold chuckles.

“That’s a promise.” He turns and leaves.

What just happened?

I hear their car drives off. I’m still rooted at the same place. What did he mean I have another thing coming? I pray to God he wont do anything to my daughter.

“How was he?”

“He threatened me Samantha. Do you think he will take her away from me.” I ask and the look on her gives me chills.

I hope not because I wont take that shit from anyone. My daughter is my life and I will fight for her. Is it my problem that his daughter chose to hide herself till birth? Damn right Not!

.

.

It's been a horrible three days of my life. I must say I'm walking on egg shells with this situation I'm having with Langa and plus he is in my mind all the damn time. I haven't seen him since he threatened me and that's driving me crazy not knowing what he will do. He call the day after to finalize the paperwork and everything is in order now and he will be moving this side some time next year. After we signed the contract I moved back to my house. Patrick has been on my case wanting to know what's going and I'm not ready to tell him as yet and I hope and pray

that Samantha wont say anything to him during their love making session. She promised me.

I'm bathing my baby now. We going for her monthly check-up and she's so happy with no stress. I wish I was her so carefree and no worries. There's a knock on my door disturbing our mother daughter moment who ever it is must wait ngoba I am going to finish bathing her then dress her before I attend to them.

Dammit! Can they not leave me alone. I need to complain to management stru phela this is not the first time that the security isn't notifying me that I have a visitor.

I pick her up and go to attend to my intruder.

Its him.

He is here.

I thought he left. Why is he still in Cape town and how did he know where I leave.

What must I do...he is just standing there looking at us. Move so he can come inside. My subconscious reminds me of my manners that went out of the window when I saw him.

I move aside and he comes in mumbling a thank you.

“Unjani.”

“Ngiyaphila wena unjani.” I greet back.

“Can’t complain. Can I have something to drink please.” He asks and I nod going to my kitchen with Nonjabulo on my hip busy playing with my braids.

Shit! I have to put her down so I can be able to get a glass from the top shelf. And I don’t want too...what if he takes her from me while I’m busy opening the cardboard.

“Do you need help.” He says behind me and I jump a bit.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to scare you.” He says giving me the glass and I pour him juice and literally ran away from him.

“Why are you here?” I ask. The suspense is killing me. Instead of answering my question he stares at me. Talk about awkward.

“Langa...” I say and Nonjabulo tries to copy me and say ‘Lala’ and He smiles. The smile that can make me drop my panties again and give him my virginity for the second time.

Ask him if he wants to hold her? What no! Ask her Khanyo!  
Bitch shut up!

“Do you want to hold her.” I say and he shoots me a look since he was looking at her.

“You can hold her if you want though.” He stands and walks to me and I hand over our daughter to him. The sight is beautiful.

“Hello baby...Sawubona MaGumede...” She smiles her daddy smile that always turns to a beautiful giggle. He is so smitten with her and right now I think I don’t exist in their little bubble.

My baby girl is being showered with kisses and she can’t stop laughing.

Oooh Lord Jesus what have I done.

## Chapter 13

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

He has been here for almost two hours we even missed our check-up appointment I just couldn't bring myself to disturb their moment. She is so happy and free around him which is a shocker normally she doesn't connect with people she doesn't know that fast. I've been sitting here watching them ever since I can't even move from here and right now it's her nap time but I'm scared to tell Langa this. I'm even hungry for heaven's sake.

Aahhh! Why the drama heh? Just tell the man ulambile. This bitch in my head tells me sipping her wine and watching from a distance.

“Langa...”

“Yes...” The smile disappears from him.

“She needs to take her nap now.” I say and earn an evil frown from him. Yho!

“Can I put her to bed?” He asks.

“Yes of course. Follow me.”

What the hell are you doing! The last time you were in the same bedroom as him you dropped your pants and right now you want him to follow you in your room....what? Do you want another child with him? Sunshine I know you can be stupid at times but right now you are embarrassing me...seriously!

My subconscious complaints and I openly ignore this bitch. She is trying to get me into trouble I see.

“You can put her there. I still haven’t completed her room as yet, so she sleeps with me or sometimes with her grandparents.” I explain. Don’t even ask me why I saw the need to tell him all of this. He blatantly ignores the shit out of me and places a kiss on her forehead then walks out. Sigh. What now.



I follow him and find him hiding his face between his legs. This is not a good sign. He looks ready mad, like murderously angry.

“Langa I’m sorry,” I say.

“What are you sorry for Nokukhanya heh?” He asks. Still faced down.

“For keeping her away from you.”

“That’s all?”

“Yes.” There’s more?

“Mhmm.” He says coming straight to me and I don’t like the look on him so I move back.

“I mean what do you want me to say.?” I ask.

“How about you apologize for everything. Me missing doctor’s appointments, first kicks, your cravings, her birth! Not just you keeping her from me!” He shouts.

“Don’t shout at me.”

“I will shout at you, however, I see fit! How dare you keep her from me!”

“Langelihle you need to keep your voice down or else you will wake uNonjabulo. Angithi I’m here next to you there’s no need to scream like that.” I say calmly and he just...

“What did you say? Repeat what you just said to me.” Why is he looking like that? Like he is pained.

“I said keep your voice down.” My voice comes out in a soft tone. I don’t like the look on his face. Even though I hate him for sleeping with me as a married man, he gave me a gift

Advertisement

a daughter and I will forever be grateful for that.

He is still looking at me and I stare back. He walks over back to the couch and I follow him. I sit next to him and we remain silent. This is awkward. I wish he can say something. I want us to talk so we can come up with a solution. After a minute that feels like it's been years of quietness, he opens his mouth.

"What's her name?" I look up at him and his eyes are glossy with tears.

"Nonjabulo."

I cannot believe I have spent hours with this man and I didn't even tell him his daughter's name. I feel bad.

"Who named her?"

"I did."

"Why?"

Why??? What is wrong with naming my baby.

“Because she is my source of happiness.”

Tears stream down his beautiful face. I want to wipe them for him but I don't have that right. He is not mine and he will never be mine.

.  
. .  
.

“Can I please make an appointment to come tomorrow for my daughter's check-up,” I tell her, and I'm asked to hold on for a second while she transfers my call?

He walked out. He just left without saying anything to me. He up and left after kissing my forehead. Not knowing what will come up next from him is driving me crazy. I even cleaned my entire house within an hour now what's left is my daughter's room.

“Tomorrow at nine will be fine.” She confirms and I thank her and drop the call.

There’s a knock on my door. Now I will definitely put in a complaint...twice in one day...this is not on!

Him.

“Hello Nokukhanya. May I come in please?”

“Mzwandile?”

●Langa Gumede

“What’s wrong?”

“I never thought she could be this heartless you know.”

“You’ve been crying? Langa, what’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“Nokukhanya is a heartless bitch!” I cry.

“Langa...”

“I can’t believe I was in love with her. How can she keep me away from my daughter for full two years and not even feel sorry about it her apology was not genuine.”

“Did you meet her and why are you saying was you know you still do?” He asks and I just stare at him. Vele I still do but right now I don’t like her.

“I hate seeing you like this and mom and your wife are on their way here.” I look up to him and he shrugs.

“Why are they coming here?”

“Angazi. Apparently, she found you guys a house so she’s here to view it.”

I don’t have time for this.

My mind has never been this messed up. When I left her house I drove to the nearest bar to get something to help keep my emotions in check but it didn’t work so I drove straight here and I’m glad Mzwa wasn’t around I can’t be breaking down in front of everyone only my brother and mother knows this side of me.

“Do you know what she named her?” I ask my brother who clearly has no idea what I’m talking about.

“Who?”

“Nokukhanya. She named her Nonjabulo.”

“Named who?” He can be slow sometimes.

“My daughter.”

“What? Why? Did you tell her about the girls?”

“Never Linda. I never told her anything. You know she’s a replica of her. You’d swear that she woke up from the dead.”

“This is fucked up.”

“Tell me about it.”

“What are you going to do about all this? Are you going to take her from her?”



“Maybe...at this point anything is possible. All I know is that I want to be part of my daughter’s life.” I say making my way to the kitchen. I need to cool down.

“And table girl?” He follows me.

“What about her.” Wasn’t he listening to me when I called her heartless?

“Come on! We both know that you still have feelings for her.”

“My feelings for her went out the window when I found out about my daughter.”

“Whose daughter?” My mom walks in followed by Fikile who is wearing the tightest dress I’m sure I’m baby is suffocating inside there.

I watch as she settles next to me with a frown on her face while my mother kisses Linda’s cheek.

“Your mother asked you a question.”

“Yes, I did... Which daughter are you talking about?”

“Your granddaughter Ma. Langa just found out he has a two-year-old daughter. How crazy is that.?” This snitch!

“What!” On any day I would have laughed at her facial expression.

“With who?” My mother asks.

“With Nokukhanya.” He says and I try to reprimand him and he ignores me.

“Nokukhanya? Langa, you told me you weren’t dating her.” - Fikile.

“I wasn’t. Can we not talk about this right now, please. How was your flight?” I respond.

“I cannot believe this!” She walks away. Here goes.

Sigh.

I follow her to the bathroom. She’s crying. I hate it when she puts my baby in jeopardy.

“I’m sorry baby I had a long day.”

“It's not just that Langelihle you always dismiss me like I’m one of your employees in front of your family and you know how your brother feels about me. I’m your wife Langa not your employee anymore. When will you start treating me like your wife?” She says in a stern voice sitting on top of the toilet seat.

Isn’t it weird that I hate it when my wife calls me by my full name but I love it when Nokukhanya says it? I long and crave to hear her call me by my full name. And here I am looking at the one I married because she is pregnant with my child yet I feel nothing for her and then there’s this other one that kept my

daughter away from me for two fucken years yet I long for her touch.

“I know. I know. I’m sorry. She caught me off guard and I wanted to speak to you kcala before anyone else.”

“What do you mean to speak to me first? You never tell me anything. You always sideline me or even take me seriously. Why did you ask me to marry you if you not going to treat me like your equal?”

Whoa!

“Calm down, please. Like I told you we are not doing this right now.”

“When Langelihle heh?”

“Fikile...”

“No when?... when is the right time to talk? Njalo you do this. I’m your wife!”

“I know God dammit! There is no fucken need to remind me all the damn time. Angithi I’m telling you not now. Is that hard to understand?” I scream at her and she starts crying. She's been doing a lot of crying lately and she knows she drives me crazy when she does then I start panicking about my child.

“Langa!” My mom shouts from outside.

“Langa open the door.”

“It wasn’t even locked Mma.” I say walking past her. I need a minute to breathe. I need to get out of here before I lose it.

“Manje Uyaphi?” She asks behind me. I thought she was consoling her daughter in law why did she follow me outside.

“I’ll be back.”

“Are you going back to her?”

“No...”

“Your brother told me everything Langa. Please don’t do something you are going to regret. Rather sit down and talk.”

“Ma... Nokukhanya doesn’t know how to do that. She has this defensive mode every time you try to reason with her.”

She deeply sighs.

“Langalami I was talking about you sitting down and talking to your wife, not her.”

What!

“Stop frowning and listen to me. Khuluma no Fikile then after you can talk to your table girl.”

“Mma...”

“Fikile is a wonderful woman even though she doesn’t bring the smile on your face yena she does try.”

“Give her a chance. Give yourself a chance to love again.” She continues.

How do I give her a chance when my heart is yearning for someone else. I still dream of her and I look at her pictures every single day. I remember the day I blessed myself with her innocence. I went back to my house after work and I removed all my late wife’s pictures and put hers till this day they are there in my showroom for me to look at every night when I find it hard to sleep.

“So what now? How old is she?”

“She named her Nonjabulo and she is two years old now.”

“What did you just say?” She asks shocked.

“She even looks like her Ma. It’s like she woke up from the dead. She’s her replica Ma I’m telling you. Why would she do that to me? Why did she keep her away from me.”

“I want to see her Langa. I want to see this for myself.”

~~~~~

Driving back to her house for the second time today is nerve-racking and my mother is also stressing me out with endless questions. We arrive and the guard I paid this morning to keep an eye on them is still here.

My mother knocks and opens the door when we told to come in.

What the fuck is he doing here and why the hell is he holding my daughter for.



“Langelihle...” She says sounding very annoyed and irritated with my presence but hearing her call me by my full name sounds like heaven in my ears.

“Meet my mother. She wanted to see her granddaughter.” I tell her ignoring Mzwandile.

“Mrs. Gumede nice to meet you. Would you like something to drink?” Why is she nervous.

“I would like to hold her please.”

“Yes of course.” I watch as she takes her from my so-called friend and hands our daughter to my mother.

“She looks so much like her sister Langa.” Tears fall from her face.

“I have to go. I will see you tomorrow?” Mzwa says to her. Tomorrow? What’s happening tomorrow?

“Uhm yes...I will call you.” She replies while walking him out then places a kiss on his cheek.

“Sawubona MaGumede...Hello baby...Umuhle kanjani...”

“uNonjabulo Mma...”

“Is there something wrong with me naming her Nonjabulo?”

“Yes!” I say.

“No! Don’t mind him. There’s is absolutely nothing wrong with her name. But why did you keep her away from us.”

“Mrs. Gumede I didn’t know I was pregnant until I was seven months. She just came from nowhere. It wasn’t on purpose I swear and I know that’s hard to believe but it’s the truth.”

“Nokukhanya you had two years to inform us about her.”

“Langa! Shut up.”

“No Mma I’m not keeping quiet. She made me miss the most important years of my daughter's life all she does is entertain men with my daughter around.”

“Langalihle!” my mother reprimands me but I’m not having it.

“Mrs. Gumede it’s late now I need to put her to bed so I am going to politely ask you to leave.” The fuck! Is she chasing us out?

“It's okay dear I understand. Can we come tomorrow to see her and talk?” She nods and opens the door for us.

“This is not over yezwa? I’m coming back for her.”

She clicks her tongue and shuts the door on my face.

## Chapter 14

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

‘This is not over’ He said before I shut the door on his face and I’m not sure if maybe he thought I was going to get scared or may shake in my booths but whatever was going on through his mind at that time was definitely off. My name is Nokukhanya Ngwenya and what I’ve been through these past years had made me the strongest woman, I haven’t shed tears in three years the last time I cried was at my Nana’s funeral. I didn’t even cry during the birth of my daughter.

I woke up today feeling down I’m not sure what is happening with me but everything irritates me. Even this lady I’m sitting next to is very annoying busy typing furiously on her phone. She looks good for a pregnant lady. I bet she is carrying 10 babies in there and busy cursing her boyfriend out for not being here with her. My subconscious says sipping her margarita sitting under a big umbrella with black shades on. I chuckle and I earn

a stare from her. Damn this bitch always getting me into trouble.

“Is there a problem?” She asks and I stop pushing my baby’s stroller with my foot and look at her. She was also restless last night and right now she is sleeping so peacefully and I’m just praying that today it’s her normal check-up without the injection.

“I asked if there was a problem.” OH, I forgot about her.

“Uhm no.”

“You sure?” I nod and continue with my task and ignore her when she clicks her tongue on me given at any day I would gave her a piece of my mind mara, not today and especially with my daughter here and also her 10 babies. As mothers, we should always respect our young ones.

Sometimes you just have to ignore the situation to have peace of mind and avoid drama at all costs. Yho! Imagine if you had

told her what was exactly was in our mind, this office would have been the host of the next big wrestling match there has ever been. My bitch friend says and for the first time ever since she moved in my head without a lease agreement between us I have to agree with her. People will amaze you straight I'm telling you, she wanted me to react so she can take whatever was eating her soul on me. It's not my problem that she is having a bad day and fighting with her man. I'm also sitting here with problems and fighting with my baby daddy. Speaking of that one I wanted to invite him here to come with us but I decided against it after that scene he threw in front of his mother yesterday for a grown man that was very childish even for me. I'm brought back when the receptionist calls in a 'Mrs Gumede' and the grumpy pregnant mother of ten stands up.

Fuck!

She is married.

She's a Gumede, Khanyo!

“But she wasn’t wearing any ring,” I ask myself out loud and the ever-so-friendly lady asks me if I need anything. She is always smiling and I wonder if she ever gets angry you know, if people ever get to her causing her to lose her mind. People do that you know. They make you question your sanity then you start behaving like them and act crazy.

Khanyo! What! What if she is your baby daddy’s wife! I freeze. NO. I can’t be. She looks too good for him. She can’t be.

They called her Mrs. Gumede. She says and I ignore her and lock her at the back of my mind. I don’t need her negativity right now I mean he wasn’t wearing any ring also and besides, he came with his mother yesterday to see my baby. If he was married he wouldn’t have brought her there...right.

Right!

“Miss Ngwenya, Doctor Pillay will see you now you can go in.” I push my baby’s expensive stroller you know those HotMom strollers that cost thousands of rands, yes that one. Maybe that’s why she was being mean to me because of this. I didn’t even buy it myself! It was a gift from her grandparents. I would

never do that to myself and dent my bank balance by buying these expensive things.

“Miss Ngwenya you were supposed to come yesterday.” She complains the moment I get inside. I thought I was her favorite why is she being like this all of a sudden.

“Doctor Pillay, how are you this morning? I’m very well thank you. You know the time I was waiting for my time I was sitting next to this lady and she was mean to me. But I kept it cool and ignored her.” She smiles at me. We always do this, well I always do this every time she wants to scold me I just change the subject and start talking about something else, unfortunately, she and Sam mean the world to me so I cannot afford to be rude towards them changing the subject is easy. I’m saying unfortunately because they are stuck with me for the rest of their lives. Since Cindy cut me off from her life, I’m making sure that the people who are still in my life are currently happy with me so that they don’t ever leave me.

“I am very happy that you avoided that situation. I’m very proud of you. So tell me why didn’t you show up yesterday?”



You are very lucky that I had an opening today otherwise - ." I cut her off before I get a lecture.

"Her father showed up and I just couldn't bring myself to disturb their bonding."

"Her father? He is around?"

"Yes..." Sigh. I tell her everything from the beginning until the moment I shut the door on his face last night. When I'm done with my story my daughter has had her injections and drops and I'm sure she even woke up the dead and the people in comas with her screams.

"Doctor I'm sorry to disturb but that woman only wants to be assisted by you and no one else."

"No! She is still busy with me, can't you see that?" I ask the rude and ever so ugly Doctor Zulu

Advertisement

this woman hates my guts and I hate her right back and she knows it, what she should have done was knock as a sane person and waited for us to tell her to come in but no...she had to budge in here like the mannerless woman she is and start demanding stuff.

“Sunshine don’t be difficult please, I’m coming.”

“Aai aai Monica...you cannot leave me during a consultation.” I’m putting my foot down and she laughs at me.

“I’m sorry I thought you were done.” The mannerless bitch says.

“You thought wrong...we were still busy and you should have knocked fir-..” I get cut off by the door being opened very roughly and that bitch with a big tummy walks in mumbling shit that I don’t even understand.

“I was told I was going to be helped by Doctor Pillay and by you. My husband is coming I will not be treated like this.”

“I’m sorry Mrs...?” Shame my poor Doctor.

“Mrs. Gumede.”

“Mrs. Gumede, please have a seat so we can help you. Stressing out is not good for the babies.” She says.

“Babies? What babies? I am only carrying one child, not twins.” I can’t hold it in so I laugh and earn myself some stares. See it was not just us who thought she was carrying more than one child in there even the good doctor thought so too. My bitchy friend says.

“I’m sorry,” I say.

“Sunshine please wait for me outside,” Monica says and I frown.

“Please...” she begs.

“Only because you are asking nicely. I’m hungry Monica Pillay.”  
I tell her and push my daughter outside bumping to her father.  
Who looks like he was running away from something or  
someone?

“What are you doing here? Is she sick?” He asks. Seriously  
that’s the first thing that came to his mind? To ask me that!

“Hello Langelihle unjani?” I think I need to open a school so I  
can teach people some manners.

“Nokukhanya I don’t have time for this. Is my daughter okay?”

“Your daughter is fine.”

“Then why are you here.”

“It was her normal monthly check-up. What are you doing here?” He doesn’t get to ask me things and thinks that I won’t ask him back not with me.

“Uhhh I’m here to check.... uhhh...” He stutters which is so unlike him. He is always so put together and polished and looking at him right now is so confusing and very amusing. He looks very stupid.

“Uhhh...uhhh what Langelihle? Why are you here?” I ask.

“I am not following you if that’s what you think.” He says.

“Okay then. Answer me. Ufunani lana?”

“I’m here because...I’m here with my...I’m here to see my w...”  
He gets cut off by that rude woman with a big tummy.

“Babe you are here...I don’t like this hospital can we please find another doctor.” She says and I freeze. She’s married to him? They are having ten babies together? Why do I feel so betrayed

by him being married to her? What about our daughter? She looks like she is going to sideline my child at family gatherings.

“Okay.” He says to her but still looking at me.

“Who is this? Ooh, it’s you.” Yes bitch it’s me and you look very stupid. I answer her in my head.

“Excuse me,” I say and start pushing my daughter away from all of this.

“Nokukhanya wait...” I don’t wait. I keep it moving. I just need to get away from here before I lose my manners.

“Nokukhanya? Is that her?” I hear her asking him and I don’t even hear his response. He just had to rub it in my face with his wife there, didn’t he? I mean he was supposed to be nice about it and introduce us I mean I am his baby mama after all and she is the wife but wait a minute that’s not her...she is not the one I saw back at his house. She is not the one that was on his wall that woman was the definition of beautiful not this gorilla-

looking bitch! Yes right I'm angry at him and I will be calling his wife all the nasty words that will come to my mind. Don't judge me!

### ●Langa Gumede

"Is that her?" She asks again.

"Yes that's her. Are you okay? Is the baby okay? What did the Doctor say?" I change the subject. I wouldn't want to be put in a tight corner with her. I know she is going to start asking questions which I will answer truthfully and she will definitely not be pleased by that.

"She's a mean bitch." What!

“Excuse me what did you just call her?” I turn and find her looking at me folding her arms. It’s only now that I turn and face her. I was still looking at my heart pushing our daughter away from me without me even kissing her or saying hello to her. Just days knowing her, she has already had me wrapped around her little finger.

“Yes, she is Langa! And I know she is your baby mama but she is very rude. Do you know what she did earlier on?” I’m very sure that you are going to tell me about it.

“I don’t want to know. Can we leave this place please? I need to take my mother somewhere.”

“Where are you taking her? Even izolo you guys went out while we were still talking Langelihle. Is there something I should know?”

“Fikile! Seriously you want us to have this conversation right now? Here? Come on please.” She chuckles.



This woman!

“Whatever Langelihle.” Mxm. I start moving and leave her there. I just won’t be having an argument with her in a public place. I have a brand to maintain.

.  
.br/>.

We arrive home after the longest boring drive of my life the awkwardness that was in this car was soul-consuming and it worries me because I was with my wife. It was so quiet in the car you would even hear a needle drop. I know sometimes silence is needed between couples...sometimes not all the time though. So now with me and Fikile, we run out of things to talk about, which worries me because both my mother and brother told me that I was quick to ask her to marry me when she told me she was pregnant. I don’t even think she knows what I like

and I also don't know what she likes other than making my life miserable and wasting my money. We have been together for almost a year now but I can count on my one hand the number of times we have been out on a date and actually enjoyed ourselves. I do not think I want to be married to this woman anymore and the fact that we don't have anything in common is just a damper to my mood.

"How was it? Is the baby fine?" My Mother asks the moment we get inside. I must say this house is really beautiful and it has that homely feeling. She did well with choosing this house. We moved in last night after we arrived from Nokukhanya's house and Mzwa was left at the hotel. At the moment we are not getting along and to avoid drama I left everything as it is. He has been giving me a cold shoulder.

"Langa was late as always and that stupid doctor thought I was carrying twins." She complains.

"I'm sure it was that bad." My mom replies to her.

“Oh, and I got to meet Langa’s rude baby mama.” She continues.

“You met uNokukhaya? Where?” My mother frowns looking at me. Why is she looking at me angithi it’s her daughter-in-law who decided to be the storyteller.

“Langa...” My mother calls out after me when I leave them there to go to my room.

“Aii MaGumede khuluma no Fikile angithi mina I was late as always so she can let you know why my daughter's mother was rude ...mina angazi nex and I don’t want to get involved.” I don’t have time for this. I hear her telling my mother that I’m always dismissing her and not respecting her.

.

.

.

“Unjani sisi? Where is she?” we just arrived at her house and I must say she looks absolutely breathtaking in her shorts and baggy t-shirts. Nokukhanya is a beautiful woman and her beauty and character are what attracted me to her.

“Ngiyaphila Mma, wena unjani? Please come in.”

“All is good I just want to see my granddaughter that’s all.”

“Can I get you anything to eat or drink maybe? I cooked my family is coming over.” She says to my mother ignoring the shit out of me.

“Maka Nonjabula how are you?” I say with a smile on my face but when she replies she doesn’t return the smile.

“I’m good. I will go fetch her.”

“Langa what is your problem? Why are making the poor girl nervous?” Nervous her? Nah!

“Mma I am not doing anything to her. I’m just being polite that’s all.”

“Stop that. This is not Fikile.” She scolds me and then my girls walk in. she changed her shorts to jeans I don’t know what for because she was beautiful.

We have our lunch which is delicious by the way, she is better cook than my wife. My heart is at peace, my mother and heart are getting along. The conversation between them flows and they get along and you could see that there is no pretence between them. I have my daughter in my lap and now my mother is helping Nokukhanya with the dishes.

This is what I want every day in my home. I want to come back from work to this. Currently with Fikile I don’t have this, I cannot experience this because we are always fighting and bickering and plus she doesn’t even get along with my brother or any of my friends. I stand up still holding my daughter and make my way to them.

“Nokukhanya I would like that she takes my surname.” I say and the plate she had on her hands falls and breaks which startles my daughter making her cry.

**●Langa Gumede**

I always knew that my daughter's mother was stubborn and very hard-headed also but not to this point. After that lunch we had and that bomb I dropped on her she has been avoiding me. I even went as far as permanently moving this side without my 'wife's' approval of course and taking over the company just to be close to her and our daughter but she resigned the minute I walked in here. She upped and left the company immediately without following any correct procedures.

I have been trying to talk to her but she blocked me in every communication platform and that sucks. So she left me no choice but to go the legal route. That's why I'm here now with my lawyer who is going to help me get full custody of my daughter. I just hope it won't go that far without us getting to an understanding or some sort of agreement.

“Are you sure about this?”

“Yes, please proceed and I want this to be delivered to her by end of business today,” I tell him.

I watch as he walks out of my office leaving me with my thoughts.

All my life I always thought I had it all you know the family and always got things my way till I met her. I cannot seem to get to her everything I think that I'm there then the wall is back on. There is no doubt that she is driving me crazy and what's worse is that I cannot do anything about it since I'm married and my wife is due any minute from now to give birth. I pray to God that going through all of this she will come to play and meet me halfway before the matter can even go any further.

My brother walks in looking like shit. He went out last night and came back this morning I was so tired to even ask him or say anything to him.

“Good morning.” He says.

“Morning. Did you finish that report I ask you to do?”

“What report?”

“For all the properties Lindokuhle,” I say annoyed. He has time to party till he can’t even know who the hell he is but he cannot do a simple thing that I ask him to do.

“Oh, that one? I’ve sent it to you yesterday morning.” He says unbothered.

“What do you mean you have sent it to me izolo Linda? I did not get anything from you. How did you send it?”

“I have sent it to your email Langa, and on the same email I told you I was going out so this attitude you giving me angazi ibuyaphi, I’m old and I can do whatever I want and whenever I want. I think it’s time I moved out and got my own place.”



“What?”

“Yes! I will start looking for a place then I’m moving out.” He says getting up and ready to exit my office. So he is old yet he cannot even give a chance to give my two cents on this.

“I applied for full custody for my daughter,” I tell him as he is about to bang my office door.

“Why would you do that to table girl.”

“Because she is not meeting me halfway. I have missed two years of my daughter’s life and I am not planning on missing any more time with her.”

“Langa have you thought what will this do to her? Have you thought about how this will break her? I won’t even be shocked should she decide to run away from you. Heck, I will even help her run away from you.”

“Lindokuhle!” I knew he was her cheerleader but not like this.

What is this?

“Haai Langa seriously I will. What did you think will happen if you tell her you to want Nonjabulo to use our surname just like that without sitting her down and putting everything on the table for her? First of all, you guys never dated but I know how you feel about her and now you are married to that woman and have another kid on the way but what about her? How will all of this work out for her? You know how your family is.

Nonjabulo cannot just take your name without you doing all the rituals for her and you can only bring someone that you are involved with ekhaya. So tell me how are going to go about with all of this.”

“Dammit! Linda, you are my brother you should be on my side, not hers.” I don’t like that he is right I know I should have discussed everything with her but it’s too late now that’s why I am looking for solutions to fix this and him going off at me doesn’t help it just makes me feel worse about myself.

“I’m being brutally honest with you because you are my brother and I love you. You messed up Langa! Fix it!” He says then

bangs the door behind him not hard enough though since it's all glass here. I'm sure he will snitch on me to our mother right now then I will also get it from her.

.  
.br/.

I have been trying to concentrate since he left my office four hours ago but it is very hard. He even ignored my invitation to have lunch with me. My brother hardly gets angry he is always happy and free-spirited and if he does get angry it's the end of the world because he can ignore me until the kingdom comes.

"Mr. Gumede, your three o'clock is here for you."

"Thank you. I'm coming." Shit! How did I forget about this meeting?

I hurry to the boardroom and find them already waiting for me.

“Gentlemen.” I greeted and I did not miss the frown on one of them when he noticed that it was only me. I wonder who he was expecting.

“Mike Sithole and this is my business partner Joe Dlamini.” He says giving me his hand for a handshake.

“Langa Gumede. So how can I help you with today?”

“Where is Miss Ngwenya? I thought she will be chairing this meeting as she always does with all our meetings.” He ask disappointed

“She does not work here anymore.” I tell them.

“Ohh. Okay then.” I say not bothered. If they only want to work with her then that’s fine.

“Yeah, so we going to leave.” I open the door for them to leave and in badges Nokukhanya carrying an envelope that ends up being thrown on me.

“How dare you Langelihle!” She says ignoring those two men who were only here to see her.

“Miss Ngwenya are you okay.” Mike asks her and she breaks down and cries.

What have I done!

●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

'I want to change her surname' he said and I asked them to leave my house after my daughter showed them a movie, she couldn't stop crying after I dropped that plate, to even make the matters worse he kept coming and nagging me to a point that I ended up resigning at my work. I need the money I won't lie but working for that man would have drove me to the mental health institution or worse we would have killed each other. What he doesn't know that I'm still part of the company since Patrick gave me all his shares. He isn't well so Samatha forced him to retire. I just need to get my head in game so I can announce my return. Now I just want to resolve all this enmity we have between us.

Before I lost my cool towards him I had to remove myself from the situation and leave. I still talk to his mother almost every day because apparently

Advertisement

my daughter looks like Langa's late daughter, they even share the same name I'm still yet to see her pictures. She told me everything regarding his late wife which is very sad. The guilt I have been feeling for sleeping with him then thinking he was a married man has left my system. I don't feel bad to breaking up someone's marriage. The mother of ten came after me and

with her, I cannot feel guilty because she wasn't even in the picture when I lost my virginity to her husband.

Even that idiot brother of his calls me every day to speak to his niece. They get along so well which drives me crazy ngoba Linda is Langa's brother and he tells him everything that happens in my house.

He wanted to change my daughter's surname just like that and the reality is that he cannot do all of that without me. I got nervous when he mentioned it that day. I mean how can he just cough out something like that something so important without discussing it with me.

Langa was being so unnecessary and not fair to do that to me so I did what I do best and ran. I ran so fast that I ended resigning at work when I found out that he has permanently moved this side. I cannot be in his face all the damn time and ngapha he wants Nonjabulo to take his surname.

Today is a good day, I have been feeling miserable this past couple of days but today is a good day I can feel it. I wake and

make breakfast and just prepare for my day. My daughter spent the day with her grandparents and didn't want to come back home with me.

I get done with everything and start with my work. Patrick has been getting a lot of emails from clients threatening to pull out because of this new management and with me leaving the company, so I have been responding to them all day pretending to be him and promising them heaven on earth, at the end of the day I get where they are coming from people don't do well with change and there is nothing we can do other than delivering a good service. My house phone rings and I answer.

"Miss Ngwenya, there is a delivery for you."

"From who?" I ask. I didn't order anything. Samantha and Monica always let me know if they are going to get me something that's how much I hate surprises.

"I don't know Ma'am. Can I let him through?" He asks and I politely decline that and I tell him I will be there.



What if you are getting a car as your push present? You know he hasn't even thanked you or bought anything for giving him a beautiful daughter. If I were you, I would demand a gift from my baby daddy, I mean you went through a lot when you had to deliver that baby. He wasn't there for any of your cravings, your mood swings your doctor's appointment, anything Khanyo and here he is wanting our child to use his surname. How crazy does he think we are yeh? To even think that we are that stupid to just agree to his suggestion without marrying you. My subconscious rants in my head. I must agree with her for once in my life minus the marrying part though.

I deserve a Gift!

I get to the gate and I am welcomed by this hotness of a guy giving me a brown big envelope if it was just us here and the guards weren't present I would definitely shoot my shoot. What? Do not look at me like that I haven't had sex since the day my baby was conceived. That was the first and last time I had some and baby girl really do need some servicing.

Khanyo stop drooling! I know you are thirsty but please stop embarrassing me. I get scolded by this bitch. And I roll my eyes at her.

I get inside my house and get a shock of my life. This man is trying me! Seriously who does he think he is? He doesn't know me and I definitely show him who the hell I am.

.  
.br/>.

I don't know how I even got here I just took my car keys and drove out. I get inside the office and greet the guard at the door. He used to be my favourite guard, but today I don't have time to wait and chit chat with him and I really hope he understands.

I make my way straight to his office without even talking to the girl at the reception, I don't know her maybe she's new plus she

was busy flirting with my daughter's uncle so I did not want to disturb them.

"Baby Mama Wait," Linda calls after me but I keep it moving.

"Nokukhanya please wait!" He shouts at me again.

I open the door and notice that he was busy with Mike the opportunist. I want to roll my eyes but I end up throwing the envelope on his face.

"How dare you Langelihle!" I scream at him.

"Miss Ngwenya are you okay," Mike asks me and I ignore him.

"What the fuck is this! You want to take her away from me?" I hear him asking Mike and the other guy to excuse us before I break down and cry.

This is stupid you look stupid you don't cry and especially for a man. Get up and tell him to fuck off. This bitch!

"You want to take her away from me?" I ask him the moment I finish pulling myself together.

"She is mine too. So I have every right to get custody of her just like you do." He says.

This man is trying me.

"Langelihle Gumede if you think by any chance you are going to get full custody of MY daughter only because I don't want her to use your name you have another thing coming. Do you hear me?"

"Ooh so really you don't want her to use my name?"

"Yes!" I scoff at him.

“Ooh well, then we will let the court decide who the right parent for her is.” He says unbothered and my hand lands on his face the same time his brother walks in.

“Fuck you! You will only get her over my dead body! Fuck you, Langa!”

I bang the glass door behind me and it breaks.

Oops!

..16

●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

Okay I didn't mean to bang the door like that. I did not think the stupid glass will break. I always thought it was strong like those bullet proof glass, but I thought wrong, as always. 'Ahh bitch what are you saying? You never think! You just react. That was a glass of cos it was going to break if banged. Seriously Khanyo why did you do that? Now he is definitely going to take her from us.' My brain is going to drive me crazy. Does anyone who wants to swap brains with me because aai I can't with this bitch.

After that tragic incident I just walked out of there with my head held right like I didn't just cause a scene.

I make my way downstairs with will the preying eyes on me.

“Miss are you okay?” Babu’Mkhize, the security guard asks me. He reminds me of Bab’Duma, my landlord. Oh, how I miss my old life where life was simple the only worries, I had was paying my rent on time and school. And I miss Cindy, I hope wherever she is, she is happy.

“Ndodakazi...” He says again because I wasn’t answering him just staring at him.

“Yebo baba. Wena unjani?”

“Ngiphilile. So, what happened ngaphakathi?” Ehh, so he knows also. How did the news travel from the fifth floor to here? ‘I bet it’s that bitch at the reception, she always had it for you.’ I must agree with my brain this time. That woman doesn’t like me, and I have never done anything to her. Oh well maybe unintentionally I didn’t but still that does not give her a right to meddle in my business.

“It was a mistake, baba. Indaba I was angry yabo and so instead of walking away I...”

“Nokukhanya!” I get cut off by the only voice that will kill me and heal at the same time. Slowly I turn and face the dragon that is my baby daddy.

“What the hell was that?” He screams at me.

“Langa please don’t scream at me.” I warn him. Who does he think he is screaming at me like this in front of all these people? I was respectful in enough with him and did it in doors not like this for the whole world to see. How old are we? Twelve?

Aii man!

“DO NOT FUCK WITH ME YEZWA! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT??” He continues and I just walk away from him.

I can be very crazy as well and I hope he knows this. I mean he just witness me breaking down his down and the both of us acting crazy won’t be good for our daughter. I kind of feel sorry for my beautiful little princess, she has crazy parents.



- 
- 
- 

When I get home, I finally think about what I did. That was some crazy shit I must agree, and this won't look good on me if it gets to a point where we must go to court and fight for her. Langa must be out of his mind if he thinks I will let this go as much as he deserves to be part of her life, he cannot not just waltz in here and demand everything because he has all the money in the world. Before I lose my mind let me just go and fetch my daughter from her grandparents.

I open the exit gate and some idiot drives in on the wrong gate. I press the brakes immediately and watch this mampara as he storms out from his car to mine. All I'm doing is just watching from inside my car not like I'm not in a hurry, but I also have shit loads of problems that I'm going through and fighting someone else because they cannot separate between the entrance and exit gate is a problem I would like to avoid.

It's him.

Why can't this man leave me in peace mara heh?

Argh!

"Open this door." He bangs on my window. Wuuu aaiii! What the hell have I gotten myself into. I reverse back to my house. I refuse to be humiliated by this man in a suit.

He followed me.

I should have locked my door the minute I got inside.

"Nokukhanya, what the hell was that?" He roared. I thought he would have calmed down after that movie he played all by himself just for the guards.

"What was what?" I ask after taking a sip of my water, thinking that it would have helped to calm me down along with quenching my thirst, but aai... its quite the opposite this man looked down on me and he is questioning me mothering our daughter.

“Why do you always have to make things difficult? Why can’t you just sit down and talk to me?”

“Mxm.” Says the man who has been screaming like a bitch and running to lawyers instead of sitting down and talking to me.

“You are going to pay for that door you broke.” He states.

“If I pay for it, will you leave me alone.” He frowns.

“What you mean?” Is he that stupid? I want him to leave me alone and go jump from a bridge somewhere.

‘Don’t lie bitch you still need him. Stop being hard on him.’

“Langelihle

Advertisement

what I'm saying to you is, will you let go of this if replace your door?"

"What? NO! You and I connected forever."

"Then why would you want to take her away from me?"

"You left me with no choice." He says.

"What choice did you give me when you blurted that out in front of your mother?"

"You blocked me." Yes, I did.

"You are married, and your wife is due any minute now. Why do you want to take the only person that matters to me the most? Langa wena you have all these people and mina what will I have if you take her from me."

He sighs. Then cover his face with both of his hands. Well at least he looks calm now.

“Can we please sit down and talk. Please.” He begs while giving me his hand and I place mine on his and we go sit on my couch.

“I apologize for screaming at you. I knew if I went through with this you will react and finally talk to me. That’s the only reason I did all of this I just did not think it will escalate to this. You slapping me and breaking my door. Why did you block my number?” Oh Shit! I try to move away from him, but he tightly holds my hand. We are too close for my liking and its not working for me, he is still married for crying out loud.

“Because you were asking for something I didn’t even consider doing for her.” I say.

“Only because I asked for her to use my surname.”

“Langelihle, indaba wena you don’t understand...”

“Make me understand then...”

“What you are asking is a lot from me, you will need to do all the rituals for that to happen. You will have to pay damages and all that. But to who? You know my Nana passed away and I have no one else manje. I know I have the Butlers, but they don't know our customs and plus you are married, your wife will be involved in our child's life.” That Bitch! I don't want her near my child.

“She hasn't done anything to you. You are correct she is my wife but what has that have to do with anything?” This guy. He is too slow for my liking.

“I don't want her near my child.”

“I also don't want men near my daughter.” Well, that sorted. I guess.

“Okay so what now?” I ask.

“Marry me.”

- Langa Gumede

We have been sitting in silence since I asked her to be my wife, she hasn't said anything, and I guess that's a good thing for me because she is always talking and always have some come back to whatever is thrown at her. I asked her to be my wife, like what the hell? There is something wrong with me because even with Fikile that time I found out she was carrying my baby I asked her the same thing. We are still sitting in silence. I turn and look at her and she is far yet so close. I only came here to talk and find common ground with her not to propose to her. What is this vele? Do I really want to be a polygamist? I can't even handle one wife, what will happen if she agrees with this? Fikile is going to have a fit that's for sure.

“What did you say.” She finally asks.

What the hell! She didn't hear me.

“No, I heard what you said, I just want you to repeat it. Very slowly.”

“I want you to marry me. Please. Marry. Me.” She gasps and gets up to go to the kitchen. I watch her as she opens the fridge and takes a bottle of milk and drink straight from it.

“This is some weird shit. He is mad. Seriously. He is mind fucking me. He is, right.” She mumbles to herself thinking I cannot hear her, but she is so loud I'm sure the people next door can also hear.

“Nokukhanya...”

She ignores me.



“Nokukhanya!” I say again.

“What! What do you want from me?” She is frustrated.

You.

“I want my daughter. And this is the only solution I can think of, besides the custody battle.”

“You must be kidding me.” She chortles.

“I’m very serious, unless you have another way but I’m not doing this sharing shit, co-parenting is for people who get along, and we are not those people. I want to raise my daughter full time. With her mother.”

“I don’t want to marry you and I’m certainly will not be sharing my husband if I ever decide to get married one day. What are

you? A polygamist or you are just greedy.” She’s back to her old self.

She’s rude.

“Don’t be mean to me. I’m trying to come up with a better solution lana and being rude is definitely not helping.” She laughs.

Oh God I just wish to hold her and kiss her.

I watch her laugh and my mind goes back to the day I took her innocence and how cute she was when I asked her about it the following day. There is nothing I want more than to wake up next to her every day for the rest of my life.

“Are you done?”

“Get out.”

“What?”

“I said get out of my house, Langelihle.”

WTF!

...17

●Langa Gumede

I have never met someone as crazy as this woman who has my heart. Why would she kick me out in the middle of an argument and plus I still need my answer if she is agreeing to be my wife or not. I watch her as she paces up and down her apartment. I just sit down and switch on the TV, scrolling through the channels. She has another thing coming if she thinks we are not going to resolve this matter today. If it means I must spend the night here, so be it.

“Langelihle, what are you doing? I asked you to leave. Get out!” I ignore her. Who knew that MasterChef was this interesting? I should try cooking that, what is that? Chicken? It looks like...aargh! I don't know what it looks like but I'm definitely cooking that for her and our daughter. I record the entire episode because I know for a fact that I will not remember the recipe.

“This man is trying me. Langa phuma kwami!” She screams.

I ignore her.

“Yewena Langa, I said get out. Why are you still here?”

“Yey! Yey! You need to stop being childish and come sit down so we can talk.” I say calmly and she rolls her eyes.

“Please leave my house. I need to fetch my daughter.”

“Our Daughter. I told Patrick that we will fetch her later. Mina nawe we have a lot to resolve, and we are going to do it today. So, are you going to be my wife, or must I go ahead with this?”

“Yho! This man! Are you okay in the head Langa? I mean konke kuhamba kahle? I might be crazy but wena....wuu shame, you take the cup! You are married Langelihle with a child on the way! Who in their right mind behave like this? Who gave you the right to contact my parents and make decisions for me?” She yells coming at me like thunder. She looks dangerous so I move from the couch so I can far away from here as possible.

“Answer me dammit! Who gave you the right to do that?”

“You need to calm down first before I can reply to you, please.”

“Mxm! You are so full of shit you know that? And I regret ever sleeping with you. My life wouldn't be this messy if I stayed away from you. You are messy Langelihle Gumede.” I hope this was a hit of a moment tis, I hope she doesn't regret anything because if we didn't have sex that time, we wouldn't have our daughter.

“I'm sorry.”

“Please leave me alone, please.” She begs with teary eyes.

Isn't it strange that at this moment all I want to do to her is hold her and tell her that I love her? That I loved her the very first time I saw her, and I haven't stop throughout all these years. What she is asking from me right now is breaking my

heart. I don't see myself leaving her alone. Not today, tomorrow, and definitely not forever. It's not happening.

My phone rings from my pocket and I ignore it. I want to fix my mess with the love of my life before anything else. She is top priority right now and seeing her crying is tearing me apart.

"Your phone is irritating me. Answer your phone." That's the first thing she says after a while of me looking at her cry. She likes doing this. Break down and come back rude afterwards, like she is afraid and feels some type of way that she lets people see her sensible side which I find very sexy because it's not always that you see it.

"It's not important." I tell her and she raises her head with her eyebrow raised and faces me. We back at the couch again and sitting close to each other and her staring at me like this just powers me to move forward to her and kiss her.

I kiss her.

I'm kissing her and for few seconds she is not responding to my kiss. She tenses and I stop.

"I'm sorry."

"You've been apologising since you got here." She rolls her eyes and I kiss her again. My tongue plays with hers and she moans in my mouth, driving me crazy. Her lips are soft so soft, and I don't want to pull out from it. I hold her steady as I lay her down on the couch and get on top of her. A beautiful thrill runs through me as she bits my lower lip. She wraps her arms around my neck, and I groan as she starts grinding below me. I'm glad that she has the same effect I have on her. I pull out. Her eyes are closed. She is very beautiful much peaceful that the rudeness she has is forgotten. I kiss her again her she attempts to open her eyes; I know she is that addictive. My lips move to her neck, and she tilts to the side to give me more excess. My body comes alive when I realise that she wants this as much as I do. She wraps her legs around my torso, that causes me to groan in her month.

"Nokukhanya..." I breathe.

“I love you.” I think I’m going crazy with lust. I cannot think straight.

“Marry me. Please.”

“You need to leave...” she says breathlessly.

She is out of her mind if she thinks I will be leaving all of this behind. She is mine and mine alone. I feel empty as she unwraps her legs from me. Before she regrets this any further, I pull her dress up, panties to the side and push my pants down and rub my boy against her opening, she is ready for me. I push in hard and she bites my shoulder suppressing her screams. She is still tight as the first time I went in.

This is heaven.

This is home.

My home.



## ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

Yes, I am a homewrecker

a hoe, a slut you name it. But why do I not regret it? In fact, I want more of whatever this might be at the same time I don't want ruin his marriage. We went through with our sin, making love and fucking in between the whole night until he had to leave. That wife of his gave birth in the earliest hours of this morning. And I was looking for a look of regret from him and I find none as he kissed me goodbye before he left.

'You are playing with fire Khanyo and you are going to get burnt. We need to buy a fire extinguisher and fast.' I roll my eyes as I start cleaning up my room. It's a mess. Langa was like a hungry Pitbull who just wanted to feast on me. Everything is all over.

I'm standing in front of my mirror, naked. I'm not sure what exactly I'm looking for. Disappointment or remorse maybe...but there is none, I think or maybe I'm just thrilled that I did it with him and only him. He cheated on his wife not me. I'm not married and I'm not in a relationship with anyone, so I don't have to explain myself, but he does. I should stop thinking about this before I lose my mind.

'He said he loves you and wants to marry you. Did he meant what he said or was it because he was on top of you?' Where is coming from manje? I thought I locked her away when she started bubbling about fire extinguishers. This bitch.

Did he mean it. My heart is divided. I want to believe him, but he belongs to someone else.

Sigh...

There's a knock. I stand up and go to attend to whoever is at my door. Its Sam. I move aside for her to come in.

“Patrick took her out for ice cream, and I was bored.” She makes her way to my fridge and take out a bottle of water.

“What is wrong with you?”

“With what?”

“You look weird.” I shrug while closing the door and going back to the couch. I stand still when I remember that we did not use a condom. Such carelessness.

“What’s wrong?”

Shame, she looks worried. I wonder what she is going to say when I tell her that I slept with my baby’s father without protection just like the first time. what if I get pregnant again? *‘Argh! Way to go Nokukhanya I’m sure your grandmother is turning in her grave.’*

“You know you can tell me anything.” I look at her and break down for all the guilt that has been eating me since I moved

from my mirror. I feel guilty because I am going to break another woman's happiness, yet I don't regret sleeping with her husband.

Mom holds me as I cry in her arms, ever since her and Patrick came into my life, they have never seen me cry. She kisses my crown repeatedly while rubbing my back to calm me down. I pull back after I feel like I have cleanse myself from the guilt.

I heave a sigh and tell her.

"Langa was here last night."

"I know. He called and asked us that we keep Sunshine for the night. Did you guys' fight." I wish we did only that.

"We had sex." I say shamefully.

"Oh, Baby." She says sadly.

I continue to tell her from the begging of our fight till he left this morning because his wife gave birth. This is bad from my side. What if he meant what he said, what if he really wants to marry me so we can raise our baby together. But do I want to be second best? do I want to be involved in a three-way relationship.

“Do you love him?” She asks.

“What? No! Of course not.” I lie. My hearts says the opposite than what my mouth is telling my mother right now.

“Then forget about him. Ask him if he has another option for you to raise my granddaughter without fighting for her.”

“He said marrying me was his last option.”

I hate this. I hate feeling in between.

“I need to see him.”

“You are going to him right now.” She inquires as I changed into a jean and a hoodie with sneakers. I have to see him. I need to make sure that he meant what he said last night. He needs to repeat what he said to me while he was on top of me.

“Sunshine, are you sure?”

“Yes, please watch her for me I will pick her up later. You can lock.” I say kissing her cheek and running out. When I get to my car, I connect my phone and dial Linda so he can give me their address.

“Baby mama. What a nice a surprise. Glass breaker. Did you replace the glass door?” This idiot. Yes, he is still very much an ass even though we get along.

“I need to see your brother. Where can I find him?”

“Why?”

“It’s important, please.”

“I will send you the location.” He sends it and I drive there.

Everyone is here. Him, Mrs Gumede, and some people I don’t know, probably Fikile’s family.

“Sanibonani.” I greet and I immediately regret coming here when I see the look on his face.

“Nokukhanya, how are you? What are you doing here ...is the baby okay.” She panics.

“Uhm, No Mma, she is fine. I came here for something else then I saw you guys here. Is everything okay.” My gaze never leaves his. I wish he can just turn to look at me so he can know that I feel the same about him.

“Langa’s wife gave birth last night and there were some complications with the baby.” Langa’s wife, that stings deep in my heart.

He hasn't even looked my way. Why is he being so cold towards me.

"I should go. I hope everything goes well with the baby." I say and turn to walk away.

He didn't come after me.

I'm heart broken.



## Chapter 18

### ●Nokukanya Ngwenya

Days passed without hearing anything from him. I even unblocked him everywhere just to make sure that I did not miss any communication from him, but there was nothing from him, not a single word from him. I replaced that glass that I broke the same day his son was born. Yeah, he has a son now. Linda told me, well he didn't tell me straight it was indirect, but I knew he was saying it out loud for me to hear that his brother has a son now when he came to see uNonjabulo. He said it so loudly that I could hear it from the kitchen while they were sitting in the lounge. Apparently, he is over the moon on the birth of his son. He deserves this moment with his son and wife because somehow, I did rob him of the opportunity to be involved with his daughter from day one.

Today, I'm going to the office for my part. There is meeting for the shareholders to announce that Langa will be taking a break to raise his son and in the interim, they are going to choose a CEO who will be in charge until he returns. Not that I think this was necessary for him to take three months leave as his wife, I mean how long do you go to maternity leave for if you are a guy? Isn't a week or something? Argh! Who am I kidding, it's his damn company and I'm sure he can do whatever he wants, right?

Since I had my daughter, I gained weight in the right places. Your girl got curves now...in all the right places. Oh well, since I know that he is going to be there and that he has been ignoring me ever since we had sex, I am going to make sure that he remembers me. I'm wearing an off the shoulder, figure hugging black bodycon dress with red heels. And yes, you guessed that right, it is a short dress, and I will be turning heads with this number. And the only head I would like to turn and probably have in between my legs is my baby daddies.

.

.

.

I am very early, but I am going to sit here in my car and wait so I can make a grand entrance, phela I want him to see all of this and not to think about that woman who looked like she was carrying the whole of South African inside her belly. I'm browsing through the internet checking out cars and houses for my upgrade. I think I need to represent since I will be one of the major shareholders in the biggest property company in SA.

"Hello. I'm here for the meeting." I say to the receptionist, and she ignores me. She is going to be the first person to be terminated, I don't like her attitude. She tells me which board room they are using, and I make my way there. When I get to the lift, Linda appears from now where and my prayers for the door to close quickly don't even reach the third floor to heaven because right now I am stuck with him.

"Baby Mama, what are you doing here? Are you here to break more glass?" He laughs. He is such an idiot. Where did they find him vele and is there a return policy for him? He is sure going to drive me crazy.

“I’m here for the meeting.” He stops laughing to look at me.

“For what? Were you invited?” He asks. And I’m so pleased with the look on his face as he looks me up and down.

“I don’t need an invite, Linda. Just like you I have every right to be here.”

“Is Patrick coming also.”

“Nope.” I leave him there.

*‘He can’t stop looking at you. Please sway your hips like a model.’* For the first time in such a long time. I follow this bitches’ instructions as I sway my hips in a very sexual and seductive way as my daughter’s uncle follows me.

“Gentleman, sorry I’m late.” That’s my greeting interrupting the four men as he shows them pictures on his phone.

The look on their faces.

Priceless.

Must I remind you that I am the only female here, well, minus Langa's PA.

"Miss Ngwenya. Can we help you with something?" He speaks.

"No, I am here for the meeting. I need to know who will be handling my investments since you will be taking a break." Listen to me speak as if I did contributions towards this business

Advertisement

kanti nix just my brains and that I was blessed with wonderful human beings who regards me as their own.

"Your investments?" Eye roll. He can be slow sometimes.

“Yes. Mr Gumede, my investments. Just like you are an owner of this company, so am I.” Linda laughs, and he gets reprimanded.

“Partner?”

“Yes, Langa, partner.” This man. I watch him as he struggles to connect the dots or maybe he is just pretending you will never know with this man.

“Can we please carry on with the meeting?” I ask and some of the members nod their heads with agreement with me but...

“NO! I want to know how you got to be partner?”

“All you have to know right now, is that I am now a legit partner and how I got these shares is none of your concern, Langa please carry on and stop wasting these people time.”

“ I am not wasting anyone's time lana, I’m sure everyone would like to know how you got your half.”

Yho!

“Linda, are you interested in knowing how I got my shares, or you want to know who will be the acting CEO? Mr Ngema, you?” Both shakes their heads which sends Langa over the edge.

“Nokukhanya!” Argh! Here we go again.

“This is not the time Langelihle.” Bathong! What is wrong with this man? These people are looking at us going back and forth arguing. I’m not even sure when they all walked out to give us space to carry on with our childishness.

“This is stupid.” I say after a while of him screaming at me, I’m out of words and its not even my style. I always prefer to be the one who has the final word and with him going off like this at me is driving me crazy, I swear I am going to murder him.

*'Deep breaths Nokukhanya. This man is still the love of your... I mean he is your baby's father, and you need him alive. Ask him why he hasn't contacted you? find out if he stills wants to marry you.'* This bitch.

You know my brain can wonder off sometimes, instead of focusing at the situation at hand, it just wonder off on its own and leaving me in an awkward situation like right now. I want to know if his offer is still available, and I want to kiss him.

"This is so stupid." I say again slowly as I sit down defeated.

"I know." He sighs and sits down joining me. I'm sure the whole office heard us going off at each other.

"Look, Patrick gave me his shares. That's all you need to know now." He stares as I explain what happened.

He is beautiful.



I stare back. My daughter looks exactly like her father, that little traitor! It is so bizarre as I am looking at him and I see her, their pointy noses and big eyes are the same, its like I'm looking at the older male version of her, so weird.

“And you were waiting for this very moment to announce that you now own 50 percent?”

“I haven't heard anything from you in days Langa. So, forgive me if I thought that this was a good time.”

“I know. I'm sorry” He sighs.

“Is the offer still available?” I had to ask.

“Uhhh, look...” He hesitates and I get my answer as my heart starts pounding in fear.

I quickly rush out while he tries to explain himself to me after he hesitated and run out the building. I do not take rejection well and certainly will not stand being rejected by him.

But why did he hesitate?

*'He said he loves you only because he wanted to bed you, Khanyo.'*

This time this bitch will be permanently deleted from my brain...

I cannot believe I'm crying because of him. You see that's why I never want to get attached to people because of this. Yeah, I did get attached to him after we slept together, even from the first time we slept together I got to so attached that he was the only thing on my mind. He was the only person always on my mind and I cannot even blame my stupid heart because he loved me so good.

.

.

.

Oh well, this was not a productive day at all. I wanted to make a statement with my arrival at the office, but all I did was cause havoc as usual.

I clean around my house before the princess returns from the grandparents. I really need to get a babysitter before they leave for abroad. They have been spending a lot of time with her as they will be gone for months for Patrick's treatment and I'm praying everything goes well, I am not ready to lose another loved one.

There's a knock on my door and I attend to it.

Unbelievable!

"Are you not going to let me in?" She asks with a grin on her face and my eyes goes straight to her big belly.

How the hell did she find me. That's all I want to know. For now.

Damn this stupid security company for not notifying me!

And damn my brain, the bitch, for deserting me right now because I just had a brain freeze.

## Chapter 19

### ●Langa Gumede

Things are different now. While I was on top of her and enjoying being intimate as I have always wished, my wife gave birth to my son. I don't regret what happened between me and her, but I do feel guilty because I did promise Fikile that I was going to be present during the birth of our baby and I wasn't there. So, this means that I missed both of my children's birth. My mother has been on case regarding this, she threw a fit the following day because Fikile decided to name my son, King Gumede without my knowledge, she named him, King.

My son's name is King and there is nothing I can do about it now until I think with a straight head right now my head is full of Nokukhanya. When I asked her why she did what she did her damn excuse was that I wasn't there, and she was high on medication, so basically, I cannot even blame her because I

kept on reassuring her that I was going to be there, and I wasn't.

"I thought you had strong genes. He surely doesn't look like you and both your girls are your photocopy I have seen Princess's baby photos and she is you. This one angazi, ufana nobani vele?"

"What do you mean?" I ask my brother who just budged in here disturbing my peace. Finding me looking at the photo of my boy that I had framed for my office. After that free movie that me and my baby mama had I just had to get away and to think. I'm not sure why I couldn't answer her that I still want her in my life. That I still want to marry her and that my heart beats for her.

"This one doesn't look like any of us, that's what I mean." I frown.

"He does look like me, angazi ukhuluma ngani. I asked Nokukhanya to marry me before I slept with her, and I couldn't answer her today when she asked me if the offer still stands."

“What!”

“Yeah.” I still can’t believe that I had the gut to ask her to be my wife and right now I feel so trapped in this marriage with Fikile because of my son. If it was up to me, I would take both my children and marry Nokukhanya.

“You are so unbelievable seriously. You are married Bro, and you are not a polygamist. Why do you keep doing this to uNokukhanya? She doesn’t deserve this from you she has been through a lot and wena you just want to confuse her.”

“I know

Advertisement

I know okay. I don’t know what I was thinking.” I never think when I’m with her.

“You better fix this Langa. I am not about to lose my princess and her mother because of your selfishness. No wonder she was screaming at you, you can be a piss of shit sometimes.”

“Lindokuhle!”

“Aai suka man! You are a piss of shit! And I’m telling mom.” He screams at me before he slams the door so hard, and it is just luck that it did not shatter like the one my angel broke.

What the hell!

I have never seen my brother this angry before and when did he because Nokukhanya’s fan, I thought he didn’t like her since the time she woke up at my house. I pick up my keys and make my way out of my office and go home.

.

.

.

.

.



I draw in a deep breath before I go inside. Coming back here was a drag. Fikile is too much for me now, she complains about everything and anything which is driving my mother crazy. I even offered to buy her mother a ticket for her to come this side and help for a couple of weeks, but she declined my offer and asked for my mother instead, yet she is driving her away, its only about time that she explodes and unfortunately for me I will be at the receiving end.

“You home. How was it?” She asks the moment I get seated.

I look at her without saying anything.

“Langa?” I heave a deep sigh.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“Nokukhanya was there.” She looks at me for a while as if she is contemplating whether to say something regarding the issue or not. Nokukhanya is a sensible subject when it comes to my mother.

“She owes half of the business.” I tell her.

“What? Kanjani?”

“Long story short...Patrick gave her his shares.”

“Who gave who what?” My wife asks as she hands me my son.

This boy is a peaceful baby. I remember my late daughter, Simiso Nonjabulo Gumede. She was never this quiet every five minute she would wail for everyone to pay attention to her and the stories I have overheard my brother telling my mother, Nonjabulo was also not as peaceful as this one I have in my arms right now. Then it's true that women are the most dramatic human beings to ever brace this world.

“Nokukhanya owns half of the of Langa’s company.” My mother say’s unbothered.

“You gave her half of your company? Why would you do that!” She losses it and her shouting scares my son.

“Keep your voice down. I did not give anyone anything. And I don’t want to talk about this now.”

“When it comes to that woman, you don’t want to talk about her. I even had to find out from your mother that you filed for full custody. When were you planning to tell me this? I hope you are not expecting me to raise your child as well I just had my baby without you!” She roars. And I watch my mother excuses herself taking King with.

“Fikile. This better be the first and last time you speak like this with me when my mother is around.” I tell her calmly.

“Do you love her?”

Wholeheartedly!

I look at her and wonder how the hell did I get myself into this mess and right now there is nothing I can do about it because we have created another life, and I won't allow myself to bring my son into our chaos. He surely doesn't deserve this. After I lost my wife, I didn't think that I would ever get married again but here I am conflicted between the one my heart wants and this one screaming at me.

“Do you love her Lange, is that it? Is that why you gave her half of your company?”

“Of cos not. I did not give her anything and I really do not appreciate your tone right now. I told you I don't want to talk about it. Now drop it before I say something that we both going to regret.”

“You haven't answered me Langa. Do you love her?” Before I can reply to her my mother comes flying down the stairs, yelling that my son stopped breathing.

I do not understand what is happening right now. How can he stop breathing? He was just fine few minutes ago.

.  
. .  
.

“How is he? Is he okay?” I rush to the Doctor as soon as they come out from theatre.

“We have managed to resuscitate him...right now he is breathing on his own but...?”

“But what! Just tell me if my son is fine.” I shout. I am not going through this again. He must be okay. I will not survive if I lose him.

“Langalami. Calm down and let the man talk.” I give the doctor a look and then he starts talking.

“He is breathing; however, we cannot see what is wrong with him, so we are running some test. We going to keep him overnight just to monitor him.” WTF!

How can he say there is nothing wrong with him when he stopped breathing? My mind drifts off and I don't even hear what they are saying. I move away from them just to clear my head. Once again, I'm at a place where I told myself I would never want to see ever again, Yet I'm here helpless and useless. I don't even know how I ended up here. I drive in. I hope she is home. I knock for a while without any answer from inside and when I intend to leave the door opens.

I clear my throat and greet her. She looks like she has been crying.

“Hey...”

“Uhm...hi.”

“Can I come in. Please.”

“Why?”

“Please.” I beg. I’m sure I look pathetic right now. But I need to be in her arms.

“My son...my son stopped breathing; I need to see...” I stutter.

“Uhm...she is asleep... Its late.”

“I will come back tomorrow then.”

I walk away with my tail between my legs. I should be ashamed of myself for expecting her to accept me with open arms when I have hurt her so much.

“Langa?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

## Chapter 20

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

“Are you not going to let me in?” She asks with a grin and my eyes goes straight to her big belly.

How the hell did she find me? That’s all I want to know and damn this stupid security company for not notifying me.

Argh!

And damn my brain, this bitch, for deserting me right now because I just had a brain freeze. I mean how can I have brain freeze at this moment? When I need ‘her’ sarcasm to annoy people and mostly me, my brain doesn’t come out to play.

Eish!



I should be happy that she's here with me after two years of not seeing her right? But I feel otherwise. After I left, she cut me off. At first, I thought it was her hormones, but she blocked me until today. I did try to get hold of her once I was settled in this side, but she never met me halfway, so forgive me for not being ecstatic because she is standing at my door with an ugly big nose and big stomach.

"Are you not going to let your sister in?" I don't have a sister.

Eye roll.

Damn! She looks older than me and last time I remember me and her were the same age.

"Come in, Cindy."

"Still rude, I see."

"Why do you care?" I ask and laughs alone.

I watch her sitting down at my expensive couch feeling at home. I don't remember telling her to feel at home.

"I'm hungry. Can I please have something to eat." Another eye roll.

I make my way to the kitchen to make the queen something to eat. Besides the fact that I want to strangle her to death right now watch her die and cry for two minutes then wake her up again for cutting me off in her life where we promised each other that it was us against the world until our last breath in this earth, I still love her dearly and I am only making her food because of the baby she is carrying.

"Please hurry, my baby is hungry." Hayibo!

'Can she go back wherever she crawled from? 'Bitch don't lie, you are happy that she is here with you.'

“Thank you.” She says as she finishes her sandwich. She should be grateful that I made it with love or else she would have choked on it...

“I missed you.”

“I find that hard to believe.”

“Its true and you know it.”

“You cut me off, Cindy.”

“It was for the best.” She says.

“Best for you maybe.”

“Trust me it was for the best, look at you.” She looks at me as I stand up from the couch and start pacing up and down. Lately I have been doing a lot of walking around when I feel cornered, I did the same thing with that man.

Sigh.

She mustn't start with me not when my emotions are this high.

"Nokukhanya..." Deep breath.

"Hhai Cindy! It was best for you. Not for me! You just cut me off from your life, just like that. So don't sit here and tell me it was for the best for me because it wasn't. I lost my grandmother for heaven's sake! I needed you dammit! And you had to listen to your stupid sister telling you I was 'strong' and old enough to take care of myself, when you look at me do you see a strong person yeh? Well, now I am but then I wasn't back then I needed you, and you knew that, yet you listened to that bitch!" I finish my rant she looks red ready to kill me. well, the bitch must bring it on.

"Hey! Watch your language, she is still my sister."

“Ohh! So, its true blood is thicker than water neh? I thought I was your sister too...”

“You are! That came out wrong. Nokukhanya listen... come sit down please, so we can talk like grown up people. You are making me dizzy. This pregnancy is driving me crazy. Please sit down so I can explain myself.”

Damn this these tears. I’m crying because I love her. She has been the only family I had and hearing her calling Carol her sister while we both despised her breaking my heart.

“Please come sit down tu.” ‘Bitch don’t sit down. Let her suffer. She should feel more guilty and let her be dizzy till Jesus comes back’

“Please.” Begging doesn’t suit her seriously. I draw in a deep breath, wiping my tears before I go and sit opposite her and watch her sigh. What did she think I was going to be next to her? She must apologize first.

“Firstly, I would like to apologize. I’m sorry for abandoning you when you needed me the most, I’m sorry. At the time I thought I was doing the right thing by letting you figure out things yourself, I have always been shielding you like the little sister you are, and it was time for you to grow up and be independent. I’m sorry it took that time for me to finally let you go and be on your own. Looking at you khona manje I don’t regret my decision and for your information I did not listen to Carol

Advertisement

I don’t know what your heard, but my sister and I don’t get along like you and me. I have been forcing Jabu to take me to you ever since he heard where you stay but my pregnancy is a risky one and ...” I cut her off.

“How does he know where I stay?”

“He works for your baby daddy.” I raise my eyebrow at her. She must continue phela. She knows a lot.

“After you left, Langa offered him a job and he has been working for him ever since. He was even promoted that’s why

we are here this side. He will be working as the acting CEO until the boss returns from his leave.”

“What!”

“Yeah, shocking I know.”

Jabu yena yedwa? What is this. Don't get me wrong I am happy that it is something that I know but I never picture Jabu in the corporate environment. And for that man to decide this without informing is just so wrong in so many ways.

“Yeah, it is shocking.”

“Please forgive me. I miss you.” She says after a while of silence. It's time to grow up I think I have I embarrassed myself enough. I did well for myself this past two years and I'm sure I will continue to do so with her or without her either way, I am capable.

“I forgive you Cindy.”

“You mean that? You not just saying that right?”

“I do mean it. You know me I would never lie to you.” We spend the rest of the day catching up and her letting me in on all the things I missed the past two years.

.  
. .  
.

I don't know what I did to deserve such loving and caring parents, but I am grateful I met them. I even thank God that day it was raining because thinking about it now, Patrick wouldn't have even looked my way if I wasn't drenched. I watch him placing my sleeping daughter in her bed and I know for sure that its going to be long night for me. Princess will be awake in a couple of hours and her grandparents won't be here. He follows me back to the kitchen where same has warmed up the food for us.



“How was your day.” Patrick asks.

“Agh! I think I need a new place.”

“Why is that?”

“People just come and go without the security notifying me. Cindy was here.”

“Your childhood friend.?” I narrate the whole scene to them, even the drama that happened in the office earlier on.

“Yeah, we cool now.”

“I’m glad that you guys made up, but please set limits and boundaries and just make sure you guys at the same place. It will take time for you to go back where your relationship was. You are both mothers now and I don’t want you to be fighting with everyone.” Sam says.

“Speaking of fighting, when are you going to have a conversation with Langa about my granddaughter? Do you need a lawyer? Is he still going through with the custody?”

“I think I do. Every time I’m in the same room with him we end up fighting and looking at how things are now I don’t think we are going to reach an agreement.” Or we end up with our clothes off, but I don’t say that out loud to him.

He nods.

After dinner Sam helps me with the dishes and they leave, leaving me tired. I decide to watch a movie just to push time, American Son, I am not sure why I even decided to watch this, it’s so heart breaking that I end up crying the entire movie. I would die if I ever had to lose my daughter and probably turn into a killer first before dying.

I go check up on my daughter and to wash my face because of the crying I just did. There’s a knock when I come back from my room and when I check the time, it’s very late for visitors.

When I open the door, there stand the man who has my heart. I tried dating after him but all the man I have met up with I saw him in them, that's why I stopped. I couldn't string them along and wasting their time.

He clears his throat and greets me. he looks very tired, like he aged since I saw him this morning.

"Hey..."

"Uhm...hi." I greet back.

"Can I come in. Please."

"Why?" I ask, not sure why he would want to come in here after he wasn't sure if he meant what he said. He is just here to mess with my heart. 'And to get into your pants.'

"Please."

I ignore him.

“My son...my son stopped breathing; I need to see...” He stutters and I stop breathing for a second.

I feel sorry for him. What is this? I blame that movie I was watching I was crying because the thought of my daughter missing will tear me apart and right now, I am watching Langa fall apart because his son stopped breathing.

“She is asleep... Its late.” I say softly. Ignoring the feeling to kiss him and me wanting to hold him and tell him everything is going to be okay; I don't have that right. He must return to his wife. He walks away after telling me that he will come back tomorrow to see his daughter

‘Don't do it! Khanyo you are going to regret this! Don't do it! Let him leave he will come back tomorrow.’

Agh!

“Langa?” I call out and get a middle finger shown at me from my own brain. He turns and mumbles something I cannot even hear. I walk out so he can hear me say...

“Do you want to talk about it?”

We both get in and I dish up for him, he asks for another plate. Doesn't his wife feed him?

“Thank you.” I have never seen him like this, broken.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I ask after a while of awkwardness between us.

He sighs.

“I don't know what happened, he just stopped breathing and the doctors can't see anything and it's driving me crazy that I cannot do anything for him, he is just a week old Nokukhanya. Wy is all of this happening to me. nawe ngapha you are fighting me with regards to our daughter. Can't you meet me halfway. Don't I deserve to be happy as well?” Woah!

How did we move from his son to me?

“I’m sure he will be fine. He cannot just stop breathing and then they cannot find anything wrong with him unless you angered your ancestors or something like that. Do you believe in those?” He looks at me like I have grown two horns.

“What?” I ask.

“Did you something for our daughter the time she was born?”

“Ngiye ngapahla. And I asked my parents and my Nana to look after her. She the only person I have Langa, and I will do absolutely anything for her, if it means I must believe in God nabaphansi so be it. You should take your son home, if the doctors cannot find anything wrong with him then you try the...”

I stop talking when his hand lands on my chin, forcing eye contact from me. He holds me close and rest his forehead on mine.

“I love you Nokukhanya.” He whispers softly. Before I even catch my breath, his lips touches mine and just like that I’m gone.

## Chapter 21

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

I spent another night with him, I slept with him again and again I slept with Langa without protection. During the night Nonjabulo woke up and demanded attention and her father volunteered to spend time with her until she fell asleep again. The three of us shared the bed until he had to go in the morning. This was the time when reality hit me, that Langa will never be mine, that he is married with a sick son, still with reality hitting me, I can't help falling in love with him, the feelings I have for him will never go away that for sure.

Call me whatever, but I want my daughter to have what I never I had, a family. Messed up as it is my feelings for her father are

very strong and I know I should stop whatever we are trying to do, but my heart refuses. This man will always be my first love, even though we never dated he will always be my first, the man who earned my heart.

Today I wanted to go to the offices so that everyone will know that I am now part of the company, again, but I decide otherwise. I want to meet up with Langa so we can decide a way forward regarding our daughter. The court date is in three days from now and I will really like if we could settle this out of court, I mean I haven't even appointed a lawyer to defend me. I called him this morning, but he never answered my calls, so I called his brother.

"Baby Mama." Gosh, I so hate this name and this idiot doesn't care.

"Wena, you need to stop calling me like that. I am not your friend." I tell him with a bit of attitude you know, but you know what he doesn't care because he starts laughing,

Gosh! I so hate him.



“I know you not my friend, but fortunately for me you are my baby’s mother.”

“Did you have sex with me Lindokuhle?” He chokes then laughs.

“We didn’t have too, yet you still gave birth to my princess. How blessed am I? Baby Mama.” I hang up on him while he is busy laughing like hyena.

Idiot!

Argh! I will never win with this one. And going back and forth with him is making me dizzy I even forgot why I called him. Oh, yeah, I need to talk to his brother.

I Dial him again. And he is still laughing.

Eye roll!

“Lindokuhle, I need to speak to your brother. Where is he?” Did he even hear what I said? Now I must wait for him to finish laughing. Jesus why did I have to meet these people and worse fall for one of them.

“Lindokuhle!” He is still laughing. The Fuck! I internally scream shaking my phone as if it will stop him from acting like this.

“What will I get for my information?” He asks.

“You get to be in my daughter’s life forever.”

“That’s a given. I want something else.”

“Otherwise, I’m not telling you where he is.”

“Okay, fine, fine, ufunani?” I give up.

“Go out with me, tonight.”

“Okay. So where is your brother?”

“Still in hospital.”

“Is his son still not out.” I ask out of curiosity.

“Nope, that woman should just tell us who is the baby’s father because that’s not my brothers’ kid. What time should I pick you up, will you organise a babysitter for her, or should I get my mother to baby sit?” the only thing I heard from him was Langa not being the father, that’s all I heard, and I was even planning on not going out with him but with this bit of information, he needs to tell me.

“Pick me up at six.”

“Really? Okay cool. I really need to out with all this drama, plus I don’t have any friends here. You are the only person I know, so you need to show me around, yeah?”

“Yeah,” I hang up on him again.

Why do I suddenly feel like I have a shot with him. If it happens that he is not the father, does that mean he is going to leave and divorce that woman and come back to me, right... 'Bitch please" ...

Stop dreaming.

\*

\*\*\*

Arriving here feels like a nightmare. I'm not sure what is wrong with my baby girl, but she has been screaming ever since we left my house. And that is so unlike her. I had to stop my car at the side of the road to put her car seat at the front.

"Why is she crying like this?" Sam asks taking her from me. I feel defeated. Nonjabulo is the only person who easy gets me to panic. I start crying at the same time as my phone stats ringing.

“Calm down and answer your phone. Patrick, come take your granddaughter!” I wish she can stop crying.

“Hello.” I sniff and blow my nose.

“Baby mama, where are you? I’m here by your house. Whats wrong? Why are you crying?”

“I don’t think I can go out anymore. Nonjabulo cannot stop crying. I don’t know what wrong with her.” I sniff.

“Nokukhanya...”

“I can’t go out with you Lindo.” I say after a while.

“Where are you? Send me your location.”

“Lindo.”

“Location now! Nokukhanya.” This time he hangs up on me and I send him the location.

Am I a bad mother that I cannot get my daughter to stop crying but the moment that she was in Patrick’s hands she stopped? I walk upstairs and find the two of them now looking at the sleeping war starter.

“Whats wrong with her? She doesn’t have a fever, yet she couldn’t stop crying.” I say, my voice barely audible.

“Nothing is wrong. And you, why where you crying. Sunshine, you can’t start crying whenever she acts like the diva she is.”

“I can’t help it.” I answer her honestly.

“Come, Patrick will watch her. I want you tell me why you are cancelling your date because the princess was crying.” Dammit! She was eavesdropping! I thought she followed her husband when I answered my phone.

“What date? With whom? Sunshine, are you dating?” Patrick shouts after us.

“Stop being a drama queen and watch your granddaughter.”

I follow her downstairs busy cursing out Patrick for being a busy body. Shame poor men, they do get it sometimes from us hey, like right now there was no need for her to shout like this all because he asked if I was going out.

“Who is taking you out?” She asks.

“Lindo.”

“Who is that?”

“Langa’s brother.”

“My word! Sunshine! You are going for his brother now.”

“What! Of course not! Really Sam?” She laughs as the doorbell rings. Lucky me.

“Hello, I’m here for Nokukhanya.” I hear him say as they walk towards me. He looks good, really good in his black jeans and white t-shirt and a biker jacket.

You are drooling, my subconscious says, and I ignore her, there is definitely nothing wrong with looking.

“Baby Mama, you good?”

“Yes, I’m okay.”

“Where is the princess? Why were you crying? Do you miss my brother? Is that why you were crying like a baby?” Damn! This idiot! I roll my eyes and ignore him, as I go freshen up.

Changing into a white satin short dress and a long black blazer.



I go check on my daughter and she is still sleeping with her grandfather, snoring as if we were not involved in World War ten thousand with her screaming my little car.

“I’m done

we can leave now.” I say, yes! That’s the look and shock I was looking for, he needs to tell his brother that he is missing out. He clears is throat.

“Damn! Mommy, you are beautiful, strike a pose I need to take a picture.” Yes, yes. Thank you, Jesus!

I pose like my pictures will be on the billboards tomorrow, I even threw in some sexy poses there. We get done and I ask Sam, to call me whenever she starts acting up. This will be the first time I leave her behind at night to have some fun. I always try to organise my dates for during the day because after seven, that’s my daughters time.

“Go on now, enjoy yourself and don’t worry about the princess I will look after her.”

\*\*\*\*

We decided to go for drinks first then go to this party he was invited too. We get there and its packed reminds me back home, with Victor and Cindy.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I have invited some of my friends.”  
What Friends?

“I thought you said you don’t have any friends around here.” I remind him of what he told me this morning.

“Baby Mama, please don’t embarrass me tu.” I roll my eyes and follow him to the VIP section.

We greet a group of five men and three girls. I am saying men because these are MEN. Tall, strong, and black. You know guys are totally different from us women, I thought this idiot of mine

was going to introduce me to these people like we girls would normally do, go around the table and tell each person's name, but no, he just said, Guys meet my baby mama and sunshine meet my friends, and gents, she's off limits. If it was someone else, I would have been offended.

“Are you really his baby mama.” Gugu, asks. She was the first one out of the three girls to give me a hug.

“He wishes.” I say and get a finger pointed at me.

“Then why is he calling you like that?” What is this? High school? Aii no! I ignore her and order myself a drink as we were casually chatting around the table.

Gugu and I ordered a bottle of wine to share. The other two girls ordered themselves some cocktails. This VIP place was nice and lowkey for these people and very boring for me. I wanted to be downstairs singing and dancing, because sitting here made me think of my daughter and all my problems. Eventually I calmed down as the evening wore on.

“Is he now single?” Trust alcohol to make people speak.

“I really don’t know. Why? Are you interested in him?” She’s a very pretty girl, but I don’t think she is Lindo’s type.

“I kinda, have a crush on him, Since college.”

“That long? Huh?”

“Yeah, but he has never looked at me that way you know.” Yho! I can’t.

“Gugu, do you want to go downstairs to dance maybe.” I offer, ngoba phela I won’t survive this, whatever this is from her and the stares we are getting from the other two.

“Yes, yho! I thought you were one of them.” She says pointing at the other two with her eyes.

We get downstairs and this is where the party is. The vibe is to die for. The music is pulsing with a thumping bass line. The dance floor isn't crowded, which means we have some space to dance.

“Do you know how to dance?”

“I just need alcohol in my body then, I will be on top of the table singing as well,” I tell her as she grins at me. I have never been a good dancer and I don't even have a problem about it.

We start dancing and enjoying ourselves, singing out loud for the whole club to listen to us.

“I'm so happy,” she shouts over the music with me singing.

I think the alcohol starts doing its job as I move up towards the bar and ask one of the bartenders to help me up.

“Nokukhanya, what are you doing?” When did he get here? He looks just like his brother right now. ‘No bitch, it's the booze’

“I’m having fun.”

“Please get down from there.”

“Don’t be like your brother.” I start singing on top of my lungs, when, Work from Rihanna plays loudly and start shaking my body, with twerking here and there.

“Please get down, do you want Langa to kill me? Please get down.” He begs and I shake my head.

“We are having fun, aren’t we?”

“Get down tu.”

“NO!” I turn around and face the bar and go down twerking. When I turn back everyone has their phone pointed at me.

“Please get down.” Shame, I should do this to him all the time. I get down and he pulls me away while everyone is clapping for me.

“I told you not to embarrass me...what is this?”

“Yho, Girl you have over two thousand views on your video. You are trending.” What! That’s the last thing I wanted. I reach for my phone in my bag and get ten missed calls from both Samantha and Patrick and a voice message from Langa. When I look at Lindo busy on his phone, he turns and looks at me.

“We need to go, right now.”

“What happened?” I ask. Already sobering up.

“Princess has been admitted.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The ride here has been very quiet, Lindo was driving like a maniac, and I don't even blame him. So many things going through my head. One of them, I shouldn't have gone out and leaving her like that. She was fine though.

"She is going to be fine." He says, bringing me back from my thoughts. I don't say anything.

"She is very strong, like her mother."

"I will die if something happens to her."

"Nothing will happen to her."

"You don't know that." This definitely feels like Déjà vu.

We finally arrive at the hospital, and everyone is here.



“Is she okay?” I ask Sam and get rudely answered by Langa.

“Where have you been? What kind of a mother are you leaving my daughter and going out?”

“Langa, calm down.” His mother reprimands him.

“Langa, if you are looking for someone to blame you can blame me and not her.”

“Linda, stay out of this! Wena, if something happens to her, you will regret it, I’m telling you.” He seethed before walking away.

What have I done?

## Chapter 22

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

*“Wena, if something happens to her, you will regret it, I’m telling you.”*

These words have been in my head, running around and fucking me up since that day they came out from his mouth. Langa, pointed his long finger at me as tears streamed down his beautiful face and said that to me as if I meant nothing to him. he seethed and walked away after threatening me. That was four days ago, and my baby is still in hospital. I have spoken to anyone since that day, I can’t eat or function. I practically move in here. I don’t know what I will do if something happens to her.

“Miss Ngwenya, do you need something to eat.” I turn to look at the nurse as she asks me if I need something, I mean how can I eat while my little baby is there sleeping and not moving and eating through pipes.

“No thank you.”

“Are you sure?” I nod and turn my gaze back to my daughter again.

This one time that I decided to go out and let loose something like this happens, this one time that I thought I was going to forget about everything that was happening in my life and my daughter gets sick. I wasn't even reachable, no wonder he called me bad mother.

*'Where have you been? What kind of a mother are you leaving my daughter and going out?'*

*'Wena, if something happens to her, you will regret it, I'm telling you!'*

All the things he said to me, his words are still stuck in my head. If I am not worrying about Nonjabulo, his words come back to haunt me. Not being in control is driving me crazy. I've switched off my phone because that video that was posted is trending and everyone wants to be my friend, I'm being tagged and mentioned all over the word, ukuthi where they found my details I wouldn't know, but that is a stress for another day.

Langa, has been coming to see his her everyday too, but whenever he comes by, I go and hide, I don't want to see him, the look he gave me that day is a look I would never forget. He hates me. and I understand that he wants nothing to do with me and I don't blame him, so I am staying away.

The door opens and I don't bother to look who it is because I know its not him. my parents have been coming here to check on me. Sam even bought me clean clothes, but I haven't gotten the chance or rather the strength to take a shower. I'm still wearing my short white dress, every morning I have been brushing my teeth and wiping the other parts that would embarrass a woman. I look and feel like a zombie, I don't the strength to even breath when my daughter is lying here looking so lifeless.

"Are you ready." He says the moment he walks in.

This one is something else I tell you, after his brother walked out, I lashed out on him. I blamed him for taking me out. I blamed him for forcing me to go out with him, I told him if it wasn't for him my daughter wouldn't be here and I wouldn't have been insulted by his brother, but he took it and understood that I needed someone to blame too.

"Ready for what?"

“To go to court?” He responds, clearly confused by my face.

“It’s today?” I ask getting up. I think I am going to faint.

“Yes, in an hour. We need to go now.” He walks out again.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, woza or we going to be late.”

“Lindokuhle, I can’t leave her alone. I know your brother is angry

Advertisement

but he won't take her away from me." I say following him and stopping just right out of the door. This is furthest I have walked since I admitted myself too.

"You are right, he is very angry and knowing my brother he will definitely take her just to prove a point. And we are not leaving her alone. Gugu is going to watch her. She was the only one I could trust since my mom is going to court too, she is just registering her name now. Woza sambe before siba late."

Gugu?

When did they happen?

I surely missed out.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

Everyone is here, as expected. There is support in his family. We walk in and in my mind, I'm thinking that Linda is going to sit by his family, but he shocks me as he goes to sit next to Sam. Our eyes lock when I look up to him and I feel a piece of myself dying. He still looks angry. I shift my eyes when I see his wife holding his hand next to him probably to make a statement that the man is taken.

I wish things were different with us. I wish I was the one sitting next to him and holding his hand like she is right now. But those are all just.... wishes.

Sigh!



“All rise!” I cannot believe we are here fighting for our daughter. One day she is going to know about this and the parent who is going to lose will be blamed for not fighting harder for her. I don’t want that for her, and I am going to make sure that I’m not that parent.

“What are you wearing?” Sam whispers next to me but my mind is not here. I ignore her and drift away with my thoughts as the two lawyers start fighting.

- .
- .
- .

“There is no need for all of this your honour, my client is open and all for co-parenting with the father.”

“Objection your honour! My client wants full custody of his daughter, the mother failed to notify my client that she was expecting, and she kept the child away from my client for two years and not to speak about the recent events that occurred, dancing on top of tables and drinking while the child was home sick! She knew she was sick, yet she still went out to drink! That is not a responsible mother!”

My tears make an entrance and I allow them to fall. He is right, I wasn't there when she needed me. I sit, head faced down as I listen to my lawyer and his going back and forth fighting on who deserve to be a parent to our daughter. I'm not even sure when the judge walked out to decide on her ruling. Its when Lindo comes and kneels before me to give me some water.

“You still good?” I nod my head still face down.

“Don’t stress, I will make sure she stays with you.” I offer him a weak smile before he walks away to his mother.

“Sunshine...”

“He is going to take her away from me Sam, he is going to win this. Did you hear what his lawyer was saying about me. I am going to lose my baby girl.” I stutter as tears stream down my face. At this this point I don’t care who is looking at me. I am going to lose my daughter; I just know it and Langa doesn’t care.

“All rise!”

“The court has come to a decision. I have gone through all the evidence that was brought to me and I have made my final

decision. This decision will be in favor of the child, and we take her best interest at heart. With that being said, the full custody of Nonjabulo Ngwenya is awarded to Langa..." I cut her off. My thoughts still raging but I'm trying my best to calm them. As I stand up.

"Langa, I will do it!" I scream at the top of my lungs shocking everyone. I move from where I'm sitting going straight to him and ignoring my lawyer, the judge, his wife next to him and everyone else calling me to take my place and to respect the court.

"Please don't take her away from me. I will do it. I will marry you Langa!" My tears make an entrance and I allow them to fall again but he's not moved, if anything, he seems to be getting angered by what I'm saying to him.

"What the fuck!" The wife screams at me.

“Order! Order!” I’m sure this judge is very pissed at what is happening in her court.

“I will marry you Langa, please don’t take her from me.”

“Order! Order in court!”

“I’m sorry your honor, but he can’t get my daughter, she’s all that I have. Please. Langa say something, please.” I beg him while wiping my nose with the back of my hand.

“You shameless girl! First you sleep with my husband and now you want to marry him so you can keep your bastard child!”

“FIKILE!” he roars, completely startling me and everyone as the room goes completely quiet.

“Why would you call me daughter a bastard?” He asks through gritted teeth.

“I’m sorry...it just...”

“Shut up! Never call my daughter that, you hear me.” He says then walks out. I follow him.

I did say I was going to do anything to make sure that I am not that parent. My heart stopped when the Judge was about to give him full custody. That woman, how can she judge me without knowing me all because she saw a video of me dancing on top of tables then suddenly, I am a bad mother.

I find him sitting outside in a bench just outside the court.

“Langa...” I call for him in a shaky voice. He doesn’t acknowledge me.

“I’m sorry... please don’t take her away from me.” I go down on my knees and kneel In front of him. Taking his hands on mine. And ignore the sight of his wedding ring on his finger.

“Nokukhanya...”

“Please...” I beg once again.

“You shouldn’t have done that in front of my family.” What does that mean.

“I know and I’m sorry, but what choice did I have? She was about to give her to you.”

“And what is wrong with that mmmh? Am I not her father? Can I not raise her as well?” This man.

“Of course, you are her father, Langa. Please don’t do this.”

“You don’t get it, don’t you? I asked you nicely to meet me halfway and as always you took your time and completely ignored my suggestion and requests.” What suggestion? He is the one that summoned me here.

“What request are you talking about?” He looks at me the longest. I might have missed something here and I’m trying so hard to think what I missed.

“This is a mess.”



“Don’t do it. I will marry you and we will raise her together.” I suggest and he keeps quiet.

“Full custody, Langa?” I ask him and he deeply sighs.

“What is wrong with that? You had her for full two years without letting me know. I deserve a chance to be in her life too.” He stands up pushing me away in the process and walks away leaving me like that.

“Langa!” He walks away.

I watch him leave and then he gets in his car and drives off, leaving me with my tears and snots.

Dear God if you are listening now, please don’t let this man take my child away from me. I pray.

## Chapter 23

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

The fact that I'm kneeling and crying my eyes out as if I have been abandoned make it so damn hard to get up and go back in. I'm sure everyone is expecting one of us to go back and explain what hell happened in there. Yet, this baby daddy of mine drove away after dragging me here, such a coward.

I make my way inside to face all these people who took their time to come here and watch a free movie, I film I tell you. Why in hell did I agree to marry him... 'because you love him and you...' damn my subconsciousness. This bitch has been quite all along and now she shows up.

When I get inside everyone is going out and that woman who happens to be married to my man bumps into me on purpose.

Damn!

“Watch where you are going. Homewrecker!” Ohh Gosh.

“I’m sorry.” I say and walk away. She is looking for a fight and I don’t have time for that. I need to speak to the judge. She needs to explain to me why the hell would she take my daughter from me and give Langa full custody. What reason did she have to get to that decision?

“Langa is MINE! Do you hear that! He is mine!” She screams behind me, and I show her my middle finger then keep on moving.

She can keep her man. No one got time for time for that... well not now.

I get to the reception and ask to see that woman and I'm told she is busy on a call and that I must make an appointment for tomorrow because after her call she has another case she needs to attend. I'm sure if I wasn't desperate, I would have given this bitch a piece of mind. Who the hell does she think she is telling me I need to come tomorrow?

Nxah!

I turn around to take a seat waiting for her, I am not leaving this place till she hears me out. Sitting here makes me wonder if my parents were still alive will all of these be happening to me. I miss my nana, I know I have Sam and Patrick, however the space and longing I have for my parents and my grandmother no one can ever fill it, no one can ever replace them. I'm pretty sure I still had my parents with, I wouldn't be here fighting for my daughter. I wouldn't have embarrassed myself like that, asking a man to marry me, telling him in front of all those people was me basically asking for marriage ...what a shame.

I watch her smiling with whomever she is speaking to on her phone with her perfectly manicured fingers and heels so high as if she wants to touch the sky. She is beautiful, no doubt, her skin is so perfect, perfect melanin is what they call her, I must find out which skin products she is using, phela after my daughter everything changed, my boobs, skin, ass everything nje.

I can't help but stare at her.

She is gorgeous.

"Thank you." Dammit! I said that out loud.

"Too bad you play for the other team." She says smiling at me, probably showing off her perfect straight teeth as well. Her

teeth are so white you would swear nothing goes in her mouth.  
Everything about this woman is perfect...

*'Yet she still gave him your daughter.'*

I watch as her lips moves while she is standing in front of me.

If I wasn't into men and their long and thick stick between their legs, I would be asking her out right now.

*'I think she is talking to you! Stop looking like a stalker and answer the damn woman'*

What did she say to me?

“Nokukhanya. Can I help you with something?”

What?

“Nokukhanya...”

“What?” I clear my throat and stand up.

She smiles.

“Can I help you with something? I am told you are waiting for me.”

“Uhm...yes...I need to know what your reason was to take my daughter away from me? you don't know me. why did you do

that?" I ask her and she smiles. I don't even know why she is smiling like this at me while I have this bitch face look on me.

She frowns, then smiles.

"Follow me please."

I follow her to her office, a big office that would accommodate ten more people, but it's only hers. I look around and there's a picture of her and another gorgeous woman next her, probably her sister or maybe a friend, I mean if you look like someone like her you will only want to keep and have beautiful people close to you. Her office is dull though. It's just wood all over and I wouldn't have put that clock there. Its looks so weird next to that beautiful portrait of the moon and stars.



“Nokukhanya!” She calls out and I roll my eyes at her for disturbing my thoughts, I had to find something negative on her.

She smiles, again.

“You know, he did tell me you were interesting. So, what can I help you with?” I frown.

“Who told you?”

“Langa. Anyway...” That man!

“Why would you speak with him before the court case? Isn’t that bias?”

“Langa is a good friend of mine.” This bitch.

“I don’t understand. So, you are telling me that you gave him my daughter because you are sleeping with man? Couldn’t you guys find something else to bond with, instead of taking my daughter from me? This is bullshit seriously! What kind of a judge are you?” I scream at her when I finish my rant and find her smiling at me again.

Whats wrong with this woman.

“Nope... I am not sleeping with your baby daddy, mina I date woman and plus my friend, Langa only has eyes for one woman and that is not me. As a good and best judge that I am, I will simply advise you to speak with him, no one is taking your daughter from you.”

“What is this?” Is this a prank show, fool Nokukhanya day or what?

“Speak to him and this time listen to him without interruptions...” I leave her while she is still talking. She can talk to herself for all I care.

That man doesn't know me, and I think it's time he knew who I am. Who the hell does he think he is discussing our lives to everyone but me? what did she mean when she said, 'I must listen to him without interruptions vele?'

I mean i always listen to him.

I do, right?

● **Langa Gumede**

This is messed up.

I watch her as she breaks down and cry before I drive away. I just need a minute to breathe. This shouldn't have turned out like this. All my plans are ruined. She wasn't supposed to do that in front of my family, especially my wife. That woman neh. I honestly don't know what I am going to do with her. She keeps messing up everything for me, if it wasn't for my boy, I would have left her ass long time ago and go where my heart belongs.

My phone rings through the speaker.

“Hello.”

“Are you okay?” She asks.

“I will be

Advertisement

I just needed a minute. Sorry for wasting your time.”

“This is not what we agreed on.” Sigh.

“I know. I just didn’t think she was going to do that you know; I did not expect that from her.”

“You did say she was unpredictable. I just wish she waited till I finished my sentence.” She chuckles again.

“Yeah, so what now?”

“Aai angazi mina Langa. You need to tell her truth though; I mean she deserve to know what all this was about. I’m sure if you tell her everything she will understand. But please make sure that my ass is not on the line because I do need my job mina, do you hear me?”

“I hear loud and clear. Thank you”

“Anytime.” She says and hangs up.

I arrive at the hospital to check on my kids. I have no idea what I did to deserve all these bad things happening to me all at once. Maybe it's because I haven't visited my wife and daughter in a while. Before Nokukhanya and Fikile I used to go check on them all the time and not anymore maybe that's my life is like this, I'm being punished.

I check on my son first and there are no changes on him, still breathing through the machines and at this point I don't even know if he can breathe on his own.

"He will get better; he looks strong compared to other pre-mature babies we had." Pre-mature?

"Pre-mature? What do you mean pre-mature? My son isn't pre-mature, his mother carried him full term." I tell the doctor who seem to have lost her mind. What kind of a doctor is this? Fikile

has been coming here for her check-ups and everything was fine. And who the hell is she. I don't know her.

“Who are you? Where is Doctor Zulu?” This woman must not start with me. Today is not a good day.

“Ohh, I'm sorry Mr Gumede. I'm Doctor Monica Pillay, I'm standing in for Doctor Zulu he had to rush to theatre. I checked your wife's file, and your son is pre-mature. He was born at seven months, and he is going to be fine. There is so many babies that are born before their time and they are just fine, you have nothing to worry about.” She speaks.

“My son is not pre-mature.”

“I'm sorry this must be hard on you and the mother; however, he was born at seven months, Mrs Gumede knows this, and I can show you his records to confirm this. Follow me please.”



Fikile lied to me.

“Eerr... Doctor...” She turns and looks at me.

I think I know her from somewhere.

“Yes, Mr Gumede?”

“Can you help me with an urgent DNA test please.” I whisper.

“Right now?”

“Yes, please. The sooner the better.”

I don't want to have this doubt that has been on my head to consume me and if she is correct that my boy is pre-mature that means he isn't mine. Believe it or not I haven't been sharing a bed with my 'wife' ever since she got 'pregnant'. I only woke up naked next to her and that was it, that is all that I remember from that night, no wonder it was very easy to bed Nokukhanya when we met again because I haven't been intimate with anyone else besides her.

“I know it's not my place to ask this but why do you need a DNA test done?”

“My son cannot be pre-mature, if that's the case that means he isn't mine.”

“Mr Gumede aren't you married?”

“For my son.” I tell her and she frowns as she puts the blood sample into an envelope, she just took from me. she tells me that the result will be back within three days. I don’t have three days. I need to take this children home.

“Can this stay between us?”

“Yes of course. Do you mind me asking? Why don’t ask your wife about this, I mean if you thought that the baby was full term which is in correct, that means she lied to you.”

“Do I know you from somewhere?” I couldn’t help but stare at her as she clears her throat looking at everywhere but me.

“You look very familiar as if I have seen you somewhere. Do I know you from somewhere Doctor Pillay?” I ask again.

“Uhm... yeah we have met before. Back at my practice when your wife came for a check-up. I’m also Nokukhanya’s doctor and friend of hers. She is like a daughter to me.”

I widen my eyes at her revelation.

“I love my job Mr Gumede I would never do anything to jeopardize that. If you feel like you will need a second opinion regarding your son, you can wait for Dr Zulu or better yet find another one.” I think she saw the panic in my face hence the need to explain herself to me.

“I will take my leave now.” She nodded in agreement as I left her office.

\*\*\*

Seeing my daughter here breaks my heart. And there is absolutely no doubt in my heart or mind regarding her paternity, this one is a Gumedede, no blood test needed here. I have been here for a long time now, way past visiting hours but if you have money and you are well known you always get what you want.

The door opens while I'm busy battling with my thoughts.

"Are you sleeping with her Langa?" Her voice is so low, almost like a whisper. I know who she is talking about. In fact, I was waiting for her to come to me with this, since I drove away from her. I knew she was going to go straight and enquire about this.

I take a deep breath just letting what she just asked me to settle in my head before turning to look at her and I can't help

the gasp that comes out of me looking at her beautiful self in front of me in plain jeans and a white t-shirt that reveals her grown breasts, she fuller now. She finally took a bath after so long. Her afro is so rich, so black and beautiful. She's beautiful.

I am staring. I can't help it.

"Is that why she gave you full custody? Because you are sleeping with her?"

"I am not sleeping with anyone." But you.

"Don't bullshit me Langelihle. I know you are sleeping with her; she is your friend with benefits, and she gave you custody of our daughter because you cannot keep it in your pants. Aren't you married to that woman?"

“I do not appreciate your tone and your accusations. Why would I sleep with her so I can get full custody of our daughter?” I ask her calmly and she rolls her eyes.

“You, tell me Langa. I know she is your friend, a friend with benefits I wonder what your wife will say when she hears this. And vele ufunani lana? Shouldn't you be giving me time with her before you take her away.” I am going to ignore this question from her.

I watch her going to the other side to check up on our daughter. She lost weight these couple of days. This is not the woman I met months ago. A part of me blames myself for her pain. Nokukhanya deserves nothing but the best and me taking this road has led nothing but misery for her. I don't know why she never got back to me when I sent her emails for this issue we have now. If she never blocked my number, we wouldn't be here.

“You know, I never gotten any response from you.”

“What response were you waiting from me?” She asks me but still looking at our daughter.

“I sent you emails Nokukhanya with a proposal and you ignored them, like always.” I stand up and go next to her.

“Ukhuluma ngani lani?”

“Don’t act like you don’t know. You know what I’m talking about.”

“Seriously, I have no idea. Enlighten me please. Even your side said the same thing. Maybe it was something you guys spoke about during your pillow talk. Does your wife know that you go around asking your baby mamas to marry you and you are cheating on her? Mhh? Does she know? Does your wife know.”



“Do I know what?” When we both turn, we find Fikile looking at us, ready to murder me for being next to my all, I guess.

“Langa, what is this? Why are you holding her like that? You do know that he is married angithi. Let me remind you girly. You see this man that is standing next to you, who is holding you in such a way that he should be holding his wife. Is taken. He is married and not available. Langa what is this? Why are you here and not with our son?”

“Langelihle please take your wife and leave me with my daughter”

## Chapter 24

### ●Nokukhanya Ngwenya

If I knew that my life would turn out like this, i would have requested a uber for myself seriously. I should have ran away from this man from the word go. I blame myself for being here and being accused of being touched by a married man, *'Well he was touching you and you were enjoying it.'*

Argh!

Yeah so, I was, so what? I did not ask him to do what he did.

I watch my baby still hooked onto machines and the beeping sound from the machine is irritating me. Sitting here brings tears to my eyes. I should have been there when she got sick maybe we wouldn't be here right now. If I didn't go out with her uncle and dance on top of the table, oh I'm still trending by

the way. If I ignored Lindokuhle that day, my baby would be in my arms right now and blessing me with her sweet giggles.

Only If.

“I am so sorry, baby. Please wake up for Mommy.” I whisper to her, knowing that I will not get any reply from her or hear her giggles breaks my heart. I sit in silence my hand still caressing her, wishing for a miracle. Despite everything we’ve been through this couple of days, especially with her father and her being here, I’m very grateful that she is still alive. I swear if I would lose her, her death will be mine as well, I would die with her.

I think I’m getting sick.

\*\*\*\*

I have been sick for about a month now, it's so weird one day I'm fine and the next its back to me throwing up and all that. My daughter is out of hospital now. She was discharged after I threw a tantrum when they wanted to put her in a coma to monitor her. I mean what the fuck is that, how can they even suggest that to me. Langa had to beg and beg me, but I put my foot down. This is my baby, and till she is old enough to make her own decision I will be doing it for her. If that other woman decided that was okay for their son that doesn't mean that is okay for my daughter as well. Langa is something else I tell you, one minute he is making all the decision then one minute she is pulling him by his nose, just like my sickness.

I am sick and worse part I don't know what is wrong with me. Stress maybe.

After my outburst, I suggested that we took her to his home, back to his roots. We are black people and if the western medicine and Doctors can't find anything wrong with her then we need to go back to our roots and consult our own people. Mrs. Gumede was for all this the moment I mentioned it. The only problem I have is her father. I don't know whats wrong

with him, even his brother is not talking to him. That is why I am here now at his home to speak to him, more like beg him to help our daughter.

I've been sitting in my car for almost fifteen minutes, thinking if I am doing this or not. I just don't want any problems with his wife, that woman can drive me crazier.

A knock on my window startles me.

Its him.

"Are you ever going to come in?" He asks after I roll down my window and the breeze bring me back to this moment with him here. I need to help my daughter and if means begging him, so be it. It's for our daughter.

"Uhm... yeah... I mean...uhm Langa... eish this is hard."

"You can't beg, can you. It irks you begging people for help, especially me." I open my door and come out.

Sigh.

“Why do I even have to beg you, Langelihle? This is for our daughter.”

“My son is getting better, him being put in a coma helped and wena your decision is final angithi but now that it is not working for you, you are here to beg me after not listening to me.” He speaks. Irritated with me.

“It’s been a month, Langa. And King isn’t any better, please don’t try to make me feel bad by lying to me. I know he is still in a coma. And I’m sorry about that. I am not here to fight with you. I’m begging you hle. This is not about us Langa, this is for uNonjabulo, I don’t want to lose her please. We tried the hospital and the doctors, and it did not help with anything, we tried. Now it’s time for something else. You know me I would have done this myself and I wouldn’t have asked you for any help. But this won’t work Langa. It won’t work without you, and you know this. Please. If it doesn’t work

Advertisement

we can do it your way then, please. I'm begging you" When I finish there's tears flowing down my face.

I never wanted to cry in front of him, but my baby means so much to me.

He stares at me, while I keep crying. Now looking at him through my tears I see how broken he is. I haven't seen him since the fall out we had at the hospital. He lost weight yet he is still the handsome man I met years ago. I'm sure I will never find any fault with regards to his looks expect that he married Fikile.

"Please say something." I say.

"I will call you." He says, then walks back to his house closing the gate behind him.

What the hell.

"Fuck you Langa!" I scream at him. How dare he!

How dare he!

“Go to hell you asshole!” I scream again.

This hurts like hell.

\*\*\*\*

“What did he say? Is he still giving you a hard time?”

“I don’t know what do anymore Lindo. Your brother is breaking my heart all over again.” I say after getting back up from throwing up.



“What’s wrong with you? You’ve been throwing up ever since I got here.”

I ignore him and drink my water.

“Your brother is an asshole; you know that right?” The look on his face tells me he agrees with me. Fuck Langa!

“You know I can take you and princess home and announce her as mine and we’ll see from there.” I only gape at him at his words as tears threatens to fall from my eyes.

He would do that for me.

“You would do that for me?” I ask shocked. Given our history, I’m shocked. We always wanted to kill each other and now this.

“Yeah, of course. I would do anything for you and her. You guys are my family. Anytime you need something I will always be there for wena, in a heartbeat Futhi.” He says making me cry. I’ve been a cry baby ever since my daughter got sick. Some days

she is okay, some days she isn't, it even gets hard for me to watch her cry and me not knowing what to do, I just end up crying with her. I'm all alone. My parents went back to England for Patrick's operation, and they couldn't be here with me. I appreciate the calls they do almost every day, however their presence would have made a difference. So, I appreciate him telling me this. It means a lot to me.

"Ahh sunshine please don't cry. I mean what I say." He pulls me close and places a soft kiss on my forehead before engulfing me with a hug.

This is the first time someone has offered their help to me without me asking for it, except my parents. All the time I always must ask or just do everything by myself and for myself. His words are overwhelming me, in a good way though.

\*\*\*\*

“You look nervous. Are you ready?” I extend my hand giving it to him as we walk behind his mother who is busy gushing over her granddaughter in her new expensive stroller.

I close my eyes as soon as my feet step inside the Gumede yard. Something in me changes, I feel sense of belonging. I think he feels it too as he tightly holds my hand and smiling down at me. He is also tall like his brother, sigh.

He leads me at the back of the house as I am not supposed to enter the main house. We find his mother and two other women with her already taking turns at my baby and giving her kisses all over her tiny body.

“Makoti.” One of the older women who looks like just my daughter says and the dramatic me looks back in a panic thinking that Fikile might have arrived. She is the one with the ring on her finger and Lindokuhle doesn’t even have a girlfriend the last time I checked.

“Ubukani emuva ngoba ngisho wena mina.” Then she asks me why I am staring at the back. She mustn’t start with me.

*'She might be drunk'*

“Baby mama, sit down.” Then the one who invited me here decides to interfere and save this woman from my wrath. I’m only here to help my daughter out, no one told me anything about being someone wife.

I sit and greet all of them.

“We will do the welcoming tomorrow at dawn. We just waiting for her father to come through.” She says again. Which father is she talking about? The one that I begged and begged, and he still said no to me? Not that asshole, right? I throw a look at Lindo.

“But MaGumede... I told you that your grandson is stubborn, that’s why I’m here. I will stand in for him. Princess is not okay and Langa is dragging his feet. Maaa.... talk to your people. I thought we had an agreement. What is all this now?”

“No Lindokuhle, wake wayizwa kuphi le? This is not your blood. She is not yours to claim. You cannot fool the ancestors mfana wami. Call your brother and tell him he must be here before the sun sets. Go show uMakoti indlu yakhe.” Whats happening.

He promised me that my baby will be okay. Whats all this now.

Damn these tears.

I guess this woman, MaGumede as they call her, her word is final. Because this one who promised me that everything was going to go well is pulling me up and his mother hasn't said a word since we got here, she is just looking at me, probably feeling sorry for me.

“Oh, and Lindokuhle.... While at it. Tell your brother that he must bring me two big white goats. We have another life that we must announce and celebrate.” Suddenly everyone stops talking even the one who was pulling me stops walking and gives me a look that sends shivers all over my body.

“What?”

I don't like the look he is giving me.

“Baby mama... are you pregnant?”

Argh!

Fuck you Langa!

Shoot me now!

“What are talking about? Please fetch my daughter tu and show me my house and stop asking me nonsense.”

“You need to be honest with me, if you want my help you are going to be straight up with me.” He says sternly.

“Angazi, Lindo okay. Please get my daughter.” I walk away from him and go straight to the only house that looks deserted here. My heart led me to it. I cannot be pregnant by that man again.

This house is beautiful. It feels like home. My home. It looks no one has been here for decades.

“This house used to belong to umaka Nonjabulo, Langa’s first wife. He built it for her. And look now, you are here, right inside this house and have named my second great grandchild Nonjabulo. Siyabonga boGumede.” MaGumede says with gratitude on her face. Damn this old gogo is beautiful. She has my daughter with her.

Wait... she said second. She has three great grandchildren, and I am also counting Langa’s late daughter. It’s her, King, and my daughter.... That’s three. I even count using my fingers and naming them again in my head. She smiles at me.

“Nokukhanya hlala panshi. Standing too long won’t be good for my grandson.” She pats the space next to her and like the good girl I am, I sit next to her.

“Umuhle.” I smile and her hand goes to my stomach and stays there. I widen my eyes and her while my baby is busy playing with her hair. She’s playing. She’s not crying.

“She is going to be fine. She was needed home, took you long enough.” Her hand is still on my stomach and the feeling to vomit again comes up and I stand up running outside, leaving her laughing at my misery.

It was never like this with my daughter.

Fuck you Langa!



## Chapter 25

### ● Langa Gumede

*'Gogo wants you here before the sun set and please bring two HUGE white goats. And that's an order'* That's the text I got on my WhatsApp, message app and email before I was blocked again. My brother is not talking to me because of my baby mama. Even my mother is giving me the cold shoulder, all I have been getting from her is one-word answers. I get up from my home office and go straight to my son room, which we have turned into a mini hospital for him. King isn't getting any better and that's just breaking my heart. Another thing that is making me lose weight is the big brown envelop inside my safe that I don't have the guts to open it. I fear what the outcome from it will turn me into someone I'm not. I know I will kill Fikile if she played me. I start packing up his things for the long drive we are about to take after our flight.

"Are we going somewhere?" She asks when she finds me packing up his medical file inside the suitcase.

“Yeah. Please pack for us as well, my grandmother wants us home today.”

“Why?” It comes out as a whisper. She lost weight as well. I understand her pain.

“Angazi. We will be back on Sunday. I promise.” She nods and walks out to start packing. One thing for sure the past month has brought us closer. So close that I haven’t even thought about Nokukhanya, that one makes me mad. I’m even angry at her that she has turn my family against me.

“Are you done?” She nods without turning to look at me.

“Is he ever going to get better.” She asks softly, if I wasn’t standing so close to her, I wouldn’t have heard what she asked.

“We just need to have faith.” I tell her pulling her close to me.

“I’m tired Langa. I want my son to get better. It’s been long now. Why is this happening to him, to us?”

“He is going to be fine.” I hope and pray that he gets better.

\*\*\*

“Is there a ceremony here that we don’t know anything about?” Fikile said quietly while picking up King from his car seat. We just arrived from a five-hour flight. The order was to be here before sun set. And we made it just in time. We stood in comfortable silence watching everyone busy running around doing God knows what. I had no idea what was happening in my own yard.

“Langa...whats all this?” As I’m about to reply to her, I hear my daughter’s laughter, the voice I have been longing to hear for the past month. Her laughter is bold and so loud. Her voice just went from my ears straight to my heart makes me drag my wife and our bags inside the Gumede’s household.

Why was my daughter here? The last time I checked I did not approve Nokukhanya's request to come here.

"Whats going on here?" Anger washed over me when my eyes landed on the one who as my heart. She was sitting next to my grandmother who had my daughter on her lap. Everyone went quiet and looked at us.

"What's going on here?"

"Is that how you greet your elders mfana wami? Is this what you have taught him? to disrespect us like this?" My grandmother asked my mother who looks ashamed to have given birth to me. my mother hung her head low and I saw her trying to blink back her tears. MaGumede's words can make you shed a tear or two.

"Ngiyamxolisela. Sanibonani BoGumede." My wife says next to me, and everyone gasp.

“Makoti. Hlala phansi.”

“Ngiyabonga Ma.” It took all the strength in me to stop myself from lashing out. How can she say something like this right now? Apologising on my behalf my left foot?

“Nokukhanya can I please talk to you.” Her eyes widen on my request. Clearly, she wasn’t expecting this from me, not right now any way.

“Langa...”

“Fikile not now please.” I walk away expecting my daughter’s mother to follow me.

“Ma can I please go to my house, I need to put him down.” Fikile says loudly for everyone to hear.

“Hamba Makoti.”

When I return, I find both women on their feet ready to go their respective ways. I thought she was following me.

“Langelihle... please help me with our bags.” My wife asks, while my eyes follow Nokukhanya on her way to my...to my.... Wait where the hell is she going too? That is the only way that’s leads to my House.... My house. No one has the right to go to that house, to enter that house except for me.

“Where is she going?” The question comes out as whisper.

“Langalami please help your wife settle in.”

From the corner of my eyes, I see my brother going after the woman who has my heart. What is happening here? Why is he so close to her like that?

“Are you coming in?” She asks me as soon as i walk inside. My thoughts are still on my other house, the forbidden house.

“Yeah...in a min-”

“You can’t seem to take your eyes off her...can you?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” I get my son from her, checking him out. He has been quite ever since we arrived here.

“It drives you crazy, doesn’t it?”

“What?”

“Seeing her here and not paying attention to you. It makes you angry right.” My smile disappears from my face when she finish talking. I was smiling because after such a long time, my boy finally opened his eyes and was moving his feet around. Since his birth I have never seen him open his eyes to anyone. He was sick from birth.

“He is looking at me.” I tell her instead of answering her question. I do not want to hurt her like that. She’s been through so much already.

“What?”

“Woza... look... he is looking at me.”

“Langa... my baby opened his eyes... he is... he is... is he getting better?” She sniffs giving me a pained smile before allowing her tears to flow.

“See I told you he was going to be fine.”

If I knew, all it took was me brining him home. I would have done this the moment the doctors told me there was nothing wrong with him.

\*\*\*



Hearing someone knock, wakes me up. My wife is peacefully sleeping on my chest, I don't want to wake her as well. I untangle myself from her to go and attend to whomever is at the door at this time.

"Whats wrong?" I ask my mother and grandmother who are standing right besides my door, at dawn.

"We need you to come nathi esibayeni

Advertisement

bring your wife and that boy with you."

"Maa, do you know what time it is." My grandmother chuckles and walks away.

"Don't piss her off please, just do whatever she says." My mother follows her mother-in-law. I hate it when they gang up on me.

Waking up Fikile was a struggle. She kept on complaining and swearing at anything and me for disturbing her peace.

“At this time Langelihle? What are we going to do there? Sleep with the goats? Is that why we bought those goats?”

“Will you please keep it down. You are going to wake him up.”

“This is not on! I haven’t slept in such a long time and now this happen?”

“Woza sambe tu. And stop complaining.”

Arriving esibayeni saboGumede, my whole family is here. With my uncle and my brother each holding the goats we bought.

“Ngena Langa and announce your children. Tell abomkhulu that you have extended the family, that you have managed to expand my family name. Ubike zonke izingane zakho.”

I do as I'm told and announce all my children from my late daughter my son. My uncle whispered to me that both goats were supposed to cry at the same time when I finished naming my children, none of that happened when I was done saying my sons name. He is the last born. The last baby to come from me. What is all this now.

"Langelihle Gumede... ngithe bika zonke izingane zakho." My Grandmother says, clearly irritated.

"Gogo, I have. I did not leave anyone out."

"Have you?" She says.

Yes i have!

I have mentioned ALL my children. ALL of them and i did not leave anyone out.

"I'm pregnant Langa." Nokukhanya announces as i battle with my thought thinking about who am i leaving out.

Silence.

My eyes goes to Fikile who has tears running down her face. I know she can't even voice out her frustrations right now because of the place we at. She's pregnant. She is having my baby. I wish I can show all these people how happy I am that the one who stole my heart is giving me another child. A child I wish can finally bring us back together.

“Langa, bika zonke izingane zakho.”

“Ntsikayethu Gumede.” I say and both goat's cries at the same time.

Deep down I know she will be giving me a son and that will be his name. Right after I have named my son. My children who are being carried by their mothers start crying, joining the goats, while my aunts start ululating in joy.

\*\*\*

“She’s pregnant Langa.”

“I’m sorry Fikile.” I apologise to her. We just got inside after both my children and Nokukhanya where cleansed esibayeni. Nokukhanya had too because of my child, the one she is carrying. After the Cleansing they both fell asleep. My mother took then giving me chance to speak to my wife, yet the only one I would like to speak too vanished.

“You are sorry Langa? You cheated on me, and you are sorry?” She seethed.

“Angazi exactly what you want to me say khona manje?” I tell her and she chuckles. One of those evil ones. I watch her look around like she is looking for something.

“What are looking for?” I ask.

“Something that I can throw you with. You make me angry yaz. You cheat on me and say sorry. You don’t know me!”

What!

“After everything I went through to finally have you and wena you do this to me...with her! What's so special about her Langa? Yeh? Answer me dammit!” Never have I seen this side of her. I’m shocked. She starts pacing around.

“Fikile calm down. Do you know what time it is for your to be screaming like this?”

She stops pacing and gives me a nasty and evil look.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry okay. We were talking and you know how we are. We started screaming at each other and one thing led to another. I’m sorry I went out of our marriage and made another woman pregnant. Ngiyaxolisa Mkami.” I genuinely apologise to her I never meant to hurt her like this.

“You are hurting me Langa... why can't you love me like you love her?” She cries.

### ● **Nokukhanya Ngwenya**

A soft knock disturbs me from my trailed thoughts. I did the very same thing I never wanted in the first place Now I finally got pregnant by a married man. Nonjabulo's grandmother walks in. She is beautiful. All the women of this household are breath-taking.

“I haven't been in here since I lost my first daughter-in-law. Langa doesn't want anyone in this house. I wonder what he is going to say when he finds out that his grandmother gave you this house.” I keep quite as I don't know how to answer her. My heart led me to this house.

Silence.

“Baby, he got you pregnant again.” She says softly. I am so ashamed that the only thing I can do right now is hung my head low.

“Maa...” She holds up her hand in face to silence me.

“Nokukhanya, you know I love you right? I was rooting for you and you know this... baby I don't condone infidelity. Both you and Langa did Fikile wrong. It was wrong of him to sleep with you and make you pregnant. Even though my grandson is a blessing I cannot wait to hold. How he came about is just wrong.”

“Maa, I'm sorry.” I move from where I'm sitting and squat in front of her.

“Ngiyaxolisa. Getting pregnant was never my intention or even sleeping with him, it just happened. I never want to hurt his wife like this. Please believe me. This is same reason I moved



away from here and went to Cape town because at the time I thought I had broken someone marriage and now this happens again. I will apologise to Fikile and move away from here again. I don't want to come in between them."

"Nokukhanya..."

"I love your son Maa. But he will never be mine. He was never mine and I am fine with that. I will take my children and move away from here. I will not be a thorn in your son's marriage. I promise."

What have I done?

"What the hell do you mean you are going to take your children and move away? Nokukhanya please don't piss me off." He says just after banging the door. His mother helps me get up because I was struggling to get up by myself.

"Langelihle please calm down."

“Mama please, I need to speak to this bitch in private!” I have seen him angry before but not like this. This man standing in front of us, looks like he is ready for murder.

“Langa if you think you are going to come in here and disrespect your late wife’s house, think again. How dare you come in here and start swearing at the mother of your children heh? Get out Langelihle Gumede!” I’m shocked, so is he. He looked at his mother with a shocked expression on his face, mouth hung open. If I wasn’t in shit, I would take a picture of him. Just like me, I think this is the first hearing his mother shout.

“Maa...”

“Ngithe phuma Langa.... PHUMA Langa!” She screams at him. I am so glad that my daughter isn’t here. The moment he closes the door behind. There is silence. Only her heavy breathing. I’m even scared to even breathe.

“Ma. I am so sorry.” That’s the only thing that comes out of my mouth. She just nods and leaves.

What have I done?

This is the last thing I ever wanted. I cannot even run after him to apologise. Me saying I will take my children and move away, wasn't me saying that I will exclude him in his children's life.

*'Baby why did you have to come now, huh? Couldn't you wait till mommy sorted out her life first.'* I ask my little intruder as I rub my stomach.

## Chapter 26

### ● Nokukhanya Ngwenya

I don't think I will ever forgive Langa for calling me a bitch, I know I might sound hypocritically right now because I always name call him, but to us women it hits different when you are named called. Especially from someone you think you might mean something to them.

For the past two days I have been ignoring him and his wife. Right after he stomped out, Fikile came here guns blazing and I had to give myself a pep talk not to talk back at her, just only because I did her wrong by sleeping with her husband. I know I would have responded to her insults, but I kept it cool and just kept quiet and respected Langa's first wife and not her. This house was built only for her, no one else is allowed in this house, but here am I with my daughter on my back cooking dinner for me and Lindo, he asked that I make enough as he will

be bringing someone to meet me. Whoever is coming here is not allowed inside the main house just like me.

In no time I finish the cooking. I did not go all out for this dinner. I am no one's wife! I go and bath my daughter before her grandmother comes to fetch her, she now sleeps with her both her grandchildren. I thought I was going to be thrown out from here by Langa's mother after she left me, by that hasn't been the case. In fact, our relationship has improved after my revelation. She has been coming here every morning to check on us. I am very grateful that Nonjabulo has a family, un-luck me. Langa's family is very big, and everyone gets along. When coming here I thought his aunts and uncle were not going to like me, you mos how it is when you read novels or watch movies, it is always the aunts and uncles that have problems with everyone. I thought me coming here everyone was going to judge and crucify me for keeping my daughter away from them for the past years but that hasn't been the case. I am pretty sure everyone like me.

There's a soft knock by the door and as I am about to tell whoever is by the door to come in, this Lindokuhle walks in with a huge smile on his face. He looks good. So good that I am staring at him. He is wearing black chinos and a white vest that

shows off his toned muscles. 'Please stop staring at him' My subconscious scolds me. Mara this man standing in front of me is good looking. Lindokuhle is the definition of SEXY.

*'Bitch please, it's the hormones speaking'*

Clears throat.

"Baby mama. May we come in?" We? Who the hell is we?

I clear my throat again as if there is something stuck in there. I nod my head at him before moving away from the door so he can come in. He even smells the way he looks.

She's here.

With him.

"Nokukhanya, how are you? You look good." She says.

“Uhhh...thank you. Please come in.” What the hell is she doing here? Are they dating? I spun my head so quick after she walked in following him. Lindokuhle had a small smile on his face. I watch him moving some of her hair behind her ear. What the hell is all of this?

I could just tell from the look he was giving her that he is long gone, Lindo is in love.

Lindokuhle is in love!

Don't ask me how I know this because I won't have an answer for this. I just know because I happen to watch a lot of romcom movies.

Who knew that this would happen and with her? Don't get me wrong I am not judging. The thing is Lindo is one mutherfucker, him and dating don't go hand in hand. He is my daughter's other daddy and I have grown to know him better. I am shocked. I am shocked! And I am going to ask him about this.

“Are you not going to offer us anything to drink before our dinner?” This demon! I roll my eyes causing Gugu to giggle at my action. She is so sweet. Maybe I must ask her how she did it. I would know how to keep my baby daddy in check.

“Babe, let her be. Can I help with something?” Bathong! They are on Babe, so quick.

“No. it’s okay. Lindo follow me please.”

“What?” He asks the moment he finds me in the kitchen pacing up and down.

“Are you guys dating?”

“Yes.” I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Yes, we are dating. Is there something wrong with it?” He smirks.



“Since when and why did you not tell me?” I questioned him.

“Since we went out?”

“That long?” I ask.

“Yes.”

“Why was I not told about this?” I’m hurt. I thought we were getting close. He asks me every day if I have eaten and if I’m fine, yet he failed to share this with me.

“She was there you know, when you were fighting with my brother and when you were hurting, we got close, and one thing led to another. I like her, a lot.” A sense of relief washes over me. I was worried for a second there Gugu is a nice girl, too nice for him and I don’t want Lindo to play with her feelings. Also, I don’t want her to use him. I love him.

I nod at him.

“So, you brought her here so she can meet everyone?”

He nods and then stride to stand right in front of me. Why is he looking at me like this? His eyes are burning through me. I move away from him and start taking out drinks from the fridge.

“You will always come first. You know that right?” He says behind me. He is so close to me. I know when I turn from here, we will collide.

Clears throat.

“Uhm... yeah... I know that... Mi thatha, give that to your girlfriend.” I pass the cold drink to him without even turning. Instead of leaving he turns me around, takes the bottle and places a kiss on my forehead then I watch him walk away.

What has just happened? I let out a breath I know I was holding in the time he was standing close to me.

I wait for some time until I move to the dining room with the fakest smile, I ever had on my face. It's a family Dinner! When did all this people come? MaGumede, Langa's mother, King and his two aunts are here, drinking my cold drink and eating my snacks that I put at the table for Langa's girlfriend. The snacks were going to be served as the starter. I told you I did not go all out for this, I just thought it was only going to be there for three of us and my daughter.

Manje what is this? Why has this turned into a family dinner?

"Makoti, this is delicious." Old people and their drama. Tell me what is so delicious about niks naks and peanuts? I smile and take a sit.

"You should come here often. This is a royal treatment for us." I just smile. There is nothing I can say to that.

"Makoti, who is this? Is she your sister?" MaGumede asks pointing at Gugu. I am not sure where she sees the resembles from between me and Gugu. Mina I'm very dark when you

compare me to her. She has nice and smooth skin. And her eyes are very small compared to mine to name a few, after my daughter I went from melanin to... to... to...AHH! I don't even want to mention it, I hope you get it. But i am still beautiful that I know.

“Uhhh...No... She is here with Li...” The demon cuts me off. And replies on my behalf telling his grandmother that Gugu came to visit me.

What is this?

I thought he was in love with her. Why the secrecy now. I frown at him, and the girlfriend excuses herself. She's hurt.

“Yes Maa. She's here with me. And I hope you don't mind. I mean we will be leaving tomorrow so...so I thought she should come by. Since she leaves nearby.” I lie. I hope they don't catch me up on my lie.

“Yeah. She stays around here.” The demon agrees with me

## Advertisement

busy nodding his head. Really this is testing Khanyo day.

“Please excuse me. I need to dish up for all of you. Lindokuhle please follow me.”

“What the hell? Why would you make me lie like that? I thought you brought her here to introduce her to everyone.” I snapped at him.

“Keep it down please. I only brought her here to meet you.”

“Don’t tell me to keep it down. This is my house, and you are making me lie to them.”

“Since when this is your house?” He asks smirking.

“Since I moved in here.” I tell him and he smiles. The demon!

“Lindokuhle, I hate lying to your mother. Why are you making me lie?” I don’t want to jeopardize what I have with these women by lying to them. I am building a family for my daughter.

“Sorry but knowing those women in there. They will start talking and asking lots and lots of questions that I don’t even have answers for, and I myself haven’t even asked Gugu to be my girlfriend yet. They will scare her off and I told you I like her.”

What the hell?

So, he lied to me.

“Lindokuhle, you said you guys are dating and she’s here to meet everyone. So, what is the meaning of this?”

“Baby mama we are dating...in my head though. I haven’t asked her out. She’s here so you can approve first.” He tells me taking

of the knives and forks for the table, not exactly bothered about what he just said to me.

“What?” Gugu says behind me. I turn and look at her carrying my daughter.

“Can you please take this to the table, I will bring the food after you.” I’m telling her already giving her the cutlery I took from the “in my head’ boyfriend of hers and push her towards the dining room. I can’t have her heartbroken in my house, already there’s me here with a broken heart and was called a bitch by the man I love. It can’t be the two of us. That is just too much to handle, even for me.

I cannot not believe this guy standing in front of me. He wants me to approve his girlfriend for him. Doesn’t he know I suck at that department? Clearly, we have been living in different continents. All my life I have known one man and I have never been in a relationship, yet he wants me to give the go ahead.

I start dishing out my creamy spinach which I picked at MaGumede’s garden, mashed potatoes, and some home fried chicken. My pap is also hot and ready. I just hope everyone will enjoy this.

I ignore this demon; I once called a friend and carry four plates at once to the dining room. I got this, I used to be a waitress when I was not washing dishes. When I give out the plates to them. I announce loud enough for Lindo to bring along more glasses.

“I hope you will enjoy this.”

“I’m sure we will, it smells delicious.” Lindo’s aunt says already cutting through the chicken.

“Vele we will. My Baby Mama can cook.” Lindo says and I stare at him. I wonder what game he is playing at. Suddenly, there’s another knock and everyone keeps quite. I think today is my farewell here, I mean everyone just decided that they are going to come to my house and have dinner. Yes, this is my house even when my baby daddy doesn’t acknowledge that, this is still my house. Everyone is looking at me.

Why are they looking at me?



“Makoti, this is your house. Are you expecting more people?”  
Langa’s grandmother asks then chews on her chicken,  
unbothered.

What more people?

“No. I did not invite anyone here.” I say then stand up to attend  
to whoever has decided to knock again.

It’s her.

My heart stops. What is she doing here?

“Uhhh... Nokukhanya unjani. Can we come in?”

“Yes, sure you can.” I stand aside for her to come through then  
follows her husband carrying their son. He stares at me for a  
while, before he walks in. That was intense. I follow through  
and find both standing and looking at everyone.

“What’s happening here? Why weren’t we invited?” He asks everybody as he looks around the table, then back at me.

Fikile clears her throat after her husband speaks without anyone answering him.

“I’m sorry if we are intruding. We just wanted to talk to Nokukhanya. In private.”

“Why in private? We are having dinner as a family.” Lindo says.

“Lindokuhle!” he gets reprimanded by his mother.

“Lindo who do you think you are talking too!” Langa seethed towards his brother. What is happening here.

“I am talking to your girlfriend Langalihle. That’s who I am talking you. You guys are disturbing our dinner.” Lindo says standing up facing his brother.

This is not good. Not good at all. Gugu also stand and tries to take Lindo away, but he slowly pushes her away and stand close to his brother again.

“Wenzani Lindokuhle? Are you trying to fight me?” He ask calmly.

“Guys, come on.” I say

“Stay out of this!” Langa screams at me. The tone of his voice send chills down my spine.

“Don’t scream at her!” Lindo.

“Whats happening between you and her?” His eyes catch mine then he angry looks back at his brother.

I don’t know where Fikile went. I look around the table and the Gumede women seems unbothered by this, Nonjabulo is being fed by her great grandmother and while all of them continue eating. The only worried people here is me and Gugu, even the

wife disappeared. I decide to take the baby from Langa and move away from them.

I go to my room and lay him down. He opens his eyes and I stare right back. Is it me or King doesn't look like any of the Gumede people I have seen so far? He looks familiar though. I have seen this face, the flat nose, and pointy ears from someone but I do seem to remember from who. I cover him and place a kiss on his forehead.

“What are you doing with my son?”

“Fikile.” I say

“Get away from him.” She shouts whispers.

“This is my room, my house. You can take your child and leave in peace.” She looks shocked. She should be. This is my house, and I will not get tired of saying this. If she wants me to get away from her son, she needs to leave.

“Oh, please. This isn’t your house. This is my husband house. Stop dreaming. If you think you are going to sleep your way into his heart, think again. And cooking dinner for his grandmother makes you so sure of yourself, right? Oh well, let me tell you something, you and your brat and that child you are carrying will not ruin my family. You will not break what I have worked so hard for. You need to take your bastard children and get moving. Langa is mine and I will not be sharing him with anyone else, especially you. Understand?” she says as she brings her face closer to mine, ukuthi when did she move from the bed to stand in front of me, I have no idea. And also, I don’t know why I haven’t stepped back as yet.

What the hell does she mean she worked hard for this?

“Understood?”

I nod at her, and she gives me an evil smile and walk out.

What the hell.

## Chapter 27

- Langa Gumede

I never thought I would be standing up like this facing my brother over a girl. My daughters mother for that matter. Never in my life have I ever fought with my brother, I mean we always argue and all of that but no like this. My brother and I are not even talking because he took Nokukhanya's side. I haven't spoken to him for months now and this is killing my mother, it is also killing me inside. I love uLindokuhle and us fighting because of her is breaking my soul. And him telling me that we were interrupting their family dinner felt like he was stabbing me straight in my heart.

I don't know where Fikile went. I watch Nokukhanya as she takes my son from me. If it was another day, I would have appreciated the gesture but right now, I'm facing my brother who is breathing heavy in front of me.

“Lindokuhle.” I say calmly.

“What?” He challenges me.

“Get out of my face...” I say through gritted teeth.

“And if I don’t?” This boy challenges me.

“Langelihle, take your brother and go fight outside. You came in here and disturbed our dinner with your wife. We were here to meet this one and wena you just ruined everything.”

MaGumede says bored causing my mom and my aunts to laugh. Lindo looks shocked and confused all of a sudden.

“Gogo.”

“Hhai. Don’t Gogo me wena Lindokuhle. You youngsters think we don’t know anything and that we can’t see what’s happening around us. I cannot not believe you made umakoti lie to us.

Wena Gugu hlala phansi, we know you are here for him.” She say’s pointing at my brother. Now I feel bad for even thinking that there was something going on between my brother and her. Lindokuhle knows how I feel about uNokukhanya. So, him making a move on her would have broken me, and he knows this.

“But...but how did you figure this out? I mean my plan for Baby mama to meet up with my girlfriend without any of you knowing was tight?” I watch as he walks away from me and sitting next to the girlfriend, and she blushes. I just wish he can stop calling my baby mama his baby mama.

“She knows everything. Welcome to our family Gugu and I hope we will be seeing a lot of you. You should teach your brother how it’s done Lindo not for him to just send out a letter asking for Fikile’s hand in marriage without letting any of us know.” My mom finally opens her mouth.

“Mma are you ever going to let this go?” I ask.

“NO!” All of them say at once and I’m left speechless.



“Okay! I’m sorry.” I say raising both my hands and surrender. I take the seat where Nokukhanya was sitting, I know when she comes back, she will have to talk to me. Our talk is long overdue now and I need to apologise for calling her bitch. This food is delicious, mouth-watering. I didn’t know she can cook like this.

“Langa why are you here?” That’s my brother asking. I didn’t know one can choke on air until he said that. I was about to chew this delicious chicken. I see the girlfriend tries to talk him so he can show some respect but what she said to him goes in one ear and out the other ear.

“This is my house Lindokuhle. Engathi useyakhohlwa ukuthi ubani omdala between me and you.”

“Wouldn’t it be nice if you acted your age sometimes? And this is Nokukhanya’s house now. Its hers.”

“Who gave it to her hm? This is my wife’s house and not anyone else? And how dare you speak to me like that?” I

thought we were done with our fight when he went to sit down.

What is this now.

Before I could talk any further, I get up and he got up as well. I see he really wants to fight with me this one.

“Lindokuhle! This is my house do you hear me? MINE and not hers! Get that through your thick skull!” I seethed.

“When last did you even enter this house Langa? If it wasn’t for her ngabe asikho lana. Open your damn eyes and see whats in front of you before you lose it forever to someone who is lying to you!” He responded with the same tone I used on him.

“Lindokuhle that’s enough! Keep your mouth shut and sit down. I cannot believe we are listening to grown men arguing in front of my grandchild.” My mom says.

“Ukhuluma ngani?” ignoring my mother is never my intention, but I want to know what my brother is talking about. Who is lying to me that makes him angry and want to lash out at me and why would my mother tell him to shut up?

“I asked you a damn question Lindokuhle, answer me!”

“Fuck you Langa!”

“No screaming in my house please.” She says behind me. This is definitely her house. Fikile is right behind her with King.

“Langa, can we leave please. I have already had a talk with Nokukhanya

Advertisement

and we have reached an agreement.” She says with an innocent smile, but the frown on Nokukhanya says otherwise.

“What agreement did we reach Fikile” She asks.

“Remember what we spoke about?”

“Where?”

“Back in your room?”

“We've reached an agreement in my room?” She chuckles.

“Langa can we please leave.”

“Not so fast. What I remember is you threatening me. Remember that? What were your words konje? Ohm that me and my bastard children should get moving and leave Langa because he is yours and that my brats will not ruin what you worked hard for. Is that the agreement that we reached in my room? If so, Mrs Gumede that was a threat and not an agreement reached. Am I wrong?” What the hell!

“You said what?” That’s my grandmother seething at my wife.

“She is lying. I never threatened her. Why... why would i? I’m the one with the ring.”

“Langa, I need you to take your wife with her boy and leave. I will not have her threatening people in my yard. Please leave in peace.” My gran said with her tone increasing with each word.

“Ma... Please...”

“Chabo, Maka Langa you will not stop me on this. I won’t have this woman coming here to threaten people. Your stubborn childish boys were at it just now, did you hear either of them threating the other? No! So, who the hell does she think she is to do that here?”

“Gogo please calm down.” Lindo.

“Shut up wena Lindo. Langa take your wife and leave.” I’m so speechless. I have never seen my grandmother angry like this. Right now, I don’t know what to think. I want to believe that

she did not do what Nokukhanya is saying, but it's damn hard. I should be speaking on her behalf.

“Mzwandile...” I hear Nokukhanya murmurs to herself. What did he do now? My grandmother is busy chasing me and my wife out and yena ubusy ucabangana namadoda.

“What about him?” I ask her and she looks shocked that I heard her.

“Your son looks like him. The flat nose and point ears looks exactly like his. No wonder his face looked so familiar when I was looking at him then Fikile walked in disturbing me and my realization only to threaten me. Who the hell does she think she is? I have never dated uLanga mina for her to say that.”

Everyone gaps.

What the hell!

“Shit! Did I say that out loud?” She asks Lindo who nods at her. I turn and find Fikile shaking her head with tears running down her face.

My world stops.

He isn't mine.

I should have open that damn envelop!

“What is she talking about?” I ask her, moving closer to her and she moves backwards.

“Anga...angazi?” She stutters.

“Khuluma kahle ngikuzwe. Yingane kabani le?”

“Eyakho Langa. King is yours.”

“Manje ukhalelani?”

“She is lying... she is lying on me.”

“And that makes you cry? Whose child is this? And I want the truth this time.”

“Yours. Can we... can we please go talk in our house please.” I watch her tremble and she can't even look me in my eye.

“Guys come on... the baby.” Nokukhanya says behind me. She is always the one trying to get into people's business and right now I like for her to just stay out of this. I should have opened that damn envelop.

“Ngisalindile njalo... whose child is this?”

“Langa... please... can we talk privately.” She pleads.



“What’s there to talk privately about? This is my family and I’m sure you would also like to prove her wrong right? This is my child angisho?” Instead of answering me she cries some more.

“Awusakwazi ukukhuluma? Stop crying and answer me damn it!” I snap and she jumps frightened causing King to cry.

“Seriously Langa? Couldn’t you speak to her without the child being in here? And mind you I did not say Mzwandile was your son’s father, I just said they look alike nothing else.” She takes King and asks Gugu to follow her with uNonjabulo. Nokukhanya is something else I tell you. She says something and turn around and tell you she didn’t mean anything about it.

“I’m waiting for my answer Fikile. Is this Mzwandile’s child?”

“I’m sorry Langa...she is lying... King is yours I swear. She just wants to ruin our marriage. She is lying to you. First, she said I threatened her and now this...please believe me have I ever lie to you?”

This is not how I wanted to spend my time here. I run my hands in my head and move back to take a seat. Everyone is still here looking at the free show between my wife and I and I bet my brother is ecstatic about this, he never liked her anyway.

I sigh.

“She’s lying Langa, please believe me.” She kneels in front of me.

“I just need you to tell me truth please.”

“King is our son. He is yours. Please believe me.” She cries some more. Irritating the shit out of me.

“Ooh for Fuck sakes! Tell my brother the truth. Just be honest. King isn’t a Gumede, and you know this. Everyone in this room knows this except for my brother of course. If you lie one more time, I am going to hit the truth out of you, do you hear me?” I raise my head and watch my brother fume at her. What did he just say?

“What? I ask softly.

“Tell him the truth right now!”

“Lindokuhle stay out of this please,”

“No Mma! I am not staying out of anything; he deserves to know the truth and today. Wena start taking and fast.”

“Lindo...what do you mean? What do you mean everyone knows? All of you knew and never thought even once to tell me?” I’m hurt.

I’m deeply hurt. No one cared enough to let me know that I was raising someone else’s child. No one in my family cared to tell me that king isn’t mine. They watched me suffer with him in and out of hospital and they said nothing. Do they hate me that much that I don’t deserve the truth from them?

No one responds so I stand up and walk out.

This was a lot to take in to be honest.

I need some time.

## Chapter 28

### ● Nokukhanya Ngwenya

Me and my big mouth. Entlek I should say me and big brain. It started with its nonsense, over thinking things then my mouth started running and when it starts it never really stops and this time it created some trouble for Langa. Jeez! Nokukhanya, couldn't you keep quiet and let their business be their business and not get yourself involved.

Shoo!

I place King in my bed and watch him sleep. He is such a peaceful child and I just wonder if Mzwandile knows about him. Fikile is such a conniving bitch. How can she play Langa like this? For the fact that she let him marry her because he thought she was carrying his child says a lot about the type of woman she is. Gugu is here with me and keeping Nonjabulo busy. My baby is such a happy child since we came here. She keeps stealing glances at me and it is starting to annoy me. Can she not say whats on her mind and stop looking at me like I

have killed someone... oh well I know I just killed Langa's marriage but what the hell. The look that she giving me is giving me the creeps.

"Do you want to say something to me?" I ask her.

"No...Uhm why do you ask." Can I roll my eyes right now? Can I take my approval back? Because wow.

"You keep looking at me." I say.

"Did you really have to do that though? Today?" She asks then pecks my daughter's forehead.

Today?

Ooh I see.

She thinks I ruined her time here, doesn't she? I take my daughter from her and put her next to King. Nonjabulo is my

sweet baby, in a second, she will be asleep there's no fuss and running around with her. She knows her bedtime.

“Look Gugu, this isn't about you or me but Nonjabulo's father. He deserved to know the truth whether he found out about it today or tomorrow it doesn't matter. Ukuthi my mouth decided to run today that isn't my fault. Whats special about today to you huh? That Lindokuhle brought you here so you can meet everyone because you two are dating? Look here Sisi neh, I don't have time for all of this. If you feel like I ruined or taken your shine, then I do apologise to you. And, I don't have to explain myself to you, or do I?” I ask her and she just looks at me.

I want to say I lot to her more like vent out my frustration, but I will not do that in front of the children and plus she just came here to be introduced to the family, us fighting will make her hate me more than I think she already is. So, I walk out after turning on the baby monitor. She can stand there and look after them for all I care. When I get to the living room everyone is quiet looking at Fikile cry. She is such an ugly crier. Look at her face. He is not here. He did he go to manje?

“You!” She charges to me, but Lindokuhle grabs her before she reaches me.

That was fast.

“Let me go Lindokuhle. I want to deal with this bitch. Couldn’t you mind your own business and stay away from mine?” She shouts.

“Where is Langa?” I ask instead.

“Nokukhanya stay away from my husband! Do you hear me? Stay away!” I look at one of Langa’s aunts and she nods her head towards the door letting me know that he walked out.

I go straight to his house and find it still locked. I’m not allowed to enter the main house, so I don’t even go there. I look around the yard and spot him sitting inside his car. Smoking.

Shoo!

Smoking?

When did he start smoking vele?

I messed up. Big time.

“Langa...” I knock by his window and startle him. He should have opened the window to let the smoke out. What is this.

“Please leave me alone.” He says through the window, and I knock again with force now.

“Dammit! Nokukhanya man! Can you ever listen? Just this once please.” I roll my eyes at him. Shouting at me shouldn’t have been the reason for him to open this damn window. He just opened his window to shout at me. Seriously.

“Langa open the door. We need to talk.” I bang his car.



“Leave me alone please.”

“NO!” I need to put my foot down on this, otherwise we won’t resolve this. He watches me for some time then blow his smoke on me, I want to cough but I keep it inside, he mustn’t see that this is affecting me more than him. I messed up his life and I am here to make amends.

“Get in.” He says after a while. I was even getting cold. He started the car and drove off at high speed.

“Jesus Langa! Slow down. Are you trying to kill us here? I’m still pregnant you know.” That caused him to slow down the car immediately.

“I’m sorry.” He says.

I don’t answer him. I fasten my seatbelt and sit properly once I know I’m secure enough. Langa is very unpredictable right now. He looks murderous. He is not okay. We have been parked under this tree for quite some time now. I don’t know

what to say to him and I have no idea how many cigarettes he has smoked, I'm sure he finished the whole pack.

"I proposed to her here. When she agreed to be my wife that was the happiest day of my life." He says looking far ahead.

"Okay." I answer him softly. I pray to God that we are not speaking about Fikile right now but his first wife because I know I will lose my shit if we are. He mustn't start that bullshit with me.

"You know things were simple back then. Meet up, fall in love, get married then start a family. Why can't it be like that with you?"

With me?

"Langa..."

"Nokukhanya if you hadn't left, we wouldn't be here right now. My Heart wouldn't be hurting like this, and I wouldn't want to

kill the woman I called a wife for two years. That bitch lied to me for whole two years and what hurts the most is that my family kept it from me.”

Why is he blaming me for this?

“My own brother watched me go up and down worried about a son that wasn’t mine. Does he hate me that much that he can watch me suffer? Did you know about this also?”

“Know about what?”

“Please don’t lie to me as well.” He says softly.

I heave a sigh. Where do I begin to tell him that I had my suspicion, and I couldn’t say anything at the time because I would have seemed like the bitter baby momma. I know he is hurting right now but it wasn’t my place, until I had proof and I all I had to do was look at little King.

“I didn’t know anything Langa. I had my suspicion that was it and besides it wasn’t my place to tell you. First of all, Langa wena you are married to her and mina I have no place in your marriage. And also blaming your family for your wife’s mistake is not okay. Right now you are feeling like this because you want someone to blame and let me tell you something, blaming me for this won’t change the fact that King isn’t yours. And blaming your brother as well won’t change the truth. Fikile is the one that lied so deal with her.” I tell him and he just stares at me.

“I am not blaming you or uLindo. It just hurts that you guys knew, and no one told me anything.” I get where he is coming from, but.

“But Langa...”

“But Nothing babe. How would you feel if you were in my shoes heh? Wouldn’t you react the same way I did and what the hell is happening between you and my brother? Why are so close to me but me?” He asks and waits for an answer from and when I don’t respond to him

Advertisement

he walks out banding the car door. How am I supposed to answer him if he is going to walk out like that after asking me a question. Sigh.

I watch him light another cigarette. If he thinks I am going to follow him in the cold and walk out from the warm of this car, he must think again. I wait. That's the only thing that makes sense right now. To wait.

And wait.

And wait some more. I roll down the window and find him looking at me with a hint of sadness in his eyes. He looks drained, like life has been sucked out of him. Damn Fikile and her lies nxha!

"Are you okay now?" I ask.

"Woza La." He reply's me then puffs a smoke. 'He looks so sexy right now, kissable even.' My subconscious returns from her

holiday. I must say I missed this bitch. And I fully agree with her on this, baby daddy surely looks eatable.

I look at him again and he stares back then winks at me. The Gods must be crazy. I am definitely crazy, see me going out to him after I have sworn not to do it.

Dammit!

I release a sigh then I open the door and go stand in front of him. Yes, I am going out to him, and the wind is so damn cold, I know I would probably freeze to death. This man is beautiful, even when he looks like this.

“Why are you so damn stubborn?” He asked tilting his head after pulling me towards him. I wasn’t prepared for this, his intense gaze on me and the warmth I felt from him holding me tightly to him.

“If it wasn’t for your stubborn ass, we would be married right now and maybe on our third born. Manje wena Nokukhanya

Ngwenya, you ran away from me back then and left me with all this mess that's fucking up with my head. I wouldn't be standing here with you like this and wishing I can hold you forever in arms you would be in arms forever, yet in same time having the need to end that woman's life for toying with my feelings. So, tell me Nokukhanya what should I do? How do I switch off my feelings and just ignore that my family betrayed me?" I think this would be the first time in my life if not second being like this, speechless.

I didn't know what to do, I couldn't answer Langa, and this feeling was scaring the shit out of me, and he knew.

"It's hard isn't?" He asked again.

"Look Langa, you and I might have met in a wrong time, but I fell in love with you the moment we started getting close and I just had to get away from all that after I lost my Nana. I hated myself at the time because I thought I had broken up your marriage because you always had your ring on." I tell him and he lets go of me then looks at his finger. He doesn't have a ring on right now, thinking about it I have never seen him wearing one.

“Where is your wedding ring?” I ask.

“I had to take it off.”

“Why?”

“Because it was time, I let go of her.” He is talking about his first wife.

“Langelihle, I’m asking about your wedding ring, the one you got when marrying Fikile.” He looks at me like I have grown horns in my head.

“What?” I ask.

“We are not legally married.” What?

“Langa what did you just say?” We both and turn and find Fikile looking at us like her world just came to an end.



“I said we are not married Fikile, that’s what I said.” He repeated that to the both of us, his tone emotionless. Scary even.

“But... but... but we have a marriage certificate Langa, that we both signed.”

“It’s fake.” Yho!

“What do you mean its fake Langa?” She cries. I still say she is such an ugly crier.

Who is this man? I stepped back walking further back to the car, just to give them some privacy.

“Uyaphi Nokukhanya? We aren’t done talking!” I stop at my tracks when I hear his voice shouting at me, goosebumps spread all my body. I think I don’t like this side of him. I turn and face them again.

“Fikile, I want you to go back take your child and leave my house. I don’t want to see your face.” He tells her and grabs my hand pushing me inside the car carefully not to hurt me though. I watch him walk around the car to go to his side. The moment he closes his door the insults starts from his fake wife.

I don’t miss the threat and promise in her voice when she tells me this isn’t over, she is coming back to take whats belongs to her.

Shoo!

What the hell did I get myself into?

## Chapter 29

### ● **Nokukhanya Ngwenya**

I need some rest.

I am tired, exhausted, and mostly annoyed. This baby hasn't given me a chance to breathe, and the baby daddy yena together with his daughter are another story. I am a prisoner in my own house. Okay, I'm lying. I am a prisoner in Langa's house. After all that drama and all the threats, I received from his fake wife we moved in together in a brand-new house that I choose myself, don't look at me like that I am giving my children what I never had, a family.

I am so tired. After our doctor's visit last week, he decided to put me on bed rest. This baby is so big for me I think he grows each and every day, Monica calls him the "Big Baby", my feet? Ahh, where do I even begin? I'm lying on the couch busy browsing through the channels. Langa and his daughter went out to get me something to eat and they have been gone for so long now.

There's a knock.

"Sara!" I scream for our house help to come and see who is at the door. She was hired to keep an eye on me more than help around the house. She is a nice girl, but I think she got the hots to Lindokuhle which I think they will make beautiful babies should they ever decide to get it going. I prefer Sarah to that girlfriend of his who thinks the world revolves around her. When I first met her, I thought she was a nice girl but oh boy was I wrong. She's a mean Bitch!

"Yes Madam?" She mocks me. I give her the look and she smiles.

"What is it Nokukhanya?" Now, I return the beautiful smile she just gave me. I and her are almost the same age and her calling me madam makes me look and feel old. I've been telling her that I love my name and I like hearing people calling me by what my parents named me. I just love my name.

“There’s someone at the door,” I tell her and she frowns.  
Weird.

“What do you mean? There’s someone at the door. Did the security call?” She asks going to the house phone to make a call. Do we have security? Why didn’t I know that?

I get up and follow her.

“Please go to your room. I need to check with Mr Gumede.”

“What’s there to check with Langa? Sarah what’s going on?” I watch her dial him.

“Sir there’s someone at the door... no... yes Sir... okay Sir...” I listen to the one-sided conversation between my baby daddy and my help. Who is this woman? I have been staying with her for the past six months yet at this moment I feel like I don’t even know her. She widens her eyes as if she sees something behind me.

When I turn to look back, Gunshot! And she falls next to my feet. I am too shocked to even blink right now. The shot came unexpectedly.

I wish they have told me I was in danger or something. Now there is someone lying next to me probably dead and pee running down my legs.

“Nokukhanya... I told you I was going to get what’s mine.” She tells me. I should have let Langa murder this bitch that time yaz. Now look at me peeing at myself in front of her.

“Move. I don’t want him to find us here. He needs to suffer first. Like I did.”

“Move where? I am not going anywhere with you.” I tell her. Langa should be home by now.

“Ooh yes you are.”

“I would rather die.”

“You are going to die... just not now. I still need to get that baby from you. He is going to replace the one I lost. So, I need you healthy and strong till you give birth, then I will be moving in here and taking over your life. I will be raising your brats as mine own and I will be the one sleeping on top of your man every night for the rest of our lives. He is going to love me like he loves you.” This woman is delusional

She is crazy.

“Okay.” I say moving away from her.

“Uyaphi?” she follows me. The bravery I have right now knowing that she is not going to kill me is insane.

“To change my dress so we can leave.”

“Hurry up. And don't you dare do anything funny.”

I smile and walk away.

I hate Langa right now. He brought this woman in our lives and right now I am going to suffer because he couldn't keep it in his pants. I still don't believe that he never slept with her. What would be the reason for her to be obsessed like this?

I know there's a panic button in our closet. I just need to remember where it is though if this bitch thinks I will go with her without a fight. She has another thing coming and I really hope Sarah is not dead

I find it and press it. The alarm goes off and I get locked inside the closet. What the hell?

"Nokukhanya! What the hell did you do! Where are you? Get out and come face me bitch!" she screams and screams insulting me. Only now that it only sinks in. I hear gun shots, but nothing comes through here. Ooh, this is what he meant. I always wondered what he meant when he told me whenever I feel unsafe, I should always come in here and press the panic button.



It gets quiet and I remain standing looking at the door.

My life is a movie I swear

\*\*\*

“Baby mama?” I hear Lindo call out for me. I don’t know how long I have been in here, but it sure does feel like a lifetime

“Nokukhanya open the door.” That’s Langa voice. I stand up from the floor and try to open the door, but it gets stuck. Its locked

“It’s locked.” I say

“Babe, there’s a key in that drawer next to your shoes.? He says and I go a takeout the key and I see it, our marriage certificate. That day when he drove away from his fake wife we went to a motel and he booked us in and we had the best sex of our lives, the next morning he drove to home affairs and we got married, our witness was two couple who also came to tie a knot we became each other’s witnesses. Tell me why I got married to this man again. I don’t even have a ring on my finger. And no one knows about this except for us. Not even his brother who has become my best friend.

“Babe...open the door please.” He begs

I am tired.

I open the door and find everyone there. His whole family is here plus Gugu the extra one. I look around for my daughter and one of Langa’s aunt has her on her back, peacefully sleeping. I am still in my dress and I’m sure I am smelling my pee. It had dried out waiting for help inside my closet

“Are you okay?” He asks.

“Where is Sarah?”

“They took her to the hospital. She is going to be fine.” He says and I nod.

“And wena, are you okay.” He comes closer to me, and I move back, he stands still like everyone else. I dont know why they are here.

“I want a divorce,” I say and he frowns.

“What are you talking about? Are you guys married?” That’s Lindo for you. Always the first one to catch up on anything.

“You are not leaving me!” he says and walks away. I follow him to the guest room ignoring everyone's stares. They didn’t know. They all thought we moved in together because of my pregnancy being high risk. That’s what he’s been telling them.

“Yho! MaGumede abantwana bakho!” I hear my mother-in-law complaining to Langa’s grandmother.

“Langelihle, I am talking to you.” I scream behind him I can’t keep up with him. My stomach is way too big for my months.

“You are not leaving me, yezwa?”

“I’m tired.” I tell him

“Then we will be tired together. No one is leaving this marriage.”

“Langa, Nokukhanya you got married and decided not to tell us?” That’s his mother

“Mma, can I please talk to her, and I will explain.” He begs his mother. Who then leaves just after telling us who disappointed she is? I don’t blame her, but it is what it is and now I want out. He closes the door behind her and sighs.

“I almost died Langa. She wanted to take my children and raise them as hers. Where is she vele.” I ask him still behind me.

“The police took her. Nothing is going to happen to you or our children.”

“YOU DON’T KNOW THAT LANGA!” I scream at him now facing him.

“You went here when she shot Sarah, that woman is crazy and its you that she wants. If I take my children and go from here, I will be fine. I don’t need this kind of stress it’s not good.”

“Then we are moving from here together. Till death do us apart remember? No turning back.” He is so damn stubborn and who the hell came up with this vow? Till death do us apart for ini vele. I cannot win with this man. I looked down and he came close to me and lifted my chin, so I face him. We are staring at each other.

“I am so sorry that you had to go through all that because of me. What I will not apologize for is making you mine and building a family with you. If you want out and need a break, we will take that break together. I will not apologize for marrying you, but I will definitely apologize for keeping our union a secret. I just wanted us to enjoy ourselves and get to know each other without any interference from everyone else. I love you and you are not leaving me.” Then the tears came.

“It makes me angry Nokukhanya that you keep doubting me, Have I ever given you a reason to doubt my feelings for you? I have been bending over backward to make sure you know how I feel about you for the past six months we’ve been married. That I would choose you over and over, again. Why can’t you see that? Why do you always want to run away when it is tough? That shit frustrates me, so you know. And stop crying you are making my son sad.”

“I love you Nokukhanya,” he says getting up and leaving me feeling like more shit.

I’m hungry and I love him more than he will ever know.

---

--

Yho, Guys hello 😊

SO i have decided to sell Book 2 of "OUR SON" the book is call  
"The Crown"

Your support will be appreciated, i'm trying to make a living  
here, times are tough.

Banking Details

**N GAMA**

**Capitec**

**Savings Acc.**

**169 773 5841**

**Price - R50.00**

**Proof of payments can be sent to the below**

treasureroseg@gmail.com

084 380 7832

Thank you & Thank you

-----  
-----

*Snippet*

**The Crown**

Chapter 1.

My heart cracked a little as I watch them cling to each other. She went on her tip toes, and she placed a kiss on his cheek causing him to smile. A smile that did something to me inside. He has such a beautiful smile that always brightens up my day ever since I met him, A smile that always assures you that



everything is going to be all right. That everything is going to be fine. He didn't have to say anything when one was troubled, he could just smile, and everything will be fine even World War ii could have ended with him smiling.

I watch as he runs his hands in her hair as they dance and enjoying themselves with no care in the world. It was one of our get together we normally had just to keep in touch since the boys graduated and left us behind. I had been friends with Lethokuhle for about four years now, we literally bumped into each other at a coffee shop spilling cover all over ourselves, and we have been inseparable ever since. She is so close to her siblings that the entire world has given them a name, the Royal Five. There isn't a place that you won't find them together, they are always together that you would swear they were all birthed by the same mother.

I grew up just being the only child and when the opportunity presented itself to connect and be close with the royal five, I grabbed it with both hands. Some thought I was related to them because I am always with them, but I am just a girl who met an incredible friend that I am grateful to have in my life.

So, now and again Sakhile brings girls to join us, the girls hate this because since I have met him, he has never been in a stable relationship, it's always one-night stands or girls who gets invited to hang with us. Today is different though, he did not bring one of his groupies as Thando would call them. He came alone. But the other brother brought his girlfriend. We have been introduced to her, but we have never hanged around with her to even know wat kind of person is he, not sure what happened today that she came along and now I'm watching them being all touchy and sexy at the dance floor. The girl is so beautiful, no doubt. She is one of those girls who are sexy and confident, clear skin, perfect body and knows how to dress. I envy her; however, I didn't envy her for being perfect, I envied her for what she had with him.

"We are going to dance. Do you want to come with?" Lethu asks, as both her and Thando stands to join the couple. I don't know where Sakhile went but when they both leave, I will be left alone. Not that I fear being left alone, their bodyguards are always around and discrete, so I know I'm safe. The only

problem I have is that I will be looking like a crazy stalker because of my staring. I can't help it.

"Not today. You guys can go ahead." Thando smiles and leaves to join her brother, leaving my bestie behind.

"You good?" I nod and return a smile to her.

"I'm always here for you. You know that right?"

serif;">

"I do. Thank you. And besides mina I'm fine. There is no need to worry about me. Go twerk." She laughs then kisses my cheek and leaves.

Back to the staring and breaking my heart.

My own heart.

A clear of throat startles me, bringing me back from my thoughts. I turn towards the sound and find Sakhile staring at me.

Why would he look at me like that?

“Why are you looking at me like that?” I ask him and he settles next to me.

Too close.

“Umuhle...” I forgot how random he gets.

“Kea leboha.” He smiles. Another smile that caused a river to flow in my panties. Sakhile is a very sexy man, and he knows it. His confidence and attitude can confirm this.

“Why aren’t you with them?”

“I just didn’t feel like dancing today.” I tell him.

“Ooh is that so.” He says nudging my shoulder playfully.

“Yeah, today was not the day.”

He is staring again.

“Sakhile what’s wrong? Why do you keep looking at me like that?” I asked since he was looking at me, weirdly. His response to my question was his lips touching mine, sending a shock of electricity through my entire body. I have kissed a lot of guys before, okay not a lot maybe two, but still this was different. It felt like nothing else mattered, like we were thrown in our own world...but...it wasn’t him.

I wish it was him.

I opened my eyes to be met with a beautiful face and a sexy smile. These Mngomezulu men are simply beautiful. Is this a blush? His cheek flushed as I return the smile to him. Sakhile is a good-looking man and I think he knows this because he can sometimes throw this on you, mostly girls who behave like he is the air that they breathe.

“I like you, a lot.” He says causing my heart to jump out of my chest.

How do I tell him that I am in love with his brother and not him?

Lord be with me.

“Are you going to say something?”

“Umm. Sakhile, you know I love you right?” I look as he frowns at me. He looks so cute.

“Ahh babe, what is this? Are you going to break my heart? Is this where you tell me, it’s not you, it’s me story.” I chuckle. Gosh we not even dating for me to use that line on him.

“I’m in love with someone else.” I tell him and he smiles at me, a nervous smile, I think.

“Serious?”

“Yeah.” I confirm.

“Who is that idiot? I need to break his bones?” Your brother.

I glared at him. For a second, I get completely lost in his eyes, maybe it is the Mngomezulu spell. Why did he look so different suddenly? Maybe it was the kiss.

“I asked you a question. Who do I need to kill?” I stop breathing for a second, he sounds so serious, and his voice is so threatening. I am literally shaking in my heels. He would never hurt his brother, would he?

“Umm... Sakhile...it’s...it’s your... I mean. You don’t know him... okay you do know him and... and ...ooh gosh. Sakhile, I like him. In fact, I think I love him, I know I love him, and as my big brother, I need you to be happy for me.” He smiles at me when I finish my speech.

“If he dares breaks your heart, I will be shooting his ass. Understood?” He tells me with a serious look in his face.



“Lwandle.” I speak. Softly.

“What?”

“Huh?”

“You guys are missing out! Come join us please. Sakhile go find someone else and leave my friend alone she is off limits this one. Come dance with me.” Lethu says already pulling me away from her brother without me even confessing. I wanted him to know that I was talking about his brother. I just need one of them to know how I feel.

I wish I was happy as she is right now. We join the others dancing and singing so loud clearly enjoying themselves while I’m pretending as if everything is fine with me, yet I’m stuck between what my hearts wants and what my head is saying.

## Chapter 30

- Nokukhanya Ngwenya

His family is still here, and I don't have the guts to leave my room and go face them. After Langa left me in our guestroom I went straight to our room, and I've been in here ever since. I wanted to go and just explain but I heard his mother and grandmother shouting at him, one of the aunts might have joined in as well and that was not for me. My stress level wouldn't take any of that, should they shout at me like that I swear I would deliver this baby now.

I just finish taking a shower and I miss my daughter. Let me face my fears and get this over and done with. Just as I'm about to open my door, Lindokuhle walks in carrying a sleeping Nonjabulo. He looks angry. I watch him put her down and kiss her temple. Then...

"I thought we were close mina nawe." He speaks after giving me a look I can't even explain.

“We are.” I reply.

“I find that hard to believe.”

“We are Lindo.”

“Then why did you not tell me you guys got married?” he asks.

“It’s complicated.” It is.

“Then uncomplicate it for me coz I have plenty of time to listen to your drama with my brother.” The hell is his problem.

“Lindokuhle.”

“Yini! I want you to tell me why you got married to him? What is it about him that you always find yourself going back to him. He doesn’t love you like I... like I... damnit Nokukhanya maan! You never listen wena and you can’t even see what’s right Infront of you!”

F\*ck! What has just happened.

I watch him walk out, banging the door behind him. I am so glad my daughter did not wake up after that. What does he mean Langa doesn't love me? I know he does.

He does, right?

.  
. .  
.

“You are still alive? Makoti?” That’s the grandmother. I’m hungry that’s why I’m here.

“Yebo Mma.”

“Mhhmm.” She speaks. This woman is something else I tell you. Now I am just standing here and not knowing if I should carry on and ignore all the stares on me and go eat or must I just explain that he forced me. Maybe I should lie and tell them that he threatened me after that drama he had with his fake wife.

“Uhm...” I begin to explain myself but...

“Ulambile neh?” God bless my mother-in-law she is such a blessing in life. Here I was thinking I’m going to have to explain myself while I’m hungry and frustrated.

“Yebo Mma.”

“Sit down, I will go and fetch you something to eat then you can tell us why you and that husband of yours did not think to let us know of the changes. Hlala phansi.” Eish. I spoke too soon.

I watch as she disappears to the kitchen while the other Gumede women watch me as if I stole one of their goats. I'm in deep shit. That I know.

Yho!

"Are you really married to that hard-headed?" I nod. This food is delicious.

"When did this happen." I swallow my food and look up to find all the beautiful Gumede women looking at me. What is this? I thought she said I should eat before I tell them the whole story.

"Nokukhanya..."

"Mma?"

"When did you get married to Langa?"

“It happened that day when we drove away from Fikile, we woke up the next morning he drove to home affairs and we got married.”

“Did he force you to get married to him.” MaGumede asks. I should have lied and told them he forced me.

“No, we spoke about it and decided to get married for the children.”

“So, you don’t love each other?” How old is this woman again.

“Uhm. We do. I love him and he loves me.” I wish Lindo’s words can leave me alone. I cannot be doubting my husband. This past six months has been the best months of my life, minus the hiding of our marriage, but when its just me and him and our daughter spending time together, the feeling was out of this world, I wouldn’t change it for anything. Now he had to say all of that and mess up with me head.

“Then ke, mntanami tell me this, why did you tell your husband that you claim to love that you want a divorce from him, just because things don’t go your way, what happened today wasn’t anyone’s fault but that greedy woman. Why are you punishing my son because of her?” Yho. Just because I don’t have a mother that I can run too, he decided to run to his mother with our problems. I love my mother-in-law and I respect her so much. But I will not sit here and listen to this. I know when my mouth starts running it will never stop. I have lost my appetite.

I stand up and leave her there.

“Nokukhanya!” That’s the grandmother shouting behind me.

“kodwa nawe.” She says to her daughter-in-law.

I focus on my daughter who is wide awake in the middle of the night wondering if I made the right choice by walking away from her grandmother during our conversation. That was hours ago and none of them has come up to see if I’m okay or why I did what I did. I just know a lot would have happened if I opened my mouth. I wonder where Langa is, he hasn’t returned since he walked out on me. Another thing that is bothering me is what Lindo said to me. Gosh, I swear my life is hard.



My son has been a busy body, after that encounter earlier today. I'm not even sure when my daughter fell asleep. I have been so lost in my thoughts that everything around me is so confusing. Damn uLindokuhle for planting that seed of doubt in my head, I get up and search for my phone to call my husband we need to talk.

I make my way to the kitchen to get something to eat after trying to call Langa with no avail. I wish Sarah was here I would have had my fifth meal of the day by now. Tomorrow morning, I need to go check if she is okay she got shot because of me. I could have died today.

I feel like I have been waking for so long and I am not reaching where I want to go. All of a sudden, my feet hurt, and my tummy feels heavy. I am only due in two weeks' time. Ntsikayethu better not decide to come now, its way to early. I am not ready.

"Are you okay?" Langa's mother ask behind me.

"Yes, I just need to....ahhhhh!" My water breaks. This is not happening.

"We need to go to the hospital." She is panics, why is she panicking.

Langa is going to miss our son's birth. I will be doing this all alone.

Again.

We get to the hospital, and I'm rushed to my room. This is it. Everyone is here, my daughter too except her father, my husband. On our way here Lindo was tasked with finding him. I shut my eyes when my mother-in-law squeezes my hand. She's been with me since we came in here, Monica has checked and checked me while she here sitting where son should have been sitting. Sigh, I shouldn't have know it was too good to be true, he couldn't keep to his promises.

"It's time." Monica says. She called my parents and let them know I was giving birth today. She instructs the two nurses who will be assisting her to get ready.

"Sunshine, when I tell you to push, I need you to give it your all, neah." I nod, and the door opens, in walks in my husband who looks like...argh! I don't even want to comment on his looks. He takes his mother place after she wishes me good luck. A while later the room is filled with my son's cries, Ntsikayethu Gumede.

Monica checks on him and then gives him to one of the nurses to have him cleaned.

"Ngiyabonga Nokukhanya." He says placing a kiss on my head.

"I love you." He tells me. I smile. He knows I love him back.

“Can you please go get him.” I ask him to fetch our baby. I just want to hold him.

I know I wasn't ready for him today, but I am so happy he is here finally we will be a whole family. It's been one roller coaster ride between me and my baby daddy. I remember when I thought he was married back then when he broke my virginity. If only I knew then that he wasn't married, maybe by now we would have our third child. He walks in followed by everyone, Monica as well. What's going on.

“What's wrong?” I look at Langa's face and I can't explain the look, its between being angry and sad. I sit up ignoring the pains I'm in.

“Langa where is my son. Monica's where is my baby!”

“We cannot find him; we've been looking everywhere for him. I can't find... we can't find him.” My head is spinning. This is a joke. It hasn't even been that long. He can't be missing; I want my son.

“I WANT MY BABY LANGA, I WANT MY BABY!” I cry.

This is not happening.

It is in this room where everyone that holds a special place in my heart, in this room where I should feel the warmth and love from them, in this room where I should be drawing all my

strength from each and every one of them, but I am feeling the opposite.

I don't deserve this.

.....**THE END**.....

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends. Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>