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## **PROLOGUE**

I watched him slowly moving his body like a snake. How does one even do that, damn he is so sexy. He is only in his briefs and I can definitely see the size of his phallus in those briefs, some people are blessed, that is God's creation. Oh he is moving closer towards me. I am seated down on a nice chair and everyone is gathered around me witnessing these two men doing the unbelievable. Their screams bring me back to live as I remember that these are just strippers and this is my bachelorette party, in just a month I am getting married, flip!

Stripper 1:"Like what you see baby?" He is standing right in front of me and his phallus almost in my face. I don't even know what to say but to leave my mouth hung open. These men are gifted!

Thandeka:"Oh yeah baby! Come give it to me, she's about to get married!" Everyone just laughs at her crazy self. "What? Can't blame a single mom for trying."

I watch them strip around me so sexy, while doing that I am caressing their bodies all over until I ended up touching their phalluses, that is when I realised how I got lost in the moment, wearing this sexy white lingerie was not helping at all. I hear some of the girls gasp and I quickly remove my hands from them. This happens for five more minutes until I got up from the chair, I need air. I went to the table where drinks were put and I took a shot followed by another.

Thandeka:"Those men are fine! I think ngizo hamba no yedwa." (I am leaving with one of them)

Ntombi:"Wena emadodeni, ngino ku'khohlwa." (I tend to forget how you are around men)

Thandeka:"Girl with that type of men, I can't turn blind eye. I saw how turned up you were, you were hot." Was I too obvious?

Ntombi:"No, I was not. I have a fiance, remember?" I don't even know who my fiance is.

Thandeka:"Even a blind person would see how bad you were when you were touching those fine creatures. You couldn't hold yourself." She's right.

Ntombi:"Whatever!" We laugh.

Thandeka:"Asambe, there is still more to do." What!? More surprises? She pulls me by hand, I walk behind her looking at her nice built ass bouncing up and down in that red lingerie. I smack it.

Thandeka:"Ouch!" She winced and I laugh at her. "Uzo batala."(You will pay) I shrug.

Ntombi:"I love what I see babe." I wink at her, but she shook her head and stood.

Thandeka:"Hamba uyohlala phansi and leave my fat ass to other people who can handle it." (Sit down)

I went to the chair

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specially for me and sat down. We played two more games and the fun began. Music played and we we're getting sloshed. I told myself that I am going to enjoy my bridal shower and my wedding since well, my marriage is arranged. I have not even met my husband as yet. It is said that I will be meeting him down the aisle the day of our wedding. I am not happy at all

about this whole arranged marriage, I don't want to get married well, at least not this soon. I am still 24 years and I really want to enjoy my life as a single woman. But anyway, life isn't always how you want it to be. I hope he is handsome, because I am going to run away if he looks like an old grandpa. I was told so little about him that he runs business. God! My thoughts are disturbed by my older sister, Mbali.

Mbali:"Earth to Makoti!" (Bride) I chuckled. "I know what you are thinking of. Don't worry sis'wam, kuzo ndlula." (It will be fine, sister)

Ntombi:"Kanjani kodwa? I don't even know if my "dear husband" will love me, if he is abusive or maybe has a girlfriend. How is he going to treat me?" (How though)

Mbali:"You are reading too much into it. Relax, you know you can book yourself into a five star hotel if you feel you can't live in the same room with him right? You got the money girl." We laugh.

Ntombi:"The problem would be my in-laws. They'd make unexpected visits."

Mbali:"Duh! You won't be taking all your clothes with. Leave some behind and maybe, you will get yourself a man at the

hotel, who knows." She winks, I chortled. I forget how crazy she can be.

Ntombi:"So this is it, I am getting married in just a blink of an eye." I laughed. "If anyone told me that I was going to get married this year, I would have laughed at them and called them fools. But look who is the fool now."

Mbali:"Well, you better believe it and enjoy every single thing about this wedding because it might be your first and last."

She's right.

I made sure this is my big dream wedding, I did it my way as they took everything in their hands for the traditional wedding. I have already met my in-laws during the lobola negotiations and I must say that they are very nice people, I am just not sure about their son that I am about to get married to.

**NTOMBENHLE MNISI**

I am standing at the balcony, adoring this wonderful place. It is 5am and I can see the sun rising from the East. The nerves are killing me, I could not go back to sleep, today is it my big day. I get back inside my hotel room and call for room service and order for breakfast. My phone beeps and I look at it, it is my cousin, Nonhle reminding me that I am married, I gladly reply with "Can't wait." I stare at my wedding gown hanging up on the rail, I smile to myself and shed a tear, if this was any other day, I would have been very excited. But now my parents are forcing me into marriage for their own selfish reasons. A knock hits my ears, I quickly wipe my tears and walk to the door before I opened it, it's room service. I directed him to the balcony, he left after placing my food on the table. As I was indulging on my pancakes and coffee, people barged into my room singing hoping to wake me up, lol. I was long time awake. It was Thandeka, Nonhle my cousin

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the photographer and my sister Mbali. Thandeka and Nonhle are my bride's maids, in fact Thandeka is my maid of honor. "It's a wedding day, a wedding

Day

It's a wedding day

Uyashada nam'hlanje"

They keep repeating the lyrics with a step in between the lines as I joined them in. The woman photographer who came with them was capturing all those moments. I looked at my bride's maids wearing silky red robes printed "Bride's Maid" in white bold italics as I was wearing a white one printed "The Bride", same fonts, just red in colour.

Nonhle:"Usu qedzile nokudl' ibreakfast!?" (You are even having breakfast.) She looked at me shocked.

Mbali:"She seems to be ready for this day! Sis'wam, utiva njani?" (How are you feeling?) I shrugged

Ntombi:"I am nervous, hence why I seem to have woken up a bit early, I just couldn't sleep much."

Thandeka:"Ncoow... I know how to calm your nerves babes."

She smirks and I already know that I have to expect anything crazy. "First thing first, I have ran you a warm bath so you can bath because the hair and make up artist will be here in 20 minutes. So right now while we wait..." The was a knock on the door and she went to open. She got back with a tray of four glasses and a bottle of champagne.

Thandeka:"Can you do the honors by popping this and make a toast to you you." As the bottle popped, the room was filled by our loud screams. We raised our glasses as soon they were



filled.

Mbali:"No matter the outcomes of this marriage, at least you will have your dream wedding."

Nonhle:"And sidla imali ka mkhwe!" (We are spending your husband's money.)

Thandeka:"And I might find myself a man."

Ntombi:"And I am going to enjoy my wedding with you by my side, thank you so much for everything. I love you guys." We clicked our glasses together and sipped.

Thandeka:"You need to have more of champagne, no make that something more stronger."

Ntombi:"What the hell, No! I can't risk stumbling my way down the aisle."

Nonhle:"Come on gogo, just one shot." She makes puppy eyes. I look at my sister but she shrugged.

Ntombi:"Ok, fine!" I took one bottle of a shot that was a complimentary drink when I checked in the hotel and we all counted up to three before we downed the shots. There was another knock, Mbali went to open and came back with the make up artist and that was my cue to go take a bath whilst they start on their make up since well they seemed to have already taken a bath.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I have just finished wearing my grey tuxedo and I must say, it really looks good and fits perfectly on me. My dear wife whom I have never even met got taste, I admit. She chose all the outfits for me and the groom's men, oh and my baby boy here, Lindokuhle who is only three years old. I look at him as he makes my way to me and I just know I have to prepare for a few questions.

Lindo: "Daddy, grandma said that I am meeting my new mom soon. Does that me mommy is not going to be my mommy anymore?" I sighed and picked him up and walked to the balcony with him.

We glanced around looking at the whole city. The view from this hotel is just amazing. I still say, my wife got taste, she booked this hotel for me and men, in fact she planned the whole wedding, all I did was just send money through my mother because I don't know my wife and never been in contact with her as I was not allowed. I was told that I will meet her down the aisle. It's funny that we are in the same hotel, we probably bumped into each other or maybe she is one of the

girls I have been fucking with a few weeks ago till last night, yes I got a girl in the hotel last night after clubbing. Anyway, my baby boy's hands bringing me back from my thoughts.

Luyolo: "You are going to have two mommies my boy."

Lindo: "Two?" He asks looking at me like I am talking crap.

Luyolo: "Yes, two. That's how lucky you are. They will love you equally and very much."

Lindo: "I love them too. And I love daddy also." He smiles at me. My son just amazes me on how he is growing we up. I hope this arrangement of marriage does not disturb him in the process of growing.

Luyolo: "I love you too son, never doubt that." I hug him.

"Ncoooow, look at yourself man." I turn to look back to where the sound of the voice came from. I see my groom's men and a photographer. How did they get in here because I didn't hear them coming in.

Luyolo: "How long have you guys been standing there?"

Lubabalo: "Long enough to witness the good father of the year in you. I swear you are different from the shit person you are out there when you are with your son. Kuhle mfanam, iz'apha." (Kuhle my boy, come here.) Lindokuhle snuggles off me, I put him down and he runs to his uncle, my brother.

Luyolo: "Hey! Mind your language around my son man."

Siyamthanda: "Dawg!" We fist bumped and bro hugged. "A whole Maradona getting married today? If it never rains today

then I don't know." I chortled.

Luyolo:"Ay man. Nami andikholelwa ukuba mna ndizo tshata kwa namhla. Worse ndizakutshata with someone I don't even know. What if she is ugly?" (I cannot believe it either that today I am getting married.) I watch them as they laugh at me, even the photographer who is capturing this moment. I shook my head in disbelief and joined them in laughing.

Lubabalo:"So, uzaw'thini kwi baby mama yakho. I know for a fact ukuba usam'thanda but, now that you are getting married what is going to happen?" (What will you tell the mother of your son? I know that you love her.)

Luyolo:"Andazi ndithin. I guess I will cross the road once I get there hey." (I don't know.)

Siya:"Does she know though ukuba uya tshada?" (Does she know that you are getting married?)

Luyolo:"Cha! Eish andaz kwedini." (No. I don't know.)

Siya:"You know she'll find out herself right? So you need to tell her soon before it's too late. I know you currently broke up but you have been doing this break up and make up for too long, so I will suggest that you tell her before she sees or hears it from someone else."

Siya has been my best friend for as long as I can remember. He knows me and all my skeletons so his point of view matters a lot to me. I look at my son playing games in Lubabalo's phone. I and his mother been through a lot. Although I and her are

currently not in good terms, she still means a lot to me and here I am getting married. I am not even sure if the marriage is going to work. If I could I would walk out of it but I just can't. My father arranged this meeting with one of his clients, a whole business tycoon which I always wanted to do business with. So, they stroked a deal that I have to marry his daughter and if I declined, my father would make sure that my businesses fall down, he has contacts that man and I mean he can make things perish, just like that. So I couldn't risk that.

Luyolo:"It is not so easy hey. I guess I will have to tell her anyway."

Siya:"That's good. Now where's the cognac?"

Lubabalo:"I will go get the glasses." We sipped on the cognac in our glasses.

Luyolo:"So this is it."

Lubabalo & Siya:"It is that!" We shared a moment of silence, after a few seconds we laughed. My father walked in and asked to talk to me. Lubabalo and Siya then left the room with Lindo. We walked to the balcony and we were silent for almost 3 minutes. After the photographer captured to his satisfaction, he left the room. My father put his hand on my shoulder.

Dad:"I am proud of you, son." I looked at him and laughed. I can't believe this man right now

Luyolo:"You are not tata! You got what you wanted, qa. That is what you are proud of."

Dad:"Luyolo ndise ngu yihlo! You do know that I am doing this for you son, his future?"

Luyolo:"No! You are doing this for your own selfish reasons tata. You forcing me to marry someone I don't even know, nor love. How sick is that!?"

Dad:"You will learn to love him. Life comes with so much sacrifices and believe when I tell you that this son, this is only the beginning! I have done so much for you and your siblings, but you are just ungrateful!"

Luyolo:"So, I have to pay you for bringing me into this world? For the clothes you bought me, the expensive schools I went to, the trips, the home and shelter, food and and and? Ufuna ndibatalele kuba ungu tata kum? Is that what you are saying?"  
(Do you want me to pay for being your son?)

Dad:"Take it however you want, I DON'T CARE! Now get ready,only 15 minutes left before your bride walks down the aisle. You better be down there on time."

I watched him walk out of my room. I screamed in anger. I took my phone and scrolled to Yoniswa. I sent her a text message saying "I am getting married to someone else today, I am sorry." I sent the text message and switched off my phone and tossed it into my pocket. I breathed out and walked out to where everyone was.

**NTOMBENHLE MNISI**

I glanced at myself at the full length mirror, I look so beautiful. I would have been very happy if only I was doing this on my own without anyone having to put pressure on me. Don't get me wrong, I am going to enjoy my wedding, whether I like it or not. I have put so much effort in it. I don't know if it will be my first or last wedding I get to have so, kuzo moshakala if it must. I smile at myself with tears threatening to fall off my eyes, I quickly blink them away; I can't let them ruin my face beat. That make-up artist really did his thing on my face, damn gays are talkative! But I enjoyed having him around. There was a knock on the door and my bride's maids entered with my mother, and my mother in-law whom I have already met, with a lady my age or younger. My sister was carrying her daughter, Minenhle. She is just a year old.

Mom: "Ntfombetana ka mama, you remind me of myself ngise mncane yati. Bengi bukeka nje ngawe" (Mama's baby girl, you remind me of myself when I was your age. I looked just like you.)"

Thandeka: "Haow ma, ihaba. This is the 22nd generation, not

the 70s. She looks way better than you, no offence.” A slap lands on her back, not too hard though but enough to make her take back what she said. (Ma, you are exaggerating.)

Thandeka:”Ouch! Ma. Okay I’m sorry, usese muhle nje nge chichi. No one can take away the beauty that you have, not even yena uNtombi.” (You are still beautiful like a pure girl.) We laughed at her slippery mouth, but my mom is used to her now so she did not take that as an insult.

My mom pulled me softly towards the balcony with my mother-in-law and the lady.

Mom:”You look so beautiful baby. I have always longed to see this day and here we are. I am just said that you will be going away. When your sister got married, it wasn’t that bad but now both of my daughters are going to be taken away from me.” She softly sobbed.

Mother-in-law:”Hai Nomathemba suk'lila. Uzok'lolisa uNtombenhle.” I feel a lump building up in my throat. I quickly swallow it and take back in my tears. (Nomathemba don’t cry, you'll make Ntombenhle to also cry.)

Ntombi:”Ma, I will always be your baby girl. No one will take you away from me. Although I am still mad about this arranged marriage, I am not going anywhere mama you will always be in my heart. Please, I want to enjoy this ludicrous day, stop crying



mama.” I hug and brushed her back.

Mother-in-law:”She is right Nosibusiso, musukuba ne drama uvuye kuze uvuyele ne ndodakazi yakho. Oh and Ntombi my baby, meet my daughter Nokuzola. She is 22 years old and she is the last born of mine.” (Don’t be dramatic and be happy for your daughter.) Oh

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I am just 24 years old, I am not that old.

Nokuzola:”Ndiyavuya ukukwazi sisi.” (Nice to finally meet you sister ) She is so beautiful.

Ntombi:”Nami futhi.” (Like wise.) I open my arms for a hug, she gladly hugged me.

Mother-in-law:”Ixesha limkile makoti.sesizaku dibana enzantsi ke.” (Time is not on our Side, we’ll meet you downstairs.) She said that walking out.

“Makoti, we don’t want to be late now do we? My future husband is calling my name down there!” Thandeka shouts from inside the room. She is something else that one. You’d swear she been drinking. My sister appears to where mama and I were sitting.

Mbali:”Nisahleli, ma? It’s time to go down there now. Anyway mtase, I hope you are prepared because after today, a lot is

bound to happen or even change in your life. You will face a lot of challenges and I want you to be strong okay baby sis? If you think that the pressure is too much be selfish and walk away. Don't stay in a ruthless marriage. Now I will meet you down there, all the best and I love you okay." I stood up and hugged her then she left. My mom stood up, still sobbing.

Mom:"I am very sorry my love, I am truly sorry. I did not want you to get married to that boy. You could marry anyone but not him."

Ntombi:"Why not him mom? Do you know him?"

Mom:"Don't mind what I said. I love you baby and I am very sorry okay. Let's get going, we will meet you father downstairs." I nodded. Why is she now sorry? She was all out about this wedding to happen and now she does not want me to get married to my dearest husband I am about to meet? Anyway, we left the hotel room and went to the altar.

The bride's maids have already walked down the aisle to the altar. I am standing by with my father as we are waiting for the song to start so we can walk in. I am nervous. I am meeting my husband for the first time on our wedding day, this is absurd! My dad fixes my veil after kissing my cheek.

Dad:"Lovey wam, I know this was not part of your plans but one day you will understand why I had to do this. I can't believe that

my favourite daughter is being taken away today. For what is worth, I am so sorry for arranging a marriage for you. I love you. Just don't tell your sister that I said you are my favourite though. My princess." I laugh at him because he says the same thing to my sister. I hug him. My dad has been my escape through everything, instead of my mother. I mean, I have been closer to my father more than my mother, I am just Daddy's princess.

Ntombi:"I love you too Daddy." I didn't want to say too much, we are already here aren't we.

"If there's a question of my heart

You got it

It don't belong to anyone but you

For you, yeah

If there's a question of my love

You got it

Baby don't worry I got plans for you

Baby I've been making plans"

The song plays as we entered, I chose this song of course. I am not an old school have who walks down the aisle with that "here comes the bride" shit song, I would never. I like changing the tradition. I am still facing down as I walk, I can feel the eyes of the guests have turned back on us before we step on the white carpet.

Dad:"You ready?" I feel my tears welding up in my eyes, a lump

threatening to block my throat but I quickly swallow it. I nod to my dad.

Ntombi: "Yes, let's do this." Our arms intertwine and I looked up straight to the alter and my heart palpitated. I felt hot and my palms started to sweat. We walked not too slow towards the alter and I see his broad, tall and muscular self looking at me, we gazing at each other and we don't dare to drop our eyes.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

Oh here she comes with her father, I still say, this woman has got a taste for days, I mean look at the décor around this amazing garden, the suits she chose for me and the groom's men and her bride's maids dresses, she certainly knows her thing I just wonder how the reception looks like, I might be blown away. I look at her sexy self parading towards me with one of the biggest business tycoons whom I have always looked up too, her father. Fuck, I don't even know her name. I literally start laughing as I threw my head at the back and put my hand on my mouth which I had folded into a fist and just smile at my quarter to be my wife, my men besides me are chuckling, I think they are mocking me, this boys!

Siya:"So, this is it, Mr "Marriage is a trap" huh" He taps my back behind me.

Lubabalo & Luyolo:"It is that." We laugh.

My supposed wife looks exquisite in that dress, it reveals quite a lot but I am not complaining though. I hope not to get disappointed when I open that veil. Her body is to die for, man why am I catching feelings here, this is so weird. I move one

step forward towards my already here bride as her father hands her to me. We shake hands and he tells me to take a good care of her before he leaves us. I hold her hand and looked at her through the Veil, I can blurry see her but I know for sure she is nervous or intimidated by me, I mean I'm on my laughing mode right now as I find this really absurd, I just cannot believe that I, a whole fucking player getting married today. Well, she got to relax because I don't bite honey.

Luyolo:"Hi, I am Luyolo Mayiza." I grin as I am still holding her hand.

Her:"Ntombenhle Mnisi." I see a bit of her white teeth and I know for sure that she is smiling back at me. The pastor disturbs our moment. The Reverend begins with the program.

Rev Peterson:"Before we all settle down, I would like us to begin with a pray to bless the matrimonial ceremony brought by the two families to bind. Can we please close our eyes and bow our heads. Heavenly father, we come before you today as we are all gathered here by the Mnisi and the Mayiza family coming together to be of one family as the two children are about to say their vows and walk into marriage. Please bless this day for them and protect them through every challenge they will face as they get into matrimonial. Let them seek for

you through difficult times even in good ones father Lord, make them feel your spirit all the time in the mighty name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

I am standing facing my “wife” and I am just smiling. So my new life is about to begin now. I can even feel my subconscious feeling good about this, in fact I feel really good I don’t know why. The moment I touched her, I became weak in an instant it’s like she has an effect on me like I have known her for a very long time, weird right!

Rev Peterson:”Thank you, all may settle down.”

Everyone takes their seats

Rev Peterson:”Is there anyone amongst yourselves seated who is against the marriage of the couple before me to get married? If so, please come forward and tell us why they shouldn’t get married right now or forever hold your peace.”

Five, four, three, two and... Just when I was about to breath out.

Woman:”So sorry I am late, yoh I was stuck in traffic and it was crazy.” What the hell is Yoniswa's little sister doing here!? How did they even allow her in without an invitation? I clenched my jaws and I felt Ntombi's hands getting tense. Oh no wifey, that’s not my girlfriend. How did she know about the wedding? Don’t be stupid Luyolo you sent Yoniswa a message earlier and surely she informed her about my wedding and of course, Yvonne probably confronted my little sister since they are friends and

she lives here around Joburg which was easier for her to get to the venue. I hope she is not here to ruin my wedding because I would hate to forget that she is the mother of my child's sibling.

Rev Peterson: "Miss? Are you against the wedding or are you going to take a seat like everyone else?"

Yvonne: "Uh, No!" I gasped. And looked at Ntombi who was probably looking at me with a questioning look. I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head.

Lubabalo: "Bro, what's up with her?" I shrugged again

Siya: "Do you want me to take care of her?"

Luyolo: "No! Let her be!" I clicked my tongue and looked deadly in her eyes. She looked quite scared. She looked down and played with her fingers. What exactly is her agenda?

Rev Peterson: "Lady! You are wasting our time as we would like to continue with the wedding. Please sit down or see yourself out." I almost felt sorry for her, never! She was not invited at the first place. I see her settling down very disappointed and defeated. My look can be intimidating quite a lot I know.

Rev Peterson: "I would like to read a from the Bible before the couple before me binds to their marriage.

Since this marriage is arranged and the couple just met each other, I will read in the book of 1 Corinthians 13:4-7 It reads as



follows:

4. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it is not proud.

5. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

6. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

7. It always hopes, always perseveres. My dearly beloveds. I want to highlight important words from the scripture that may help building your relationship, your marriage. Patience, it all begins with patience. Be kind to each other.”

I just wonder what is going on through Ntombenhle's mind, I am in my own zone whilst the pastor is reading the script from the Bible.

Rev Peterson: “Right. Since well you both just met, we can stick to my old school Bible vows.”

Luyolo: “No pastor, I can put something together.”

Siya: “Show off.” We all chuckled.

Rev Peterson: “Alright, and you Miss?”

Ntombi: “I’ll say my own vows.”

Bride’s made: “Haibo! What are you exactly going to say ngoba vele nalomuntfu you just met him five seconds ago” Everyone laughs. That one is very hyper, just by seeing how she walked in I just knew she is very loud. Ntombi just shook her head.

Rev Peterson: “Right, can we have the rings?” The bride’s maid brings them. “Miss Mnisi over to you.”

Ntombi: “As I am standing facing you right now I know that

there is no turning back. Being honest I wasn't sure about any of this. My consciousness was to turn back and run away." Wait, what? (People gasped) . "With this ring, I promise to be faithful to you, to be the best communicator. I promise to help you grow into the person that God has called you to be. Today I want to vow that I will learn you, get to know you better and treat you like how a wife is supposed to treat her husband, I will learn to love you and to respect you. I don't have answers to how our marriage will work out but I know we can try." She slid the Platinum ring on my finger.

Whew! She has the sweetest voice I swear I almost cried. Okay it's now my turn, what am I going to say? I guess I should just go with the vows from the Bible. Naaah!

Rev Peterson:"Mr Mayiza?"

Here it goes. Shit why am I chickening out.

Luyolo:"I don't have much to say besides well." I cuss under my breath, not loud enough to be heard. "I am one man who messes up with words but I hope you will understand what I will say. I must says that I had different views about this whole wedding either, but after you walked down this aisle, my views changed into better views. I promise I will be the husband that you will cling on. Jonga, I will respect and honor you as my wife, you will come first and I will support you in your academics.

This is us, stepping on to a new chapter and starting on a new

clean page. I promise to keep our marriage anchored until death part us." I slid the ring on her fragile finger.

Rev Peterson:"Thank you for your wonderful vows but now we will do it my way."

Rev Peterson:"I will start with you, Miss Mnisi." She nods.

Rev Peterson:"Do you Ntombenhle Mnisi take Luyolo Mayiza as your lawful wedded husband to have and to hold, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you apart?"

Ntombi:"I do." She let's out a soft laugh.

Rev Peterson:"And do you Luyolo Mayiza take Ntombenhle Mnisi as your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer

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in sickness and in health till death do you apart?"

I slid the ring into this nice finger of hers before I could say...

Luyolo:"I do." I smiled.

Rev Peterson:"Beautiful. Let me close off with last verses from the Bible.

"Matthew 19:6

"Since they are no longer two but one, let no one split apart what God has joined together"

I now pronounce you men and wife, you are now Mr And Mrs Mayiza, you may kiss your bride.”

The moment I’ve been waiting for, fuck I am nervous. I slowly raise up the Veil before my dearest best friend interrupted my moment.

Siya:”Tshini fundin', kwa ngathi ushaya Yi gwababa.” (What’s up bro? Are you chickening out?) Everyone laughs including my dearest wife here. This fool. I finally pull the whole Veil up and look at this beautiful creature before me, I am so lost in her eyes. Her face is just, just, wait a minute, why do I see a female version of me when I look at her. I brushed that thought away and I smile at her and we both don’t even dare to drop the gaze, it is like we are lost in each other’s souls. I finally clear my throat and altar a word.

Luyolo:”Awusemhle.” (You are beautiful) She blushes and reveals her not too deep dimples.

Ntombi:”Thank you. You don’t look bad yourself.”

Okay, I gotta kiss her now.

Bride’s maid:”Are you guys going to kiss or what? We are hungry and I am sure my future husband is eyeing on me somewhere here. Just kiss and you will get to know each other later because...”

She can talk for days, I couldn’t wait for her to finish, I just smashed my lips on my wife’s lips. Her lips are so soft, at least

she kissed me back. I swear I felt the electric connect between us. How am I catching feelings so quick? After a passionate kiss we pull out, while the family and friends are clapping and singing for us. Some are congratulating us. A woman who I have learnt that she is Ntombi's mother comes to us with my mom. My mom is staring at Ntombi very strangely, I don't know why. Ntombi's mother starts crying.

Ntombi: "Mama, why are you crying now. Should you not be happy that your wish that I get married came true?" She hugs her.

Nomathemba: "Ngiyacolisa my baby, I am very sorry." She wipes her tears.

Ntombi: "What's wrong?"

Zozibini: "Hayi tshin, Noma yini? Rha! Sula ezo nyembezi uvuye ngoba abantwana seba tshatile ngoku."

Nomathemba: "It's nothing my love." She sobs softly now. "I, Uhm... come here." She gives Ntombi a tight hug. "Just know that I did this for you and your future. I love you so much ngane yam." They break the hug. "Siya, please look after my daughter, okay."

Bride's Maid 2: "I am sorry to disturb your moment but we really need to go take pictures right now while everyone makes it to the reception and settles in there."

Ntombi: "Okay, Uhm Nonhle did you check if the reception is in order, I can't seem to see Jenna anywhere near by."

I have learnt that the second bride's maids is Nonhle.

Nonhle: "Oh, don't worry about that. She is getting everyone seated in the hall and trust me, you will be blown away, both of you. Everything is in order! Now family, we need to go to the garden and have your photoshoot."

I turn to hold my wife's hand and she gladly takes in mine and we intertwined our fingers together.

Just as we get to the garden, a flash of lightning accompanied by a very dangerous thunder strikes very hard, it shook the ground. I won't even lie, it really scared me too as everyone was screaming. I did not even realise that Ntombi is holding on to me tightly and shaking, shame my poor wife. I embrace her in my arms and peck her forehead.

Luyolo: "It's okay, you good?" She nods profusely like a child who has been disciplined.

I look at the clouds but they look perfectly fine, no sign of rain but just a beautiful winter weather, this is weird. We take pictures and this goes on for almost 30. It's just us, the groom's men, bride's maids and our parents. After we were done, we waited for everyone to go in the hall, my men and her girls went in dancing, flip! Do I have to dance too?

Ntombi: "I hope you can dance, because we going to break a leg when we get in there." Speaking of witch. I laugh, tilting my head on the side.

Luyolo: "Do you want to challenge me, maMnisi?" she chuckles and shrugs her shoulders. Toosie slide by Drake starts playing.

Ntombi: "This is us. Let's show them what the newly wedded couple got."

Luyolo: "Wait, you serious about this dancing thing?"

She ignores me completely and walks to the entrance, I rush to her and we entered. Thank God for Tim Tok, or I would have been lost having no clue on the toosie slide dance. We finally made it to our table. I must say she out did herself, everything here is absolutely beautiful. The white and silver grey colours are absolutely amazing. For a moment, the money I kept on sending I thought it was just greed, I spent almost half a million on this wedding, I take back all the cussing I made, the money was worth it. I am impressed.

Ntombi: "You didn't strike me as someone who can dance like that, especially for such songs."

Is she mocking me?

Luyolo: "Ouch, I'm offended. But sorry to disappoint you hun but I am a man of many talents." We both share a laugh. There

is something special about this woman here, I mean how do I love someone whom I just met an hour ago, how open is my heart? I guess it's true when they say "a heart is a biggest betrayer." Wait, who said that?

We watch as everyone congratulate us and give us speeches, including our parents and extended family. A song played just to give people a break to dance, we watch them as they dance when I see My little sister come with my baby boy to our table and hands him to me. What has he done now.

Luyolo:"And then? Why are you both looking grumpy?" This two fight a lot like siblings, but their relationship is much stronger than you can ever imagine but I know this for sure that they were quarreling and my boy here is acting innocent. He is trouble this one.

Nokuzola:"Hai, uyandidika qha!" (He is such a nuisance.) I chuckle.

Luyolo:"Lindo? Wenze ntoni?" (What have you done?) He just looks down and doesn't respond. Zola motioned back to where she was sitting.

Ntombi:"Even a blind person would see kutsi he is your son. How old is he?" I smile.

Luyolo:"He turned three just a week ago." She nods. And moves her attention to Lindo who is still sulking over Lord knows what.



Ntombi: "Hey baby?" She says so softly to Lindo. He looks up to meet her eyes.

Ntombi: "Why are you sad?"

Lindo: "Because, she... Ncane said to me "No" when I asked for her phone to play a game on her phone."

Ntombi: "Oh, but did she tell you why won't she borrow you her phone to play games?"

Lindo: "Ncane said her phone's battery is going to die."

Ntombi: "Okay, listen baby. Ncane's phone is probably very low that even when you were to start playing that game, it might switch off and you will reset your game all over again so it was best not to give you her phone. And what did you do after that?" I honestly wouldn't bother explaining to Lindokuhle, why is she even wasting her time on this. Lindo will forget and move on from this.

Lindo: "I clicked my tongue and threw a hand on her." He looks down.

Ntombi: "Did you say sorry to Ncane?"

Lindo shook his head and cries so silently.

Ntombi: "It's okay baby, don't cry you will get ugly." I laughed and my baby joined in. "You must apologise to Ncane or she won't borrow you her phone again."

Luyolo: "My son and apologising, oil and water, same WhatsApp group. This child is full of himself. Andazi kuba ufuze ba, ngoba it's definitely not me." (I don't know who he takes after.)

We both laugh

Ntombi: "What is your name?"

Lindo: "My name is Lindokuhle Austin Mayiza, but daddy calls me Lindo."

Ntombi: "Sweet names baby, well my name is Ntombenhle Yolanda Mnisi-Mayiza."

Lindo: "You are also the same as me, daddy, Ncane, nankhulu and tata?" Nankhulu is my mother and tata obviously my father. Ntombi laughs softly.

Ntombi: "Oh yes my love. We are now sharing the last name." I just can't believe that I just got married and I fucking have a wife. If anyone told me that I will get married on this very same day, I would have totally laughed at them.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

The MC got hold of the Mike and the music stopped.

MC: "Okay now like I said before, we need both husband to close up with a little speech before it gets down here. Mr and Mrs Mayiza, please come down here and say your few words to us."

Why didn't anyone tell me to prepare a speech. Now I have to look like a clown. I stand up with Lindo still holding on to me and he is not willing to let go. I help my dear wife up in her sexy Crystal white mermaid tail dress, backless with noodle straps. She is looking fucking sexy! We walk down hand in hand and the MC hands the mic to me.

Luyolo: "Should I or you..?"

Ntombi: "It's okay, go ahead."

Luyolo: "Molweni. Uhm, I was not told ukuba ndizoyenza ispeech. So I won't be long as I don't have anything prepared. Wow, the..." (I had no idea that I was going to be called to give in a speech.)

Lindo interrupts me

Lindo: "Daddy, what is that?" He tries grabbing the mic from my hand."

Luyolo: "It's a mic." I say that not too dismissively. I just know the next question will follow soon. "As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted (I clear my throat), the day has finally come where I met my beautiful, sexy mysterious wife. It was not part of the plan to get married this year but hey, this is just a blessing. I admit, bendino msindo (I was angry) when this marriage was being arranged and maybe I still am angry at a few things but, at this very moment ndino vuyo (I am happy). Who would have thought that I, will be married today, I mean..."

Lindo: "Daddy, I saw that man who sings "Ndode ndala ka ngaka ikhalel'uma wayo" holding the mic on nankhulu and tata's TV" Everyone laughs to his stupid cuteness

Luyolo: "Baby let daddy finish talking okay, when I am done we will talk okay? Go to mommy Enhle for now." I peck on his cheek and hand him to Enhle, yes I will call her Enhle and they gladly take each other into each other's arms.

Luyolo: "I have played around a numerous times but right now I feel like I have been saved from a lot of trouble. I would like to thank each and everyone of you who probably had better plans but instead you made it here to witness this journey that is about to start for me and my wife." I hold her waist. "I will honor this woman before me

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come hail storms and thunders, I will make sure that the foundation is strong enough to keep us standing. I don't know much about you, in fact I know nothing about you but baby trust me when I say I am willing to give us a chance to get to know you." I peck her forehead and hand the mic to her.

Lindo:"But daddy, I also want to sing with the mic." He frowns and I know we will never hear the end of it. I released a sigh and turned to look at Enhle for help, but she shrugs.

Luyolo:"Come Lindo, give mommy Enhle time to talk." I attempt to take him.

Lindo:"No!" The guests are quite entertained by this.

Wow! You know what, I will just let him be, yeah that's exactly what I am going to do.

Ntombi:"Sanibonani.Ngithandza uku bongana nonke (I would like to thank) for all the lovely messages that you shared with us, well I would like to say more but my dearest husband here had said most of the things that I would have also shared with you." My husband, she says. I gotta get used to that. "So, to my in-laws, thank you for welcoming me into your home and I am willing to have you as my new family and to know you. To my friends who made it here to come support what I'd call

“Miserable wedding day” which surprised me to be the best of my dream wedding. But, I just want to thank God most of all for being with us today, for blessing this prosperous day. Can we all please raise our glasses, I just want to make a toast to my marriage, a toast to family, a toast to loyalty, and lastly to new beginnings.” I grabbed two empty glasses from the table and handed one to her. We all raised our glasses.

“New beginnings.” We all say.

Lindo:”New benigns (Beginnings)!” This rascal! We laugh at his adorable self.

Lindo:”Mommy Enhle can I sing?”

Ntombi:”What would you like to sing baby?”

Lindo:”Baby Shark, doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo!” He goes on for a while singing whilst we clapped hands for him. After he was done we gave him a round of applause.

**NTOMBENHLE MNISI-MAYIZA**

After we all ate, I was with my family taking selfies with my friends. I introduced Luyolo to my people as he did the same and I must say that his family are the nicest people. We kept exchanging hugs and pecks. So I am a wife and a step mother at the same time, this is so overwhelming, but being honest, I am happy, very happy to be precise. I was supposed to hate my dear husband but yet, I loved him the moment he held my hand, his smile is making me feel skittery, but in pleasure. What is happening to me, I can't love someone so much when I just met him just two hours ago, I am supposed to know him first, what if he has a girlfriend, what if he breaks my heart oh no I can't go through such misery.

MC: "I would like to call out our newly wed couple to come to the dance floor and share their first dance together."

"I found love in you  
And there's no other love will  
Do  
Never have I felt that I could be

All that you see  
It's like our hearts have intertwined  
In to the perfect  
Harmony  
T

his is why I love you, ooh

This is why I love you, because  
You love me, you love me"

The lights were dimmed, only the spotlight was on us. He held my waist as I wrapped my arms around his neck and motion our selves with the beat of the song.. We looking very deeply in each other's eyes as we sing to the lyrics of the song.

Luyolo:"Did you choose the song?" I nod smiling at him.

Luyolo:"Who came up with the all this setting, the venue and the attire?"

Ntombi:"My ideas, everything you see here it's me

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well I only paid for it to come to live.”

Luyolo:”Yeah, now I know and believe that my money all went here, you were milking me woman. I almost thought I was being scammed. I honestly thought my money is being spent recklessly by some tramp” I gasp. “But now I see it was worth to spend.” I released a breath. “Are weddings really this expensive?”

Ntombi:”Well, not really. I spent half of the money doing shopping, going to vacations and getting drunk with my boyfriend.” He stops moving and releases his hands from my waist. He looks shocked like he would murder someone right now. I won't lie, I'm also scared.

I start laughing at him.

Ntombi:”You should have seen your face right now, I hope the photographer caught this moment on camera.” I continue laughing at him and he finally joins in and holds my hand and he twirls me, now my back flattered him as he holds my waist now from behind.

Luyolo:”Don't do that, you almost gave me a heart attack at that very moment.” He rests his chin on my shoulder. “So, how much exactly did you spend on this wedding because I had approximately withdrew around four hundred thousand Rands.”

Ntombi:”Well, let's just say there might be change left, a lot of it. So relax, I'll give your money back.”

Luyolo: "No, it's okay you can keep it, in fact we can use it for the traditional wedding."

Mtombi: "Oh, Uhm when is it?" Everything is moving too fast.

Luyolo: "I was thinking that we make it next week, so that we can get done with everything at once and settle down. What do you think?"

Ntombi: "I guess you got it all figured out, same way I did with this white wedding. I don't see why not."

He pecks my cheek and we enjoy our moment before we are suddenly disturbed by Lindokuhle. Luyolo, picks him up and we dance to the music playing and everyone is now on their feet on the dance floor.

**SIBONISO MAYIZA (Luyolo's Father)**

I Puff on my fourth cigarette as I am standing against my car admiring this abandoned building. No one ever dares to come here as they believe that it is cursed. Nc nc nc. This is a perfect spot to spill blood on and walk away leaving an alibi. I hear a car coming to halt, I don't even bother to look back, I might already know who is here. I hear foot steps coming towards me. Her scent hits my nostrils before she even stands next to me.

"You should quit smoking." I tilt my head to where she is standing. Still beautiful as ever. But my wife still on the number one spot.

Siboniso:"Not even my wife tells me what to do. Suk'undiqala ke mna. I am not that dumb husband of yours." (Don't start with me.) I cluck my tongue and stomp on the burning cigarette.

"Why am I here?"

Siboniso:"Aah, straight to business. Still the feisty woman I met 25 years ago I see."

"Siboniso I will ask again, Why the hell am I here?"

Siboniso: "Do you know how much that turns me on mommy?" I move very close to her as she moves back until she collides with her car.

Siboniso: "Where are you going mommy? I missed you so much, I never thought I'd ever see you again." I nibble on her ears then I suck the life out of her lips. She pushes me off and a slap lands on my face. It stings as fuck, damn woman! I held my cheek and smiled evilly.

"Don't put your goat ass stinking mouth on me, ever again!" She shouts.

Siboniso: "You know, on the day of the wedding something had caught my attention and it was quite disturbing, very disturbing for that matter."

"Wha... What is it?" I chuckled. My chuckle turned into a laugh.

Siboniso: "My daughter in-law." I say that firmly and she shifts uncomfortably. "How old is she?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

Siboniso: "I am just curious. You know

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I never new that you are married to that goat of yours that you think my mouth smells like his ass."

"What do you want?"

Siboniso: "My daughter. How could you!?"

"What are you talking about?"

Siboniso: "Don't fucking test me Nomathemba! Who are you trying to fool? Maybe that husband of yours, but I can see that, she is my daughter!" I bang her car with my hand which startled her

Nomathemba: "Don't get ahead of yourself, that is my husband and I's daughter. Ntombenhle is NOT your daughter!"

Siboniso: "To make your daughter get married to his brother? How crazy are you woman? Those are siblings for fuck's sake! Do you even realise the damage that you have done?"

It goes silent for a while.

Nomathemba: "I cheated on my husband, damn it! What do you think would have happened then? He would have left me if I told him the truth." She starts crying.

Siboniso: "And you bloody think that I care about that? I also cheated on my wife. You deprived my rights to father my daughter! How can you be so selfish?"

Nomathemba: "I am sorry." She sobs.

Siboniso: "FUCK YOU NOMA, FUCK YOU! Do you realise the damage that you have done huh? The lightning and thunder? You put their lives in danger uya qonda (do you realise?) We have to perform some rituals on Saturday for the traditional wedding, don't you think that it could go wrong?"

Nomathemba: "So, what now?" I put an evil grin on my face and shook my head.

Siboniso: "Are you seriously asking me that?"

I chuckle and walk to my car. I opened the door before I could get in, I looked at her.

Siboniso: "I hope you have a plan to fix this since you decided to hide the truth of me having I daughter." I drove off leaving her crying mess. Where do I even begin fixing this? How do I tell my wife about this? If Noma came clean about this the moment she realised that she was pregnant, it would have been easier but now, oh Lord help me. This will cause so much chaos.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

I walk out of the shower and I grab a towel and wrap it around my body. I hear my phone ringing in my husband's and I's bedroom, yes, "OUR" bedroom. He actually "ordered" that I sleep in his bedroom with him, typical man. \*I roll my eyes\*. I quickly answer my phone and put it on my ear. I hear sniffing and I glanced on the caller ID before placing it back on my ear.

Enhle:"Ma?" I am starting to get annoyed by my mother, honestly. She has been crying since the day of my wedding for only God knows what. I mean, I made peace already with this arranged marriage, so what is so difficult to move on? When I was told that I will be getting married soon, I was not so happy, I was just in rage but did she care, did my father care? Did they both care about my happiness? No, they did not, in fact they wanted to disown me for that matter if I had declined this marriage.

Enhle:"Ma, angisati nyalo. Khuluma kwente njani? Sengi dziniwe mine ti nyembeti takho. It would have been better if you were talking and telling me what the problem is. I am still a newly wed and I am trying to adjust into this marriage, please

mama. Talk to me.” (I really do not know anymore. Tell me what is the matter? I am tired of your tears.)

Nomathemba:”I am really sorry ngane yam, eng'kwentile kungi Visa ubhlungu, ka khulu futhi.” (What I did is paining me so much.) I sighed deeply.

Enhle:”Please ma, let’s move on from this.” I haven’t forgave them about this arranged marriage. More especially the part where they threatened to disown me, their second daughter, wow.

Nomathemba:”I love you. Please take care of yourself.” Why does she sound like she is dying? She’s being dramatic.

Enhle:”I will, bye.” I disconnected the call before she could even reply.

I moisture my body with lotion and walk into the closet to find something to wear. I took a long red body hugging dress and wore my slippers. I really love this room, for a guy, it is so sophisticated in fact it accommodates both a woman and a man. It is pure white, everything in here is white. The wall, the nicely decorated ceiling, the curtains, the en-suite, closet, the carpet, the bedding everything here is just amazingly white. The sun rays coming through the glass sliding door leading to the balcony makes the room even brighter. I walk out to the balcony and glance at the view of the city, I inhale the good



fresh air before I released the Co2. You don't know what Co2 is, are you kidding me? Carbon dioxide is what I released, yeah jot that down.

Oh, the wedding, it's two days since the white wedding and I've been the happy wife ever since. This is strange, how does one love a stranger so much. I mean, already I have it in my guts that I would die for him how crazy is that? Okay, after the wedding, Luyolo drove us here to his gigantic house, it looked pretty lonely but his reasoning behind it was that, he lives in the Cape at the Sommerset West, in those nice apartments so this house here he bought it for when he travels down here in Johannesburg for business, he doesn't have to check into a hotel nor a B&B. Talking about abo Motsepe. After the whole reception at the wedding, my wedding, we went to check out of the hotel

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the maids were to check out the next day. We got home pretty much late and I must admit, I had the time of my life, just as planned. Lindokuhle, oh that sweet child, he was my tail most of the time and I was gladly submissive to him. No silly, not the type of submissive you think of. I was playing a "motherly" role to him at the same time, my husband wanted my attention.

This boys, I know I am hot but c'mon, a girl gotta breath.

When we entered the house, it looked so spacious and nicely furnished, pity I was too tired to explore the house so he led me upstairs to his master bedroom. I asked him if I could sleep in the guest room but Luu, yes Luu as in Luyolo, he actually said No. He said, if I want this marriage to work, we should start by sleeping in the same room. Mxm (rolls eyes). I haven't got time to tour around this house, well reason being, on Sunday the day after the wedding my in-laws came to check up on us, on Monday I had to go to my apartment and pack half of my clothes and come back to Luu's house and unpack everything into the closet while he was "sorting out something" and so today, I am spending the day with my husband, just getting to know each other. He went to get us breakfast since well we don't have groceries in the house and besides, it will be useless to buy it now because we are leaving tomorrow, well he is going to his home town in Bisho, Eastern Cape and I will be going to Bombhela in Nellspruit for a ceremony before I am sent off to my husband's home in Bisho.

The bedroom door opens, ooh that must be Luu. I walk back in the room and close the sliding door and I find him sitting on the

edge of the bed, on a phone call. He stands up as soon as he sees me and smiles. He bids farewell to the person on the line and walks up to meet me halfway and hugs me.

Luu: "Good morning Mrs Me, how did you sleep?" He has his one hand on my waist, whilst the other was in his pocket pants. I swear I get butterflies around him.

Enhle: "Hey. Peaceful, thanks for asking."

Luu: "I got us breakfast downstairs, shall we?" I smile and hold his hand before we walk out. This house is just extremely huge, the stairs leading upstairs and downstairs are just too long and tiring. We get to the kitchen and I take out two plates and dish out. We sit on the bar stools around the counter and indulge on our food.

Enhle: "Uhm, Luu. You mentioned to me that, you spend more of your time in the Cape because, that is where you run your business. So, what's going to happen? Am I going to have to leave my life that I have here and move to the Cape?"

Luu: "Not necessarily. I mean I have other businesses that I own here so, I can just find someone to handle the business that side and I get to move here in Johannesburg permanently. In fact, that is what I was trying to sort out yesterday. I will only go to Cape only when I am needed and if I have meetings to attend to." Wheew, that's a relief. I just nod and continue

eating.

There is something about Luu, I just can't put my finger on it.

Luu:"Why did you agree to this arranged marriage?" I shook my head as I swallow the bollus.

Enhle:"I didn't. I just had no choice. I was graved in anger about this."

Luu:"To someone who enjoyed the wedding, I find it hard to believe." I roll my eyes.

Enhle:"As if you didn't. I made sure that this becomes the best wedding of my life. I wanted to enjoy it and make the best of it because it might be my last wedding, that's if things don't work out between us."

Luu:"I see. Do you think our marriage will work out though?"

Enhle:"Well, I am not one to prophesy as yet. We will see it through."

Luu:"I want to give it a chance. We can even start on the girlfriend and boyfriend stage before we reach the man and wife stage. What do you think Enhle?"

The way he calls my name, I melt deep down in my heart.

Enhle:"I guess we don't have to rush into anything. I would love that Luu." He stands up from his chair and comes to my side and holds my waist and turns me to face him.

Luu:"We are in this together, I will walk this journey with you step by step okay?" He plants his lips on my forehead, I am in love with them kisses!!.

**NOMATHEMBA MNISI (ENHLE'S MOTHER)**

After the meeting that I had with Siboniso, I drove to a restaurant to grab some takeaways to disguise my disappearance to my husband. On my way home, I called Ntombenhle. I guess seeing Siboniso has opened up old wounds and right now, I regret lot of things.

I was a young and naïve student at the University of Johannesburg. Siboniso and Busani were friends and flatmates that time. They had already graduated from tertiary and I was still living at the school residents.

Busani was and still is my first love. We dated from high school and I fell pregnant with his first child, Mbalenhle. I was only 18 doing my final year in highschool. Five years later I was engaged to him but I (sigh), I cheated on him. One day, I went to his flat unannounced but, he was not there. Siboniso opened up for me and I went in. I called Busani to find out about his whereabouts. As I was waiting for him to arrive, things between Siboniso and I got so tense. I was languished by lust. One thing we were kissing, the next thing we were naked, right on the kitchen counter. The moment was rapturous, I think it is because I was

having a pleasurable moment with at least a different person. We used protection but unfortunately, it bursted.

A few weeks later I found out that I am pregnant.

I was livid but it was easy to pin it on Busani because, we were very active in the sex department, with and without protection. I never said a word about this to anyone. We separated paths with Siboniso and his girlfriend after I had graduated and ever since then, I never saw him ever again.

Busani managed to reunite with him again a while back during a business trip in Cape Town, that is where he lives apparently, and married to the same girl he cheated on with me, Zozibini.

I look at the clock displayed on the wall in the kitchen and it's nearly 8am. I warmed up the food before dish out for me and my husband. I go upstairs to check up on him. He can be deep sleeper this one. I get into our bedroom and find the bed empty but still not done. I hear the water running from the en-suite bathroom so

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I am assuming that he is showering. I quickly fix the bed and pick out an outfit that he'll wear for the day. He finally comes out from the shower with a towel wrapped around his lower body and another one on his hands wiping his face with his body still wet, my husband, as old as he is, I still find him sexy. I could have him for breakfast, lunch and supper, everyday!

Busani: "Mkam'usubuyile." (My wife, you are back.) His raspy voice brings me back from my dirty thoughts.

Nomathemba: "Hauw baba, ngibuya kuthiwa ngivelaphi?" (And where am I coming from?) I fake smile looking down.

Busani: "Angati mkam, kwati wena ngoba ne cingo lwakho aliphendulwa. Ubungekho khathi ngi vuka mine. Where we're you?" (How would I know because you wouldn't answer your phone when I called. You were not in the house when I woke up.)

Nomathemba: "Uh, baba... bengisayo funa ibreakfast." (I went too get breakfast.) I lie under my breath.

Busani: "Kusukela nini uyo funa ublektasie ngoba uyati kutsi mine nokudla kwase ma restaurant asevani nje. Usuya cala nge mirusu lekadse uyenta k'dala?" (Since when do you get our breakfast from the restaurant when you know I am not a fan of it. Are you back into the schemes you used to do back then?)

For a moment I didn't know what to say. I know I wasn't honest with him back then but I have worked hard on getting his trust back.

Nomathemba:"Cha Baba... Kade ngikhanuka ukuyo shaywa wumoya kancane, indodakati yethfu isanda k'shada bengifuna uku pholisa likhandsa kancane." (No. I just needed to get some fresh air and our daughter just recently got married so, I needed to refresh my brain from it.) He finished wearing his clothes and takes my hand.

Busani:"So, Ntombi has called me and asked me to talk to you. Mind telling me what is it about?"

Nomathemba:"Uhm..." I fake a laugh. "It is nothing serious baba." I shy away my eyes from him nervously. How do I tell my man that another man has come to claim his daughter. How do I tell him that the worst is about to happen? How do I tell him that I once cheated on him with his best friend? This is a mess.

Busani:"Masethembe njalo Noma." (I hope so.) I nod as he looks at me like he is studying me. My husband can be intimidating and he uses that to his advantage. I won't fall for that, not today hubby. I need to find a way for ancestors to bless this marriage or else, there will be a hell price to pay. The lighting and thunder that stroke was just a warning, if the traditional wedding continues, the worse is yet to come.



We head downstairs to the dining table and have our breakfast that Mr “I am not a fan of takeout food from restaurants” asked for seconds, look at him even licking his fingers. I sigh out loud not intentionally, as what I did comes back to my mind.

Busani: “Are you okay?” I nod.

Nomathemba: “I love you bab’wabo.” (Their father.) He squeezed my hand.

Busani: “Uthandwa ngim ma'wabo.” (I love you, Their mother.)

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I was showing my wife around my, oh excuse me I meant “our” vast house since we were getting to know each other. To my surprise, she did not realise that, we have an elevator in the house since she kept complaining about the long staircase we have in this house.

Enhle:”How does one even start cleaning this house, it’s so huge.”

Luu:”We can always get a helper you know.”

Enhle:”But still, I’d be exhausted before I could even get to the next room cleaning around. The corridor itself is long I’m sure it will take up my energy of cleaning two rooms.” I laughed.

Luu:”I think your parents should refund our money back, my wife is lazy!” She holds her chest dramatically.

Enhle:”Oh no Mayiza. It’s not my fault that you did not know who you are getting married to.” I chuckled.

Luu:”But I am getting to know you know, tell you what. Asambe so khangela ilunch.” (Let’s go out for lunch.)

Enhle:”But we have to start packing, I am leaving tomorrow remember?” I sigh. I can’t live without her already, I know it’s

too soon but hey, I think I found the diamond I've been searching for.

Luu: "We'll be back before you know. We'll just steal two hours of our time." She looks at me.

Luu: "C'mon. You can't say no to this pretty face." I poise putting my best charm on my face.

Enhle: "Okay fine! Just only two hours." She giggled. I pressed the button of elevator.

Luu: "Before we waste anymore time." The elevator opened. "Shall we?"

We are now settled in a restaurant and the waiter came and placed our order on our table. I keep stealing glances at her chewing, showing her only dimple that she does not even have to try hard making it visibly appear on her left cheek.

Luu: "Umhle yazi. Baku xelele lonto?" (You are beautiful. Did they ever tell you that?) Wait, is she blushing? I won't lie, I am quite nervous.

Enhle: "Ngiyabonga, Luu." And she calls me Luu. You on the right track Luu, keep going. My subconscious tells me.

Luu: "I was thinking, maybe we should do this honey moon thing. We sho..."

Enhle: "Luu, we agreed on taking things slow." Could she not at

least wait for me to finish? Anyway...

Luu: "I know, but I was thinking that it would be a perfect step to know each other like, maybe we should go somewhere challenging, somewhere meaningful and where we can learn and discover things about each other. Somewhere adventures."

Enhle: "I hear you. We can talk about this after the wedding then." That's a relief.

Luu: "Awesome. So, why your dad's company?"

Enhle: "It started when I was only an intern after I matriculated. I was only a receptionist then before I moved to being my father's PA. Although I am on my last year in varsity of studying pediatrician, I am quite enjoying running my dad's company now. From PA to a shareholder."

Luu: "Impressive. So, you like working with kids don't you?"  
Beauty with brains, right there!

Enhle: "I try hey."

Luu: "Would you maybe, someday like to have your own kids?"  
She nods.

Enhle: "I have always wanted to have one, and if I were ready by then, I would probably be opting for baby number two right now." She giggles.

Luu: "I see. So, when do you think you will be ready?" I hope I am not making her uncomfortable.

Enhle: "Maybe

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well I don't know but, I first want to settle in with my career and the rest shall follow." She shrugged, I nod.

Luu:"I saw how good you were noLindokuhle ngo Mqibelo. He likes you, I mean he is not that comfortable around people he has never met before you saw that yourself "Mommy Enhle", you both were nail and finger on Saturday." (With Lindokuhle on Saturday.) We share a laugh.

Enhle:"Ncoow, you cute when you jealous." She smirks.

Luu:"What does that even mean?" She rolls her eyes. My phone rings. I check the caller ID, it is Yoniswa. I sighed enough to be heard before I gazed my eyes to Enhle. She didn't seem bothered, in fact she was minding herself.

Luu:"May I?" I ask nervously. Fuck! She makes me feel weak.

Enhle:"Oh yes. Don't mind me."

I answered the non-stop ringing phone.

Luu:"Yoniswa."

Yoniswa:"You finally answered! Praise the Lord!" She's been blowing up my phone since after the wedding. I've been ignoring her.

Luu:"Ufuna ntoni Yoniswa?" (What do you want?) Enhle slightly raised her left eyebrow as she sips on her passion fruit.

Yoniswa:"Ndi funa nton!? Ndifuna oyo umfazi wakho adlalele

kude le ku Lindo yeva!? Ndim'funa apha by the end of the week!" (What do I want? I want that wife of yours to play far away from Lindo, you hear me!?) The shouting just is so unnecessary. I am now forced to pull the phone away a bit from my ear before my tympanic membrane gets damaged for nonsense.

Luu:"Uphambene, u Lindo is also my son and I can have him whenever I want." (You are crazy.)

Yoniswa:"Ubise umtwana wam yeva!? Ndim'funa apha or I will call the police on you!" I feel my inner self boiling. I am becoming furious.

Luyolo:"Uthusela mna ngama polisa?" (Are you threatening me?) My voice raised a little higher and bold. " Listen here woman, if you still want to see Lindokuhle ever again you will take back the shit you just said or I will fuck up your life, I will squash you!" Enhle gets a little startled when I said the last part a bit loud and stares at me. I don't want to bear in malice but, Yoniswa is forcing me to.

Luyolo:"And the stunt that you did by sending your sister to my wedding, wrong move!" I clicked my tongue and hung up. I took a deep breath and the table just went silent for a minute, if not more.

Enhle: "Are you okay?" She finally breaks off the silence. I nodded.

Luu: "How dare she threaten to take my son away from me? I have been nothing but a good parent to Lindo. I manned up and took responsibility from day one. I don't want to hurt her so if she knows what's good for her, she'll drop the nonsense."

Enhle: "It's me isn't it? I am the cause of her pain. I snatched you from her didn't I?" Her voice is breaking off, breaking me inside. I know I didn't end things with Yoniswa the right way and make her understand but, using my son to get to me, bullshit!

Luu: "Enhle... Please, this is all me. You have nothing to do with this." Her tears escaped her eyes involuntarily, she looked down. "Please Enhle, don't cry." I plead.

Enhle: "I am sorry, it's just I... I didn't expect this." She chuckled. "What am I saying, I did expect this but I..." She sobs, I pull and hold her hands into mine.

Luu: "Enhle, I am the one who is sorry here. Please don't cry I promise I will fix this." I kissed her knuckles.

Enhle: "So, the young lady that walked in our..."

Luu: "She's her sister. I sent her sister a message before we exchanged vows letting her know that I am getting married. So I am guessing that she sent her. Look, I am with you right now and it's all that matters." She shook her head.

Enhle: "But you have unfinished business with her."

Luu: "But I am with you now Enhle. I want to give our marriage a try. I want to make us work despite me having a baby momma out there. Please don't say you want to give up before we even start." She smiles. I am falling in love with this woman here. I admit.

Luu: "Enhle? I will make things right, please trust me." She breaths out.

Enhle: "Fine..." She faintly smiled as she gently wiped away her tears.



**NARRATOR****AT THE HOTEL IN EASTERN CAPE**

“Ntate nthekele seanamarela  
Ntate nthekele seanamarela”

Ntombenhle was with her family (The Mnisi) very early in the morning before the sun rouse. They were getting ready while singing wedding songs. They arrived in the Eastern Cape last night (Friday) and they have to arrive at the Mayiza residents in Bisho at exactly 6:00am or there will be a fine to pay.

Ntombenhle was in a very beautiful Swati attire, with white All-star sneakers. She also wore Isiqholo (A bride's hat) designed with in Swati cloths which had beads hanging from her forehead, covering her eyes. She looked pretty much like a Swazi princess. It is just sad that her mother could not be here with her since well, the tradition strictly says that “Uma wengane akayi phelekezi indodakazi ebukhwini bakhe” Which means she isn't allowed to accompany her daughter to her in-laws. The same rule applies to men to, but they can be stubborn.

It was now time to leave. They had gifts for the Mayiza family as they cannot go empty handed. They had also brought a big chest with that will allow Ntombenhle to enter their home. Along the way, Ntombi is in the car with her father, her sister which the three of them are seated in the back seat and the aunty settled on the passenger seat and the uncle was driving. Other family members were following them with other two different family cars behind. They were following the directions they got from the GPS and they were thirty minutes away.

“Sis, can we please video call Mom?” Ntombi asks her sister, Mbali.

“My cellphone is with Neo in the other car, dad do you mind video calling Mom?” Neo is Mbali's husband. Their father tossed his phone to them. They video call their mother.

“Bab... Oh my babies.” Their mother answered the phone.

“Hey mom.” The girls replied.

“Oh Nkosi Yami. Nibahle.” (You girls are beautiful.) She starts sobbing. “Ngifisa ngabe bengikwati kutsi ngite lapho, kodfwa akukhoneki. Wamuhle Ntombenhle ngane yam.” (I wish I could be there, but it is against tradition. You are really beautiful my child.) Ntombi also shed a tear.

“Akuhluphi loko ma. Ukungeseka yikho okubalulekile kim.”

(That's not important mom. What is important to me is that you are supporting me.) Ntombi says.

"Ngiyakuthandza okay my baby. Nginithanda nobabili." (I love you two)

"We love you too ma!" The girls confess.

"Baba?"

"Mkami?" (My wife.) Their father says.

"Please make sure that my daughter gets well taken care of there."

"Ngiyakwethembisa, Mamabo." (I promise you that, mother of my kids.) "And please stop with the crying and be happy! We only cry on sad days or at funerals." He chuckled as their daughters laughed and making sounds in agreement. They ended the call.

## **AT THE MAYIZA RESIDENCE.**

### **ZOZIBINI MAYIZA (Luyolo's Mother)**

The day we have been preparing for all week has finally come. I don't remember seeing my son that happy in a very long time. The day we told him that we are arranging marriage for him, is the day we lost our son, our Luyolo. He was filled with rage but

ever since he met his wife, I got my son back. Speaking of witch, my son's wife, there is something about her that I can't put my finger on it. My consciences may be wrong but my mind tells me that, there is something about her. I just hope everything goes well for my son today. I check the time and it is almost 6am, they should be here at anytime. My husband walks into our bedroom just as I finished applying my nude lipstick.

Siboniso: "Uyambona ke lo. Nguye lo enga tshata naye. Nyani umhle sthandwa sam, tschi!" (You see now, this is the woman I got married to. You are beautiful my love.)

Zozibini: "Utheth'ukuthini kaloku? Ndihlezi ndi nguye lo mfazi owamu tshata." (What do you mean? I have always been the woman that you married.) He moves closer and held my waist. Of course

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as old as we are, he still finds my waist very sexy.

Siboniso: "I know. I mean, I haven't seen you wearing amadaki in a very long time. We should come back to Bisho more often, or even sizohlala apha (live here)" He puts a grin. I chuckle shaking my head.

Zozibini: "Asoze! Futhi andizi." (I will never!) He laughs off. I roll my eyes.

Siboniso: "Umhle, kakhulu." (You look very beautiful.) I blush a

little.

Zozibini: "Ndiyabulela tata." (Thank you.) He pecks my lips.

Zozibini: "You smell like smoke, you have a few minutes to get ready, the bride will be here at anytime. I will go and check on everything?" He sighs and nods. "Kukho inxaki?" (Is there a problem?) He sighs again, there is definitely a problem.

Siboniso: "Huh-uh. Akho nxaki (no problem). Ndisayo wasa ngoku (I am going to take a bath.)" Lies something is up with him.

Anyway, With that said, he went to the bathroom. He has been acting a bit weird this whole week, I wonder what is bothering him.

I make my way outside, the catering team has arrived and they are doing their job, I see the décor is done, the whole traditional reception is absolutely amazing. I really hope that it all goes well, despite the strong feeling that I have that something might happen, I really want this to be a happy day for my son. I make my way to his flat before I knock. He opens and let's me in.

Luyolo: "Molo ma." (Good Morning.) I hug him.

Zozibini: "Molo mntanami. Sekuli xhesha." (Good morning my

child. It's time.) I smile at him, he genuinely returns the smile. Luyolo: "Yebo ma. Sendi qcibile, sizao hamba ngoku." (Yes. I am almost done so we can leave now.) He finishes his Xhosa traditional outfit by wearing the beaded bracelet around his forehead. He looked very handsome, just like his father. Such moments make me want to cry, cry because of joy.

Zozibini: "Khandinga kholelwa ukuba ndizaw'libona le langa. I just want you to know that I am a happy mother and I am very proud of you. It started with your brother uLubabalo getting married, now it's you although you got married for our selfish reasons, I hope that one day, you will forgive your father for it. I love you, yeva?" (I didn't believe that I will get to see this day. I love you.) He grabs a piece of tissue before he wipes off my tears.

Luyolo: "And I love you too mother. Now stop crying or you will ruin your make up." He kissed my forehead.

**NARRATOR**

Bisho is a village with not so many homes. The neighbours are very distant from each other. So if you lived alone and you get robbed, it is very unfortunate that you might not get help on time because, there is a very low chance that you might be heard even if you scream. That is the disadvantage about this village. The advantage about it is that, you get your privacy, and also in times like this, we do not get the neighbours coming in and out telling us about the noise that we make because they are trying to sleep, unlike in the cities where police get involved. It is safe to say that, this place tranquil. It is really a peace of mind.

“Ntab'ezikude we ma (Ntab'ezikude we ma)

Zing'sithela wena (zing'sithela wena)

Ntab'ezikude we ma (Ntab'ezikude we ma)

Zing'sithela wena (Zing'sithela wena)...”

That's the family of the bride singing outside the gate.

“Sikulandile, woza woza sikulandile

Makoti (Woza Makoti)

Sikulandile, woza woza sikulandile

Makoti (Woza Makoti)

Sikulandile Makoti (Woza Makoti)

Sikulandile Makoti (Woza Makoti)

Sikulandile Makoti..."

That is the Mayiza family singing at the same time as the bride's family.

The gate is still closed. One of the Mayiza uncles comes holding the sorghum beer, umqombothi. He was chanting and reciting the Mayiza clan names and he spilt the beer on the ground.

Uncle:"Camagu!"

The crowd:"Camagu"

"Baba nomzane, uyeye

Sivulele singene

Baba nomzane, uyeye

Sivulele singene"

The Bride's family was singing and dancing waiting for the Mayiza family to open the gate, in fact, that is what the song means. The Mayiza uncle finally gets the gate opened. The bride's family coming in their yard singing and dancing.

"Sangena sangena, iyoo

Sangena phakathi, iyoo

Sangena sangena, iyoo



Sangena phakathi.”

The bride’s family got into the big yard singing and dancing together with the Mayiza family. They formed a big opened circle as the Mayiza family were standing on one side, so were the Mnisi family.

The two families were exchange gifts, but the gift had to be accompanied by a song. It was time for Ntombi to gift her in-laws. She covered her mother in-law with a mink blanket, wrapped her head with a doek (head wrap) and gifted her with a brand new foot massager. She also gifted her father in-law nge dondolo (a walking stick), a hat, a jacket and a bottle of the most expensive whiskey. Now it was time for her to present to the family how she will take care of her husband.

She sang as the crowd helped her.

The crowd joined her by singing the song as she walked to her husband with the rhythm of the song. She took his hand and they went in the middle of the circle and gave a one minute show of dancing before she helped her husband sit on the chair. Everything that she needed was already placed next to her.

Luyolo:”Finally. I got the chance to be with you my Swati Princess. You look so beautiful.” Ntombi gives him a broad

smile as she was smearing the toothpaste on the toothbrush. Ntombi: "Ngiyabonga. You look handsome yourself in that my Xhosa Prince. Now open your mouth widely." With that said, she placed the toothbrush in Luyolo's mouth and started brushing his teeth. He kissed her cheek living the toothpaste stamped on her cheek, making the crowd laugh.

Ntombenhle: "You are going to be a problem."

There was a small sink filled with hot water which was now lukewarm. Ntombi took a cloth and damped it in the water before she started cleaning Luyolo's face arms and feet and applied lotion on him afterwards.

Ntombenhle: "Now come. I've made you a bed to sleep." There was a mattress with a pillow and a blanket.

Luyolo: "I will sleep only if you join me." Ntombenhle laughed at him.

Ntombenhle: "Usile ke." (You being silly.) Ntombenhle prepared the mattress for Luyolo to sleep. Just as she was about to put the blanket on him, he pulled her and she fell on top of him.

The crowd laughed at Luyolo's stunt.

Ntombenhle: "Behave Yolo!" She said that giggling.

Luyolo: "Ndiku funa ecen kwami tog, kuyabanda apha." (I need you next to me. It is cold.) He smirks.

Ntombenhle finally covers Luyolo with the blanket from head to toe not leaving any gaps. Mbali, Thandeka and Nonhle came holding belt, shoe and a stick and they started whipping Luyolo, and he stood up and ran as fast as he could leaving the crowd laughing.

## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

I was in one of the huts with four women including Luyolo's mother. They want to teach me "wife duties" as they say, (sigh) talk about old women advising me with an old school book. Boring, I know. I find this session even useless because I mean, I don't think I will even follow half of the rules (I inwardly roll my eyes). They made me sit on a grass mat and I am so annoyed right now. I want to see my husband, I miss him. I haven't seen him in three days!

Eeuw, What's that smell? It smells like, I don't know but it is very disgusting. It's my hair! I need to wash that thing off my hair before I regurgitate on this grannies in here.

Oh let me tell you what happened. Luu and I were given a sharp knife to slaughter a goat, but before that, the two families had to recite my clan names together with the Mayiza clan names

so that the ancestors can “ recognise” me and accept our marriage. Apparently, after the sorghum beer was poured on the ground next to the goat to please the ancestors, the goat had to make a sound which shows that, the ancestors are happy and accepted our marriage, but the goat did not utter a sound. They did that whole process three times but the goat was on mute mode, everyone was very worried about that, I don't understand why because, I find that as a mythic. They don't really believe that this thing is true do they? (Shrugs). I find that as a coincidence.

Anyway, they had to call a sibyl but Luyolo's father was against that. He stroke me as someone who believed in ancestors and tradition, I was so confused by his actions. So, we had to go on with the ceremony. Luyolo and I were holding the knife, to say I was scared, that was just an understatement, I was even crying, not dramatically though. Luyolo kept on telling me to relax. After I saw blood spilling on my dress, I wanted to scream. The uncles slaughtered the rest of the goat then took inyongo (bile) and poured it on my head as well as Luyolo's head.

This thing smells very bad, I can't help but pull a disgusting face. “Makoti, uright?” (Are you okay?) One of the aunties (malumekazi) ask. They might have probably noticed my face.

Ntombenhle: "Yebo ma." (Yes.) She nods. I stay in there listen to them blabbering about how I should treat my husband.

Psshss, can somebody tell this old grannies that it's the twenty second century. They want me to wake up very early so, I could prepare my husband what he actually can do for himself.

Excuse me? I need my sleep and I come from the Suburbs in the cities, and in the suburbs, we have running taps in the house where by a bath tub takes about a minute and a half to get full, or you could just pop in the shower just when you wake up.

And oh

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I deserve my sleep till my alarm goes off. Wait, did she say I should never ask my husband about his whereabouts? Mmh, we'll see about that.

Ntombenhle: "Yebo ma." I accept the duties and advices, not looking at them in the eye, and this I have to say it will end here. I am going to look at my husband's eyes. I was half asleep during the lecture until Mam' Zodwa brought in a nice Topic.

Mam' Zodwa: "Bendicinga ukuba nizawu thetha ngo cansi kodwa nithule engathi nisaba ukuthetha, Zozi, khawu thethe

wathula engathi uwukho apha. We Zozibini!” I think I like this aunt already. My mother-in-law snaps back to Earth.

Zozibini:”Yintoni rhaa!” (What!?) Woah! What was that now? She said that walking out of the room. Hai, I was wondering why isn’t my mother in-law so uptight. Phela I heard stories such as, mother-in-laws hating their daughters in-laws, this and that, kuthi drama ngapha na ngapha (Here and there). The stunt that she just did right now, is it the sign of it? Because, that is what I want! Hahaha, I know what you thinking but nah, I just want to “experience” or have something to yap about when I am with my friends. I don’t literally want her to hate me though, but just that little drama nyana between monster mother in-law and daughter in-law, you get me right?

Mam’ Zodwa:”Yhuu, hai tshini.” She claps her hands.

“Angimangali kodwa.” (I am not surprised.)

Mam' Zodwa:”So as I was saying sisi before eya drama. Bendisa thetha ngo kwe cansi. Have you already been there no Luyolo?” I shake my head shyly.

Ntombenhle:”Cha.” (No.) I answer honestly.

Mam' Zodwa:”Ungayoyiki sthandwa sam. Let me tell you this, your husband, one day will make that move, if not tonight” She chuckles and winks. “And when he does, suk'mnqanda. Uvule mathanga, ungaboba livila. Ume athi goba, uvele nawe ungasabuzi uyenze nje ngoba ethetha.” (Don’t be afraid my love. Don’t deny him sex. Open your thighs widely for him,

don't be lazy. When he asks you to bend down, ask no questions and do as he says.) I can't help but laugh at how she demonstrates in between. I think I want to hear more.

Ntombenhle: "So ma, what if I am tired and I don't want to have sex?"

Mam' Zodwa: "Then he will find someone flexible who can split her legs apart, someone who would go extra miles for him." I gasped. "We don't want that now do we?" I shook my head like a lunatic.

Makhulu: "Hai suka Zodwa, suk'thusa umakoti. Makoti kodwa, isex ifana nokutja. You must always feed your husband, doesn't matter if it is food or sex, he must always be satisfied." (Don't scare her of. But Makoti, sex is like food.) Psshss granny, I been in the game since I was 16. What about my satisfaction though? Why can't it be the Matriarch, but always the patriarchy this and that? I feel the edge to roll my eyes, but I do that inwardly.

Makazi: "Also, whether he is at work, chilling with friends or anywhere, FEED YOUR HUSBAND ( she makes that statement very loud and clear.). And I don't just mean food only." She smirks. Hehe, these women here are naughty.

Sis' Deliwe: "And that is what kept my marriage strong. Even now I still got the moves." The thought of these women here doing the deed, no man Eew. I heard TMI, I can't take in more. I need to get out of here.

Finally, after all the talking and advices I got from them, I was given my apron dresses and I had to change into one right now. I look like a true Xhosa wife now. I am allowed to go out of the room but I was strictly instructed to come back. Well, let me use this time wisely and go to my husband. I still cannot fathom that I am married , like what!? Can somebody shake me and wake me f...

“Umakoti ngowethu (siyavuma)  
Ungowethu ngempela (siyavuma)  
Uzosi washel' asiphekele (siyavuma)  
Siwelele, siwelele siyavuma”

As I am walking out, the family starts gathering around me. My sister holds my hand as my aunt holds my other hand. I finally give in and dance with the woman around me, not realising that we are walking to the direction to where my husband was at, sitting with his family and friends I think. Lindokuhle was also there with them. Luyolo stood up holding Lindokuhle in his arms when he saw us approaching them. The smile on his face is GLORIOUS! The people who he was sitting with, joined in the song and they all formed a circle around us.

Luyolo:”Ntombenhle yakwa Mnisi,  
Makoti wakwa Mayiza,  
umfazi ka Luyolo.

Mama se khaya, please allow me to be the only man that you will run to when you get into trouble, the men that you will



need to celebrate with, the man you will need for a shoulder to cry on but most importantly, let me be your husband above everything.”

I took a steady breath and smiled at this man. I didn't even realise that I am crying when he wiped my tears with his thumb. Why did he take time to find me. I should have met this man long ago before I met my Heartbreakers . He is so amazing. I couldn't have asked more from God. I think I have found my treasure.

Lindokuhle:”Mommy Enhle, why are you crying? Did daddy hurt you?” So much of a three year old. How is he so smart at this age? I guess it is true when they say, children do not grow the same. Some take time and some are just born ready for the world. Well, I don't know who said that.

Ntombenhle:”No baby.” I give him an assuring smile and lightly pinch his cheek. I turn my gaze back to Luyolo.

Ntombenhle:”Ngiyabonga, myeni wam. Angati ngitsini. Those are the sweetest words I have ever heard and I do promise you that I will let you be the only husband that I can consider of in anything that I challenge in my life. I will be the only person that you will consider as wife. I will do my duty as your wife.” I hug him together with Lindokuhle in his arms. My little family. The family screams in happiness and start singing.

**YONISWA LANGA**

In my years of dating Luyolo, I have never seen him this happy. The look that he has for his wife, is just unbearable to watch. I thought he loved me but it is nothing compared to how he looks at her wife. No one could miss the chemistry and connection between them. I am sitting in the car across the road at Luyolo's home in Bisho. I can see everything very clear from where I am. I heard from my little sister that there will be a traditional wedding today and I just wanted to be here and see it for myself, well for my own sanity. I love Luyolo so much, it breaks my heart that he loves her more. I need to talk to him for the last time, I need closure..

I look at myself once more at the rare view mirror before I stepped out of the car. I pulled down my already short dress and fix my coat, before I started click clanking on my heels.

Breathe Yoni breathe. I say to myself before I walk into the yard. It is very busy and I must say, the décor is so beautiful. I can feel my eyes getting watery and blurring my vision, but I blink that a couple of times. No, what am I even doing, this was

a wrong idea. I need to turn and leave before anyone sees me. I don't want to embarrass myself. Luyolo can be a douche.

“Yoni mntanami? Nguwe lo?” (Yoni my child, is that you?) Just as I was turning back. That must be umakazi ka Luyolo. I had a good relationship with her.

Yoniswa: “Ewe makazi, ndim.” (Yes auntie, it is me.) I smile nervously turning to look at her.

Makazi: “Mehlo madala! I am happy to see you. Come here.”

(Long time no see!) I went to her and she hugged me warmly.

Makazi: “You are so beautiful. Luyolo made his biggest mistake by marrying that Joburg City girl. It should have been you, not her.” I fake smile. I feel the verge of crying, but I hold it.

Yoniswa: “Makazi, it's fine. I am fine. He seems happy where he is.” It hurts! Love fucking hurts!

Makazi: “So, what brings you here?” Yeah, exactly. Why did I come here? Stupid Yoniswa.

Yoniswa: “I, Uhm... Well... I am here to uhm, fetch Lindo, yes that and we were leaving.” Lies.

Makazi: “But there is Lindo playing with other kids there.

Yoniswa you did not come here for Luyolo, did you?” I look down to my fingers playing with each other.

Makazi: “My girl you must fight, fight for your man. Even if it takes you to be the second wife, you must f.... Luyolo.” My

heart beats vigorously and I can feel my armpits and my palms starting to sweat. Did someone turn on the heater because wow, I am getting hot. I were to leave without him seeing me. At least I was supposed to.

Luyolo: "Yoniswa

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what are you doing here?" He looks perplexed.

Makazi: "Don't forget what I just told you." She said that leaving us. I am stunned. I don't know what to say.

Luyolo: "I asked you a question, what are you doing here?" I guess I should be honest with him.

Yoniswa: "Uhm, Luu, I came here because I needed to talk to you."

Luyolo: "About what? It's my wedding day today couldn't you call me or something?"

Yoniswa: "No. I wanted to understand, did you not love me? I mean, how could you have fallen for someone so hard when you both recently met. I need closure, Luu." A tear escaped from my eye.

Luyolo: "I am sorry that things are they way they are right now. I am sorry that I hurt you but please understand that now, I have a wife. I am a married man and I want my marriage to work. I

love you Yoniswa but...”

Yoniswa:”But what Luu? I love you too Luu, please don’t leave me.” I caress his arms.

Luyolo:”Yoniswa, no, don’t do this. You look desperate right now” Ouch! “I am someone’s husband and she might be waiting for me. I appreciate that you drove all the way here for closure but I can’t give you the closure that you want.” I chuckled with tears flowing down my cheeks.

Yoniswa:”Luu, I can’t.” I bring myself closer to him. “I need you baby.” I pulled his face closer to mine and our foreheads come in contact, before I kissed him. He was hesitant at first but gave in at last. We were lost in the moment until we heard something break. I got startled and Luyolo quickly pushed me off, as we both looked to the direction to where whatever was breaking. It was Luyolo’s wife. I goofy smiled a bit. She had dropped the ukhaba (The African pot for beer) that had umqombothi (the sorghum beer). it broke down spilling the beer out. She looks disgruntled and scowled. Oh oh, wifey is mad. She shakes her head in disapproval, before she runs off.

Luyolo:”Enhle, wait!” He screams trying to run to her. Oh no honey, you not leaving me.

Yoniswa:”Myeke Luu. Uzaw'phola.” (Leave her. She'll calm down.) I hold his hand.

Luyolo: "Fuck you! Phuma uhambe!" (Leave!) What did I do now? Anyway, Yoniswa 1 and wife zilch. He leaves me standing there alone. I turn towards my car. My cellphone rings, it's my cousin, Uyanda.

Yoniswa: "Hey cousin, how are..."

Uyanda: "What the fuck is my car doing at Bisho!? I want my car back, right now!" She clicked her tongue before she hanged up. Okay fine, it is my cousin's BMW X6. I drive an Audi A1. My cousin is furious with me right now, I better leave, although I am going to arrive very late at home.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

Life is a mixture of sunshine and rain, teardrops and laughter, pleasure and pain, so they say. This day was supposed to end happy for my wife and I, but things have jinxed. I messed up. I was mesmerised by Yoniswa and I fell for it. My day have turned from sunshine to rain, I don't even know how to fix it. Lord, why!? I ruined my marriage before it began. Guide me Lord, help me through this.

“Luyolo!” Shit, that is my roaring father. I am not ready for the lecture, I need to find my wife and explain to her what happened. What the hell happened? Man, this shit is fucked up! How will I even explain that I kissed Yoniswa back. Fuck! Luyolo:”Tata.” I say on a low tune.

Siboniso:”What is it that I hear that you go around kissing girls, on your wedding day?” I guess we had audience. The guests witnessed the kiss, great.

Luyolo:”Tata not now, please.”

Siboniso:”Do you know how embarrassing it is to look at utata ka Ntombenhle in the eye now? You shamed us Luyolo! Suka

ecen kwam, uyandi nyanyisa.” (Get off my sight, you are disgusting me.) I let out a heave.

I continue my journey, looking for Enhle.

“Daddy!” My son cries out. He is actually crying. I meet him halfway and pick him up.

Luyolo: “Mama, I want mama!” He probably must have seen her. He has not seen her for two weeks now.

Lindokuhle: “Sshh. I will take you to mama okay.” I say that, rocking him back and forth until he is calm. My brother walks up to me.

Lubabalo: “Bro, what happened? The Mnisi want a taste of your blood right now.”

Luyolo: “I messed up, big time. uYoniswa was here and it happened that we kissed, Ntombenhle saw that.”

Lubabalo: “You can be reckless, never mind that, but to do it on your wedding day? Luyolo I thought you were having a good thing going on with Ntombenhle.” He scowls me, and that is the last thing I need right now.

Luyolo: “I know man, I don’t need a lecture right now.” I feel my baby weighing on my arms, that’s when I knew that he is asleep.

Siyamthanda: “Man Luu, you are in trouble. The elders are summoning you.”



Luyolo: "Please take my son to my flat and tell Nokuzola to check on him." I say giving Lindokuhle to Lubabalo before I make my ways to the elders in the hut.

There was my father, mother, Ntombenhle's father, uncle and aunt and my uncle and aunt. Ntombenhle was sitting down on the grass mat facing down. I can tell that she is trying to hold back her tears, I hate that I am the reason to her tears. I greet everyone before I sit down on an empty chair.

Siboniso: "Nyana, usihlazile." (Son, you have embarrassed us.) I am facing down and I don't dare to respond.

Busani: "I am very disappointed! You couldn't even wait for this day only to pass. If you started now to cheat on my daughter, oh boy I don't even want to know what will happen after this is over, because son I will bury you alive. You don't mess with the Mnisi." As much as this guy scares the shit out of me, I never asked for this marriage in the first place.

I have disappointed them in just a first trial, I have disappointed her. I promised to be with her but guess what I did, I know right? Maybe I am just fooling myself, and I am fooling her too I mean, how big is my heart that it accommodated Ntombenhle on the first day while Yoniswa was also staying in my heart? How was it possible to fall in love with her in just a heart beat? Maybe I hastened my heart, but no. I was pressured into

marriage, now things were speeding up, they crashed before it reached the destination. I heave a sigh. How do I even explain the kiss, my only fault was not pulling out there I got lost in the moment.

Siboniso: "Wa thula kutheni?" (Why are you quiet?) I raise my head up.

Busani: "Udla ngu nyembeta." (Guilt is eating him up.) He cluck his tongue. "Ubani obe kade eqabulana naye?" (Who were you even kissing?)

Makazi: "Ngu mama wom'twana wakhe

uYoniswa. The one that this girl here (pointing at Enhle, pulling a nasty face) took Luyolo from." (She is the mother of his child.) I clicked my tongue.

Luyolo: "Ntombenhle! That is her name!" I roar at her.

Siboniso: "Luyolo!" He shouts.

Luyolo: "No tata! She needs to respect my wife! She is busy plotting with Yoniswa behind my back!" I shout back.

ENHLE'S auntie: "Says the same man who could not respect his own wife on their wedding day! Bekumnandsi neh, feeding each other's tongues" Ouch, I guess I deserve that.

Siboniso: "Thulani!" (Quiet!) The room immediately goes quiet for a minute. The silence is too loud for my liking.

Luyolo: "Ndicela uxolo." (I would like to apologise.) I honestly and humbly say. "I would like to apologise to you Mama, nawe tata for shaming you. I would like to apologise to the Mnisi

family for disrespecting you. And to my wife, I disappointed you. I broke my promise and I am truly regretting it and just so you know, it was not my intention to hurt you. I know I have issues to fix but I am sure I want to be with you. I love you, yes I do.” She slightly raised her head but quickly faced back down again, and I just knew it right there that, there is still hope. Luyolo:”Please do forgive me for my behaviour. I want us to work.”

## **NARRATOR**

The two families mended things between them. Ntombenhle has forgiven Luyolo and they were happy. The family did the utsiki ritual for the Mayiza Juniors. uTsiki is the ritual in the Xhosa tradition where the bride has to eat a goat and also drink amasi (Sour milk) from the groom’s family in which she is married to. Ntombenhle was given a Xhosa name by the groom and they will now call her, Khanyisile which means light.

After a long joyful day, Everyone was now leaving, going to their perspective homes. Mr and Mrs Mayiza Juniors were going to spend a week in Bisho so that Ntombenhle can fulfill

her wife duties. Everyone seemed happy, even Makazi who became very welcoming to Ntombenhle but, you will never know with that one. She can change in an instant. Zozibini was just in a foul mood but had on a mask to fake it. A lot had been going on through her mind, but it was a busy day today for anyone to notice that.

Luyolo was strutting besides Ntombenhle, holding hands to their flat, Luyolo stopped in front of Ntombenhle and held her waist.

Luyolo: "Even in amadaki (Xhosa attire), you looking very sexy. I think even when we return to Joburg, you should continue wearing them."

Ntombenhle: "Thank you for the compliment but, I think you should rather take a picture, it will last longer because, I cannot wait to take them off."

Luyolo: "I feel seduced. Would you like me to help you take them off, Mrs Me?"

Ntombenhle: "Easy tiger, don't get over yourself, yet."

Luyolo: "I'm a man baby, I get too excited." He grins.

Ntombenhle: "Well, I am tired right now and feel like taking a long warm bath."

Luyolo: "Can I join you?" Ntombenhle gasps

Ntombenhle: "Uh-uh..." She says that pulling herself away from

Luyolo and runs off towards the flat.

Luyolo: "Oh yes!" He runs after her but quickly caught up with her which made her change directions to the flat. Their giggles were filling the entire yard like those of siblings... Wait, they are siblings. They just don't know it yet.

Ntombenhle: "Luyolo please, I am tired." She was laughing and running at the same time, but Luyolo kept on chasing her.

Luyolo: "Wait then!" He finally caught her as she was slowing down. They were breathing heavily from running and giggling.

Luyolo picked her up and put her on her shoulder before he span her around. She was screaming in pleasure.

Ntombenhle: "Put me down Yolo!" As soon as he put her down, sounds of gunshots were being fired around the area. They were very close. Ntombenhle was very scared looking around and as soon as she turned to Luyolo, she saw him slowly falling down, blood dripping from his chest, above his right tit.

Ntombenhle screamed and her eyes were filled out with the tears.

Ntombenhle: "Please Yolo, don't do this please. Don't die on me. Please help!" She screams for help.

Luyolo's father came rushing and picked up Luyolo without asking too many questions. They rushed off to his car.

Ntombenhle followed behind and they got in the car, together

with Zozibini. Ntombenhle was a crying mess. Whilst on the way, Siboniso ordered Zozibini to make a call at the hospital to one of their contacts, and tell them to expect them.

Just as soon as they arrived, they did not waste time, Luyolo was taken to the theater for immediate operation. Ntombenhle was pacing up and down, and was very impatient.

Siboniso: "Ntombenhle, what happened? How did they shoot him? Did you see their faces?" Ntombenhle wipes her tears with the back of her hand and shakes her head.

Ntombenhle: "Everything happened so fast baba, I am not sure." Siboniso pulled her into his embrace and brushed his hand on Ntombenhle's hair.

Siboniso: "He will pull through baby, he is strong." Zozibini was looking at them all the time, not saying anything. She stood up.

Zozibini: "Excuse me." No one gave her attention nor even heard her. She went out to the cafeteria and sat on the bench and sobbed all alone.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

We got home very late last night and I was very tired. I cannot believe I got to spend my first night at my husband's home without him. My heart is clubbed about last night's event. My husband was mistakenly shot by the police, yes the police. They came by last night after we drove off to the hospital. Makazi called Luyolo's mother on our way back home, letting us know that there were officers who needed to speak to us. Well, what actually happened was that, the cars that were racing were actually the police' private cars chasing a stolen car. They started shooting and one of the bullets ended in my husband's chest. Crazy right? I mean, what if he didn't make it? I just got married damn it, I am still way too young to be a widow.

Anyway, I left all that to my father in-law, he'll know how to deal with them but as for me, I need my husband, I miss him.

I am overwhelmed and fatigued by my husband's maim. (Sigh). It could have gotten worse, I mean he has his son here who still needs him, who needs to be up brought by his father. How does one even tell a three year old that his father is shot, but I

won't because his father is still alive, that's great right. My bath water is now cold, let me get out of here.

After I had dressed up in amadaki, I quickly fixed my hair before wrapping a scarf on my head. Thank goodness I washed my hair immediately when I got home last night. I check the time and it is 5:30m, I need to go and prepare breakfast for the whole family. I have no idea how to even make fire outside so that I can start with the soft porridge, I heard it is what they eat first thing in the morning, after that, I still need to prepare greasy food and for lunch I have to prepare pap and gravy, not leaving the meat. Oh wait, that's not all; I also need to cook dinner. So much work, I haven't even started yet but I am super tired already, no wonder this people are fully figured here, they eat way white too much. (Sigh.). On top of everything, I still have to wash those dishes, I don't understand why they would want me to cook outside when they have a nice built in stove in the main house. Oops, someone is knocking on the door.

I unlocked the door before I opened, It is Promise. Since she is the older wife (Lubabalo's wife since he is the first sibling to marry), she will assist me in everything that I need to learn around here. I could have figured it out all on my own. After



what she did last night, I don't think I am comfortable around her.

Promise: "Hey. Uhm, at exactly 6 o'clock, meet me at the front. Breakfast needs to be ready by 7 sharp." Off she goes, I roll my eyes before I close the door. I hear one of the door in the flat banging softly before I hear foot steps, okay that creepy. I thought I was alone in the flat.

"Morning." I jump in fright. I turn around only to find Nokuzola.

Nokuzola: "Oh, I am sorry sisi. I did not mean to give you a fright." She is in her pajamas. Did she sleep here?

Ntombenhle: "No, no (breaths). Uhm, when did you get here?"

Nokuzola: "Last night. Lindo was all alone so I was forced to sleep with him in here." Wow! So people were sleeping in this house and I had no idea.

Ntombenhle: "Oh, it's okay. Is he still sleeping?"

Nokuzola: "Yes. How is my brother?" She sighs.

Ntombenhle: "He will be fine. I am going in later to see him. He is probably awake."

Nokuzola: "Can I come with, please." I nod.

Ntombenhle: "Of course."

I go around the flat looking for cleaning chemicals. I start cleaning around the flat before I head out to the front. Lindokuhle is still sleeping so, Nokuzola will stay in the flat until I am done with the breakfast.

I am struggling with making fire and I keep coughing up the smoke, I am not getting it right.

Makazi: "Makoti, are we going to eat today? You've been busy making fire for the past fifteen minutes." She shouts from the kitchen window.

Ntombenhle: "It is windy Makazi, the fire can't seem to catch." They laugh from the kitchen, her and Promise. I ignore them. I keep trying to get the fire started until I give up and stand up from the ground, frustrated throwing the matches on the ground.

Makazi: "Haibo, tshini!" She shouts.

Ntombenhle: "Makazi I am failing! I can't make the fire

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it's hard." Honestly, I can't and no one dared to help me or even show me how to make fire.

Makazi: "Bantwana base Goli, niya dina!" (Kids from the suburbs, you are annoying!) Old hag!

Promise: "They should have gotten Luyolo a better wife." She jumps in.

Ntombenhle: "Well hard luck! Because, I am married to Luyolo and I am here to stay! If you have a problem with it, akufuni mina loko." I cluck my tongue leaving them gobsmacked, and staggered to the kitchen.

I cooked a not so fancy breakfast but, a good one to make everyone satisfied, since I couldn't make the fire outside for porridge. My body is here but, my mind is very far. I quickly set up the table and made my way to Luyolo's flat. I found Lindokuhle sitting on the couch, watching cartoons whilst Nokuzola is busy on her phone. As soon as Lindokuhle notices my presence, he runs towards me and I take him into my arms.

I prepare water to bath him before I dressed him warmly.

Lindokuhle: "Mommy, where is daddy?" I breathe in and out to calm myself.

Ntombenhle: "Uhm baby, daddy isn't feeling well so, the doctor is keeping him in just until he feels better. He will come back soon, okay?" He nods. I realised that, kids do not dwell so much on anything because, they don't understand how guilty the world is. I hope he stays as innocent as he is and never grows up. Adulthood not a child's play.

We got into the main house, the time is now 7:45am. Everyone was there, already having breakfast. I grab my seat and place Lindokuhle on my lap right after I greeted everyone.

Siboniso: "How did you sleep, Ndodakazi?" (Daughter). I sigh.

Ntombenhle: "Kulalekile baba." (I managed to sleep.) He nods. I

look down to my plate and feast on my food, not forgetting to feed Lindokuhle. We are eating in silence, only the cutlery hitting against the plates are the ones making a noise. As we eat, I can feel someone shooting daggers on me, but I don't dare to raise my head up to see who it is. Okay, I feel an edge to look up, I couldn't help but look up only to be met by two pairs of eyes, Makazi and Zozibini. I won't lie, their eyes look deadly and if that killed, I would have been dead already. I clear my throat, breaking the freaky staring contest. Why are they even looking at me that way? It is really uncomfortable.

"Good Morning Family!" Lubabalo walks in from the kitchen door, his wife Promise stands on her feet to hug him, and they kiss. We greet him back and he grabs a seat.

Lubabalo: "Ntombi, how are you doing? Will you go and check up on my brother today?" He asks, looking concerned.

Ntombenhle: "I am well thanks for asking. Right after I am done with my chores, I will request a cab to the hospital."

Lubabalo: "Okay, I will take us there. Have you heard from him or how he is doing today?" I shook my head.

Siboniso: "We left him sedated last night, but we were assured that today when we go back, we might find him awake. But since you want to go, Zozibini and I will stay behind.

Ntombenhle, you do not have to do the chores today, your husband awaits you at the hospital."

Ntombenhle: "Thank you."

Makazi: "Siyahlololwa apha!" (We are being undermined!) She let's out an evil chuckle. I want to roll my eyes at her but, I'll save it for some other time.

I stand up to clear the table and clean Lindokuhle's hands and mouth. Someone comes in rushing in the house. I am sure this person wants to make their presence felt by clanking on their heels. I turn around to see who it is. Oh, what the hell is she fucking doing here!

"Lindokuhle! Oh my son, come here!" She grabs him from my hands before giving me a nasty look, like I care. Now, I finally rolled my eyes, whew!

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I have just finished wearing my grey tuxedo and I must say, it really looks good and fits perfectly on me. My dear wife whom I have never even met got taste, I admit. She chose all the outfits for me and the groom's men, oh and my baby boy here, Lindokuhle who is only three years old. I look at him as he makes my way to me and I just know I have to prepare for a few questions.

Lindo:"Daddy, grandma said that I am meeting my new mom soon. Does that me mommy is not going to be my mommy anymore?" I sighed and picked him up and walked to the balcony with him.

We glanced around looking at the whole city. The view from this hotel is just amazing. I still say, my wife got taste, she booked this hotel for me and men, in fact she planned the whole wedding, all I did was just send money through my mother because I don't know my wife and never been in contact with her as I was not allowed. I was told that I will meet her down the aisle. It's funny that we are in the same hotel, we probably bumped into each other or maybe she is one of the

girls I have been fucking with a few weeks ago till last night, yes I got a girl in the hotel last night after clubbing. Anyway, my baby boy's hands bringing me back from my thoughts.

Luyolo: "You are going to have two mommies my boy."

Lindo: "Two?" He asks looking at me like I am talking crap.

Luyolo: "Yes, two. That's how lucky you are. They will love you equally and very much."

Lindo: "I love them too. And I love daddy also." He smiles at me. My son just amazes me on how he is growing we up. I hope this arrangement of marriage does not disturb him in the process of growing.

Luyolo: "I love you too son, never doubt that." I hug him.

"Ncoooow, look at yourself man." I turn to look back to where the sound of the voice came from. I see my groom's men and a photographer. How did they get in here because I didn't hear them coming in.

Luyolo: "How long have you guys been standing there?"

Lubabalo: "Long enough to witness the good father of the year in you. I swear you are different from the shit person you are out there when you are with your son. Kuhle mfanam, iz'apha." (Kuhle my boy, come here.) Lindokuhle snuggles off me, I put him down and he runs to his uncle, my brother.

Luyolo: "Hey! Mind your language around my son man."

Siyamthanda: "Dawg!" We fist bumped and bro hugged. "A whole Maradona getting married today? If it never rains today

then I don't know." I chortled.

Luyolo:"Ay man. Nami andikholelwa ukuba mna ndizo tshata kwa namhla. Worse ndizakutshata with someone I don't even know. What if she is ugly?" (I cannot believe it either that today I am getting married.) I watch them as they laugh at me, even the photographer who is capturing this moment. I shook my head in disbelief and joined them in laughing.

Lubabalo:"So, uzaw'thini kwi baby mama yakho. I know for a fact ukuba usam'thanda but, now that you are getting married what is going to happen?" (What will you tell the mother of your son? I know that you love her.)

Luyolo:"Andazi ndithin. I guess I will cross the road once I get there hey." (I don't know.)

Siya:"Does she know though ukuba uya tshada?" (Does she know that you are getting married?)

Luyolo:"Cha! Eish andaz kwedini." (No. I don't know.)

Siya:"You know she'll find out herself right? So

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you need to tell her soon before it's too late. I know you currently broke up but you have been doing this break up and make up for too long, so I will suggest that you tell her before she sees or hears it from someone else."



Siya has been my best friend for as long as I can remember. He knows me and all my skeletons so his point of view matters a lot to me. I look at my son playing games in Lubabalo's phone. I and his mother been through a lot. Although I and her are currently not in good terms, she still means a lot to me and here I am getting married. I am not even sure if the marriage is going to work. If I could I would walk out of it but I just can't. My father arranged this meeting with one of his clients, a whole business tycoon which I always wanted to do business with. So, they stroked a deal that I have to marry his daughter and if I declined, my father would make sure that my businesses fall down, he has contacts that man and I mean he can make things perish, just like that. So I couldn't risk that.

Luyolo:"It is not so easy hey. I guess I will have to tell her anyway."

Siya:"That's good. Now where's the cognac?"

Lubabalo:"I will go get the glasses." We sipped on the cognac in our glasses.

Luyolo:"So this is it."

Lubabalo & Siya:"It is that!" We shared a moment of silence, after a few seconds we laughed. My father walked in and asked to talk to me. Lubabalo and Siya then left the room with Lindo. We walked to the balcony and we were silent for almost 3 minutes. After the photographer captured to his satisfaction, he left the room. My father put his hand on my shoulder.

Dad:"I am proud of you, son." I looked at him and laughed. I can't believe this man right now

Luyolo:"You are not tata! You got what you wanted, qa. That is what you are proud of."

Dad:"Luyolo ndise ngu yihlo! You do know that I am doing this for you son, his future?"

Luyolo:"No! You are doing this for your own selfish reasons tata. You forcing me to marry someone I don't even know, nor love. How sick is that!?"

Dad:"You will learn to love him. Life comes with so much sacrifices and believe when I tell you that this son, this is only the beginning! I have done so much for you and your siblings, but you are just ungrateful!"

Luyolo:"So, I have to pay you for bringing me into this world? For the clothes you bought me, the expensive schools I went to, the trips, the home and shelter, food and and and? Ufuna ndibatalele kuba ungu tata kum? Is that what you are saying?"  
(Do you want me to pay for being your son?)

Dad:"Take it however you want, I DON'T CARE! Now get ready,only 15 minutes left before your bride walks down the aisle. You better be down there on time."

I watched him walk out of my room. I screamed in anger. I took my phone and scrolled to Yoniswa. I sent her a text message saying "I am getting married to someone else today, I am sorry." I sent the text message and switched off my phone and tossed it into my pocket. I breathed out and walked out to where everyone was.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

I haven't been to work since I got married but, catching up on my studies. Well, let's just say that, my life has been amazing as a married woman. It turned out unexpected for me and gosh, I love my husband.

Our connection and chemistry is unexplainable I mean, he cares for me like a brother I never had but, loves me like the husband that I have always yearned for.

It has been weeks since we got to Joburg and he is still running up and down like a headless chicken because, "work". Speaking of work, I still do not know where he works or what he does. He has been leaving early in the morning, sometimes without even touching breakfast and even comes back late, like today. (Sigh). Don't get me wrong, he does try to accommodate me in between but, I miss having him all to myself. I understand though, he is just trying to adjust in this new environment and things were a bit hectic at work.

I had just finished cooking, I switch off the stove before heading upstairs for a shower. I settle in my satin pyjamas and make my way downstairs. I dish up for myself and go to the lounge and watch the TV. As I am watching the television, something bangs on the window and it stopped, I guess it's nothing.

After a few minutes it started banging, the curtains were moving. Did I not close the windows? I stood up, making my way to the window, but before I even reached it, a gust of wind out of no where blew up in the house, causing me to scream. I fell on my knees, blocking my ears with my hands because, the sound of the wind was deafening.

I could not stop my tears from coming out, I need to get my phone and call Luyolo. I am scared and this wind isn't doing me any favour.

After a good few minutes, the wind stopped. I am shivering uncontrollably like, what the hell just happened? I do the breathing exercise and I manage to stand up, making my way to check on the windows and to my surprise, they are closed. No sign that, they were open. This is freaking me out now. I ran up the long staircase and reached our bedroom. I grab my phone before I dialed Luyolo's number.

"Voicemail!!!" My voice bounces around the room before

getting to my ears. I am so scared right now, where the hell is Luyolo. I decide to stay in the room because, I am not going back down there.

\*\*\*

I have planned to get home early today and surprise my wife with a bouquet of flowers and chocolates, I noticed that, chocolates are her favourite. This past weeks have not been easier for my wife, no matter how much she tries to mask it but, I know that she needs my attention, I need her too. So, I have decided that from today onwards, I am hers as much as she will be mine. We will strive and yield on our marriage. The aim is to focus on us now.

I know that she is probably not expecting me, and I am not going to tell her. I am going to surprise her.

The time is now 6:15pm and I am on the road going home when my car starts slowing down. I step on the accelerator harder but, my car eventually decide to go off in the middle of the road. I fucking took it for servicing just a week ago, hell!

“No man, Fuck!!!” My voice hoarse in the car. I can’t believe this. What is wrong with this car? I try to start it over and over but, it shows no sign of going on, now what? I get out of my car and inspect it everywhere but, I don’t see anything wrong. I get back in the car and call my insurance company, giving them information about my car and I sent them the location. I stayed in my car and waited for the insurance company to arrive. After a whole hour of waiting, the insurance company arrived, I gathered all my things together and requested a cab, before I knew, the cab arrived. I left them towing my car. As I was about to call Yoniswa, my phone switched off, great, just great.

I arrived at home at exactly 9pm and the TV is still playing in the lounge. It is a bit messy but, nothing that can’t be tidied up in just a few minutes. I noticed that she was also having her supper but, it is half done.

“Mrs me?” I call her out as I go and put my things in the study.

“Khanyisile!?” Where could she be? I head upstairs to our room and, I find her tucked in the sheets, she is sleeping, that’s weird. She never sleeps this early.

“Mrs me?” My wife is so beautiful, even in her sleep. I could kiss her right now. I shake her gently, calling her once more.

Her voice pierced in my ears as she screamed, she probably was having a bad dream.

“Hey, it’s me... It’s okay my love, it’s okay.” I pull her into my arms and hug her. She snuggles in me, holding me tight, crying, ncooow. It must have been a very bad dream because, she is shaking uncontrollably.

“I am here, nothing will happen to you.” She finally pulls away from my arms, wiping her tears with the back of her hand.

“Are those mine?” She glances on the flowers and chocolates that I have placed on the ottoman. I even forgot about them.

“No. They are for my girlfriend. She is coming over, I hope you don’t mind.” She frowns.

“I will kill her, cook her and feed you.” I looked at her shocked.

“In that case, they are yours.” She laughs. “So tell me, what did you dream about, that made you shiver like that?” She sighs.

“It wasn’t a dream.” She is getting uncomfortable. “I was downstairs in the lounge having my supper. It all happened so quick and...” She starts crying all over, now I am worried.

“Don’t cry sthandwa sam, you are breaking my heart.” What the fuck happened. But I won’t dwell too much on it, not today as I can see how much whatever happened in her dream is making her cry. Anyway, I hand the chocolates to her



a smile flashes on her face, like a two year old toddler.

“You are a bit early today, what happened?” She tosses a slab of chocolate in the mouth.

“If you ask me, I would have been here much earlier. My car miraculously went off in the middle of the road, whilst driving.” She stops chewing and looks at me, like I’ve just said something fictional.

“Oh my God, where is your car? Are you okay?” I so want to laugh at her so bad because, I would not be here if I was not okay. But she looks very concerned so, I will save my laugh for other things.

“I am fine, nothing happened. I let the insurance company to deal with it whilst I caught a cab back home. Fuck I’m hungry, can you please dish up for me? I could use a shower right now.” I say as I take off my shirt.

“I am not going down there! I am not.” I can’t upset my wife any further, she looks distraught.

“I have already dished out for you. I put your food in the microwave, you will just warm it up.” She adds. I kiss her cheek before I drag myself to the bathroom.

\*\*\*

My eyes are glued on my phone, reading one of my favourite diaries on Facebook. The moment he comes out of the bathroom, smelling like the shower gel that he uses, I am fighting the urge to look up because, his aura is way to heavy, heavy in a good way. Before I could even raise my head up, he disappears into the closet, and I breath out, I breathe out the air I didn't know I was holding. He comes back in his boxers. A minute ago, I didn't have the guts to look at him, and now my eyes are glued on his chocolate skin body, I am admiring him.

"I am going to get my food, see you in a minute." His voice echoes in my ears, bringing me back from drooling. My heart is even palpitating, you could even see it through my chest.

"MaMnisi?" I clear my throat and remove my eyes from his body. "What is the matter?" He let's put a chuckle.

"Nothing." I roll my eyes at him before, I pull the sheet and close my eyes.

\*\*\*

“Sthandwa Sam?” I gently shake her. This is weird. “Haow sthandwa sam, vuka.” She mumbles something that isn’t making any sense I almost laughed but right now it's not the time, but wakes up anyway.

“Yolo, what is it?” She looks grumpy. I personally peck her lips.

“Did you remember to close the sliding door to the balcony last night?” She raises her head and her eyes come in contact with the curtain being blown by the wind.

“I am certain I locked it, I promise.” She moves uncomfortably on the bed.

“This is weird.” I get up from the bed and go close it. Could it be that someone was in our room, or tried to break in?

“I am starting to freak out. Last night there was a gust of wind downstairs at the lounge and now this?” What wind?

“A gust of wind?” I narrow my eyebrow at her.

“It happened so quick, I tried calling you last night but your phone took me straight to voicemail. I was so scared, I left everything the way it was last night.” I sigh. I will check out the CCTV footage later, just to see if there wasn’t anyone in the house.

It is already morning so, I left Enhle in the bedroom and went downstairs to check if everything was still how I left it, nothing seems to be a problem. I go back upstairs, I find the bed already

done and I hear the water running in the shower. Hhm, I am planning to spend this weekend with my wife so, this is how I will start it.

I quickly take off my boxer and make my way to the bathroom. I take a steady breath before I open the glass door of the shower.

I am met by her back as I enter the shower, my penis is already excited. The water is beautifully flowing down to her nicely built ass. I grab her shower gel and smear it on the sponge before I start washing her body. She startled, because she did not hear me entering. She turns and now I am met by the twins. She looks a quite shocked, oh well baby, you gotta get used to this because, sooner or later, we are doing the deed.

I peck on her lips, she looks shy and I mean, her eyes are wondering around. Lol.

“Relax, Mrs me.” I caress her body with the sponge filled with soap, not forgetting to play with her tits.

My friend down there keeps poking her belly and it drives me crazy. We help each other out, washing our bodies. I can't help myself anymore, my hands find themselves on her cookie and I start massaging. It.

I close the water and passionately kiss her lips, moving to her neck. She moans so softly, I am honestly going to flip right now because, my friend there is ready to strike.

She wraps her arms around me and I find myself squeezing her ass.

I move back to her lips and now, I am aggressive. I pick her up, not breaking the kiss before we move to the bedroom. I carefully throw her on the bed as I go down for her.

She hesitates at first before allowing me to nudge my tongue in her sweet pussy. I move my tongue in and out of her vagina, just when she hold my head, I know that I am doing it right. Her moans escaping her lips, sounding like a sweet Melody soothing my ears. I lift my head up and insert a finger and another and finger her. I take her hand and position it on her clit and help her rub it until I felt that she is good to go on her own.

Just before I knew it, her juices splash, leaving her legs vibrating and almost crying.

I suck her cookie clean and kiss her lips, not forgetting to tuck in my tongue in her mouth.

“That is how you taste baby.” I tell her between the kiss

I attempt to stand up but, she pulls me back for a kiss.

“Where do you think you are going to, Mr me?” She has a naughty grin on her face.

She pushes me off her before she bends down to my crotch.

She never ceases to amaze me this one.

“Oh, Mrs me...” My breathing starts escalating as she gives it a massage with her hand. She continues jerking my crotch, making my pre-cum flow out. She teases it by just putting the tip of it in her warm mouth. This woman is going to be the death of me.

My hard penis can't handle the pressure anymore, it wants to take action.

“Oh shit... That's, aaaaahh... fuck!” I groan to the pleasure as she finally sucks my hard friend. She does it so slowly a couple

of times before increase the pace. She does it so perfectly, and I don't want this moment to end.

I grab her huge afro, and help her take in my cock inside her mouth.

"Aaaahh, yessss." I start fucking her mouth as I feel my body building up the pleasurable feeling, she gags on the cock. I'm sorry baby but, you are doing it so good.

I increase my pace again.

"Fuuuck! Aaaaahhh... Enhle..." I groaned, holding her hair tight as I nut inside her mouth. I think she swallowed, but who cares!? I got myself the best head after such a long time. I can't wait to taste my cookie.

"Lets stay in bed the whole day." She giggles. I kiss her lips.

"I love you."

"I love you too." Wow, my heart just skipped a beat because, this is the first time she is saying this to me.

**ZOZIBINI MAYIZA**

Don't people know that it is rude to call someone so early in the morning, especially someone like me. I flip my eyes open oh well, hubby a deep sleeper so, I doubt he even hears my phone ringing. I turn to the side of my pedestal and looking from the time on my alarm, I swear I am going to throw a fit on whoever is calling me, what the hell.

"This better be good!" I semi-shout right after answering the call. I am not even sure who it is.

"Askies (Sorry) mamzo but, I have the results that you asked for." Oh, that is my informer. I asked him to do something for me and I am surprised that, he did that in just less than a week. I sit on my butt, resting my back on the headboard.

"Are you stupid?" I whisper, a bit loud.

"Mamzo?" He sounds confused.

"Could you not send an SMS or call me a bit later? I am sleeping next to my husband, do you want to get me into trouble?" Why the hell is he calling me at this hour? Not even birds are awake at this time.

"Hade (sorry) ma it's just that, I have somewhere to be in the



next two hours so, I don't know if I should come and give you a hard copy or?"

"Ugh fine." My husband moves a little. "Listen, you better be here in the next thirty minutes." I hang up before he even says anything further.

"Who is coming in the next thirty minutes?" My husband asks whilst he still has his eyes closed.

"Uhm... I, I ordered breakfast baba, I should go take a quick shower before the order gets here." I breathe. He opens his eyes and balances his head with his hand.

"It's not yet six o'clock Zozi. Cancel the order and get back to sleep." He sits up and snuggles his hands around me and nibbles on my ear, turning me on.

"Then join me in the shower." He goes down to my neck and manoeuvres my breast with his free hand.

"Uyangi linga mfazi." (You are testing me, woman.) His voice sounding very sexy when he is horny.

"Are you complaining, Myeni wam?" (My husband) I land my lips on his.

"I like how you call me." He roughly kiss me, pulling me closer to him. I swear he still gives me the best sex, it never ages. He can handle my body and I swear it feels like it's my first time,

everytime we get intimate. He squeezes my waist and I release a soft moan.

My mind suddenly drifts away from this sweetest moment. I am taken back to the results I am waiting for. Deep inside of me, I am hoping that it is all in my head but, what if the results come back proving that, Everything in my head turns out to be real? What am I to do I mean, do I confront or do I just sit back and pretend that I know nothing? Even they come back negative, how do I live with myself knowing, I distrusted my husband?

“Ouch! Kodwa yintoni tata!?” I am taken back from my reality by Siboniso biting my lip so hard, I almost cried. My tears are actually rolling out of my eyes. This is one painful bite that I have ever gotten in my life.

“No, what is your problem. I am trying to fucking make love to my wife but, your mind seems to be afar!” He looks angry.

“Apologies, myeni wam.” I caress his chest all the way down but, he is not moving, he looks a lot more irritated.

“Keep your apologies. I am going to shower.” He pushes me away from him before he jumps out from bed. I can see a tent up, on his pyjama bottom. Is he seriously going to walk away, just like that?

“Tata, I am sorry it’s just, I was thinking about... I am sorry

please come back.” He shoots his eyes at me.

“Thinking during our session?” He let’s out a bitter chuckle. I sigh. “I have somewhere to get to, I’ll leave you to your “thinking”, okay” I watch him disappear to the bathroom, leaving me defeated.

My phone vibrates, leaving a message. It is my informer, letting me know that he is at the door. I wear my robe before I head downstairs.

“It is all in there.” I hand the brown envelope to him filled with notes in it.

“Looking forward working with you again.” His face beams when he peeps in the envelope.

“There is no “again” here. We are done.” He let’s out a laugh before he walks off my yard. I close the door and lean with my back on it and take a deep breath, with my hands on my chest, holding a brown A4 envelope.

I walk to the kitchen and sit on the bar stool and open up the result, taking the out slowly. I skip reading everything that is writing and have my eyes going straight to the possible outcomes of the results. Did someone turn on the fire? Why is it getting so hot in here. My armpits starts sweating and I use the envelope to fan myself.

“No, no, no, this can’t be, no!” Tears gash out of my eyes and I think I am having a hard time breathing.

\*\*\*

My wife really got me off the mood earlier. That was not on at all I mean, she literally switched off while we were pleasing each other. Who the fuck does that during intimacy? Anyway I am here at the roast and grill restaurant, meeting up with Busani, him and his wife are on a business trip in Cape Town. Well, Busani is here for business and his wife is accompanying him.

I am a bit early because, I couldn’t be in that house another minute with my wife for what she did. I need to cool off my head. You know, it is winter and I had to take a cold fucking shower to ease up my blue balls, when I have a wife. I have a damn wife for God's sake! I could do with something strong right now, but it’s still shitting early for that. I’ll just relax on this black coffee.

\*\*\*

Busani and I had a wonderful day, I mean catching up with him was meditative. Talking about the old good times and sipping on our whiskey. To trade a childhood wonder for a plausible explanation - is there a worst trade one makes in life? (Shrugs). Busani had always had my back from back in the days and I am surprised that, even after such a long time of not communicating, he still trusts me enough to tell me about his future plans. Trust (sigh), I am now taken back to when I had sex with his fiancé, his current wife Nomathemba. Once he finds out that Ntombenhle is actually my daughter, man I don't think I want to know what is going to happen next.

A knock on the window of my car disturbs me from my thoughts. It is my wife. I open the door as she stands blocking my way.

"I have been waiting for you for the past ten minutes to get in the house, are you alright?" Did she forget what she did in the morning? But that is not the case why I am still seated in the car. I got back almost fifteen minutes ago and my car has been parked in the driveway since, and I haven't gotten out of the car yet.

"Do you think there is a problem?" She raises both her

eyebrows at me.

“No, I mean I don’t know. Is there?” I shrug.

“If you don’t know, then I don’t know too.”

“My love, I am sorry about what happened in the morning. I thought of something and I...” She pulls me out of the car by my hand and I lean on my car, with her in front of me. I am still keeping my face blank at her.

“So every time when we get sexual and something comes to your head, are you going to pause to service your thoughts?”

“It won’t happen again.” She stands on her toes and kisses my lips. “I promise.” Her hand moves down to my crotch, making it hard at the very moment. Fuck I forgive you wifey!

“Ave umdala (you are very old) for what you are doing.” She let’s out a seductive laugh, making me grab on her ass.

“Kodwa nawe uya thanda nje.” (But, you also love it.)

\*\*\*

We made it to the bedroom and we had one hell of a steamy session. I must say, she really outdid herself on this that, I almost asked her to give me more children. Lol. Ooh I almost forgot...

“Ma ka Luyolo, I invited Busani and his wife for supper, I hope you don’t mind.” She raises her head up from my chest, before she gives me the look that she uses when I am in trouble will her, trust me it is not a good look. It makes me want to call out for my mama.

“Siboniso.” Oh-Oh. She is mad... Mama! “You invite people for supper without my knowledge?”

“I thought you wouldn’t have a problem with that sthandwa sam.” I defend myself.

“Well I do, Siboniso! You should have confirmed with me first!”

“Okay, fine. Let me call them and cancel.” It’s just dinner, I don’t get the fuss.

“No, don’t!”

“No? You want them to come?”

“I don’t.” What is she saying?

“You don’t?” Can this woman make up her mind already?

“I have to go and prepare for dinner for our guests.” I guess I am not cancelling. Women are the weirdest creatures, I swear. Very confusing! She wears her robe before getting out of the room, leaving me lying on the bed.

\*\*\*

“This is the best chocolate desert that I have ever tasted. I will need the recipe of it.” Nomathemba compliments my wife for the desert that she just served us.

“Mmm.” My wife coldly responds to her.

“Of course, Zozi will gladly give it to you, but it’s costly.” I jump in, trying to lighten up the mood.

“Just name the price.” Busani adds.

“Oh, how deep are your pockets?” We laugh it off, except for my wife.

“Sthandwa sam, are you good?” I ask her because she seems to be far from here.

“Zozibini.” I call her out again as she did not hear me the first time. She startles, her eyes roaming on all of us.

“Yes... what is it?” She sounds lost.

“Your mind seems to be far from us, what’s wrong?” I can tell that she is faking her smile.

“I’m fine, Uhm... I’ll go put the dishes in the dishwasher.” She gets up and takes the dishes.

“I’ll help you.” Nomathemba excitedly says, like a teenage girl who is happy because, her parents allowed her friends for a sleepover.

“No!” What the hell is wrong with my wife?

“Zozibini!” I reprimand her. Nomathemba looks so confused.

“Ugh, yini nawe!” (What!) I stand up taking her hand, pulling her towards the kitchen, not too rough.



“I asked you if I should cancel them from coming here didn’t I?”

I say to her.

“You certainly did.” She sounds unbothered.

“Manje what the fuck is your problem. Yazi I won’t tolerate your nonsense, you will go back there and behave like the wife I married to, not the thing that you are becoming.” I turn back to our guests, leaving her frowning.

**NTOMBENHLE**

Wifey, have you seen my phone!? I am not sure where I left it!”  
He is shouting from the lounge.

He left his charger on the kitchen counter together with Luyolo’s. I even used both of their phones to snap pictures in the kitchen. I’ve been in here for almost an hour now preparing lunch for everyone. I made a Gatsby for everyone, I love Gatsby.

“No husby, I haven’t!” Shout back rolling my eyes. He'll look for it himself.

“Mnqundu! (Ass!) Are you flirting with my wife?” Luyolo jumps in, leaving the other guys laughing.

“Wifey, should I fill him up or you will do the honors?” I walk to the lounge with their lunch.

“Oh husby I think the message is clear.” I play along.

“Khanyisile!” His voice went straight to my clit.

“Husbae?”

“Don’t start with me. Siya kwedini!” He looks so serious.

“Relax bro...” Siya laughs, making the rest of us join in.

“Baby we are just playing...” I charge towards him and sit next to him.

“That is a very bad game.” He pecks me on the cheek.

“But she is still my wife!” Siya teases.

“Sad part, she is your wife by the name only and good thing is that, you can’t have her.” Are they seriously going to mouse and cat on this like I am not here? Kids!

“You can never know.” Could Siya stop already. I get up on my feet.

“I’ll check you guys later. Mr me, I am going out to meet up with a colleague.” He also gets up on his feet.

“Colleague?” Why am I sensing insecurity here?

“Yes. I have decided that, I go back to work on Monday.”

“Ooh, I see.” He looks disappointed. But why?

“Uhm, I guess I should leave you.” I smooch his lips. “Enjoy your lunch.” I went upstairs to get ready.

My phone beeped alerting a message, it is my colleague, Nobantu. Well, we decided that she comes here to Luyolo’s, oh pardon me I mean, “Our” house because, apparently there is a whole lot to catch up on with work, I am so not ready.

The elevator finally opens after what seemed like forever and closes right after I stepped in. I am doing breathing exercises

because, the elevator is leading me straight to the lounge where the boys are at. The elevator opens and immediately I could reek a whole garden in the room, what the hell! Are they smoking weed in my house? In my lounge? Let me first go and get Nobantu before, I attend to these big babies who are messing up my coffee table!

“My sexy wife!” Why is Luyolo screaming!? I give all of them stares, deadly stares as I went to the front door.

“Are you leaving!?” He shouts from behind, I’ll ignore him for now, Nobantu is waiting for me. “Khanyisile!” Ugh this man! I am angry at him, and I am trying so much to be less angry at him but, he is giving me reasons to be “highly” angry at him.

I open the door and my eyes land on Nobantu, standing against her car in the driveway. I really like what she is wearing, in fact she wears so much like a Butch, but trust me she is not one, well, not that I know of. I have seen her a lot with skirts and dresses and she looks a bomb, very sexy, but right now in her red silky tracksuit and white sneakers, if I was gay, I would kiss her right away. She looks fucking hot!

“Hey, you didn’t get lost.” I give her a warm hug and she gently accepts it. She gives the best hugs.

“Yeah babe.” Oh yeah, that is how she calls me, work or not. I don’t mind though. “How are you? I mean, look at you all glowing. I take it as you are happier than before you even got married.” Well, she is one of those who knew how miserable my life was when I was told that, I was going to get married.

“Well, it turned out to be the best.” She hands me a box filled with papers and files and we make our way into the house, reeking of weed. Imagine now my guest has to walk into this, this!

“I am happy for you.”

“Thank you.” She gives me her gorgeous smile.

We get into the lounge and the guys pause on whatever they are doing and turn their focus on us.

“Husbae, this is my colleague Nobantu.” Luyolo stands and shakes her hand. His eyes are bloodshot from both weed and alcohol that they are consuming.

“Nice to meet you, Nobantu. I am Luyolo, her husband.”

“And this is my second husband, Siya...” I don’t even get to finish my sentence before Luyolo jumps in.

“I’ll kick you!” They laugh. I roll my eyes at him.

“This is Siya, Tshepiso and Dave, Luyolo’s friends.” I say pointing at them.

“Heita gents.” Did I tell you that she speaks like a Butch too?

The shock on the guys

I bet they never expected it.

“Sho.” They responded.

“Luu, do you mind if we use your study?” I ask.

“Not at all, but please leave everything as it is.” I am not a child my dearest husband!

“Fine.” I attempt walking away from them with Nobantu.

“You break, you pay!” He says.

“Whatever!” I respond back at him. We get on the stairs walking up to the study room.

“What are they celebrating? The weed that is burning down there, I am assuming that, something is on.” I almost forgot!

“You are reminding! I am going to chase them outside. Please walk straight up, the middle room with metallic door is the study. I am going to sort out the big babies down there.” I leave her laughing at me.

“There she comes, the one and only, Mrs Luyolo Aden Mayiza!” And the dumb friends start cheering and screaming very loud at what Luyolo just said as I walked in.

“Man-Luu, pass me the blunt.” Dave calls out to Luyolo.

“What blunt?” I keep my face stern. The sheriff is in town now.

If they are used to smoking in the house, that is going to change

immediately. I don't care how cold it is outside.

"Haow, wifebae?"

"Wifebae my paralysed left foot! Why are you smoking in my house, my lounge?" They look at each other like I have just spoken in a foreign language.

"Am I talking alone?"

"But stha..."

"But nothing Luyolo! Now the whole house reeks of garden."

I walk towards the sliding door leading to the porch and open it. "Out!"

"Wifey, you are not serious are you?" Siya is testing me I see.

"Watch me." I saw a sjambok somewhere in the kitchen.

"Sthandwa sam, just for today, I promise you that next time, we will not repeat this." I ignore Luyolo, going towards the Kitchen.

"It's alright honey! I forgive you!" I shout back from the kitchen.

Whilst I am in there, Nobantu walks in.

"Ntombi, I need a glass of water."

"Help yourself out, I am going to sort these men out." I walk out holding the sjambok.

"I got to see this! You are crazy." She says as I leave.

“Yoooh!” Tshepiso shouts as he sees me approaching.

“Man-Luu, your wife is crazy!” I threaten to whip them.

“Wifey, we are leaving!” Siya says running out. They all left Luyolo behind.

“C'mon baby don't do this.” He begs behind the couch.

“Luu, this must come to an end. I hope it is the last time this happens.”

“Okay, okay now put that thing down.” He begs.

“Out Luyolo!”

“But babe, the soccer match is about to start.” Like I care. I roll my eyes.

“Luyolo look at the coffee table! It's a mess! And, what is the purpose of the chill room upstairs where you can smoke and drink however you want? Or even watch soccer games there!?”

“I'm sorry baby, I'll go out.” He stops on his tracks, and grins.

“Ndiyakuthanda yeva!” I can't help but blush.

“Make sure that you clean the lounge!” I shout for all of them to hear. I hear them mumble... Kids!

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Nobantu and I were now wrapping everything about work, jeez there is a lot that needs my attention.



“And lastly, there has to be a board meeting, and a staff meeting about the merging of the two companies.” The purpose of this marriage was that, the Mayiza and Mnisi will combine the two companies and this will benefit both companies and we can turn it into a multi billionaire company. “Oh about that, we will first discuss it as a family before we come to the final decision. You know you have helped me a lot because, I am actually offloading the work right now. You should be my PA for time being whilst Gift (my PA) is on paternity leave.” I smirk.

“Never. I already have tons of work as the PR, and me being here is actually me doing you a favour.” She chuckles.

“Oh that is sad.” I fish for my phone and open the Uber Eats app and order two boxes of two large pizzas. She packs her belongings away and I leave mine just there. We walk downstairs we find the lounge empty, there are no people.

“I wonder where they went to but, I won’t bother myself looking for them. I have had enough noise for the day, my ears won’t survive more.” She let’s out a laugh.

“They just remind me of my brothers, I am already used to that.” I almost forgot that she has crazy brothers.

“Oh yeah... Where are they?”

“Getting wasted.” I laugh.

We sit at the lounge and I switch on the heater. We we’re watching a movie on Netflix until there was a knock on the door, probably the Uber Eats delivery.

I went to open, got my order and went to the kitchen. I took out two side plates and left one box of pizza on the counter and scurried back to the lounge.

“What would you like to have for a drink?” I say as I settle the pizza on the coffee table, together with the plates.

“Whatever that you are having.” Champagne it is then. I get two champagne glasses and a bottle of champagne.

“What are we celebrating?” take the glasses from my hands as I pop the cork out of the champagne bottle.

“Well, I don’t know. Maybe, good times that are coming ahead.” I fill our glasses with champagne.

“To good time.” We lick our glasses together and laugh at our foolishness.

The clock strikes 7pm and there is no sign of my husband, I miss him so much now.

“I have to bounce now. My boyfriend is waiting for me.” Aaaw, now I am going to be left all alone.

“So soon..” I frown.

“Haibo, it is already late babe and besides, I miss my man now  
“

“Okay fine. Thank you for the day...” I hug her. “Let me walk you out.” As we were walking to the door, the lights switch off for a few seconds and goes on again.

“I think you must change the bulbs, they are probably too old.” She says as she walks out.

“I will tell Luyolo when he gets back. Please call me as soon as you reach your destination, okay? Travel safe.” She hoots at me before driving out of the resident.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

The garage door takes it sweet time to open before I could drive my car in. I push the button again and it slides down, closing. The time is 8:10pm as I make my way into the kitchen through door and my eyes darts on the box of pizza on the counter, like it knew how hungry I am although, one can never be completely full by eating only pizza. I am sure I will be hungry again in the middle of the night if not in an hour or so.

I get myself a plate and put in a few slices on it and I warm it up, as I pour myself coffee, I need it, and I need a strong one in that matter, no sugar.

I finish the last piece on my plate and take a few more slices of pizza and this time, I don't even bother warming it up. As I was feasting on this delicious pizza, my wife walks in with a shoe on her hand, like someone who is about to throw it at anytime at me.

“What the hell, Yolo!” she throws the shoe down and holds her chest. Now I be asking myself like 'What did I do?' but I decide against it.

“You almost gave me a fit, jeez!” I laugh at her, with no intentions of stopping.

“Are you laughing at me? Are you seriously laughing at me?” Her voice sounds like it is about to break, I compose myself before I make her angry.

“No wifebae, I am not. Did you think someone broke in and you were going to attack them with the shoe?” We both laugh at her crazy idea.

“Well...” She shrugs. “So, where are you coming from? Why didn’t you answer your phone?”

“You called me?” I raise my eyebrows because, my phone has been in my pocket since I left and I never touched it, she rolls her eyes and ignores me. I pull out my phone from the pocket of my jeans and wow! She left seven missed calls and two text messages and I am stunned by the last one it reads: ‘You better get here in five minutes or don’t come back at all.’ And it was sent an hour ago. I turn up my gaze at her but, she is focused on her muesli. She is mad at me and I am not even sure for what exactly. Maybe because, I didn’t answer her calls, I went against her text message or admitting that, I did not hear her calling me.

“Wifebae, I...” What the fuck do I say in situations like these?

“Forgive me, I had just realised that my phone is on silent. I am

sorry.” I stand up moving towards her, that is when I realise that, her tears are falling down to her cheeks. I sigh wiping her tears with my thumbs.

“Don’t cry baby, you look ugly.” Is that a smile that I see?

“Come here.” I pull her by her waist and hug her.

“I didn’t know that you smoke.” I breathe out because, we are moving on.

“I am not a smoker, but I do weed once in a while.” She nods, still in my embrace. “Do you smoke?”

“A cigarette.” She bluntly says. Oh hell no! How did miss that?

“You will stop. I won’t have my wife as a smoker.” I make myself clear. She let’s out a soft chuckle and looks up at me.

“Can you relax, I am not a smoker.” She got me there. “Now tell me, where were you?” Just when I thought that we moved on. Didn’t they tell her that, you don’t ask your husband about his whereabouts? I bet they taught her but, her being her...

“We went to some car wash, did you want to come?” I pick her up and place her on the counter and put my hands on her yellow thighs. She is wearing her silky black summer pyjamas, exposing and complimenting her light skin perfectly.

“If you asked, I would have considered it.” I brush her thighs, trying to make her forget about today.

“Would you then, like to come along tomorrow?” I plant a kiss on her lips.

“Are you asking me out tomorrow?”

“What if I am?” I start kissing her neck, scenting the vanilla essence on her skin.

“Uh-Luu...” She moans.

“Yes?” I nibble on her ear before attacking her lips. My hands are roaming around her body.

“Yes...” Both our breathing has escalated.

“Yes what honey?” I massage her boobs, and start sucking them through her pyjama top. She locks me in with her legs wrapped around me and moans softly.

“Aahh, I uhm...” She caresses my head. I pull out off her pyjama top and her twins wiggle. I bite on my lower lip before I kiss her effortlessly on her lips. I kiss her nudging my tongue in her mouth, and I could taste the plain yogurt from the muesli she was eating.

“You taste so good.” She giggles. I carefully lay her back on the counter and take off my shirt as she plays with her tits, making my already hard cock dance in my pants. I pull down her pyjama shorts and my wife her is not wearing any panties, I look at her smirking as she bites on her lower lip.

“Good girl.” I say before running my thumb up and down on her clit.

Her moans are echoing, bouncing around the kitchen walls, directing the sound waves into my ears causing them to vibrate.

I hold her by her knees before widening her legs a bit more, to accommodate my head and I am welcomed by a dripping cookie. I manoeuvre the cookie with my tongue sensationally, giving her the cunnilingus that she deserves, making her receive the intense pleasure. I push my tongue in her cookie hole, making her scream my name...

“Aaahhh Luyolo...” That is my name baby, that is my name.

I pull out my tongue, and push in my finger in and out, driving her to the edge of her hormones.

“Cum for me honey...” I push my finger in and out even harder as her orgasm starts building up.

“Luuuu!... Aaaaahh... Oooohhhh!!” She cries out as she splashes her squirt all over my hand..

\*\*\*

I am vibrating uncontrollably on the counter when Luyolo cleans me with his tongue around my cunt. I want him to have me already, I can't do anymore foreplay. I sit with my naked butt on the counter, I am going to need all cleaning chemicals to clean the counter tomorrow.



He squeezes my boobs as we kiss, like we are hungry for each other. I play around his very hard dick

and a moan escapes his lips. I ran my fingers on his biceps, making him kiss me harder and squeeze my butt and right there ladies and gentlemen, I found my man's weak spot. I pull down his sweat pants together with his briefs and his third led sprung out, ready to take action. I give him a hand job, while he plays with my boobs, nibbling on my ear.

“Are you ready for me?” He asks, almost breathless, I nod. His eyes puffy and a bit small, smaller than normal.

He carries me, with my legs wrapped around his waist. We are kissing all the way to the living room and the next thing I know, he places me on the dinner table. Fuck it's stinging cold! I flinched, I think he saw that because, he moved us to the couch. He laid me on my back and got in between my thighs. He rubbed his dick around my cunt hole. This man is going to kill me, I promise.

I flinch as he starts pushing in his dick, I hold on his arms and close my eyes as I try to endure the pleasure.

“Mmmmm... oooohh...” My cookie receives his pleasurable self. He pauses for a few seconds inside of me, not moving and kisses me. I finally got to taste him!

“Hhhmm, yeah...” He starts moving up and down, in and out  
“You are so warm, aaahh...” And you are so hard baby.

I help myself out around my clit, making the moment even more sweet. I want to cry, not because of pain but, the most pleasant feeling that I am feeling right now, I don't even know what to do to myself as he increases his pace.

“Lu... Hhhmm, Luuu.... Yolo!!! I'm Cumming... oooohh!!!” The juices flowing out, dripping down to my butt on the couch. I'll worry tomorrow about cleaning, right now I am still receiving my husband and his partner.

He takes my leg and puts it above his shoulder and moves harder and harder in me. It does not take me long till I cum again and his hand squeeze my thigh and the other squeeze my boob and I know that, my man is reaching his climax.

“Oooohh Fuck! Aaaaahh Enhle... Shit!” He cusses until he pulls out. I sit up and balance myself with one hand on the couch and the other giving him a hand job. He groans louder as his sperms splash out so effortlessly all over my body. We maintained our breathing before he stood up and grabbed the fleece, the

heater was already on so, he got back and covered our naked bodies and I laid on top of him. We are in a very comfortable silence and we don't dare try to disturb it.

\*\*\*

I set up the dinner table because, my husband is coming back home today and good news is that, he is not coming alone but, he is bringing Lindokuhle with. I am really excited for him to come and visit us for these holiday. It has been three positive months and I must say, I cannot complain about a single thing. Work is good, great actually... We have finally came to a conclusion in merging the two companies, and we will be lounging it this coming Friday, something that I am looking forward to.

My face beams as I see 'Mr Me' flashing on my screen, I don't even take long before I answer my phone.

"Husbae?"

"Wifebae... How are you doing?" I am smiling like an idiot.

"I am missing my husband. I hope that you are almost here." He

let's out a sigh, this is not a good sigh.

"About that baby... I have to stay another day here in Cape Town." You know, Luyolo will make my blood pressure go high. He left about a week ago because, the family company in Cape Town needed his physical attention. He even left earlier than he should so that, he could finish off everything pronto and now, he wants to send me to the grave very early.

"Luyolo what are you doing there?" I am now fuming.

"Work is not yet done. Ndizophindela kwaksasa apho." (I will return back tomorrow morning.) He didn't even tell have the audacity to let me know earlier? He was supposed to be hear in an hour. He had the whole freakin' day to tell me!

"You know what Luyolo, stay there and don't come back!" I cluck my tongue and immediately hung up. I really can't believe him! I had put so much effort in cooking this meal, never mind that... I even made a whole dessert for my darling Kuhle, poor baby; as if he knew that I made a special dessert for him.

I walk to the living room and pull a chair from the dinner table before I perch my butt on it and I put my hand on my head balanced on the table. This is just fatuous, I should just go to bed and sleep.

“Mommy Enhle!” Just when I am about to drag myself upstairs, he comes running with his back pack on him. I open my arms for him and crouch down to his level and hug him. I must have been zoned out for me not to hear his car drive in the garage. I didn’t even hear the kitchen door opening.

“Aaaww Kuhle...” I carry him, still in a form of a hug. “I miss you baby. Where is your childish father?”

“Haow, Mrs me?” I look up at him, my tears fall down and I smile at him. “Come here.” I walk up to him and hug him, still carrying Lindokuhle in my arms.”

“Don’t play like that, Luu!” I wipe my tears with his shirt, and at this point I don’t care about my eyeliner and mascara messing his shirt up. I inhale his scent into my nostrils and I don’t want to let go.

“I am sorry sthandwa Sam.” He pecks my forehead and I look at him so that, my lips can also receive a kiss. Before we kiss, someone clears their throat, causing us to turn our focus on them. I look at her beautiful self folding her arms, next to her there is a pink suitcase and a sports bag. I turn my gaze to Luyolo, he suddenly looks down. What the fuck is happening here!?

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

“Luu? What is she doing here?” She asks, looking at me gravely. I take Lindokuhle from her arms, and hand him to his mother, Yoniswa. Yep, I bought Yoniswa with; Well, something came up and, she is ought to be here. I hope my wife understands.

“Sthandwa sam, can we please go upstairs and talk about this?” She gives me a deadly stare and right there, I couldn’t recognise my woman. She is very angry with me. She looks at Yoniswa one last time before heading towards the stairs.

“Please, have a seat. We'll be right back.” I say as I follow my wife upstairs. We walk into the study room because, it is the nearest room we could get to and I close the door after we walked in.

“Luyolo, why is that woman with luggage in my house?” Her voice is so calm, but her face says otherwise.

“Baby, let’s sit down and talk, please.” I plead.

“Sitting down won’t make any difference. I can still hear you while I’m standing.” Fine, have it your way my love. I put my hands in both sides of my pockets in my pants and look at her, she is not keeping eye contact.

“Okay. I found out that, Uhm, they...” I sigh. It’s hard to talk about this. “Lindo has a stomach cancer...” Her body taunts and she looks at me in awe and only now she sits down on the sofa, I join her.

“Oooh, poor baby. How has he been?” You can never miss the concern in her voice.

“He is taking medication to stabilise him but, he needs to start with the procedure of getting him to undergo chemotherapy ASAP, which is why I brought him here, I made a few phone calls and the best doctors are found here. I can’t lose my son Khanyisile, I just can’t.” I pull myself together and bury my face in my hands. I feel her hands pulling me into her side hug and I want to cry so bad.

“Cry honey, let it out.” She says as if she read my mind. I cry anyway... “We are going to find him the best doctor that he needs okay? We won’t lose him, not when we are still alive honey, he needs us to be there for him and, and...” She breaks down, we both break down, still in each other’s arms.

I like how she said everything, she made it clear that WE are in this together. She did not subside herself out of this for obvious reasons, I really love this woman.

We stay in the position for like, five minutes until we oriented

ourselves, then I pull out from the hug and put a peck on her lips.

“Thank you. Thank you so much for being by my side.”

“Duh, who did you expect.” She rolls her eyes and smiles. “I’ll always be with you. We will weather the storms together.”

“I love you.” I confess.

“I love you.” I hug her again. “Now, what is she doing in my house, Luyolo?” Can someone just shoot me!

“She is here for Lindo.” She makes a face I can’t describe.

“In my house?” Are we seriously going to do this? “When is she going back home?”

“Khanyisile, I really don’t have strength right now. I’ve been driving for almost 8 hours and right now, I need to eat, shower, have good sex and get some sleep.” Is it not that obvious? I know sex is out of the question right now but hey (shrugs).

“Luyolo, you can’t just arrive here with your ex and go on like you don’t see anything wrong in that. Could she not find at least a guest house or something like that?”

“She...” I breathe as she continues.

“You could have at least gave me a heads up about her coming here.” What difference would that have made?

“I didn’t th...” I think that I should just shut my L and let her do the talking.



“For goodness sake Luyolo, we are married and we have to make decisions TOGETHER!” She emphasizes. That’s fair. She goes quiet and I think this is my chance to defend myself.

“You are right. I should have...” I fucking called someone to shoot me!!!!

“Hell yeah I am right Luyolo! I am not happy about this! I don’t want her here! First thing in the morning, I want her out of here!”

“KHANYISILE!” I warn her, she startles. I won’t let my wife yell at me like that. “That woman down there, is the mother of my child! She will only leave when Lindokuhle gets better. I will not let you control me in my own house!”

Her eyes are puffy, like she wants to cry again llllll “Now, we are going to walk down there and you will give her the best hospitality. I hope that I am clear.” Her tears fall as she blinks. Her mouth moves like she wants to say something but, she decides against it. She looks down and wipes her tears before she stands up

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walking towards the door, not saying anything. What in the shitty world did I do.

“Mrs me, I am...” The door shuts before I could even finish what

I want to say. "Sorry." I say it anyway.

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I had finally gotten used to using the stairs, I had realised that, they are good for losing calories. As I descend to the living room, I hear giggles filling up the lounge. I stand at the last staircase and watch them as they play a happy family, it is beautiful I won't lie but, I still stick by my word, Yoniswa must go. Luyolo married me, I am his wife and I will be here for both him and Lindokuhle, not that Yoniswa can't be there for Lindokuhle, no but, I just don't want her in my home.

"Oh hey! We didn't see you there." Of course, how can you when you are busy nagging on my husband.

"Mommy!" The only person I can smile genuinely to is Lindo. He melts my heart.

"Good morning baby, how did you sleep?"

"Fine. Mommy come play with us." It's still so early and this child is awake. Here I am, crying to go back to sleep but, ijob yi job hey. I am surprised that Luyolo is still in his pyjamas; is he not going to work today?

“Aaw baby, mommy needs to prepare breakfast so that we all eat and mommy also needs to go to work.”

“I already did breakfast, you can just dish up for yourself because, we already had ours.” What!?! In who's kitchen?

“Oh?” I look at Luyolo who is awfully quiet. His face just looks blank. So, what am I going to do with all the time that is left before I go to work, I can't sit with Yoniswa in the same room I feel like, I am going to do something to her so, I need to keep my distance.

“Yeah. Oh and, thank you for letting me stay here with you and tata ka Lindokuhle.” I so want to laugh at her right now, she does not mean that. She just wants to remind me that, this is her baby's father's house.

I walk towards the kitchen leaving them to continue with whatever they were doing and dish up for myself. I also make lunchbox with the leftovers of what I cooked yesterday since, I couldn't eat. You know what that bitch did last night?

Well, after the study room saga with I had with Luyolo, I walked back downstairs and I found her making herself comfortable with the food that I cooked for my husband and his son! Just when I thought I've seen it all, she dished up for Luyolo. And I, (chuckle), I were told that, “I didn't think that you were hungry,

but you can dish up for yourself”, Same time, I lost my appetite, right there. The confidence that she has, the nerve that she has, ordering me in my own house? Hell is going to break lose, I tell you.

After rinsing the dirty dishes, I make my way to our bedroom and I find Luu stepping out of the bathroom, naked. I’ve seen Luyolo naked numerous times but, I can never get used to it. Anyway, I get my handbag together with my laptop bag and walk towards the door.

“I’m off to work.” I say as I stop on my tracks at the door.

“I’ll be working from home this whole week. I want to spend time with my son.” Nigga saying it like I am against it? I don’t have a problem at all. As much as I want to spend time with Lindokuhle, I won’t skip work as long as Luyolo’s baby momma is still here.

“See you later then.” I close the door and request a cab as I make my way downstairs.

I find Yoniswa sitting on the couch, with her feet on my COFFEE TABLE! I swear if I survive another minute without strangling the shit out of her, I will throw a fit. Breathe Ntombi, breath! “Enjoy your day!” She shouts before I step out of the house, making my way to the cab that just arrived.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

I stretch my arms and my legs as I stand up from my office chair when someone budes into my office without knocking. It can only be Nobantu.

"You really need to stop that. What if I am masturbating?" She gasps, holding her chest dramatically.

"Do you actually do that, when you are alone?" It wouldn't be such a bad idea now would it?

"Maybe." I shrug.

"So naughty Mrs Mayiza." We share a brief laugh. We settle on the couch as she starts briefing me with what brought her into my office.

"About Friday's event, you know that I am well connected with people who know people right?" She is, she really is. Nobantu is more than just a PR of this company, she is in fact the face of this company. Now imagine what she will do for two companies that are about to come together as one. I stun her.

"Of course, phela wena uyi star!" (You are a star!) I point out.

"So, I made a few contacts..." I won't even ask to who. I trust

her that much. "And those few contacts got me a deal with..." She smirks before handing me the green file that she has on her hands and the front cover written with big bold words reads: CHIDEMMA INCORPORATION OF AGRICULTURE. My face beams at the sight of it. A whole deal all the way from Nigeria?

"No way!" She smiles looking very proud. If I were her I would be proud of me too because, I am fucking proud of her! Sorry for swearing but, if you also lived with Luyolo or even worse married to him like me, swearing becomes part of your language. LOL. That man can swear, very unnecessary.

"Yes way!" I jump up and down screaming out my vocals.

"So what's the deal?" I ask very excited. My dad is going to be happy. Speaking of my dad, he didn't show up today, hhm.

"They want to do business with us under the department of agriculture. Good thing is that, we found the land in a village. I did a bit of a research there about the people who are living there and the unemployment rate is very sad. I believe that, if we could buy a portion of that land and hire the people who are living in that village and work on harvesting the farm, the company could go bigger, and I am talking about Mandela kind of big." Wow. I should speak to the HR about increasing her salary.

"And both the villagers and the company will benefit." She nods.

"So, how long are we given to start with the process?"

"Approximately, two months to get everything together. I also sent you their contract via email." I wonder when she got all time to do all these. This deal is big.

"You're heaven sent."

"Uh, what's my name?" She brags. My landline rings.

"Excuse me." I say walking towards the desk and answer the annoying telephone.

"Mrs Mayiza speaking, how may I help you?"

"I should hang up and call you again . I want to hear that again, the music to my ears." I close my eyes and exhale, but not enough for him to hear me.

"Luyolo." What does he want? We hardly communicated in the morning. He avoided me to be with his baby momma so, what does he want. As for Gift, I asked him very much nicely to hold my calls and yena he decides "no, this is my boss's husband so I will put him through". (Roll my eyes).

"Enhle, how are you doing?" Why is he sounding so calm because, I feel aggravated with him.

"I am okay." It gets silent for ten to fifteen seconds before he speaks.

"Can you please do me a favour?" I keep quiet and wait for him to continue." I have just sent a car and it is on it's way to come and pick you up." What in the hell!?

"What for Luu? I am caught up with work." I am lying, my work is not much. I would have left if I wanted to earlier but, the thought of Yoniswa irks me.

"Please. There is an important file that I need in my office and it is in my safe. I only trust you in there with the password of the safe. I need you to fetch the file for me, please." Not a bad idea I mean, today I am finally going to see Luyolo's private company, not the family one uh-uh, his company! It took him quite a long time though to show me his work place.

"Fine."

"Great. See you later, I love you my Mrs me." He got me blushing and I want to throw myself on the table but I won't, I am still angry at him.

"Okay..." He hangs up.

"Look at you, all smiles." I raise up my head and look at Nobantu who has an unexplainable look on her face, a good unexplainable look. Is that for me? Ugh, she can be exaggerating sometimes.

"What?" I roll my eyes at her.

"So what did he say? What does he want?" Uh, hello? Why is she asking me private questions?

"Nothing." I pack up my things because, I don't think that I am coming back here. I'll be going home after going to Luyolo's



office. "I need to go somewhere."

"Oh, is there anything wrong?" I take a breathe. I think she picked up on how my mood has suddenly changed. It's not her. It is the fact that, I have to go home and face up with the dilemma I left behind.

"Ntombenhle!" I snap out. "Talk to me, what's the matter?" I don't know how she got here in front of me so quick as she cups my face and wipes my tears with her thumb. Wait

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I'm crying?

"Should I get you something, water?" I shook my head.

"I am fine." I am not! Luyolo's words from last night at the study room in our house are screaming in my head.

"Want to talk about it?" The phone rings again, disturbing us. I turn to answer it.

"Hello." I don't even feel like being formal anymore on the phone.

"Mrs boss, there is someone who is here to fetch you, who is supposedly sent by Mr Mayiza. Should I..." That's gift, my PA.

"Send him in Gift." I say, before I hang up.

"I am leaving." I turn my gaze back at Nobantu.

"Are you going to be okay?" She asks, concerned.

"Yes, thank you." I give her a hug, she gives in a very comfortable hug. We stay in that position until we slowly pull out. My arms are still around her neck and her hands are on my waist. We are looking into each other's eyes, and none of us want to drop them. I find our faces so close to each other and our breathing hitting each other. Just when our lips are about to collide, a knock on the door startles me.

I pull myself away from Nobantu and she also comes back to reality.

"Come in!" I call out to the person on the other side of the door.

"Good afternoon. I am Senzo Buthelezi. I am here for Mrs Mayiza." A man, probably in his forties walks in.

"Good afternoon. You were sent by Mr Mayiza right?" Just making sure if that is him.

"Yes mam."

"Nobantu, that's my transport. Goodbye." I can't even keep eye contact because, WHAT IN THE NAME OF JESUS WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!?

"Bye."

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I walk into this huge building and I can't stop staring around to this beautiful furniture around here. I walk straight to this beautiful receptionist who has her spectacles on, keeping her focus on the computer screen.

"Hello." She turns to where I am standing and faces up and releases a nice welcoming smile. I think that is part of her job though.

"Good afternoon mam, with what may I help you with?" This is professional, I am impressed.

"I was sent by Mr Mayiza to his office. My name is Ntombenhle." She pages through her diary before she returns to me.

"Oh yes. You may use the elevator to get to the twenty-seventh floor. Immediately when the door opens up there, you will be welcomed by another reception desk and, you will be led to Mr Mayiza's office." My head is still stuck by her voice when she said, "twenty-seventh floor", like what is this, a sky scrapper? How big is this building? How many floors does this building have?

"Thank you." She nods, still keeping the smile. She makes me

wonder if the receptionist where I work are this professional or what. Maybe I should say on them, or not.

The elevator door opens and I am met by the reception desk with two young women and a man, probably colleagues, standing around the desk, laughing. I click-clank on my heels feeling like I own this place. As soon as I approach them, they get quiet and all stare at me.

"Can we help you?" The lady behind the reception desk asks. First of all, no greetings and secondly, what's with the attitude!? Does she know who I am? I can get her fire with just a blink of an eye.

"Can you please show me the way to Lu, I mean Mr Mayiza's office?" I am keeping myself composed. Her fate will deal with her later when she realised that I am the first lady of this place. "Do you have an appointment with Luyolo?" I so badly want to laugh at her. Is she calling Mr Mayiza with his first name? My husband?

"Should I ask someone else to get me through Mr LUYOLO'S (EMPHASISED) office?" I look around to see if I can get someone to send me through. These two are still standing here looking at me, like don't they have work to do?

"Sisi, you can't trespass. I am going to call security to escort you

out." I chuckle looking at her, and at her friends too. I am sure they do know that Luyolo is married but probably don't know to who. I won't tell them though that I am the wife, I'll keep myself incognito, they'll find out later for themselves.

"Good luck. Oh and..." I get interrupted by a young man who is walking towards us.

"Hello mam, I am Tshepo, Mr Mayiza's PA. Please follow me." I've heard his name quite a lot at home when Luyolo was telling me about his shitty days at work. He gives the three warning stares before leading the way.

"Thank you, Tshepo." I give the reception a stare before I disappear. She is about to get fired that one. I take out my cellphone as we are walking through the long corridor passing a few offices by. I want to call Luyolo to give me the password of the safe.

"Mam, this is Mr Mayiza's office. He is expecting you." Expecting me? I guess he means that, he knows that Luyolo sent me. He leaves me standing before the blurry double glassed door office. The office is the last and standing in the middle, facing the corridor. I open the door to be met by a beautiful picnic setup on the a what carpet with a red and white blanket, petals, two flutes, champagne and all that you can think of at a picnic. I close the door behind me as I fully stepped in.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

"Welcome" I walk over to my wife as soon as she shuts the door behind her. She looks very surprised.

"Luu, what's going on?" She asks, nervously.

"Spoiling my wife, that's what's going on." I'm glad she accepts my hand into hers as I pull her towards our little picnic setup.

"Do you like it?" I see a little curve on the corner of her lips, she has got pride to not let out a smile. As mad as she is at me, I know that deep down my wife is dancing.

"Mmhh." I guess that's a yes. I help her sit on the cushion as I also settle in front of her. The body hugging dress that she is wearing makes me wonder how many males out there looked at her before she made it to my office. I mean, even I cannot focus at this moment with her twins looking at me like they want to be sucked for dear life.

"Luyolo..." She snaps her fingers close to my eyes. See what I mean, I was lost in a moment.

"Yes sthandwa sam, I was still admiring you. How was work?" I pour the champagne in the flutes and hand one to her.

"Well, it was productive. We got a deal with one of the biggest

companies from Nigeria but, we will discuss that as soon as the family companies merge because, it's going to need both companies to work together."

"Oh is it? I would like to know more about it but later. Right now, it's about you and I." She narrows her eyes.

"What about you and I?"

"Well last night. I came to realise how I hurt you. I didn't consider your feelings when I spoke the way I did with you and for that, I am really sorry." She shakes her head.

"You let the same woman who had her tongue inside your mouth..." Oh fuck, I thought we moved on from that. "...on the day of our wedding to come into our home. You made that decision alone Luyolo. We are married, decisions like that are meant to be taken together. How would you feel if I had to move in any of my ex's in our house? Would you like that." Just that thought makes me clench my jaws. I would bury both of them alive.

"But, that's different. Yoniswa is the mother of my child." She gets up, where the hell is she going?

"Baby jama ngoku." (Wait now.) I also get on my feet. We had our shoes off but she takes her heels in attempt to wear them but I grab them from her.

"What are you doing, Luyolo give back my shoes!"

"I don't understand, why do you hate her?" She fold her arms.  
"Really? You think that I hate her? Yati, I don't get why she has to come between us. You are standing up for her and it scares me Luyolo." I've heard my name quite a lot today, I surely won't forget who I am no matter what.

"Okay, can we calm down and talk about this. Please, let's sit down." I give her already half glass of champagne.

"I understand your anger right now and..."

"You don't Luu, you don't." Her tears fall down to her cheeks. It breaks my heart seeing her crying. I cannot bear to watch her cry plus, she does that a lot lately.

"I do, and I am so sorry. I did not mean any harm when I brought into our home. I thought that, it would be better if both Yoniswa and I were there for Lindokuhle." She sighs.

"I understand." She wipes her tears. Really, does she? "But what I don't is that, she had to come to live under the same roof as me. Look, it's clear that you want Lindokuhle to feel both of his parents love and support but, that does not change the fact that, I don't want her in my house. She could have went to any guest house or some cheap hotel for that matter I don't care. Even though you don't mention me being in Lindokuhle's journey, I am here for him too, he is practically my son." She wipes her endless tears.



"Baby,, I didn't mean it like that." I feel guilty as fuck. I have put Yoniswa first before my wife. I need to fix this.

"Luu, I won't have Yoniswa disrespecting me where I live." She eats the fries from the platter. "She can have Lindokuhle visiting her whenever she misses him but, I don't want her coming over." She continues eating the food assorted in the platter. She eats quite a lot these days. Probably the reason why she has gained more curves, but very sexy, I like it.

"I will ask her to move out. Please forgive me for being inconsiderate with you. You are my wife and I should have thought of how you were going to feel about this and for that, I am deeply sorry." I use the serviette to wipe her tears before I plant a kiss on her nose going up to her temple and back to her lips and I smooch them, I am glad she responds.

"These are good. Who helped you set this up?" Uh, to who does she take me for? This is all me... Okay, I'm lying.

"Oh well, honey I am a man of many talents." She gives me a not convinced look. "Okay fine, left all of this to Tshepo's hands. He organised Everything and I had to pay extra since it was a bit of a short notice." I join her in eating the from the platter, it is very good indeed.

"It's beautiful. I like it." She is now eating the strawberries dipped in white and brown chocolate.

"Do you forgive me?" She shrugs.

"You going to do more than just a sorry to for me to forgive you." I bite on my lower lip she gives me a dirty smirk. I am going to have her on my glass table. I kiss her and pull her up and we both get on our feet. I move towards the desk as I give her neck kisses and turn her around.

"You smell so good." I kiss her collarbone and she moans while rubbing my penis which is growing inside my pants.

I bend her on the table and she abides by putting both her hands on either sides of the desk for balance support. I pull up he sexy dress before I tear off her lace panty.

"Luyolo! What the hell?" I kneel down and kiss her cookie.

"We will get you a new one honey." I rub her cookie until she couldn't take it anymore.

"Ooohh Luu, please fuck me!" What Mommy wants, mommy gets. You heard her right.

I push in my phallus and start thrusting. This feels damn good...

"Aahh fuck. You feel so good."

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We are now preparing to leave. I open the door for her to walk out and I follow her behind.

"Is that the walk of shame dear wife?" I laugh at her as she stops walking.

"Huh-uh Luyolo." She acts so shy like you would swear I was having sex with a different person not so long ago.

"Hey Man-Luu!" Oh that's my colleague, Logan. "This must be Mrs Luyolo Mayiza. It's a great pleasure to finally meet you. We never stop hearing about you." He stretches his arm out for a handshake with Ntombenhle. "I am Logan Minaar."

"Pleasure to meet you sir." She gladly accepts the handshake.

"Oh no please, just Logan." She nods with a million dollar smile.

"Logan man, we gotta dash, see you." We bro hug.

"Alright. Don't be a stranger Mrs Luu."

"I won't."

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I couldn't stop bragging about my wife as we were making our way out and guess what my wife did? She actually stopped us by the reception desk and "ordered" me to fire the receptionist,

just like that. Her reason being she does not like her and right now

she is not talking to me just for that. She is humming to the current music that is playing through the radio, she has connected her phone via Bluetooth on the car.

"Khanyisile?" I rest my free hand on her thigh, with the other on the steering wheel, still keeping my focus on the road.

"Come on, are you really going to whine about Sindi?" She turns to look at me before turning back, looking at the side of the road.

"Sindi? Is that how you call her at work?"

"But we are not at work right now." She widens her eyes.

"So you do call her Sindi..." Can anyone please make me understand how what I say gets twisted in a woman's ear! What the fuck.

"What was the altercation between you and her?"

"You have already taken her side, what's the point." Women are difficult.

"But I can't just fire someone because of how you feel about them, I need valid reasons in order for me to do so."

"Oh so, my reason is not valid enough Luu? Know what, it's fine." I sigh. Let me stay out of this for now but, knowing my

wife, she won't let this go. I once dropped the whole bottle of a foam bath on the floor mind you it was opened and it all spilt out from the bottle, I never heard the end of it for the whole week.

"Would you like some ice cream?" I ask driving through McDonald's. Her face beams like a three year old promised candy.

"And two chicken fold-overs, large fries... Make that large extra fries, and a McFizz any flavour." Goodness, we just ate a whole platter, yet she is telling me that she is hungry again?

"All that for you?" Just to make sure?

"Yes oh, and a kiddies meal for Kuhle." Look at that, looking out for my son. Isn't that wonderful? I am going to marry her, once again.

As soon as we get home, she is already halfway with her second chicken fold-over, now I understand why they say women are food killers. I walk behind her as we entered the house through the front door, and of course as always, I like staring at her body.

"I know that you are staring, I can feel your eyes glued on me."  
She isn't looking back.

"You've gained a little weight honey." Now she decides to stop and turn to look at me. Did I say something wrong? Oh-Oh, guys help me, I know that look. What do I do , what do I do?

"What did you just say to me?" She is tearing up. My wife's behaviour this days is freaking me out.

"Uh-hhm, Khanyi" I am not even sure if talking would be a good idea because, wow!

"Are you saying that I am fat?" She finally let the tears go. What shit is this!? One moment I say the right things well, what I would like to believe that they are right things but, they turn to come up as an insult to her and when I remain quiet, I am being questioned. I need a book, in fact a dictionary on the meaning of the things we say to a woman.

"I did not say that, I only said that you have gained a bit of a weight, baby you look good." She presses her lips together avoiding to make a sound of crying.

"So I am... fat." Know what, let me eat my shut up because, I am only making matters worse. I pull her to my embrace and kiss her top of her head, I don't think she felt that in this huge afro.

"I am sorry if it came out wrong, you'll always remain beautiful to me okay?" She nods.

We walk pass the lounge finding Yoniswa watching TV with her feet on top of the Coffee table, my wife's favourite piece of furniture. The one that my friends and I almost got whipped for, for messing it up. Khanyi looks at me, then her and then back at me before she marches upstairs. I release a deep breath and walk to the lounge and sit on another couch.

"What's up with her?" I shrug.

"Where Is Lindo?" I don't see him anywhere at sight.

"Sleeping." I nod.

"We need to talk."

"Sounds serious." She takes her feet off the table and turns her focus on me.

"I'll just get straight to the point. Look, I made a mistake by bringing you here, I'm sorry but you are going to need to move out." She looks at me surprised.

"Are you kicking me out? Are you kicking the mother of your child out?"

"That's who you are, the mother of my child and it ends there. I can't let you continue living here, not at the cost of my wife's happiness." She claps her hands once.

"So this is all her? Are you going to listen to her?" She paces up and down.

"We made the decision together and I need you to respect that.

There are a lot of guest house available around so, you can check yourself in." I made my way to the elevator.

"Lindo is coming with me. If I leave, he leaves with me." I chuckle...

"Don't test me." The elevator opens, I step in making my way to the bedroom.

## **YONISWA LANGA**

I have to do something, something that will keep me in this house. How can Luyolo even listen to that skank of a woman, since when does he listen to women? I thought using Lindokuhle as my ticket to living here would work but, the plan seems to work against me. I need a new plan and I know someone who is going to help me, where is my phone, oh, I got it. I scroll through my contacts before I make a call.



**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I am woken up by my wife rapidly sniffing and it is quite irritating if I must say. What is going on now? I switch on my side lamp sitting up to find my wife sitting on the couch crying, she worries me these days it's like, I always trigger something that make her snap, which is why I bury myself with some work in the study because, I am trying by all means to avoid upsetting her by just winking at her, yep that is how sensitive she's been.

I stagger to where she is seated.

“Just give me their names and I will make sure that they never make you cry, ever again.” I pull her up from the couch before I sit and make her sit on my lap. “Talk to me mommy, why are you up so early?”

“I can't sleep.” She sobs more. I sigh. See what I mean when I say “*sensitive*”?

“Now why are you crying?” I can't believe I am woken up for this. Firstly, I have a long day today. My parents are coming and I have to fetch them as soon as they land at the airport, my son is not in a good state and hey, he regurgitate last night's meal and I am taking him to the doctor and lastly, Yoniswa (sigh), it's

been three days since I told her to move out but, she asked for a few days to stay in so yep, you guessed right, she is still living with us, I don't know how my parents are going to take it.

"You were sleeping." Seriously now!?! I pull her closer and lay her head on my chest.

"I'm awake now, I'm sorry." This is shit.

It didn't quite take us long until we both passed out on the couch well, I had to wait for her to fall asleep first before I could also nap, but it was already late because, It's not even at least ten minutes till the alarm went off. I wish I could just sleep again for another hour but, my day is quite busy. I stand up from the couch with Khanyisile on my arms in a bridal style, I gently put her back into bed and cover her with the sheet before making my way to the shower.

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"Did I wake you up?" I kind of banged the closet door as I stepped out.

"No. What is the time?" She yawns.

"6:20am." She jumps out of the bed.

"Oh my goodness Babe! Why didn't you wake me up

Yolo!?" She fixes the bed. "You know that your parents are coming today and I need to, to..." She holds her stomach.

"Babe, are you okay?" I move towards her.

"I am... Excuse me!" She scurries off to the bathroom, I follow

her. I find her crouched down to the toilet seat regurgitating. I rub her back moving up and down until she is done. I help her stand up.

“How are you feeling?”

“I am okay I guess.” I am not having that. She's been having nausea this past days and I am hoping and crossing my fingers that my suspicions are correct to the cause of her nausea.

“Get ready, you are also coming with to the doctor.” She wants to protest but decides against it.

“Fine.” I peck her cheek and walk out of the room. I walk into Lindokuhle’s room and Yoniswa was tying his shoes.

“Daddy!” My son's facial expression is priceless.

“Hey buddy, you good?” He nods. “Morning Yoniswa.”

“Good Morning.” She stands up just after finishing tying the shoes. Her silky robe is untied and her night dress is revealing her pointed nipples. We stare into each other’s eyes for a while, I clear my throat.

“I’ll leave you two.” She walks to the door and our eyes lock again for a few seconds then she walks away.

“Okay buddy, let’s go.” I carry him on my shoulder, like a sac of potatoes and he giggles.

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## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

The elevator comes to halt and the door slides open. I find Lindokuhle and Luyolo watching cartoons so seriously. I walk to the couch to where they are seated and give Lindokuhle a peck on the cheek.

“Mommy!” He frowns and wipes the cheek where I had perched the peck, I also frown.

“What baby? You don’t want mommy to kiss you?” I ask because, him and I forever kissed each other's cheeks and lips all the time, it really cut deep when he nodded to my question.

“But, I thought that you liked it baby, why now?” I am a paediatrician so, I have learnt to be patient with kids, most especially when I was doing my practicals so, I understand how they evolve.

“I hate you!” I gasped.

“Lindokuhle!” Luyolo warns. “Who taught you that?”

“Luyolo,” I shake my head “let him be I mean, he surely does not understand what he just said.” He sighs.

“It does not make what he just said right. He needs to know what is right and what is not right to say.” He turns to Lindokuhle. “Lindo, you don’t want to make me angry, apologise to mommy, right now.” Lindokuhle looks down. I remember when Luyolo mentioned that, Lindokuhle never

apologises and right now that is what he is doing-not  
apologising.

“Lindokuhle!” He roars, making his deep voice bounce around  
the room. Lindokuhle got scared.

“Luu...” He throws daggers at me. I raise my hands in surrender  
and leave him to scowl his son as I walk to the kitchen.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

We are at the hospital consulting with Doctor Christine Frauendorf, she is a doctor from Germany and she is highly recommended but, does not come cheap. She will be the one who will be doctoring Lindokuhle's health.

I am seated next to Luyolo with Lindokuhle sitting on his lap, not forgetting Yoniswa (*rolling my eyes*), of course she is here since it is her son's first consultation. If it wasn't for Luyolo, I would be out of this room, I can't stand her. Okay, let me focus on what we are here for I am sure just a few more minutes with her won't be that bad, would it?

"Sorry to keep you waiting, good morning." Doctor Frauendorf walks in and settles in her office chair. We greet her back. She fixes her spectacles and turn her focus on us. "I have gotten a report about the patient, Lindokuhle Mayiza, and I can see that he hasn't started with the treatment."

"Yes doc, we wanted to get him the best doctor." Luyolo breathes, she nods.

"And how has he been so far?" the doctor asks.

"He often gets nausea, and just yesterday he vomited but, my wife knew how to calm the situation since she is a pediatrician."

She smiles.

“Very well. Stomach cancer also known as Gastric cancer can have no symptoms but, people may experience abdominal fullness, difficulty of swallowing, nausea and vomiting as you mentioned and even loss of appetite. These signs are not seen in an earlier stage but,…”

“If the signs are not seen in early stages could this mean that, the cancer has spread even further?” Yoniswa breathes nervously. The doctor takes off her glasses.

“I am going to run my own tests and in the meantime we can start with the chemotherapy. We will have him on F-5, the Fluorouracil, which are often given along with leucovorin also known as folinic acid.”

“Doctor I have no clue about anything that you've just altered. I just want to know if you can help my son or not. We are talking about cancer here and as we are sitting and blabbering, it multiplies.” He semi-shouts and Yoniswa’s hand lands on my husband’s thigh, the nerve of that woman! Oh my word did she just squeeze his thigh? I think I need to...

“Baby, are you okay.” He sounds panicking. “Water please!” I fan myself with my hand and my breathing escalates and I feel my temple sweating, I don’t know what is happening with my body.

“Put her on the bed, I will examine her.” Luyolo puts the Lindokuhle on Yoniswa’s lap before he carries me the bed

across the room.

“Baby, stay with me.” I nod. The doctor comes with a glass of water and helps me drink it.

“How are you feeling?” The doctor asks.

“Actually doc, that’s another reason why we are here. My wife has been getting fever

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nausea and...”

“Oh come on now. My baby needs more attention than here. Can we get to what we came here for in the first place?”

Yoniswa sounds bored, but I have no energy for her. I squeeze Luyolo’s hand for assurance because, his son needs him more than I. He plants a forehead kiss (*my favourite*) then he makes his way back following the doctor.

“As I was saying, after I get the tests which will be as soon as in Monday, I will immediately have your son in radiotherapy, especially when combined with the chemo drugs that I mentioned before, the F-5.” The doctor explains.

“Uhm, how is that going to help with the spread?” Yoniswa asks.

“Well, it may help with delaying or prevention on cancer recurrence after surgery and may help your son live longer.” She pauses before she continues further. “Radiotherapy also helps on easing up the symptoms such as eating disorderly and



pains.”

“You mentioned...” He breathes. This is hard for my husband and I am not there to hold his hand. “surgery.” He sounds broken.

“Yes, unfortunately I will have to perform a partial gastrectomy: This procedure removes a certain part in the stomach ensure that the cancer is gone.” The doctor effortlessly says.

“Oh God.” The dramatic Yoniswa. She lays her head on my husband’s shoulder and like I said, I have no energy for her. I lay facing up and close my eyes as the doctor continues explaining further.

After all that, the doctor was now attending to me. Yoniswa and Lindokuhle went out giving us some air.

“How are you feeling now Mrs Mayiza?” I breathe.

“Much better.” That’s all I could say.

“Right. I am going to need your urine, so take this container with you to the ladies and pee in it and bring it to me when done.” I did as the doctor instructed, I washed my hands and headed back to the doctor's office. She took the container and dipped two sticks in it and put them on a tissue paper. I already know what the sticks are for and I am not sure how I feel about that. Luyolo takes my hand into his and kiss my knuckles, I give him a weak smile.

“As we are waiting for the results, I would like to check your blood pressure and also want to take a portion of your blood to run tests.” Ugh, that means she'll put a needle on me, I hate injections.

“Okay.” She checks my blood pressure and jots it down and also injected out blood from my veins and I can't seem to stop bleeding. The cotton gets wet second by second. She plastered on a plaster where the blood comes out.

“Your blood pressure is not impressive, it is higher than normal. Try to be most calm or do exercises or anything that can calm you should there be difficult situations that can put your health at risk.” What exactly is this woman saying?

“Doctor is there anything wrong with my wife?” I think Luyolo is also confused.

“Not at all.” She smiles. “Congratulations, you are pregnant.”

“What?” I ask in a very low voice.

“Wait, I am going to be a father again?” He sounds excited. The doctor nods. “Did you hear that honey we are pregnant.” He stands up from his chair and holds his hands to his mouth. The exuberant on his face is so amazing to watch.

Luyolo and I have been making love without using condoms from the very first day and also I am not on contraceptives. Now I am pregnant and I don't think that I am happy, nor sad I don't know how I feel, it's overwhelming. I just want to cry. A

baby was not part of the plan well, at least not now. Everything is happening so fast and...

“Khanyisile, I’ve been calling you haow.” I got lost in my own thoughts.

“Y-yes, you were saying?”

“I am going to keep you in, just for a few hours. I need to monitor your blood pressure because, it might disorientate your body and you will faint. I will call the nurse to prepare a ward for you, did you have breakfast?” I nod. “Okay I am going to sedate you and you are going to fall into a deep sleep. You need a bed rest.” I sigh.

“And when can she come back home?” She looks at the time on her wrist watch.

“12:30 in the afternoon.”

I was taken to my ward and of course I got sedated. Luyolo was sitting on the chair next to my bed waiting for me to fall asleep. He requested an Uber for Yoniswa and Lindokuhle to go home as he will be heading straight to the office from here. He is gently brushing my hand.

“Baby.” He turns his gaze on me. “Can we keep it between us, just until I finish the first trimester.”

“Whatever you want my love.” He kisses my hand. I slowly drift into a sleep.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I rushed to Lindokuhle Gas And Oils, I named my company after my son. I made my way straight to the boardroom because, I had a meeting with new clients and I am already 15 minutes late. I bump into Tshepo on the same hallway the boardroom is at.

“Boss, thank God you are here. They were only giving you five more minutes before they cut off the deal.”

“Lets not waste anymore time and get to it.” He follows me to the boardroom and I am glad to see that he gave them the refreshments.

“You look happy.” Logan whispers in my ear.

“I feel happy man.” I make my way to my seat before we start with the agenda.

I am not sure if I should apologise for being late or not but, we are here for that now are we? I stand by the head of the table and look at the twelve eyes that are looking at me, there are only six people in the room excluding me, some look sleepy and some look high I swear I almost laughed at a client when he took his glasses off man, he looks like a ghost, oh look at Logan smirking I think he saw that too, oh no don't look at me Logan I need to focus.

“I sincerely apologise for my late coming.” I apologise anyway. Fuck, the doctor’s voice is still ringing in my ears “*congratulations, you are pregnant*”, The above source knows how much joy I am filled with. Let me seal the deal quickly so that I can quickly get the hell out of here.

"Investors looking to enter the oil and gas industry can quickly be overwhelmed by the complex jargon and unique metrics used throughout the sector. This introduction is designed to help anyone understand the fundamentals of companies involved in the oil and gas sector by explaining key concepts and the standards of measurement."

I feel like a boss, LOL, what am I even saying, I am the boss. I take off my blazer and place it behind the chair and roll up my sleeves.

“Upstream, or exploration and production (E&P) company, find reservoirs and drill oil and gas wells. We the Midstream company are responsible for transportation from the wells to refineries and downstream company are **responsible** for refining and the sale of the finished products.” I pace up and down owning the space in the room as I explain further.

“And how is the oil going to help our company?”

“I will hand it over to Logan to tell you more about it.” I sit down and pour myself a glass of water and gulp it all. The

meeting goes on for another hour and a few minutes damn, this are the most difficult clients I have ever had but then, we sealed the deal. I check the time on my wrist watch and same time my phone rings, fuck! My parents have long landed.

"Excuse me, I have to take this."

I walk to the window as I answer my mom's call, I know that she's going to shout over the phone. Breathe Man-Luu, my inner-self suggests.

"

Ma."

"We were supposed to find you here waiting for us immediately when we land, where the hell are you child!" As I thought, she yells on the phone.

"I am on my way ma, I got held up. Go to the restaurant and have lunch whilst I make my way there."

"Eat lunch at the restaurant, kanti umakoti aka phekanga?" (Didn't your wife cook?) Shit, my wife. If only I could split myself into two, my mom is nothing compared to my wife, my wife is a ticking time bomb she is going to explode when I get there.

"Uh-ma, I have to go, I'll see you in a sec."

I quickly hang up before she goes on. I pack all my belongings and bid my farewell to everyone.

“Are you not staying in?” I'd love to but, I have two women who are going to bite my head off.

“No man, I have to. Logan man I trust you with this deal, make it rain.” We fist bump. “Oh, Tshepo, cancel all my meetings for the rest of the day if I have any, I am out. Don't forget about tomorrow's event of my father and father-in-law's company merging, see you tomorrow.”

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I drive straight to the airport, I don't know how many speed tickets will be sent to my house because, I drove like a maniac. I walk into the restaurant in the airport and it didn't take me time before I could spot my parents looking all lovey dovely, how old but still adorable.

“The rents, hey. How was your flight!? Oh ma, you look very good I must say...” I hug her trying to charm her so that she does not scowl me. “And you smell good too my lovely mother.” We break the hug.

“Uyandidika, suka!” (You are a nuisance

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go away!) “How are you my son?” Aaw this woman!

“I am good mother, tata.” ( Dad.)

“Nyana, how’s it?” (Son)

“Can’t complain dad, ready to go?”

“Hai, we are still chilling very nice. You most took your own time getting here so please, don’t rush us.” My mom says.

“Okay, you will catch a taxi to my house, you can't even request an Uber for yourself.” Honestly, my mind is at the hospital now, I am in a hurry.

“Ave umunqu Luyolo.” (You are very sour.)

Uh, I help them with their luggage to my car, my dad is awfully quiet, I wonder what’s eating him up but, right now I won’t ask, I have a wife to rush to. I connect my phone via Bluetooth to the radio in the car before I make an order for food. I order enough for everyone but, I a separate order for my wife, she must be hungry.

“Yazi, we would appreciate a home cooked meal better. Kanti, what is your wife’s duty? I am certain she was taught all the wife's duties.” My mom complains.

“Zozi, leave the children alone.” My dad softly says.

“I am surprised tata. My son has a whole wife but, she fails at satisfying him, no wonder he looks thin.” I won’t entertain her. I



stop at the restaurant where I made the food order and scurry in to collect, thank goodness it is ready. I pay and then rush back to the car. I put the food on the passenger seat and drive off to the hospital. I am 1h45 minutes late.

“Son, what are we doing here?” My father asks as I park at the hospital's parking lot.

“I am here to fetch my wife, I was supposed to have fetched her more than an hour ago.”

“Oh, was she doing practicals?”

“No, she was admitted this morning but...”

“What!?! And you don't bother calling us to let us know at least?” My father throws a tantrum. If only he had waited for me to finish speaking, he would have spared the tantrum for other people.

“Such drama. Your wife knew that we are coming and now she is running away from her daughter-in-law duties.” My mom going her own way about this.

“I don't have time for this.” I run out off the car and head straight to the receptionist.

“Hey, I am here for Ntombenhle Mayiza, she was supposed to be discharged two hours ago. Is she still in her ward?” She goes through the computer before she looks back at me.

“She hasn't checked out yet.” I don't say nor ask anything further but run to the lift (elevator) and head straight to my

wife's ward. I do breathing exercises before walking in. She is laying with her back looking up. Her hands on her stomach and her chest going up and down.

"Mrs Me." She is still in the same position, not moving. A tear slides out on the corner of her eye and runs down to her ear. "I know that you are mad at me but, please talk with me." She still does not say anything or moving. I move closer to her and sit on the side of the bed, she closes her eyes to avoid me.

"Baby I am here now, let's go. I apologise for keeping you waiting so long, I am sure that you are hungry now."

"Why are you here?" She finally talks, but not making sense.

"What?" I ask not sure what to say.

"I was getting comfortable in here so, why did you come."

Honestly, I am tired.

"Ntombenhle, I am sorry, I am sorry that I couldn't get here on time. I don't fucking know how you want me to apologise but I am sorry. I have had a long day and I am hungry. My parents are waiting in the car and now I have to deal with your moods, I am tired! I have tried to get here as soon as I could. Get up and let's go and control yourself woman." She snaps her eyes open as quickly as a lightning bolt, she looks startled. She slowly gets up from the bed and just then, the doctor walks in with papers on her hands.

“Oh, ready to leave?”

“Yes doc, are those discharging forms?” I ask.

“Yes, please sign here and right there then you are good to go.”

I did just that and we left.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

Luyolo's phone rings in the car, the caller ID from the radio is written Tshepo, his PA since his phone was connected to it. He answered.

"Tshepo, what is it?" He sounds bothered and exhausted.

"Boss, there is a Miss Carlos from Ubuntu Manufacture demanding to see you regarding undelivered services and she says she is not leaving until you get here."

"What!? Where is Sizwe, he is supposed to be handling that. Fuck, I'll be there in less than an hour." He looks very annoyed. He started the car and drives off the hospital premises. I have already greeted my in-laws the moment I got in the car, my father-in-law looked quite and distance but, mother-in-law looks like she won a million bucks. This is going to be a long weekend.

"Khanyisile, why were you admitted? Your husband did not disclose anything to us. How are you?" Mama asks.

"My blood pressure was very high, so the doctor admitted me for just a few hours to get a bed rest but, I am okay thank you."

"Oh, I see. So you two since you are both here, who is looking after my grandchild, I hope that you did not leave him alone,

Jesus Christ you are such bad parents how can you leave Lindokuhle alone!” She scowls us, I give Luyolo a stare before looking back on the road ignoring what mama just said.

“He is not alone ma, he is... He is with his mother, Yo-Yoniswa.” Luyolo explains. It gets awkwardly quiet in the car. I sigh.

“Luyolo, Yoniswa is around, not only around but, living in both you and your wife’s house?” His father disapproves.

“She will leave tata...” Luyolo defends himself.

“When!” He raises his voice which scared me. “She was not supposed to be there in the first place. You are disrespecting your wife!” I feel tears building up on my eyes.

“Tata, Yoniswa is the mother of his child, surely she has a right to live in their home.” My mother-in-law jumps in, this woman is a hypocrite.

“NO! Stop condoning nonsense Zozibini. Even you will never allow me to bring women from my past.” She frowns.

“But you did!” But you did! My eyes widen but, I keep my focus on the road.

“What? When? With who?” Oh-Oh, I think secrets are about to come out.

“Don’t make me a fool, don’t!” I take Luyolo’s phone since it is already connected to the radio and start playing music, just to avoid drama. Luyolo takes in my hand into his and continues to drive with the other hand.

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The car came to a halt, we have arrived at our house. Luyolo helps with his parents luggage and takes it into the spare bedroom while I go put the food in the kitchen. I am very much aware that Luyolo made my food separate. Yoniswa came downstairs carrying Lindokuhle who is laying on her chest with his eyes open. Her eyes widened when she saw Luyolo's parents at the lounge seated.

"Ma, tata. How are you?" She asks nervously.

"Aaaw mother of my grandchild, we are very well thank you. Lindo, izapha." (Lindo, come here.) Lindokuhle is not at his best feeling right now, he looks so much weak. I didn't get to spend so much time with him since he got here, I think my anger towards his mother got in the way of me bonding with him. I've been indifferent towards him, I guess that is why he said what he said earlier.

"I didn't know that you were coming." Yoniswa sounds surprise.

"We are not here for you." Luyolo's father snaps sounding irritated.

"Tata, don't be like that." He gives her a warning look. I put two glasses on a tray and a jar of juice before I make my way to them.

“Can I bring you anything to drink?” Just then, I reach the dinner table where the in-laws are sitting and put the tray there, Yoniswa looks lost.

“Thank you my chi... I mean Makoti. Yoniswa, how do you offer us something to drink in a house that is not yours? And in who’s kitchen? Know your place.” Yoniswa looked down in shame as to what father-in-law just said.

Luyolo came back down stairs in a rush. He kissed me on my lips.

“I have to rush to the office, I’ll be back as soon as I am done. Ma, tata, please don’t give my wife a hard time especially you mama.” Isn’t he the sweetest?

“How do you take me Luyolo, I am still your mother and you are not too old for a hiding.” He chuckles.

“Bye.” He makes his way out.

“Ma, baba, is there anything that you need?”

“Can you please show us our bedroom, I need to take a shower Makoti.” Just what I need too, a shower.

“Of course, this way.” I lead us to the elevator. Their room is on the second floor, I have already prepared it yesterday as we were expecting them.

“This is your room, as soon as you come back down the food will warmly be dished out.”

“Thank you Makoti.” Tata says as I leave their room.

I took the quickest shower and dressed up in a long dress, not forgetting a head wrap, the perks of being a wife hey. As soon as I got done, I went back to the kitchen and warmed up the food for everyone and dished out for the family.

And set up the dinner table. Mama and tata came back down stairs and sat by the dinner table. I made tea for tata and the rest of us had juice.

Yoniswa and Lindokuhle joined us by the dinner table and surprisingly, I was the one feeding Lindokuhle as he sat on my thighs, we are actually eating from the same plate.

“We came all the way down here to eat take-outs.” Oh God this woman, I had no time to prepare for dinner.

“Would you like me to prepare a home cooked meal for you, mama?”

“Khanyisile, that won’t be necessary. We have the whole weekend here.” Daddy-in-law is my buddy, you see me and him we get along very well. Mama clucks her tongue and continues eating.

“If I knew that you were coming ma, nawe tata, I would have cooked a scrumptious meal for you.” I swear I will murder Yoniswa.



“And wena who asked you to put In your two cents?” I am honestly annoyed. We do not eat from the same table, I always avoid Yoniswa but today, the rents are here so, I have no choice.

“You failed to do your duties so...” She shrugs.

“In who’s house, who's kitchen? You have come too far I will mop the floor with your body.”

“You tend to forget that you took Luyolo from me and you think that you can get away with it so easily.” I let out a laugh.

“Oh, is that why you are here? Behaving like a harlot, wanting to revenge on me, bring it on!”

“ENOUGH!” The room went into a complete silence from the bold raspy voice of tata. I feel Lindokuhle gripping on me very tight, I got scared too baby.

“Uxolo tata.” (Sorry father.) I got to learn a bit of Xhosa with Luyolo so, this is me trying to impress my in-laws, haha.

“You are behaving like small children

grow up!” He reprimands us. I nod. I am at the verge of crying but, I press my lips together, pushing my tears away. The door opens, Luyolo walks in.

“Hello family, I am home!” No one is responding.

“Uh-hum, who died?” I almost laughed to his facial expression but, I’m not there.

“Luyolo, we need to talk tomorrow first thing in the morning.”

Tata says before he stands up, taking his wife's hand going to sleep, I guess.

“And then?” He looks so confused, I shrug my shoulders because, I am so annoyed right now. I gather all the dishes and walk to the kitchen, leaving him with his baby momma.

“Yoniswa?”

“Ugh, ask your insecure wife!” She clucks her tongue.

“Lindokuhle, let’s go!”

“But mama I want to sleep with mommy and daddy.” I can hear him whine from the kitchen.

“Lindokuhle don’t...!” She pauses for two seconds and calms herself. “Masihambe!” (Let’s go!) She shouts in a whisper.

Wow!

“Yoniswa, if you want to go, go alone and leave my son! I am no stranger to him, so is my wife.” My husband defends me, making me smile like a psychopath all alone in the kitchen.

“Baby, I won’t be coming back down here, can you please bring me a plate of food upstairs, when you are done with what you are doing!” He shouts from the living room.

“Okay My husband.” Just to make it clear to Yoniswa.

“Do you want to play Need For Speed, buddy?” Oh God, I am going to kill Luyolo!

You know, just the other day, Lindokuhle slept almost the whole day and he gave us a hard time at night, he didn't want to sleep so, Luyolo suggested that, they play video games in our room and they prefer playing it with a sound on, apparently it makes it more fun.

The noise that they made, I had to switch off the main plug, he went crazy on me, that time I was so horny but nigga deprived me my needs for the damn stupid game... Oops, don't tell him I called his video game a stupid game. He should thank me that I could not disconnect the inputs from the TV, I just switched off the plug.

I have just finished rinsing and packing the dishes in the dishwasher, I am now warming up Luyolo's food. I take out a bottle of beer and put both his food and the beer on a tray before I head upstairs using an elevator.

I walk into Lindokuhle playing the video game alone, I hear water splashing from the bathroom and I know that, he is still bathing. I sigh looking at his clothes scattered on the floor. This is one disease that my husband has, throwing his clothes around the room on the floor I mean, what are laundry baskets made for? I always have to clean after his mess. I put the food on the pedestal and join Lindo on the couch.

“Mommy, Look I am number one!” He screams in excitement. “Yes baby, you are.” Shame, poor child. I only see his car from the map, probably because, other cars have got to the finish line and he is still behind and crashing every now and then but, he got my vote of confidence.

“Mommy, take that and play with me.” He is referring to the jaw stick (controller). I don’t even know how to connect the jaw stick to add a second player.

“I don’t know how to, let’s wait for daddy and he will do it for me, okay?”

“Okay, take this one and play. We will give each other a chance to play.” I also don’t know how to play but, I don’t want to remove the exult in him. I take the jaw stick from him, mind you the car has not yet reached the finish line and the time there is just, very sad.

“Mommy you have to do like this.” He takes the controller from me and moves the car forward, wow. Even though he can’t really control the car that well, he knows what he is doing but, as for me, the car was moving backwards, LOL!

“Ooohh, now I see, let me play.” I am now enjoying the game and I am finally getting the car to the finish line.

“You are doing great, Mami.” Luyolo settles on the bed and eats his food. I grin.

“I was born for this.” He chuckles.

“Oh well, you should teach me.”

“I don’t come cheap, Papi.”

“Oh yeah?” He smiles.

“Baby you can finish the game but, after this you are coming to bed, it’s late.

“Okay Mommy.”

“But honey, it’s only 8:30pm.” My husband is only saying that because, he still wants to play and once he starts playing, he never finishes.

“Luu, he is still a child, he should have been long asleep. And by the way, this thing should be disconnected out of here, there are other rooms you can play it but, I don’t want it in here anymore.”

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I woke up the next morning and my wife was not next to me, neither was my son who slept between us last night, it is quite a challenge sleeping with that child. I brush my teeth and wash my face before heading downstairs. The table is already set with bowls on top of plates and a cutlery.

“Luyolo.” He calls out from the porch, I walk up to him and close the sliding door as soon as I stepped out of the house. I could smell the cigarette so, I guess he was having a morning smoke.

“Tata.” (Dad). I sit on a chair opposite him. We stay in silence for a minute or so before, breaks it off.

“How is Lindo's health?” I breathe out the air I didn't know I was holding.

“Kubi tata.” (It is bad, dad.) I lean back.

“How bad?” He asks, looking concerned.

“As soon as the results come out, he will be starting with the chemo.” I close my eyes, not sure if I want to see what I am saying. “And also, he is going to undergo surgery, they will have a certain part removed from his body. Dad, I am scared, I am afraid. What if...” I snort. What if he doesn't make it, what is to become of me? The warm liquid drops down to my hands and I

realise that I am crying and I am not ashamed of it, this is my father.

“Son, we are fighters and we will conquer this together. Lindokuhle is strong and he will pull through.” He tries to assure me but, I don’t have a strong feeling about this.

“He is just a child dad, yes, he knows when you go to a doctor, it means you are sick but, he does not understand how sick he is. I lean forward and put my elbows on my thighs and balance my head on my hands.

“Has he started with the chemo?”

“Well the doctor said so but, As soon as the results come back, he will get to the radio therapy” He nods.

The sliding door opens, I still have my head down on my hands and I don’t dare raise it up, I can’t let my wife see me like this.

“Molo tata, tata ka Lindo.” My wife sounds so adorable when trying to speak Xhosa. “Breakfast is ready.”

“Ndiyabulela Makoti, we will be there right now.” (Thank you.) I can feel her eyes on me.

“Is everything okay?” She asks.

“All is well, Khanyisile.” My father responds.

“Okay, I will leave you two then.”

I couldn't miss how worried she sounded. She went back inside and closed the sliding door.

"When is Yoniswa leaving?" He sounds serious now, I raise my head and look at him.

"Tata?" He looks at me not showing emotions.

"You are a married man, Luyolo and there should be boundaries between the woman in who is your past and you. I do not condone this at all, you are... you have disrespected your wife in her own house, her own territory. You should have heard how Yoniswa sneered at your wife last night, in front of me for that matter which proves to me that, if she could do it in front of me, you are nothing. This nonsense needs to STOP!" He yells but, not too loud.

"Dad, she is the mother of my child, I can't just kick her out like that. I allowed her to find an accommodation, till then she is staying here." He chortles.

"You sound like you are under her spell. She got you dancing to her tune." His face turns back to being serious. "Look, Yoniswa has done a good job in raising Lindokuhle but, that is where it should end. We did our part by also paying the damages to her and her family for the pregnancy and that was it, we accepted the baby, not her. Haven't you heard that, two bulls won't live in the same kraal?" My father is now exaggerating, bulls, seriously?

"I thought bulls were males animals from the cow family." I



lean back on the chair.

“I am just telling you how things were about to go down last night.” He stands up from the chair. “Luyolo...” I look up at him. “She must go.” He goes into the house leaving me puzzled.

My wife has been avoiding Yoniswa the whole week, for instance my wife and I would be watching TV in the living room and when Yoniswa comes to join us, she would leave without saying anything and, this is not how she should live in her own house, she got uncomfortable in her own space and I am making things difficult for her by allowing Yoniswa to live in our house. My wife has been trying to be supportive to me despite me the Yoniswa issue and I, still entertain Yoniswa. Even if my wife is brittle, she still cloying her feelings.

“Bhutana we want to eat, are you coming or should we eat without you.” I chortled to what she just called me, disturbing my ruminating moment.

“Come here.” I pull her to where I am sitting and she perches her butt on my thighs. I devour her lips, not giving her a chance to breathe. I pull her lower lip and nudge my tongue in her mouth and she moans to the sensation of our mouths moving in motion.

“I haven’t been the best husband.” I say in between our passionate kiss. “I want to make things right.” She pulls out

from the kiss, breathing heavily. Her eyes dilated as she looked at me.

“What are you on about?”

“I was having a chat with utata and, he made me see things from a different perspective.” She narrows her eyes. “I should have never brought Yoniswa into our house in the first place, it had cost you your space and happiness in this house, I truly apologise.” She looks down and plays with her fingers, I hold her hands.

“Okay.”

“Okay? Are you not going to say something more?” She always flips so, this is new.

“Luu, this will drive me crazy, she will drive me crazy and as long as she is still here, I am definitely going to be crazy.” She calmly says. “So, I decided to avoid her and talking about her because, I have been saying that she should leave our house but, there she is having breakfast on my dinner table so...” She shrugs.

“She’ll be out by Monday, I promise.”

“I will only believe it when I see it.” I plant a kiss on her cheek.

“Where did you hear the name Bhutana from?” She laughs.

“Lubabalo. He kept saying that word during our stay in Eastern Cape.” I shake my head, simpering.

“Do you know what it means?”

“No, but it’s not a bad word now is it?” I laugh as she gasps.

“It’s an insult, my love.” She dilates her eyes wider.

“Oh my goodness, Luyolo I said that out loud, you parents probably head me.” She panics.

“I am messing with you, it’s a respectful way to call your husband.” She softly hits my arm.

“Aaahh, you broke my arm.” I say, jokingly.

“You are such a baby. So at what time will your brother and his wife be here?”

“I am not sure if they are still coming here, I think they are going to book themselves into a hotel. We will meet them at the event.” She nods.

I hold her waist and run my hands to her stomach, she shifts uncomfortably.

“Be honest, how do you feel about the pregnancy?” She heaves a sigh.

“I don’t know...” She closes her eyes. “I just didn’t expect it to be soon, I am not ready Luu.” I pull her closer to my chest.

“I am happy about this. I know you are scared but

I will be there with you every single step of the way. Ndiyaku thanda yeva?” (I love you you.) She smiles and looks at me.

“I love you too.” I shake my head.

“I don’t want us to start with the politics, ndithe ndiyaku thanda, cha.” (I only said I love you.) She laughs.

“Nami ngiyakuthandza, my love.” (I love you too.) “The family is probably even finish eating breakfast.” I shrug.

“Let them, I am still enduring my wife here.” I kiss her neck, squeezing her butt and of course, she moans.

“You are very naughty, Mr.” She stands up and disappears to the house, I follow.

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## **NARRATOR**

It is the evening and both the Mayiza and the Mnisi family are at the event where the new name of the two merging companies will be revealed. Media, clients and guests as well as the employers and employees have arrived. Waiters and waitresses are parading around holding trays with flutes filled up with champagne serving all the guests.

The tables are filled with finger foods and snacks. The event is taking place at the Mnisi company (Ntombenhle’s father’s company) which is called Busan'Isizwe Agribusiness Ltd, which was turned over you would swear this is not a business company but, some sort of fancy reception.

Lubabalo took the podium as he is representing the his father's company, The Mayiza Logistics. He cleared his throat before he began to talk.

“Good Evening, may I have everyone's attention.” They all turned their focus on him and the room went quiet.

“I would like to welcome everyone. We are gathered here to introduce you the new development of the two companies. My name is Lubabalo Mayiza and I am the Senior President of Marketing. We as the marketing team from both companies have captivated the plan of how it could work for both companies and how clients are going to benefit from us. I would like to call up Luyolo as well as Ntombenhle who will be taking the company further, to come give you more details.”

Everyone gave a round of applause and Luyolo stood up and helped Ntombenhle to get up from the chair before they made their way to the Podium.

“The Mayiza Logistics is one of the biggest companies in South Africa, well known for implements and controls the movement and storage of goods, services of information within a supply chain and between the points of origin and consumption.”

Luyolo moves from the podium so that Ntombenhle can explain further.

“Now, as we are all here today at the Busan'iSizwe Agribusiness Ltd, this is where we want to introduce you to the name of the

two big companies in the country becoming one. The two companies have found a benefit in combining business operations in a way that will contribute to increase shareholder value.”

They explained further about how the company will run until they came to a conclusion.

“Last but not least, I would like to call on the business tycoons who wouldn’t have made a huge success if they did not believe. They started on a small profit before they made it this big. Ladies and gentlemen please help me welcome, Mr Busani Mnisi as well as Mr Siboniso Mayiza.”

Luyolo and his wife climb off from the podium and make their way to their table as Mr Mayiza and Mr Mnisi make their way up to the podium in the nice fancy suits. Everyone stops clapping their hands.

“Thank you.” Mr Mayiza breathes. “Getting up the higher ranks was a challenge, it never gets easy but, I am glad that I came across all those challenges because, if I didn’t, I don’t think that my business would have been this success.” He gives Mr Mnisi a chance.

“Very well my friend. I was attending a business event four months back and I met up with my long lost friend, who

happened to be owning a successful business, the Mayiza Logistics. We then did business together but that was not enough, we both saw how we can get opportunities from each other's businesses until we came up with a strategy, to combine the two companies. Nothing came easy but, at the end, it became a success. We would like to thank the PR management, marketing team, executives, account management, SEO (search engine optimization), project management, graphic designs the list goes on, I thank you all for making this day a success." Everyone clapped their hands.

"Wrapping up, can we all turn to the projector." Lubabalo turns on the laptop and everyone focuses on the projector. I would like to introduce you to..." The new name and a new logo of the merged companies appears on the screen.

"Earth of Soil Logistics And Agribusiness Ltd!" Both Mr Mayiza and Mr Mnisi say simultaneously.

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Clients were exchanging business cards, and wanting to know more about the business and the media were up and down with the questions. Luyolo took his wife's hand and walked upstairs making sure that nobody see them. They went to Ntombenhle's father's office and as soon as Luyolo shut the door, he pinned Ntombenhle against the wall and kissed her

without giving her a chance to talk. Ntombenhle pulled out from the kiss, both breathing heavily.

“What are we doing here, babe?” Luyolo’s hands go down to Ntombenhle’s butt and squeezes it.

“You look very sexy, how long will it take to get you off this dress?” He leaves wet kisses around her neck and she moans through the process.

“Well, there is a zip on the side so...” she bites her lower lip seductively as she unzips her dress. Luyolo pulls it the dress down, freeing the bouncy full breast. He attacks one with his mouth as his hand plays with the other. He went up to Ntombenhle’s mouth and kissed her again. He pinched Ntombenhle’ nipples, she flinched in pain, her eyes got teary.

“Sorry sthandwa Sam, are they painful?” He unzips his pants and drops them on the floor as well as his briefs.

“Yeah.” Ntombenhle Softly says. Luyolo lifts Ntombenhle’s leg, pushes her thong aside as he inserts his penis in her vagina hole, she flinches as it enters.

“Ooh yes... aah fuck.” Luyolo moans, Ntombenhle wraps her arms around Luyolo’s neck as he starts humping harder and harder.

“Lu-Yo-Looo...” She cries in pleasure as she reaches her climax, Luyolo lifts both her legs up and she wraps the around his



waist. The both feel each other's breathes on each other's necks, Ntombenhle holds on tight on Luyolo.

Luyolo increases his pace as he groans a bit louder and he reaches his climax and stays inside Ntombenhle for another minute, not saying anything, only their breathing was echoing in the office. He puts her down and she gets wipes from her bag before they wipe themselves as they try to catch their breaths.

"I'll help you with that." Luyolo helps Ntombenhle to fix up her dress. "I can't believe I let you wear this dress. If I couldn't help myself, imagine what it did to other men out there. They have already undressed you with their eyes, now I will have to keep an eye on you, just in case they try to snatch you away. She giggles.

"Are you going to let them take me away from you?" She fixes her hair.

"Now, that will be the time I make my licensed gun useful." Her eyes dilated in shock.

"You have a gun? Are you telling me that, I have been staying in a house with a gun?" He shrugs.

"Yeah, a hand gun and a riffle." He says like it is nothing.

"Why do you need a gun though?"

"We living in a dangerous world sweetheart, and I would do anything to protect what is mine." He squeezes Ntombenhle's

ass and plants a kiss on her cheek. "Finish up babe before they send a whole SWAT team to look for us the moment they notice are disappearance."

"You can go, I still need to fix up my face."

"I can wait for you."

"No, I'll be fine. At least when you are down there, you will represent the both of us."

"Okay, just don't close the door, I love you Mrs Me." He kisses her before he staggers to the door.

"I love you too, Mr Me."

As Ntombenhle was busy doing touch ups on her face, someone stood behind her.

"You should have let him stay with you." Ntombenhle startled to the bold voice, she turned around nervously and faced the man behind her.

"Clayton, wh-what are you doing here."

"I was also surprised to see you here sweets, after ditching me for what, almost three months? You blocked my calls, you moved out from your old place and now you are sleeping with clients, wow." He smirks while shaking his head.

"That client is my husband!" She raises her left hand to show off her ring. "I blocked your calls because, I don't want to talk to you, leave or else I will scream!" He let's out an evil laugh. He

brings his hands forward and one of them had a cloth with dark stain, he moved towards Ntombenhle, she tried running to the door but, he already grabbed her arm.

“No, what are you doing? Leave me!” She tries fighting but, he is much stronger than her. He puts the wet clothes on her nose.

“Leave me! Leave me alone.... Luuuu” She cries. “Lu-yo...” She passed out that very moment.

“Good night sweets.” He pecks her cheek and carries her out using the elevator which went straight down to the basement parking lot.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I know that my wife takes long with her make up but, it was already done, she only needed to do touch ups here and there, nothing major but, she is taking forever to come back down, It's been twenty minutes and she is not showing up. I am going to get her.

“Bro, I am going to check on my wife.” I get up ready to walk leaving Lubabalo, his wife and Mbalenhle, Ntombenhle's sister. “Drag her here if you have to, tell her that my husband will be here any minute to get me so, I want to see her before I leave.” Mbalenhle calls out.

Just before I could leave, my phone rings, it is Yoniswa.

“Luyolo...” She cries immediately as I answer my phone. “Please come home.” She speaks very fast.

“Why, is Lindokuhle okay?” I ask starting to panic.

“No!” She wails over the phone. “His temperature is very high, he was not eating and he keeps complaining about his stomach, please Luyolo, I don't know what to do.”

“Okay okay, calm down. I will be on my way right now.”

I hang up immediately. They look at me waiting for me to say something.

“That was Yoniswa, my son is not doing well. I need to find my wife first so that we can go home.”

“Do you want us to come with you?” Lubabalo asks.

“I will call you if it gets serious.” I run to the stairs and rush to Ntombenhle’s father’s office, where I left her. The door is wide open.

“Baby, we need to go, where are you!?” I shout as I look for her all over the room and into the bathroom inside the office but I don’t find her. I notice that her clutch is on the table. I walk over to get it and I find her cellphone on the desk too.

“Khanyisile!?” I am trying by all means not to freak out.

“Khanyisile where are you?” I walk towards the door and I step on to something that sounded like it cracked, I notice that, that is her pink lipstick. I pick it up as my body starts to heat up, I start breathing heavily.

“No, no, no...” I walk out and look both sides of the corridor until I see a cloth on the floor, I pick it up and see it as it has a wet black stain, I smell it, not too close to my nose and it definitely smells like chloroform.

“Fuuuck!!!” I cuss, running back down to where everyone is.

“Did she come back down?” I am really hoping that we somehow missed each other and she got back down here, they

look at each other like I have just said something stupid. “I AM TALKING!” I feel raged.

“Bro, calm down. What’s up?” My wife is gone. I throw the things I found on the table.

“I think my wife is taken.” They gasp, I hold my head with both hands and close my eyes.

“Utsi kwente njani?” (Say that again?) Mbalenhle gets up from the chair, she probably was sitting on her ears. (Shrugs).

“Luyolo, what’s going on here? What are you fighting about?” Oh shit! Both in-laws and parents are here. How I tell them that my wife is missing? Even I cannot register that.

“Luyolo! Where is my sister damn it!” She bangs the table.

“What about my daughter?”

Ntombenhle’s father gives me a dangerous look, my mother chuckles as if someone said a joke.

“I think Ntombenhle is usurped. I found these in your office, baba.” Ntombenhle's mother wails.

“Not my baby, no! I want my baby.” The paparazzi gathers around us, taking pictures and trying to get information as they can. This is messed up, I am shuttered. Who would do this.

“I will call the police.” My brother says as he dials the emergency number on his phone.

Nobantu and Gift are helping the security to get the people out the building as calmly as possible, I am glad that they all abide without having to ask too many questions. My father, he looks so different, he has not said much ever since. Ntombenhle's mother, who looks much like her is crying as well as her eldest daughter who is embracing her and my mother is just there, looking... blank.

“Luyolo, I trusted you with my daughter, ukhepi?” (Where is she?) Her father solemnly asks. Wait, does he think that, I have something to do with this?

“Baba, she was in your office, I promise I left her there.”

“Now, where is she!?” He roars at me.

“Busani, I know that you are hurting and looking for someone to blame but, this is how you should go about it.” My father comes to my rescue.

“Don't, tell me how I should feel Siboniso. It is my daughter that is captivated out there!” My father snorts.

My phone rings, I take it out from the pocket in my blazer, I also take it off as I answer the phone without looking at the caller ID.

“Luyolo where the fuck are you!” Fuck, I almost forgot about my son. Can this day get any better!?

“Okay, I will send someone there now. How is he?”

“He needs a fucking hospital Luyolo, he is not okay!” She cries over the phone and hangs up. I kick the chair next to me, it falls. I put my hands behind my head and pace up and down.

“What is it now?” My father asks.

“Lubabalo!” I call out for him.

“Yeah?”

“Please, go with Promise (Lubabalo's wife) to my house, my son needs medical attention. I will call a doctor at the hospital to expect you. Go now, Yoniswa is waiting for you!” Promise' eyes widen.

“Yoniswa is at your wife’s house?” My father in-law shoots daggers at me. I seriously have no time for this.

“Go!”

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“Mr Mayiza

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you say that you and your wife went to Mr Mnisi's office to have a chat?” I am now tired of repeating myself to this man, is he that slow?

“For the umpteenth time detective, yes.” He looks at me, looking blank. You'd swear that he was never given enough hugs and kisses when he was just a baby.



“Are you sure?” He leans back on the chair, closing his notebook. He has a big belly, I wouldn’t be surprised if he got it from bribery, you can never trust with cops these days. I know his type, stubborn, never want to hear second opinions and always follow wrong instincts.

“What do you mean? I am telling you what happened!” I am getting irritated now and I am losing my patience.

“You are not telling the truth, Mr Mayiza junior!” Is he raising his voice at me?

Fine!

"You want to know what happened right? We went to Mr Mnisi’s office using the stairs, we arrived at his office, we closed the door and we shagged! There, I’ve said it!” He narrows his eyes, does he also want me to disclose how it went down, how I hit it?

“Oh no, you can figure out how we did it in your own head, I am not about to tell you how my wife and I get down on it.” His colleague chuckles in aghast, like what I have just said is funny. The detective looks at him tedious and back to me.

“And what happened after?” He opens up his notebook again, and writes something down. Is he writing that, I was shagging my wife in my father-in-law’s office? Silly detective!

“I left her, fixing her make up. After a while, I went back up to check on her... Detective, this is stupid! My wife is out there captivated by Lord knows who and what they are doing to her

and you are busy questioning me? Use this time to find my wife, and stop wasting our tax money!" I sneer at the detective. "You are the last person who was seen with the missing Mrs Mayiza junior! You know what I think?" I shrug my shoulders bemused.

"I suppose you'll tell me." He grins like a fool he is.

"You think that you are smart but, you are not. After you and your wife supposedly shagged (he emphasizes) which I find it hard to believe that is what you did to her, judging from the CCTV footage, you walked out and closed the door right?" I just stare at him as he sounds so dumb for a cop right now.

"Right..." He answers himself. I remember how my wife likes to roll her eyes and I swear I have an edge on using that skill of hers on this absurd man. I wonder how he got into the law enforcement because, he is sounding like a mad man.

"Now, how is it that right after you went out, a few minutes later the cameras were switched off?" I tilt my head looking at him annoyed.

"What are you implying at, DETECTIVE CHABEDI?"

"I see that you are quite slow for a rich man like you but, I will break it down for you slowly." He clears his throat. "You and your wife were probably having a misunderstanding and decided to take it somewhere private." I chuckle, my chuckle turns into a laugh.

"This is ridiculously detective, are you accusing my son with

something?” My father jumps in.

“No dad, let him continue with his speculations, I am enjoying this; go on with your fictional story bab'phoyisa.” (Officer.) He groans in irritation.

“As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted. You and your wife had an argument and you took it private to your father-in-law’s office and something happened which you did not want people to see so, you turned off the CCTV footage to get the unconscious Mrs Mayiza and you came back down here pretending to have found her missing, just like that?”

“That’s enough!” We all turn to follow where the voice is coming from, it’s about time, finally!

“You fucking took your sweet time kwedini (boy)! Get me the hell out of here, I am losing my patience with this old man here.” He laughs walking in.

Does Siyamthanda ever take anything serious in his life? Look at him swaging his kiwi ass on top of the table, that’s my friend.

“You know me , I like to make my entrance felt.” He says that like he doesn’t care. He sounds like my wife. “Tata.” He greets my father.

“Siya mfanami.” (Siya my boy.)

“So, what do you have on my client, bab'mhlonishwa?”

(Officer.) Siyamthanda asks the annoying detective.

“I was still getting to it but...” Siyamthanda cuts him.

“But nothing. Your report is highly speculative and should be ignored.” The officer gasps.

“I know what I am talking about.” The detective sneers.

“Listen detective, when my client called me here, I was about to shag my woman. It is the wee hours of the morning and I should be having my beauty sleep then so, do you have anything to charge my client with, if not, I would like to get back to my woman and do what lovers do and then, I can have my beauty sleep.” The detective swallows hard. That’s my shitty friend, right there!

“Sergeant, uncuff!” He orders sounding bothered.

“Eh! You even cuffed my client? Kuzoshuba la.” (It will go down.) He shakes his head astonished. I cluck my tongue

“Chabedi should anything happen to my wife, you will know that your lousy uniform don’t scare me. I will make your life a living hell, you will worship the ground I walk on, you will chant my clan names when you see me and I promise you that, you will be my garden boy because, you don’t know how to do your job.” I stand up and lean putting my hands on the table towards him, looking at him deadly in the eyes.

“Son, let’s go. Your son needs you at the hospital.”

“Fuck!” I hiss at the detective. “My got admitted just as soon as

we found out that my wife is abducted, instead of doing your job there, you took me here to your station which was very unnecessary to interrogate-no let me say, accuse me. When you have something useful, you know where to find me and I hope that by then, you will be bringing my wife with." I bang the table and turn on my heels.

"Mayiza Junior." He calls out before I walk out of the door. "I am watching you." He indicates using his fingers. Fool!

*"What's with this 'shagging' they keep saying?"* That is the last thing I hear that he says as I disappear down the corridor.

**SIBONISO MAYIZA**

What is the universe doing to me, to my family? I have just reunited with my daughter but, it feels like we are not bound for that. Seeing my son this miserable it is breaking me, it breaks me even more that, my son is broken because, her wife is missing. The wife who happens to be my daughter, my daughter who is his sister. This is tearing me apart because right now, I feel helpless. Who is doing this, what do they want from my family? I can't lose any of them, I cannot lose my daughter, again.

It's been two days since Lindokuhle got admitted and Ntombenhle being abducted. My son has been shit because, it even came to a point where Busani got physical on my son but, later apologised. So, now we are working together on finding out, who did this but, we currently have no leads we don't even know who to think of.

I walk into my son's room, the aluminium sliding door to the balcony is open, I am assuming that he is out there. The bedroom is quite a mess like a hurricane erupted in here, the bed is not even done yet, this is not good.

"Luyolo." I touch his shoulder from behind, he doesn't move nor talk but look at the amazing view of the city. We stay in silence for a few minutes until he decides to talk.

"My son is booked for radiotherapy this Wednesday." I sigh. I know that he is scared but, it is best.

"That is good."

"Only if my wife was here."

"She will come back, she has to come back." We need to have faith.

"It will take forever."

"Are you losing hope?"

"No, I am just saying that, without a lead it gets harder everyday." He breathes out.

"I understand." He chuckles shaking his head.

“You don’t tata, you don’t know how it feels like to wake up to an empty bed everyday. In just a period of two months, I fell deeply in love with the stranger that I met on our wedding day and now, it feels cold and empty without her, I don’t want lose her...”

This is hard for me to listen to, I don’t want to lie. Both my children being intimate kills me.

“You won’t, we will find her.” We fall into a complete silence and stare at the city.

“I need to get to the hospital.” He says after a while.

“You just got back, have some rest son, you look drenched.” He looks like he hadn’t slept for days.

“I am good, my son needs me.” I sigh.

“At least have breakfast then.”

“How do I eat not knowing if my wife is eating wherever she is?” He leaves me walking back to his room, I follow him only to find the bedroom cleaned, he looks at me.



“Did you do this?” Does he think that I am here to clean after him?

“Why would I clean after a grown man. It is probably your mother.” He nods.

“Good morning.” She comes out from the bathroom with a smile I wish to wipe off with just a slap in the face.

“What are you doing in my room? Who gave you the odds to come into my room and touch my wife's things!” He yells.

“I thought that I should... you know.” She shrugs.

“No I don't know Yoniswa! This should be the last time you come in here, do you hear me!?” He charges towards her and holds her arm pulling her out. She screams.

“Luyolo! You will hurt her.” He loosens his grip and let's her go.

“Control yourself!” He clucks his tongue and disappears to the bathroom.

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My wife and I should have been back to Cape Town by now but, here we are a week later still in Johannesburg. I wonder how business is going that side

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I am sure that a lot needs my attention but, Lubabalo is that side handling most of the things so, no call means good news right? It has been a very emotional few days, Lindokuhle has just had a successful surgery and Ntombenhle is still missing, my daughter I hope that she is safe, wherever she is. What do they want from her, what do they want from us. The damn cops are still looking for loopholes and all they are saying is that “We will tell you if something comes up”, nothing concrete. Luyolo is at work, Earth And Soil Logistics And Agribusiness Ltd, at a meeting, I hope he keeps his focus.

I park my car on their driveway and climb out walking to their door step, I ring the bell twice before it opens.

“What are you doing here? My husband is at work, in a meeting.” I push her aside and walk in.

“I know, I am not here for him. I came here to see you.” She closes the door and comes to sit next to me on the couch.

“How have you been doing?” I am asking the obvious question, only now I could see the bloodshot eyes. The tears on her eyes build up.

“I shouldn’t have asked what’s obvious, sorry.” She shakes her head.

“She is out there, all alone and scared. My baby, they took my baby.” I hold her hand, she looks at it.

“We will find our baby.” She quickly disengage her hand from mine and stands up.

“She is not your baby! She is Busani's daughter, get that into your head!” She yells.

“Stop acting crazy Nomathemba! Stop denying that the Ntombenhle is not my daughter! For how long do you want to keep it a secret? She is mine, my seed!” I shout back.

I stand up and get closer to her, she has her back on me, I hold her shoulders, she turns and wraps her arm around my waist and berries her face on my chest, crying.

“This is a mess Niso, it really is. I want my daughter back home, I want her home. Is this a punishment that I lied about my daughter all this years, like I hid the truth from everyone?” She snorts. I kiss the top of her head.

“Shhhh, you did what you thought was best.” I brush her hair with my hand, she raise her head and look up at me, I look down at her.

“I thought that, you were going to blame me for your daughter’s disappearance.” I smile at her, she just referred her as my daughter, I am happy.

“No. Well, just a little but, I no longer do.” I peck her on the lips twice. “You have raised our daughter well, thank you. Spending time with her has been bringing me peace.”

“She inherited your eyes and your nose. I sometimes see you in her.” I chuckle.

“But she looks more like you.”

“Yena she does. Would you like to see her baby photo album?” I hug her tightly.

“Please.” A tear drops down my eye but, I quickly wipe it before I pull out from the hug.

After the meeting, I went to my office, yep I have an office in Earth And Soil Logistics And Agribusiness Ltd. The view here is not as satisfying as the one from my company in my office. I sit on my office chair and open my laptop, just before I could get into anything, a knock goes on the door, I shout “come in before the person walks in, it is some white man in a fancy suit. Damn I need a PA.

“Good Day, Mr Mayiza.” I get up from the chair to shake his hand and offer him a seat. He has an accent, a foreign accent. “I am Clayton Willem (pronounced Villem), from Africa Goods And Services... Uhm, do you have a minute for me? I would like to know a bit more about your services, transport services.” I sigh. “What would you like to know about the trucks?” I feel drenched, I don’t feel like being here.

I have to go and see my son as soon as I knock off, my poor son. He has gone through a lot in such a young age, but he is strong like, who could have imagined how successful a surgery would be on a three year old baby who can barely remember what he did two days ago? God! I am not much of a believer but, I do know that miracles happen and that my wife come back, she has to. I know we will find her.

“Mr Mayiza? Sir? Did I get you off the wrong time?” I snap back from my thoughts. Jeez, did I just zone out on someone who could be our next client? Fuck, I am a mess!

“Uhm-Mr... Uh...” What did he say his name was again? I forgot it, I just remember that he has an accent, a German accent if I am not wrong.

“Willem.” He jumps in.

“Oh yes, right Mr Willem. You were saying that our trucks are... Shit” I cuss under my breath. Being honest, I did not hear a single thing that he said. “I sincerely apologise Mr Willem, I have a lot that I am going through and it is draining.” I stop because, I am about to sound like a sissy.

“Want to talk about it?” I look at him, weirdly. I mean, he is just a client and it ends there

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imagine if I heard to cry on my clients' shoulders... Very unprofessional right?

“I’ll be fine man.” I honestly say. I will be fine once I get out of this place.

“Come on, I could be a good listener hey.” He shrugs. I release a deep breath and relax on my chair.

“The same day that my wife was abducted, my son got admitted to the hospital. He recently had a surgery and to be honest, now that is out of the way, I am relieved. Now, I have

to give more attention to my wife. It is hard going home knowing that your wife is not home to welcome you with the scent of food just as you step in the house.” I play with the photo frame from the desk of my wife and I on our wedding day, white wedding.

“Is that her and your son?” He asks looking at the big portrait on the wall of the three of us, it was on our traditional wedding day, just before the Yoniswa and I saga.

I was carrying Lindokuhle on my hands and he had a huge smile that day, my wife too looking up at me and I was looking back at her. The photographer shot the sides of our faces but, Lindokuhle was facing the camera. It came out beautiful. I smile looking at it.

“Yeah, that was taken on our second wedding.” He raise his eyebrow.

“You married twice?” I chuckle.

“Basically, yes. The second wedding took place at my origin home, where my forefathers are buried. She was welcomed and introduced into our home and ancestors so that they can know and accept her as our own.” He nods.

“Oh, I see. Sorry man, about your wife. She seems like a good hearted woman. And I hope you find her.” He sounds tense.

“Ugh man, look at me whining on you. I’m sorry, let’s get on to what you are here for, shall we?” He shakes his head standing up, I frown. Did he lose interest in doing business with us because, I lost my focus?

“No man, it’s okay. We can always do this another time.” He calmly says, whew!

“Of course, thank you for understanding and once again, I’m sorry.”

“Sure. I have to dash. Here, this is my business card. I would really like to do business with you.” He pulls out his business card from his wallet and place it on the desk before he stands up.

“Cool.” I make a mental note to myself that, I should make a job post, I seriously need a personal assistant.



**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

My mother is probably losing her mind and as for my father, he is probably spitting fire on everyone, I just know that my disappearance is giving them a hard time. *(Sigh)*. My husband, I cannot imagine what I have put him through, I saw him on the news and on the news papers, nothing was said much except that, “THE BUSINESS TYCOONS' DAUGHTER HAS GONE MISSING” and also that my husband was taken him for questioning, God, I hope that they are not suspecting him with for my disappearance.

I am locked up in an exotic master bedroom, it is a very beautiful room, I love it a lot but, I do not belong here, I want to go home, I miss my family and this man is not doing anything easy for me.

“Honey, I'm home!” Oh God, he is back. His presence just makes me breathe heavily like I am about to give birth, oh my baby, I don't know if these are hormones but, I bet you that my pregnancy has got me craving things, weird things.

The door unlocks before it opens, he walks in. He comes and sits next to me on the bed and pecks my lips... Yep, he does that everyday, I don't know but I think he has a missing screw. I am trying by all means to play by his rules because, you can never know what I person like him can do to you. All that I am scared

for, is my baby. He has not picked up that I am pregnant yet, and I am not sure what will happen when he finds out. I cannot hide this forever, it will eventually grow.

“Sweets, just as you requested in the morning, I had bought the iNkomazi that you asked for.” I just give him a weak smile and nod.

“Thank you.” He holds my waist, I flinched but, he does not care.

“You won’t believe who I saw today... Your ex husband.” My heart skips a beat, just to hear about him makes my day. I frown when he starts laughing like a lunatic, he is even holding his stomach, showing that he is laughing so serious that even tears form on his eyes.

“He is such a fool.” He says, after a good ridiculous laugh. I feel like kicking him on his balls like, who does he think he is calling my husband a fool? I just say nothing and keep quiet.

“You should have seen him smiling like a mad person when he was holding the photo frame of a photo of you both, he looked so stupid... Shame man, his son recently had a surgery and it was successful.” I completely forgotten about Lindokuhle, oh that sweet soul.

“How is he?” I found myself asking that question without thinking. He stares at me with a serious face, I look down and play with my fingers.

“You want to know how he is?” I don’t answer. “Look at me and

answer me!” I startle and do what he says.

“No...” I shake my head, my tears flow down to my cheeks profusely. “I don’t want to know, I’m sorry.” He looks at me, giving me a pity look.

“Ooh sweets, did I scare you? I’m sorry about that, okay baby.” He wipes my tears with his thumbs, leaving kisses on my lips, now and then.

“He looks like a Zombie.” He laughs a little.

“Why are you doing this?” He takes my hand and intertwine our fingers.

“You belong to me, baby. You are mine.”

“I am married to him.” His hand tightens but not enough to hurt me.

“Not for long. I am going to marry you, make you my wife. And you will forget about him.” I shake my head.

“I want him... I love him.” He squeezed my hand harder, he didn’t look like a man I once fell in love with months ago, he looked dangerous.

“Please Clayton, you are hurting me... Aaaww.” I am flinching on the bed and he is not letting go.

“I am doing this because I care for you can’t you see?” He is showing no emotions, I am scared he might hurt me.

“Ye-yes, ooouch...”

“Ich liebe dich, verstehst , du nicht!?” (I love you, don’t you see that?) I am afraid of what he might do if I give him a wrong

answer so, I return the same gesture.

“Ich liebe dich auch, baby.” (I love you too,) He let’s go of my hand and his eyes warms up.

“Really, you do?” Without hesitating I answer.

“Yes, yes I do.” I cry holding my painful hand.

“Say it again.”

“I love you.” I say what he wants to hear, he smiles.

“I love you too, come here.” He pulls me into a hug. “I knew that you love me, I just needed to confirm it. You only got married because you were forced into it but, you don’t love him

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you love me right?” I can’t stop crying on his chest, I nod making sure that he thinks that I am on his side.

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I just finished cooking iphuthu (Scrambled maize meal) for dinner which was meant to be for me only but, Clayton said he wants to try it out so, I am dishing out for him too. He was monitoring my every movement as if I was going to put poisoning in the food or something. Today is my first time come out from the jail cell-no wait, even jail birds get a bit of a

freedom but as for me, I am only parading around his kitchen because, Clayton Martinez cannot cook iphuthu.

“There you go.” I put the dish filled with iphuthu, sugar and iNkomazi in front of him, on the dinner table before I settle down on the other chair. He looks like he will puke at anytime, a 'thank you' never hurt anyone, you know. Anyway, before I lose my appetite, let me eat.

“How do you eat this?” Is he being serious? This is not Germany, it’s either he eats or gives the food back to me, my baby has been craving this for a very long time, since morning imagine that!

“You don’t like it?” Like I care (*rolling my eyes*). I start crying when I eat a spoonful of iphuthu and iNkomazi, it feels so heavenly.

“Now why are you crying?” He looks irritated. “Yes, sweets! I don’t like it, I’ll order something for myself. I cannot eat this.” He pushes the on the side and gets busy on his phone. Not that I expected him to like the meal though so, more for me.

It is very quiet around the dinner table, it was very uncomfortable because he was looking at me whilst I was eating. I focused on my dish , just to avoid his eyes.

“Do you like it here?” He finally says something. I don’t know what to say or how to respond to that question. My heart is not here, I want to be around my family, I want to be free and

comfortable at my own space. I want to be around people that love me.

“Uh.” I can’t make him angry. “I am...”

“Are you happy?” I look down, fighting back my tears.

“No.” It came out as a whisper, I bet he didn’t hear me.

“Look at me when I am talking to you!” He bangs the table, causing me to startle. You see? Just a small wrong itch, he scratches. I can’t hold my tears any longer, I am letting them go.

“ARE YOU HAPPY!?” I shake my head.

“No...” I snort, he frowns.

“Tell me sweets, is it the house, the colour of our bedroom, just tell me I will fix it.” What in the hell is wrong with this man?

“I don’t belong here, Clayton. I belong with my husband, I am married.” He goes around the table to get to my side, I am so scared, I don’t know what is going to happen.

“You belong to me, Sweets, me! I am your husband! You said you love me.” He holds his hands against his chest. I can’t upset this man any further.

“I know, I know but let us do things the right way... Take me back home because, I am still legally married to my husband.” My tears are blinding me.

“STOP SAYING THAT HE IS YOUR HUSBAND!” He roars so loud, I think I felt the house shaking. I hold my stomach because, I think I felt a sharp pain but, it vanished in just a few seconds.

“Please stop shouting.” I start wailing, shaking my head.  
“I am doing everything for you, EVERYTHING but, you are throwing it back to my face... Stand up.”

He doesn't even wait for me to stand up, he pulls me up by the pajama T-shirt that I am wearing, his pajama because, I don't have any of my own clothes here besides the very own dress that I came wearing from the event which Clayton burnt because, It 'reeked of my husband's semen', as he puts it.

“Clayton, please do not hurt me please...” I scream as he takes me to a different room, I think we are going to the basement, it looks like it. It is very filthy and has a pungent smell. He pushes me to the floor.

“I am sorry, I'm sorry...”

“You think that I am stupid. You want to return to that family of yours and never return back to me? Sweets, I love you very much but, if I cannot have you, nobody else will.” I swear he was not like this when I first met him, he was very sweet in that first three months we met until I went MIA on him.

He walks up to the door, I try running after him but, he pushed me back down on the floor. He exited and I heard the door lock.

“Clay, can we please talk. I am scared down here... CLAYTON!” I bang on the door.

“Clayton! Please open for me.” My mucus gets into my mouth but, I don’t care about that. I just want to get out of here.

After a while of knowing that, there is no way that I am getting out of here, I saunter back to sit on a chair, I am tired.



**THANDEKA MHLONGO**

You know, ever since my best friend got married, things between us changed, I don't know how they've changed but, they are no longer the same. A few days before she mysteriously disappeared, she reached out to me and invited me to the launch of the renaming or rebranding rather, of their families' company but, I turned down the invitation which I wish I didn't and being honest, I think that, I am the one who has been distancing myself away from her and now she is gone, my best friend is out there and, I am not sure where and who would take her... I miss her a lot and I wish I did things differently before, I pray that she comes back home safe.  
*(Crying).*

“Mama.” Oh that's my nine months daughter... Wait, did she say mama?

“Say that again baby, say mama.” This is the first word that has came out of my baby's mouth, it is so overwhelming that my baby just said 'Mama'.

“Come on baby, say mama, mama.” She just looks at me as if she is studying my face, or maybe she can feel my foul mood. I

quickly wipe my tears and get her from the crib, I love my baby. “Mama loves you, okay?” I kiss her all over her face, her giggles make my heart juggle.

“Mama.” Oh, she says it at her own time.

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## **LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I walk into his office like I own it, he raises his head and looks at me sitting behind the desk as I stand in front of him.

“This is not your company where you do as you please, do you understand?” I chuckle shaking my head.

“What are you doing to find my wife, detective?” This cop does not even offer me a seat so, I just offer myself one.

“I am busy Mayiza, you don’t get to come here and question my job.” He gets back to whatever he was doing before I came in.

“I want to see the footage.” I demand.

“What footage?” He still has his eyes on the pile of papers on the table.

“Don’t act dumb on me, you know which footage I am on

about.” He leans back on the chair and looks at me.

“You think this your father’s house to make demands? Don’t think because you have all money to buy the world you can come and disrespect my territory, I can still put you in those cells, you hear me?” Look at him, making threats... I smug.

“Okay.” I shrug. “Now, the footage?” I am going to annoy him until he gives me what I want.

“I won’t give you the footage, forget it.”

“Chabedi, you probably missed something there, so I want to see it.” He shakes his head.

“There is nothing to see! We missed nothing so, if you can please leave everything to us, we’ll find your wife.”

“Like hell you will! You are taking your sweet time to find my wife! It’s been two damn weeks and you still have not found a single lead, not even a suspect!” I lash out.

This is taking a strain in me, I am losing my focus and on the other hand, my son I getting discharged, now I have to take him home to a foul environment.

“Calm down...”

“Don’t fucking tell me what to do, it is my wife that is out there, damn it.” He sighs. “I am going to sit here until I see the video; I

am not going anywhere.” I make myself comfortable on the chair.

\*\*\*

His voice is so loud like he wasn't on the death bed not so long ago. I can hear him from the corridor as I walk towards his ward. I stand by the door and lean on it when I see him blabbering with my father and mother, he sounds happy, too happy but he still shows a bit weakness, he looks tired and skinny, oh son. I wish to take all your pain.

“Daddy, what did you bring for me?” They all turn to look at the direction to where I am standing, I walk to his side of the bed.

“Hey, buddy.” I put the doggy bag on the table and fist bump him. “I got you your favourite meal.” He frowns.

“He refused to eat earlier.” My mother says.

“Leave him, he does not want to leave the hospital.” My father adds.

“Do you want to stay here forever? Lindo, we can't always come here to see you, we want you back home. Give other babies a chance to this bed, it needs to save another baby like you, just like you. So, you are going to eat this food and finish it,

right?" His eyes glisten with tears, that's not going to work, not today.

"Lindokuhle." He blinks, his tears fall off. "Nankhulu will feed you and if you finish your food, we will fetch you tomorrow."

"Will you come with mommy Enhle?" I heave a sigh.

"Mommy Enhle heard that you don't want to eat your food, that is why she won't come with me."

"But daddy, I am eating."

"Okay, show daddy that you are eating." My mother takes the food and starts feeding Lindokuhle.

"You make daddy happy when you are eating. When you come back home, I will buy your favourite ice-cream." He nods like a happy child he is. He is even enjoying the food.

"What time is Yoniswa coming?" I almost forgot that my mother and father have errands to do.

"Err, I'll call her on the way. I have to go to the office, I have a meeting with a client from Africa Goods And Services..."

Lindokuhle, ndiyaku thanda yeva?" (Lindokuhle, I love you okay?) He just nods. I kiss him once again and leave the hospital.

\*\*\*

On my way to the office, I called Yoniswa to remind her about the curfew at the hospital so that, she could release my parents. I am just glad that

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those shifts end today, it was really tired to juggle between two companies, spending hours looking for my wife and also going to the hospital to spend time with my son, I don't know how I am doing all of that but, I will do anything for my family even if I have to sacrifice my soul, I will.

I make my way into my office, I find him settled down on the couch.

“Mr Willem, am I late?” I check the time on my wrist watch, it is twenty minutes earlier to our meeting. Who the hell let him into my office?

“No, I just wanted to be here early. You know what they say about the earliest bird right?”

“It catches the fattest worm.” I add. “Lets get down to business.”

After discussing business, I pour water for the both of us in drinking glasses and hand one to him.

“Thanks man.” He drinks up. “So, how have you been doing?”

He places the glass on the table.

“Well, I am trying not to fall apart.” I shrug.

“Man, if someone did what they to your wife, I would have painted the city in red by now. Enhle is the sweetest thing one could ever have.” I dilate my eyes folding my arms.

“You know her?” He gasps. I think he got his tongue twisted because, he is trying to say something but he clears his throat.

“Well, Uhm...I-I met her on err’, the day of the launch.”

“So, you attended the launch?” He looks at me like a cat caught his tongue.

“ Uhm, I left early. Look, I gotta dash uh, I will hear from you about the contract...” He rushes to the door, something is off about him.

“Wait!” He slowly turns to me looking like he just saw a ghost.

“That’s some expensive cologne you put on there, it really does make a statement.” He let’s out a short chortle...

“Jimmy Choo Man Eau de Toilette.” He was supposed to say 'Thanks', not give me the brand name of the cologne.

“Cool man.” He walks out, I sigh.

I take out my USB from my laptop sleeve together with my laptop and switch it on before plugging in the laptop. When detective Chabedi showed me the footage, I managed to copy it into my USB without him watching of course, there should be loopholes in it. As soon as I found what I am looking for, I dial Siyamthanda's number before I call him.

“Kwedini.” He answers.

“Bro, I need a favour, I need your guy to help me out with some information.” Siyamthanda is a lawyer and you know that, lawyers get their hands dirty to get their work done, they even hire top private investigators to get information.

“What’s up?”

“I think I found a lead regarding my wife, how soon do you think I can get the information?”

“Uh-send me the details and I will pass everything to him.”

“Cool man, I’ll triple the money if I money to.” I end the call and send the information.

I get my things and walk out of the office. Shit! My company needs my attention, fuck I’ll get to it; first I need to go home. I put my things at the back seat of my car and scurry to the driver’s seat.



\*\*\*

I check the time on my wrist watch and it is just after 1pm.

“Yoniswa, are you back!?” I shout as I walk to the kitchen for a glass of water. No response, she is not back yet.

I run up the stairs going to our bedroom.

“Ouch! Jeez man, what the hell!” Fuck, I thought there wasn’t anyone in the house. I accidentally bumped into Yoniswa in the corridor, I think she was using the bathroom because, she was her body wrapped with a short towel exposing her thick thighs and another towel wrapped on her head.

“I-I am sorry... uh-I thought there was no one, sorry.” I look away.

“Come on, this is your house.” That’s the fact.

“Still, I am sorry.” It goes silent. I steal glances at her, fuck, if I don’t leave, she will mess up my head.

“I have to go.” I say after clearing my throat.

“Uhm, yeah... sure.” She sounds unsure.

We both attempt to leave but, we block each other’s opposite ways. We look into each other’s eyes, I only see lust when I look into her eyes. No Yoniswa, we can’t do this.

“Yoniswa, I have to go.” I walk around her to walk pass but, her hand pulls me back.

“Luu,” She pulls me closer to her body.

“No, Yoniswa.” She puts both my hands on her thighs. “Stop, we can’t do this.” Oh shit, I’m fucking getting turned on, I pull my hands away.

“What’s stopping us, we both need this. I know you want this as much as I do.” She rubs my growing tent.

“FUCK!” I pull her closer and kiss her lips greedy. I close my eyes and peel off the towel on her body, damn!

My wife’s image appears on my mind, to flip my eyes open and pull out from the kiss.

“Shit, what are we doing? This is wrong, we cannot do this, we can’t. My wife needs me, I cannot do this to her.” I pick up the towel and cover her body. “I am sorry.” I walk away.

“Luu, Luyolo!” I keep walking and not looking back. I feel guilty as ever, I betrayed my wife.

I get into the cold shower, just to ease my penis. I can’t believe that, I almost did something that would hurt my wife, more especially when my wife is out there, probably unsafe.

**CLAYTON MARTINEZ**

I don't understand why I always have to look for my woman every time I get home from work, she always hides from me, especially in the basement, but I always find her anyway.

After throwing my blazer on the couch, I go down to the basement.

"Sweetie, hubby is home!" I shout as I open the door to the basement.

"There you are! Sweetie, why are you laying on the floor?" She looks cold and shivery, and it fucking smells in here.

"Sweetie, come on get up." I feel her pulse, it is shallow and she is hardly moving.

I look across the room on the floor, it looks like she vomited and it is very disgusting.

"You woman! You messed up on my floor. Now who is supposed to clean that, tell me!" I drag her up the stairs, gripping my arms under her armpits.

"You even stink woman, when last did you take a shower or even better, swim in a bath tub?"

I continue dragging her to the bathroom and push her into the shower and open the faucet to let the water run on her.

“You better be done when I come back!” I close the shower door and leave her lying in there.

\*\*\*

## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

He left me lying helpless on the mosaic tile in the shower with the water running on me, I have no strength left within me, I think I am going to die. What kind of a man leaves a woman without food for two days, two fucking days with water.

I lift my body up a little and turn my face direct to the faucet and open my mouth for the water to go through into my mouth, for someone who has been thirst and longing for water all day, I didn't find it hard to swallow the shower water through.

I really think that Clayton has a mental disorder. He has been locking me up in the basement every morning when he goes to working and what freaks me out the most is that, whenever he gets back, he acts surprised to find me in the basement and he would ask: “Honey, what are you doing down there, were you

looking for something?”, like this dude, left me down there in a pungent smelling room without food and water. If I leave this place alive, I will know that, my ancestors are with me, not to forget God.

I managed to find some strength after drinking the cold water from the faucet, it honestly felt good for someone who's been feeling dehydrated for too long. I had to take off the wet pajamas because, this sick man threw me into the shower with the only piece of clothing that I have been wearing since like, forever! My vagina is itching so bad and, it reeks of a bad odor, I hope this is not some sort of 'not bathing' infection... No, I cannot have any infections, I am pregnant for God's sake!

\*\*\*

I am wearing his robe and his huge flip flops. I saunter to the living room and I find him sitting on the one sitter couch drinking what I think is brandy. He shoots his eyes on me as I sit on the opposite couch. I don't even recognise the man in front of me, he is a total stranger.

“Uh...” I clear my throat. “You, you look tired.” I look down because his eyes are making me uncomfortable. I move to the couch next to where he is sitting, it's either now or never. “Would you Uhm, perhaps like a massage?” I don't even wait

get an answer. I just stand up and stand behind him and start massaging his shoulders gently. Mind you I am quite weak but hey, this is not the time to feel weak!

“Oh yes, this feel-oh sweetie go a bit lower.” I get t him where I want him.

“Don’t you want to lie down so I can do it proper, just like the good old times?” I say seductively, he smirks.

“I like the way you think, come.” He takes his phone from the coffee table and pulls me gently leading the way upstairs to his room.

I feel like I am going to faint but

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I keep my self stronger, I have to do it for my baby.

We finally arrive at his room after what seemed like forever, I feel very dizzy.

“I will wait for you in bed.” I say as I staggered to the bed.

“Are you okay?” I give him an assuring smile with a nod. He puts his phone on the pedestal and takes off his shirt.

He comes to the bed and lies down with his stomach; I perch myself on his butt, fuck my vagina burns... I need medical attention ASAP, I am not even wearing anything under the robe.

“I am sorry for locking up you down there, Sweetie.” It was very inconsiderate of him but, okay that is not the point. It doesn’t even bother him that I didn’t eat? Anyway, I continue giving him a back massage, he starts yawning that is when I know that, I am doing it right.

“You have magic hands Enhle, continue doing it- oh yes right there.” I am hoping that this does not end with him wanting to have sex with him, it used to happen a lot back then.

A few minutes later, his body is relaxed and his breathing is just normal. I sigh in relief.

“Clay...” I clear my throat so I can be audible enough.

“Clayton?” He is not responding.

I slowly get off him and off the bed too. I take his phone and tip toe out of the room and stand where the corridor ends. Shit, the phone needs the password and I have five trials.

I have tried his name, date of birth, last four digits of his number, his address and they are all just wrong passwords. I am now giving it my last shot, I am not sure about it but, it is worth a try.

“Okay, here we go.” I type in the password with my toes crossed and as soon as it unlocked, I swear I wanted to cry. So, he made ENHLE my name his password, this is absolutely obsession.

Anyway, without wasting anymore time, I dial my husband's number, it rings a few times until it stops. I can't stop my tears from bashing out from my eyes. I am missing for God's sake his phone should always be with him on his hand!

"Pick up the damn phone!" I held my mouth after saying that out loud. I redial his number and call him again and this time, he answers after three freaking rings.

"Talk!" Wow!

"What the hell Luyolo, I a missing and you don't answer your phone, what were you doing, with who?" I break down, but not too loud.

"Khanyisile, baby?" He breathes heavily. "Mrs me, is that you?" I think he is going to cry, he sounds sad.

"KHANYISILE!" He startles me. "Mrs Me, talk to me, where are you and I will come and fetch you, right now, are you okay there?" I have a lump growing on my throat, blocking me from speaking, I let it out trying so hard not to scream.

"Luu, I am scared I want to come back home. I am at..."

"Who are you talking to?" He talks from behind my back, I slowly turn to him and boy oh boy, he has a look that would kill me in seconds. I shake my head as he charges towards me, I drop the phone and move backwards until I am against the wall, I close my eyes as I am wearing for my life.



**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I was busy in the study room going through the file of the information that I requested for from Siyamthanda's PI, it came in just four hours later through email right after I requested. This man introduced himself to me as a Willem but, he uses Martinez as his last name. How did I not see this coming?

My phone rang as I was busy reading, it was somewhere but, I couldn't reach it until it stopped ringing, then rang again, I found it on the couch and I answered as soon as I could, I cannot afford to lose a phone call, not when my wife is missing. We took out a ransom of a hundred thousand Rand to anyone who gives us any lead to where my wife is but, most of them are chancers.

After answering the call and as soon as I heard her voice, I froze for a second and I wanted to cry, I was going to break down on her but, I had to be strong for her, she needs me and my strength.

"Who are you talking to?' I just knew at that moment that, my wife is in trouble.

"Khanyisile, I am coming to fetch you, hold on for a little while

can you do that for me?" I swear if that man touches my wife, he is going to meet his ancestors sooner than later. Just then, I heard the phone breaking or something, shit, I have to move quicker.

I removed the big portrait on the wall, my safe is just behind it. I entered the password before taking my hand gun and the bullets.

"Luyolo, wenza' ntoni?" (What are you doing?) Is it not that obvious that I am loading my gun? He fully walks in and closes the door.

"I hope that you are not going to do anything stupid."

"Dad, acting stupid is the only way that I could come back with my wife." I breathe out fire.

"Do you know where she is? Do you know who has her?" I tuck the on my pants on my waist.

"She called me and I already have an idea where she could be." I toss the file towards him. "I cannot waste anymore time." I walk towards the door.

"She called you? Is she safe?" My dad will make me angry with all those questions, I better leave before I lose my temper.

"Luyolo, call the police!"

"Dad, you want me to call the same police that had me handcuffed because they believed that I did something to her?"

Not even once did they give us a feedback on the case, they missed a piece on the CCTV footage that I had to find it for myself that gave me an idea of the person that has my wife so, excuse me for what I am about to do!”

I dial Siyamthanda’s number as I walk down the stairs, I am getting my wife back, come hell fire or high water I am coming back with my wife!

\*\*\*

SIBONISO MAYIZA

I dial Nomathemba's number, she answers on the go.

“Mamakhe.” (Her mother.)

“Yebo babakhe.” (Yes, her dad.) Wow, it melts my heart to hear her call me like that, she has finally accepted that, I am the father of Ntombenhle.

“How are you?” She breathes heavily.

“I am still alive, how are you Niso?” I smile like a fool.

“I am well. I don’t want to raise your hopes high but, I think our daughter will be coming back home.” She gasps.

“Please, ungodly kabi, Siboniso!” She breaks down.

“Luyolo is going to find her, let’s hope it never goes in vain.”

“I, I have to go, thank you.” She mumbles before hanging up.

I make my way downstairs and I find my wife with the police officers.

“Tata

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I was about to call you, where is Luyolo?” I clear my throat.

“Detective Chabedi, is there anything that we can help you with?”

I ask as I approach them to where they are standing.

“Mr Mayiza, we are looking for your son. We need him to come and confirm something at the station about the disappearance of his wife.” I laugh at them, my wife looks at me confused, the officers look perplexed.

“Phumani!” (Out!) I shout.

“But sir, we are doing our job.” Chabedi defends.

“Our job yokunuka! My son is out there bringing my daughter b...” Oops. “My daughter in-law back home and you still accusing him for kidnapping his own wife! Fuck off!” I roar at him.

“Wait, are you saying that you found the culprit behind the disappearance of your son’s wife? Where is Luyolo? You better tell me or I will arrest you and your son.” I smirk, bitterly.

“With pleasure! I am going to need to talk to your station commander on top of that. You were too focused on one

suspect, only one and you call yourself a detective?” I hand him the file. “Everything that you need to know is in there.” I can tell he is breathing fire.

“You took this matter into your hands?” I shrug.

“I wonder how you became a detective. Uyisilima!” (You are dumb!)

“Uh, constable, call the drone, we need it to this address, right now.”

“Wait, a drone? What do you need it for?”

“It will keep an eye on the suspect, don’t worry, he won’t even know that it is there, he won’t hear it. Is your son armed?”

“He is. And you will do nothing about it.” He sighs.

“Constable, let’s go. We have no time.” I also take Luyolo’s car keys, I can tell that my wife is angry, probably because I didn’t tell her about Luyolo finding his wife but, I also found not so long ago.

“Siboniso, where are you going?” See, she is mad she even calls me by name.

“I am following them.”

“I am coming with.”

\*\*\*

I found my wife in the balcony of our room on the crying phone, and as soon as she noticed my presence, she bid

goodbye to the person on the line.

“Who was that?” I ask as I put my hands on either side of her shoulders. She looks down to our shoes.

“Uhm, baba. It was uSiboniso.” This I news to me. My wife and Siboniso are keeping contact of each other?

“Oh? What was he saying?”

“Ntombenhle might be coming back home tonight.” I narrow my eyes.

“Why is Siboniso calling you, not me?” Her body tenses up, I remove my hands because, I know she is about to lie. I have been married to this woman for so many years now, I know her when she is lying and when she is telling the truth and right now, I choose to believe the latter.

“Uhm, well... He could not reach you over the phone so, he called me.” I nod. I take out my phone from the pocket in my pants, no missed calls, no sign that he called.

I dial his number and call him.

“Hey man.” He says after answering.

“Siboniso. My wife here tells me that my daughter might be coming back home, why didn't you call me? What is happening?”

“Oh Eish... yeah man, I was going to call you.”

“What am I missing? Where is my daughter?” I ask trying to ignore what he said.

“Luyolo has long left to find her. We are just following behind the police to the address.” I chuckle bitterly.

“And I know nothing about this? When were you planning to tell me? Know what, send the address, right now!” I hang up. This is unbelievable!

“Stay here, ngiyabuya.” (I will be right back.) I order my wife.

“Kodwa baba.” (But...) I give her a deadly stare, she looks down. My phone beeps, Siboniso has s not the address. I get my car keys and disappear.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I am driving like a delusional man, speeding to get my wife. I called Siyamthanda to let him know that I am attacking that son of a bitch! I clench my jaws to what that mentally ill man might do to my wife. That is my wife, the wife that I never knew that I love so much until now. I love my woman and it will kill me to find out that she is hurt.

Siyamthanda's PI had found out that, they used to date back then so, I am guessing this is why he took her or maybe he does not take his medication anymore, fuck! Lord knows what I am going to do to that man when I see him.

Look at this bastard driving like he owns this road... Wait, is that...

FUCK!

FUCK!

FUCK!

I make a U-turn, trying to turn back and follow that car. It is a bit distance now but I am hoping that I don't lose it. I got an



incoming calls, I quickly answer as my phone is connected to the radio via Bluetooth.

“Fondini, where are you going now, I have just passed you now so I don’t know whether if I should follow you or what.” I don’t know too. I don’t know if my wife is at this man's house or in the car, this shit is messed up, big time.

“Follow me, we have reached the robots, driving into the CBD.” I still have my eyes on that black VW GTi Golf 7, if I lose it I lose my wife and that is not the mistake the I am willing to make.

“Do not hang up, I have to keep in touch with you.” I nod like a little kid.

The Golf 7 suddenly slows down, I step on the accelerator harder, just get closer to it.

“Siya, shit is about to go down.” I say as the Golf drives into some sort of a construction place. What the hell is he going in the for.

“Man-Luu, talk to me what is happening.” I read the board of the place, that is when I know it is that barstard's company; Africa Goods And Services.

“I am entering the construction building, Africa Goods And

Services, I am following the bastard that probably has my wife.”  
I drive in.

“I know it, I will be there in a minute.” As soon as I reached where he parked, he is already out. I take my gun with and check what’s in the car, it is empty. I look for possible entrance where he might have gone to, I see only one and I use it to go in. There are two hallways, stairs and elevators now I have to follow my gut to where he went to. Wait, hold on... The elevator is moving it is moving to eight; nine; nine; okay, it stopped there so I am guessing that is where he went to.

I decide to use the stairs in case he realise that someone is following him but I am sure that he somehow saw I mean, I was not driving a lot of distance away from him unless he is that stupid oh, I almost forgot that he has a mental disorder, a schizophrenia disorder and those people do weird shit.  
As soon as I got to the ninth floor, I am tired as fuck! It is very quiet down the corridor

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I keep opening the offices, looking through them but, nothing. I walk through a passage with humongous windows, it is very clear so there is no one behind them.

“Where are you, Willem?” I say not too loud.

I finally got to the last room and I hear movements. I slowly open the door, I see her lying on the floor looking so drenched.

“Khanyisile!” I scurry towards her and kneel down to her and put my side of the ear on her chest, she is breathing but shallow.

A very hard object hits my head, I groaned in so much pain and fall on my wife. I moved away holding my head to nurse it. While still on that, I felt a kick on my back I groaned louder. I got disorientated and my vision was blur, I was not seeing things clearly.

“You should have never came her! Enhle is mine and we are leaving together.” What the hell did she do to my wife? My wife needs medical attention. Fuck this pain is messing me up!”

“You won't get away with this. You are depraved!” I earn myself a kick on my face then on my stomach, I coughed out blood. I

lie down the, enduring the pain. “It is not over.” A punch on my face was the last thing that I felt before I collapsed.

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## **NARRATOR**

As soon as detective Chabedi and his team arrived at Clayton’s house, they have searched it until they don’t find anyone. Busani arrived shortly as they were going to their cars to a different location. He found Zozibini and Siboniso standing outside the house.

“Where is my daughter?” Busani attacks them.

“Calm down Mnisi.” Siboniso says.

“Don’t tell me to calm down! This is my daughter that we are talking about, Mayiza!”

“Okay this is getting personal, you will find me in the car tata.”  
Zozibini disappears away from them.

“Mnisi, time is not on our side. We better follow the police before we lose them. They are not her here but, they found

Ntombenhle's shoes so she was here.

They both get in their cars and drive off the premises.

On the other side, Siyamthanda has arrived at the Africa Goods And Services. He has been running around the building looking for Luyolo, calling him everywhere but, he was not getting any response. He walked around in circles looking for them but, it was all in vain. He looked at the number on the elevator and it was on number nine. He scurried to the lift and as soon as it halted on the ninth floor and opened, he ran out like someone was chasing him.

"Luyolo!" He ran through the corridors budging into offices, bathrooms kitchens with no luck in finding them. He couldn't even call Luyolo because Luyolo was not answering as he left his phone in the car.

"Think Siya, think!" Something fell to the floor. He charger towards that direction and he found an Isolated room. He went in and found Luyolo trying to get up from the floor as he was bleeding on his nose and his mouth.

"Man-Luu, what the fuck happened her?" He tries to lift him up and helps him sit on the chair. He realised that he was also

bleeding on his head. “Man, you are fucked up.”

“My wife.” He closed his eyes in pain. He pointed at the door leading somewhere.

“I'll go check, you need help.” Luyolo shook his head.

“My wife needs help.” He grabs his gun. “I am not leaving without my wife let's go.” He stood up and staggered to the door, Siyamthanda shook his head because he knew how stubborn Luyolo is.

Clayton has reached a pig sty basement. He place the passed out Ntombenhle on a big heavy table and took two shibari ropes and made two big knots. He hung them over two big hooks.

“They don't want to see us happy. We are going away, very far away from everyone.” He laughs delusional. “We are going to be a happy family.”

He hooked the rope on Ntombenhle's neck who was laying on the table. His intentions are to move the table so that Ntombenhle can hang on the rope off the ground.

“Baby, we are going to our final place. I love you, okay? I will meet you in our new place far away from everyone who want to tear us apart. I hope that they don’t ask for passports where we are going.” He giggles. Ntombenhle woke up with an irregular and feeble heart beat.

“What are you doing?” She asked feeling very weak and breathing heavily.

“We are going away honey, great that you are awake. You need to see how we are going to be traveling. It’s going to be fun but, you will go first and I will follow you.” He tried moving the table as it mad a squeak sound because, it was a very difficult task to do for such a huge table.

“No, please.” She said sounding ever breathless.

Clayton was so focused on pushing the table, Ntombenhle was crying because she was very weak and helpless to move.

**BAM! BAM!** Gun shots were fired.

## LUYOLO MAYIZA

It has been a dragging two months of my life, my wife is not making it any better for me. She has disorientated herself from reality if I must say, she has not been herself since after the incident that has happened two months ago... She does not go to work or anywhere else. This is all Clayton's fault! I should have just shot his head and killed him but, to someone who has a disorder like him I had a little mercy on him, not because I felt sorry for him but, I want to see him suffer to what he put my family through. He is locked up in an institute, I hope that he makes friends in there because, he is going to spend a lot of time in there.

My wife was dehydrated, weak and not stable. The police arrived pretty much later when Siyamthanda carried my wife to his car to head to rush her to the hospital. I also hoped in his car because, I was not in a state to drive as I was injured.



On the next day my son was being discharged from the hospital whilst my wife was admitted the previous night. I have spent days there with her until she was discharged. And now that she is back home, she has turned into a worst ticking time bomb she just explodes very unnecessary. It is probably the pregnancy hormones, you can never know with woman.

I had to make sure that, when my wife gets back home, she comes back to a clear and refreshing environment, I had to tell Yoniswa to leave my house my wife is in so much distress and she needed not more added to it. Lindokuhle, my son is now living with us and he is healing much faster than I thought, the problem about him is that, he refuses to eat and we have to force the food down his throat.

My parents left a few days after my wife was discharged from the hospital, it was great having them around, giving us so much support especially my father, he seemed to cared most than my mother who was just neutral I sometimes did not understand her behaviour. I ended up telling the family about the pregnancy, my father almost had a heart attach and

Khanyisile's mother could not breathe, I guess happiness comes in some weird way.

“Hey. Lunch is ready.” My wife standing from the door of my study room, bringing me back to reality.

“Oh, is it lunch time already? I'll be there.” She disappears from the door. We hardly talk like before, no matter how much I try to make conversation with her, she doesn't want to budge. She'd rather fake a smile, give me one word answers or nod to whatever I say to her, we don't even get intimate anymore okay, that I can understand because, she had infection on her pudenda. Pudenda? Who still calls a vagina a pudenda? Psss...

I find no one at the living room, not even in the kitchen. The sliding door leading to the patio is open; I walk out through it and find my wife and I Lindokuhle chilling by the pool side having lunch while Lindokuhle is saying something, something that makes my wife laugh so hard, the laugh I last saw before Clayton came into the picture.

“Daddy!” My wife turns to look at where Lindo is facing.

“Your food. Come and join us.” I smile as she Pat’s the cushion next to her. They made a little picnic, before I sit I open up my phone for a camera and take a few pictures of them. This! My little family!

“But, you are not in the picture!” My wife shouts. “Make it a selfie so that we can all be in the picture.” She pulls Lindokuhle to her and kiss her all over his face, making Lindokuhle giggle. I am trying to hard not to read too much into her behaviour right now, I feel like she is masking everything up, just to hide her true feelings away from me.

“Baby, I almost forgot how you daddy sometimes take ugly selfies, look at how he is holding the phone.” I chuckle and hand her my phone. I sit next to them as she snaps a couple of photos.

“Are you satisfied now?” She smiles.

“Yeah!” She eats her...

“What in the hell is that?” I don’t understand what she is eating?

“It is iNkomazi, Nutella and mayonnaise. You want some?” She says carelessly. I am not sure on whether to say yes or no, this woman can cry on anything wrong I say.

“Maybe next time. I will just have the burgers you made, thank you for lunch.” She shrugs. It really looks nasty but, I won’t tell her.

“Daddy, I want to go to school like other children.” Oh my boy.

“You don’t like being home, buddy?” He shakes his head.

“Okay, you will go to school. But, only if you finish your burger and all other food that we feed you.” He frowns.

“But daddy, I am full.”

“How are you going to attend a kindergarten if you don’t finish your food?” He doesn’t say anything anymore.

“Sthandwa sam, are you good?” She’s been quiet.

“Yes, why do you ask?”

“You have dethatched yourself from us, what is it?” She rolls her eyes.

“Why do you think that there is something wrong? Are you guilty about something?” I am and it does not sit with me well but, I want to know from her what is keeping her mind occupied.

“I was thinking that, we should get a helper.” I ignore what she said.

“Oh, are you saying that I don’t clean properly so, you would rather have my house cleaned by another woman?” I close my eyes and breathe. This woman sure knows how to twist my words.

“Baby, that is not what I said. I am trying to...”

“What Luyolo!?” She screams startling Lindokuhle. I look at my son who is now focusing on us, with his eyes wide open.

“We’ll talk about this.” I say sternly to her. I get up from the blanket, taking my lunch with.

“Where are you going, daddy?”

“Somewhere daddy won't upset mommy, boy.” I walk away from them.

This house is big, she cannot clean it alone all the time. Just two months ago, we almost lost our unborn child due to her body failing to transport oxygen to the foetus, I don’t know what would I have done if I had lost my wife and the baby if Siyamthanda and I didn’t find them on time, Clayton would have probably killed her. Detective Chabedi wanted to arrest

me can you believe it? Like, I only shot Clayton on his arm and leg but, he made a fuss about it. That dude doesn't like me and I don't like him either.

I put the plate on the kitchen counter and take my burger before going to our bedroom eating my burger. As soon as I reached my bedroom, I was finishing up my burger. I stripped off my clothes and leave them on the floor and go hit a shower.

When I was done, I went back to the bathroom and found my wife clearing my clothes on the floor. I walk pass her to the closet to put lotion on my body and wear casual clothes. I find her sitting on the edge of the bed when I went back to the bedroom.

"I am going out with the guys, don't wait up." I wear my wrist watch and take my phone.

"Why? Is it because of the a little misunderstanding that we had earlier?" I chuckle.

“Nonsense love.” I am honest. I am just going out to clear my mind. “We still have to talk about it, in fact I am telling you that I am getting a helper. You will have to deal with it.”

“Okay fine, but you don’t have to leave.”

“I am leaving, Khanyisile.” She sneers.

“Fine! Leave... No wait, run! Now that things between us are heating up, you are running away

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go!” Yoh! This woman is going to send me to my grave very early.

“I will see you when I come back, I love you.” I attempt to kiss her but, she move away. I raise my hands in surrender and walk out.

I find my son sleeping on the couch in the living room, he was watching cartoons but now, they are watching him. I turn off the TV and carry him to his bedroom upstairs, I bump into Khanyisile.

"He is sleeping, I am going to put him to bed before I leave."

After gently laying him on the bed, I get a fleece and cover his body. I look at him for a while and my mind starts doing what it is best at.

I don't know how my son did it but, he pulled through the storm. Till today, I can never stop praying to thank God for how he saved my son's life, I am very grateful. The Oncologist assured us that, the cancer will not be coming back. My son, hardly two years old but has already gone through so much pain, how I wish I had carried that pain for him. I can't stop thinking of the nights he cried himself to sleep because of pains in his stomach, sometimes he would mess up on himself with feces or vomit at the dinner table, it is all gone now, my son is going to live a normal life like other kids and I will make sure that I enroll him to pre-school, it is almost end of the year but I am going to find him a school just for this two months left plus, Khanyisile will somehow have to return back to work so...



“Oh, Uh... I thought you left.” My wife walks in, I look away from her and wipe my tears. She didn’t see that I was crying now did she? “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, sure... Uh, I have to go.” I walk out, looking the other way.

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I ring the doorbell, Mbali opens up for me. Thank God she is here because, she is the right candidate for what I am going to ask.

“Hey, chomam.” (My friend.) She let’s me in. “Where is my sister?” She leads me to the living room where her parents are sitting.

“Sanibonani.” (Hello.) I greet them and sit on the couch, they return the gesture.

“Mkhwenyana, you came alone? Is everything okay?” (Son in-law)

“Sorry to just budge in like this. What actually brought me here is Khanyisile.” I wait for them to say something but, they are just quiet so I guess I should continue.

“Things are not okay, not in our marriage but in her mental state.” I think that came out wrong because mother in-law just opened her eyes like she is seeing a ghost. “She is having a difficulty to move on from the trauma she went through, I suggested that she see a therapist but, she refused because she is “coping” (I air quote) as she says.”

“How is she, in general?” Her Mbali asks, very concerned.

“She hardly talks, she gets nightmares and snaps a lot. She is a ticking time bomb, ready to attack but, I console myself at most times and just blame the pregnancy hormones but, it gets worse.” Busani heavily breathes.

“So, what are you suggesting that we do?”

“Please talk to her, maybe she will listen to you. It really hurts me to see her weighing so much pain on her shoulders when we can help her.” It goes silent for a while. “Chomam, I am even glad that you are here, please do talk to your my wife and convince her to see a specialist if she can’t talk to at least any of us.” She nods.

“How about I leave to your house with you? I will call my husband to come and collect me there.” Fuck, I told my wife

that I am going out with friends... I will deal with that, her life matters most.

“Of course, shall we?” She stands up.

“My daughter is sleeping upstairs, I will quickly fetch her.” She runs upstairs.

“I will also call her, my son. Please be patient with her for me?”  
I almost forgot that Nomathemba is here, she hasn't spoken much.

“I am ma...”

“Let me call the family therapist and make an appointment for her, I hope she will be available for a house call.

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On our way, driving to my house I receive a stream line of messages from Khanyisile, I read it as soon as soon as we reach the robots.

'Please get me blueberries and strawberries.'- Mrs Me.

'I am craving for a vanilla cake.'-Mrs Me.

'No, make that a milk tart.'-Mrs Me.

'And lot's of chocolates, sour worms and wine gums.'- Mrs Me.

The robot opens and I don't continue reading the list. I drive to the Food Lovers Market.

"Your sister just asked me to buy the whole super market." I stop at the market. "Would you like anything?" Mbali is sitting at the backseat, holding her sleep baby Minenhle in her arms.

"Uh... no thank you, ndi right kaloku chomam." (I am alright my friend.) I chuckle.

"You and your sister will choke when trying to speak Xhosa some day." I leave her laughing self and buy the things that my wife indirectly asked me for, not forgetting to buy something for the kids.

I also add two tubs of yogurt before I paid and went back to my car.

“Sorry to keep you waiting... we are good to go now.”

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We finally made it to my house. The kitchen and the living room is empty so, I am assuming that they are upstairs in the bedroom.

“Please, make yourself at home. I will go and call Khanyisile.”  
She goes to the living room with Minenhlewho is now awake.

“Hey baby mommy, I am back.” She is sitting flat down on the carpet looking sad. “Are you okay?” Her tears fall out of control, I crouch next to her.

“Do you think I’m fat?” Now where is that question coming from?

“Well, baby I gotta say you have gained a lot and you look amazing and...” She raise her hand in order for me not to continue. I probably said something that she didn’t like... sigh.

“So I am fat, you know just leave!” Lord, are you somehow punishing me because, I am being punished.

“You have a visitor downstairs, please come.” I help her up.

“Did you bring my Grapetizer?” Grapetizer? For what?

“No, baby. You didn’t mention.” We reach the living room and the elevator opens, we walk out

“Luyolo, I ask you for a simple thing, a simple thing! Did you even bring the things I asked for?” She scolds.

“Yes baby but, not the Grapetizer that you are talking about.”

“Oh, so now you saying that I am crazy? I don’t know what I am talking about!?” She clucks her tongue. Damn, I just remembered that, I didn’t get to read the whole list and she probably did say that I should bring the Grapetizer. I am never going to hear the end of it.

“No, I am so sorry. I forgot it.”

“Chomam, you want to die Young I see.” Khanyisile looks at where the voice is coming from. Mbali comes walking from the kitchen holding a glass of water and Minenhle on the other hand. My wife’s face beams.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

Lindokuhle and Minenhle were playing down on the carpet in the living room while we were sitting around the dinner table. We're having a good chat and having snacks in between, I am so glad that my sister is here spending the rest of the day with us, she has lightened up my day and for the first since ever, I feel like a human being like I am so alive.

“Luu, were you not supposed to be with the boys?” He heaves a sigh.

“And miss a chance of catching up with my sister in-law, asoze!” (I will never.) “Yi chomam ke le.” (This is my friend.) I shake my head and roll my eyes.

“You don't have to rub it off at me.” He clears he throat and his face becomes solemn.

“Uh, sthandwa sam, your sister is here for a reason well actually, I asked her to come.” I don't think I like where this is going.

“O-kay?” I look at my sister who is playing with a spoon avoiding my gaze. Now I know that they are about to upset me.

“Mtase, we are worried about you.” I laugh because, what is it there to worry about, I am good. I stop laughing as soon as I realise that they are serious.



“What is going on here?” I run my eyes between them, they stare at each other then back at me. “Luyolo, Mbalenhle!” I bang the table.

“Calm down, Khanyi. You are scaring the children.” Only then I realise that the loud noise they were making subsided and they have their eyes on us. I turned on cartoons for them and thank goodness The Lion King Guard is playing, Lindokuhle’s favourite.

“So, you were saying?” I put my intertwined hands on the table. “You need help. You never said anything about the trauma you went through instead, you use anger to hide how you feel.” I chuckle.

“There is nothing to say, I was kidnapped by my ex boyfriend and you know it. What more do you want me to say?”

“Talk to me! You are pregnant for goodness sake, you can’t put so much on yourself.” He semi-shouts.

“Sis, you need to talk about what you went through. You and the baby survived what not so many pregnant women would have. That lunatic almost killed you...” Oh no, why is she bringing that up.

“Stop it! Stop it right there you two! I don’t know where you two met but I will not appreciate you coming here and bombard on me like this. You have no idea what I went through so don’t come here playing psychologist on me!”

“I AM YOUR HUSBAND AND SHE IS YOUR SISTER!” He says that boldly, I shuddered. This is the first time I see my husband this angry, never in my marriage life has he raised his voice at me like that.

“It’s been two damn months Khanyi. You don’t go to work, we can’t keep doing your job, you don’t go out and your mood itself is tiring.” I can’t believe this.

“So you are tired of me...”

“Ntombi, don’t twist his words sis, that is not what he meant.”

“Oh, so you not only bombard on me but, also stand up for one another?” I laugh in disbelief.

“You are be ridiculous now.” Oh am I?

“I am booking an appointment for you to see a shrink. You can’t talk to us, that’s fine wife you will get a shrink to talk to.”

“I am not crazy, Luyolo I don’t need a shrink.”

“Of course you are not sis, we are just trying to get you help.” I get on my feet.

“Sis

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it was nice to see you but, I will not stand up for this crap.” I turn my gaze to Luyolo and cluck my tongue before I leave them.

“Khanyisile you better get back here! Khanyisile!” The elevator opens, I walk in and face them until it closes.

I can't believe that they think I am crazy, my own sister for that matter. And for Luyolo to go behind my back like that, that was so low of him.

As soon as the elevator opens up, I walk into our bedroom and perch my butt on the bed and endure a sharp back pain that last only a few seconds. I am not even halfway through pregnancy but I am tired of it.

Why do I suddenly feel bad for being rude to my sister, I honestly feel bad. But I didn't like how they ganged up on me, my blood sister and my husband like who does that? Let me lie down a bit and I will wake up later to eat. I know they are still discussing me down there so I don't want to disturb them.

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## **CLAYTON MARTINEZ**

I am kept in this white Medical restraints that **are** generally used to prevent **people** with severe physical or **mental** disorders from harming themselves or **others, walking** down the hallway of this hospital, more like a loony bin; humorous

right? But it is what it is so, I can't do anything about it, I am here and I will be locked up for a very long time so, I better start feeling at home.

I am taken to a private visiting room because someone is here to see me. I thought I was not allowed to have any visitors until my three months of isolation has pass but look at God.

The male nurse opens the door and I walk in. I am not surprised at all to see my visitor.

"Ten Minutes." The male nurse says before he leaves us.

"Well, well, well. Why am I not so surprised to see you?" I pull the chair using my foot and sit on it. She walks up to me click-clanking her nude heels, looking ever sexy. It is funny how little I know her but, we want the same thing... well, I wanted the same thing as her but now, I am locked up I can't get it anymore.

"To what do I owe the pleasure, baby momma?" She perches her butt on the table and pulls down her pencil skirt before crossing her leg.

"You look good in that, it's a pity they got you tied up. I would have loved to snap a picture of you." She cackles. This woman is evil.

"You are not here to give me a compliment now, are you?" She shrugs.

"Straight to business I see" She stands up and pace around the

room I don't know why because, I have nothing to offer her.

"I gave you a task two months ago." I chuckle.

"And look where it landed me." I shrug.

"You landed yourself in here! You should have been responsible and took your medication maybe, just maybe you wouldn't be here."

"You still haven't told me what you are here for." She smirks.

"Curiosity killed a cat but anyway, I have a job for you." I laugh.

"What makes you think that I can help you?"

"Because you owe me!" Why am I locked up in here because I think she is the one who belongs in here. "You are going to call that girlfriend of yours and make her life a living hell. I want you to scare her off, drive her crazy, make her land in this place if you have to, maybe you might reunite with her I the end."

"Even if I wanted to, I won't. This is now your battle with her, not me. Leave me fucking OUT OF IT!" She shudders. I get up and walk to the door and bang it lightly with my head for the nurse to open.

"Come back here, Clayton!" The door opens wide, I look back at her.

"Goodbye miss Yoniswa Langa." I walk out with her calling me behind. I found myself a new home so, I don't really care about what happens in the outside world.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

My wife has been avoiding me as much as she could and right now I don't have time for her drama, I have two companies that I have to take care of and on top of that, I am doing her work. She is neglecting a lot lately, even the passion that she had for pediatric she seems to have lost it. It is not easy for me too on my side and I am trying to be the husband that she needs but, she makes it too difficult for me I don't know, maybe I am husband(ing) her the wrong way. I need a guide to the life that I am living.

I walk into our bedroom and found her sitting on the bed frowning but, what's new in that? Did I tell you that she kicked me out of the bedroom? Well, yep! I am sleeping in the guest room in my own damn house but guess what!? Argh, don't say 'what' because I asked you to guess which is what normal people do... Anyway, I gladly left because, I was going to go insane sleeping with my wife who might explode at any minute.

“Ready to go?” I stand in the door way, I can't risk my life in her space, just yesterday she threw a whole vas at my direction and

if I didn't duck out, I would have probably been lying in a hospital bed if not dead, my wife has turned into a whole bipolar. She didn't even apologise, can you imagine!

"Yeah. Take my bag on the floor." What happened to saying please? Look at her sauntering her way out of the room looking all sorts of beautiful.

I pick her bag up and follow her out. We find Lindokuhle still having his dish filled with Rice Krispies and does not look like he even touched it, now I wish I didn't turn on the cartoons for him.

"Lindokuhle, no man. Do you want me to turn off the TV?" He shakes his head. "Then why are you not eating, buddy?"

"I was waiting for you to come and feed me, daddy." I heave a sigh because I don't have time to argue with him.

"Let me feed him." I nod at my wife.

"I'll go and get the car ready." I walk out from the kitchen to the garage. I drive one of my two cars out to the driveway and head back to the house.

"Mommy, I am full."

"Okay baby." My wife takes the half done dish to the kitchen. I

took a wet wipe and wiped Lindokuhle's mouth. My wife returns back after a while.

"We can leave." She walks out. I carry my son before locking the doors as we went out.

I am so happy because, the gender of my baby will be revealed today. Yep! You guessed right, we have a doctor's appointment today for another sonogram of Khanyisile's pregnancy; no wait correction, 'Our Pregnancy', that sounds better.

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"What are you wishing for?" I ask her as we walk into the entrance of the hospital.

"She shrugs." Damnit, this wife.

"Can you at least pretend to be happy and not grumpy?" I say sounding so ever bored.

The receptionist directs us to the doctor's office. We get to the obstetrician's office, Doctor Nkosi and she let's us in. I pull the chair for my wife to sit and then I sit on the other with my son.



“Good morning Mr and Mrs Mayiza.” We return the gesture.

“Hello you cute little man, are you fine?” My son flashes out a smile, charming the doctor.

“Okay, before we start I am going to ask you a few questions then we can get to the sonar... Uh,” She goes through some papers before picking out one.

“Right. Have you experienced any problems with the pregnancy thus far?”

“Not really but, I have recently started experiencing sharp back pains, is it normal.” My wife explains.

“It is common for pregnant women to have back pains in the second trimester as the baby grows in the stomach making a few changes in your system like, shifting your intestines and other organs. You will also experience a loose bladder at times as the baby suppress on it.” The doctor goes on and on until she asked Khanyisile to get on the bed and expose her pregnancy belly.

“Mommy, what are you doing?” My boy asks who’s face looking like he has so many more questions to ask.

“Mommy is checking on the well being of your sibling.” My wife answers.

“You are going to have a little sister, are you happy?” I ask but he pulls his questioning face.

“Why is the baby in mommy's stomach? How did the baby get in the?” The doctor laughs.

“I should warn you, this is cold.” She smears the gel on Khanyisile's belly, she flinches. The doctor takes the stethoscope and moves it around the belly of my wife.

“That is your baby. Oh, that’s the foot, and that one there is the hand and we can all see the head.” I hold my wife’s hand but, she yanks my hand off. Yoh! I am done dancing under this woman's tune. I tried, Lord knows how I damn tried!

“The heartbeats normal.” We heard the heart beat. “Everything seem good, would you like to know the gender of the baby?” The doctor asks. She hands my wife wipes to clean her belly.

“No!”

“You can tell me alone doc.” I follow her to the desk and she writes it down. I shake my head my head laughing. I can’t believe this, honestly.

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“Please drop us off at my parents’ house.” My wife suggests after driving out from the hospital, I don’t say much and just drive out from the hospital premises.

“Daddy, can I please have ice cream?”

“Okay buddy.” I drive through McDonald’s and order two plain vanilla ice creams. After collection, I give my son and my wife and drive to her folks' house.

“I will fetch you guys after work.” I say. “Buddy, see you later.”

“Bye daddy.”

I drive straight to my work place at my company, juggling between two jobs is no child’s play. My mind eases when I think about my unborn child, the gender of my child I can’t believe this is really happening. I am so happy.

I get to my office and I am met by Tshepo.

“Boss, you need to go to the boardroom right away.” Why is he freaking out?

“What’s wrong?” He releases a breathe.

“Uh, well... Boss...” My door burst open, Logan walks in.

“Luyolo, two trucks are stolen! Two damn trucks with tanks of oil costing close to a million are nowhere to be found.” What are they telling me?

“How!? What...” I heave a sigh. “When?”

“Just last night. The drivers were beaten out of those trucks, they are recovering at the hospital but, the trucks are gone.”

“And I am only finding out about this now? Why didn’t you tell me!? Did you report this to the police?” I am never at peace! Just when I thought I wanted to have a normal day and not to think much about anything, I have to worry about something.

“We are telling you now. And yes, the police are handling the situation.” This is messed up.

“To where were the trucks heading to?”

“Mozambique. We called the clients and they demand a refund.” I shake my head.

“Tshepo, please go to Logan’s office and bring his bottle of whiskey.” I know for sure there is one at his office.

“I should start locking my office. Now I know why I sometimes find my whiskey not in the same place.” I chuckle. Logan never runs out of whiskey.

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## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

Luyolo dropped us off by the driveway of my parents' house

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he had to rush to work or, couldn't wait to get away from me.

"Mommy, who's house is this?" I hold his hand as we walk to the front door.

"It is grandma and Grandpa's house." I open the door and walk in.

"Ma!" I shout her name as I don't see her anywhere at sight, she's probably upstairs. "Come my baby, let's go and sit down so you can finish your ice cream, grandma will find us here." I help him sit on the couch.

"What do you want to watch?" I tune into different channels on TV.

"Power Rangers!" He shouts.

"It's not playing yet, how about PJ mask?" That's the only cartoons I find playing that he always watches.

"Yey!"

After a while, My mother comes downstairs I stand up to meet her halfway and hug her.

“I thought I heard voices down here, unjani sthandwa Sam?” (How are you my love?) My eyes burn, I think people should stop asking me how I am because, it gets me all emotional. I blink my tears away and breathe.

“I am good thank you...” Am I, really?

“Lindokuhle, come and kiss grams wena!” My mother breaks the hug and brings her hands forward to Lindokuhle who is more focused on the cartoons that he is watching.

“Lindokuhle!” He frowns.

“Mommy, I am still watching...”

“It can wait, grams can’t just come.” He gets off from the couch and my mother picks him up giving him warm pecks all over his face making him giggle like he was not frowning a minute ago.

“Is baba at work?” We walk towards the kitchen with Lindokuhle still in her arms.

“Yes.” She sighs. “Uh, I made enough fries, sit down and I will dish for you. I am not sure about your son though, he just finished eating ice cream.”

“He likes fries, but I will eat from the same plate with him, just in case. I will dish up, you go sit ma.” She nods.

When I am done dishing up fries, I take the ketchup with and make my way to the living room and find Lindokuhle explaining the characters of the Lion Guard that is now playing.

“Grams, there are lots of Lions, just like people. You must say Kaon so that I can understand who you are talking about.”

“Okay, Kaon. Akusa khulunywa la.” (He is very talkative.) I laugh placing down the two plates filled with fries and the ketchup on the table. I had already sprinkled sault on the fries

“Welcome to my world ma. Kuhle, are you eating with mommy?”

“Yes... No, I am eating with grams.” I shrug.

“Okay then, that means more for me.”

We eat in a comfortable silence watching cartoons but, my mother keeps glancing at me like she wants to say something but, decides against it.

“Mama, are you alright?” She smiles.

“Uh, let’s go to the kitchen. Lindo, mommy and I will be right back. You can finish the fries.”

“Thank you, grams.” I also stand up and follow her to the kitchen.

“Awusemhle. Pregnancy looks good on you.” I don’t feel good though.

“I try, but thank you.”

“How far are you?” I smile, just talking about my baby weakens me like, I feel so much joy that I have a little human being growing inside me.

“Twenty-one weeks. We went to do a baby scan today. I will show you the scans later.” She nods.

“How are you, how have you been?” I look at her straight into her eyes as if I am searching through her if she wants the truth or lies but, I end up bursting into tears. She walks up to me and takes the plate from me and put it on the marble kitchen counter before pulling me in an embrace.

“It’s hard ma, I am trying but it is hard. I want to come back home, I don’t want to be with Luyolo anymore, angisamfuni.” (I don’t want him ) She brushes my back with her hand.

“Fighting is what we are doing lately and it is tiring ma, i-I can’t mommy please.” Her dress is wet from my tears but she doesn’t care.

She let’s me cry on her big comfortable chest that my sister inherited from, they have big boobs but as for me let me tool (shut up). I pull out after a while and sit on the highchair in the kitchen, she sits on the other.

“Mama, both families got what they wanted from this



marriage, surely we can divorce right?" I snort. She wipes her tears.

"Don't make a haste decision. What pushed you to this?" I also wipe my endless and effortless tears.

"When Clayton kidnapped me and kept me hostage at his house..." I close my eyes and try not to remember the last three days.

"No, Ntombenhle! Don't do this to yourself. Don't you love him?" How can she even ask me that?

"I do but..."

"But what my love. Have you thought about seeing a therapist." Here we go again about seeing shrinks.

"This is not about me seeing a shrink mama, it is me expressing how I feel. Please speak to dad mama." I get a hiccup, followed by another.

"It's not easy. How about you come stay here for a few days just until you calm down?" I Shake my head.

"I won't calm down when I know that I am still in marriage with that man."

"That man is your husband Khanyisile." Did she have to remind me by calling me by my marital name? I thought this woman was by my side. "Sthandwa sam. Emendweni I not simple and it is not easy. When you and your husband got married, you exchanged vows and promised each other heaven and Earth no matter the circumstances. It's never easy and it is not a fairy

tale; your marriage won't always be the way and how you want it. You will face heavy weathers, like storms, hail and tornadoes but you as the wife, make sure that the wall that you and your husband have been building does not fall. Be strong, a woman holds the knife where it is sharp, be that woman that your husband needs and don't push him away because he needs you." My mom said a mouthful.

"But my marriage is not the same as yours and dad. You look happy mama and you never seemed to have troubles." She chuckles and wipes my tears with her thumbs.

"Just because you never seen any bickering and me breaking down doesn't mean we don't have troubles. We do, in fact we go through arguments, fights most of the time but we talk through them and it is what makes us go on with our marriage. Look at us, TWENTY-FOUR years later still married." She hold my hand. "I love you baby."

"I love you too Mama."

'Go Go Power Rangers!' My son screams from the Living room reminding us that he is still there and we shouldn't forget that.

**NOMATHEMBA MNISI**

After the talk I had with Ntombenhle, she went to her bedroom and slept. I am babysitting Lindokuhle and boy oh boy he is so stubborn; kids sleep but as for my grandson, he is too hyperactive to be sleeping.

“Lindo, stay here. Grams need to make a quick call okay?”

“Okay grams!” Can you hear how loud he can get?

I take my phone and walk to the porch, leaving the door open so I can have a clear view of Lindokuhle while making the call.

“Mamakhe.” I blush like a teenager who just got their first kiss as soon as he answers.

“Babakhe. How are you?” I breathe out.

“I am very well thanks Mama. Kungabe kune nxaki apho?” (Is there a problem?) Where do I start?

“It’s Khanyisile. She wants out of the marriage. I think she is still suffering from the trauma she went through with her ex boyfriend and she blames herself for it.” I am not even sure if I am making Sense.

“What?” He clears his throat. “But, don’t you think that would be the best I mean, it could save us from a lot. I consulted a

seer and, things are not looking good. The ancestors are on a mission and can't tell what kind of a mission but, it is bad. Unless we tell the truth, the children will never find peace." "My baby has been through a lot, Siboniso what are we going to do now?"

"Calm down mama, I can come up there in fact, I can book a flight right away." I sigh.

"And what are you going to tell your wife?"

"Maybe tell her that I am going on a business trip. I will book myself into a hotel and we can go and see a seer together, maybe if we can get a different perspective we might get to a satisfying solution."

"Maybe that could work..."

"Grams!" Lindokuhle comes running to me. "Grams, can I please have drinking water?"

"Is that Lindokuhle? Ndibawa ku thetha naye?" (May I talk to him please.)

"Lindo, tata is on the phone, he wants to talk to you here." I give him the phone and walk in to the kitchen and get a bottle of water for him.

"Yes tata and a lots of jelly tots... Okay, bye tata." He hands me the phone, I give him the already opened bottle of water. He is

all smiles making me wonder what his grandfather promised him.

Just then, my husband walks in.

“Greetings ekhaya (at home). I see that we have a visitor today Lindo, how are you boy?” He picks him up, I move towards them.

“I am fine, mkhulu.”

“Hello baba.” I give him a peck on the lips.

“Yebo Mkami. Who did he come with?” (Hello wife.)

“Ntombenhle. Luyolo dropped them off here in the morning. They were coming from the hospital for the pregnancy check up, the baby is growing very well.” He raise his eyebrows.

“Oh, now where is she?” He looks around.

“She is upstairs sleeping.” He nods.

“Ngiyeva mkami.” (I hear you, wife.) He charges to the living room and puts Lindokuhle on the couch. He takes off his blazer and shoes. “Mamabo can you please get me comfortable shoes?” I take his shoes and blazer upstairs, I bump into Ntombenhle coming back downstairs.

“Oh baby, you are awake. How are you feeling now?”

“I am okay I guess, is Dad home?” She asks already leaving me

standing, I don't respond and just continue my journey upstairs to get my husband's slides and walk back down.

I find them bonding, looking very much like old times like, when I had a disagreement with Ntombenhle, she would run to his father and snuggle close to him and lay her head on her father's chest, that's how they are sitting on the couch and Lindokuhle seated on my husband's lap.

The guilt in me cannot measure the hate and disappointment my husband is going to give me. I have managed to keep this secret for as long as I could but my husband brought my past back by bringing Siboniso back into our lives our so many years of not seeing each other. Oh my daughter, I cannot lose her, I can never lose my daughter over this. Lord will have to forgive me but, I am not willing to reveal the truth.

"Mama, why are you standing there alone? Wait, are you crying?" I hold my face on both sides just to confirm if I am crying.

"I was just thinking of how I miss all my children, that's all. Baba, can I make you food?" I ask to dismiss the questions.

"Yes please." I walk to the kitchen.

"I will help you, I am hungry too. Lindokuhle, I am making us food, no excuses."

"But mommy I don't want food, mkhulu I don't want food." He

makes a puppy face looking so ever adorable.

“I also don’t want food but, when grams wants to make food for me, I cannot say no because, if I do I will not get sweets and chocolates. “ My husband exaggerates, Lindokuhle frowns.

“Okay, I am going to eat.”

After we finished making food, a door knock disturbs us. I went to open the door and it is my son in-law.

“Sawubona ma.” He hugs me, is he not sweet?

“Hello, come in son. How are you?” He stands aside to give me his full attention.

“I am well thanks ma, how are you?”

“I am doing fine son. You arrived on time for dinner, please join my husband and your son by the dinner table.” He nods.

“Thank you.” He turns and walks to the living room.

“Daddy!” Lindokuhle gets off from the chair and runs to his father’s. This is a strongest child. Not so long ago he was lying on that hospital bed and now he is running around like a headless chicken, God really does miracles.

Ntombenhle and I take the food to the dinner table and dish out for everyone. The aura between her and her husband is not as bubbly as it used to be like before, you wouldn’t miss the

how things don't look good between them.

“So, how was work?” I try to shift my focus from this young married couple.

“Are you asking me or Luyolo, my love?” My husband asks.

“I am asking Lindokuhle, of course I am asking the both of you.” I eat a spoonful of my meal.

“Why do we have to talk about work on the dinner table though? Work can wait for now.” I shrug my shoulders.

“Okay.”

“Khanyisile, Khanyi?” Luyolo calls out next to her. “Khanyisile, I am calling you.”

“Argh what!?” She snaps standing up.

“My girl, that is not how you speak to your husband, sit down!” Busani reprimands her, Lindokuhle startles looking scared.

“Baby, grams has got something for you upstairs

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do you want to see it?” Lindokuhle nods. I have a chocolate upstairs so, I will use that to soften him up and get him away from the negative energy that’s here.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

After dinner, I was having whiskey with my father in-law as I am waiting for Khanyisile to finish up with the dishes, helping her



mother in the kitchen. I respect her parents a lot and I will not say or do much about what she did earlier. It was very disrespectful and degraded my ego as a man and a husband. I do not know what I have done wrong for her to act so spoilt, this is not the woman I married, and this is definitely not the pregnancy hormones.

“So, how is everything at home?” Maybe I should just describe how she almost hit me with a vas, I mean, that could tell him everything right?

“It’s not going well. Your daughter is very difficult baba.” I gulp the whiskey.

“Give her some time, she will come around.” I nod because, I know I have given her more than enough time to get herself together, almost three months now and she has not changed.

“Daddy, tata says he is going to buy me Power Rangers magic suits.” I arch my eyebrows at him.

“Oh, really? Did he call you at mommy's phone?” He shakes his head.

“Tata called in grams' phone.” I didn’t know that my father and Khanyisile’s mother were keeping contact.

“You were talking with tata in grams' phone?” Father in-law asks, I think he is also surprised. I stand up because, this is starting to feel awkward.

“Baba, we have to go now. Thank you for dinner.” I shake his hand before picking up Lindokuhle.

“No problem son. Lindo, you must come again and visit us okay?”

“Yes Mkhulu. What are you going to buy me?” I chuckle shaking my head.

“Anything you want baby.”

“Are you leaving already?” Mother in-law asks as she came to where we are standing.

“Yes ma, thank you for hosting us for dinner.” She nods with a smile.

“Go well babies.” She pecks Lindokuhle’s cheek. “Ntombi, leave the dishes I will finish them up!”

I walk out to the car and strap Lindokuhle in his car seat.

Khanyisile, walks out from the house, I open the front door for her, she hops in the car before I rushed to my side and drive off.

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We drove in silence until we arrived at home. Lindokuhle was already sleeping, I unstrapped the seat belt off him and carried him to the house. He will skip the evening bath today, I take off

his shoes and put him to bed still in his clothes. He is wearing comfortable clothes so, it won't be a problem.

I walk to my bedroom and I already hear the shower running so, I decide to sit and wait for her to come out while I watch the TV in our room.

The moment she was done, she came back to the bedroom and found me laying on my back on the bed watching TV. She goes into the closet for a while and comes back to the bedroom already in her purple silky night dress and slippers. Pregnancy really suits my wife, she is very beautiful and sexy for a pregnant woman. The night dress traced her belly so beautiful I want to hold it. I miss touching my wife in all sorts of ways, I miss kissing her, I miss making love to her and most importantly, I miss having sweet effortless conversations with her, all of that is gone.

"We need to talk, sit down." I say, still in the same position she found me in.

"I am tired, can we do this some other time?"

"Just sit the fuck up!" I command, that is the only language she can hear. "And what you are doing, is not good for the baby." I sit upright on the bed, she takes the couch.

"No one is sleeping until we get to the bottom of this." She

leans back on the couch. "What is your problem, talk to me."

"What problem?" She tilts her head.

"Better not waste my time, Khanyisile. It's either you talk so you can have an early night or we stay up like this the whole night." She sighs, not saying anything.

"You disrespect me in front of your parents, what were you thinking downgrading my manhood like that?"

"Oh, so this is about you?" She folds her arms.

"I don't know Khanyi, who should we make this about because, everything lately has become about you. Maybe if I make this time about me, we can get to an understanding."

"What understanding Luyolo? You are fussing over things that don't even matter!" I chuckle.

"You are enjoying this aren't you? You enjoy us fighting all the time and I am fucking sick of this! What do you want huh? Just tell me! If this is about your kidnapping, I am sorry that you went through that, Lord knows how much I regret leaving you behind but, you are here now and we can't always dwell on the past."

"What do you want me to do, huh? You don't know how hard it is for me okay!" I shake my head.

"You are making this hard for yourself. You are supposed to be focusing on your studies so that you can graduate next year. You have neglected your work at the office..."

"I am not going back there. Maybe if you didn't take us to the

office that day for a minor fuck, maybe things would have been different today.”

“Are you blaming me for your kidnapping?” Is she really putting all of this on me?

“Not this but everything! Maybe if I didn’t get married to you, I probably wouldn’t have to ignore Clayton. He was a good guy, we were in a happy relationship together and we loved each other. Maybe if I didn’t marry you, you would have been engaging Yoniswa. Maybe, they are not actually bad people but our actions changed them. I am sick and tired of this forced marriage, I can’t do this anymore.”

“Do you mean that Khanyi? Do you want to let what we have been trying to work on go to waste just like that? Do you want to show our enemies how much power they have on us?” She keeps quiet. “TALK TO ME DAMNIT!” My raspy voice echoes around the room, she starts crying.

“Oh no Khanyi, better wipe those fucking tears away. I don’t want to see them, not today!” I am serious, her tears won't work on me, not today.

“Stop shouting at me!” She wipes her tears.

“Fuck this!”

“Stop swearing!” I take a deep breathe and calm myself.

“Khanyi, we are about to have a baby together. You have been pushing me away all this time, making me feel guilty for

everything that I have been doing. I am sorry for all that I have done wrong but right now I want you to tell me; are you willing to stay and give us another chance or you are going to walk away?"

"Luu..." She snorts.

"No, tell me what do you want? Do we work on us, or you tell me that you don't love me anymore and walk away? What is it going to be?"

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

My alarm goes off and I knew it was time for me to wake up. I look next to me and Lindokuhle is sleeping so peacefully and it makes me very sad to have to wake him up but, we have to.

“Baby, wake up.” I shake him a little but, it is just the same as shaking a dead body. This little man is a deep sleeper.

I pull the sheet off him, his hands wander around trying to get hold of the sheet, I am sure the little thick air hit him. He still has his eyes close so I decide to cover him again with the sheet and leave him to sleep, or maybe I should just tag him to work rather than having him to stay with the nanny alone.

I get off the bed and saunter to the bathroom and sit on the toilet seat to pee. As soon as I was done, I stripped off my sleep wear and got into a shower. I open the faucet and let the water run on me. I smear the shower gel on the sponge to wash my body. I was not much of a fan of showers but living with Luyolo, you learn to change in a way.

Speaking of Luu, it's been a week now since he asked if I want to make us work well, what do you think I said? Okay, I asked

him for a little break and hey, he was not very pleased at all. It was like I asked him to sign the divorce papers but, I only asked for a full month break. I told him that I am going to move out for a short while then come back when I am ready but instead, he moved out and booked himself in a hotel but only on a condition that he gets us a helper and a nanny and he calls me everyday morning, day and night. But now since I decided to go back to work, he calls me in the morning and in the evening only because we work at the same place unless, he is working at his company for the day then, he calls me during the day too.

I walk out from the shower to hear my phone ringing. I quickly wrap the towel around my body and rush to answer my phone, oh my baby is such a sleepyhead. My phone so loud he hears non of it.

I answer my phone, it is baby daddy.

“Hey.” I say after answering.

“Hey mommy, how are you?” I miss my husband already, ah!

“I am doing fine daddy, and you?”

“I am good. How are my babies, they not giving you any trouble?” I shake my head.

“No, we are actually behaving.”

“That is good to hear. Where is the big brother?”

“He is still asleep. I was thinking of coming with him to work,



only for today then as of tomorrow he can stay with the nanny.”

“Oh, okay. I will see you guys at the office then.”

“No problem, bye.”

“I love you, bye.” He reminds me all the time.

“I love you too.” I hung up. Ending that call, I am all smiles from ear to ear like a little girl who just saw her crush.

I sigh at the sight of my baby sleeping, it feels so wrong having to wake him up. I walk back to the bathroom to run a warm bath for him, when the water in the tub is half full, I close that taps and go and wake up my sleeping Lindokuhle, and this time I pull him gently up and take off his pajamas, mind you, I am doing all of this with his eyes closed.

“Honey come, let’s get you to the bathroom and pee.” I carry him to the bathroom and make him stand. “Wake up honey, come now don’t you want to see daddy?” He heavily breathes so annoyed looking like his dad, remind me to ask Luyolo if he ever denied this child because he is a true copy of his father. I wonder how my baby is going to come out to look like, his father or me, who do you think he or she will turn to look like?

I flush the toilet when he is done urinating and pick him up to the bathtub, his eyes open wide as soon as his body comes in

contact with his body, I chuckle.

“Good Morning my love.” I pour his favourite bubble bath, making the water change to a blue colour.

I am really glad that Lindokuhle decided to stay here with me instead of leaving with his father, I think him being here has kept me sane and I am finding myself back.

“Mommy, I want daddy.”

“I will take you to daddy, let’s first finish bathing okay.” He nods.

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I am so craving those big giant chocolate muffins from Mugg & Bean with creamy cappuccino with lots of foam, I hope my PA is still there being my PA and has a lot of energy because, I am going to need him going up and down for me every now and then, that is how demanding my pregnancy is.

After so many months of not driving, I decided that you now what, today I am going to drive to work, I need to get used to driving at some point.

I am now done feeding my son his porridge, I texted the nanny not to come in today, she can come tomorrow. And just as I was tidying up the table, the helper walks in.

“Good Morning, madam.” As much as I enjoy being called the madam, it is very much uncomfortable.

“Good morning, ma. Please call me Khanyisile, Khanyi or however you want to call me, but just not madam please.” She smiles.

“Sorry madam... I mean boss, argh Khanyisile.” She looks down in shame, I laugh. This is going to take a while. “I will take care of that, Khanyi.”

“Okay. I am taking my son with me today, Gloria is not coming in today.”

“Okay, would you like anything before you leave?”

“Uh, I am going to get the car ready, please pack fruits and snacks for Lindokuhle.” She nods.

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I feel very nervous as I drive us to work but I am very cautious, I can't risk chickening in the middle of the road. Luyolo doesn't know that I will be driving to work and I am not sure how he is going to feel about it because, I don't usually drive and not long distances like these.

“Mommy, are we there yet?” I look at him on the rearview mirror and smile as I park the car in the parking lot.

“Yes.” I earn myself a very loud scream of excitement.

I get off from the car and open the door for Lindokuhle to get off after I unbuckle the seat belt off him. I give him his backpack as I take my laptop sleeve and hand bag. I am not wearing anything tight as my baby bump is growing, I am wearing a loose summer dress in heels, not forgetting my flat shoes in my bag I can't risk having swollen feet in heels all day.

“Good morning, Jolene.” I greet the receptionist as I sign in.

“It is a very good morning indeed, how are you doing? It is so good to see you... Oh my God is that?” She goes around the reception desk to get a full view of me. Nobody knew about my pregnancy except my family that I am pregnant, not even my close friends. Speaking of close friends, I should get hold of Thandeka, something is off about her.

“Wow, congratulations. You look so good.” She is all smiles.

“Thank you. Kuhle, say hello to Auntie Jolene.” Lindokuhle can be shy if he is not used to you, but I am sure he will be open during throughout the day.

“Aw, he is so adorable. Anyway, they are all waiting for you up there, good luck.” I look at her.

“They?” She walks back to her desk all smiles. “Jolene?”

“Enjoy your day, mam.” She takes her phone and types something.

“Come baby, let’s go.” I hold his hand and we walk into the elevator.

When the elevator comes to halt and it opens, we are met by a banner written 'WELCOME BACK' and as soon as we step out

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Everyone appears from their hiding place screaming...

“SURPRISE!!!” Lindokuhle’s grip tightens on my hand, of course he is scared, I am scared too. I don’t know how to react. I look around the reception and I see my father and my husband next to each other holding champagne flutes looking all smiles. My eyes start doing what they are best at, crying. Thanks h my gosh am I really going to cry in front of everyone? When did I even become a cry baby?

“Oh, she is crying. Oh my God we scared her, I told you guys this was a bad idea.” Nobantu says, damn I miss her.

“Oh no, you know very well that this was your idea, we only contributed here. You were persistent in all of this.” Tshepo defends.

“Hey Buddy.” I don’t know when my husband got here, he picks up Lindokuhle and then hold my waist with the other hand.

“Mommy, are you okay?” I shake my head.

“You didn’t tell me about this.” I sob facing down.

“I am sorry.”

“No, you are not sorry. If you were I would have known about this.” He pulls me into a hug.

“It had to be a surprise baby. Come on mommy you can’t cry right now, you are ruining your beautiful face.”

“Are you saying I look ugly?” I sob even more, I hear other people laugh.

“No, no baby. You are beautiful.” He quickly defends himself.

“You said I am ugly.” I cry.

“Oh God. When is my wife going into labour?” He mumbles.

I lift my head and start smiling.

“I am sorry. I just got overwhelmed.” I wipe my tears.

“We now understand. Congratulations guys.” They all congratulate us with our pregnancy.

“Thank you. All that you did means a lot.” They whine like puppies. “Tshepo, I hope that you are still my PA, I want two large chocolate muffins from Mugg & Bean and their Cappuccino with extra foam.”

“Oh no. Can she go back to the whole that she was hiding in? I was lying guys, I don’t miss her. First day back at work already she ordering me around.” I frown.

“Do you want me to give you more?” He lifts his hands in surrender. “I’m out!”

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I am in my office with Lindokuhle playing games on MacBook as I am busy with a few clients’ files. It isn’t much work because, my work was handed over to a junior marketing team and they seem to have done a great job, I just need to take over but I am planning to put them in my team. A knock on the door echoes, and I shout 'come in!' to let the person in.

“Two chocolate muffins and a hot Cappuccino with extra foam for you mam.”

“Thank you, just put them over that small table. Did you perhaps see if my husband is back from his meeting?” I really miss him, I think I am going to ask him to come back home because, I really can’t be in that house without my husband. Yes, I have survived the whole week probably because I was still moody then but now, her baby daddy and I need to work on us. “No. I didn’t pay much attention.” I nod. “Anything else that you need?”

“Uh, please take these to Mr Mnisi. I need his second opinion on these.” I hand him an open file.

The door swings open and my father walks in.

“Nevermind, there he is. That will be all for now.” He turns to walk away. “Wait, please hand me my cappuccino and the muffins before they get cold.” He takes them and when he is about to bring them, I decide to change my mind.

“No actually, leave them there.” He sighs then walks out. I stand up from my chair and saunter to the couch.

“Baba, how are you?” He hugs me, I return the gesture before we both take our seat on the couch.

“I am all good. It is good to see you back at work, taking charge.”

“Well, I am trying baba. This pregnancy too is driving me mad but, I try.” He chuckles.

“You remind me of your mother when she got pregnant with you, I would stay the whole night at the club getting drunk. I couldn’t stand your mom, she would shout and yell at everything I just couldn’t take it.” I laugh. “You have inherited a lot from her and almost nothing from me but, I am not complaining because you have always been my baby girl.”

“Yeah, you can’t have both your daughters looking like you dad,



Mbalenhle is a true copy of you.” My sister is a copy of my dad, I am more of my mother.

“Yes, true. Let me leave you, I just wanted to check on how you are doing.”

“Thank you. Please take the red file with you and have a look at page seven and nine, I need to hear what you think about it.”

“I will be right on it. Lindokuhle?”

“Mkhulu.” He has his eyes glued on the screen.

“You must come and see me later okay?”

“Okay Mkhulu.” My daddy shakes his head. He grabs the file and walks out. I take my now warm cappuccino and sip it.

I have started my baby today for these muffins.

“Kuhle, come and have a Muffin with mommy.” He looks at me bored but comes anyway. I break the muffin for him because they are just too big. He takes a piece and eats it, I eat the other one.

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## **LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I am coming from a meeting going back to the office. God Lord knows how much I hate stubborn clients, they make the meeting longer than it has to be.

I walk straight into my wife's office without even knocking, she is not on her desk. She is having muffins with Lindokuhle who is more focused on whatever he is looking at on the MacBook. I love my little family people!

"My favourite people." I perch myself next to my wife who so smells like cappuccino. I take a bite on the muffin in her hand. "Luu!" She makes sad puppy eyes.

"It looked as if it wanted me to bite it." I shrug. "I miss you." I take the cappuccino and sip it.

"I know I mean, who wouldn't miss someone like me?" She rolls her eyes, as always.

"Don't be full of yourself, we are only doing you a favour by missing you." She playfully hit my arm. "Mommy, daddy can't stay at the hotel forever, when can I come back home?"

"It has not been two weeks yet, but you already want to come back home." She bites on her muffin.

"I know but, it is cold and lonely there. I want to cuddle with my wife, I want to be there with my whole family." I take Lindokuhle to my lap. She looks at me for a while and shrugs.

"Okay, you can come back home. I miss you too." I pull my lower lip into my teeth.

"Are you sure? Not that you should change your mind though." She chuckles.

"Yes I am sure."

“Who drove you here? I saw our car at the parking.” She laughs.  
“I did.” I shake my head. “But it is only for today because of Lindokuhle.”

“Okay, how was the drive?” She toss the last piece of her muffin into her mouth.

“It was scary, but I managed. I actually enjoyed though.”

“I see. Let me love and leave you. I need to prepare for the presentation tomorrow for this hard headed client, wish me luck.”

I put Lindokuhle back on the couch before I stand up, my wife stands up too. I hold her by the baby bump and look at her.

“Umhle yeva.” (You are beautiful, you hear me?) She blushes.

“Ndiyabulela.” (Thank you) I kiss her lips, she kiss me back.

“You should stop drinking cappuccino.” I say after breaking the kiss.

“I can’t hubby, I love it.”

“I was not asking you. Just wait until my son is born then you can have your coffee, hot chocolate, cappuccino and all that but now, stop it.” Her face beams.

“So, we are having another boy?” I forgot that she didn’t know the sex of the baby.

“ Yes, we are wifey.” I peck her lips. “I need to go now.”

“Daddy, can I please go with you?”

“To my office? Of course buddy, come let’s go.” He quickly gets off from the couch leaving the MacBook behind.

“Kuhle don’t you want yogurt?” My wife takes the backpack and takes out an apple and a yogurt.

“I want an apple please mommy.” My son loves apples, they are his favourite fruits.

“See you later mommy.”

“Please call Tshepo into my office on your way out.” I nod and open the door but stop and look at my wife.

“I am serious about the cappuccino, I hope that was your last one until then.” I pick up my son to my arms. “Tshepo, Mrs Mayiza is summoning you.” He dramatically faints on the table.

I am suspecting that he is gay, I am just not sure how he has a two months old baby.

“Forgive me Mr Mayiza but your wife has turned into some sort of control freak.” That I know but, he is her PA so, it is his job to listen and follow instructions to his boss.

“Just do your job Tshepo, unless you don’t want it anymore.”

He shakes his head.

“You are right, I am sorry sir.” He gets on his feet.

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It is almost knock off time and I am halfway done with the project. My son is sleeping on the couch of my office, he got comfortable around everyone and he was in and out of my office with anyone who came in, he would come back with a different person. He must be tired now.

My wife opens the door and walks in holding her belongings.

“You are leaving already?”

“Yes. Ooh, how long has he been sleeping?” I lean back on the couch as she sits on the chair in front of my desk.

“About half an hour. Let me quickly wrap up and I will walk out with you.” I type in a few things on the laptop before I save it and turn the laptop off. I gather all my personal belongings and stand up. My wife has changed to flat shoes now.

“I will take Lindo, mommy.”

“Okay.” She gets the door and we both walk out.

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I am packing my clothes, I am going back to my wife. Before I came to the hotel, I drove behind my wife just to make sure that she gets home safe. We only parted ways at the robots that takes her straight home and I U-turned going to the hotel.

I double check if I have all my things before walking out of the room. I get to the foyer and head straight to the reception to check out. When I was about to walk out, I bump into a man and he drops his wallet.

“I am very sorry sir. I don’t know where my mind is.” I say as I pick up the wallet and hand it to him. Oh my word, are my eyes deceiving me? What is he doing here, when did he arrive?  
“Luyolo...”

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

Seeing my father yesterday at the hotel made me wonder why he preferred paying for accommodation when there are plenty of rooms in my house. We didn't get to talk because he was "rushing" to a meeting so, I guess I will see him later on today.

"Mr Me, I am done. We can leave." It feels good to be back home, waking up next to my wife is the best feeling. I got my old wife back.

"Right, let's go before Lindokuhle wakes up. I don't want him crying to go with us to work, he needs to get used to staying with the nanny."

"Is she here yet?"

"Yes, both the helper and the nanny are here." She chuckles.

"What?"

"Baby do you even know their names? I mean, you hired them so you should know them" I shrug.

"I forgot them but, it is not important right? I mean, you know them enough for the both of us."

"Wrong! The helper is Mam' Gloria and the nanny is aunt' Winnie." I smile at her.

"Look at you, sounding very respectful." We reach the last step of the stairs after what felt like forever, my wife is moving very

slow these days, I cannot imagine where we will be in the next few months of our pregnancy.

“Good morning Khanyi, sir. Breakfast is ready.” The helper... I mean Mam' Gloria says.

“Thank you Mam' Gloria.” I say. She heads upstairs probably to start cleaning there and also giving us privacy.

I open the chair for my wife to sit before I sit next to her.

“I was thinking sthandwa sam.” She toss the bacon into her mouth and chews.

“Yes?”

“How about we get away, just the two of us?” I hold her free hand. “We need it, especially after what we both went through in just three months. Remember we once talked about going to a honeymoon? Let's do it now, let's take the whole week to ourselves and forget about what transpired in the last few weeks.” She has this wide smile on her face.

“Of course baby Oh My Gosh! I need to do shopping for the beach and...” She frowns and tears fill her eyes, I frown too.

“Baby, what is it now?” She blinks her eyes and the bloody tears fall, Damn it! “Baby, please don't cry, It hurts me and makes me feel otherwise.”

“I am pregnant...”

“Yes, we are honey.”

“And fat.” She sobs. Jeez, this pregnancy has turned my wife



into a fragile cry baby. I wipe her tears and peck her lips.

“So what? I love you my love.”

“So you agree that I am fat?” Thixo bawo, ndendze ntoni ke ngok? (Father Lord, what have I gotten myself into.) I am saved by my phone ringing. I give her another kiss before I answer my phone.

“Tata.” (Dad)

“Hello son, how are you?”

“I am very well and you?” He sighs and I know that he is not okay.

“I am okay. What time do you think that you can make it to the hotel?” What is this about now.

“After my lunch meeting, I will probably get there at around three or I can come there right after knock off time because my wife and I are traveling in the same car. Maybe half past five latest after dropping her off?”

“Perfect. I will send you my room number at the hotel, See you later then.” He hung up.

“You dad is in town?”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t have known if I didn’t bump into him yesterday at the hotel. Are you done, we should get going.

“We may leave.”

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## **SIBONISO MAYIZA**

As soon as Nomathemba sent me a text message alerting me that her husband has gone to work already, I drove down to their house with the car that I am renting and parked on the driveway. I send her a message telling her that I am outside, she comes out after some time and jumps into the car.

“Good morning.” She greets as soon as she is settled, I drive off.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, thank you.” I nod.

“You look nervous.” She gives me a side look then looks back to the road. “Its going to be fine mama.”

“We don’t know that, I fear for my baby’s life. I am gambling with it.”

“We are going to make things right now aren’t we?” She shakes her head.

“We don’t know what the seer is going to say. Anything is possible.” I sigh and just quieted until we reach our destination at the seer's house.

We got off the car and went straight to his hut at the back of the house. We are in a township of Meadowlands in Johannesburg. The door opens before we can even knock.

“Take your shoes off and leave them right there before you come in.” The seer says. I help Nomathemba take off her shoes before I could take off mine. We both entered and closed the door behind.

“Sit down on the grass mat.” We did as instructed. The seer starts incarnating and grunting to the ancestors.

“Makhosi.” We say simultaneously.

“What you have come here for is way to heavy, Mayiza.” Oh, he tracked down my surname through the ancestors.

“You won’t be able to help us?” He grunts.

“Makhosi.”

“The Mayiza ancestors are very unhappy and from what I see

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the worst is yet to come.”

“So what should we do Makhosi, we really do need to protect our children.” I say. He chuckles and looks at Nomathemba.

“You must do what you should have done long ago, tell the truth and you...” He looks at me. “Make a ritual for your daughter so that she can be welcomed by the ancestors.”

Nomathemba shakes her head vigorously.

“No, please. We cannot do that, my daughter was accepted by the Mnisi ancestors.”

“Only because you are married into the Mnisi family. The Mayiza ancestors are on a mission of claiming their greatest

granddaughter or else..." He shakes his head. "I would suggest that you do this soon or else, even innocent souls will be lost." I clench my jaws to that.

This has become such a difficult task. What we were here for was all in vain, I guess this is it, we need to do what is right. It has come too far now and I am sick and tired of all these lies. Now both my children are married and in love with each other, how do I even take it away from them.

The drive to the hotel was very quiet. When we arrived, the time was 11:00am. We walked straight to my suit and ordered lunch through room service.

"There is no turning back now, we need to go through this now rather than later." I sit next to her around the small table.

"I am not able to do it, I am scared. I am scared to lose my daughter not to even mention my husband, I can't." Her tears stream down her face.

"You won't lose them mama. Even though, I will be with you at every step of the way." I hold her face on either sides with both my hands, wiping her tears.

"You promise?" I nod starring deep into her beautiful eyes.

"I promise." Someone knock at the door, probably room service. I stand up and open the door, he wheels the table in.

"Enjoy, sir and mam." He says as he goes out.

"Thank you." I close the door behind him.

“I hope you still like your bacon crunchy.” She smiles.

“You still remember.” I shrug.

“How can I? You spent most of your time sleeping over at our flat during our University life. You couldn’t go a day without your husband.” She laughs.

“The same way that you couldn’t let go of your wife?” I chuckle.

“Those were the times hey.”

I truly enjoy spending time with Nomathemba. She is very down to earth and she makes it easy for someone to make a conversation with.

“More wine?” I ask as her first glass is down.

“Yes please.” I fill up both our glasses. “Thanks.” She stands up and stands next to this humongous window and looks at the view outside.

“This is a nice view, I like it.” I walk up to her and stand behind her, closely.

“Me too.” We go silent admiring the view outside.

I put my glass on the pedestal and hold her shoulders from behind and give her a massage, she moans.

“You like it?” She nods.

“I love it. Just what I need.”

“Okay, that would be one hundred Rand every five minutes.”

“What!” She turns in a haste, bumping the glass of red wine on my white golf t-shirt. “Oh no, I am so sorry.” She laughs.

“No you are not. You are laughing at me, for what reason I don’t know.” I pull off my shirt through my head.

“But I am sorry, it was a mistake.” She says still giggling. I tickle her she laughs even louder.

“Stop please. Mayiza!” I hold her to my chest and let her catch her breath. “You don’t grow up, do you?”

“I miss my younger self, and you have awoken it deep inside me.” She rolls her eyes.

“You are so full of yourself babakhe.” I peck her lips.

“I know mamakhe.” I take her glass and put it on the pedestal. I take her hands into mine and look at her.

“I don’t regret that one stupid moment that we had twenty-five years ago because, if it didn’t happen, I wouldn’t have gotten such a beautiful daughter. At least Nokuzola now has an older sister to look up to.”

“I don’t regret it too. I love my daughter so much. It breaks me for what I have to do.” It breaks me too.

“I will be there with you, I promise.”

I kiss her, she pulls out from the kiss looking at me. She attacks my lips, women!

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For some reason what we did feels so right. The wrong things that we do feels so right, it has woken up something that died

between me and my husband you know, that thing. I stare at him as he is sleeping right next to me softly snoring.

“Staring is rude mamakhe.” I giggle.

“I thought you were sleeping.”

“I was but, I can feel your eyes piercing on me.” He wraps his arm around my neck and pecks my forehead.

“I should get going.” He frowns.

“Already? Stay a little longer.”

“No, I have to go back home and cook for my husband before he gets back.” He sighs.

“Okay then.”

The door swings open, causing me to scream. He walks in and looks at us very disgusted and shocked.

“What in the hell is going on here!?”

“Shit!” Siboniso cuss under his breath. I pull up the sheet to cover our naked bodies. It is over for me, oh no.

**NOMATHEMBA MNISI**

I did it again, I disrespected my husband once more. How did I even allow this to happen? I should have never come here, this is a mess and right now my husband is going to leave me, I can't lose my husband, no.

I am still stuck in bed with Siboniso who looks like he has seen a ghost, but I understand why because even I here don't know what to do or what to say, we cannot fool anyone I mean, it is very obvious what Siboniso and I were getting up to, I am naked for goodness sake!

"Please tell me it is not what I think it is, please." Oh you can't miss the disappointment in his voice. He looks away.

"Luyolo, son. Please, can we talk about this?" Siboniso says.

"Tata, is this what you called me here for?" So, Luyolo was supposed to be here? Wow!

"No, and I didn't know that you would come earlier than you speculated."

"Oh wow, Dad! That doesn't make what you did right! I am leaving, I cannot stand what is happening here." He opens the door and leaves, I sigh.



“This is messed up Siboniso, I should get home.” He nods.

“Won’t you shower first?” I shake my head.

“I will do that at home before my husband gets back home.”

“Okay, let’s get dressed then.”

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## **BUSANI MNISI**

I was spending time with both my daughters at work, I hardly had work to do so, my eldest daughter who works part-time in our company has come to work today with her daughter, Minenhle. We have been in my office since morning chatting and eating, Mbalenhle is now leaving so, I thought I should leave to and go home early today. We left Ntombenhle since she is waiting for her husband to come back from a meeting.

We have reached the parking space of where our cars are parked. I am holding Minenhle in my hands.

“You must bring Neo for dinner on Friday. I miss spending time with my whole family.” I put Minenhle in the car on her car seat and buckle her.

“Of course baba, we would love to.” Mbalenhle excitedly responds.

“Okay then. Drive safe. Minenhle, Mkhulu loves you okay my

baby?” She nods. Minenhle is not much of a talker.

“Thank you dad, bye bye.” As soon as the drive out, I follow out with my car going to my house.

Like every other husband, we expect to find our wives at home but not mine. She probably went grocery shopping. Let me call her and find out how far she is.

Her phone rings and goes unanswered. I try it again and this time she answers it after two rings.

“Hello?” When last has my wife ever answered my phone call like that? It is either she says 'Baba' or 'Myeni wami' (my husband) but never hello. I clear my throat.

“Hello. Where are you?”

“I... Uh, I am almost home.” Why do I sense a panic in her?

“Okay.” I hung up going to the kitchen to get a bottle of water and head upstairs for a quick shower.

When I was done, I wore my shorts with Flip flops going back downstairs and just then, my wife walks in.

“Ba-baba. You are back home early today.” She is not even keeping eye contact with me.

“I am my own boss, the CEO of that company remember?” She

nods. "I thought you went grocery shopping, where were you?" Her eyes wander around but never my direction. Now I am convinced that something is wrong.

"I was... uh... Oh yes, I went to see Mbalenhle. I have missed her and Minenhle so much." What!? But, let me play along.

"Oh so, did you find them?" She coughs.

"Ye-yes." She plays with her fingers. I nod clenching my jaws, my wife is lying to me. "Are you hungry? I am going to take a shower, I will be quick." She passes my going upstairs leaving a scent that I am not familiar with, more like a men cologne. Is my wife....? No, she wouldn't dare.

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## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

Ever since my husband got back from the meeting that he had with his father, his mood has been foul. The drive going home is very quiet, and he seems to be in deep thoughts. He has his shoulder balanced on the door handle, his head leaning on his hand while the other hand is driving.

"Luyolo, please focus on the road, I am begging you. Whatever it is that is bothering you right now, please pause it and then you can resume it at home." He gives me a side look then focus back on the road. I wonder what is it that is making him look

like this.

By God's Grace, we miraculously arrived home very safe. He goes out and leaves me in the car. My husband doesn't even open the door for me today, it must be something big that makes him look like a Zombie.

I unbuckle the seat belt and get off the car and follow him to the house.

"Tata ka Kuhle?" (Lindokuhle's father?) I call him before he opens the door to the house, he looks at me so annoyed.

"What is it

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talk to me baby. You can't give me a cold shoulder like that." He shakes his head.

"It is nothing. Stop stressing yourself." He says, coldly before walking into the house. I sigh.

"Mommy!" Lindokuhle runs to me passing his dad. He hugs my legs, crying. This is new because, he is his father's best friend and always goes to him first before me.

"Hey. Baby what I wrong, why are you crying?" I saunter to the

living room with him still hold my legs, Luyolo scurries upstairs.

“Mam’ Gloria, sis Winnie.”

“Hello.” They greet simultaneously. I sit on the couch and put Lindokuhle on my lap, he rests his head on my chest.

“You are early today.” Mam' Gloria says.

“Yes, you may take the rest of the two hours left off, I will take over.”

“Thank you. I was about to feed Lindokuhle, his food was hot so I left it on the counter to cool down.” Sis' Winnie says.

“It’s okay, I will feed him.” They nod and take their belongings before they leave.

“Now you little man tell me, why are you crying? Did auntie Gloria or auntie Winnie do something to you.?”

“She didn’t want to take me to you and daddy.” He sobs on my chest, I wrap my arm around him.

“I am sorry baby.” I kiss his forehead. “Mommy and daddy left you because they have work to go to. Auntie Gloria and auntie Winnie will be looking after you until we get home from work.” I wipe his tears, now I understand why Luyolo said we should leave before he wakes up I the morning.

Lindokuhle’s whole body weight weighs me, I look at him and I notice that he is now sleeping. I put him nicely on the couch and cover him with a fleece. I take off my heels and walk bare

foot to the kitchen. I put Lindokuhle's food in the microwave. What do I feel like eating today? Right, I am cooking Spaghetti Bolognese today. I take out all the ingredients and start cooking. Luyolo walks in the kitchen smelling good as always, changed into track pants, red sneakers, a white golf t-shirt and a white cap, ready to go out.

"I am going out, don't wait up." I close my eyes and breathe.

"Where are you going?"

"Out." He says going 'out'.

"Luyolo!" He stops on his tracks and looks at me. "Sthandwa sami I beg you to talk to me please, if there is something wrong that I did can we please talk about it. Even our son feels the negative energy between us and that is not good. Please don't push me away."

"Why do you think that it has something to do with you?" He puts his hands in his pants.

"So there is something?"

"Don't worry yourself about it, sweetheart." He holds my chin.

"How can I not if it is affecting us right now. Is this about the meeting you had with utata?" He pecks my lips.

"See you later." He leaves me standing by the door. I walk back into the house and continue to cook.

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## LUYOLO MAYIZA

What I saw in my father's hotel room cannot be erased from my head. So, this is the reason why my father chose to go to the hotel rather than coming to my house, worst of all is that, if I didn't bump into him there, I wouldn't have known that he is in Joburg. Does my mother even know that her husband is here? Let me call her and check.

"Luyolo my son, how are you?" She says as soon as she answered the phone.

"I am good and how are you mama?"

"I am very well baby. I wanted to call you to let you know that, Nokuzola wants to visit you there this festive season." I miss my sister too and it would be great to have her here.

"I will talk to my wife about, I am sure she would also love to have her here too."

"Great. How are things going that side?" I close my eyes and rest my head on the wheel.

"All is well, and how is everything that side?"

"Oh well, your father went to a business venture in PE. He is coming back on Monday." I raise my head and bang the wheel, the hooter goes off. "What was that?"

"Oh, nothing ma. I have to go now, I love you."

"I love you too my love, bye." I hang up.

I get off the car and lock it. I make my way in the night club to the VIP section. A waiter comes and takes my order. I look around the club and I notice that the most people that are here, they are here to forget about all their troubles and just drink their lives away. A minute later the waiter drops a bottle of Hennessy and a glass on my table, with a bucket of ice.

My phone rings in my pocket, it is my wife. I decide to ignore it and drink the Hennessy. She calls again and this time, I decide to ignore it. How do I go back to that house and look at her in the eye and tell her that, everything is fine when I know exactly that my father and her mother are fucking in the hotel room? My mother on the other hand thinks that my father is in PE when he is here gallavanting in the city of Johannesburg.

This time, my wife leaves a message on my phone, it says:

'I just want to know if you are okay.'-Mrs Me

'I am good. Go to sleep.'-Mr Me. I know that if I didn't respond, she would have stayed up until I get home.

At 11:30pm, my bottle is halfway finish and I also feel like shit. I call the waiter for the bill and pay before I stand up. I feel my head spinning, I hold on to the table and laugh.



“Sir, should I call a taxi for you?” I shake my head.

“No, I have my own car.”

“But sir, you are too drunk to drive.” I raise my hand at him to shut up.

“Eish, just leave me dude!” I stagger my way out of the club and hop into my car and drive off.

I am suddenly stopped by the police, what the hell now!?

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

I am lying on this cold cement bench with my right leg up and my hand behind my head looking up the ceiling. I am locked up in the holding cell at the police station... I got arrested for drunk and driving last night and I know, once my wife finds out, she is going to kill me. I was given Only one phone call to make and I used it wisely to call Siyamthanda to bail me out and as always, he takes his sweet time to get here.

“Sikuphi isiboshwa? I want to see for myself if it is really him!” (Where is he?) Argh, it is that annoying cop, detective Chabedi. He stands outside the bars looking at me with a grin like he just achieved his goal. I roll my eyes... Don’t look at me like that, my wife does it a lot so you would understand if you lived with someone like her.

“I couldn’t believe when they told me that they threw you inside the van last night, where was I Mara? I wanted to watch you and take pictures of you.” He cackles. I decide to keep quiet.

“Oh, the cat got your tongue? The mighty Mayiza Junior behind bars. What do you think, the people will like the title right?” He chuckles, I join him but my chuckle turns into a laugh.

“What are you laughing at, Mayiza?” I sit up right. Fuck my head is spinning, damn how much did I drink last night. I hold my head. “Yeah Mayiza JR, that is what happens when you have too much to drink.

“Mayiza! You are free to go.” Another police officer comes followed by Siyamthanda. He opens gate for me to come out, I stagger out holding my head. This stupid detective Chabedi grabs the keys and hit them against the steel bars making a noise as he laughs, I smile at him.

“You fail to solve big cases yet you are here rejoicing on pity crimes that you didn’t even get to solve.” I cluck my tongue and move him out of my way.

“Dude, what the hell? You know, Mrs Me has been calling me the whole night asking about your whereabouts?”

“I hope you didn’t tell her that I was held here.” I sign for my things before we walk out of the station.

“I hate lying to her dude because I end up in the crossfire between you too and you know that your wife is crazy and since she is pregnant, she spits fire.” I shake my head trying to act like I am not afraid of going home. My wife is probably waiting to tell me where to get off.

“Eish, keep it down kwedini.” He cluck his tongue.

“You telling me that? Wait till you get home to your wife and I hope that she never miss your head this time when she throws

the vas at you. Since when do you get drunk during the week to even land up in the cells, pleasing detective Chabedi?" I sigh. "I'll meet you at home." I have no energy for this, honestly. I need a good bath and a peaceful sleep. Work is out of the question today.

"Huh-uh, andizi!" (I am not coming!) He shakes his head. "I don't want to be roasted by Khanyisile, sorry dude you are alone. You chose not to call me last night to go clubbing with you so, bye." I chuckle.

"Fine. And, I don't ever want to hear you calling my wife your wife. In fact, don't ever set your foot at my house." He smirks.

"I will think about it." He gets in his car, I jump into mine.

Siyamthanda hoots at me before he drives off, I return it back and drive to the main road leading to my house.

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It is past seven in the morning when I arrive at home. I find Mam' Gloria in the living room tidying up My son's toys which he might have left there last night.

"Mam' Gloria." She stops with what she was doing and stares at me maybe looking at how shitty I look.

"Good morning, sir." The elevator opens and I walk in. I feel Mam' Gloria's eyes piercing on me but, I don't care. She is here to do her job and mind her own damn business well, that's if she doesn't want to get fired.

After a few seconds, I walk out from the elevator heading to the bedroom. I don't even waste anymore time, I just strip off my clothes and leave them on the floor going to the bathroom. I find my wife drying her hair with a towel, she only gives me one murderous look then continues doing what she was doing.

"Good morning." I hold her waist, she wiggles my hands off, not greeting me back. "Baby..."

"Yey! Don't you dare baby me." She clucks her tongue. I open the water to run in the bathtub so long as I want to make it up to my wife.

"Okay, I know that you are angry at me but, can you please calm down and let me explain?" I hold her shoulders.

"You failed to explain to me what was eating you yesterday, suka la. Futhi uyanuka, unuka uchwala!" (Move. You even reek of alcohol!) Okay, I deserve that. She turns around, My penis pokes her and looks at me from my toes going up to my head. I am hard as a rock right now and there is no way that she can't see that.

My penis is dangling in front of her eyes. If it was any other day, I would be giving it to her. Shit, maybe I should just shut her up and make her forget about last night, right now. It's been a long two to three months not getting some from my wife.

"Where were you, last night?" That question! It's either she is asking because she doesn't know or, she is asking to check my

honesty because she already knows. What do I do? She folds her arms looking at me like she is ready to kill me.

“I was with Siyamthanda.” She laughs, throwing her head to the back then she gets her face serious again.

“I have work, move!” She push me aside, I stagger back a little.

“Oh, and you are taking me to work.”

“Come on

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love. Can't you request an Uber?”

“An Uber when we have a car? I am not up for that?”

“Okay, take the car then.” She models her naked chubby self to the door.

“I am pregnant, I can't drive.” Can someone please and I am begging, please give me a book, a manual book that talks about understanding women.

She goes out leaving her aroused husband, I sigh. I will cool it off in the bath water.

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After bathing, I also brushed my teeth and ate some mint sweets. My head feels heavy and yet my wife wants me to drive her to work, that is pure abuse! I find my clothes already put nicely on the bed for me to wear. She walks out from the closet already dressed up in a black pencil skirt and a red blouse with red bottom black heels. Heels!

“Should you not be wearing comfortable shoes?” I wear my clothes.

“I am comfortable with these.” She responds in an attitude.

“I am sorry I didn’t come back home last night.”

“Argh Luyolo you can even go back today, I don’t care!” Yooh. She is so mean.

“I was kept at the police station for drunk and driving.” She narrows her eyebrows.

“No, they didn’t 'keep' you there, you were arrested for drunk and driving.” Same difference. “I wish they lost the keys to your cell and kept you there even long, ai!” Why is she sounding evil?

“You don’t mean that love.” She grabs her bag. “You will find me downstairs.” She walks out of the room, I sigh. As soon as I come back, I am nursing my hangover.

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My wife is not just mad but very furious with me. She didn’t take the front seat but she is seated in the back seat instead. I am driving in silence I even have the radio off. I keep stealing glances of her through the rearview mirror but she is looking outside the window.

“For how long are you going to be angry at me? For the umpteenth time I am sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?” Here we go again.

“For everything.”

“Luu, apologising is not the problem. The problem is how you are apologising and I can’t accept that. Another thing is, I am your wife. If you can’t talk to me when you have something that is bothering you, are you always going to drown yourself with alcohol? Never mind me. How many times are you going to be locked up for drunk and driving? What kind of example are you setting for your son?” I stop the car then get off going to the back and settle next to her.

“You are right. I shouldn’t have reacted the way I did. It didn’t solve nor give me solutions to my problem. Honey forgive me for behaving like a little boy but trust me, I can’t tell you what transpired yesterday. Yes, is about my father and look how bad it is affecting me. Imagine what it will do to my pregnant wife. Khanyisile, I am very sorry but I need to protect you. It is beyond me and...” I sigh and look here in the eyes. “It is better if you find out by yourself but never from me.”

“Baby? What is it?”

“Khanyi, Khanyisile. Don’t, I am begging you now my wife. I have already explained to you that I can’t say anything.” I say, sternly. She looks down nodding, I hold her face on either sides.

“I love you okay?”

“I love you too.”



“I am sorry for stressing you out.” I hug her. “I will fetch you later.”

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It is now Friday evening, we are invited for dinner as a family at the Mnisi home by my father in-law. I am not looking forward for the dinner no actually, I am not looking forward to see my mother in-law, I don't want things to get awkward between us.

I get in the shower joining my wife. I open the second faucet and let the water flow on me. I close my eyes as I let the water devour my body. Oh boy, the picture of my father and my mother in-law naked in bed is disturbing. Jeez! How do I erase it from my head? Seeing My mother in-law today is triggering Everything and I am so not looking forward to look at my father in-law and laugh with him knowing what my father and his wife did. Oh, my poor mother.

“LUYOLO I AM TALKING!!!” I flip my eyes open quickly.

“Huh? Babe... what is it?”

“Argh Luu you are starting to get on my nerves man, voetsek!”  
(Piss off!) Shit.

“Babe askies.” (Sorry.)

“Sorry yokunuka. Fuck you.” She starts crying. Damn tears!

“You are not giving me attention. I am talking to you but you

are ignoring me.” People, my wife is pissed off and she is seriously crying, she even has hiccups.

“Come here.” I pull her to me embrace. Her baby bump is growing fast for a twelve and a half weeks pregnant woman. “I can never ignore you. You got my attention now, talk to daddy.” I kiss her lips going to her neck, she tilts her head to the side.

“You were saying?” I whisper. I close the faucets and slide my hand between her thighs.

“Luu...” She says so seductively.

“Talk to me mommy.” I rub her clitoris with my other hand playing on her boob.

“Mmm...” She moans. I spank her butt, she flinches. “Aww baby.”

My phallus pokes her belly, she grabs it with her hand and plays with it.

“Daddy missed you so much. How low can you go?” I ask as I pull us both down to the tiled floor, I won’t make it to the bedroom. We reach the floor and I sit against the wall and she kneels locking me in her thighs. “Are you comfortable?”

She attacks my lips moving her body on top of me. I guess that’s a yes. I hold her under her butt lifting her up a little so that I can push in my penis in her...

“Shit!” I curse under my breathe. I only have the tip on her opening but the electric shock is already driving me crazy.

She helps herself and push in slowly. She moans in the process. I suck her tits as I am feeling the warmth in her, I don't want to push in further because I don't want to hurt the baby. She wraps her arms around my neck and starts humping me, I swear I want to cry because it feels so good I don't want this ment to end.

“Ah, you fucking feel so good Mami.” I hold her butt and thrust from underneath.

“Ooh papi I miss you... it feels so goooood.” She cries, scratching my upper back. It fucking hurt!

She leans forward with her face meeting mine, her breath hitting against mine smelling like the Grapetizer she drank before hitting the shower.

“Baby, I-yah... aah! I am tired.” I start hitting it faster because, she is pregnant and I truly understand but, I gotta reach my climate too.

“I'm almost there baby, hang on.”

She leans back with her hands balancing on my legs. She helps me pump until my penis pops out from her vagina, making our hands bump into each other fighting to put it back in. Team work! I thrust her some more and a little harder until I start

groaning and moaning a little louder, splashing my seeds in her. I squeeze her butt kissing her lips.

“Don’t ever deny my what’s mine, ever again.” She chuckles. “I love you.” I peck her lips.

“Me too.” I spank her, she laughs. “Ouch!” I spank her once more

“Me too what?”

“I love you!” She giggles. She pinches my arm

“Ouch! What the hell was that for?”

“For zoning out on me ngikhuluma nawe.” She wipes her tears.

“You are such a cry baby. When you cry this much, what is Lindokuhle supposed to do? But ke, I am sorry it will never happen again.” She lightly slaps me, we both laugh.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

We have arrived at my parents' house and we are all settled around the dinning table having dinner over conversations. My mother! She seems to be distant and I am catching a bad vibe between her and my dad but then, let me not dwell on it.

They all laughed around the table, I don't know at what because I was deep in my thoughts. Luyolo takes my hand into his and kiss the back of it, I look at him all smiles on his face and all I see is love written in his eyes. He is in love with me and he doesn't even need to tell me.

"I love you." I confess to him in a whisper. He bites his lip and grins. I know that look, he has a silly idea on his mind. I yank my hand and eat my food, he chuckles sliding his hand under the table to my thigh. I gasp as he puts his hand In my skirt causing everyone to look at me.

"Are you okay, wifey?" The devil himself asks. I am going to kill my husband after this.

"I uh... I am fine." I clear my throat.

"Chomam. A little birdie tells me that you spent a night in the cells." My sister says.

"You were arrested? For what and when did that happen?"

Neo, my sister's husband ask. My husband has buried his hand in my underwear and just that, it is escalating my breathing.

"For drunk and driving. They shouldn't have let him out!" They all laugh. I gasp for air as soon as I feel Luyolo's fingers brushing against my clit.

"Luyolo stop." I murmur.

"Son, what happened? Was it your wife?" My father wants to know more. I think he also wants to share a similar story.

"Ba... Baba. Why would you think that it..." I breathe because Luyolo is acting inappropriate under the table. "Why would you think that it was me? He was with his father and..." My mother coughs and now everyone's attention is on my mother, Luyolo use the opportunity to fiddle his way on my vagina opening, I let out a moan but quickly suppress my lips together so that I don't do it again. I shake my head.

"I will go and check on the kids." My mom says as she gets up from the chair. I hold Luyolo's hand so that he could stop torturing me but, that made him push in his finger.

"Aaah..." Oh my God I didn't, did I? The moment he stops moving his hand and takes it out, only then do I realise that they are looking at me. Luyolo wants to embarrass me in front of my father.

“Khanyisile, are you okay? Is the baby okay?” I so want to slap my husband. I want to strangle him right now.

“She is even sweating. Do we need to get you to the doctor?” Mbalenhle's tone is very concerned. I shake my head.

“I am a doctor, let me examine her. It might not be anything serious.” Neo stands up heading to my side of the table, I start crying.

“I am fine. Nothing is wrong with me.”

“Then why are you crying, my baby?” My father asks feeling pity for me. Luyolo holds my hand, I yank it off.

“I almost peed on myself.” I snot.

“But you didn't, right?” Mbalenhle asks with her eyes wide open. I cry more.

“Just a little. If I stand up I am going to mess up on myself.” My father laughs shaking his head.

“Women!”

“Tell me about it.” I sigh wiping my tears. “Baby, do you want me to carry you to the bathroom?” Luyolo says getting on his feet.

“No. I am not crippled. I can walk on my own.”

“You are truly your mother's daughter, baby.” I roll my eyes at my dad.

“I was never like this when I was pregnant.” Mbalenhle adds.

“Of course you were not because, I was busy blocking you from drinking sunlight liquid.” Neo says.

“What? I never did that.”

“I believe him. You were a piece of work, Mbali. I once found you sniffing on the fabric conditioner saying that you wish to drink it.” My father says. We all laugh and forget about me. It is nice being with my family, although my mother seems to be far away from us but, I love being here with my family.

She walks in with Minenhle on her arms and Lindokuhle holding her hand.

“Your kids are a piece of work when they are watching cartoons. I had to bribe them before they agreed to finish their food.” Lindokuhle comes around and squeeze himself between his father's legs.

“Did you finish your food?” Luyolo asks him.

“No daddy. I had enough.” I chuckle.

“What do you know about having “enough”? I quote in the air.

“Let’s clear the table, sis.” I say standing up.

“Didn’t you say you are pressed?” I smile and kiss my husband on his cheek.

“No. I am good.” Say. “I only wanted you to leave me alone.” I whisper in his ear before going to the kitchen with a few dishes on my hands with the help of my sister and my mother leaving the men alone.



“Ma, are you okay?” She takes a laugh.

“Why wouldn’t I be, Enhle?” I shrug.

“Mama

she is asking because, you have been quiet since we arrived here. Is there a matter between you and Dad?” Mbalenhle asks.

“Nothing that we can't solve my babies.” I sigh. Why did they even invite us here when their mood is foul?

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## **BUSANI MNISI**

Having both my sons in-law here and getting along is good. I was skeptical at first about them and actually waiting for them to make just one wrong move but, besides them making those little mistakes that I also do to my wife, they proofed me wrong. They love my daughter’s the right way and I can never be more happier about it.

We are chilling in the entertainment room watching UEFA champions league game, sipping on one of my best cognac, getting away a little from our wives.

Speak of the devil, my wife walks in holding two bowls of assorted snacks with her phone balanced under her arm against

her body. She puts the snacks on the table carefully as she takes her phone to her hand.

“There you go. Can we come and join you?” She asks.

“NO!” We all say simultaneously. She widens her eyes in a shock.

“Yoooh!” She places her phone on the couch next to me and snatch the glass from my hand and sips my drink. “I needed it. I am not sure if I will recover from you saying 'No' to me.” I shake my head chuckling, the boys laugh.

She stands up leaving us. Something hits my mind now.

“Err’ Luyolo. Why didn’t you tell me that your father is in town? We could have invited him over.” I remembered that Ntombenhle mentioned something about Luyolo seeing his father led him to getting arrested. He clears his throat.

“Uh... I uh- I forgot and I am not sure if he is still around. I haven’t spoken to him ever since.” He looks very uneasy.

“Oh, okay. I will call him...” Just then, a phone vibrates on the couch. My wife forgot her phone. I look at the caller ID and Lord of Lord... I answer it and put it against my ear without saying anything.

“Mamakhe, I just arrived back in Cape Town.” I clench breathing heavily. “Mama we ndodakazi Yami, ukhona apho?”

(Mother of my daughter, are you there?) WHAT THE HELL!?

“Siboniso.” I breathe angrily.

“Oh fuck.” And that confirms it! I hit my wife’s phone against the wall.

“Woah! Baba, is everything alright?” Neo asks.

“Are you okay? Was the my father?” Right now, I loathe Luyolo and seeing him just makes me more angry.

I flip the glass coffee table with everything on it, it breaks on the floor.

“Get out.” I feel a muscle spasm on my chest and the shocked look on Luyolo and Neo are just pellucid enough for me to know that they are scared, they should be. “GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!” I roar looking at Luyolo.

“What is it with the noise? Baba?” Nomathemba walks in looking around the mess that I made, the girls follow.

“Dad?” My anger right now is very dangerous I could murder someone.

“What business do you have with Siboniso, Nomathemba?” She shudders and gets hyperventilated. She looks at Luyolo.

“You told him?” Oh, so now my son in-law is in this too? What

is it that he told me? Luyolo wants to say something but, decides against it and shrugs.

“I ASKED YOU A BLOODY QUESTION!” I roar. She wails.

“Baba, please calm down. Can’t you solve it without catching a case, like adults?”

“Mbalenhle, stay out of the this! I am warning you... actually leave my house, all of you! Wena, you better start talking or follow them.” I point at my wife. She is trembling.

“Please, I am sorry. I didn’t mean to sleep with him...”

I groan very loud picking up the chair and throw it against the plasma TV on the wall, it falls down and breaks. My daughter’s scream.

“You slept with him?” I ask with my voice so low.

“BABA!”

“Luyolo told me nothing! Your boyfriend called.” I turn to look at Luyolo. “You knew about this?” He sighs deeply.

“I swear I knew nothing at first until Tuesday.” I charge towards him and punch him on his face, he groans in pain.

“Baba, STOP IT!” Ntombenhle scurries to his husband. And holds him checking his face. “Are you okay sthandwa Sami?”

(My love.) I cluck my tongue and walk out leaving them. I can’t look at my wife right now, she betrayed me with my best friend or so I thought he was.

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

We are sitting around the dinning table eating breakfast in a very loud silence. It is very awkward after what happened last night at the in-laws' house, more especially when we came back home with mother in-law. My wife couldn't trust what his father would do next if we left her back there. I have my left eye swollen, damn Busani did a number on me but, thank God I have my wife on my side to nurse my eye.

Ntombenhle clears her throat.

"Uhm, Luu." I raise my head from my food and look at my wife.

"Can you please take me somewhere after breakfast. Will you stay with Lindokuhle?"

"Where do you want to go?" I put down my fork on the table because, I am struggling to eat my food.

"Thandeka." She says looking down.

"Has she reached out to you?" She reluctantly shakes her head.

"Then why do you want to go to her?"

"To check if she is okay and try to understand why she is distancing herself away from me."

"She is fine." I say not caring. "You don't have to go."

"How do you know that?"

“We are not going to go back and forth with this now, are we?”  
I huff at her.

“Luyolo, my friend might be out there desperate for my help but, doesn’t know how to talk to me.”

“A friend? You mean that very same friend that blocked you right after you got married? The same friend that stop calling or texting you? Oh wait, the very same friend that ran away from you when she saw you at the mall? Or maybe it’s a different Thandeka neh?” She huff.

“I know all that, you don’t have to remind me.”

“You seem to have forgotten, Khanyisile.” She breathes.

“You don’t have to be rude, Luyolo.” I close my eyes.

“Just leave me, woman.” I stand up, mother in-law gasp. I am in no fucking mood today. This could have been avoided but, two grown ass adults decided not respect their marriages and... Shit! “I said you are not going and that’s final.” I walk away from them, my phone rings. I answer without paying much attention to the caller ID.

“Yah?” I say after answering.

“Uhm, hi. It is me, Yoniswa.” I keep quiet so that she can continue. “I miss my baby now. Can I fetch him today?” It is a good idea. There is too much tension in this house, my son cannot be around this environment now.

“Are you not in Cape Town?” She coughs and clears her throat.

“Uh, well... I-uhm, I arrived this morning in Johannesburg. I checked myself into a B&B.”

“Okay. I don’t know at what time you going to come fetch him but, I probably won’t be home then. My wife will assist you.” I hang up going back to the dining room.

“Khanyi, Yoniswa is coming to fetch Lindo today.” She frowns.

“What time?” She asks.

“I am not sure. Please make sure that he is ready then, I have somewhere to attend to.” Before I go, I take Lindokuhle into my hands. “Buddy, mama is coming to fetch you today, okay. You are going to spend time with mama, are you happy?” He puts a million dollar smile on his face, nodding. I hug him and kiss his cheek a multiple times before putting him back on the chair.

“You will go well my boy. Daddy loves you neh.” We fist bump.

“Lindokuhle loves you neh.” I chuckle and disappear outside and hop into my car.

I recline my seat and lie down closing my eyes. All I did was to witness, I didn’t condone anything but guess who got the punch? Me!

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## NOMATHEMBA MNISI

I know that I am the cause of the rivalry between my daughter and Luyolo right now and I feel so bad for all of this. I shouldn't have slept with Siboniso at the first place and look now, I am all alone and he is somewhere there in Cape Town, hiding. Maybe I should go back home to my husband and fix things with him, maybe he is calm today.

Ntombenhle walk downstairs with Lindokuhle. She has a sports bag on her right, holding Lindokuhle's hand with the other. We haven't said much words to each other since our arrival last night except for exchanging greetings and other things that do not mean anything. She can't even look me in the eye.

"Ntombi, can we please talk?" I breathe out.

"I am busy, ma." There is nothing that she is busy with besides sitting on the couch, pressing on her phone.

"Please Nana, I won't take much of your time." I beg her.

"Mama , honestly I am not the one that you should talk to, it's dad that you should talk to. I don't want to know anything about your entanglement with utata Mayiza." I gasp. I can't hold on to the secret anymore, it is time I tell my daughter the truth about her father.

"Baby, I need to tell you something about your father... You are



no..." A door bell interrupts us, damn.

"I'll get it." She says getting on her feet.

"It's mama!" Lindokuhle screams excitedly. Ntombenhle opens the door and Yoniswa walks in uninvited swaying her body. She takes off her black shades and smile looking around.

"Mama!" Lindokuhle runs to Yoniswa.

"No running!" Ntombenhle reprimands.

"Hey

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mfanami. Mama miss you so much, kiss mama." She lifts him up and hugs him before give him kisses on his face. Ntombenhle folds her arms rolling her eyes.

"Yoniswa." She bluntly says.

"Oh, I didn't see you there. I thought the door opened itself." She laughs like a retard. "Oh and the gogo is also here." Rude shitty person!

"Do you have a grandmother who looks like me?" I huff and cluck my tongue.

"Baby boy, kiss mommy goodbye." Ntombenhle says but Yoniswa pulls Lindokuhle away, Ntombenhle chuckles.

"Make your own children and kiss them and leave my son." Yoniswa scolds. Ntombenhle opens up her cardigan and brush

her belly bump.

“Kuhle are you not happy that you are going to be a big brother? Yes you are my baby.” Yoniswa looks at the growing bump, she looks flabbergasted.

“At least. But that doesn’t change the fact that, my son is the heir and will always be.” She says

“That’s true but, I am in no competition. I am already married to his father and I will always be.” Ntombenhle walks to where she put the sports bag with Lindokuhle’s clothes and takes it before handing it to Yoniswa, with attitude. They are like fire and petrol this two, I need to be the water on standby, just in case. They look like they are about to make hell fire.

“Yazi, you should restrain yourself sometimes because, I am not going to be there for your husband next time you get abducted.” Is she gloating about something?

“Yey wena ntfombetana, there won’t be a next time!” I scoff at her.

“No ma, let her explain what she means by that.” Ntombenhle says.

“If you say so then, I don’t see why not. When you were still out there, I was there to give him a shoulder to cry on.” She speaks so highly and proud. She even puts Lindokuhle down to describe with her hands. “One thing led to another, endiphuza gqiba anditsala ripping my clothes off to the floor...” (He kissed

me and then grabbed me...) I saw rage in my daughter's eyes.  
"Shut up!" Ntombenhle yells.

"No, no honey, I am not done telling you about "our man". He was so good he..." I slapped her. She held her face and just when I didn't expect it, she returned it and started fighting me. Ntombenhle tried to separate us but she somehow fell to the floor and held her stomach, looking like she is in pain. Lindokuhle starts screaming and crying.

"Mommy!" He runs to Ntombenhle, she holds him. I also fall on my butt and back as I try pushing this retard away from me but, she is beating me.

"Who do you think you are you old rag slapping me like that."  
"Enhle, baby are you okay." I can hear her moan in pain but I can't get up because I am trying to fight Yoniswa off me because, she wants to strangle me and Lindokuhle is screaming so loud, he must be terrified with what is going on.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!" A husky voice startles Yoniswa. It is Luyolo.

He pounces to Ntombenhle who looks in pain, trying to calm Lindokuhle at the same time.

“Yoniswa. Are you here for Lindokuhle or to cause trouble? Hitting an old woman!? You have no respect and shame.” He takes Lindokuhle to his arms.

“She started it...” She says getting up.

“I don’t want to hear it, dammit! She is old enough to be your mother, are you sick? Mama, are you okay?” He helps me get up with Lindokuhle still in his arms before turning to Ntombenhle. “Lindo, I need to help mommy up, stand here okay.” He doesn’t even wait to be answered. He puts him down before attempting to help Ntombenhle up but, she gets more pain.

“Baby, I need you to breathe, okay.” He says after picking her up going outside to the car, I think. “Yoniswa, Leave my house!” “Not without my son!” She shouts behind Luyolo. “Lindokuhle, let’s go boy.” Lindokuhle is not having any of that. He hides behind me. “Lindo, baby it’s me... mama.” Her lips start trembling. Luyolo comes back running in the house.

“Ma, are you staying?” I look at Lindokuhle who is now scared of his mother.

“You scared the baby Yoniswa. Leave before you make this worse.” She storms out fighting her tears. “I will look after Lindokuhle, mkhwenyana (son in-law), just get my daughter to the hospital.” He runs out. I hear the wheels screeching and I

know that he is the one driving out.

“Are you okay sthandwa sami?” I wipe his tears off.

“Yes, grams.”

**LUYOLO MAYIZA**

The breakfast had just arrived. I wheel the table to our bedroom and well, well, well... My wife is lying on the floor, crying all by herself. Now, what has happened here because I left her still sleeping on the bed and to say how she got on the floor, I am not really sure that I want to know.

“Mrs me, what are you doing on the floor?” She is heavy and getting her back up again, I a mission. I am just happy because, we are only left with only one full month before we welcome our sons into this world.

Nope, you heard right. We are not pregnant with only one, not two but... Okay, I’m kidding. The obstetrician found that, the other baby was hiding behind the other so, we are expecting two babies, isn’t it great news? You should see how huge my wife looks.

“My phone fell on the floor. I... I was trying to pick it up but, I couldn’t get back up.” She softly cries. Is she not cute? Ncoow. “But, you should have called me, mommy.” I gather all my strength before I help her up. When I am done, I am hyperventilating like I was being chased by dogs.

“Are you okay, daddy?” Is she mocking me?

“I am fine. Don’t you want us to stay another night here?”

“NO!” She quickly responds. “We were supposed to be back home a week ago but, you kept on saying that 'we'll leave tomorrow' everyday. If I says yes, we'll end up spending another week here.” I chuckle. After a year of our marriage, this is our honeymoon, our very first vacation together. We are in France, we were supposed to have gone in December but, the circumstances wouldn’t have allowed us. You know that, in my family, there is always something coming up... We never rest.

My dad and mother in-law? Well, my mother ended up finding out and well, threats were made but, it was sorted after two months. My father in-law lost his trust though for his wife, their marriage is no longer the same as it used to be when I first met them but, they are trying.

“Okay my love.” I kiss her cheek. “Lets enjoy our breakfast now then.”

“I love you, baby daddy.” Oh wow. I kiss her lips.

“I love you too, baby momma. I love you so much and don’t you ever forget that, no matter what.” I kiss her once more before we eat our food.

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## **NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

It's been long hours flying back to South Africa, France was A-MAI-ZIIIIING! We are in Siyamthanda's car, he fetched us from the airport. I Cannot wait to share my pictures on social media. Though I look big, I think I still got my sexy in me. I will forever cherish this, Luyolo my husband taking me to Paris, like what!?! I didn't want to come back but hey, I miss home, I miss my son. He is currently at his mother's place going to school from there... Yup, he started kindergarten four months ago and he is very happy with it. He lives with us full time and the visits his mother on weekends.

Oh, that day when Yoniswa was at our house fighting with my mother, I was taken to the hospital and I found out that I was only having contractions. My husband couldn't understand how my belly grows faster and bigger in just three months so, the obstetrician made a scan and the second baby appeared. Shock was an understatement by then, I almost died but Mr Mayiza himself was very much delighted. I could not stomach it and another thing, I was mad at him for almost sleeping with Yoniswa during the time I was abducted by Clayton. It is all over now and we have moved on.



The car comes to a halt, I can't wait to get into my home! When we left to France, it was being renovated from bedrooms, kitchen, lounge and all other rooms. I just hope it is exactly how I want it, nothing less.

Luyolo goes out from the car to help me out from my side. It takes us more than a minute before I finally get off.

Siyamthanda is off loading our bags from the trunk.

"Thank you Siya. Forgive us for waking you up so early to fetch us from the airport." I say.

"For you wifey, I would do anything."

"I will kill you

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Kwedini. I don't even know why my wife is even apologising to you."

"Okay, that's my cue." He hugs me. "See you soon, mommy.

Kwedini..." They man hug.

"Ta, boy." Siyamthanda drives out as we roll our bags to the house.

The moment we step in, we are met by a top billing type of a home, the one that you only can dream about but doesn't exist, the heaven on Earth type of house, you know what I mean

right? Don't get me wrong, Luyolo's house was beautiful but now, he is married to me, it needed a woman's touch which is why I decided to make a few calls and make it more beautiful.

"Are you sure that we are in the right house? Is this really our house, Khanyi?" Listen to my husband being his crazy self.

"Wow! This is beautiful, oh my God. I just can't wait to see the kids' nursery. But first, let's check out our bed room baby." I walk to the elevator because now, the stairs are not an option.

"I will take the luggage to the laundry room. I will be right behind you." I nod living him behind. I get to the bedroom, the doors have been also changed.

The soon as I opened the door to our bedroom, I screamed so loud to the mesmirising looking bedroom. I want to cry, I am crying. I walk in further looking around, Luyolo runs in the room coming straight to me.

"Baby, what I it? Are the babies okay?" He touches my body probably checking for possible wounds or blood, I don't know.

"Why are you crying." He holds my face.

"It's beautiful... Our room is beautiful." That is when he checks out the difference in our bedroom. His eyes widens.

"It's amazing, I love it." Of course! The feminine touch at it's best.

“Husband, thank you. Our marriage started off with troubles but look at us, a year and just a few months old we prospered. We have a beautiful home, we have Lindokuhle aaannd... we have two more babies on the way.” He pulls me closer to him and holds my big baby bump.

“It wouldn’t have felt like a home if it wasn’t for you... if I wasn’t married to you. I thank you my love.” He French kiss me, I get a baby kick.

“Your son is so jealous... is he not supposed to be sleeping?”

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It’s been two weeks since coming back from France. I am on maternity leave since I am almost due to giving birth. I am in the living room sitting flat on the carpet stuffing myself with Death by Chocolate. I don’t know how I am going to get up because, it is a mission doing it alone and Mam’ Gloria is not that strong to lift me up, she might drop me back to the floor. I look at the time on my cellphone, my son can walk in at anytime now from crèche. He has a special transport that takes him to and fro. My phone rings, it’s my husband guys oh my God, I don’t look a mess right? I mean, he will sense that I look like “mama ngwana” but not “baby momma”, won’t he? Anyway...

“Hey, baby daddy?” I eat more of my death by Chocolate.

“Baby momma, what are you doing? I hope you are not eating ice cubes there.” Well, since he mentioned it, I am craving some.

“Not at all baby. I am just having the chocolate cake I asked for.”

“It’s going to be the death of you... Has Lindo arrived yet?”

“No baby... oh, I think that’s him outside, I am hearing a...” The front door opens, Lindokuhle runs into the house followed by the driver.

“Mommy!”

“No running in the house!” He runs faster, this child! “Daddy is on the phone.” He kisses my cheek before taking the phone.

“Daddy... yes... it was nice... yeeeesss! I am happy... I love you... bye daddy... okay.” He hands back the phone to me.

“I wonder what was that all about? He looks delighted.”

“Well, Logan is making a birthday party for his four year old daughter so, I am taking him with tomorrow.”

“Okay baby. Did you tell Yoniswa? She was supposed to be taking him this weekend.” Yeah, we found out that Yoniswa is living here I Joburg a few months ago, I don’t know why and I don’t think I want to know.

“Please call her for me baby, me and her won’t end the call with nice words.” Is he kidding me? I am not about that.

“Oh no baby, I am not getting myself involved with the mother of your child and you do know that we don’t get along so no.”

He chuckles.

“Women... Look, I will send her a text okay. I have to go now, I love you okay.” I blush.

“I love you. See you later.”

“Bye.”

“Mommy, can I please have cake.” Lindokuhle asks after eating the rest of my cake from my side plate while I was on the call.

“Ask Mam’ Gloria to cut a slice for you.” He runs to the kitchen.

“Sister boss..” That’s Senzo Buthelezi, remember him? The driver that was once sent by Luyolo to fetch me from the office straight to his? Yeah, that Senzo. He is the Lindokuhle’s driver, well, also mine.

“Oh, hey. I didn’t see you there. Please come and help me up.”

He walks up to where I am sitting. “Thank you.”

“Sure sister. I was given this envelope at Lindokuhle’s crèche.

They need a consent from you by Tuesday.” He hands me the envelope.

“Thank you. Are you not hungry? I can ask Mam' Gloria to make you something to eat.”

“I would love that, sister boss.” Luyolo hates it when I treat the employees like this. He thinks that they will slack on their jobs.

They are even scared of him

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

I am woken up by Luyolo buried inside of me, passionately thrusting behind me while I am still side sleeping. I lift up my leg a little to create more room for him. He starts thrusting faster but carefully.

After a few more humping, his body tenses up as he groans and releases his seeds in me before he spoons me wrapping his arms around my belly.

“Have I told you how much nicer sex has become since you are pregnant?”

“Need I remind you that in three weeks time, the pregnancy will be gone?” He chuckles.

“I won’t let you go off that easily. I want a soccer team running around the backyard. This triple story is too big for only five people, we have enough bedrooms.” Is he even hearing himself? I am tired of this pregnancy, I have had enough of it.

“Huh-uh, what? I am done with babies. I am so tired with this pregnancy and I don’t think I can do with another one.” He pecks my shoulder.

“All in a good time, mommy. We should go to Bhishe a few months after the babies are born.” I agree. We had to go there a month ago but, we chose to go to France instead.

“Yeah honey. Is your father still there or he went back to Cape Town?” He sighs.

“I don’t know hey... Things between my father and my mother seem not to be getting better. I think there is something more than what happened between your mother and my father.” I nod. This is going to be awkward when we have gatherings.

“I really hope things get better between them. We have babies on the way and, for their sake I hope that things are fine by then because, I would like both my mom and yours to be there.” He holds me tight.

“Don’t worry yourself so much about that. Focus on the positive okay.” His phone beeps, he ignores it.

“Okay.” It goes silent for a while. “What time are you going to the mall?” Luyolo is going to the Mall with Lindokuhle to buy a birthday present for Logan’s daughter before they go to the party.

Mam' Gloria is not coming in on weekends so, I will be all alone today. His phone beeps again. “Are you not going to check it?”

“8am. I should get ready now, are you joining me in the shower?” He detangles away from me getting off the bed ignoring my last question.

He takes his phone with going to the bathroom. My husband has been very sneaky this whole week. I mean, he makes private phone calls and he deletes his call log. Last night, I told

him that I want to tag along to the mall then we can go to the party together but nooo, he refused and told me that I should be ready at 12pm, he will fetch me then because, it was a boys' shopping spree.

“Luyolo. Are you cheating on me?”

“What!? No... of course not baby how can you even think like that?” He answers very quickly avoiding eye contact. That confirms it.

“I will go wake Lindokuhle and get him ready.” I sadly get off the bed and wear my robe before going out of the room.

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I just finished making breakfast. I am sitting with my small family on the dining table eating in silence. Luyolo and Lindokuhle are chatting and I am in deep thoughts. I can't get it out of my head that, Luyolo might be cheating on me.

“Mommy, can I please have more eggs?” Lindokuhle likes eggs or maybe how I make them.

“Okay baby.” I dish more eggs on his plate and pour a ketchup on them.

“Thank you.” I smile..

“Sthandwa sami. Can we talk, in the kitchen?” Luyolo asks while



standing up. I get up too before going to the kitchen with him.

“I know you are angry with me but, there is nothing to be worried about. I am not cheating on you and I won’t start now. I love you Mommy, you alone. Believe me when I say that, there is no one that I am fooling around with.”

“Then why private calls? You can barely look at your phone when you are with me yet alone let me touch it.” He sighs then holds my face, wiping my tears.

“Okay, tell you what. After today, there won’t be any of those.”

“Why after today? And what are 'those'?”

“It’s... Okay, it’s a surprise, for you.” He kisses me, I respond to the kiss. He breaks it. “Phela wena you won’t stop.” It’s true, I won’t. This pregnancy has turned me into a sex freak.

“Okay, I believe you... for now but if I ever find that you cheating...”

“I know baby... you will burn me alive but, it will never get to that, I promise. Look, I need to go now, be ready at 12.” He gives me one last kiss. “Lindokuhle, let’s go!”

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## **NARRATOR**

Luyolo drove with Lindokuhle to the mall leaving Ntombenhle behind. Luyolo and Mbalenhle we’re scheming behind

Ntombenhle's back planning baby showers for her. Right now at the mall, they were meeting to get a few things since today is the day where they will be hosting the baby showers at the Mnisi home.

"Hey. I am just glad that this sneaking around is finally coming to an end. Your sister is ready to burn me alive now."

Mbalenhle laughs.

"Is she suspecting anything?"

"No, except that I am cheating on her. Look, I trust you with everything so I will leave you with my card to get the things that are needed. I received a message from Logan saying that there is an emergency shareholder's and board meeting, it is probably urgent. Will you be fine with both of them?" Referring to Lindokuhle and Minenhle, her daughter.

"Of course. I will manage with them. We will call you when we are done." She holds Lindokuhle's hands.

"Great. See you in a minute." Luyolo takes out his wallet and then hands the black card to Mbalenhle before going out of the mall.

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Since Yoniswa knew that Luyolo and Lindokuhle had plans in the morning leaving Ntombenhle behind, an idea hit her mind

and she made a call.

“Sisters. Z'khiphan?” (What’s up?) The man on the line answered the phone.

“Hi. Remember the job that I asked you to do for me but later asked you to abort? I want it to happen today, in fact as in yesterday. I want to see flames in the next two hours. I will send you the details right now to confirm everything.”

“No problem sisters Mara you know that I have to get money up front.”

“Okay fine. I will send you five thousand Rand and you'll get the rest later.” Yoniswa huffs.

“You will have to put in extra because, the world does not revolve around you. We have other commitments. You can’t just call and tell me to jump. If you want me to leave everything that I am doing now, you have to pay more. Oh and, my men won't be backing down this time so I hope you are sure about this.”

“Whatever, Stox. Just do it.” She hangs up before calling his father.

Growing up, Yoniswa has always been daddy's little girl. She and her little sister Yvonne are not coming from the same father so, she was more raised by her father rather than her mother. Her father spoilt her well, he still does. Everything that Yoniswa wants, she gets it without a doubt.

“Daddy, hi.”

“Yoni

how are you doing?” Her father asks

“Daddy, I need ten thousand Rand now, please.” Her father sighs over the phone.

“Just because I have something important to attend to now, I won’t ask much. I just hope it is for a good cause.”

“Thank you daddy, I love you.” She excitedly screams which worries her father on the other side.

“My baby, are you taking your medication? I hope this is not about your Obsessions to the Mayiza” Yoniswa nervously fakes a laugh.

“No, you don’t have to worry much daddy, I am good. I have to go, bye...”

“I lo...” Yoniswa hanged up before her father could say further more.

Five minutes later, she received twenty thousand Rand from her father. She immediately made a payment of eight thousand Rand to Stox. Stox sent a text message to her saying; 'consider the job done.'.

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Luyolo made his way back into the mall where Mbalenhle and the children were, his mood was no longer the same since he came back from the meeting.

“Hey, are you done?” He asks when he gets to Spur finding Mbalenhle watching the kids playing games.

“Yeah. We were just waiting for you.” It goes silent.

“Chomam, uright?” Mbalenhle asks maybe because Luyolo’s mood was obvious.

“It’s work but, nothing I can’t handle, I will be fine. Let me get the kids.” He went to get the kids while Mbalenhle gathered all the things that she bought.

They made their way to the car and drove off to Mbalenhle’s parents' house, The Mnisi Residents. Friends and family were there helping out with decorations, food and all that in the back yard, the white, grey and baby blue was very beautiful.

Luyolo left with Lindokuhle driving back to his house. He parked his car in the garage and went in the house with Lindokuhle. They found Ntombenhle sitting on the couch catching up on some series in the lounge. She got up the moment she saw his husband and Lindokuhle walking in.

“You are early, way too early than I thought.” She says before she shares a kiss with Luyolo.

“We were playing games with Auntie. She bought Minenhle ice cream and also me.” Luyolo coughs, Ntombenhle looks at him as if she is waiting for him to explain.

“Well, uh baby. You see, we bumped into your sister at the mall. She bought you this.” He hands her a paper bag, she opens it and she finds a beautiful blue and white striped dress, her face beams.

“I love it but, I won’t have to wear it anymore after my pregnancy.” She sighs.

“More reasons for you to wear it today. Let’s go and get ready.”

“But, it is still very early baby.”

“Okay.” Luyolo goes to the couch and sighs after he sat down. Ntombenhle picked up from that, that there is something going on.

“Tata ka Lindo, what’s the matter?” She asks as she sits next to him. Luyolo runs his hands roughly on his nice hair cut.

“I don’t want to stress you, baby. Not today.”

“Now I am stressed. Luyolo, you better start talking or you will get me to an early labour.”

“Okay.” He breathes. “Logan called for an emergency meeting, when I got there...” He chuckles. “I was like a fool, the meeting was already concluded and, I was taken off my seat in my own company.” Ntombenhle holds her chest that is rising up and falling down.

“Wh-what?” She asks.

“Yep. Logan is a snake. I believe that he sent me that message when they were already at the meeting casting their votes to bring me down but, that is my company, our children’s future I will not back out without a fight.” Lindokuhle starts coughing badly.

“Baby are you okay, come let’s go have water.” Ntombenhle gets up from the couch taking Lindokuhle’s hand and then puts her hand on Luyolo’s shoulder.

“We are going to fight this together, my love.” Luyolo faintly smiled. Lindokuhle’s breathing worsens.

“Something is burning. I think it is what is making him cough like that. Get him water water, I will go and check.”

They separate ways and as soon as Ntombenhle gets to the kitchen with Lindokuhle, they stumble upon the worst nightmare. The kitchen is being filled with smoke she screams to the sight of that.

“Mommy!” Lindokuhle shouts and cries at Ntombenhle because she scared him.

“I am sorry baby. Wait here while I get water for us.”

She goes into that smoke and starts coughing badly as she takes three water bottles from the fridge before going out of the

kitchen. Her eyes are burning from the smoke.

“We need to get out of the house. Where is daddy?” She goes on coughing, Lindokuhle also coughs. They walk back to the living room and from the sliding door, She can see the yard on flames, the next thing, a window broke from a bottle that was thrown with flame into the house, the curtains caught the fire.

“LUYOLO!!!” Ntombenhle screams. Lindokuhle isn’t making the situation any better as he is scared and crying and coughing in between. The house is now filled with lots of thick smoke.

“Baby, we are going to be fine, I...” She coughs. Luyolo comes running back down from the stairs.

“Khanyisile!” He coughs but tries so hard to be strong. “I need you to stay strong and stay calm. Promise me that?”

Ntombenhle nods, crying.

“The whole house is caught with fire. I am going to take you guys to the basement, you will be safe there.”

“What about you?” Ntombenhle asks.

“There is no time for that Khanyisile, let’s go!” She takes the water bottles as they go to the basement. It is very clean and indeed looks safe. But, they probably caught so much smoke in their lungs and Lindokuhle is hyperventilating and cannot sustain himself from coughing. “I will try to call up for help. I



love you, do you hear me. Lindokuhle, daddy loves you so much...”

“Luyolo please don’t talk like you are going to die.” Luyolo ignores her and kiss her. He pecks Lindokuhle on the lips and hugs them. “Luyolo please don’t go...”

Luyolo closed the door as he went out living them coughing and crying their burning chests out.

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Yoniswa received a call from Stox.

“Tell me what I want to hear, Stox.” She says as soon as she answered the phone.

“It’s done sisters.” He says. She ends the call and screams in happiness!

“Ntombenhle Mnisi is finally gone! I will be the shoulder to cry on to my baby daddy and probably end up being his wife.” She cackled. She sent another five thousand Rand to Stox.

**NARRATOR**

Luyolo was trying to calm the situation by pouring water around the house. He had already called the emergency services. When the smoke was too much for him, he ran to the basement panting. After closing the door, he almost fainted to what appeared in front of him. Lindokuhle has a weak system in his body since from the cancer he had, he is finding it very difficult to breathe. His wife, shame poor wife who has been through so much when her pregnancy started and now this. Her skirt was filled with blood. Luyolo put his hands on his head as his eyes burnt from the tears, well more from the smoke filled in the house.

“Luuuu...” Ntombenhle cried. Luyolo didn’t know what to do. He was broken. He staggered with his wobbly legs to them. “I’m in pains.” Luyolo still didn’t know what to say.

“Help is on it’s way. Breathe my love.” He says as takes Lindokuhle into his arms. “Stay with mommy and daddy son. Don’t do this to me.” He lays him on the bed and attends his wife. “Can you get up from the chair? Do you need to lie down on the bed?”

“No! Luu my I probably lost my babies.” She cries and let’s out a pitch hitching sound of agony.

“Baby... The sneaking around that I was doing this week.” He

tries to make up a conversation so that Ntombenhle does not have to think much about the pain. He goes on and tells her about the private calls, deleted call logs and messages and of course the baby showers. He also goes and checks on Lindokuhle who's heart was very faint. This was very hard for all of them. The smoke was now starting to sneak into the tiny little holes in the basement.

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On the other side at the Mnisi Residents, Mbalenhle I trying so hard to get hold of Luyolo but his phone goes straight to voicemail. The guests have already arrived and bought lots of expensive gifts for Ntombenhle's baby showers. All they are waiting for now is the mommy to be to arrive.

"Ma, I still can't get hold of them. Enhle's phone rings unanswered and Luyolo's phone is off. I think I will go there." Mbalenhle tells her mother.

"Okay, let me tell your father to go with you. Something is wrong, I can feel it."

A few minutes later, Mbalenhle and Busani were driving to Luyolo's house. On the way, Mbalenhle still kept on trying to call Ntombenhle but, it was all in vain.

"I swear if that Mayiza boy did something to my daughter, I am going to kill him." Busani grits his teeth.

He hits the brakes hard as he arrives same time as the emergency services; the police, fire extinguisher and two ambulances. People just standing on the street watching the house being flamed instead of getting buckets of water to stop the fire. But what can we say, everyone minds their own business in the suburbs and turn a blind eye.

“No, no, no!” Mbalenhle screamed getting off the car. “Not my sister, No!” She opened the door and then jumped out of the car running to the burning house, Busani ran after her to stop her. He held her so tight that they sank to the ground with tears streaming down their faces.

“Uh, excuse me, I am Detective Johnston. Is this your property?” Busani tried getting both him and Mbalenhle on their feet. The fire brigades are extinguishing the fire to make the entrance clear so that the can go in. Luyolo had told them that, there is a basement in the house so, that is where they will find them.

“Detective. My pregnant daughter, my grandson and my daughter’s husband live here. They are probably in there as we speak.”

“Do you perhaps insinuate anything about the start up of the fire?”

“We just got here!” Mbalenhle shouts at the detective.

“Of course. Sorry for being insensitive.” He walked away.

Busani called his wife to let her know what transpired and also to tell the guests there that the baby showers are not happening. A few minutes later, a fire brigade came out from the house that was filled with grey thick smoke. He shouted: “one late pregnant woman and a man with a toddler!”

The press media was already there taking pictures and videos while taking statements. The paramedics went in with two stretchers and oxygen masks. They first took Lindokuhle before taking Ntombenhle on to the stretcher before they wheeled them both out. Luyolo was not breathing normal but he was trying to be strong for his wife and his son.

“Sir, you need to wear the oxygen mask.” One of the paramedics said to Luyolo.

“I don’t need that! My wife and son are loosing their breaths, they need help more than I!” He keeps coughing as he follows them outside. He holds his wife’s hand.

When Mbalenhle saw them coming out from the house.

“Baba, there they are!”

Luyolo followed his wife to the ambulance.

“Sthandwa Sami, be strong. I love you so much okay, I will meet you at the hospital.” Ntombenhle flinches in pain or contractions rather on her stomach. They close the ambulance door and

then runs off to the other where his son is at and then hops in.  
“Is he going to be okay? Please help my son, please!”

The paramedic sighed as he looked at Lindokuhle who’s heart is slowly dying. The ambulances followed each other out of the premises to the hospital, followed by Busani driving with Mbalenhle.

“I am trying the best I can. He had inhaled a lot of smoke and...”  
“I don’t want you to try

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dammit. I want you to do your best! I pay a lot at that fancy hospital of yours.” He shouts in a whisper. He looks at his son and holds his face. “Buddy. Daddy promised you so much, don’t leave daddy. You were very excited to go to crèche thinking that it is Kindergarten. Stay with daddy and I will take you to Kindergarten.” His tears fall stream down his face as his son's eyes roll to the back.

“Lindo!”

“Sir, please allow me to do my job.” The paramedic tries to remove Luyolo from Lindokuhle.

“No! My son can’t leave me... Lindokuhle, wake up! Son, buddy daddy needs you don’t do this please... I refuse to bury you baby...” He cries as Lindokuhle’s heart beat stops. “No...”

“I am very sorry sir.”

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Ntombenhle was rushed to the labour ward as she was going to give birth prematurely. Luyolo again had to be strong for her and wait until she gives birth. She was assigned to give birth naturally but due to circumstances now, she is ought to have an emergency Caesarean. Luyolo was given scrubs and surgeon mask as he is going to be present in the ward where Ntombenhle is going to deliver the babies.

“Please. It’s not time yet. Tell them to stay in for a little longer until their time comes...” Ntombenhle wails. Luyolo takes her hand and pecks it. He feels his chest burn but, he ignores the feeling and focus on his wife.

“It’s going to be okay sweetheart heart. We have to do this.”

“This is... aaaaahh.” The contractions in her stomach worsen.

“”Make the pain go away, please.”

A midwife and two nurses walk into the ward and then look at the time on the clock hanged on the wall. They prepare the equipment to get the babies out of the stomach. Mbalenhle and Busani were waiting outside the ward.

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Yoniswa was watching the news on TV while drinking champagne and eating snacks celebrating not knowing that, Lindokuhle, her son has passed on, on the way to the hospital.

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Nomathemba has managed to get everyone to leave. She had also called Siboniso to let him know what was happening and Siboniso will be catching a late fly to Johannesburg. She had a bag of baby accessories and clothes as she is going to drive to the hospital.

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Meanwhile, Ntombenhle's first baby was born. He looked chubby and very beautiful, looking more like his father. The midwife took the second baby out but, he was a stillborn baby.

“Why is he not moving? Why is he not crying like the first baby?” Luyolo asks breathing fire.

“I am very sorry but...”

“I have had enough of that shit today!” He scoffs. Ntombenhle starts crying very loud. They stitch her up before moving her to another ward.

After the nurse had cleaned the baby, she put him in the incubator before wheeling him to Ntombenhle's ward where she was sedated. Luyolo, Mbalenhle and Busani were all sitting in the ward very silent, not saying anything to each other. Luyolo was struggling to breathe a little but was very stubborn. He wanted to be there when his wife wakes up because



currently, that is the only thing that keeps him sane. The nurse walked in.

“Here is the little one. The doctor will come and give you the forms to fill with the baby’s details.” She looked at Luyolo. “Sir, you need to see a doctor.”

“I am fine, thank you.” He said.

The baby was only wrapped in a hospital blanket and just then, Nomathemba walked in.

“Oh, my daughter.” Her tears rolled out from her eyes. She looked at Luyolo. “Son, how are you feeling?” Luyolo took a deep breathe and shook his head. No one couldn’t miss how hurt he was. He played with the baby in the incubator and smiled a little. “Where is the other baby? I bought their clothes and blankets and other things.” The room fell into a complete silence.

Nomathemba shook her head as more tears fell from her eyes. No one dared to say anything to how sensitive this is. She concluded it herself that the other twin is no more. The doctor walked in holding a file on her hands followed by both nurses and one of them was holding a new born baby hamper that they give out in private hospitals.

“Good afternoon. Mr Mayiza I will need you to fill in the form here and, from all of us in the hospital, we would like to

congratulate you with this hamper.” Luyolo faintly smiled.

Ntombenhle starts moving, she is waking up.

“Hey, mommy. How are you feeling?” Luyolo holds her hand.

“My baby, Luyolo...” She cries softly.

“Sshh... We are going to be fine, I promise.” He kisses her on her forehead. “Ma ka Enzokuhle.” He smiles at her.

“Tata ka Kyle.” (Kyle’s father.) They smile their pain away.

Luyolo writes down the baby’s names on the form and then give it to the doctor.

“Very well. Sister please write down the name of the baby on the tag.”

“How is he?” Ntombenhle asks.

“Very strong. He is even ready to be taken home but, I would like to keep you here for another day. For now, please feed him your breast milk I am sure you mother knows a lot about babies.”

“Of course, I will help her.” Nomathemba says excitedly. The doctor and the nurses walk out after writing the name tag on the baby.

“How is Lindokuhle?” Ntombenhle asks. Luyolo hasn’t told anyone about his son’s passing. He looks down. “Baby? What is going on?”

“Chomam? Is he going to be fine?” Mbalenhle asks concerned. They all look at Luyolo for answers.

“Luyolo! Where is Lindokuhle?” Ntombenhle shouts ignoring

the pain.

“Sis, you will hurt yourself.” Mbalenhle warns her.

“He-He is... Gone.” He fights back his tears.

“What!” They all ask in the room, shocked.

**NTOMBENHLE MNISI**

'Umangisuka kuwona  
Lomhlaba o' mdala  
Ngizohamba nginokujabula  
Ngobu Jesu uzongingenisa  
Ngale  
Endaweni lapho ngo phumula'

The family and friends are singing in the living room. I was supposed to be sitting down on a mattress but I cannot due to my stitches so, I was given the bed. The family had to disorganise the living room and removed most of the furniture to make space for the bed and also a mattress where by Yoniswa is sitting. Even if it wasn't for my stitches, I would have been given a different mattress to sit on, I can't share the same with Yoniswa, I am the wife here.

We arrived here in Bhisho last night and also transferred our children in the morgue around Bhisho. Both of them will be buried here, as it was Luyolo's decision, I had no problem with that but traveling with a new born baby when I am still in stitches and also know less about handling the baby was a complete mission for me but, my husband is such an amazing person, we made stops here and there so that he can take care of his copy. Damn! You carry a baby for almost a year, he

comes out to look like his father like he was trying to prove a point or something as if his father ever denied him.

I know I also lost a baby but, I can never compare my pain to Yoniswa's. At least she got to bond with his son, they shared so much many memories and although Yoniswa has her own demons, she is deeply hurt by all of this. I actually feel for her but then, Lindokuhle was my son too, I am very hurt by his passing. I want to be strong for my husband but, how do you do that when he ignoring his own pain, just like the day I gave birth, he didn't want to be checked as he struggled to breathe until he collapsed to the floor, I was so angry at him because, he did that on his own.

Speaking of witch, there he comes looking all brave and strong but, that's my husband guys, I know him. He is dying inside.

"Are you still good? The private investigator says he has the information about how and who burned our house. We will solve that when we get to Joburg. And, the house insurance company has investigated our house and apparently, our bedroom, study room and the entertainment room didn't catch so much fire so, most of our things are still good, our documents too. They will start fixing the house immediately." That's good but, that's just material things. Our children are never returning. I just nod.

“I need to use the bathroom, please help me up.” He is very careful when he does that, I prefer him more than anyone.

We walk to the bathroom, he helps me sit on the toilet seat so that I can release; I am holding on to him very tight.

“I am done.” I say.

“Okay.” He takes a piece of tissue paper, then helps me back up again before wiping me and then flush the tissue away. We wash our hands before going out.

“Can we talk?” I ask while stopping on my tracks.

“About?”

“You baby. You are pretend to everyone that you are okay when you are actually not. You don’t have to pretend to me baby. Talk out your feelings on me.” He shakes his head. “Luu, a lot has happened in one day. You got demoted, our house burned to ashes and we lost two kids, all in one day!” I start crying. He pulls me for a hug carefully minding my stitches.

“Baby it hurts, it hurts so bad!”

“I know mommy, I know.” He squeeze me a little. “I just don’t know how to react to all of this honey, I don’t know what I should do to. It’s like I am going to wake up from this bad dream and I feel so sure about it. Mommy what should I do.”

“Break things if you have to, just don’t shut your feelings, especially from me. You can open up to me.” He looks up the space, probably fighting back the tears. “Babe, talk to me.” He

cups my face and wipes my tears using his thumbs. The cries of my baby from one of the bedrooms.

Bad Timing!

My husband was about to open up to me and that would have made him a little lighter but, my baby had to disturb this moment. He gives me a baby kiss before he holds me as we walk to the bedroom. We find baby Enzo sucking on his fist, he is hungry.

“Sit here and I will get him.” He helps me sit on the one sitter couch before he gets Enzokuhle from the bed.

“He is beautiful.” He is. “There is a little bit of Lindokuhle in him.” I nod.

“He took after you, that’s why.” He hands me the baby, I tuck my full boob in his mouth for him to suck it, I still can’t get use to the feeling, if you know what I mean. He starts squelching as he sucks the milk out, he must be enjoying the milk. I wonder how it tastes like.

Luyolo heaves a loud sigh before lying on the bed.

“Want to talk about it?” He looks at me as if he is studying me.

“This is not how I imagined things to be. Who would hate me so much to do something like that, something that cost my family. Yes, I make enemies everyday with the line of work that I do, we get competition everyday but, I always avoided trouble

sthandwa Sam you know that. But for someone to do me like this? I can't even point a finger. I lost my sons." He buries his face in his hands. I hold my baby as my own tears roll down. "Baby I am so sorry for all of this." He gets down from the bed and kneels down in front of me holding my legs. He never not once ever expressed himself to me like this. So this shows me how much he is broken and hurt.

"Baby..." I whisper.

"No, Ntombenhle..." Wow, I'm Ntombenhle today? "I am sorry that I dragged you in my mud, this is all my fault. Maybe if we went against our parents and never gotten ourselves in this, this would have been avoided." I shake my head as I am crying.

"Now, I hate that I love you so much."

"Please don't talk like that, Luu." He sits flat on the floor and leans against the bed.

"Maybe we don't belong together, our marriage has started off with problems. Weird unexplainable things happened. Things took a toll here and there, it was a fuckin' mess."

"No... Luyolo. I will not sit here and listen to you squabble at me like that. I know you are hurting baby but don't do this to us. We are happy together and we can make it work. We have our son that needs us both please don't say that." The door opens, Luyolo's mother walks in.

"Oh my babies, I came to check up on you. Your family has arrived. And also your colleagues. Go and I will take care of



Enzokuhle.” She takes him from my arms. Luyolo wipes his face. Even though he tries to hide it from everyone, his bloodshot eyes will tell it all.

He helps me up as we go out from the room.

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Two days later, we are sitting at the cemetery under the stretch tent. I am sitting next to my husband with our hands intertwined. He is squeezing it every now and then maybe to assure me that everything will be okay. But, after that night, I don't think so. My sister is sitting on the other side of my hand brushing my back. We brought baby Enzokuhle also, oh my poor baby. He is not even a week old but here he is burying his twin and older brother. The pastor then calls out for the Mayiza family to come forward with Enzokuhle as the coffins are about to go six feet under, I can't help but wail out loud.

“Phephisa sisi.” They say while others are trying to fan me with the programs. “Give her water!” Someone shouts.

“We are not supposed to-be-bur-ing them! It is... wrong!” I try to catch my breath. “Who is supposed to bury us if our children die before us, oh Lindokuhle...” I don't stop wailing.

Siboniso takes my peaceful sleeping baby Enzo from the stroller and goes forward next to Lethukuhle, his Twin's grave. He carefully puts Enzokuhle on top of Lethukuhle's casket.

'Amagugu Alelizwe  
Ayosal' emathuneni  
Amagugu Alelizwe  
Ayosal' emathuneni  
Ngiyolala ngingedwa  
Ethuneni lami...'

I think the song triggered Luyolo because, he just removed my hand from his before burying his face in his hands and starts crying. I put my hand on his back and softly brush him. I have collected myself for him now.

My heart aches when the caskets are being rolled down with my baby still on Lethu's coffin. Siboniso prays and chants to the ancestors to release Lethukuhle from Enzokuhle as he is at his final place. It is a thing that black cultures do when one twin dies and the other has to go down the grave so that they can separate them. I just hope that they make no mistake with my baby down there. He screams as they take him out, they quickly hand him over to me. No one would miss the fact that he is still a new born baby, he still folds himself like a foetus and still has his eyes closed. He doesn't stop crying and I also can't be breastfeeding him here. Luyolo collects himself before taking him from my arms to rock him to sleep, just until we get home.

'Joko ya hao e bo bebe  
E nkgatholola pelo

Tumelo ho nna ke thebe  
E tla mphemisa lefu  
Nyakallo ke e fumane  
Tseleng ya hao Morena  
Dira ho nna di qhalane  
Ke hloletswe ke wena

O re ho'na ke lelale  
Ke tshephe lehodimo  
Moeti ha a kgathale  
O pepjwa ke Modimo  
Efela o dutse jwale  
E sa le o nthatile  
O mphodisitse matswalo  
'Me jwale ke thabile

Ho tla ba jwang ha ke siya  
Kobo ena e bolang  
Ke be jwalo ka Eliya  
Ka koloi e fofang?  
Ke tla opa ka diatla  
Ke tla re: Halleluya  
Halleluya ho senatla  
Se nkenyang ho Jehova.'

They sang the song while we were going to throw soil into both graves before they close the up. Luyolo gave the baby to my

mother and then helped me up. I balanced myself holding on to his arm as we sauntered to throw the soil in the graves.

“Le... Lethu. Baby... mommy never got a chance to hold you. I am sorry I couldn’t protect you but know that mommy will always love you okay.” Luyolo squeeze my shoulder. “Oh Lindokuhle, I am deeply broken my baby, you had so much to live for and for your life to be taken away like that, I don’t think I will ever get used to not having you around. I miss you so much and know that mommy Enhle will always love you, you and your brother Lethu. Rest in peace my babies...” we threw the sand before walking back.

Yoniswa and her mother make their way to the grave, I don’t know if it is me or I am seeing things. Yoniswa looks only partly alive like, she is not interested on what is happening nor look bothered. She hardly said a lot from day one, she hardly cried for her son . Or maybe everyone has a way of grieving, I don’t know.

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## **LUYOLO MAYIZA**

We just got back home from the cemetery, Ntombenhle and I went straight to our flat so that she can breastfeed Enzokuhle who is only five days old and already been through a lot. My wife and I are not actually in good terms right now and I can tell

that she has so much to say but, she is deciding against it. It is good, I also don't want to talk. I meant what I said to her the other day.

"What is going to happen from here on?" She asks as she breastfeeds our son on the bed.

"Meaning?" I also ask as I take off my formal shoes to change to sneakers.

"We don't have a home to go back to. Are we going to stay here or find another place while our house is getting fixed?"

"I don't know." I shrug. "You can go to your parents' house if you want to."

"Luyolo are you still interested in us? Do you still want to make us work? Do you want us to work on our marriage or you going to push me away?" Her voice breaks. "You can't even look at me, Yolo. I am sorry if you are blaming me for what happened. I am sorry that my sorry won't bring back our kids. I am sorry that I didn't run away at the aisle. I am sorry for coming into your life and I am sorry that I can't turn back the time. I love you and, I won't apologise for that. We are in too deep, we have a baby that needs us both. Why do you have to make him suffer?" I bury my hands deep in my pockets and look up closing my eyes.

"I am going out." I say walking out from our bedroom.

"Luyolo Mayiza we not done talking!" The baby starts crying.

"Luyolo!"

“Well I AM DONE! DONE TALKING AND DONE WITH THIS MARRIAGE!” She gasp with her eyes widened. I leave I walk out leaving her. I don’t think I still want this marriage.

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NOMATHEMBA MNISI

I am sitting with my husband, Busani. This is my first time coming to Bhisho. Remember when my daughter was having the traditional wedding, I couldn’t come and attend her wedding due to “tradition”? Well, today I am here and I must say that, this village here is very spacious. The land is big and the homes are very much far apart from each other, it looks dangerous. I know it’s too farfetched but, imagine living alone and someone breaks to your house, there is no way that you can get help that easy.

I see Siboniso approaching us, I hope he is not coming to start off some trouble to cause my husband to throw a fit.

“The Mnisi. How are you?” Siboniso asks.

“I am going to check out on my daughter.” I stand up. “It’s good to see you, Siboniso.” I walk away living them. I bump into Zozibini.

“Well, well, well. I must say, whatever muthi (voodoo) that you are using, it is really working. How is it that till today, the man you call your HUSBAND

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still doesn't know that, Ntombenhle is not really his daughter but, his best friend's?" I gasp. She chuckles. "What? You thought I didn't know? Well, I did my own calculations from the first day but, Siboniso also told me."

"If the truth means so much to you, go ahead and tell Siboniso and see if I give a damn." I cluck my tongue.

"Careful, Noms. Your wish might come true." To be honest, if the truth has to come out, it should come out from me. I walk away going to my daughter and his husband's flat, I find Luyolo standing outside smoking a cigarette.

"Hello son." He throws the almost half cigarette to the ground. "You don't have to worry about me. I completely understand." He nods.

"You can go in, ma." I nod.

"Thank you." I sigh. "It is going to take a long time to heal. Just be strong for Enzokuhle." I hold his shoulder before I walk into their flat.

"Enhle?" I call out as I walk in further. I reach their room and I can hear her sobbing softly. I open the door, I find her sitting upright with Enzokuhle laying on her chest, maybe sleeping.

"What is wrong? Argh my baby, it's going to be okay. I can guarantee you that it will get better in time." She cries more. I take the baby from her and put him in the crib. "Talk to me

Enhle.”

“Mama take me home with you, please, I want to come back home. My marriage is falling apart.” She whimpers. I wish to pull her for a hug but, I am scared I might hurt her where she is stitched below her stomach from the caesarian. I settle into holding her alhands.

“Are you going to let it fall apart?” Jeez, what am I saying? Maybe it’s a good thing they go separate.

“Luyolo is... is giving up on us.”

“Sshh my love. It’s going to be okay, don’t cry so much you will give yourself a headache.” I wipe her tears. I wipe my tears too. I don’t know what to say because, my guilt I eating me now. I decide to remain silent. Luyolo walks in. He clears his throat before he talks.

“Sorry to disturb but, there is a family meeting right now at the house. We are all needed.” He looks at Ntombenhle and sighs. “You can stay, you will get a brief about the meeting.” He goes out.

“When are you going to the hospital to remove the stitches?” I ask.

“I am supposed to go on Monday. Luyolo booked me to a hospital in town.”

“Okay. Let me leave you now. I will call your sister who made lots of Xhosa friends here to come and babysit you.”

“Ma! I don’t need a babysitter. And, I am not a baby.” She



sneers, I chuckle.

“You are my baby, and I am still calling your sister.” She smiles just a little. “I didn’t know that Luyolo smokes.”

“Uyaphapha nje. He smokes only when he tries to escape from reality.” (He is being forward.)

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## **NARRATOR**

Everyone was now settled in the living room waiting for the meeting to start. MaKhulu, Luyolo’s grandmother is the one leading the meeting. A seer is also present in the meeting.

“It was a very successful dignified burial of my great-grandchildren today and we need to thank the Lord for that. It is very sad that I, myself had to live longer than them. How I wish to exchange my life with theirs. Anyway, I called you all here to tell you that, we are doing the cleansing tomorrow so that we can all move on from this.” With that being said, the seer starts incarnating and groaning.

“This could have been avoided...” He sneezes.

“Makhosi.” Everyone says looking confused.

“What are you saying, Makhosi.” MaKhulu asks.

“They don’t listen. They were told to tell the truth or else, innocent souls were going to be lost.” He shakes his head clapping his hands.

“Who are you talking about?” Luyolo asks?

“Boy, do not disturb me. I am trying to communicate with the ancestors.” The seer sneers. “The truth must come out today, right now!” He groans. Nomathemba's heart beat increases it's pace. He shoots his eyes to where Siboniso is sitting, right next to Zozibini hoping to meet Siboniso's eyes but, she meets Zozibini's gaze.

“What truth?” MaKhulu asks.

“The ancestors demand a ritual. For a long lost daughter of the Mayiza.” The seer raise his head and looks at Nomathemba, Nomathemba shakes her head with tears falling out of her eyes.

“Mama, what's wrong?” Busani asks her.

“I am sorry baba. I am very sorry that I lied to you for so many years. I am so sorry.” Nomathemba cries holding his hands.

“You are wasting everyone's time Nomathemba!” Zozibini says, sounding annoyed or, it's because she knew what was going on-what the seer was on about.

“The Mayiza wants to claim what belongs to them or they won't stop making it difficult for the family.” The seer emphasise.

“What are you apologise for, mama. You are scaring me.” Busani says.

“Son, please give us some space and leave us the adults.” Siboniso says to Luyolo.

“Dad, if it has something to do with me and my family, I am not

going anywhere.” He scoffs.

“LUYOLO I AM NOT ASKING YOU, JUST LEAVE!” Luyolo’s father roars.

“FINE!” He storms out very angry. He goes straight to his flat and walks to the kitchen. He opens up the cabinets and looks in them until he finds a bottle of whiskey. He takes it and goes to the bedroom, he finds Ntombenhle sleeping with the baby cot pulled next to the bed with the sleeping Enzokuhle. He sighs and then goes to Lindokuhle’s bedroom, he leaves the door open.

He opens the bottle before sitting on the bed. He looks around the room, his eyes burn from the tears. He drinks the whiskey from the bottle and let’s his tears fall. He goes on and cries silently. Someone knocks from the front door but, he ignores it and drinks his hot whiskey. The person let’s themselves in and walks in further, they see the bedroom open and knocks, but walks in anyway without waiting for response.

“Hi.” Luyolo looks at the person, it’s Yoniswa. “I came to bid my goodbye.” She swallows hard as guilt hits her.

“Come here.” Luyolo pulls his hand forward to Yoniswa, she hesitantly goes to him and sits next to him on the bed. He puts his bottle down. “We lost our son.”

“I’m sorry. I-I shouldn’t be in here...” Her tears roll down her eyes.

“No, please stay with me.” Luyolo holds her hand.

“Your wife too lost a child, you should be with her. You don’t deserve to be with me.”

“But I want you here. You and I shared a soul. Let’s lie down here silently for a while.” He says while resting his body on the bed, Yoniswa joins him. He pulls her closer and spoons her.

“You are drunk.” She says.

“I know...” They fall asleep.

In the house, everyone was shocked to the news except for Makhulu, Zozibini, Nomathemba and Siboniso. They didn’t know how to react to the situation. Busani was full of rage.

“She is my daughter! I raised her!” He shouts. “I always knew that she was not my daughter but, now that you admit that you played me for a fool I want to kill you! Both of you!”

“I am so sorry baba, please forgive me...” Nomathemba cries.

“Shut up, SHUT UP!” You continued playing me for a fool meeting up in hotels angithi, I still forgave you and now you want to take my baby away from me, I will NOT allow that.” He chuckles. “My best friend and my wife...”

“We didn’t mean to.” Siboniso says.

“Yet, after so many years you did it again.” He shook his head.

“I am leaving.”

“Please baba, let’s talk about this!”

“I am done talking!”

“Calm down man.” Siboniso utters. Busani shoots murderous daggers at him. He clucks his tongue before going out.

“Dad, are you leaving? Dad, wait! Dad?” Mbalenhle calls out to him but he just keeps going ignoring her. He gets in the car and then drives off leaving dust behind.

“O-KAY! That was weird. Do you think that something made him angry?” Promise, Lubabalo’s wife asks.

“Whatever it is, we not involving ourselves. By the way, where is your sister, Yvonne?” Lubabalo asks.

“We were supposed to have left with our parents but, she said she has something to do before we leave.” Yvonne answers.

“I think I should go and check on my sister.” Mbalenhle says.

“I am coming with you.” Lubabalo says as they both get up. “I need to talk to my brother.” They both left.

In the house now it was only Nomathemba, Zozibini, MaKhulu and Siboniso.

“Can you please stop crying Nomathemba, you did this to yourself and you are starting to annoy us now.” Zozibini Huffs sounding annoyed.

“Just shut up Zozibini.” MaKhulu warns her. “Siboniso, I told you about this, in fact I warned you. Now, both of you waited for the worst to happen, look now. Call the children in, we need to tell them the truth now.”

They all go quiet.

“Zozibini, can you please call them.”

“I feel sorry for Khanyisile now.” She says as she goes out to their flat.

When she gets there, she finds the house full of noise. Lubabalo, Luyolo and Mbalenhle were quarrelling.

“What is this noise all about? We just buried two children for goodness sake but already you are cat and mousing! Argh man.”

“Tell that to your son ma. The bodies are not even cold but already he is spooning with his ex while the wife was sleeping!” Mbalenhle shouts before going to her sister in the bedroom.

“Luyolo, is that true?” She slaps him behind his head. “You can be stupid sometimes. Go to the house, you are needed in there. Lubabalo, come and help me with Ntombenhle, she is needed in there too.” Luyolo goes out. Lubabalo and Zozibini goes into the bedroom, they find Ntombenhle crying.

“Khanyi, I am so sorry baby, okay.” Zozibini says. “Can we help you up, we need you in the house, it is very important.” Ntombenhle nods.

“I will stay with Enzo, it’s okay.” Mbalenhle offers.

“I just want you both to know that, I am very sorry deep down from the bottom of my heart. I was young and stupid but, that is now excuse for what I did. I love you so much my baby and I would do anything to protect you but also, I will understand if

you going to hate me.” Nomathemba turns and looks at the drunk Luyolo who looks bored. “Son, I loved you like my own son. Thank you for loving my daughter the way you do...”

Luyolo chuckles.

“Is there anything funny?” Siboniso asks him, he shakes his head. “Nomathemba, I will take it from here.” He takes a deep breath. “What we are going to tell you, it is not easy for everyone but, we hope that you find it in your heart to forgive us.”

“What is it?” Ntombenhle finally finds her voice to speak.

“I am so sorry...” Nomathemba cries all over again causing Zozibini to roll her eyes.

“We... I am-I am your father. You are siblings.” Luyolo bursts into a loud laugh even his eyes get teary. Ntombenhle looks so shocked. When they both see that they are serious, Luyolo stops laughing.

“Wait, what? Are you serious?” He becomes soba same time.

“This is sick!”

“No...” Ntombenhle shakes her head. “NO! NO! NO!” She starts crying. Luyolo storms out of the house trying to register what was being said.

**NTOMBENHLE MAYIZA**

Life is full of surprise I must say. No one expected the bombshell dropped on us the way it did. I found it very difficult to accept that I am married to my own brother like, what are we? Siblings-in-law? That's absolutely crazy! No wait, the craziest thing is that I fell pregnant with his children. Why didn't I see that at first I mean, we have a little bit of resemblance but, I look more like my mother and I am light skinned too.

A ritual for me was done so that there would be peace and believe me, I have found peace. My father was very broken but he eventually gave in and supported me but, he never accept the whole thing which ended up killing him. Three months later he died of a heart attack, my mother did not take it easy. She ended up losing her sanity too and ended up in a private hospice till today.

It's been four years since the burial of our children and we have made peace with that. We decided not to dwell so much into it because it only brings sadness, pain and tears to us but, we do go at time and visit our children in their graves in Bhisho. Oh, MaKhulu lived another year before she left us too. She was very old and tired anyway, she deserved to rest. Luyolo's parents also divorced after the Makhulu's funeral.



I completed my degree and I opened a children's hospital, one in Joburg and one here in Durban. They are both operating very well. This one here in Durban is a private hospital and the one in Joburg is a government hospital.

Oh, Yoniswa. She admitted that it was her who sent all those people to start up the fire at our house with alcohol and cloths. ALL BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY! She couldn't survive jail time so, she committed suicide, poor thing.

I wake up from the bed and arrange the covers neatly and tidy. I open up the curtains and then slide open the sliding door leading to the Balcony. I welcome the fresh breeze. I look at the waves from the beach, it is so calming and peaceful to wake up to the sound of the beach waves hitting against the big rocks on the shore. We couldn't continue living in Joburg so, after the house was fixed, we decided not to live there anymore in fact, we bought a house here in Durban permanently. We did not sell the house but, my sister Mbalenhle and Neo moved in. Our parents' house is now a family house. No one lives there but, visitors stay there.

I walk back inside closing the sliding heading to the bathroom to take a sweet shower. After the shower, I settled for a red body con dress and slippers. I just tied my braids to the back and headed downstairs and there is so much noise happening.

OH MY WORD! I run to him, he catches me and spins me around. I can't help but cry.

"You said you are coming back next week!" He gives me another kiss before putting me down. He gives me another warm hug. "I miss you so much." He went on a business trip a week ago in Polokwane, Limpopo. He was supposed to come back next week.

"I miss you too. I arrived while you were sleeping, you seemed peaceful so I didn't want to disturb you. Come here." We smoosh again.

"Mommy." Oh guys, meet my baby girl, Melokuhle. She is eight months old. Luyolo won't rest until there is a soccer team in this house but, I am on contraceptives, I cannot afford to have another baby now. I gave birth to her naturally and I want to say this to all woman who are pregnant and those who are planning to get pregnant, YOUR THING WILL PAIN in the maternity ward!

Wait you thought Luyolo and I are no more? Well, well. We thought so too but, love got a bitter of us. He apologized to me for being a jerk and I forgave him. Long story short, Love conquered all. Sacrifices to the ancestors had to be made like, he sold his company and used it to start a new one here which is doing veeerrrry well here in Durban. Ever since, we have been very happy and living normal. We are husband and wife

and we told ourselves that it is going to remain like that forever. Another ceremony was made for us for the ancestors to bless us, it all went well.

“Good morning baby.” I open my arms for her she crawls faster to me drooling. I pick her up and peck her all over her face, she giggles.

“Morning Nokuzola, they didn’t give you any problem?” Yep, Nokuzola, Luyolo’s little sister is here. I called her over to come and visit since Luyolo was away.

“Not at all sesi. Luyolo arrived on time. They woke up in his presence.” I nod.

“Enzo, what’s wrong baby?” He looks sad. He is four years old and looks so much like Luyolo. At least my baby girl took after me. I cannot have a lot of Luyolos in my house. He points at his father.

“Luu, you are coming from where you are coming from to come make my baby sad? Go back, go!” I playfully hit him, the kids start giggling, lightening up the mood.

“Zola, please pass me that thing.” Luyolo says. Nokuzola excitedly obeys and then hands him a nice paper bag, he hands it to me. “Happy mother’s day baby.” I even forgot that it is that day today. Well, that is because there wasn’t breakfast in bed today.

I open up the bag and there are two fancy jewelry boxes. Melokuhle keeps on disturbing me so I put her down, she cries. I give her the empty paper bag, she gladly takes it. I open the first one smiling from ear to ear.

“Oh my goodness baby, diamond earrings and a necklace?”

“You like them?” Is he kidding me?

“What!? I loooove them.” I wear my earrings.

“Let me help you with that.” I turn around as he puts the necklace around my neck. After he is done, I turn and kiss him unannounced.

“If I got the kiss now, I wonder what next I’ll be getting after the second gift.” He says. I don’t even waste anymore time. I open the second gift and start screaming to what’s inside.

“Baby! You are kidding right?” I can’t hold back my tears.

“Nope. Go and check it out outside.” I scream once more jumping before I run outside living Melokuhle startled and crying. She likes drama and attention that one. “Melo, Mommy is too excited! I can’t give you breast milk now!”

I stumble upon a charcoal black BMW X6 with sunroof. A bouquet of red roses, a champagne bottle and a hamper of assorted chocolates and sweets on the bonnet looking at me.

“No ways! I am dreaming.” I run to it and open the door in the driver’s seat and hop in. Nokuzola is still taking pictures and a video. “Thank you husband I love you so much! I love you more

than the word itself.” I get off from the car. He is going to get it all tonight. I am going all lengths for him. I hug him with Melokuhle in his arms.

“You deserve it mommy. I love you.”

“I love you.” Melokuhle repeats after her father in her baby language. “Come here boy.” Enzokuhle comes running, I pick him up. He is not heavy at all.

“Okay now, pose for the camera and say cheese.” Nokuzola says.

“Cheese!” We all say except for Melokuhle.

“Cheese.” At her own time!

Some wounds do not heal with time, they heal only with love. Love teaches us we can still go on a little more even after falling apart. We still chose to grow despite all the flaws, despite everything that we went through. We did not give up the hope of living, God is there for us.

.....**THE END**.....

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