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SYNOPSIS

This story is about a shy beautiful young adult named Buhlebami who is agoraphobic, therefore not a fan of huge crowds and strangers and a handsome benevolent young adult named Nkanyezi who very much owns his own succeeding company.

Buhlebami is from a lovely home where she lives with her beautiful mother and overprotective father whereas Nkanyezi is from a wealthy family of a worldwide most requested painter and loving mother and a wealthy business tycoon father and a sister whom is also a painter following in her mother's footsteps.

Buhlebami and Nkanyezi meet for the very first time and since then they keep on getting tangled up and meeting in a daily bases.

They pretty much help each other get through their fears and problems and befriend each other but they also go through hardships, drive over potholes and struck hidden icebergs in the process of "helping each other".

They also discover more about themselves and their pasts, involving their parents as well and learn that they're more tangled than they thought.

1

NKANYEZI

I take a good look at my reflection in the mirror then smirk at how hot I am. Yes, I know I'm hot. I don't mean to toot my own horn but everything about me is on point - well sculptured muscles, defined abs, toned face, strong jaws, grey eyes, silky smooth hair and pleasant voice. I pretty much resemble father as much as my sister resembles mother like nobody's business.

I put on my designer suit which fits like a glove and leaves me looking ablaze. The ladies love this by the way but my lady loves it more, I can bet my arse on that.

She also loves the cologne I apply, it seems to leave her smitten all the time even though we're already doing our thing but I'm glad our love grows day by day.

I smirk once more when I see her gorgeous face peeking through the door. Her beautiful curvaceous body follows suit for she leans against the wall with her arms folded.

I love how she's only wearing my baggy T-shirt and I know there's nothing underneath. "Breakfast is ready, tiger." She says with her sweet heavenly voice and my insides turn instantly.

Its funny how I never get used to us, our relationship and her being mine.

I suddenly feel her small manicured fingers tapping on my abs. I know what she wants when she normally does this. Her hands move from my abs down to my cock.

Even with her tiny hands, she still manages to grab my entire package and massages it. I harden immediately then groan. I

turn to her gorgeous self and attack her with a kiss. I grab her buttocks and squeeze the living daylights out of them.

I lift her up and gently press her against the wall. We share another kiss while we both battle to unbuckle my belt and when it does, she heads on herself and grabs my shaft. She doesn't waste any time but she shoves it inside of her and I'm welcomed by her wet warm self. I don't dare move until she beseeches me to.

She has her arms tightly wrapped around my neck as I don't waste any time but fuck her hard. She's grasping hard on me as I bury my shaft deep inside of her.

Her soft moans and my abrasive groans fill the room followed by the sound of skin meeting skin.

When I feel my climax approaching, I slower my pace and hit it hard and deep inside of her. I circulate and twist my cock inside of her as she furiously rubs on her clitoris, battling for her orgasm.

"Oh shit, go deeper Nka! Deeper!" She orders and I obey. I tighten my hold around her waist as I pound in deeper inside of her with all my might until she moans out my name.

I then pump in furiously inside of her, now battling for my climax too and when I do, I groan out loud then rest my head back.

She pulls me in for a kiss and when she breaks it, she smirks. "I love you." She says.

"I love you too, babe." I respond.

I take my shaft out of her then carefully put her down and step away. I watch as her wiggly arse disappears into the ensuite bathroom as I fix myself up.

With her wanting to be taken care of these days, I'm never punctual. However, I fathom that these sleepovers don't last as often as they should. If she could, I would've asked her to live with me but then school awaits her in Cape Town.

She fibs to her parents whenever she comes to see me which is morally unacceptable but honestly all I can say is home is where the heart is.

After fixing myself I rush downstairs so I could stomach whatever she prepared and rush off to work. She's sadly leaving by lunch time today but then what can I say?

I grab the eating utensils and eat hurriedly. I swear the traffic here in Johannesburg is a mission and a half to get through. You'd wait in the same spot for over an hour and sadly there's nothing I or anyone for that matter can do.

After eating, I kiss her goodbye then rush for my departure. Johannesburg is one hell of an overpopulated place. Ain't the gold finished already because honestly I don't see myself dealing with this for the rest of my life.

I mean people still move this side hoping to find jobs on the other hand

men just keep on impregnating like they are paid millions to.

Oh no, I know what you're thinking. Ahlume and I agreed not to use protection because she's preventing.

Eitherway, when I do arrive at work, I get myself coffee and get my day started as late as I am.

By lunch time, Ahlume arrives at the office as per instructed and we share a quick goodbye lunch before I drive her to the airport.

I'm quite heart broken because of this arrangement but that's what I get for dating a stubborn ass Xhosa girl with terrifying parents.

"Mr Mnyanda, your two o'clock is here." My assistant, Natalie announces and I grant her permission to send him in.

Mpendulo is my cousin, older than me by two years or so. We share a manly hug before slipping into our seats and catch up over wine.

"You and Ahlume are going far, bro." He says and I smile politely. He has always been supportive of our relationship.

I'm both pleased and astounded by his acceptance but Umi on the other hand doesn't even want to see her nor hear of her name. The first time they met, shit got real.

"Ahlume is a whole fucken bomb bro, I'm so deep in love with her, there's no way out." I say and he chortles, I can't help but to join in.

"That's what you said with Melissa, Lungile, Mimi, Zoe, should I continue?" He asks and we both break down into laughter.

"I can't believe you remember all those people." I say and he shrugs.

"But honestly, I love Hlume. I'm waiting for her to tell me she's ready so I can wife her, man! She deserves to be my wife, she deserves the Mnyanda surname." I say with confidence.

"Wow..." He says and I chuckle. "The lady uses some form of sorcery and she definitely uses it on you." He says and I break out into laughter.

"This is straight up bullshit, bro. Who are you and what did you do to Nkanyezi Mnyanda?" He asks and I shake my head, still chortling.

I'm not bewitched, I'm in love. I fell in too deep and I can't seem to find a way out.

"I should get going bro, it was nice seeing you again." He says and we both get up. We share a manly hug before he leaves.

I definitely needed his company, especially after my baby's departure.

2

BUHLEBAMI

I step out of the car just before mother locks it. I notice that she's only carrying her car keys and purse. "Won't you need your cellphone?" I query and she shakes her head.

I nod then hold her hand tightly. So mother convinced me to go to the mall with her and for some reason, I agreed. Its the way she looked at me, her eyes glistening and ablaze with love. As much as I fear being around crowds, she just wants to spend some time with her daughter.

As we enter the mall, I break into shivers. All the stares I'm getting are piercing through my skin and I can't help but to tighten my hold on mother's arm. "Its okay baby, no one is going to hurt you." She says and I nod.

I can't help but think of all of possible things that might happen to me. "Mother..." I call out.

"Its okay baby, its okay. I'll keep you safe, don't let go of my arm." She says and I nod. I can't help but cringe when someone passes by me, the cold breeze hitting against my skin sends more shivers down my spine.

The mall has changed so much from the last time I came here which was quite a long time ago. When I was nineteen I think?

People will make a laughing stock out of me. As old as I am, I'm holding on to mother like a five year old at least she's taller than I am.

We get to Food Lover's Market and move to Checkers then Pick n Pay. I'm proud to say I made it through three shops and I didn't dare let go of mother's arm.

We make our way to Steers and order burgers then head to the car to unload all the shopping bags off of the trolley. "Oh eish, I forgot something." She says. She hands me our order slip. "I have to rush to clicks before they close up. Go and get our orders and then wait here in the car, I'll be right back." She says handing me the car keys.

"But mother..." She dashes off before I could finish off what I was saying. I look around and a couple of guys are staring at me. I shake my head then get a move on and rush to Steers to get our orders.

When I arrive, I hand the lady my slip in exchange for our food. "You don't talk much, do you?" She asks and I shake my head.

"I understand, a lady of few words." She teases. "Enjoy your food." She says. I snatch the paper bag from her hand and rush out.

After exiting, I suddenly come to a halt. There are so many people here, I feel as if they're looking at me. I feel as if they're all pulling my skin, undressing me with their eyes rather.

I rush out whilst looking down. I can't help but to cry too. I feel so unsafe. I feel like something bad is going to happen to me.

I bump into someone and drop the car keys and the paper bag. His stare at me is intense, its as if I stole money from him or something.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry I didn't mean to, I was just..." I stop for a breather.

"Are you okay?" He asks and I shake my head. I quickly pick up my takeouts and car keys. In attempt to dash, he grips my arm.

"Please... I'm sorry, please don't hurt me." I beseech.

"Hey

I'm not going to hurt you." He says.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry." I apologize.

"Are you okay? Why are you crying?" He asks and I can't help but break into more tears. "Please don't hurt me, I didn't mean to bump into you, please..." I beseech.

The moment he let's go of my arm, I make a run for it. Once inside the car, I lock it then curl up on the seat.

In a matter of what feels like hours, mother finally arrives. I unlock for her and she enters. I lock again for she pulls me into her embrace.

"What's wrong baby girl?" She asks as I break into more tears. "I'm scared... I'm scared of them. They're going to hurt me." I cry. She caresses my back and tries to convince me that they're not trying to hurt me.

"No one is going to hurt you baby, okay?" She says and I nod. She breaks the hug and turns to the back. She creates space and tells me to jump and get some rest.

When I do, I snuggle up and close my eyes and drift off.

My body is shaken and I'm forced to open my eyes. "We're home baby." She says and I nod then step out of the car.

"Go and get some rest, I'll unload the plastics." She says and I nod then head inside to my room. Once inside, I kick off my shoes, throw myself on the bed and cuddle with my teddy.

I hope that handsome gentleman wasn't trying to hurt me but I doubt he was. Even though my eyes were watery and my sight was a bit blurry, I could see the worry in his grey eyes. I'm so frustrated with mom. She knows about my fear of being around a myriad of people yet she still left me alone.

Just as I'm about to doze off, the door opens and she enters. She settles next to me and pecks my forehead. "I'm really sorry baby. I just wanted us to finish and head home. I thought you'd be able to do what I asked you to do, I didn't think you'd break down." She apologizes.

"I took your phobia lightly, I just wanted to spend time with my one and only daughter." She says and I nod. I don't like it when mother cries, especially because of me.

I put the teddy aside and pull her in for a hug. "This is emotional blackmail." I say and she chuckles. "I'm just saddened to be the cause of your state." She says and I shake my head.

She breaks the hug and searches for my eyes. "What happened?" She asks and I swallow hard.

"I was just scared, I was getting a lot of stares and I felt unsafe." I explain.

"I bumped into someone and his stare triggered more tears. He then gripped my arm and I got more terrified. I thought he was going to hit me but when he let go, I ran to the car." I explain further.

"I'm sorry baby, I shouldn't have left you alone." She says and I smile and wipe her tears.

"Just some day I'll be fine. I'll be able to live like others and get over this fear." I say and she smiles.

"I'm so proud of you, my strong little baby." She says pulling my cheek.

"Ma, stop!" I say in between my laughter.

Being Agoraphobic is hard. I'm always cooped up in the house cause the moment I try to leave it, I breakdown.

I even stopped jogging and father got me a treadmill. Talking with strangers too terrifies me hence I don't have any friends.

I've never been on any social media platform other than YouTube. I wouldn't be able to live with strangers influencing my life.

Being around people isn't my thing. Even on family gatherings I remain here at home and gosh I loathe visitors. Those people will judge you at your own home and invade your privacy.

"Let's eat then start on making dinner, what do you think?" She asks and I nod.

We both get off my bed then head out. I prepare drinks while she warms up the food. She places our burgers and chips on one plate then places it on the counter. She sits next to me and we both indulge.

This was just what I needed.

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3

NKANYEZI

I've been staring at the ceiling for quite some time now. Is it a thing to worry about a total stranger? A beautiful total stranger though?

Her spiral long hair was covering her face but I could still see her chocolate brown eyes that were watery. She was crying when she bumped into me. She looked scared.

She kept on looking around as if she was uncomfortable. Regardless of her bumping into me, I softened up when I laid my eyes on her and after hearing her sweet breaking voice, I swear my heart melted.

When I touched her smooth caramel skin, I felt myself elevating. Isn't such beauty a crime? The moment I let go of her, she ran off. I watched as her well sculptured body dashed off, her buttocks wiggling.

She has incredibly long hair for a black girl. It wasn't entirely black but it had golden brown tips.

My eyes trailed off to her dark juicy lips as she apologized and I got to see her white dentals. God, she's perfect.

I kick off the duvet then sit up straight. Why can't I get her out of my mind? I don't know anything about her except for that she's beautiful.

Chocolate brown eyes, dark juicy lips, perky round breasts, flat stomach, petite beautiful chiseled body and she wasn't tall. She'd make a killer model unless she already is one.

I sigh then get out of bed and head downstairs. The house is pretty empty without Ahlume. Looking at the time, its way past my bedtime and here I am, drinking warm milk and thinking about a stranger, an exotic stranger.

She seems to overpower my thoughts. When I try to think of something else or rather someone else, she just appears out of nowhere. Maybe I need to see her again.

After drinking the milk I feel rather sleepy so I head to bed to get a goodnight sleep.

In the morning, I wake up just in time. I won't be late because Ahlume left. Her need for her morning glory was the cause of me not being punctual.

I make it to work on time but I detest not being productive. If I knew I wouldn't be able to work, I wouldn't have come.

Exasperated, I gulp down my whiskey and throw my glass against the wall. It smashes and breaks.

WHO THE FUCK IS SHE AND WHAT DOES SHE WANT FROM ME?

I bury my face on my hands then run my fingers through my hair. My cellphone rings and looking at the caller identity I manage to smile.

"Zinzile..." I say after answering the call.

"Hey. How's my baby doing?" She asks and I chuckle. "I'm fine mom, how are you?" I ask.

"Well I'm fine unlike someone who thinks he can lie to his mother." She says and I sigh. No one knows me more than she does. "Aren't you coming to see your parents before their departure?" She asks and I smile. I forgot that she and father are heading to USA for awards.

Something about art and culture awards which will be held at the Tyler Perry's Studio and sponsored by the States Of The Art and stuff. Umi is also going, so I heard.

"When are you leaving?" I query. "Tomorrow morning, five ante meridiem sharp." She says and I sigh.

"I'll see you tonight

Advertisement

I might even sleep over." I respond. "Then will you tell me what's bothering you?" She asks.

"Yes mother. Look I have to go, I love you Zee." I say.

"I love you too Nka." She says then hangs up. God, I love my mother. That woman is the best thing that has ever happened to me. If we were granted the opportunity to choose our own family, I'm perfectly content with the Mnyandas.

After work I head straight home - the Mnyanda mansion. This is the biggest mansion I've ever seen in Johannesburg. To top it all up, mother and father have three houses. This one here is a glass house, a gigantic one at that.

The rooms here are countless and the good thing is that the glass is tinted. From outside you can't see anything but light but you can see vividly from the inside.

This glass house is in the woods, its an hour and a half drive from my place. Mother and father have done so well for themselves. They did it all together, they helped each other through it all and most importantly they believe in each other. They motivate each other and plan carefully. They build each other up and they're each other's pillar of strength.

There's a time where father got shot and he was on life support. Mother was so hurt. She cried day in and day out. Grandmother took care of us while mother spent most of her time at hospital. She was emaciated. She barely ate and she fell into deep depression. And when father came to, she was the happiest woman on earth.

I wrap my arm around her waist of peck her cheek. "Hi mom." I greet. She turns around and pulls me into her embrace. I love her warm hugs.

"How's my beautiful woman doing?" I ask and she blushes. "Your father will kill you when he hears you say that." She says and we both chortle.

"Well you're my wife is that will never change. I'd take bullets for you." I say and she laughs.

"You're silly. Go and take a shower so we can have dinner plus we have a lot to talk about." She says and I nod.

I peck her cheek then dash off the longest staircase to my little kingdom. I love my bedroom, I'd give anything to live in this house until I die.

I keep some of my clothes and toiletries here hence I didn't even bother with fetching them from my place. After the well deserved shower, I call Ahlume who doesn't take my call. I bet she's busy with school work.

I put on sweatpants and a black T-shirt then head downstairs where Umi and mother are setting up the dinner table.

I hug Umi from behind and peck her cheek. "Long time no see little sis." I tease and mother chuckles.

"See what I was talking about?" She asks referring to mother who just nods.

"Where's father?" I ask and mother points at his study. I nod then head up. I knock on his door and open it.

He's sitting on the other side looking on his personal computer. This guy.

We share a manly hug before taking our seats. I pour myself a glass of whiskey then catch up with him.

When the conversation trails off, I gulp my whiskey down then pour myself another half full.

"Okay now spill." He says. Am I that easy to read?

"I met this girl yesterday at the mall. She actually bumped into me. She was crying and she looked scared, uncomfortable too.

She was jumpy and she kept looking around. I can't stop thinking about her, she's been on my mind all night and day." I say and he chuckles.

"When I met your mother, she bumped into me too. She was with your uncle and they just came out of Mugg n Bean. She was fresh from prison. She was deep in her thoughts whereas I was busy on my cellphone. I was upset that she bumped into me but I still managed to catch her from falling and when I looked into her eyes, I felt at ease and I knew instantly that I had to wife her. Its all about the touch. The connection and the feel." He says. What is he assuming?

"I don't know a lot about these things because the only person I truly loved was your mother. I tried my damdest not to fall for her because I was the cause of her memory loss. That very same night, I ran over her and she almost lost her life." He adds on.

I know their story, quite fascinating. Mother has been through a lot, together with father. I wish I could find my own pillar of strength.

"You bumped into her for a reason. To love her or to lead her to her love. Its either you have to help her find help or you're her help." He says and I nod, taking in his words.

I owe mother a good explanation. "Dinner is ready." Mother says peeking from the door.

As ravenous as ever, father and I get up and follow mom out. She has got to make the most delicious meals ever.

4

BUHLEBAMI

I woke up quite early this morning, I wanted to make breakfast today, give mom a break and prepare it.

I gather all the ingredients I'll need then start whipping up an English Breakfast and I know how much father appreciates his pancakes so I make them too, powdered with cinnamon.

Once I'm done with both the food and drinks, I set up the table and place the food there. I head off to clean myself up just in time for breakfast time.

Mother and father both make their way to the dining table where we have our meals. I kiss them both on their cheeks before settling down.

We all dish up for ourselves then mother says grace and we dig in in silence. I notice that mother and father keep stealing glances at me. I can feel their stares.

I sigh then put my eating utensils down. "Are you enjoying your breakfast?" I query and they both nod.

"Had I not woken up next to your mother, I would've said she prepared it." He says and I blush. My cooking is getting there, slowly but surely although I do want to master it.

"How's school coming along?" He asks and I sigh. "I have to go to school on Monday." I say.

I hate it when I have to go to school, all the people I'm going to meet, the nasty stares I'm going to receive and all the comments. I don't want to deal with that. Being called dramatic because of my panic attacks, its a whole lot of anguish I have to put up with.

"How was shopping?" He asks again and I swallow hard. Why all these questions?

"It was fine, I pulled through the crowds." I respond. "Your mother told me everything." He says and I sigh.

"How long is this going to go on for?" He asks and I shrug. He sighs out loud then drops his eating utensils. He reaches for his glass of water and gulps it down.

Mother places her hand on top of his and nods. "Buhle, we love you and we want you to have a normal life." He says.

"But I'm not normal, daddy!" I shout. "Don't raise your voice, baby." Mother says.

"We know you're not normal and you'll never be. You're special, yes but we want you to live freely. Have friends, be on social media, go to school, I can't believe I'm saying this but at some point you're going to have to date, engage in sexual activities and sometimes not sleep at home." He says and I chuckle then shake my head.

"Your father and I spent the night searching for ways to treat your phobia. It may be quite expensive with all the therapies and medication." Mother says.

I get up from my chair and look at the both of them. "I'm fine mother and I don't need the both of you fussing over me. I pulled through for the past couple of years, why wouldn't I pull through now?" I ask.

I cluck angrily then rush to my bedroom. I throw myself on my bed and reach for my laptop and headphones. I busy myself with my unfinished school assignments and to my surprise I manage to finish all of them and I'll submit them on Monday.

With the other two assignments, I'll have to print them out. I shut my laptop then head to take a well deserved shower. I put on a simple striped knee high dress and white tekkies then tie my hair. I have incredibly long spiral hair

all thanks to mother. The thing is, its not entirely black but my tips are golden brown.

I moisture my lips and throw my lip balm into my bag pack and put my laptop inside too. I shove in a two files for my assignments then call for an uber before heading out.

Mother and father are couped up on the couch watching whatever. "I'm going to the internet cafe." I announce. They both sit up straight, appalled.

"Baby, we know that you're angry at us but we didn't mean to upset you. We're just trying to help. Don't do anything stupid, you might end up panicking in the middle of no where." She says and I roll my eyes.

"I wasn't asking you." I say then head out. I await my uber for the next three minutes until it arrives. The driver gives me an odd smile and I return a forced one.

When we reach our destination, I'm hit by cold breeze. The cafe isn't that much crowded plus its quiet compared to its surroundings. I rush inside and I come to sight with a group of girls whom are wearing glasses sitting at the far corner and men who are busy on their personal computers.

Some are snacking on cakes for muffins and some are drinking coffee. I can tell because the whole room is scented in strong and black coffee.

I head to the printers and take out my personal computer. I connect it to the printer then print out my assignments. After that I stuff them in my files and back to my bag then head to pay for them.

After cogitating on how I spoke to mother earlier on, I suddenly feel ashamed to return home. I order myself cheesecake and a cup of coffee then head to seat on the comfortable looking couches and watch a movie using the WiFi.

I end up watching the new Charlie's Angels 2019. I personally love Charlie's Angels but this was is different. The Angels are different which makes the movie different. This one feels surreal compared to the other ones.

A familiar face occupies the seat opposite me. He looks at me and I lock eyes with his grey eyes. I could never forget those

eyes and his strong grip on my arm. Realizing that we've been looking at each other for the longest time, I take my airpods off and shut my laptop before getting up.

He gets up to and stands in front of me, blocking my way. Refusing to speak, I look down. "Aren't you going to finish your coffee?" He asks raising my head with only his index and middle finger.

He searches for my eyes, his fingers still on my chin. "I know you, don't I?" He asks and I don't dare respond.

"You're that girl from the mall." He says. I hate the fact that he's going to remember me from all the panic and crying I went through.

"I've been meaning to talk to you. My name is Nkanyezi, Nkanyezi Mnyanda." He introduces himself.

"Are... Are you stalking me?" I query and he chuckles. "No, I'm not stalking you. We just happened to cross paths." He says and I look down on my laptop.

"Well let's try this again, my name is Nkanyezi Mnyanda. And I believe this is the part you tell me yours." He says.

Looking around, some people are staring at me. I feel as though they can see my insides.

I feel tears stinging my eyes before my breathing starts elevating. I take a few step backs and he slowly glides my direction. Its not long before my knees bend and I gravitate on a couch.

"Pl... Please don't hurt me." I say raising my laptop for protection. I shouldn't have run off. I shouldn't have left home. What was I thinking coming here alone?

"Hey, look... I won't hurt you, I just want to get to know you." He says, placidly and in a much lower tone.

"I don't have anything, please don't hurt me..." I cry. He settles next to me and holds my forearm.

"I won't hurt you, okay?" He says and I slowly nod. The worry in his eyes hits me again and I slowly put my laptop down.

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5

NKANYEZI

I watch as she slowly puts her iPhone branded laptop down on her creamy thighs. Scared that she'll run off, I don't remove my hand off of her smooth caramel forearm.

"You... You won't hurt me?" She asks and I nod. "Yes, yes I wouldn't hurt you. You can trust me." I say softly.

"I can trust you?" She asks and I nod. "You can trust me." I say. I extend my hand to wipe her tears down her soft cheeks which instantly turn rosy and her nose scarlet. My heart melts and I find myself smiling in disbelief.

God, she's beautiful.

"If I let go off of your forearm, you won't run off will you?" I query and she shyly shakes her head.

I slowly let go of her arm and she chuckles. I get a glimpse of her beautiful pearl white dentals again.

Wow! This girl is a breath of fresh air.

"Would you like coffee?" I ask hesitantly. She shyly shakes her head. "Please... Please, just one warm cup of any type of coffee you like. I'll pay." I say.

"Okay." She says in her soft tone. Oh god.

"Shall we?" I ask extending my hand towards her. She places her hand on mine and I help her up. We make our way to the Cafeteria and order ourselves cheesecake and piccolo lattes. Well, I let her order for us.

I hold the cups of coffee while she holds the cake. I opted for a single slice of cake of which we'll share and to my surprise, she agreed.

As soon as we settle down, I ask her about the coffee she ordered. "A piccolo latte is a café latte made in an espresso cup. This means it has a very strong but mellowed down espresso taste thanks to the steamed milk and micro foam within it." She says and I find myself smiling at how much she knows about this type of coffee, she must really love it.

"May... May I please have a fork?" She asks and I nod, not realizing that both forks are in my hold. She chuckles when I hand it to her.

She takes the first bite and closes her eyes while chewing. If I could, I would take pictures of her every move.

"Here am I, sharing cake with a beautiful girl I don't know." I say and she blushes. "Uhm... I'm Buhlebami. Buhlebami Nogxina." She says and I nod.

"Xhosa." I say and her cheeks go rosy again. "You're Xhosa yourself." She says and I chuckle. "Guilty as charged." I say.

"Your hair, is it natural or you have extensions?" I ask and she laughs. Now I get to see most of her teeth and hear her sweet laughter. She has a beautiful smile.

"Its natural. I don't have extension." She says and I nod. I don't believe her but I nod still.

"Yours? Its incredibly silky." She says.

"My father is half English half Xhosa so I inherited the hair from him." I respond and she nods.

"Strong genes. Well my maternal grandmother American. So mother is half American half Zulu." She says and I nod.

I take a look at the plate and come to the realization that there's no more cake. I shake my head and chuckle. "You finished all the cake." I say and she snorts. "You take bigger bites than I do." She says and I join in.

We both wash down the cake with our coffee and lock eyes once again. "I enjoyed this." I utter and she nods shyly. "I did too."

"Where are you going from here?" I ask. "Home." She responds. "May I take you home, only if you're comfortable with that?" I ask and she nods hesitantly.

I get up, help her up and we head to my car. I open the door for her and close it once she's in then jog to my side. Once in, I start the engine and drive off.

She's looking out the window this entire drive. She gives me directions to her house and once I pull up, she sighs out loud. "I really enjoyed your company. Can we meet up again?" I ask and she nods. "As long as its not in public

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I wouldn't survive that." She says.

I knew there was something wrong with her surroundings. "Is that why you were crying and panicking?" I ask and she nods.

"I... I'm agoraphobic and I get panic attacks whenever I feel overwhelmed in public." She says.

"Well we could go anywhere you want us to." I say and she smiles politely. I take out my cellphone from my pocket and hand it to her.

She hesitantly takes it and swipes up to unlock it. She heads to phone and adds her number, she's smart.

"Thanks, I'll definitely call you." I say and she blushes. "Thanks for getting me home." She says.

"Bye Nkanyezi."

"Bye Buhlebami."

After she gets inside the house, I drive off. I don't even head to the office but straight home to the Mnyanda mansion. That's where I'll be until my favorite couple and Umi return.

After changing into comfortable clothes, I search for her in social media platforms but I don't find her. I search her using her cellphone number but I still don't find her.

I chuckle at the possibility that she gave me wrong numbers, a wrong name and the wrong address. I don't hesitate but to call the number she gave me. It rings for a while before I hear her sweet voice from the other line.

"Hello?"

Her voice brings me back to life again as I struggle to utter words. "Uhm hi, its Nkanyezi." I finally say. She chuckles, sounds sleepy.

"I hope I didn't wake you up?"

"Unfortunately, you did." She says. "Well I... I needed to hear your heavenly voice again. I apologize." I say and she blushes.

"Needed?" She asks and I nod forgetting that she can't see me. "Uhm... I mean yes, needed. Otherwise I couldn't get any work done." I say.

She must be really tired, sleeping so early. Or she might not be feeling well. Anxiety washes over me and I can't help but to worry. "I hope you're okay, sleeping so early?" I ask and she chuckles lightly.

"I'm great, I was just a little fatigued." She says. "Anyway, I think I should return to sleep." She says.

"Yes, you do that. It was great hearing your voice."

"Bye Nkanyezi." She says. I love how she says my name, submissively and sexy. It just rolls off of her tongue.

"Bye Buhle." She hangs up. I put my cellphone on the table, shut my laptop and lean back.

Father was right, she came into my life for a reason. To help her find her help or I'm the help she needs.

6

BUHLEBAMI

I join mother and father for dinner after she had woken me up from my nap. She looks saddened, I guess it has to do with my response towards her.

"Mama no Tata, I'm sorry about earlier on. The way I spoke to you wasn't pleasant and it was disrespectful. I'm also sorry for walking away from you and for worrying you too." I apologize.

They both don't respond and I'm left to weep. I struggle to eat my food but I do either way.

After eating, I leave mother to wash the dishes and father goes to sleep. I head to my room and submit my assignments. Whilst busy doing so, mother enters.

Her face is not displaying any vivid emotion. She sits next to me and shuts my laptop. "Your father and I forgive you and we understand that we pushed you to that limit." She says.

"We are sorry for pressuring you into doing something you're not comfortable with but keep in mind that when you're ready, we'll be there to assist wherever we can." She says and I nod.

I place my laptop aside then hug the daylight out of her.
"Thank you for understanding." I say and she nods.

The following morning is rather awkward. We ate breakfast in silence and father left for church without talking to me.

After breakfast, I wash the dishes then head to my room. I keep myself busy on my cellphone, playing a cooking game until mother shows up.

She's holding a glass of juice, cranberry juice. She sits next to me and hands me the juice. I put my cellphone aside then sip on it.

"Your... Your father is just going through a lot." She says.

"I get it. He's angry because I don't want to go through the treatment. He needs to understand that even the treatment won't make me a normal young adult because I'm not normal. There's no cure for my phobia and he needs to get that through his thick skull." I say, my eyes teary.

"We know baby, we know and we've made peace with that." She says.

"Then why isn't he talking to me?" I query.

"Your father is just going through personal issues. If you haven't noticed, he doesn't talk to me too." She says.

"You do you my baby, okay?" She says and I nod. I place my juice on the nightstand then hug her. I love her short visits to my room because I get to hug her.

My cellphone vibrates causing me to break the hug. Its a text from Nkanyezi. It reads,

"All I wish to see if your face..."

Then give you a kiss, a warm embrace.

All I wish to see if your smile,

To sit with you and talk a while.

Good morning beautiful."

I feel my cheeks heat up, I swear they just turned rosy. What a sweet good morning text. "Morning." I text back.

"I hope you're feeling well, cause I am now that you've responded." He replied almost immediately.

"I am feeling well, better even." I text back.

"Is it that boy that dropped you off yesterday?" Mother asks, startling me.

She saw that? I shyly nod.

"Well, should you get up to some mischief do not forget to use protection, okay?" She says. "Ma!" She chortles.

"When I get back from church, I want to know everything about him." She says then gets up. She pecks my cheek then heads out.

I return my eyes back to my screen and find a new text from him

"I hope you're free, there's somewhere I want us to go." His text reads.

"Kidnapping me already?" I text back.

He replied with a laughing cat emoji. "If I could I would. I'd then fly across the globe with you so no one could ever find us. Nonetheless, I want to take you somewhere special. Its sacred, safe and quiet. Are you game?" He asks.

"Sure."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you then." He texted.

I jump off the bed then head to take a quick shower. I brush my teeth then moisture my skin. I put on my undergarments and a body hugging green floral print dress with a matching head band.

I comb my hair and tie it with the head band so it holds my hair back. I apply cologne then put on white sandals. Before I know it, my cellphone is ringing and Nkanyezi announces his arrival.

Should I really go? What if he's dangerous? No... Yes... Maybe? I shake those thoughts off then say a short prayer.

I get my cellphone, sling bag and house keys then head out. I find him leaning against his car busy on his cellphone. He's wearing grey sweat pants, a black tee and slippers, pretty odd.

He smiles when he sees me and pulls me into a warm and tight hug, he smells so good. Once he breaks the hug, he gazes into my eyes. I love his grey eyes.

"Uhm... Are those contact lenses?" I manage to ask and he chuckles. "No. My eyes are grey thanks to my father." He says and I look down.

He tilts my head and locks contact again. He licks his lips, sending chills down my spine.

"You said you want to take me somewhere." I say and he chuckles still looking into my eyes.

"Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?" He asks and my cheeks heat up. I look down and he tips my head up.

He bites his lower lip as his eyes land on my moistured lips. I swear I can feel my coochie throbbing. I shift uncomfortably before he let's go of me.

He shifts and opens the door for me to enter. Its funny how I'm trusting him so much yet I don't know him and my gut is refusing to believe that he's a bad guy.

The guy could really kidnap me but my gut is telling me otherwise. I start worrying when I notice that we're in an isolated area. "Where are you taking me?" I ask and he smirks.

"Don't worry, I'm not kidnapping you." He says. After a few more minutes of biting the insides of my cheeks, he finally pulls up in front of a big ass gate and behind it, a driveway with a big fountain in the middle and a gigantic glass mansion.

"Wow..."

He takes my hand into his and leads me inside. The grass outside is so green and beautiful with colourful flowers along the walls.

Inside, everything is white and expensive looking. In the kitchen, there are two old women cleaning up. "Uhm... Aunt Jesse and aunt Brenda, this is Buhlebami, a very good friend of mine." He says looking at me. They both smile at me and I try my best to return a genuine one.

They look sweet though. He gives me a grand tour of the house and to say I'm dumbstruck would be an understatement.

There's an indoor pool, a jacuzzi and an outdoor pool too! There's a mini golf course on the roof top and from up there you can see a beautiful lake and a netball court.

He takes a basket from the counter on the kitchen the we walk out hand in hand, through the back door.

We take a long walk talking about the house until we reach our destination. The beautiful lake glistening and running with birds chirping along side.

There's a mini blanket laid out with pillows on the side of the lake. We both take off our shoes then settle down. He takes everything out and lays it on the blanket and we feast over our childhood memories.

"How does it feel to have a picnic with a total stranger?" He asks. I'm flushed.

"You don't feel like a stranger to me." I say. "So I can't answer that question." I add on.

"You don't feel like a stranger to me too." He says and I feel my cheeks heating up.

"Have you ever been in love?" He asks and I shyly shake my head. "Have you?" I query and he chuckles.

"I think I'm currently in love." He says. As always, I look down with my rosy cheeks.

"If you have never been in love then that means you've never been kissed." He says and I shake my head.

"May I kiss you then?" He asks. I slowly raise my head to check his facial expression. He's not kidding.

He tilts my head with his fingers then slowly leans in. I close my eyes when I see him close his then acclaim his lips.

I feel his hands on my waist whereas my arms wrap themselves around his neck. When he breaks the kiss, I keep my eyes closed. His forehead against mine, he pecks my lips then caresses my lower lip with his thumb.

I slowly open my eyes and look at him. My first kiss, I just had my first kiss ever.

7

NKANYEZI

I'm glad I suggested we take pictures, now I can stare at her beautiful face whenever I want to. I have a feeling it will boost my confidence too.

I run my fingers through her smooth hair while thinking of all the things I could do to her and with her.

"You're not posing, Nka." She says dragging me off my thoughts. "I was just admiring your beautiful hair." I say. She sits up straight then looks at me.

"Was this your way of getting me to take pictures of myself?" She asks and I chuckle then nod. She catches on fast.

"Well, my way worked better than I thought. Now I'll get to admire your beauty whenever I want to." I say taking my cellphone from her hand.

Her cheeks heat up and turn rosy. I tip her head up and slowly take off her headband to let her hair loose.

"What are you doing?" She asks and I chuckle lightly. "I love it when your hair is loose, that way I'll get to play with it." I say and she blushes.

She removes my arm from her bosom and gets off the bed. I watch as she shakes her jello ass to the bathroom.

Its been a week since after we had the picnic at the Mnyanda mansion. With the nine days I spent with her, I learnt how delicious her food tastes and a whole lot of things she likes.

She hasn't really been open about her phobia. Whenever I touch on that topic, she finds a way to ignore it so I decided not to talk about it until I can tell she's ready to talk about it.

I swipe through her pictures and instantly create an album, just for her and her pictures. Is such beauty even legal?

I hear the water running before she returns with dry but cold hands. She rests her head on my chest and wraps her one leg around mine.

"Its funny how I'm so comfortable with you but I've only known you for a week and two days." She blurts out and I chuckle.

"Tell me about it. Did I tell you that I couldn't do anything without you popping up on my mind after seeing you at the mall?" I ask and she nods.

"I should get home. Mother left me a myriad of text messages on my cellphone." She says and I exhale in fury.

I love spending time with her, she's a breath of fresh air. She knows what to say at a certain time. She has a way of calming me down. Regardless of her innocence, she seems to know a lot.

In regards to Ahlume, I haven't spoken to her since she left. She hasn't been taking my calls and at first it hurt but I had Ami by

my side. Even though I didn't tell her about Ahlume, she still managed to brighten up my day and escalate my mood.

"I'll drive you." I say and she chuckles lightly. "Of course you will." She says.

"Uhm... My mother wants to see you." I announce. She shoots up straight and gazes at me with her chocolate eyes popped out.

I couldn't help but spit everything out when they landed. Its not like I had a choice cause mother can see right through me and she always has a way of making me talk.

"I'm sorry but I couldn't say no." I say.

"I... I can't. I can't meet your mother, what will she think of me? How could you let this happen Nka? What if she loathes me? What if she thinks I'm not deserving of..." She stops talking and maditates on her breathing exercises.

I cup her cheeks and peck her inviting lips. "Calm down, she'll like you." I say. "She'll love you and just like me, she'll think you're deserving of everything you want. She'll think you're deserving of me." I say and her eyes flutter open.

I love her long lashes, natural too. "Wh... What do you mean?" She asks. I haven't really expressed my feelings towards her because I know very well that its too early. I don't want to push her away.

And I want to know what's happening between Ahlume and I first cause I'm benighted. But I'm failing to stop whatever it is that I'm feeling for Ami.

I close my eyes and take in her juicy strawberry lips, locking them with mine and shoving my tongue down her throat. I suck on her lower lip before breaking the kiss

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that should do it.

"Let's get you home." I say then peck her lips.

She rolls off of me then off the bed. I watch as she puts on her jeans and shoes then I follow her out. Once in the lounge, I put on my slippers and grab the car keys while she grabs her bag and cellphone.

I hug her from behind as we make our way to the car. This lady right here is so perfect, she's only short of a handsome man to complete the solution and unfortunately bro, I'm the guy she needs.

Once I pull up in front of her house, she sighs out loud and turns to me. "I'll see you soon." She says. Anxiety washes over me as I analyze her face for any emotions.

"If I'm going to get you into any trouble then I'm coming with you." I say and she shakes her head with a weak smile plastered on her face.

"I'll be fine plus father is not home." She says and I nod. I grab her arm before she opens the door. "Are you sure?" I ask and she nods. She pecks my lips then heads out.

Once she's inside, I slowly drive off so I can u-turn should she happen to call.

"I'm saying,

Would you believe me if I said in in love?

Baby, I want you to want me

Would you believe if I said I'm in love?

Baby, I want ya

And we are we are we are, got me up all night

And we are we are we are, all I'm singin' is love songs..." I find myself jamming to Cole's Power Trip as I drive back to my mini kingdom.

She's got me on a power trip. She's the only person on my mind. I didn't realize how much influence she has on my until I find myself sniffing my tee for her scent.

I'm not washing this one ever again.

My cellphone rings, its Umi. I roll my eyes before answering the call. "Nkanyezi." She says. "Hi lil sis." I tease and I hear her cluck from the other side of the line.

"Mother tells me we're going to have a female guest coming in soon. She says she drives you crazy and I know for a fact that its not Ahlume." She says.

I sigh out loud. "Yes, its not Ahlume." I respond.

"So that means you broke up with Ahlume?" She asks. "No and I haven't spoken to her for a while now. She's not taking my calls." I say that she chuckles bitterly.

"Didn't I tell you? She's using you. That girl doesn't love you, she loves your possessions." She says and I just sigh. I don't want to think of Ahlume now or anytime soon. My main focus is on Buhlebami.

"Does she know, your new girlfriend? Does she know that she's in a polygamous relationship and she's the second girlfriend if not a side chick or a rebound?" She asks and I fume in fury.

"Uminathi stop it man! Why can't you stay out of my life and focus on yours? Your friend is going through the most, why don't you help her get her life back? Don't you have anything better to do?" I ask and she doesn't respond immediately.

"Do you love her?" She asks.

"Yes I love her. She's like nothing I've ever seen and I'd be a straight up dimwit to let her go." I say and she chuckles.

"If you love her so much then don't hide anything from her, including your health." She says.

I now feel my blood boiling so I hang up and pull up at the side of the road to calm down.

8

BUHLEBAMI

"You're home late for someone who's from school." Mother says as soon as I walk in. I throw my bag on the couch then head to her. I peck her cheek then grab a knife to help her chop.

"Sorry mother, I got held up somewhere." I say and my cheeks heat up instantly, selling me out.

"You got held up with Nkanyezi?" She asks and I shyly nod. She sighs out loud and places the knife down. She wipes her hands and pours herself a glass of water then takes a seat on the highchair.

"Baby, what are you two doing?" She asks. "What do you mean?" I ask back.

"You two barely know each other but you spend time with each other like you're the last people on earth. What is it that you're doing? Are you two dating?" She asks and I shake my head.

What is it that we're doing? Kissing, spending so much time together, cooking together, picnics left right and centre and meeting his mom?

"We're just friends. We spend a lot of time together cause he's familiarizing me with the town." I say and she chuckles lightly. "My daughter has learnt to lie to me through her teeth." She says and I look down in shame.

I wipe my hands then take a seat opposite her. "To be honest, I don't know what we're doing. Maybe we are just friends and I'm over thinking this but I don't know what the kisses mean. Now I'm supposed to meet with his mother and..."

"WHAT?" She asks in shock, startling me. I take her glass of water then down it. "If that's the case, I want to meet him too." She says and I swallow hard.

"I'm scared, I don't want to meet them. Even though he says she's kind and loving, the Mnyandas are so rich and intimidating. What will they think of me?" I ask.

"The... The Mnyandas?" She asks, almost breathless. "He's a Mnyanda?" She asks again and I nod hesitantly.

"Nkanyezi is a Mnyanda and you're spending so much time with him?" She asks and I nod. "Have you... Have you uhm... Slept with him yet?" She asks and I shake my head vigorously.

What? How could she think of that?

"Okay cool. I want you to do something for me baby, stay away from that boy and that family. Don't call him, don't text him, don't even look at him. Pretend as if you don't know him and stay far away from him. Am I clear?" She asks and I search for her eyes.

"Why?" I ask, slightly confused.

"Don't question me, I am your mother! Just... Just do as I said."
She says. I shake my head then rush up to my room. I throw myself on the bed and call Nka who answers on the first ring. "Buhle..." He says.

"Hi Nka. Are you okay?" I ask. He sounds breathless, weak rather. "Yes, I'm okay. I was just... I just spoke to my sister on the phone and she said something that angered me." He says and I sigh.

"Mother just told me to stay away from the Mnyanda family. I don't know why and she refuses to tell me. I've never seen her like that in my entire years of living." I say and I hear him sigh from the other side.

"Maybe something went down between our families. I'll try to find out. I'll ask mom and dad if they know anything about your family, okay?"

"And there's something else I need to talk to you about." I say and he goes quiet. "I'll have to talk to you face to face. Its kind of dire to me." I say and he goes quiet again. I want to see him

when we talk. I want to check for his facial expressions, his eye contact and his movement when we talk about us.

I can't have the man who could possibly be my first love lie at me. I've seen the pain people go through on TV and I don't want to go through that.

"Don't worry, its... Its about us." I say and I hear him exhale.
"Okay, when should I fetch you?" He asks. "Tomorrow at lunch time. Will that do?" I ask and he agrees.

"Cool. I'll see you then... And Nka

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please be safe." I say. "Thanks." I hang up the lie on my back.

Mother will have to tell me what's wrong and when she does, I want to know every single detail. I denude myself then go and take a shower.

After the shower I head downstairs to help mom with dinner. I can't bring myself to utter a single word to her unless related to cooking.

Father arrives while we're setting up. He and mother disappear to their bedroom whilst I continue setting up.

Once they return, they both take their seats then dish up for themselves in silence. I take my seat and dish up for myself too. Father says grace then we all dig in.

This house doesn't feel like a home anymore. We no longer have happy times, we barely talk to each other.

I cluck then get up together with my plate. "Buhlebami!" Father calls out. I halt on my tracks and spin on my heels. "Where are you going?" He asks.

"To my room... Actually, I've just lost my appetite." I say then make my way to the kitchen. I throw everything in the bin then wash my plate and head to my room where I can escape reality.

I don't even waste anytime, I just get under the covers then drift off to the land of dreams with my teddy bear on my hold and the air conditioner on, my room is hot!

×

I comb my hair then let it run loose, Nka loves it when its loose. I've noticed how much he's in love with my long bouncy curls.

My cellphone vibrates, notifying me of a text message from Nka telling me he's outside. I peep through the window and see his handsome self getting out of the car.

I grab my bag and cellphone then rush outside. Mom is at work and so is dad so no one is going to question me about anything.

He grins when he sees me walking towards him. He opens his arms wide and envelopes me with them. What a warm hug. Once he breaks it, he cups my cheeks and captures my lips, devouring the living daylights out of them.

There, that's what baffles and puzzles me. What is this?

"Where would you like to have lunch?" He asks and I shrug. "Is my place okay? I'll whip something up for us." He says and I nod. He knows very well that I'll somehow end up preparing the lunch instead of him but I just let it slide.

Once we arrive at his place, we help each other with preparing lunch and with him constantly asking if I'm okay, I bet he could see right through my skin that there's something bothering me.

After eating, we find ourselves laying on the couch watching a movie with him not wanting to take me home or to even return to work. "There's something you wanted to talk to me about." He says bursting my bubble of thoughts.

"Oh yeah, before we get to that, did you ask your parents about my family?" I query. He shakes his head. "I completely forgot about that but I'll be sure to ask." He says and I nod.

I sigh out loud then take a sip from my juice. "Mother will freak out when she finds I'm with you but eitherway, she asked me a question last night and I failed to answer her. What are we? What is it that we're doing?" I query and I hear him sigh heavily.

"I wasn't hoping to touch on that topic so soon. I didn't want to label what we have because I don't want to push you away. What we have is rare and I do not want to jeopardize it." He says.

"I didn't want to tell you this because I felt its too soon. Not everyone would understand this and I doubt you'd understand it too." He says and I exhale in frustration, not even realizing I was holding my breath.

"Nka please tell me, I'm not a child. What is this - the kisses, the visits, the calls, messages and everything else. What is it? What does it mean? What are we doing?" I ask and he attacks me with a kiss, making me swallow my words.

A moan escapes before he breaks the kiss. He looks directly into my eyes and chuckles. "I'm in love with you."

NKANYEZI

She breaks our contact then faces the other direction. I scan her face, on the look out for any emotions. I'm clueless. "But... But how?" She asks, slightly appalled.

"How, Nka? We don't know each other yet you already love me?" She asks, looking panicky. I take her hands into mine then peck the both of them.

"I know you. I know enough to love you deeply. I know that you're beautiful, smart, caring and benevolent. You love cooking and good food makes you happy. I know that you appreciate your own space because you're agoraphobic and I know that you don't have much faith in yourself." I say and she sniffs, her eyes watery.

"You have beautiful chocolate brown eyes and you're lachrymose. When you're flushed, your nose turns scarlet and your cheeks rosy. You bite the insides of your cheeks when you're nervous and you raise your right brow when you're

confused. Your forehead creases when you're angry and you purse your lips when you beseech. I know you hate being alone when you're sad and you have a beautiful smile that brightens up the room." I say and she shyly looks away.

"You like your food warm and you take four teaspoons of white sugar in your coffee. You love your coffee strong and black and you especially love and appreciate your piccolo latte with cheese cake. I know that you sleep facing up and you sleep with your teddy bear for comfort all together with the air conditioner on. You hate sleeping in clothes because you want to be comfortable in your sleep. You get angry so fast that it hurts and you end up crying. I also know that you can feel what I'm feeling, you're just in denial." I say.

"Its the small details that make us who we are."

I watch as she struggles to utter even a single word. "I love you, Ami and if you don't know what love is then I'll teach you. I'll show you what love is." I cup her cheeks then wipe her tears with my thumb.

"Us meeting wasn't a coincidence. The fact that you feel so comfortable around me and you're always so eager to spend so much time with me, that's love." I say. She sniffs and tries to get up.

"You can deny it now but you'll soon realize it. Your parents might not be too fond of my family but I will never stay away from you." I say.

She chortles then looks down. "Look at you, eager to be with me on all odds." She says.

I tilt her head with my fingers. "I'm sorry for confusing you. I was awaiting you to be ready. To feel butterflies in your stomach and to feel like your intestines are doing back flips in there." I poke her belly and she giggles.

Wow...

"What if I don't feel the same way?" She asks. I instantly feel my heart sinking to the pit of my stomach. She couldn't possibly.

"You'll learn to love me." I say.

She gulps her juice down her throat then sighs out loud. "Help me with the dishes?" She asks and I nod.

We both get up with the dishes and head to wash them. I watch as she talks freely and giggles here and there. Her words however hit hard and I'd be damned if I were to hand her over to another man on a silver platter.

I gently press her against the refrigerator then remove the strings of hair on her face. "Nka..." She calls out. "Mmhhn?"

"Wh... What are you do... Doing?" She asks and I chuckle. I'm claiming her

imprinting on her. I'm marking her mine and under my protection and love. "I feel so overprotective of you. I won't

stand by and watch other guys break your heart." I say with my teeth gritted.

"Nkanyezi you're hurting me." She whimpers. I hadn't even realized that my grip on her arms was so tight.

I let go of her immediately then apologize. She doesn't say anything else but... "Pl... Please take me home." She beseeches.

I furiously run my hands through my hair before nodding. I head up to my bedroom to change into comfortable garments. She's couped up on the couch with tears streaming down her cheeks.

She cringes when I sit next to her. "Babe, I'm not going to hurt you." I say softly. She looks at me then she looks down and buries her head between her legs.

"I was once involved in a car accident. I didn't look where I was going and the next thing I was up in the air and when I fell down, my entire body was aching." She sniffs. "Some of my

bones were fractured and I couldn't walk, eat nor even breathe on my own. I was hospitalized for months and when I was discharged, I still couldn't walk on my own." She narrates.

"I was teased for not being able to walk on my own and for using a wheelchair. I was pushed around and sometimes they stole my wheelchair and I couldn't make it to class. I was called all sorts of things and made fun of. I was embarrassed and bullied in all sorts of ways. They hurt me. They hurt me and humiliated me." She burst into tears.

I wrap my arms around her and pull her into my embrace. We remain in that position until she calms down. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you and I promise that won't happen again. I'm sorry baby, I'm really sorry." I apologize. She doesn't say anything but she clings onto my drenched tee.

"How about you rest over here and I'll take you home later on?" I ask and she nods hesitantly.

She's not going to trust me so easily, especially after what she's been through. Its agonizing. The trauma, the humiliation, the

pain. If I could get my hands on those bastards, they're all going to die slow painful deaths.

"Should I make you coffee?" I ask and she shakes her head.

"Okay, I'll go get you a comfortable blanket and a pillow, okay?"
I get up then rush up to get a pillow and a blanket.

When I return, her eyes are shut and her lips are parted a little bit. I carefully place the pillow under her head then take her shoes off and lay the blanket over her anatomy.

BUHLEBAMI

The first thing I see when I open my eyes is Nka. He's sitting on top of the coffee table staring at me with the same intense look he gave me when I bumped into him at the mall.

I quickly sit up straight and his intense stare dissolves within him, resulting in a worried expression, quite strange.

"How long have I been asleep?" I query. "Its only been two hours." He says and I nod. "You're beautiful when you're asleep. You look peaceful and safe." He says and I furrow my brows.

"How long have you been sitting there?" I ask. "Long enough." He says. "You were watching me whilst I was sleeping?" I query. He chuckles then gets up and heads to the kitchen.

He walks back in a few minutes later holding a bowl of warm Mac and cheese. "I figured you'd be ravenous when you awaken." He says then occupies the space next to me.

He hands me a fork of which I gratefully take and we both dig in. I'm starting to think his cooking is way better than mine.

Right when we're eating, my cellphone vibrates from my bag. He gets up to get it. He checks before handing it to me then settles next to me. I answer. "Buhlebami, where on Earth are you?" She asks.

"I'm on my way home." I say.

"Where were you? You were with that boy, weren't you? Didn't I tell you to stay away from him?" She asks, the anger vividly expressed in her tone.

"Mother please... We'll talk when I get home." I say.

"What if you don't make it home? What if something happens to you? What if he..." I cut her midsentence.

"Nka would never hurt me." I say then take a look at him. Images of earlier on flash on my mind before I drop my cellphone still looking at him. "You'd never hurt me, right?" I ask and he nods.

"Yes, yes. I'd never hurt you Ami, I wouldn't hurt you on purpose." He says and I nod, slightly convinced.

He picks up my cellphone and hangs up before placing it on the table. "I should go before father sends out the SWAT team to search for me." I say and he nods hesitantly, as if not wanting me to leave.

For some reason, I don't want to leave him too. I want to stay in his embrace for hours and hours with him constantly pecking my forehead and kissing me.

He's so gentle with me but sometimes he just switches onto an intimidating man, like a different character possessed him but that's just me over thinking things.

The moment he pulls up in front of the gate

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he pecks my hand then gives me that worried expression. "I love you." He says and I just nod.

I open the door and step out. Mother rushes out of the yard, making her way to us. "Didn't I tell you to stay away from this boy?" She asks and I cringe. She pulls me back and points at Nka. "I don't want to see you anywhere near my daughter, do you hear me?" She pulls me into the yard and locks the gate at that.

"You! Didn't I tell you to stay away from that boy? Are you waiting for him to kill you?" She asks and I shake my head. "Then why don't you listen to me? Stay away from that boy, Buhlebami. Cut all ties with that boy before something bad happens." She says and I nod before rubbing off to my room.

Why is she so adamant on him hurting me or wanting to kill me even? What went down between the Mnyanda and the Nogxina family?

My cellphone vibrates from my pocket, its Nka and I don't even think twice before answering. "Hey, are you alright? I hope I didn't get you into trouble. Are you safe? I hope she didn't hurt you. If she did, she'll pay for it and again, I'm sorry if I..."

"NKA!" He goes quiet. "I'm okay, I'm fine. Just calm down and take a breather." I say.

"How can I when your mother wants to separate us? I can't go a day without seeing you let alone forever." He says and I instantly feel my cheeks heating up. "I'm sorry but I can't stay away from you. She can kill me if she wants." He says and I chortle.

I don't know what's funny - what he said or how he said it. "Relax Nka. I just don't get why she hates you so much. She doesn't even know you."

I hear him sigh from the other side. "I'll come by tomorrow. I have to see you even if its just five minutes." He says and I chuckle. "You can't. I know mother will be guarding me tomorrow. I'm as good as grounded." I say then throw myself on top of the bed.

I was grounded my whole life but now, it really feels like prison already. Nka has only been in my life for a week and a few days but he already has so much influence on my life.

"Uhm... Let me get to the penthouse then I'll video call you." He says and I agree before hanging up. I take my shoes off then throw myself on top of my bed. I keep myself busy by reading an eBook until Nka eventually calls.

There's that intimidating look in his grey eyes. "You should stop looking at me like that." I say.

He looks down and chuckles with his eyes closed. When he looks up again, he has a grin plastered. "I'm sorry. I was just worried about you." He says.

"I'm okay."

"Are you sure I won't be able to see you tomorrow?" He asks and I chuckle then nod.

Lusanda and Melusi tend to be overprotective at times. Well, father is the overprotective one but when mother is angry, she's unpredictable. I know for a fact that she'll make sure I'm here all day everyday.

"I guess we'll have to wait and see." I say. He sighs out loud and looks around before drawing his attention back to me.

"Let's run away." He says.

Huh?

"Let's catch a flight and leave this god forsaken place. We'll go where no one can find us and it will be just the two of us." He says.

"Nka..."

"I have enough money, more than enough money in fact. We'll leave as soon as you're ready. You'll also choose the country as long as its across the globe."

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11

NKANYEZI

"Ami, let's get out of here and go somewhere quiet, peaceful and safe. We could get a beach house or even build a glass house on an island. Anywhere you want to go, we'll go." I say and she goes quiet.

Too quiet.

"Ami..."

"Nka I can't. I can't just up and leave with you leaving my parents behind. I'm sorry but I can't." She says and I don't hesitate to throw my cellphone across the room.

I curl up on top of my bed with my head in between my legs. What have I gotten myself into? I can't let it get to me. Its not a big deal, don't let it get to you.

"Nkanyezi." I hear mother's voice. I sit up straight and come to sight with her. I instantly pull her in for a hug and let it all out.

"Its going to be fine Nka, we'll overcome this." She says, placidly caressing my back.

"Its getting to me, mother. I can't control it." I cry.

"Don't let it get to you, okay? Fight it like you always do." She says and I shake my head. I'm powerless towards this character. Its too much, forceful and it invades your mind first. It strikes at your weakest.

"She... She doesn't want to go with me and it angered me." I whimper.

"Nka, calm down. Try your best to fight this and let it all out." She says and I nod vigorously. She breaks the hug then lays next to me and puts me to sleep.

When I awaken, I question myself about how I ended up here. I sit up straight and flinch at the instant migraine. I feel as if the world has been placed on my head. My head is so heavy.

I put on my tee and slippers before heading downstairs. Mother is in the kitchen. I peck her cheek before taking a seat on the highchair.

"I warmed up milk for you, its in the microwave." She says. I nod then head to get it, its still warm.

I gulp the content of the glass down my throat. I rinse the glass then sit again. "I got you a new cellphone." She says and I sigh. That means she saw what I did to my cellphone.

I must've passed out for a minute

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when did she get the time to get a new cellphone?

"Thanks Zee." I say. "What are you doing here?" I query and she chuckles. "I didn't know I needed to book an appointment to visit my son." She says after chuckling.

"Not really but what if I had a girl over?" I query and she shakes her head. "Ahlume doesn't live here and I know you and Buhlebami don't do anything explicit." She says. "However, I did check in with security before coming over." She adds on and I just nod.

"When last did you speak to Ahlume?" She asks and I shrug. "She called me when she landed and that was the last time we spoke. She doesn't take my calls, respond to my text messages, she blocked me on all her social media platforms. I honestly don't know." I say carelessly.

She sighs out loud and continues chopping whatever it is that she's chopping.

"Your cellphone is charging, should be approaching a hundred percent any minute now. And I cloned them for you so you should be fine." She says.

I remain quiet, deep in my thoughts. Why do they loathe me so much? They think I'm not worthy of their daughter? I can purchase an entire farm for them for the bride price and buy them a new contemporary house as compensation for taking their daughter.

"Mother, does the Nogxina surname ring a bell to you?" I finally manage to ask. She stops chopping then wipes her hands and turns to me with a forced smile plastered on her face.

"Nogxina? No." She says. "Why do you ask?" She asks and I shake my head. "I'm just asking because my surname is the reason Ami's parents hate me so much." I say.

She avoids eye contact and stutters. "I uhm... I'll talk to your father and check if he knows anything about... About the Nogxina surname." She says. I nod.

"Don't you need help?" I ask and she nods. I get up from my seat and help her prepare dinner for me.

After cooking, we eat together. When she finally leaves, I head to my study to get my work done so I'm not behind schedule. I also want to keep myself busy because my mind is too active.

I can't get her out of my mind. To lash out on her, I'm sure she thinks I'm crazy and she doesn't want to talk to me wherever she is.

Sigh.

I manage to wrap everything up and by 01h37 I make my way to my bedroom. Getting under my covers, I reach for my new cellphone from my charger.

I'm glad she cloned them otherwise I would've been stuck with an old broken cellphone and a brand new empty cellphone.

I quickly set my wallpaper before placing it on my nightstand. That way, I'll get to see her gorgeous face whenever I light it up.

The next morning, I take a shower then head to make myself a protein shake before heading to the gymnasium. I send her a morning text then head to the gymnasium.

I've always sent her morning texts, well ever since I got her number.

After my gym session I'm completely whipped out but a text from Ami gives me strength.

"Thanks, that's so sweet of you. I'm completely alone for the day." It reads.

"Lunch at my place?" I text back and she replies almost immediately.

"Sure."

"I'll fetch you." I text back.

"Cool."

I throw it on top of my bed then head to take a shower.

12

BUHLEBAMI

I watch as he makes his way out of the car. He pulls me in for a hug and I take in his pleasant scent. I can't believe I'm saying this but I missed him even though twenty four hours hadn't passed.

Even now, I miss him. And regardless of how bizarre he can act or how he strangely looks at me at times, I don't want to let go. I don't want to break this hug.

I feel incredibly safe and warm in his embrace. I feel as though I've known him all my life and I do want him in my life.

I can't stay away from him. I don't want to. He's the only person I trust with my life right now and he's the only person I'm incredibly comfortable and happy around.

He breaks the hug and cups my cheeks. He pecks my forehead then wipes my uninvited tears. "Let's get out of here before your neighbours see us." He says and I nod vigorously.

He opens the door for me and closes it once I've stepped in. He walks to his side and enters then starts the daring engine which instantly roars, sending chills throughout my body.

I wrap my arms around his left arm then rest my head on his broad shoulder with my legs curled up on the seat.

"Are you okay?" He asks and I just nod. "Are you sure?" He asks again and I nod.

"You're awfully quiet." He says. "I just missed you." I say. "I thought I was never going to see you again." I add on.

"You'll see me whenever you want to and I don't care what anyone says." He says. I just nod.

When we arrive at his house, we settle for a movie while waiting our delivery from Uber Eats.

I suggested we order wings and I really enjoy the ones from Wing Republic. They're everything that wings need to be and more. I don't know how to thank them and Uber Eats for that.

"Ami, I'm sorry about the call. I don't know what got into me. I was just..."

"Its okay, there's nothing to be sorry about." I say.

"I don't like the fact that our families don't really get along and now that is going to affect us." He says and I raise my brow in confusion.

"They really don't get along?" I ask and he nods. "I asked mother about your family and her face literally ashened. She was stuttering and acting very weird since then even though she said she knows nothing." He narrates.

I sigh out loud. What could've went down between a wealthy family and an average one. Why do parents like keeping secrets from their children?

To protect us? Yeah right, that's straight up bull.

I've been so stuck on my thoughts, I didn't hear Nka leaving the room. I follow the mouthwatering aroma to the kitchen and find Nka placing the wings onto two plates.

"What would you like to drink, miss?" He asks. I shake my head then head to get coke from my refrigerator and pour it for the both of us.

We both wash our hands before heading back to the lounge. We settle on the same couch then indulge in devouring the mouthwatering sticky wings

In a matter of a few minutes, my wings are finished and he still has a few left. I gulp my coke down my throat before sighing out loud.

He looks at me, my plate then his. He chuckles then shakes his head. "No." He says.

"But..."

"No no no no no. No." He says.

"Nka, please." I beseech. He chortles, still shaking his head.

"Nkanyezi. Just one wing." I say. He nods and I grab two wings from his plate.

"Thanks." I say then dig in. "You owe me." He says and I shrug.

After eating we wash the dishes then cuddle up on the couch.

I want this to linger. I want it to last for as long as I'll ever live. I've never been so happy since the accident and the phobia. Nkanyezi is the only person who managed to make me smile just by touching me.

With my head resting on his chest, I can hear his heartbeat, the pounding matching mine. His arms around my body and our hands intertwined.

His balmy breath hitting against my skin, sending chills all over my body. His soft chuckles and constant laughs melting my heart.

I love the idea of his flesh against mine. My body softly pressed against his. Makes me feel like my insides are turning and my heart is dancing.

"I don't want to be away from you." I blurt out. I sit up straight and look at him as he also sits up straight.

"I hate being away from you." I say. "Every single second of it. I feel as if time had stopped and I'm caged somewhere in the world." I say then chortle

he joins in too.

"I don't want us to be apart from each other." I add on. He chuckles as if in disbelief before taking my hand into his.

He holds it up and keeps them against each other, my palm lightly pressed against his. "I love you. I love you so much that even I myself don't believe it. This kind of love doesn't exist, its shocking. Its dangerous. Its too strong." He says, causing my cheeks to heat up and turn rosy.

I look down. He removes the strands of my hair from my visage and hangs them behind my ear. Our fingers intertwine and his other hand lands on my waist and mine on his cheek.

He pulls me closer then slowly leans in. He captures my lips into his then kisses me slowly and passionately, our tongues dancing with each other. Once he breaks the kiss, I look away.

I'm still shy around him when it comes to such. "As much as I love you, I don't want to keep anything from you." He says. "I don't want to keep secrets from you, secrets that might destroy what we have when they come out. Breaking your heart or

even seeing you in tears is not on my wishlist." He says and I swallow hard.

Secrets aren't always a good thing, they are heart breaking at the most. Very heart breaking.

"I... I have a girlfriend." He announces and I instantly feel my heart gravitating at the pit of my stomach then tearing asunder right in between.

"Her name is Ahlume, she's from Cape Town and she's just a year older than you." He adds on. I feel tears stinging my eyes and I suddenly can't bring myself to face him.

I look down and a droplet lands on my hand. Why am I hurt from this? Why am I crying? What is this unbearable pain that I'm feeling?

"Can you take me home?" I query. I hear him sigh before he tips my head up.

"I love you, Ami." He says and I shake my head. "No. You don't love me. You think you love me or I'm just someone who keeps you company while your girlfriend is at Cape Town." I say placidly.

"Please take me home." I say and he shakes his head. "I can't do that, I need you to listen to me." He says.

"I shouldn't have let it get this far." I say. "Baby, listen to me. I don't love her, I love you. I want to be with you." He says.

I cover my mouth with my hand and close my eyes. "Why does it hurt, Nka? It hurts so bad. We're not even in a relationship but it stings. Its like someone stabbed right through my heart." I cry.

He takes my hand into his then pecks it. "That's because you love me just like I love you. We love each other and you want us to be together. That's why you don't want to be apart from me." He says.

"I love you and you only. I don't love her and in fact, I'm going to end things with her." He adds on.

"I can't take this much pain, Nka. I can't." I say in between my sobs.

He pulls me into his embrace then pecks my forehead. "I know and I promise not to hurt you ever again. I love you, okay?" He says and I just nod vigorously then tightly hold on to him.

13

NKANYEZI

She's been curled up on top of me for quite some time now and with the news I just broke to her, I don't want to disturb her solitude.

Thing is, I have big plans for Ami and I and I don't want Ahlume to come here and disturb our peace. I've seen how these things end up and most of them end on bad notes, hatred, broken hearts, tears, etc. And I don't want to hurt Buhlebami.

Its amazing how I love her so much, I sometimes even forget about Ahlume. Its also shocking how I've suddenly forgotten about wanting to marry Ahlume. I don't want to anymore, in fact I don't know how bumping into someone suddenly made me lose interest in her.

I peck her forehead and she moans as if she was falling asleep. She shifts her head and snuggles closer. Ami is going to get me into trouble in my own company.

"When does your mother want to see me?" She asks suddenly. My eyes pop open and I don't know what to say anymore. "Uhm... She didn't say." I finally respond.

"Tell her I agreed to meet her and I'm ready to." She says and I chuckle in disbelief. She looks at me then cups my cheeks. She pecks my lips then looks at me and flashes a weak smile.

"I should get going, I have to start on dinner in two hours or so." She says and I nod.

I remove the strands of her hair from her face then lock eyes with her. Her cheeks turn rosy before she looks away. Her chocolate eyes now glistening from all the crying, she still looks beautiful.

I run my fingers through her silky curls whilst she fiddles with her fingers. "I'm sorry, Ami. Hurting you was really not my intension." I apologize. She looks up.

"Its okay. Your honesty means quite a lot to me. And... I trust you with my heart." She says and I find myself smiling.

Is she saying what I...

"I didn't mean to fall in love with you and even if I could control my love for you, I wouldn't have stopped myself from falling in love with you. You've been nothing but a blessing to me. I never cared about and love someone like I do now." I say and her cheeks heat up.

The warmth of her blood gathering on her cheeks which instantly turn rosy and beautify her even more. "Nka, I have to get home." She says and I chuckle then nod.

She gets off of me and puts on her shoes whilst I head to fetch our cellphones and the car keys. I think I'll sleep at home tonight, I need to talk to mother about something.

We head out and I drive us safely to her house in content silence. "New cellphone? What happened to the iPhone XS?"

She asks and I chuckle lightly searching for a response. I don't want to freak her out because I also don't know what happened.

I was angry so I must've zoned out whilst talking to her. I must've smashed it against the wall.

"Urhh... It broke." I say and she purses her lips. "Oh... I really liked that one." She says.

"Then you'll love this one even more, great camera and 8k videography." I say and she shrugs.

Once I pull up in front of the gate, she pecks my lips and rushes out. I watch as she shakes her jelly ass to the house.

I don't know but I love her ass, its cushy and mushy. I won't say it's a guy thing but its definitely a Nkanyezi thing.

After dropping her off, I return to work and try my damdest to be productive. Fortunately for me

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I got a whole lot of work out of the way before knocking off.

When I arrive home, I'm welcomed by a good ass aroma. I head to the kitchen and I'm met by mom feeding dad a portion of what she's cooking.

"Ay'kho shushu?" Mother asks and dad shakes his head. I tend to forget that mother has learnt to speak isiXhosa.

"Its delicious, lala." He compliments and they both chuckle.

They look so good together, it makes me believe Ami and I can and will be together till the end of the world.

"Nkanyezi..." Mother calls out. I shake my thoughts off from my head then make my way to them. Mother is the first to pull me in for a warm hug followed by father's manly hug.

"I didn't know you were coming home tonight." She says. "I also didn't know, I decided whilst driving." I say and she nods.

"I'm going to freshen up." I say then walk away. "Then you'll tell me what's bothering you?" She asks and I halt on my tracks. I turn to look at her then nod.

Nobody knows me like she does. And I don't know but you can paint me green for loving my parents so much.

I was raised to talk whenever I had a problem and it was much easier talking to my parents cause they're good listeners and they give great advice without making any judgments.

Its much easier talking to mother, she can see right through me and I can't lie to her no matter how much I try.

After bathing, I request for my plate to be sent up to my room whilst I busy myself with more important stuff and people.

"I miss you more. You can't seem to make it out of my mind and between you and I, I like it." I say and she turns scarlet.

"Are you at the Mnyanda mansion?" She asks and I nod. Guess the background sold it all.

"Wami, when am I going to see you?" I ask and she furrows her brows. "Wami?" She asks back and I chuckle lightly.

"Yes, Wami. You're mine." She blushes. The door suddenly opens and mother makes her way in. She smiles politely then takes a seat next to me.

"Babe, I'll call you in a few minutes." I say and she nods. "I love you." I add on. She hangs up then I turn to mom.

"She's beautiful. Too beautiful." She says. "What are you trying to say, Zee?" I ask and she shrugs.

"I'm scared for her. I could see the innocence all over her face and I could tell she's fragile just by looking in her eyes." She says.

"I won't hurt her, mom." I say and she nods. "I know you won't hurt her. I trust you won't hurt her, you wouldn't want to break my trust now would you?" She asks and I shake my head.

"Great now tell me what's bothering you?" She queries. "I told her about Ahlume and she was so broken. I couldn't bare to see her in tears. Her light anguished cries haunt me till this moment." I tell her.

"That's better than not telling at all. Did you tell her about your health?" She asks and I shake my head.

I can't bring myself to tell her. What if she thinks I'm a monster and I'm going to hurt her. I don't want her to fear me and feel unsafe around me or to distance herself from me at all.

"I think I should go for treatment." I say. "Your treatment is going to take quite some time and don't forget that any form of communication with an outsider will be cut." She says.

I don't know man. "I just can't bring myself to tell her. I don't want to lose her. On the other hand, her parents hate me for no reason." I say then furiously sigh out loud and rest my head back.

My life is a mess!

"So, when is she coming over? Did she agree?" She asks and I nod. "I'll check in with her then confirm the date. And mother, please don't interrogate her. I want her to feel at home." I say and she chuckles.

"Well, I love her already but you know your sister and your aunt." She says.

"Aunt Alexa? You invited her?" I ask.

"You know she doesn't ask for permission." She says then shrugs.

"I think the two of you should have a lunch date, just the two of you." I suggest and she nods.

"Fair enough."

14

BUHLEBAMI

"Buhlebami!" I increase my pace and walk faster. I don't want to talk to anyone right now.

"Buhlebami, wait!" He yells again. His voice nears and I finally halt on my tracks when he jumps in front of me. I sigh out loud then look down. Its the professor.

"Miss Nogxina, I hope I'm not delaying you." He says and I shake my head.

"I just wanted to say your work is quite impressive, as well as your behavior." He says and I slightly cringe when I feel his breath hitting against my skin.

"Its actually quite saddening that most of the brains are homeschooled and not in class where they belong." He says.
"Having you back in class would make my work quite easier."
He adds on.

What for, so you can hurt me? I feel tears stinging my eyes and before I know it, my sockets are suffocated by the uninvited tears.

"Miss Nogxina, I'd like for you to..." I cut him midsentence.

"No, no no no no no." I say stepping back. "Buhlebami..." He calls out stepping closer.

"NO! Stay away from me." I say.

"Look, I just thought maybe you'd..." I don't await him to finish his sentence, I just run off. At the gate, Nkanyezi is leaning against his car busy on his cellphone.

He looks up when he sees me hurrying his way. He pulls me in for a hug before pecking my lips. I can feel a few stares piercing through my skin and to say its uncomfortable would be an understatement.

"Let's get out of here, shall we?" He asks and I nod vigorously.

Once we get to his penthouse, I rush up to his room so I could rest. I did tell him that I'm fatigued and I just want to rest. I take off my shoes and jeans then rest on top of his bed.

I snuggle on the pillows then close my eyes. Once I take in his scent, I can tell he's in the room. After a few shuffling sounds, he occupies the space next to me and wraps his arms around me. I rest my head on his chest then curl up around him and doze off.

Once I awaken, I find him looking at me again. This is actually freaky but when he starts pecking my forehead and chuckling, I find it almost adorable.

"Slept well?" He asks and I nod.

"I got us yoghurt, maybe that will make you tell me what's bothering you." He says. I sit up straight whilst he reaches for the yoghurt and spoons from his nightstand.

"Nothing is bothering me." I say. "I haven't seen you in about three weeks and I was hoping to spend some quality time with you. And I know you're lying to me. Its that guy you were talking to, isn't it?" He asks and I nod hesitantly.

He hands me a spoon then opens the yoghurt. I spoon some of it and savour its smooth vanilla taste. Tastes really good.

"Wami... Don't. Don't moan." He says. I didn't even realize that I moaned. "Now tell me, what happened?" He asks.

"I was scared. I thought he was going to hurt me. I saw how he stared at me and I just freaked out and lashed out on him then ran off." I narrate.

"Who is he?" He asks and I answer hesitantly. "Professor Brian, Brian Nkambule." I respond. He nods then reaches for his phone and dials a number.

"Bob listen. I need you to dig out information on a professor Brian Nkambule from UJ. Call me when you have all the information and I want all of it, even if its from fifty years ago, I don't care. Just do it." He says then hangs up.

"I just want to find out more about the guy, that's all. I don't want anyone to hurt you and no one will whilst I'm still alive." He says. I nod then continue eating.

We eat in silence and when we are done, he disposes of the container and puts the spoons away. He doesn't look like his normal self but you can never know with Nka.

He lies next to me and I rest my head on top of his chest. "So, what time should I take you home?" He asks. I told my parents that there's a private study session I'll be attending of which I didn't attend.

"Five." I say and he nods. After a few more minutes of silent

Advertisement

I sit up straight and straddle his laps. This man right here did not kiss me today.

I wrap my one arm around his neck and the other is on his cheek. Both his land on my waist. He pulls me closer then captures my lips with his and I let him do his thing.

He doesn't even stop for a breather but the kiss heats up and turns into a hungry kiss. I gasp when I feel his hands squeezing my ass.

He pecks my lips then stuffs his head on my neck, sucking and nuzzling on it. This feels so good, I hadn't even realized I'm moaning so loud and uncontrollably.

Once he stops, he quickly gets off of the bed then rushes to the bathroom. After a few minutes, I hear the shower taps running followed by him groaning out loud. "Fuck!" He curses.

I keep myself busy with a game on my cellphone until he returns. He has a towel around his waist, his v-lines vividly

visible. Water dripping over his well sculptured hard looking muscles and abs.

His hair is wet and covering his eyes. "I can feel you staring." He says, bursting my bubble of thoughts.

"I Uhm... I'm... The... The towel, its on the verge of falling." I say then exhale.

"What do you care? You can come and take it off of me if you want to." He says. He turns to me with a smirk plastered on his face.

I swallow hard then look away. He makes his way back to the bathroom with his lotion at hand and drops the towel on his way in. I get to see a glimpse of his firm ass.

Get a grip on yourself!

I head out to get a glass of water and nibble on a few strawberries at that before returning to the room.

He sits next to me, now fully dressed with a devious smile on his face. "I'm not ready." I blurt it out.

"I know you're not and if you think giving me a free pass to any girl of my choice will help then no, forget it." He says, as if he read my thoughts.

"But Nka..."

"I don't want them, I want you and I'll wait for you. Even if it takes years of it, I'll wait." He says and I nod.

Every time I give him an erection, he's going to jerk off?

"Yes, I'm going to jerk off until you're ready." He says as if he read my thoughts again.

"No, I didn't read your thoughts if that what you think, you were thinking out loud." I sigh.

"So, mother wants to know when you're free so she can meet you." He says.

I'll have to check in with my parents so I can decide on that. A lot is happening, I have to lie my way through everything that involves Nka and no one is telling me anything, this is sickening.

Once I get home, mother has arrived and father too. I greet them then head up to my room. Mother stops me and I turn back to them.

"How was the study session?" She asks and I shrug.

"Same old, nothing new. I know everything we spoke about." I respond.

"I'm glad you're doing something with your time other than being around that boy." She says.

"Whatever." I've been pretending to hate him for weeks now and its been working quite well lately. I'd say I'm a good actress but I hate that I'm lying my way through everything that involves Nka.

"With that said, your father and I are going away." She says, the excitement clearly expressed.

"Oh that's great, where are you going?" I ask. "Tanzania." She says.

"Tanzania?"

"Yes. My boss and his wife were supposed to go there but things happened and everything is nonrefundable so..." Mother elaborates.

"Oh great, freebies. For how long will you be away?" I ask.

They look at each other then at me and back at each other. "Its quite a lot of time. I hope you'll be able to cope on your own." She says.

How much is a lot of time?

"And we know its been weeks of not seeing that Mnyanda boy, keep it up." Father says and I roll my eyes."

Weeks my left buttcheek.

NKANYEZI

"Apparently her boss gave them the tickets and everything else is paid for and its nonrefundable. Something smells fishy about all of this, don't you think?" She asks and I nod.

She turns to me with a puzzled look. "God is just making way for us to be together." I say and she shakes her.

"Something doesn't feel right." She says. I get up then head to the kitchen a pour myself a glass of water and gulp it down. I then lean against the sink, deep in my thoughts.

She walks in and wraps her arms around my waist then rests her head on my chest. "Am I exasperating you?" She asks. I look at her. "You couldn't exasperate me even if you want to. That's just how much I love you." I respond.

"Well I'm sorry if I am. I know we're supposed to be talking about something else other than our parents." She says.

"You can tell me about global warming and I wouldn't complain. I could honestly listen to you talk, giggle and complain all day everyday." I say.

She looks at me then smiles. "Really?" She asks and I nod. "Really." I cup her cheeks then peck her lips.

Something about her just brings me to peace. Knowing that she's here in my presence, safe and smiling just makes me happy, something different from what I felt for Ahlume, the girl I thought I wanted to marry.

Making rash decisions has always been something I do and I'm starting to learn that not everything is as it appears but I have so much faith in Ami, its astounding.

I refuse to believe that she's with me for her own selfish reasons. My heart refuses to believe that she's one of those girls. She's so special, beautiful, smart. She's attractive, charismatic. Something about her just makes me want to elope with her and live somewhere in the universe, just the two of us.

"Are you okay?" She asks and I look down at her. "You've been staring at the same spot." She says. I shake my head then swiftly lift her up.

She holds on tightly with her legs wrapped around my waist. We make our way to my bedroom and I carefully place her on top of the bed then hover over her.

I passionately kiss her and allow her hands to explore every inch of my body she desires. However, she doesn't reach the place I want her to touch, the part of me that is irking to be grabbed and massaged by her.

My hands make their way to her ass and squeezes the living daylights out of them. She gasps. "Nka..." I chuckle.

"Its okay, we're not going to do that." I say and she nods. I lower myself and capture her lips with mine all over again.

This woman has me wrapped around her pinkie, I swear I'd do almost anything for her without having an issue.

I unzip her dress and she flinches then breaks the kiss. "Wami, trust me. I won't hurt you, I just want to try something and I know you'll enjoy it." I say and she nods hesitantly fear clearly expressed on her eyes.

I help her take her dress off then instruct her to lie down on top of a pillow. She's not wearing a brassiere and her full perky breasts are out to play. I hover over her and kiss her, to calm her down. I then leave trails of kisses from her neck, to her shoulder down to her belly.

She flinches and closes her eyes. "Wami, look at me." I instruct and she opens her eyes and looks at me. I smirk before continuing with my mission.

I place both her legs on my shoulders then reach for her thong. She covers her eyes as I slowly take it off of her. I take in her pleasant scent before shoving it in my pocket, I'm keeping this one.

I peck both of her feet then trail off to her inner thighs up to her coochie. She still has her eyes covered. She's so shy.

I split her splits then slowly circulate my finger over her clitoris. She flinches. "Wami, I'm not going to hurt you." I say. "Look at me." I add on. She shakes her head.

I sigh then tap hard on her clitoris, she immediately grabs on the duvet. I chuckle then tap on it again, harder this time. "Nka..." She calls out.

I capture her clitoris with my lips then suck it. I flick my tongue over it vigorously then around it. I rub her clit with my thumb as I smoothly lick around it.

I have my one hand tightly gripped on her waist to hold her in place.

Her sweet moans soon fill my ears and I feel her hands on my head, suppressing it. Encouraging me to flicker harder and faster.

I stop and look at her. "Bhabha, look at me." I order. She looks at me and we lock eyes. I then continue with my mission, watching as she takes in all the pleasure. She's squeezing her breast, biting her lower lip and resting her head back.

She calls out my name as she releases her juices and I don't dare stop. Instead, I lick her coochie clean before heading back up to her.

I passionately kiss her, allowing her to taste her sweet self.

She's spent from just my tongue, she won't survive the dick then. She's better off not ready even though I can't wait to dip my head into her warm and tight self.

"Enjoyed that?" I query and she nods. She's flushed, her rosy cheeks sold her off. God, I can't get her sweet moans and

gorgeous big o face out of my mind, that on its own make me harden up.

"Please stay over for the weekend?" I ask. Her eyes pop open and she struggles to talk. "I'll have someone guard your house. We'll sleep in separate rooms and I promise I'll respect and keep you safe. I'll try my best to make you comfortable and just act like how you do when you're at your house. I won't invade your privacy and I won't touch you unless you want me to.

Please." I beseech.

Her eyes wander around the room before she stares back at me. "I... I'll stay over." She says and I can't help but to smile and peck her.

"I promise you, you won't regret your stay here. I'll treat you like the queen that you are." I say getting off of the bed.

I make my way to the bathroom to run her a warm bath so she could soak herself and just relax.

Plus mother sent over these amazing bath salts and bombs and essential oils which help with relaxation and they smell really good. I throw them in then head back to the bedroom.

I scoop her up with my arms and carry her to the bathroom and carefully place her inside the bath tub. I peck her lips then head out.

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BUHLEBAMI

Nkanyezi left to get some of my clothes from my house for the weekend. I gave him the house keys and the freedom to choose what I was going to wear for the weekend while I offered to cook us both dinner.

I can't seem to get over earlier and what happened. What he was doing with his tongue, that was magic. I've never felt so alive. That feeling was the best feeling I've ever felt, throughout.

The feeling I wanted to linger was when my legs started trembling and I grabbed on the sheets and screamed out his name. If a miserly tongue could make me feel so fascinated then I wonder how it'd feel like getting intimate with him.

But I'm just curious, I'm not ready for that. I feel hard hands around my waist followed by a peck on my neck.

I was so stuck on my thoughts, I didn't hear him come in. "What are you making?" He asks. "I'm making something you've never eaten in your life." I respond. He chuckles then nibbles on my earlobe. "Well, you'd make the perfect dinner." He whispers.

He's responsible with what's happening down there - my wet and throbbing coochie - with just a whisper to my ear and a nibble on my earlobe.

I leave the food on the stove on low heat then head up to the guest room with him where I'll be sleeping. I can't believe this guy.

A nightdress, matching robe, slippers, sandals. A short body hugging black dress, shorts and a tank top. There undergarments are on the side. "There are no brassieres." I say.

"You won't be needing them." He says. "No jacket." I say. "You'll wear mine." He responds. "What if it gets cold at night?" I ask. "I'll warm you up." He says.

This is going to be a long weekend.

Sigh!

"The food should be ready by now. Mind dishing up while I change?" He shakes his head then walks out.

I change into my nightdress and robe and slide on my slippers before heading downstairs. He's dishing up in the kitchen. I help him then we head to the lounge to eat.

"So, Bob is coming on Monday. I asked him to check on that professor the entire weekend." He says and I nod.

"Thanks for doing that for me." I say. He pecks my cheek.

After eating, we wash the dishes then head separate ways to our rooms.

The next morning I'm woken up by a sharp pain, sharp familiar pain. Period pains. I quickly jump off of the bed then come to sight with a huge blood stain on the cover.

Nka is going to kill me.

I throw the pillows aside then reach for the cover and take it off. I run to the other room where he keeps his washing machine and shove it there. I do all the necessities then watch as it washes.

I find myself seating near the machine with the period pains getting sharper and sharper with each passing minute.

I have mean periods where I experience nausea, diarrhea, harsh moodswings

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weird ass cravings and fatigue. Nka will hate me after this.

My tears find their way out and stream down my cheeks uncontrollably. "Hey, what's wrong?" He asks, kneeling next to me.

He's sweaty and in his gym gear. I guess he's from jogging. He places his headphones on top of the machine and tries to carry me but I flinch.

"Okay, I'm sorry. Are you hurt, if yes then where?" He asks and I shake my head.

"Periods." I say and watch as his face goes pale. "I'm sorry, I bloated on the cover." I apologize.

He instantly scoops me up and hurries to his bedroom. He places me on top of the bed then disappears to the bathroom. I hear running water for a good minute before he rushes out.

He denudes me then carries me to the bathroom. He carefully places me inside the tub then walks out. He returns holding my toiletry bag then seats by the corner of the tub.

He's staring at me, scrutinizing me rather before that intense look returns, the look that scares the shit out of me. He's mad at me, isn't he?

I let the water soak me until they get lukewarm. He helps me out of the tub then wraps a towel around me and carries me to the bedroom.

He places me on top of his bed then wipes me dry. He reaches for his body lotion and applies it on me. "Are you going to wear a pad or a tampon?" He asks and I opt for a tampon.

He walks out of the room and returns with my underwear then disappears to his dressing room. I insert a tampon then put on my knicker.

He returns with a baggy tee and sweat pants then helps me put them on. He ties my hair into a ponytail then pecks my cheek. "Are you feeling better?" He asks and I shake my head.

"What do you need?" He asks. "I'm sorry, I..." He cuts me midsentence.

"I'll deal with that later. Its not important, you are. What do you need? Decide on everything you need and I'll get it for you, okay?" He asks and I nod.

He walks out. I reach for the notepad on his nightstand and search for a pen. Thereafter I write a list then tear the page and fold it. I crawl to the middle of the bed and rest there.

How did I forget about my period? I'm sure I even missed my period calendar notification.

"Wami, wake up." I hear Nka's voice. I open my eyes and try to sit up straight but he pushes me down.

"I got everything you need. Did you change your tampon?" He asks and I shake my head.

He helps me up then walks me to the bathroom where I dispose of the drenched tampon and insert a new one.

We spend the rest of the day in his room, binging on my cravings and watching Rick n Morty. He's holding me the entire time and kissing me constantly.

Whenever my hotwater bottle water get lukewarm, he fills them up with hot water then places it under my belly. He says it helps with the period pains and it does in deed.

He's so caring with me, its actually shocking but I'm glad to have him in my life.

17

NKANYEZI

"Babe, what did you say is the name of your phobia?" I ask from the study.

"Agoraphobia!" She shouts back from her room.

I left her to study and do her school work while I kept myself busy with my work. "Thanks!"

I type in 'Agoraphobia' and the results appear within a split second.

Overview - "Fear of places and situations that might cause panic, helplessness or embarrassment. Agoraphobia is an anxiety disorder that often develops after one or more panic attacks." It reads.

Symptoms - "Usually self-diagnosable

Symptoms include fear and avoidance of places and situations that might cause feelings of panic, entrapment, helplessness or embarrassment.

People may experience:

Psychological: fear, depression or severe anxiety

Mood: apprehensive or panic attack."

Wow... I head on and click on the Treatments option. There are four treatments. "What are you doing?" She asks standing by the door.

"Nothing, just busy doing some work." I say then close the tab. She strolls my way and settles on my lap.

"No secrets, remember?" She says and I look away then chuckle in guilt. "I don't want to invade your privacy so spit." She says.

Sigh.

"I was looking into your phobia and it has treatment, why haven't you done the treatment?" I ask and she chuckles.

"It happens that all the doctors and specialists are strangers with scary objects in their offices. I'm scared of them." She says. "Plus we don't have that kind of money and I wouldn't allow my parents to drown themselves in debts, especially because of me." She adds on.

"Okay then, I'll help you." I say.

"No Nka. You've done a lot already." She agitates.

I forced her to stay one more week after the weekend passed. I realized how much I want her around me so I couldn't bring myself to let her go.

"Wami..."

"I have to finish up with my assignment." She says trying to get up. I pull her down. "I'm just..." My cellphone vibrates from my

table. She reaches for it and hands it to me, her facial expression giving out to her anger.

"What do you want?" I ask and she chuckles.

"Is that how you speak to your girlfriend?" She asks and I chuckle. The nerve of this girl.

"You're not my girlfriend, Ahlume. Our relationship ended when you decided to ghost me." I say then hang up and block her number then delete it.

That feels good.

"I'm going to finish up with my assignment." She says. I wrap my arms around her waist then rest my head on her bosom.

"Please... Allow me to help you. I want to help you. I'm no doctor but I'm also not a stranger. You trust me and you're comfortable with me, just let me help you." I beseech.

She doesn't respond for quite sometime and when I look at her, she's in tears. "You can't help me even if I wanted to be helped." She says.

She's so stubborn.

"Then let's go for therapy. I'll go with you, I'll hold your hand through it all." I suggest. "It's too expensive." She tries to reason. "I'll pay for it." I say and she goes quiet.

"Wami, I don't want you to live in isolation any longer. I want to travel with you

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to see the world. I want us to meet different people from different cultures with different beliefs. I want us to do a lot of activities without fear and worry.

Please do this for yourself if not for me and your family."

I wipe her tears then cup her cheek. She nods hesitantly. "Yes?" I ask and she nods. "Yes." She says softly. I pull her in for a tight hug then for a kiss. I don't want to see her in tears ever again.

In regards to her professor, the guy is clean. He doesn't date students whatsoever, he was most probably going to ask her to join a study session and whatnot.

"We are going to be okay. We'll be fine." I say and she smiles. There's that smile.

"Okay but I honestly have to finish up with my school work." She says and I nod then let her go.

After she leaves the room, I search up for a good therapist's number and call her. Ntando is this great therapist I used to go to. She has a balmy and inviting office and she's sweet herself. She's always placid and very good.

"Ntando... I hope you're good?" I say after she answers.

"Mr Mnyanda, I'm doing well, how are you?" She asks. "I'm fine, thank you. I was calling regarding someone else actually. My girlfriend suffers from Agoraphobia and I was hoping..." She cuts me midsentence.

"Agoraphobia? I can help." She says.

"When can she start?" I query.

"I'll check in on my schedule and come back to you. Her therapy will take up to four months and she'll have to take her medicine." She says.

"Thanks Ntando." I say. "Pleasure. And how are you doing?" She asks.

"I did say that I'm fine." I respond and she chuckles lightly.

"We both know that's not what I'm talking about." She says.
"Then what are you talking about cause I honestly don't know." I say. She sighs from the other side of the line.

"Mr Mnyanda, when you stopped your therapy with me I assigned you to a specialist. I know that you only went twice to get the medication I prescribed for you and I'm not happy about that." She says.

I reach for my glass of whiskey and down it before I could respond to her.

"What is your point?" I growl.

"Therapy is important Mr Mnyanda and your antidepressants, anti-anxiety and antipsychotic drugs help to control the mental health symptoms. We don't want you to dissociate." She says.

"Well I don't need the therapy and the useless drugs because I don't dissociate." I say.

"Mr Mnyanda, are you aware that you might hurt your girlfriend?" She asks and I hang up immediately.

I down the remaining whiskey before crushing the glass down with my hands and screaming.

I would never hurt Ami. Hurting her would be hurting myself. Hurting her would be like killing myself. "Nka, are you okay?" She asks standing by the door.

I turn to look at her. "I'm okay." I smile at the sight of her gorgeous face. She has a way of calming me down, why would I ever want to hurt my angel.

"Oh my goodness!" She gasps after catching a glimpse of my hand. "You're bleeding and there's glass on your palm." She says making her way closer.

"You broke that glass with your hand?" She asks. "You crushed it with your hand, Nka." She adds on.

I get off my seat and make my way to her. "Baby listen, I need to tell you something and please don't freak out." I say.

"Does it have to do with you breaking the glass with your hand?" She asks and I nod. "But first, are you scared of me?" I ask.

"No. I'm not scared of you Nka, you're the most gentle man I've ever met in my entire years of living." She says and I smile in relief of her words.

I suddenly get a pang of discomfort as I come to the realization that I hadn't told her the truth. What if I lose her?

"Nka..." She calls out.

"You know I would never hurt you, right?" I ask and she nods hesitantly. That is enough to make me break into shivers.

18

BUHLEBAMI

I watch as he makes his way to the comfortable looking couch and takes a seat. His elbows land on his laps before he drops his head down and buries it on his hands.

I'm shook. He crushed an entire glass with his hand and he's bleeding profusely but he's not showing any signs of pain.

I hear a light sob escape his mouth before hurrying to sit next to him. "If I were to lose you, my life would end." He says in between his sobs.

"You're not going to lose me, Nka." I say caressing his back. Why would he think of that?

"Not after hearing what I'm about to tell you." He says. Now I'm really curious.

"I was diagnosed with dissociative identity disorder when I was eighteen and I've been living with it since then." He announces.

Should I be worried?

"What's that?" I query. He looks up then at me. His eyes suddenly puffy and red. They're watery as if wanting to cry.

"A disorder characterized by the presence of two or more distinct personality states." He says.

"I've been living under traumatic experiences and stress all my life, hence the multiple personalities. These personalities are just a reaction to the trauma to help me avoid bad memories.

I have different personalities each with different names and whenever a personality takes over, I forget. Its as if I zoned out whereas I was actually not me." He explains.

"Does it have a cure?" I ask and he shakes my head. "But there's treatment and I've stopped going to therapy and taking the prescribed medication.

I thought I could handle them and I honestly felt as though the medication was making me worse." He says.

I sigh then sit back. "Why didn't you tell me? I deserved to know this, don't you think?" I query and he nods.

"I've dated so many girls I even lost count but I have never met someone like you. So beautiful, mesmerizing, exotic, nonchalant, brainy, honest and so fragile. You're so special and I honestly don't want to lose you.

I was scared. I was scared, Ami. I thought if I told you, you would think I'm going to hurt you and I would never hurt you baby." He says sounding panicky.

He takes my wrists into his hold then looks into my eyes and shakes his head. "I would never hurt you. You're like my drug, the medication I need and a breather that's always there.

I don't know how but you have a way of calming me down. I've never loved a person like I love you and losing you would be like losing a part of me.

I want to be better and its all for you. I hate seeing you in tears, especially because of me and I don't want you to go through that ever again." He says.

I hadn't even realized that I'm crying until he frees a my wrists and wipes my tears. I don't know how to feel about everything right now.

"No secrets

Advertisement

right?" I query. "I've been so open to you, I bet there's nothing you don't know about me but you on the other hand... The

secrets come out bit by bit. Is there anything else you'd like to tell me?" I query, clearly frustrated.

He shakes his head. I get up then hurry out of the study to the kitchen. I pour myself a glass of water and gulp it then hold on to the sink.

I can feel his eyes piercing through my flesh. His intoxicating cologne fill my nostrils, announcing his presence.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I query. Silence. I turn around to face him and his eyes darkened and turned to a terrifying shade of color.

"I was scared. I don't want to lose you. I thought if I told you, you'd want to cut all ties with me and fear me. I thought you'd no longer want to be in my presence because you'd think I'd hurt you." He says.

I hesitantly walk up to him and take his hand into mine, intertwining them. "You always tell me that I'm special whereas you know you're the special one.

I don't know anything about the dissociative identity disorder but you're helping me with my phobia so let me help you." I say.

He doesn't respond but growls. I place my hand on his cheek then tilt my head. "Please, let me help you." I beseech.

He takes my hand into his and scrutinizes it. "Look, I've already hurt you." He says looking at my wrist. I shake my head then snatch it from him.

"Sit down." I order then head to fetch the first aid kit from the bathroom. I wash my hands then set up everything and sit next to him.

Starting off by removing the glass then washing the cuts and applying ointment then covering them up with a bandage.

"My very own personal doctor." He teases and I manage to chuckle. "Nka, please promise me you'll go back to taking your treatment." I say packing up.

He doesn't respond.

I look at him, its as if he's zoned out. "Nka!" I call out. He turns and looks at me without even blinking. I step back immediately.

In attempt to work out of the room, he grips my arm and pulls me back. Our faces are only inches apart with our noses almost touching. He frees my arm and grips my waist. I gasp.

"I'd do anything to protect you." He says in a voice I don't recognize. I swear I just peed myself. What he said and the way he said it, both terrifying.

"Nka..." I call out as his grip tightens and starts to hurt. "You're hurting me..."

He let's go of me, looking appalled. He shakes his head then storms off. I follow him to the guest bedroom.

He throws my suitcase on top of the bed and stuffs the rest of my garments inside. "Nka, what are you doing?" I query.

"I don't want to hurt you, you can't stay here." He says in an abrasive tone.

I slowly make my way to him and wrap my arms around him from behind. His body tenses up immediately. "I'm not leaving you." I say then rest my head on his back.

"I'm not going anywhere." I whisper.

I'm now a risk taker.

19

NKANYEZI

She has me curled up on the bed with her as if I'm a little baby. She didn't leave. I can tell she's scared of me but her being here with me means she trusts me.

I, myself am scared. I fear for her. "I'm hungry." She says bringing me back to life. I chuckle then sit up straight and peck her lips.

"What would you like to eat?" I query and she blushes. Jesus Christ!

She looks away then shrugs. I'm glad I have that effect on her. "Wami..." She brightens up then trembles lightly. I swear her cheeks are much brighter than usual. "Baby, look at me." I say and she hesitantly shakes her head.

"Why can't you look at me?" I query and she still doesn't look at me nor respond. What is happening?

She lies down then looks the other way, her face still bright. I reach for my cellphone then rest my head on her buttcheeks, comfy.

I order her favourite wings, a lot of them. I know that will elevate her mood and keep as it is. "And baby don't fart." I tease and she chortles.

"I might as well." She responds, her voice sweeter than the one I know or how I anticipated.

I sit up straight then check for her expression. She turns and looks at me. "What is it?" I query and she shakes her head. She looks like a balloon, one that's about to burst.

"Your eyes..." She says. What about my eyes? "They send tingles and chills all over my body." She says and I smirk. I know that feeling, I know it. I know what it means and I'll leave it to her to figure out.

"And your touch is as effective as well." She adds on. I chuckle then lie next to her and wrap my arms around her waist.

I peck her neck then trail off to her shoulder. I do it until I figure out her sensitive spot, the spot where she'll react the most. I then suck on it, run my tongue over and and lightly bite it.

"I'm sorry for not being entirely honest with you." I whisper then bite her earlobe. "Don't stop." She whispers back, almost as if breathless.

I chuckle then order her to face me and when she does, I stuff my head on her neck. She's moaning softly the entire time with her hands all over me.

I stop then pull her in for a kiss. I break it then peck her lips and look at her for the longest time. "Let's get you cleaned up." I say and she blushes and looks away.

I wish she could get used to me but on the other hand, that's what makes her special. I guess I honestly don't want to change her

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this is the Buhle I fell in love with.

"You're so brave you know." I say. "What do you mean?" She says then turns to me.

"I'm dangerous, wami." I say. She sits up straight then takes my hand into hers. "Its not your fault. Its not my fault either. We're not at fault for any of this. As much as you think you're helping me or trying to protect me by scaring me with words as such then that's where you're wrong.

I have agoraphobia and you have DID. Its frightening yes but I care too much about you to leave and abandon you like this. You managed to keep it together for the past few weeks I've known you, well at least you tried and that's not where it'll end because you're going to continue.

You'll fight this harder and harder and I'll help wherever I can. I'll make sure of it. Meeting you was not a coincidence and this explains it.

We have to help each other. We're each other's help. We're the help we've been looking for. It all makes sense now." She says then chuckles. Its funny how Jace had the same mentality.

I guess this is it.

"Nka, I've never felt like this before and at first it shocked me, well it still does... But that's not the case. I've studied you and I think I know I'll help you. We need each other.

What we have is... Its unexplainable. Its as if there's a magnet pulling us closer and closer to each other. Which ever obstacle we come across makes our bond stronger and stronger.

Please, please Nka. Let me help you. Therapy, your medication, everything you need please do it. If not for me and your family then for yourself. Help yourself out of this." She says.

She let's go of my hand then gets off the bed and walks out.

I cogitate over it for a few minutes before reaching for my cellphone. I dial Dr. Ntando's number then wait for her to answer.

She answers after a few rings. "Mr Mnyanda, hi." She greets. "Hi doc. Uhm... I don't know how this may sound but will you be able to squeeze me in on your sessions? I'm in need of your help." I say.

"Mr Mnyanda, I'm swamped. Well, I did manage to squeeze miss Nogxina in on my sessions but you too?" She asks. I run my fingers through my hair.

"Ntando please. I wouldn't ask for your help if I didn't need it but trust me, I do." I beseech.

"You can even make it a double session for Buhlebami and I... Plus I'll obviously need her to be present." I suggest. She remains quiet for a while.

"Alright fine, I'll need you to come by tomorrow to confirm your appointments and sessions but only if you promise to cooperate. We don't want last year's season two, now do we?" She queries.

"Of course. Thanks doc." I hang up without waiting for her response.

BUHLEBAMI

We all take our seats on the comfortable looking couches. I'm rather perched up on the edge of the couch. As inviting and cosy as it looks and feels, I'm refusing to give in.

I don't know if it's the psychologist or my phobia not willing to accept my decision but I'm super uncomfortable.

Nka wraps his arm around my waist and places me in place, in the middle of the couch. "I can literally hear your heart pumping." He teases and I elbow him. He chuckles then pecks my cheek.

"Nka, I'm scared." I whisper. "I know but I'm here with you, nothing will harm you. And if you feel like you don't want to talk or you feel overwhelmed and you want to leave, we'll leave. I want you to be as comfortable and not feel forced. You'll tell me, right?" He asks and I nod.

The therapist looks up from her notepad then fixes her glasses. "I take it you already know who I am. I'm Dr. Ntando Nkambule and I'll be helping you with your phobia and your disorder." She introduces.

"Don't forget that this is a safe and confidential space. Anything you say will remain here and the aim is to help and not harm you.

I try to make this space inviting and as you can see, there's healthy snacks and beverages here." She says pointing at the glass table in between.

On top, there's a huge bowl with berries and other fruits and another bowl with snack-veggies' sticks and dairy accompanied by a creamy sauce in the middle.

There are jugs with different coloured nonalcoholic beverages and water.

Nice!

"And seeing is to most causes are angering, saddening and just emotional, I've added stress balls to the meeting.

I'd like the both of you to take them onto your hold and vent your anger on them." She says taking one into her hold and squeezes it.

"Right. I'd like the both of you to introduce yourselves and I'll start with you miss Nogxina. Please do remember that this is a safe space and you are free to do whatever it is that you like. I can assure you that you are not forced to anything and if you do not want to answer a certain query then you are allowed not to.

Shall we begin?" She queries and I nod. I look at Nka and he has my hand into his. He pecks my forehead and gently presses his forehead against mine.

"I love you, okay? You'll do just fine." He says and I just nod. He clears his throat then we sit comfortably.

His hand is still intertwined with mine, tighter because I don't want him to let go. I breathe in and out before speaking.

"I... I'm Buhlebami Nogxina. I'm twenty two years old and studying Software Engineering. I uhm... I'm agoraphobic." I introduce myself.

She writes something down on her notepad before turning to look at me.

"What brought about your choice of career field?" She queries.

"I... I love technology. I've been in love with technology for what feels like my entire life. I gloom up when I come to sight with computers, robots, artificial intelligence, software programming and and and... I was actually into computer science until I discovered Software Engineering and I have never been happier with my choice." I elaborate.

I catch a grin on Nka's face which sort of boosts my confidence. He blinks and I manage to blink back. "You must be happier then when doing practicals." She says and I nod vigorously.

She notes down then looks back up. "Miss Nogxina, I'd like you to pick up your stress ball." She says and I hesitantly pick it up and squeeze it lightly.

Nka pecks my left hand then caresses it. "Please tell me about your experiences with agoraphobia. How does it feel to be in public and indoors. How do you cope at school with everyone around you and how do you feel about them." She says.

Sigh. I involuntarily squeeze the stress ball.

"I don't go to school, I'm homeschooled and I only go to school for projects, tests and practicals." She nods.

I honestly prefer being alone in my room or with... With Nka." I say then look at him. His smile is priceless.

"Being in public is a bad experience for me. I feel like everyone wants to harm me. I can't seem to trust anyone and... I just feel uncomfortable and unsafe then start to panic and cry at the same time. A slight bump into someone is enough to make me panic.

I always wish the earth could open up and swallow me."

She notes down then looks up. "How long have you known Mr Mnyanda and how did you meet?" She queries.

I blush at the instant pang of memory. "I met him a few weeks ago at the mall. I was out with my mother and she had to rush somewhere leaving me on my own. I felt overwhelmed and started panicking only to bump into him. I apologized countless times before rushing off to the car but I couldn't forget him since then.

A few days down the line, I decided to go to an internet cafe to get my work printed and he found me there. I was at the verge of panicking when he managed to calm me down and convinced me to join him for coffee.

I surprisingly agreed and after that he accompanied me home. I don't know how but I instantly felt safe and cared for around him. I even gave him my number and I couldn't stay away from him ever since." I narrate.

Nka pours the both of us a glass of mango juice then hands me a glassful.

"Now that you've filled me in on that, I'd like to know how you came about being diagnosed with the phobia." She says and I instantly squeeze on the stress ball.

Tears gang up on me before streaming down my cheeks rapidly. "Wami..." Nka calls out. I look at him. "You zoned out?" He queries then places his hand on my cheek.

"Should we stop and leave?" He queries and I shake my head. He looks taken aback by my decision and I myself am shocked by my choice.

"I was in primary when I was ran over by a car. I went through serious injuries and fractured my bones even. I was paralyzed and unable to walk for a year or so.

During that year, I was mistreated and humiliated. I was bullied and made fun of. I had no one to protect me and I was vulnerable.

I was the only student in a wheelchair therefore the bullying. I would get pushed around without my permission and sometimes get beaten up. They'd then steal my wheelchair and run off, leaving me stranded and paining.

They'd sometimes call other learners and embarrass me tease me and steal from me.

I will never forget the myriad laughs. They still cross my mind once in a while, leaving me vulnerable and saddened, sometimes just angry.

I always arrived home with at least something missing, hungry and in tears. No one but the teachers helped me and I hate my parents for sending me back to that hellhole.

"I'll... I'll never forget that bully's face and laughter. And I'll never forgive him, any of them for all I care." I cry.

Nka pulls me into his embrace and I can't help but breakdown at the balmy feeling. He caresses my back until I calm down. He hands me a glass of water and I gulp it down.

I acknowledge the psychologist once I'm ready to go on.

She tells me that this is going to take only four months and more if the results aren't pleasant.

She says there are four treatments we'll go through during the four months. Cognitive behavioral therapy, exposure and response prevention, psychotherapy and systematic desensitization.

"Cognitive behavioral therapy is what I like to call CBT when shortening it. One of the main goals of CBT is to help a client overcome negative thinking patterns so that they may be able to make better choices in their actions and behaviors.

In my work as a psychologist treating anxiety disorders, I've learnt that often an underlying driving fear in my patients is the worry that they are failures. And to help you gain control over the intrusive thoughts, I'll use exposure and response prevention.

Psychotherapy involves working with a therapist to set goals and learn practical skills to reduce your anxiety symptoms. CBT is one of the most effective forms of psychotherapy for anxiety disorders.

And this is one might be a bit difficult, a systematic desensitization programme for agoraphobia.

Agoraphobic fears may be precipitated by situations such as being outside your house alone, being in a crowd, standing on a queue, using public transportation and attending school.

This will require you to be around people, be out of your comfort zone and fight your fear.

Meditation, yoga, massage and visualization are simple relaxation techniques that will play a major role in your treatment. Practice these techniques when you aren't anxious and worried, and then put them into action during stressful situations." She says.

She hands me a beautiful pink and purple book with a lock and a pen. "This is a diary, your diary." She says.

I take it and scan it, its personalized with my name written in purple and the background is pink. Nka has everything to do with this...

"You'll be writing everything in here and that will be your own private property. Your feelings, your day experience and your highs and lows, you'll write it there. Everyday." She says then quickly writes on a separate book, much smaller.

She then tears the page and hands it to me. Medication!

Ayy no, that's why I hate doctors.

"Shall we continue?" She asks. I look over at Nka who nods with a smile then back at the psychologist.

Why do I sense a very sensitive questionnaire regarding my past?

CONTINUATION

NKANYEZI

I shift uncomfortably them glare at wami. I don't want to disappoint her after all, I am doing all of this for her.

I dropped out because I wasn't progressing. I felt as though the medication that was prescribed for me was driving me mad. I dissociated for months and I would isolate myself cause I was considered as dangerous.

But now, here I am...

"Dissociative Identity Disorder is usually the outcome of chronic and severe childhood trauma, which can include physical and sexual abuse, extreme and recurrent terror, repeated medical trauma and extreme neglect. Mr Mnyanda, what was the cause of your disorder?" She queries.

I tighten my hold around wami's hand. She rests her head on my shoulder. "Uhm... I uhm..."

"Nka... You'll be fine okay? Just let it out." She whispers in my ear and I sigh as I gather my strength.

"I grew up around a very warm and loving home raised by my parents who showered my sister and I with love and warmth. We were spoilt to death and that's because mother says she didn't want us to seek what we needed outside whilst they could get it for us.

As much as my family was a family to die for, they have a lot of secrets. Secrets that brought me here, right at your doorstep and seeking help with my disorder at hand." I say then swallow hard at the thought...

"My father was a criminal, a murderer, an assassin. He did heists, killed people, stole cars and did all there is to make it because he grew up without his parents and therefore was struggling.

My mother was raped at a young age, by her father and therefore was arrested for his murder.

When they met, things changed and my father became a better man. He had a group called Phoenix that he was willing to drop because of mother.

Well, I wasn't born at that time but I know that he only murdered bad people." I glare at wami to check for her expression, she's just worried.

Dr. Ntando is writing on her notepad. I gulp down the content on my glass before continuing.

"I once headed to visit my aunt Alexa and her husband, Uncle Karen for the weekend. They fought all weekend long, shouting and beating each other up. It was one night that they disappeared into their bedroom and started fighting. We heard bangs against the wall followed by my aunt rolling down the staircase.

Not only was he abusing my aunt but he also abused his daughter, Amanda.

I then started having blackouts and flashbacks of what happened that night. Her screams, her wounds

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the blood, it all never left my head."

I feel Wami's warm palm against my cheek, wiping my uninvited tears followed by a peck on the cheek.

I feel the need to let it all out so I do. "He threatened us not to say anything or he will kill my aunt. Me being Jason's son, I told the doctor the truth whilst at the hospital.

When the police showed up at hospital the following morning to issue his arrest, he came at me and... And strangled me. He didn't let go of me until he was tazored.

He was arrested and for some reason granted bail. He attacked my aunt at hospital then Amanda at our house. He also came at me. He died... He... He killed him.

I heard his screams from outside the mansion and I still can't get them out of my head. Its... Its as if he died then his spirit possessed me... I don't know." I whimper the last part.

Images of that night still linger in my head, the screams replay on my head whenever I dissociate and I harm myself too.

"Nka..." Wami calls out and I turn to her. "Are you okay?" She queries and I nod hesitantly. She pours me a glass of water and hands it to me of which I also gulp down.

"Mr Mnyanda, should we continue?" She queries then I nod.

"Mr Mnyanda, when last did you dissociate?" She queries.

"A week or two back." I say.

"What triggered it?" She queries

How do I tell her? Its quite stupid but there's nothing I can do I guess. "Its... Its you." I say and her eyes pop open. I chuckle.

"Remember the time I was telling you about wam... I mean, Buhlebami and you asked about my phobia? I dissociated whilst talking to you hence I ended the call whilst you were talking." I elaborate. She nods.

"How did you know you were dissociating?"

"Well, I blacked out for a second there. The memory is quite hazy, I only remember talking to Buhle about the disorder." I say.

"Miss Nogxina was there?" She queries and I nod.

"Do you think its safe for her to be around you?" She queries. I stare at her for what feels like the long time before responding.

I hear Wami's voice which is muffled by my overactive imagination. "Nka..." She calls out and I look at her without blinking.

"We don't have to do this now... I'm sorry for forcing you into doing this." She whispers. I cup her cheek and steal a quick kiss.

"I want to do this, for you and only you." I say and she goes rosy on me. I chuckle then peck her lips.

"Doc, I won't hurt her. I know she fears me, especially when I'm angry but I'd never hurt her. Whenever I dissociate around her, I harm myself instead and she always has a way of calming me down so I barely dissociate in her presence." I elaborate.

She nods with a smile before looking up at her. "You miss are really brave. I admire your strength. Eitherway, how do you feel when you dissociate?" She queries and I sigh.

This is an easy one... "I feel... Disconnected from myself and the world around me. I feel like someone else takes over my body

while I go on a break. I feel possessed, like someone else takes over my body and I don't remember what I did after that."

She grabs a smaller pad and writes on it. She straps the paper off and hands it to me, its a prescription.

Well, there is a chemist downstairs so I guess its not a problem even though I fear the medication will send me back there.

"As you know, there are steps we need to take with your treatment. There's Cognitive behavioral therapy which is a talk therapy focused on modifying negative thoughts, behaviors and emotional responses associated with your disorder,

Family therapy which is psychological counselling that helps families resolve conflicts and communicate more effectively.

Then psychotherapy will follow which is a talk therapy. Mr Mnyanda I hope you cooperate this time and take your medication. If this fails then I'm going to have to recommend

you go on full treatment with specialists and under strict conditions." She says and I nod vigorously.

I can't go there. I can't imagine not having to talk with my loved ones for months. Especially wami.

"I'll cooperate."

NKANYEZI

She's squeezing the stress ball that Dr. Ntando was kind enough to give to her the entire drive. She just spoke with her mother on the phone and they'll be returning in two days. Time flies.

"You did quite well..." I compliment. She really did, better than I thought. I knew she'd breakdown because she hates talking about her past and seeing her cry like that broke my heart to the core.

"You did well yourself." She says without looking at me.

She's upset. She hates medicine and now she has quite a lot of medication that she needs to take everyday from today. SSRIs and Anxiolytics. The sedative is not for everyday but it was prescribed so who am I to make changes.

She's upset that I didn't tell her about the cause of my disorder.

She's also upset that she has to leave soon, sooner than we both thought. I was planning on increasing her stay with me - I was going to beg her - but looks like I can't do that.

When we arrive at the penthouse, she's still upset and still has that squeeze ball at hand. "Did I do something wrong?" I query shutting the door behind me.

She refuses to talk to me for god knows why. "Yes, this is all your fault." She says. "What did I do wrong?" I query.

She squeezes harder on the ball, I can tell she's angry. "Part reason I didn't want to go for treatment is the number of pills and bitter medicine I'll have to consume everyday of my life but nooo, Nka knows better. He rather I suffer with all the medication than to accept me as I am." She complains.

"And forcing me to talk about my past, that was a low blow." She adds on.

"But baby, I told you to tell me if you didn't want to go on." I reason.

"And I also attended the session. I poured my heart out just for you. I also listened to your sobs which was quite saddening." I add on.

I sit back on the couch and watch as she complains. She's quite gorgeous when she's angry, quite fascinating and amusing. "Are you even listening to me?" She asks.

"You look so damn sexy right now." I say. She throws the ball at me then dashes off up the staircase. I follow her to her room but at a relaxed pace.

I watch as she kicks her heels off and takes her dress off leaving her half naked. "Get out of my room, Nka." She says placidly. My eyes are glued to her body.

I can't wait to feel that flawless skin against mine. I can't wait to bury myself deep inside that coochie and I can't wait to stuff my face in between her breasts, lick and lightly bite her nipples.

However, I'll have to wait cause I want her first time to be amazing and as special as she is. I want her to fully trust me and be comfortable and confident enough for us to be intimate.

I do want that whole booty to swallow my mans down there but she means a lot to me. Waiting is not a problem after all, sex is the least of my worries.

I want her to say the three magic words cause its clear I ain't handing her over to another nigga to fuck her up. Over my dead ass body!

I watch as she grabs a pillow and throws it at me. "Get the fuck out, Nka!" She yells this time.

So fucking hot. Did she just swear at me? I pick the pillow up and make my way to her. I throw it on top of the bed then grip on her waist, careful not to hurt her.

"You're so fucking hot, I could take you right here right now. Hard and fast." I whisper in her ear. Her breathing instantly increases and I tease her by pecking her neck and rubbing my nose on her soft spot.

I lightly press her against the wall then lift her up. She wraps her legs around my waist as I cup her breast and shove it inside my mouth. She gasps.

I wet it first before licking it. I lightly bite her nipples and blow on it. She's mesmerized. She's irking for more and I can tell she has calmed down. I continue to suck on her breasts while she furiously rubs her clit and rubs herself against my hard manhood.

She's naughty this one.

I stop once she trembles uncontrollably then rests her head back. I lift her up and carry her onto her bed. I carefully place her in the middle. "I'll get the fuck out, you'll find me in the kitchen." I whisper then head out of her room off to mine to take a cold shower and most probably jeck off.

Once done and refreshed, I head to the kitchen and start cooking. I'm not surprised she's not here, she's probably planning on how she'll act around me after that.

She returns downstairs a few minutes later in her lace nightdress and slippers, her hair running loose. She's not wearing knickers.

Yhoo Thixo!

I drool over her as she pours herself a glass of juice and turns to me with a smirk plastered on her face. "Your food... Its burning." She says.

I shake my head then quickly turn to check on the food. She's teasing me, isn't she? She chuckles lightly then sits on the highchair.

"We had our first argument." I say then chuckle. "Oh please..." She says.

"Well like it or not, it was our first argument and it was over something that's meant to help you. Wami, I know you don't like pills but they're meant to help you, okay? And talking is part reason there are psychologists. You have to open up about your past so you can be relieved and unloaded of the load and pain that's weighing you. If I take you as you are then you'll also have to take me as I am." I say. She looks down.

"And I... Uhm I'm sorry for not telling you about the cause of my disorder. I know I said we shouldn't keep secrets but I went ahead and kept them. I've been keeping secrets from you and that's wrong of me. I'm really sorry, wami."

"No, I'm sorry..." She apologizes. I take off the apron then place it on one of the chairs.

"I'm the wrong one, wami. Don't ever apologize to me again, especially when you haven't done anything wrong." I say.

"Well, I'm sorry for coming at you. I know this is all to help me and if it were somebody else, they probably would've embarrassed me more." She says.

I cup her cheeks then peck her lips. "I don't want to make you feel bad, I just want you to see the light. Promise me you'll do as the psychologist said." I say searching for her eyes which are wandering around the room.

Once we lock contact, she trembles lightly. I chuckle. "I... I promise." She says. I pull her in for a long ass kiss because I didn't get one today. "I love you." I say.

She smiles then gets off the chair and check on the pots.

BUHLEBAMI

Nkanyezi and I just had lunch and he has to return to work. He fetched me from school so we could have lunch. I'm currently packing my clothes and I can't find some of them.

I have to be home first thing tomorrow morning and seems like my clothes are hiding, or rather Nka hid them like how my thongs and other panties disappeared day by day, he's now taking an entire garment.

"Nka!" I call out. "Nkanyezi!" I call out again. I'm startled when I feel his hands around me. "What is it?" He asks. I turn to face him, trying my damdest to look angry and not fall for his contagious handsome smile.

"What are you calling me for? You like calling me for no reason, don't you?" He queries. "Why are you angry now?" He asks and I shake my head. "Why can't I find any of my clothes, Nka?" I query. He chuckles then let's go of me.

"I don't know, wami. Did you check in the laundry room? Maybe your precious and handsome Nka decided to wash your clothes for you, who knows?" He queries.

So he washed my clothes? Wow...

"Are my thongs and undies part of the laundry?" I query and he smirks. "Maybe, maybe not." He says. I roll my eyes then walk out.

There... My clothes are neatly folded and stacked on top of the machine, with some of my undies. Nka is going to be a handful.

If he doesn't tear them he steals them.

I take them with to my room and stuff them inside my suitcase as is. I neatly stack my undies on the side then close the zipper and leave the suitcase on top of the bed.

I change my jeans and put shorts on then slide my slippers on. I tie my hair then head downstairs. "Nka, what must I cook?" I query coming down the staircase.

I halt when I see two pair of eyes looking at me. I hesitantly make my way down to them and I now feel ashamed. I'm in shorts in her son's house and I'm not properly dressed in her presence. I'm sure she has a mouthful to say.

Nka extends his hand for me to take and I don't. A lot of emotions are washing over me and to be honest, I'm scared. I will not handle any kind of insult from her, my heart wouldn't survive that.

I'm now standing in front of her, at a loss of words. Cat's got my tongue and there's no denying. I'm currently planning an apology to explain myself to her.

"Zee, this is Buhlebami." Nka introduces me to his mother then turns to me. "Wami, this is mother." He introduces. I swallow the huge lump stuck on my throat as she scans me from head to toe.

"Do you do hugs?" She asks and I nod hesitantly and I suddenly feel myself in her warm and loving embrace, her arms enveloping me. She breaks the hug then places her hands on my shoulders. "You're so beautiful." She says with the most beautiful smile I've ever seen.

"Thanks..." I say shyly then look away.

"I'm sorry babe but..." She cuts Nka mid sentence.

"I couldn't wait to finally meet and have lunch with you. I'm sorry but I know if I told you, you would've worried and stressed yourself to death." She says then chuckles.

"Nka, you can excuse us. I can assure you, she'll be well taken care of." She says. Nka nods.

He pulls me in for a kiss then pecks his mother's cheek and walks out with his keys and cellphone at hand. I'm now more nervous. What is wrong with Nka?

I watch as she takes a seat on the couch. I've never been so nervous before, I wish the ground would open up and swallow me on the spot

its not even up for discussion.

"Buhle..." She calls out. I look at her and she has her beautiful smile plastered on her face. She pats the space next to her and I head to occupy it.

"I'm glad to finally meet the girl who drives my son mad." She says. "He always talks about you and how much he loves you. Now I understand why." She says and I blush uncontrollably. I'm trying not to show but I bet my cheeks sold me out.

"So beautiful and I can tell you're fragile. You've been through a lot but here you are, still standing." She says.

"I'm sorry, I was about to cook. I didn't even offer you anything to drink, I'm so so..." She cuts me mid sentence.

"Hey, its okay. I bought us platters, wings, ice cream and juice. I wanted to bring wine but Nka did say you don't drink and he doesn't want you to." She says and I sigh in relief.

I almost peed myself for a second.

We both get up then head to the kitchen to set up. We return to the lounge and converse while we're eating.

She's actually a quite nice woman, kind and beautiful. She knows what she wants and she goes after what she wants.

We're now on the ice cream tub, caramel and vanilla which is my favourite and happens to be her favourite too.

"When Jace and I met, I was with my brother. I was fresh from prison and my brother took me out for breakfast at Mugg n Bean. I wasn't looking where I was going then ended up bumping into him. I almost fell but he caught me with his strong arms.

We locked eyes and I trembled lightly. I felt something I've never felt before, I still can't even explain it. All I know is that I felt safe in his arms and I trembled when I looked into his grey eyes.

I swear my insides turned and my heart skipped countless beats. He scrutinized me with his intimidating eyes and to my surprise, I didn't want him to stop but when he let go of me, the feeling disappeared." She narrates.

Its almost like how Nka and I met...

"Jace and I have been through a lot together but here we are, still standing and our love still grows day by day. We didn't care about anything else as long as we were together and that's all that mattered to us, our love." She adds on.

I take a sip from my glass of juice before focusing on her again. "You my dear can be with anyone you want to be with and I'll support you all the way but choose wisely.

Sometimes compromises and sacrifices have to be made but not for the wrong reasons.

You are everything a man would want in a woman and more. You deserve to be happy and loved. Just be careful of the outside world and make sure you're ready." She says.

"Thank you, Mrs..." She shakes her head. "Thanks mom." She smiles.

"I don't see myself with anyone else but Nka. We're not official yet but I feel like there's a few more things I need to know about him before I can bring myself to... To take any step further. I feel like he knows so much about me and I only know a few things about him.

I want to ready myself for the worst and know what to do when things get tough. I foresee my future with him and we look happy." I chuckle and Mrs Mnyanda joins in. "I want to learn all his characters, I want to motivate him, I want him to overcome this with me by his side. I want to be in his life and I probably want more than that."

She puts the tub on the table and takes my hands into hers. "Do you realize what you are getting yourself into? Nka doesn't listen to me since you came into his life and yes, I'm jealous but I'm also happy for him. I'm happy he has someone like you by his side.

You're his weakness. Should things go awry and you want to leave him, things won't end well. I'm sorry to scare you but you must know what you're getting yourself in to." She says.

A part of me is nervous whilst a bigger part of me is excited for god knows why. I nod vigorously. "I'm not leaving him, ma... And I'm ready for whatever the challenge." I say.

She rests back and throws her hands up in surrender.

"Let's rather talk about something exciting..." She says then smirks. "Have you two had sex yet?" She queries. My cheeks heat up and I look away. I'm not having such talks with her even though the answer is simply no.

NKANYEZI

I'm welcomed by giggles and a mouthwatering aroma from the kitchen. I kick my shoes off and loosen my tie then head to the kitchen.

My ladies here are cooking up a storm and they must be gossiping too. They look so happy, I'm almost jealous that they pulled through. Wami turns to me and she grins.

"Good, you're back." She says and I nod. Mother turns to me. I head and give mother a hug and a long kiss for my beauty over here.

"Nka, I'm still your mother." She says. I break the kiss then chuckle. "I learnt this from you and Jace so don't blame me." I say. She throws a dishcloth at me.

I shake my head then put it on the counter and sit on the highchair. Wami is still wearing shorts from earlier on, they fit

like a glove - tight in all the right places and show about her buttcheeks.

She's also not wearing undies and her ass is so jello. She hands me a plate of my favourite sandwich and a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

I grip her hand as she's about to walk off. Her cheeks slowly heat up as I search for her eyes. "Yhoo thixo!" Mother exclaims. "My husband is waiting for me at my house, let's finish up here then you'll bond when I'm gone, capeesh?" She says.

I hesitantly let go of her hand and watch as she walks off. I continue eating my sandwich and down it with the juice whilst in my thoughts.

I had a long day at work. I actually think I'll start working from home because wow...

I watch as she pours the food in various containers, my containers. "Mother, I want my containers back." I say and she

chuckles. I know I won't get them back. I don't understand why because she already has quite a lot of her own...

We help her with the containers to her car then say our goodbyes to her before returning to the house. I clean up while Wami dishes up.

Dinner prepared by two kitchen masters, I have to taste this. She goes on about her day with Zee and it seems they had a great time. She keeps on talking that I end up shutting her up with a kiss.

I lift her up then place her on the counter. She wraps her arms around my neck as she deepens the kiss. She doesn't want to break it for that matter.

I try to but she moans. "Nka... Don't." She says. I chuckle then we continue. The kiss heats up and I can't take it anymore. I know what she's thinking and she's wrong.

"Wami, I want your first time to be special. I want it to be out of this world. I want it to be unforgettable and it should be the best day of your life." I reason and she shoots her bottom lip out.

"Why can't I choose the day to lose my innocence?" She queries, quite disappointed.

"Baby believe me

I so want to bury my dick in that warm and tight coochie but I..." She cuts me.

"Nka..." She cups my cheeks. "I want this. Don't sugarcoat it, just tell me you don't want this." She says. I take her hands into mine then chuckle softly.

"Baby I want you, more than anything but I don't want you to live to regret this, us. I want you to get your heart straight and know what you want. I can only make love to you if you confess to loving me and I can see it. You have to accept your love for me first and only then will I be able to bring myself to marking you mine, fully and solely mine.

I don't want you to pressure yourself into something you're not sure of. Trust me, the day I make love to you will be priceless because it'll mark our relationship official, only if you open your heart and let it..." She cuts me with a kiss.

"I understand. I don't think I'm ready for a relationship even though I don't want to let you go. I know that's selfish of me but I doubt I'll be able to handle seeing you with another girl..." She slurs off then looks away.

I chuckle.

"I'm not going anywhere, Wami. I'll wait for you." I say and she blushes.

"Now are we going to eat?" I query and she nods while laughing. I lift her off the counter then place her down on her feet.

She continues dishing up whilst I wash my plate and glass then head up to change into my boxer shorts.

When I head downstairs I find her seated on the couch already eating while watching the vampire diaries.

I seat next to her and take my plate from the coffee table. I eye her a couple of times as I think of a way to ask something of her... I hope she agrees.

"Are you okay?" She asks and I nod then take my first bite. This stuff is actually great. I take a spoonful after a spoonful after another spoonful until I finish up right before she does.

"This is the best dish I have ever tasted." I admit. I sit back then rest my head back. She chuckles after I sigh out loud.

"Is that the only thing you want to tell me?" She asks as she gets up with our plates and heads to the kitchen. "Actually, no." I say. She turns to me as she wipes her hands on the dishcloth.

"Uhm... Can you sleep with me tonight? Like a bed buddy of some sort... Please, this might be our last sleepover before I possibly marry you." I smirk at the unexpected idea and choice of words.

"Wami, please..." I beseech.

We beseech quite a lot in this penthouse.

"Fine. I'll join you in a sec." She says then turns to the sink. I jump off the couch then jog to the kitchen.

I scoop her with my arms then carry her up the staircase to the bedroom. "What about the dishes?" She queries. "I'll do them in the morning." I say.

Once I put her down, she rushes to my closet while I get under the covers. She returns dressed in one of my tees. She turns the lights off then gets under the covers right next to me.

I wrap my arms around her then pull her in for a kiss. I can't believe we're parting ways so soon.

BUHLEBAMI

I press harder on his head, encouraging him to flick faster and faster. I still can't believe I could get so much pleasure from a misely tongue.

I feel the pressure getting intense as his grip on my thighs tightened. As much as it is painful, it is also tempering with the session, speeding things up.

Pleasure suddenly washes over me, leaving me drained and panting. However, Nka doesn't stop. I can feel him licking my releases, making me horny all over again.

I rub on my clit whilst he continues licking and sucking my clit. I'm aiming for my second orgasm. Orgasms have got to be the best feeling over. Reaching your climax is like... Its unexplainable.

I wonder what its going to be like having Nka deep inside me, hovering over me while he plunges into me senseless.

"NKA!" I shout his name once I reach my second orgasm. He hovers over me then crashes his lips into mine. My hands involuntarily explore his body whilst our tongues fight for dominance.

I cup his gear and massage it. I can tell he's enjoying that by how he's suddenly breathing heavily and kissing me hungrily. Yes!

"Wami..." He calls out. "Nka please..." I beseech.

"We talked about this." He says and I rest my head back in frustration. "I can't do that to you." He says and I roll my eyes. "This is my body Nka, you can't make such decisions for me." I tell him. He sighs out loud.

"Why are you holding back? I can tell you want me. You want this." I say trying to convince him.

"I do but not until you know whether you want to be with me or not." He says. "Let's go back to sleep." He says resting next to me.

I curse before turning to face the otherway.

Its the following morning and I'm still upset. We haven't said a word to each other but the regular... "Please pass the salt." He says. I pass it on to him then continue eating.

I can feel him stealing glances. Well, I also do steal glances but that's really besides the point. "You should probably eat, we leave in ten." He says looking at the silver watch on his wrist.

I roll my eyes. "I'm not hungry." I say. "There's a fresh smoothie in the refrigerator, that should fill you up." He says and I shake my head. "Buhlebami, just eat." He says, as if irritated.

I don't move. He stare at me gets more intense with each passing second. He drops his eating utensils then wipes his lips

and gets up. He heads upstairs then returns a few minutes later with my bags.

He grabs the car keys then heads to the garage. He returns a few minutes later to dispose of everything on our plates. He puts the dishes in the sink. "Let's go." He says.

He's mad isn't he? Why aren't we even talking?

He drives silently whilst I look out the window. This is not how this was supposed to play out. This isn't how our last day together should've turned out. We were supposed to be happy and quite sad because we're splitting.

We were supposed to savour every second, smooching our faces and laughing nonstop. Not this silent treatment I don't even fathom. Did I say something wrong last night?

He finally pulls up in front of my gate after what felt like a thousand years. He turns the engine off then rests back. "Nka..." I call out.

"Mmhh?" That's his response.

"I'm sorry." I apologize. He sighs.

"You do know that you did nothing wrong, right?" He queries and I shrug.

"Baby I'm the wrong one here, making decisions for you when we're barely even a couple. I have no right whatsoever to do that." He says.

"Then why aren't you talking to me? Are you mad at me? Did I say something I shouldn't have said last night?" I query and he chuckles.

"I'm not mad at you, I'm mad at myself. I shouldn't have gone as far as muffing you cause now I've pressured you into wanting to have sex because you're curious about the pleasure." He says and I frown then fold my arms across my chest.

"But I do want to have sex, with you." I blurt out. He turns to me.

"I can't have sex with you, wami. I just can't bring myself to take your innocence then send you off to someone else to fuck you up." He says.

"What are you talking about?" I ask in frustration. He turns to me.

"Sex is not all fun and games. It has more meaning than just the pleasure. I personally fucked up a whole lot of girls and I don't care about them but with you its different. If I have sex with you, our souls will become one. Whichever spirit I have and carrying around, you will have. Its like an STD that cannot be stopped no matter how much protection you use." He says and I shift uncomfortably.

"You're not ready
are you?" He asks and I shake my head.

"Look, I'll no longer make choices for you. You're free to do whatever you want even though I don't want you to but you're right, its your body and its your life. Your choice will affect me too but its a risk I'm willing to take." He says.

I instantly feel the need to barf. I feel like my intestines are dancing in there, tangling themselves into one huge messy ball. His words hurt for some unknown reason.

He looks disappointed in me, like I failed him. I'm not ready for a relationship. There's a whole lot of things I need to know about him. "I'm scared, Nka. I'm so scared that I don't even want to stick my toe in first to clear the air.

I don't want to go through the pain, the tears, the sleepless nights, the stress, the anger, the arguments. What if we don't work out?" I ask.

"Challenges, they are what makes the relationship stronger. We have to go through that to strengthen our love. I know you're scared and you'll most probably try to convince yourself against

dating and you can do that, its your choice. Just know that I love you and I'll always be here for you." He says.

"Now stop crying and come give me a hug." He says with a smile. A hug?

I straddle his laps then wrap my arms around his torso. I bet I'm going to crease his suit, and drench it too.

Once he breaks the hug, I can't help but to pull him in for a kiss. I didn't get one today cause he was "mad at himself". I can't help but to moan as his hands land on my buttcheeks and he gives them quite the squeeze.

I break it then chuckle against his lips. "I'm going to miss you." He whispers then pecks my lips.

"I better get going, you'll be late." I say getting off of him.

We stare at each other for a good minute before heading out. He helps me with my bags and hugs me from behind. "We'll see

each other again so stop squeezing me." I say. He chuckles then pecks my cheek.

He nods then walks off and gets into his car. I shake my head then head inside. The house is still in good condition, I'm glad.

I rush up to my room to pack my clothes then change into comfortable clothes. I then head downstairs and what I find there startles me, or more like who?

"Mom, dad?"

"You're back already?" I ask in disbelief. I can't read father's reaction whereas mother is clearly frustrated.

"Didn't I tell you to stay away from that family? Buhlebami why are you so stubborn? You could've gotten hurt but because you know best you still went ahead and stayed with them!" Mother yells.

I swallow hard. "How could you disrespect us like this, Buhlebami? You went and stayed ahead with him whilst we were away? Do you even know that he's the one who bought us the tickets and sent us away? Why don't you listen when I talk to you?" She yells yet again. Nka wouldn't do that.

I shake my head then step back, away from her as possible. "We are ending this matter today and after that, I don't want to see him again. Call him and tell him to come here, together with his family." She orders. "Now!" She shouts.

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NKANYEZI

I received a call from wami earlier, she sounded scared. She said her parents saw us and they want me to come over with the rest of my family.

I didn't even waste a second to call Jace and Zee. I don't know what this is about but I feel like its part reason they hate me and my family. I'm glad the truth will come out but at the same time, I feel like I'm not ready to hear it.

Mom and dad are driving in one of their cars whereas I'm driving mine. They're following behind me cause they obviously don't know the Nogxina household, or maybe they do, who knows?

Once we arrive, we halt by the gate. "Do you have any idea what this is about?" I ask. Mother looks at father then back at me. "We should probably head inside, they've been waiting long enough." Zee says then walks away.

Jace has his regular intimidating look plastered on his face before walking off and I follow behind. We make our way in then greet. They don't greet back.

Wami comes rushing down the staircase then runs to me and I pull her in for a hug then peck her forehead. She's crying. "Why are we here?" Father asks. I look back at wami then wipe her tears.

"Buhlebami if you know what's good for you you'll step away from that boy." Lusanda warns. I huff before breaking our hug. She makes her way to sit next to her father and we occupy the remaining space on the couches.

"We were away for a couple of weeks, we went to Tanzania. Your son was the mastermind behind our trip because he wanted to spend time with our daughter." Melusi says.

"We are well aware of that." Jace says.

"And that seems right to you? What kind of parents are you?" Lusanda asks.

"We raised our children to grow into independent individuals who can make their own choices just like how you raised your daughter who agreed to spending time with our son." Zee says.

"She wouldn't have agreed if she knew the truth." Lusanda says.

"And you wouldn't have agreed if you weren't away." Says Zee.

"Nka..." Wami calls out. I shift uncomfortably then clear my throat.

I wanted to spend the time with the love of my life and I couldn't do so with her parents in the way. "How did you even manage to pull that off?" She asks in disbelief.

"Baby, its not..." She cuts me.

"How did you manage to do that, Nka?" She queries. "I... I paid off the boss and funded the whole trip under his identity." I say. She chuckles then sits back.

Shit, how did they find out?

"What else don't I know?" She asks. "Nothing..." I mumble.

I understand her fury, anything could've happened to her parents and I should've spoken to her first.

Silence.

"What do you want from my family? Aren't you satisfied with the damage you've caused?" Lusanda asks and Zee chuckles.

"We didn't cause any damage." Jace says.

"You killed my brother!" Lusanda shouts. My eyes pop open at the sudden news and I sit up straight. Wami looks at me then back at her mother.

"You killed my brother and it was your fault!" She shouts pointing at Zee.

"Your brother deserved to die." Jace says.

"No one deserves to die, especially the way you killed him." Melusi says.

"Your brother was a deranged psychopath. He was a rapist and an uncultured brat who used women as prostitutes! He tried to rape me and to sell me off to another country!" Zee says, crying.

"You're lying! Stop lying." Says Lusanda.

"I'm not lying. What do you think Venus was? The strippers, the half naked women all around, the money? Its all from his human trafficking ring." Says Zee.

Why didn't I know about this?

Lusanda covers her eyes then rests her head on Melusi's shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me all of this?" I ask then look at wami.

"And my daughter, what did she do to you to deserve this? She's in this position because of you. Killing my brother wasn't enough, you wanted to kill my daughter too and when that failed, she led a miserable life." Lusanda says.

"What are you talking about?" I query, sitting on the edge of the couch.

"You didn't tell him?" Melusi asks.

"Tell me what?" I ask. Lusanda laughs. "Why would they tell him? They are liars, they are insensitive. They care about no one but themselves." She says.

I turn to mom. "What is she talking about?" I query. Zee shifts uncomfortably then swallows hard. She glares at Jace then back at me.

"Mama, what is she talking about?" I query

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impatiently.

Lusanda chuckles. "Years back, you had a car accident, right?" Lusanda asks and I nod hesitantly. "Yes, why?" I ask.

"You ran over something but you don't know what because you passed out and your parents took care of things, isn't it?" She asks and I nod hesitantly. What is she trying to say?

"Did they tell you what it is that you ran over?" She asks. They said its... "A dog? Besides the car wasn't damaged and there wasn't a lot of blood so I..." She cuts me.

"Buhle was ran over by a car... Your car that is and it was driven by you." She says. I shake my head then look at wami. She's also in disbelief.

"Nka is a lot of things but... Mama, what's wrong with you?" She asks.

Lusanda chuckles. "My baby, you've always been naive. Ask them." She says.

Wami looks at me then at Zee and Jace. I look at them too. Why didn't I know about any of this?

"Even if that's the truth, he was a child!" Wami says.

"A child that ruined your childhood!" Lusanda says.

"He didn't mean to do that. Even so, he's trying his damndest to help me. He spends his money on me. He makes me feel loved, cared for and safe!" Wami shouts.

"That's how it all starts then the next thing, we'll lose you."
Lusanda says.

Its tears left right and centre. Wami is in tears and I'm also in tears, how did we get here? "There they are, your precious Mnyanda family. They wanted to get rid of us and they're still at it. They want to kill us all. If you could search all of them, you'll find a myriad of guns with silencers." Lusanda says then chuckles.

"This damn brat of theirs new very well that he ran over you. Why is he so keen on helping you?"

That's how it starts baby. Before we know it, we'll all be gone."
She says.

Wami's expression is... In cases like this I would've been angry but I'm defeated. I watch as she bursts into tears, her father pulling her in his embrace.

I feel so helpless... Is it because I know its true? "Ami..." I call out. She doesn't even want to look at me. Not that I blame her.

If I hadn't ran over her, she wouldn't have suffered so much. Not only did my family take her uncle from her, I deceived and ruined her childhood and possibly her entire life.

"Get the fuck out of my house and you... You're to never leave this house again." Lusanda says.

Here I was ready to slit the bastard who put her through agony's throat only to find I'm that bastard.

"Just so you know, the more you try to separate them is the more they'll strike. They'll do almost anything and everything to be together, mark my words." Mother says before heading out followed by father.

I look at wami once again, taking in her agonizing sobs before heading out.

My family, I don't really know them. I thought I did but I honestly don't. What else don't I know? Why so many secrets? What have I gotten myself into?

CONTINUATION

NKANYEZI

I chuckle at tonight's event, what took place back there. That is one night I will never forget in my lifetime. Not only is the night secrets were revealed, I think I also lost wami.

Her sobs, the look on her face, her voice too, I'll never forget that. I return the ring back to the tiny box on my hold then close it and put it in my drawer.

I don't even want to talk about that. All the girls are disappearing. They pretend to like me, they stuff my money then disappear. Buhle on the other hand did nothing wrong. I'm the wrong one and I cannot afford to lose her. I'm going to do what it takes to get her back and when I do, I'll make sure to treat her like royalty, abide by her rules, do what she orders and she'll get everything she wants.

I'm at the Mnyanda mansion, its just for tonight because I don't want to see anyone's face. I just came here because I'm

vulnerable. Returning to my penthouse will only remind me of wami. Her scent is all over the house, my bed even.

My clothes have her scent on and the house is flooded with memories of her. I just can't sleep there tonight. I'll return after accepting the mess my family and I have created.

I feel the space next to me being occupied. Its Zinzi, I can tell by the fragrance that just spread all over the room. "What do you want?" I ask.

"I know you don't want to see me and your father but can you at least eat." She says. She places the food and juice on the bedside table.

"We're sorry for keeping such news from you." She apologizes. I cluck then look away.

"I suggest you try calling Buhlebami. She might take your call considering she really likes you and she's shocked after learning

such news but the truth is she likes you, one can tell just by looking into her eyes.

I'm really sorry son, I'll do everything I can to fix all of this. I'll rectify my mistakes and we won't keep anymore secrets from both you and Uminathi." She says then gets up and walks out.

She might be right, who knows? I reach for my cellphone and call her. It sends me straight to voicemail. I call her again and it sends me to voicemail.

I wait a few more minutes before I can call her again and it still sends me to voicemail. I place it on my nightstand then curl up on the bed. I can feel him coming out. He's coming out and I'm helpless. I'm vulnerable and there's nothing I can do.

I can't fight him off, I can't do it. "Stay away from me..." I beseech. He wants to take over and I can't let him. I get off the bed and rush to my vanity. I keep my medicine in a drawers.

Voices inside my head keep on telling me that I'm useless, that I'm weak and that I'm depressed. It wants to take over and I can feel it succeeding. "I'm not weak!" I shout but denying is not helping.

I am weak. I am depressed. I'm useless.

Before I could make anymore move, I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror, its too late.

I reach for my medicine in the drawer, all of it then head to the bathroom. I sit on the edge of the bathtub and start emptying the containers, throwing everything inside the toilet bowl. "I gave them everything then they leave me for other men." I say then chuckle.

I throw the containers in the bin then flush the content of the toilet water. I head back to my room and start trashing it. "They are nothing but gold diggers!" I shout as I turn the furniture upside down.

I throw light objects across the room and chuckle in satisfaction. My glass of juice, I gulp it then throw it against the wall. I pick up a broken piece then sit on the rug next to my bed.

I start by running it over my arm before eventually stabbing myself with it. I gasp

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that feels so good. I do it all over again before I'm stopped by my cellphone ringing. Its one of those bitches, isn't it?

I reach for it from my bed and its Wami. I don't hesitate to answer. "Hello?" She says. I chuckle in disbelief. "Hey, hey baby." I greet back.

She remains quiet. "Wami, I'm so sorry, I'm really sorry for everything my family and I have done to you and your family. We're all truly sorry. I'm not even going to justify what I did, I'm still wrong.

I'm so sorry for ruining your life. Please don't shut me out, I... I need you." I apologize. Its not long before I feel tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Can you please video call me?" She asks and I nod vigorously even though she can't see me.

Oh no, I can't even though I really want to see her.

"I... I can't. I don't want you to see me like this." I tell her. "Oh... Nka please, I need to see you." She pleads. "I can't..." I tell her. "I dissociated. One minute I was rushing to get my medication then I blacked out." I elaborate.

"Nka, please..." She pleads all over again. I sigh out loud then end the call and video call her.

"You look like a hot mess." She teases then giggles. I missed that, I thought I'd never hear her voice again let alone see her.

"I failed to control myself. I've never felt so weak, like a part of me is missing." I tell her.

She looks down then at me. "Nka, I'll probably see you in the future, just not now. I'm still trying to get it together after the sudden news. That was a lot to digest and now I'm trying to keep myself sane." She says.

"You can take all the time away from me but please don't shut me out. Even if we can talk once a week for five seconds, that'll be more than enough." I say panicky. She chuckles.

"Okay, I'm lying but please don't shut me out." I beseech. She nods then looks away. "I need to go, someone is coming up." She says.

"Wami, I love you."

"Goodbye, Nka." She says then disconnects.

That feels like a real goodbye, as if I'm not going to see her again. Couldn't she at least say goodnight? Sigh.

The door bursts open before my family enter the room, all with shocked expressions on their faces. "I need all of you to get out, now." I warn.

"Nka..." Mother calls out.

"I said get out!" I yell. I can feel him, he's taking over again.
"GET... OUT!"

26

BUHLEBAMI

I'm sitting by my window bed seat and staring out the overview window.

I can't get him out of my mind. I so want him close to me and sadly this is all my fault. Why did I have to trust him so much? Now I'm in too deep.

I haven't seen him in weeks and its starting to get to me. I see him everywhere I look, I hear his voice all the time, I dream of his gorgeous intimidating gray eyes looking into my eyes. I feel him touching and kissing me. I feel his tongue doing things to me that I cannot explain.

Its actually quite strange of how he hasn't given up on me and I can't help but to feel bad. It's not his fault. Its no one's fault. But is it?

I sigh then look at my cellphone in my hand. Its the same routine every day. Whenever I get a pang of nostalgia, I reach for my cellphone and look at our pictures for closure.

At some point it helps but I also cry like there's no tomorrow.

He calls and texts me. I sometimes answer his calls and reply to his texts because I can't keep from him but its not the same. I feel like we're being punished for something stupid.

Not a day goes by without him apologizing and quite frankly I forgave him. I was never mad at him, I was just saddened. Yes, he did run over me but that didn't give that stupid bully a go ahead to embarrass and mistreat me.

I've never felt so helpless, like a piece of me has been taken from me. Like my soul is lost and so is my mate. I've never felt so broken. Its even unexplainable.

I'm out of words to describe how I feel. I have lost weight and my skin has ashened.

A knock from the door brings me back to life but I keep my eyes glued to the window, watching the empty road with leaves being blown by the harsh wind.

The trees responding to the wind as well, shaking like there's no tomorrow. The space next to me is occupied and I take in a scent of warm spaghetti and mince meat.

"Buhlebami..." She calls out and I keep my eyes glued to the window. She tries to touch me but I flinch.

She sighs then places the bowl on my coffee table. She snuggles closer then pulls me into her embrace.

"You're better off without that boy. You'll find someone to love and care for you more than that boy ever did. He probably didn't even love you, he just wanted to spite my family because of what your uncle did to his mother." She says.

"They probably planned to bring the whole family down. Why do you think a boy like him would love a girl from this family? The family of the same man who harmed his mother more than anyone could ever imagine?"

They just want revenge and they won't rest until they wipe all of us out. Nonetheless, that boy is not stable and he doesn't take his medication, he could've hurt you in anyway possible.

Rape, abuse, kidnapping, prostitution, everything they can do to you." She adds on.

"Stop beating yourself up about someone who doesn't care about you. He's living happily with a whole lot of girls and spending his money without you in his life." She says and I swallow hard at the thought of him replacing me in his heart.

"Please eat up and join us downstairs when you're ready, we're taking you out." She says then gets up and walks out.

Nka has been dissociating a lot these past few weeks. There's a time were he dissociated for two weeks upfront and more. I'm worried about him. I wish I could just take his pain away and cuddle up with him.

I stare back out the window again before eventually reaching for my diary and writing my entry for the day.

It has been really helpful in terms of everything. Opening up, being honest with my feelings and sharing my opinions, its quite therapeutic.

14 June 2017

Dear diary,

Today is no different from all the other days as well. I feel as though I'm stuck in an infinity loop where I keep reliving the same day over and over and over again.

My life is not going anywhere and so is the time. I can't do anything but to cry over spilled milk. If only I could do something to change all of this but I can't.

I miss Nkanyezi

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its not even funny. But with each passing day, mother tries her damndest to convince me that the Mnyanda family is not who they appear to be and with the way she explains it, it makes much more sense.

But on the other hand, I refuse to believe that. However I do believe that I love Nka.

Yes, I love him and there's nothing no one can do about it. He's my first love and I was hoping he could be my last because I'm scared. I'm scared of everything and he was the one who was always there to comfort me.

I don't know what to do anymore.

I'm stuck between my family and the family that murdered my uncle whilst protecting their own.

I miss him so much, I don't know where to start but maybe mother is right. I'd rather be safe than sorry.

I shut my diary then throw it across the room together with the pen. I turn my cellphone off then reach for the bowl mother left here earlier.

Smells good.

Just like I suspected, spaghetti and mince with grated cheese on top. This should be good.

To my surprise, I manage to clean the bowl. I downed everything and I feel way better. Maybe I should indeed join umama no tata wherever they want to take me.

I get up from the window bed seat then head to the bathroom where I wash my face and brush my teeth. I did take a bath

when I woke up but my face felt creasy with all the dried out tears.

I then head to my wardrobe. I take off Nka's stolen baggy shirt and throw it across the room then put on a simple dress and a pair of sandals.

I untie my hair and spray it for that great smell and sheen. Also to keep my curls in check before combing it.

I apply Vaseline on my lips then head out together with my cellphone and sling bag.

I head down to see mother and father having a serious looking conversation, judging by their facial expressions. I get closer so I could hear what they are saying.

"Lusanda, why can't you let them be?" Father queries and mother chuckles.

"They murdered my brother." She says. "Your brother was a criminal. He tried to rape Zinzi and tried to turn her into a prostitute. If I were in Jason's shoes, I would do the same for you." Father says.

I fold my arms then await mother's response. "We both know Nkanyezi loves Buhle and he would never harm her." Father adds on.

"Well, our precious little girl can't find out about that." Mother says.

"What do you mean?" Father asks. "You're going to keep on lying to her? Have you seen her? She's broken. Hopeless. She's as good as dead without this boy." Father adds on.

"I'm not lying to her, I'm protecting her." She says.

"From what exactly?" Father asks.

"Melusi, I'm not lying to her. I'm just turning her against the Mnyanda family. I want her to hate them. I may have lied to her but its really just to protect her. That family doesn't deserve my daughter and they never will.

I'm going to keep on manipulating and influencing her until she loathes them." She says, cruelty vividly expressed in her eyes, tone and movement.

I drop my bag to the floor as a tear escape my eye and a sob escapes my mouth, loud enough for them to hear. They both turn to face me and I shake my head.

"Buhle... How long have you been standing there?" She queries, forcing a smile.

"Long enough to know that you've been lying to me, depriving me of my true love and you'll continue to make me suffer because of your selfish reasons?" I query in disbelief.

"Baby, its not like that..." She says getting up.

"Then what's it like?" I ask. I watch as she tries to talk but fails.
Cat got your tongue?

"What kind of a mother does that to her daughter?" I ask.

My own mother left me to suffer for weeks because of her late rapist brother? "You're selfish and you only think of yourself. I wonder how dad puts up with you!" I yell before storming out.

NKANYEZI

The door barges open and Wami walks in. She closes it then presses her back against it and rests her head back. Am I dreaming? She sniffs then looks at me.

The look on her face will forever haunt me. The sound of her cries won't stop replaying in my head. The last time I ever saw her, she cried so hard and it was because of me.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Nka I'm really sorry." She cries while apologizing. I shut my laptop and put it aside. I crawl off the bed and make my way to her.

"I'm so so sorry. I'm really sorry." She apologizes then slides her way down. Her elbows are on her thighs and her head in between. I take a seat next to her then hesitantly wrap my arm around her.

She breaks into more tears then wraps her arms around me. "I'm so sorry." She cries. I feel as though my heart has been stabbed with a very sharp blade.

Seeing her in this position reminds me of all the times I've made her cry. I feel tears stinging my eyes before they stream down my cheeks.

She keeps on apologizing as if she was at fault and that on its own pains me. I peck her forehead. "Its not your fault, Wami." I say and she shakes her head.

"I should've given you a chance and heard you out. I shouldn't have said what I said to you. I shouldn't have allowed my parents to poison me against you. I shouldn't have given up so easily and try to convince myself that I hated you. I should've fought for us." She says and I can't help but to smile at her last line.

"The fact that you're here means you're fighting for us. Yes, you should've done all those things but I don't blame you. Anyone in your position would've done the same and baby, blame me.

Hit me if you must and swear at me all you want but don't ever leave me again." I say.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Wami." I add on. She raises her head and looks at me. "I know and I'm not leaving you ever again. I was so miserable without you and I realized how much I love you." She says.

What?

"What did you just say?" I query and she chuckles lightly. Can this day get any better?

"I love you, Nkanyezi Mnyanda and I'll never leave you again." She says. My grip around her anatomy tightens and I chuckle in disbelief. "I love you, baby. I love you so much." I say and she sobs lightly.

I peck her forehead then lightly press my forehead against hers and look into her eyes. Her cheeks heat up and turn rosy and

her nose, scarlet. She looks down. I cup her cheeks then wipe her tears with my thumbs.

I then lean in to capture her lips with mine and she moans in between. When I break the kiss, she looks away then closes her eyes. "I'm ready, Nka." She says.

Ready for what?

"I'm ready for you to make me yours. I want you to make love to me." She says and my mouth drops open. I've been waiting for this day

longing to hear her says those words.

"Are you sure?" I query and she nods.

"I've never been so sure in my life. I want to be with you and only you. I want to be fully yours. I want you to acclaim me and fill me up. I want to feel your body against mine with only our sweats in between." She says and I swallow hard at the thought of filling her up.

"Wami, I wanted your first time to be special. I want it to be..."
She cuts me.

"This is special, our reconciliation and our love is special. This is special for me. Nka please, I need you. I need you to comfort me. Please..." She beseeches.

Her words are what I just need to get rock hard. "Please take all this pain away, Nka. Please..." She beseeches. I peck her lips then get up from the floor. I wipe my tears then scoop her up with my arms and carry her to my bed.

I carefully place her head on top of the pillow then hover over her and kiss her passionately. She inserts her hands under my shirt and runs them over my abs making her way to my shoulders.

I break the kiss then help her take it off. She tosses it aside then pulls me back in for a kiss. She inserts her hands inside my sweat pants and I feel them on my buttocks. "Take them off." She whispers in my ear.

I break the kiss then quickly take my pants off and reveal my dick. Her eyes are glued to it as it springs up and down.

I must admit, I've never had an erection this bad and painful. I've never irked for a coochie this much and I can't wait to insert myself deep inside of her.

I hover over her and extend my arm to her back. I search for the zipper and when I do, I zip it all the way down to the top of her buttcheeks.

She takes it off and I come to sight with her full round perky tits that always mess with my head. I scrutinize her body and come to sight with her thongs. "Let's get rid of these." I say and she nods.

I grab a hold of them then slowly take them off. I take in her scent then throw it across the room. I stroke my hard cock in preparation to bury it deep inside of her. "I don't have condoms." I blurt it out.

Fuck!

She chuckles. "Its okay. I want your seeds spewed deep inside of me. I want to feel the flesh of your manhood against mine." She says and my cock throbs.

She's so fucking decent and sexy all at the same time. I peck her flat belly and trail up to her neck. I then take her lips into mine then rub myself on her wet entrance. "Relax." I whisper and she nods.

I slowly insert it inside of her and she gasps. I take it out and slowly insert it in again. "You're so tight." I say then take it out.

She wraps her arms around me and her legs around my waist as I insert it in inside of her again and this time it slides in. She's so wet and warm. So tight.

She screams out loud as tears start to stream down her cheeks. "I'm sorry." I apologize then peck her forehead. She nods then

wraps her arms around my neck. I wipe her tears then pull her in for a kiss.

I remain still until I feel she has adjusted to my size or rather a dick in general since its her first time and her pain has stopped. I slowly thrust inside of her and feel her hands tighten around me.

I passionately kiss her as I slowly thrust in deep inside of her. Her soft moans and my loud groans fill the room. Her eyes are closed and her head is resting back as I twist my dick in and she circulates around it.

Her hips meet up to match my thrusts and we soon find a perfect rhythm.

I'm pouring my emotions out into her. I want her to feel what I'm feeling so I can make her mine and mine alone, forever.

She let's go of me and grabs on the sheets as I increase my pace. She then let's go of the sheets and grabs my buttocks, signaling me to go deeper and thrust in harder.

I suck on her neck as I obey her and aim on satisfying her. My cock starts twitching inside of her and I can feel my juices flowing to the head, I know I'm about to come.

"Wami, look at me." I order and she opens her eyes then looks into my eyes. She bites her lower lip then squeezes her breast then starts moaning harder. She screams out my name before trembling under me.

I then spew my juices inside her and growl out loud as a fascinating feeling washes over me. I curse before gravitating on top of her.

I pull her in for a good long passionate kiss before rolling off of her. I look up then try to catch my breath. Once I feel energized, I turn to her and wrap my arms around her.

I peck her broad back then whisper in her ear. "I love you." I say whole heartedly.

"I love you too." She says softly. I rest my head on her back then smile in satisfaction. My life is now complete. She's back and nothing else matters anymore.

BUHLEBAMI

With each thrust, I feel different emotions washing over me mixed with the pleasure. With each thrust, he's marking me his. With each thrust, I realize how much I love him. And with each thrust, I feel our love grow.

I tremble underneath him all over again and enter the world of pure bliss. He groans loudly before I feel his juices inside me. He remains in one position which is balls-deep inside of me before collapsing on top of me.

He pulls me in for a kiss once again before rolling off of me. We both turn to look at each other, holding our eye contact. He wipes my uninvited tears then pecks the bridge of my nose.

"Thank you for trusting me once again with your heart and your innocence." He says and I close my eyes then nod.

My tears gather all over again and before I could send them back, they stream out. "I love you, Buhlebami." He says and I feel my cheeks heating up, the warmth of my blood gathering on my cheeks resulting in rosy cheeks.

"I love you too, Nka." I say and he pulls me in for a tight hug. I tighten my hold around him then chuckle.

Once he breaks the hug, he positions me on top of him and I rest my head on his chest. We converse about how much we love each other whilst he runs his fingers through my hair, drifting me off to sleep.

The next morning I wake up alone in bed. I scan the room and its a mess. Our clothes are scattered on the floor as well as the pillows.

I drag myself out of bed then pick up his tee from the floor and put it on. I head to the bathroom. I search for an extra unopened tooth brush and when I find it, I brush my teeth.

I then wash my face on the basin then wipe it with a towel. I look at my reflection for a good minute. I can't help but smile at last night's memories. Even walking to the bathroom was a challenge.

It was so passionate, I could feel all the emotions he was feeling and being that close to him was the best feeling ever.

If anyone would've told me that last night would happen, I wouldn't believe them. I run my thumb over my lower lip and a memory of him sucking on my lower lip flashes on my mind.

Last night was the best night of my life and I would give anything to feel all that all over again.

He wraps his arms around my waist and I place my hands over his. He pecks my neck and I tilt my head to give him full access.

A soft moan escapes as soon as he starts sucking on my most sensitive spot on the neck and he stops then chuckles. "Good morning." He greets and I chuckle too.

"Good morning." I greet back then turn to him. "Join me for breakfast?" He asks and I nod. "You look so beautiful." He says and I blush then look away.

"I'll join you for breakfast

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Nka." I say wrapping my arms around his neck. He's shirtless and only in his boxer shorts. "Let's go then maMnyanda." He says and I'm flushed once again.

He lifts me up then carries me back to the bedroom. He places me on top of the bed in front of a tray with English breakfast and my favorite coffee. He sits next to me then pecks my cheek.

We grab our eating utensils then dig in. After eating, I'm laying on his chest and in his embrace talking about our future.

"Looking at our future plans, let's get married." He says and I chuckle then nod. I know he's not joking but we're not ready for marriage.

Are we?

He turns to his drawer and opens it then takes out a small grey box wrapped in a pink ribbon then turns to me. He opens it and I instantly feel every emotion washing over me. "Marry me, Buhlebami. Let's build each other up and be one. Allow us to be together forever and love each other till death.

Give me a chance to make you happy. You've given me enough reason to live and baby, I've never felt so alive before. Allow me to be a better man and to make you the happiest woman alive. Please marry me." He says.

I cover my mouth with my hand then close my eyes. I nod, vigorously. "Yes?" He asks and I look at him. "Yes, I'll marry you, Nka." I say. He smiles then takes the rose gold black diamond ring out of the box.

He inserts it on my finger then pulls me in for a kiss. He breaks the kiss then hugs me for dear life. "I love you." He whispers.

"I love you too." I whisper back then kiss him again. I'm a weeping mess right now with tears streaming down my cheeks. He breaks the kiss and cups my cheeks. "Thank you. Thank you for everything. My life is complete with you." He says then wipes my tears.

He gets up then disappears to the bathroom. I hear water running for a while then he returns. He takes his tee off of me then drops his boxer briefs to the floor. He carries me bridal style to the bathroom and carefully places me inside the tub.

He steps in and sits behind me. I rest my head on his chest then allow the water to do its job. I can't stop looking at my ring. "When did you get this ring?" I query.

"I bought it a while back, before we separated." He responds. He was going to propose?

"Wami, the months we spent together and apart feel like years. I feel like I've known you for years and so I see no more time to waste." He says.

"I didn't just propose to you, I'm going to stick to my word. I'm going to marry you and there's nothing no one can do. Even your parents can't stop me from marrying you." He says.

I swallow the lump stuck on my throat at the mention of my parents. "They must be worried sick where they are, I just stormed out on them and I didn't even bother calling them to check." I say and Nka chuckles softly before pecking my cheek.

"I sent them a text saying you're fine and safe and just that you need time to yourself. I hope I didn't overstep my boundaries." He says and I turn to look at him.

"No you didn't." I peck his lips then smile at him. Its as if his eyes turn to a lighter shade of grey when he's in a better mood and darker when he's angry or so.

"You should return to your treatment." I suggest. His eyes widen and his lips part ajar. "Nka, you helped me more than I can think and there's really nothing I can do to help you but to convince you to return to your therapy sessions and complete

your treatment. I'll be right here, waiting for you whilst going ahead with mine." I add on.

He goes quiet for some time. "Nka, we'll get married after I graduate or so but for now, let's complete our treatments." I beseech.

He grips my wrists. "We should get you a morning after pill." He says. His voice has deepened and his eyes darkened. To say I'm scared right now would be an understatement but I don't want to show him that I'm scared.

"Nka..."

"I'll do it. I'll resume therapy... But only for you." He says and I sigh out loud in relief.

NKANYEZI

I don't know why I even suggested the pill. I watch as she takes a handful of them out of their packaging. I now regret my decision. I feel like throwing all of them down the drain.

She looks at me and her facial expression changes. I know she's scared of me and she just doesn't want to tell me. Its the way I look at her, like she's a piece of steak.

One of my characters want me to believe I'm obsessed with her and it wants to hurt her. I can't let it do that. I'm not obsessed with her, I love her. That's what most people are failing to understand so I'm just going to spell it out for them by marrying her and starting our own family.

She downs two pills then puts the rest on top of the counter along with her half full glass of water. I take the packet and toss it into the bin. "Nka!"

I turn to look at her. "Let's go." I say then grab the car keys from the counter. She takes her bag and cellphone from the couch then makes her way out. I follow her out.

Tights look good on her, I must admit. I involuntarily spank her ass and she turns to me with pursed lips. I chuckle then peck them.

We're soon on the road, listening to Billie Eilish. She loves this artist whole heartedly, she could lip sync all her songs. She especially loves Lovely and Ocean Eyes.

We halt at Steers to get the both of us something to snack on and in no time, we arrive at her house. This time its different because I'm going in with her.

I lock the car doors then we make our way in. She's literally trembling. I pull her in my embrace before she opens the door, just to calm her down. When we enter, we come to sight with her mother sitting on the couch in her pyjamas.

She jumps off the couch and dashes to hug her. No scratch that, she squeezes her. She breaks the hug then cups her cheeks.

"Where were you? Do you have any idea how worried I was?"

She asks and Wami shrugs.

"I was with Nkanyezi." She says. Her mother let's go of her then turns to me. "Thank you for keeping her safe." She says and I nod hesitantly. Did she just thank me?

"Baby, don't ever do that to me again, ever." She says sternly and wami nods.

"Are you okay? Did you eat? Where did you get these clothes?" She asks.

Wami takes my hand into hers. "I'm fine mother, in fact I've never been better." She says. Her mother looks at me for a good minute before offering us seats.

"Would you like something to drink? Forgive us, we don't have any scotches and brandy. This is the house of God." She says.

I'm not entirely smart but I couldn't help but notice the sarcasm in her voice. Quite noticeable in her eyes.

Wami snorts then rolls her eyes. This is more serious than I thought.

"Mother, I have something to tell you." Wami says.

"We're getting married." She announces then looks at me. We both look at her mother. "Who's getting married?" She queries.

"Nka and I are getting married." Wami says. Her mother chuckles then gets up and walks out. I look at wami and she shrugs. Her mother walks back in laughing.

"I fell last night and hit my head hard so I'm starting to hear things. I'm... I'm going to die at a young age." She says then laughs.

"Mother, Nkanyezi and I are getting married. You are not going crazy, we're getting married." Wami says getting up.

"Over my dead body!" Her mother says sternly. Wami chuckles then shows her her hand. "You are not going to marry this nutcase! Why can't you find yourself a good man at church instead?" She asks.

I attempt to get up but wami stops me. "I love Nkanyezi mama

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deal with it. You want me to marry a stranger just because he's from church, hiding from his sins behind God just like wena no tata? No!" She agitates.

"They killed your uncle! He's the reason you suffered all these years and he might hurt you in the mere future, bhabha. Please... Don't do anything you might regret." Her mother tries to convince her.

"Uncle Menzi deserved everything that came his way. He wanted to rape Nka's mother in fact he's the nutcase here. I

wouldn't be surprised if you were involved in his woman trafficking ring." Wami says.

Looking at the fury in her mother's eyes, I quickly jump up and hold her hand. I predicted that she's going to try and slap her, not on my watch.

I let go of her hand and gently push wami aside. "We'll be back to resolve this matter before I send my uncles over." I say and she chuckles.

"I love you, okay? I'll see you later." I whisper in her ear then peck her lips. "You're leaving me with her?" She asks and I nod. "You have to talk to her, apologize if you must." I say and she shakes her head.

"I'm coming with you, I want to come with you." She says and I shake my head. "Wami, she's your mother. You have to sort things out with her." I say and she shakes her head before her tears roll out.

Darn!

"Nka please, I want to go with you. Please don't leave me with her..." She beseeches. I cup her cheeks then nod.

"Okay fine. Go and fetch your school items so we can go." I say and she nods vigorously.

She dashes out of the room, leaving me with her mother who's looking at me like a ticking time bomb. "You will not marry my daughter." She says sternly.

"Mrs Nogxina, do you really want to lose your daughter? The least you could do is pretend to be happy for her." I say after chuckling.

"I will kill you." She says with gritted teeth.

"Well before you kill me, I'll make sure your daughter is Mrs Mnyanda and she's carrying a soccer team of my babies in her womb." I say. "You just call me a nutcase one more time and I'll

turn your own daughter against you just like you tried to turn her against me." I say.

"Are you threatening me?" She queries and I shake my head.

"Mrs Nogxina, I love your daughter and I really don't want to hurt her nor her family. Just give her a break and allow her to make her own choices without trying to manipulate her

She's old enough to make such decisions, she knows what's wrong and what's right. I'm not going to hurt your daughter but I'm going to try my damdest to make her happy." I say.

She clucks. "You won't marry my daughter, Mnyanda. You'll have to kill me first." She says. I smirk then look at wami who is making her way to us.

"Let's go." She says looking at her mother. "Buhle if you walk out that door, don't ever come back." She says.

"Mother, I love Nka. He's my first and last love. You can deny it all you want but you can't separate us. I love him mother and don't make me choose because you won't like my choice." She says then looks at me.

She walks out. I look at her mother as she holds on to the couches for balance before following Wami out.

BUHLEBAMI

My head as well as my hand are resting on his chest with his hand caressing my back and him constantly pecking my forehead of which I obviously love and enjoy.

I love being this close to him. I love listening to his heartbeat matching mine and I love his warm skin against mine.

I'm ready to spend the rest of my life with him and it shocks me too. Its a week later and I don't regret leaving that house. Not only did I get to study Nka and get more out of him during this week but I also had the chance to see him dissociate.

He dissociated in my therapy session but I somehow managed to calm him down. That's why I'm no longer fearing him, its because I know I have the power to calm him down.

Its like a beast that only I can tame and I'm so hopeful that we'll get through this, together at that.

Another peck on my forehead and I'm smitten all over again. Like I said, there's no denying my love for him and his love for me, especially if I can melt at constant pecks on my forehead.

The thrills I get when our hands touch and the trembling when I look into his gray eyes. The feeling of our tongues dancing together and the explosions after making love.

His eyes filled with worry being the first thing I see when I awaken doesn't shake me anymore. Instead, I love it because I know he worries about me. I know he'll then smile at me as if nothing happened then give me a sweet kiss or even steal a quick one.

The breakfasts in bed and countless consecutive calls to check on me when he's at work. The pillow talks with him running his hands on and untangling my hair whilst I run my fingers through his silky smooth black hair then slowly drifting off to the best sleep ever.

"I love you." He says, breaking the ice that led you sudden silence with only our breaths filling the room.

I most certainly don't mind this silence, especially with his warm breath fanning my face. "I love you too." I respond. He exhales out loud then wraps both his arms around me and pulling me closer.

"Let's go to sleep." He says and I just nod and close my eyes.

After lashing out on Lusanda, I didn't speak to her again and somehow Nka managed to convince me to talk to her after all the calls, texts and crazy voicemails from her.

I love my parents and I hate doing that to them but I just can't bring myself to fathom why mother did what she did.

She saw how weak and torn I was, how my soul was detached from my flesh and how I cried until I couldn't anymore but for her unknown selfish reasons, she kept on worsening things.

What was the reason?

What would she gain from me hating the Mnyandas? (Which would be pointless anyway because I love Nka)

And...

Why is she so adamant on avenging his brother's death?

"Wami, stop thinking and go to sleep." He mumbles, making me chuckle. How did he know that?

I snuggle closer then exhale, allowing sleep to take over.

Its yet the following morning and I feel like I haven't gotten enough rest. I am restless. I feel like the journey doesn't end here and that it won't be a smooth ride.

I feel like the worst is yet to come, sooner than I thought and I must be ready, in all states.

A peck on the cheek brings me back to life. I take in his manly cologne then turn to him and place my hands on his shoulders as his hand on my waist and we start to dance.

Just a slow dance to the sound of our heartbeats
nothing intense.

"What has you all worked up?" He asks. I shake my head then rest my head on his chest as we continue to dance.

"Do you need me to come with you?" He asks and I shake my head. "No, I'll be fine." I tell him. He sighs out loud and orders me to look into his eyes.

"You kept on tossing and turning on top of me all night long. You cried yourself to sleep and you woke up feeling a bit down. You literally said eleven words to me and your silence is killing me." He says, worry clearly expressed in his tone.

I look away and burst into tears. I don't know why I'm crying honestly but I just feel the need to cry. He pulls me into a hug and caresses my back.

I love how he doesn't bombard me with questions but awaits me to calm down and reminds me that he'll always be there for me. "Let it all out, baby." He whispers and I just cling onto him.

A few minutes of crying, I've finally calmed down. I'm seated and curled up on top of him as he tries to feed me but I'm not hungry. Noticing that, he finally gives up and we take our medicine, including my morning after pill.

He doesn't like that idea but it is what it is. I'm a child myself and we're both not ready to bring a child into our lives. I mere human being that requires love, attention, money and stability.

I won't dig too much into that because its all in the clear. We need to get our lives in check before introducing another human being of our very own into the world.

I should actually get contraceptives since neither of us like using a condom. That's selfish of me but I want to feel every inch of him when we're making love with no barrier between us.

"You didn't cry the entire week and its only today that you're crying." He says. Its true. I didn't cry since I left home and I'm only crying now, letting everything out.

"I'm scared..." I whimper then swallow the huge chunk of saliva stuck down my throat. "I'm scared. The only thing that seems to make sense right now is you and I but I'm still shaken. I feel like the worst is yet to come and I just can't ignore that feeling.

I don't fathom how I couldn't cry the entire week but now. What if my parents are not okay? What if Lusanda manages to separate us? What if war breaks down our families? What if other people come into our lives as baneful guests? I'm scared..." I elaborate then cry further.

The confusion is my main problem. I feel as though I'm losing my mind and that I'm over thinking things. I might be, I might not be but we'll never really know.

"My parents, I disobeyed my mother. How am I going to face them, Nka?" I query. I bet they hate me. I disrespected them and I didn't regret doing so till last night.

How kind of a daughter am I?

"Tell you what, let's reschedule the meeting with your parents so we can talk and spend the day indoors together." He says.

"We're just going to lay everything out and let each other in on our minds. We'll turn both our cellphones off and spend all day in bed. We'll talk about anything and everything and find a way forward, okay?" I nod vigorously then close my eyes.

"We'll get through this together, as one. I won't let you go through this all on your own. We're each other's pillars of

strength and we're tangled up together for eternity." He adds on.

I'm pulled into a sweet long kiss before being carried to the bedroom with his eyes locked with mine, warming up my heart.

I'm sensing something unpleasant coming my way. I'm not ready.

BUHLEBAMI

I'm seated on the floor staring at three dresses to wear today. In any ordinary day with the Buhlebami you know, you'll know that I'd just put on the first thing I see peaking out of the closet.

If you knew me, you'd know that I don't stress over a simple fabric that covers certain parts of my body.

I've been sitting here for an hour already. I'm not okay. I'm still scared and its shocking both Nka and I. I'm in distress and its hard for him. It also pains me to know how much of a baby I'm becoming and he's the one who has to take care of me.

"Who are you and what did you do to my Ami?" He asks, announcing his presence. I chuckle bitterly because I know I'm changing.

This change might affect him more than I thought and I'll try my damndest to get to the bottom of this. "Wanna help me pick a dress?" I ask with a smile. He shrugs then makes his way in.

He helps me up and makes me sit on top of the counter in the middle of the room.

He stands in front of me, busy on the hangers whilst I scan his broad back. I might drop that towel and if I do, he'll have to fuck me - HARD!

He turns to me with a short and wide black leather skirt accompanied by a black lace bodysuit and a black leather jacket. He places everything next to me and heads to the heels.

He returns with black velvet thigh high heel boots. I don't understand the black colour scheme. "Who died?" I ask and he shrugs.

"I rather you don't know." He says stuffing his face on my neck.
"We talked about this, Wami and I don't understand. This is scaring me now." He says.

"We also said to walk through it together. Maybe I just need to keep in touch with my family." I tell him, trying to calm him down.

I don't want to dwell on this topic any longer. I just want to focus on the task ahead of me, figuratively and literally.

I pull him in for a kiss then untie his towel off of his waist. He knows very well what I want.

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I put on my ring and I get a flashback of the moment he proposed. Those were the two best days of my life, unforgettable whatsoever. "Ready to go?" He asks and I nod.

He helps me up and we head out of the house and get inside the car together. I look out the window immediately after Nka closes the door and drown myself in thoughts.

I have a bad feeling about all of this.

My thoughts are interrupted by Nka fastening my seatbelt for me. Oh that... "You zoned out." He says and I nod. "I think I need a change of environment. Maybe seeing my parents and talking things through will help." I say.

He sighs heavily before driving out. I put on my favourite Twilight soundtrack to disturb me from my thoughts. I sing along to some of them with my head rested on Nka's shoulder.

In what feels like a few minutes, the car comes to a halt at the gate. I look at him and find him looking back at me. He removes the strands of hair from my face then cups my cheek. "Are you sure you don't want me to come with?" He asks and I shake my head. "I'll be fine and if not, I'll call you." I say with a smile.

His eyes lighten up before our lips collide with each other and battle for dominance. He breaks the kiss then presses his forehead against mine. "I love you." He whispers and I nod. "I love you too." I whisper back.

"Okay, I'm coming with." He says. We talked about this, what's wrong with him. "Just go to work, I'll be fine." I tell him. He pecks my forehead then sits back.

"I'll fetch you for lunch." He says and I smile then open the door and make my way out.

Once in front of the door, I look back at Nka who has his intense gaze at me then back at the door which opens before I can even raise my hand.

I'm met by my mother who has bulging red eyes, red nose and a tissue at hand. She looks at me for what feels like the longest time before she scrunches her face and let's out her tears.

I open my arm to her gesturing for a hug and she nods vigorously. I make my way to her and envelope her with my arms whilst she squeezes the living daylights out of me.

Once I break the hug, she pulls me in and shuts the door. I follow her to the living room and settle on the couch opposite hers where she's sitting next to father and he doesn't look too well.

"Hi dad..." I greet and he smiles weakly. What have I done? Tears sting my eyes and before I know it

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they're rolling down my cheeks. "Don't cry my baby, its not your fault." He says.

He's so down, I can barely hear him. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left like that." I apologize and he shakes his head slowly. "You did what you thought was right at the moment and I won't blame you for that for if I were in your shoes, I would've done the same." He says and I shake my head.

If I knew it would've led him here, I wouldn't have left... "I just didn't want to be around mom, not you. This is all my doing." I sob.

"I'm the one who should be sorry here. None of this is your fault but its mine. I just don't trust that family but if you love him so much then who am I to get in the way of young love." She chuckles.

"You're my one and only baby, a girl at that. Sending you away is hard on its own and now I'll have to lose you to the Mnyanda family. They killed your brother and they hurt you. I just can't help but think they want all of us dead." She says.

She doesn't know that whatever she says won't change my mind. I love Nka and that's it. If there's one thing I'm not going to do is to come back to this house, at least not now.

"They're all criminals, Zinzi murdered her own father..." I cut her. "He used to rape her!" I snap. She knows this very well, how could she? "Why are you so insensitive? Here I was

thinking you'd sincerely apologize and I'd do the same but it seems like you're still trying to manipulate me." I say.

"If I were in the same shoes as hers with nothing else to do, I'd also stab my father. Just like you, her mother only cared about herself and her dignity. She knew yet she kept quiet all the while. She called the police on her daughter and she left her to suffer for years.

Her brother, an entire lawyer also left her to suffer. He didn't help her in anyway and didn't even visit her.

Your brother, tried to rape her all over again and rub salt on her wounds. He wanted her to be a prostitute but then again he wanted to marry her. Your brother was a psycho. He deserved to die, especially the way he is. I hope he burns till this day wherever he is." I say then cluck.

I get up together with my bag and cellphone at hand. I'm not going to sit here and listen to Lusanda talking shit. "Buhle please don't go." Father says.

I halt on my tracks then exhale. I hate doing this to him. I turn then make my way to him. He looks weak. He sounds weak. He is weak. "Dad, we should get you to the hospital." I say and he shakes his head.

"I'm sure I'll be better if you make peace with your mother, that's if she's even the Lusanda I fell in love with and married." He says and I stifle a chuckle.

"Then I'll take you to the hospital." I add on and he rolls his eyes... Watch it old man!

"If we're going to make peace you're going to have to tell me everything that linked you to the Mnyanda family and why you hate them so much cause I know there's more." I say.

"Especially Zinzile." I add on. She shifts uncomfortably then clears her throat.

"Would you like tea? And maybe you should sit down cause it would be rude to stand throughout.

BUHLEBAMI

"He killed my brother and it was all because of that slut!" She yells. "Don't call her that!" I shout back and her eyes pop open.

"That woman has been nothing but good to me. She's like the mother I'm irking to have and she's nothing close to a slut." I say. She rolls her eyes. "I've been nothing but a great mother to you and that's how you thank me?" She asks and I chuckle.

"Using me as a pawn in your chess board, you call that being a good mother? You know what, I don't even know why I came here." I say. She clucks then gets up and walks out.

"Don't worry about her." Dad says weakly. I sigh then turn to him. "Daddy, what's wrong with you? Why are you suddenly sick?" I ask and he chuckles softly. "I'm not getting any younger, Buhle." He says and I shake my head. I refuse to believe its old age.

"Tata, you can tell me anything, you know that." I say and he nods. "I know but there's really nothing to tell. On the other hand, I'd like to catch up with my one and only daughter." He says with a weak smile.

I kick off my heels and snuggle up next to him. "Is that Mnyanda boy treating you well?" He asks and I blush. He's treating me better than I thought he would. He treats me like the only girl in the world and looks at me with eyes full of lust and love.

"He treats me like a princess." I say and he chuckles. "Of course he does, otherwise I'd use my last strength to make sure he does." He says then laughs but coughs in between.

I sit up straight and watch as he coughs hard and uncontrollably. I rush to the kitchen to get him a glass of water and hand it to him. He downs the water in one go then forces a smile. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine." He says.

My eyes are prickled followed by tears streaming down my cheeks. "Don't cry, my baby." He says and I shake my head.

How can I not cry when it is clear that he's going to leave me very soon?

He opens his arms for me and I snuggle up next to him. I burst into tears as his arms tighten around me.

I did say something big was coming and I knew very well I wasn't ready for it but in this case, I'll have to do something about it. "Daddy, why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well?" I ask.

"I didn't want to worry you plus its really nothing. I'll be fine in a matter of a few days." He says. I know he's lying. He knows it too. I sit up straight to read his expression. "We should get you checked in. If its fatal then I'll get you admitted in a hospital. I'll make sure specialists will be in charge of your case." I say and he sighs.

"Those are quite expensive. I don't want you to drown yourself in debts because of me." He says. I'll do anything for my father. Even if its means working on my fears and finding a job.

Mother comes walking down the stairs with bulging red eyes. She halts in front of us and keeps her eyes glued to me. "I should probably go. I'll see you tomorrow." I say then peck father's cheek.

"Please don't go..." Mother beseeches. I grab my cellphone and send Nka a text to come and fetch me. "Buhlebami, please." I look at her then shake my head. "Please take care of dad. Once I make enough money, I'll send in a doctor to come check up on him." I tell her.

She snatches my cellphone. "Buhlebami I said don't go! Listen to me when I'm talking, I'm your mother." She snaps.

"Mama, I love, value and respect you but if you're not going to apologize for doing me wrong then I'm not going to stay here with you. I would love to return home and to look after dad myself but I can't bring myself to because I know what I'll have to put up with." I tell her. She remains quiet.

"Buhle, we were talking before your mother walked in. Take a seat." Dad says.

Mom sniffs then places my cellphone on the table before walking to the kitchen.

I perch on the couch and rest my head on his shoulder. He takes my hand into his and runs his finger over my ring. "Too soon, don't you think? It has only been a few months yet you're already engaged." He says.

"Nka has done quite a lot for me and... I love him." I say feeling my cheeks heat up. "I can tell. No guy has ever managed to make you go rosy let alone this rosy." He says tapping my nose.

"Tata, I love Nkanyezi. He makes me happy, he protects me, he takes care of me and he loves me. He's so careful with me, you'd swear I was made of ceramic.

He's doing all this for me. He caters for me. I know his disorder seems dangerous but I can help him, I want to help him." I say and he smiles.

"I've never been as miserable as I was when we were separated. When I got to see him again, I felt at ease and I realized that I don't ever want to leave him again." I add on.

His smile turns into a grin followed by a chuckle. "Love can be such a beautiful thing but its not all glitters and gold. Even though there's a whole lot of things you'll have to go through, I couldn't be happier to know my daughter is happy with another man." He says.

"Eitherway, I hope you're using protection." He says and my eyes pop open at his sudden statement. "I know you can't stay with a boy this long and not have sex." He says. "Tata!" He chuckles.

"Tell me I'm lying." He says. Flushed in humiliation, I shake my head. "I don't want you to fall pregnant at such a young age. Maybe you should finish school and secure your future first before having children. Please promise me that." He says and I nod.

"I promise." I say. Besides, I take contraceptives. "That's my girl." He says. I see he has lightened up and he looks better than when I arrived.

We chat up a storm for a few more minutes until Nka texts and tells me he's at the gate. "Tell him to come inside, I want to talk to him." Father says. I open my mouth to complain but he doesn't give me the chance to.

"I just want to have a calm, mature conversation with him, man to man. Especially since he engaged my daughter after all we put him through." He says.

I get up from the couch and head out. As usual, he's leaning against the car and busy on his cellphone. He puts it away immediately when he sees me and opens his arms wide for me. "Hey." I greet taking in his strong smelling cologne. Smells good though.

"Hey, I missed you." He says making me giggle. He breaks the hug then pulls me in for a kiss which I missed but is still awkward since we're in front of my house.

Once he breaks it he cups my cheeks and scans my face intensely. "You look better." He says with a polite smile. "I feel better." I say then immediately look away. I swallow hard when I catch him staring at me with his dark eyes.

"What's bothering you?" He asks and I force a smile. "My dad... He wants to see you and have a "man to man" talk with you." I say. "Now." I add on. His eyes pop open and I smile at him awkwardly.

"Uhm okay..." He says. He locks the car then we head inside. He greets father but he doesn't respond. He looks at me from his shoulder but I shrug. I have no idea why he's acting like this.

He sits next to me and I take my hand into his. He's too tense for my liking, I've never seen him like this. "Who said you must sit?" Dad asks and then again, my eyes pop open.

He sounds too uptight for a person who wants to have a cordial conversation. Well, he didn't say cordial but I expected him to act that way.

"Uhm sir..." Nka says getting up. "I did not say you must get up. You've already disrespected me by doing as you please in my house." Dad says.

"Tata..." I call out. "Buhle, go get us something to drink and try talking to your mother. This is between us men." Dad says.

NKANYEZI

Wami looks at me before hesitantly making her way to the kitchen. No one but my father manages to scare the shit out of me but this man here just made me all sorts of nervous.

"My daughter left home to stay with you, what are you getting out of this?" He asks. "Excuse me?" I ask back, quite taken aback by his question.

"As a businessman, a successful one at that, you should know that nothing is for free in this world. So what does she do to get to stay at your fancy house?" He asks.

I swallow hard. He looks quite mad, I hope I did nothing wrong. Is she leaving me? Of course she is, her mother is behind all of this.

"Sir, as much as I love your daughter, she doesn't have to do anything to live with me. Just seeing her smile and hearing her

voice every morning is more than enough to allow her to stay with me." I tell him.

He chuckles. "Well that's funny because she's pregnant." He says. I choke on my saliva at the sudden news. "Tata!" Wami warns coming out of the kitchen. "Buhlebami, go back to the kitchen." He orders.

I look at wami who's avoiding eye contact. She really is pregnant. "Why didn't you tell me?" I ask searching for her eyes. She shakes her head then turns to her dad and looks at him as if she's pleading.

"Buhlebami!" He scolds but coughs in between. She looks at me before rushing back to the kitchen. I watch as he takes a glass of water from the table and downs them.

"As I was saying, my daughter is pregnant and she's still studying. Are you aware of how much you've ruined her future? She's been miserable since she found out because she knew how much she had disappointed us and its all because of you.

Did you force my daughter to sleep with you?" He asks. That's why she's been miserable? I thought it was because of her argument with her mother.

How is she even pregnant because she takes contraceptives, I even make sure of that.

I wouldn't put her in such a compromising situation, I love her too much to do that to her. Plus neither of us are ready for a baby, I for one am not ready to share her with anyone else.

This pregnancy will destroy her. Me. Us. All of us. "No, I would never do that to your daughter, I love..." He cuts me. "Then how is she pregnant? She impregnated herself?" He asks and I shake my head.

She walks in with a tray with two glasses and two jugs - one with water and the other one with what looks like orange juice. She places it on the table then stares at her dad.

"Go and talk to your mother, Buhlebami." He orders. She nods then rushes back to the kitchen.

And back to her dad, he looks like a bad ass. "Since my daughter is pregnant, you're going to have to pay damages. You have ruined the Nogxina surname with your selfishness and you must pay for it." He says sternly and I just nod at each word he says.

"Of course, sir."

He pours himself a glassful of juice then sits back. "Loosen up and have a drink." He says, calmer than a moment ago.

I hesitantly nod then pour myself a glass of water rather. He's looking at me the entire time as if he's trying to get something out of me. "How serious are you with my daughter?" He asks.

"I'm very serious with wami. I love her more than anything and I'm prepared to do things the right way. I love Buhlebami, sir." I say. I'm nervous. Yes, I am very nervous right now.

His look is just nerve wrecking.

"Good, very good. Buhlebami is my one and only daughter. She's my only child and I love her to the moon and back. I'd do anything for her, even lay down my life for her just so she can live freely, happily and cared for.

She's been through so much as a child

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teenager and even more as a young adult. She's still going to go through a whole lot of things and I understand that but I won't always be around to protect her.

She's going to need someone to love and care for her now and when I'm gone. I trust that you'll be able to love, care for, provide for and protect her more than I can because she loves you, its shocking.

She gleams up when we talk about you. She has only positive things to say about you. You make her happy, you fascinate and

amuse her, you make her feel safe, secured and cared for and she feels like you're careful with her.

Now, like I said, Buhlebami has been through a lot and she's fragile. I don't want a rich spoilt brat to take my daughter from me and make her suffer.

So if you're not prepared to spend the rest of your life with her then please spare all of us the heart break and walk away this instant. I swear I won't make it out alive if she sheds anymore tears of agony." He says.

His eyes are sparkling in tears and he looks weak. I get up from the couch and kneel in front of him then take his hand into mine.

"Sir, in my entire years of living, I've never met anyone like Buhlebami. I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her and I loved her even more when I got to know her.

I'm not going to lie to you, I love your daughter. Causing a drift between her and her family was never my intension. I wouldn't want to hurt her in anyway. I'm not going to walk away from your daughter's life because I'm the man she needs in her life.

I'll care for her, love her, protect her and make sure she's happy. I'll do anything I can to make sure she's happy.

There's absolutely nothing I appreciate more than having her in my life and if I could I would marry her this instant.

Sir I promise you this, I'll marry your daughter and you'll live to see that day. We'll grow old together and just like now, we'll fall in love with each other with each passing day.

I'm prepared to pay the damages, I didn't mean to ruin your daughter's life. I'll make sure she pursues her dreams and still studies whilst she's pregnant. She'll make you proud and I'll make sure of that." I say.

His tears stream down his cheeks followed by a nod. He pats my shoulder then smiles. "You have my blessings then, go ahead." He says and I can't help but to smile.

Getting up from the floor, I'm met by wami standing by the doorway. She's still smiling regardless of the tears streaming down her cheeks. She rushes to me and wraps herself all over me.

Wrapping my arms around her and tightening the hug, I peck her forehead. "Thank you." She whispers.

"I love you." I say breaking the hug.

"I love you too." She says.

We wrap everything up before heading out. "Is there really a baby growing inside you?" I ask poking her belly. She giggles then shakes her head.

"No, I'm on contraceptives, remember?"

Dad was just testing you. He wanted to know whether you'd flee or actually stick around." She says and I nod.

"Let's get going then." I tell her. She doesn't move from where she's standing but her eyes wander around. What is it now?

"Actually, I'll stay over. I'd like to spend more time with my parents, especially after everything.

And I'd like to try talking to mom and see where the problem really lies. Maybe she'll open up to me, maybe she won't but I'd like to try." She says.

Wow, that's a great thing. I'm glad she's trying to solve everything. That will help her dearly because its a known fact that she and her family have an unbreakable bond and they might actually help her in terms of letting go and getting over her fears.

I pull her in for a hug followed by a kiss. This is going to be a long night...

BUHLEBAMI

"Are you sure you want to stay over? You really don't have to." Father says and I giggle at his silliness. I can't leave things the way they are and run to my happy land all the time.

Sometimes, just sometimes you need to face your problems before hand and see how everything will work out, or at least so.

Jokes aside, I really miss Nka. I spent almost the entire day away from him and I can feel the emptiness inside of me. I can feel the gap in my heart.

But at the same time I miss my parents. I miss spending time with them, I miss joking around with dad, I miss mother's home cooked meals.

I am happy with Nka, I'm just not fully happy knowing that my family is in shambles. I long forgave mom for my sake and

sanity. Even though I can't forget about it, I'm willing to make amends.

I want to know what's bothering her. Where does all this anger really stem from? What are her plans from hereon?

"I can tell you miss him. You already spent the entire day with us." He reasons and I just shake my head.

"If I remember well, this is my home. I have every right to be here. You should go to your own home." I tease him. He chuckles then shakes his head.

"Well this is my house, you should go to your house." He shoots back.

Ouch!

That was a low blow, where the hell am I supposed to get a house? "Dad, I don't have a house." He chuckles. "I know. Now, what are we having for dinner?" He asks and I shrug.

I know he missed the food I make. He said there's something about my cooking that just makes him want to eat until the end of time. I always tell him I get it from mom but he protests.

"Your mother is a good cook, yes but there's just something about your cooking that makes me feel... I don't know how to explain it but just like you, its special, unique and made with love." Those are his words.

I really don't know what the fuss is but Nka also likes to complement my cooking style, his mother too. Nonetheless, I love cooking.

"We'll be having your favorite meal and I'll prepare it just the way I want to." Mother says walking in.

Father chuckles before clucking his tongue. "What's going on?" I ask. "You wouldn't mind cooking, would you?" He asks and I shake my head no. "Of course I wouldn't." I say getting up.

"I said I'll prepare it." Mother says in what seems like the most terrifying voice I've ever heard. I look at dad then rush up to my room. I don't think this is going to work.

I'm hoping we could all fix things and they can accept Nka cause he's not going anywhere. I've never felt so complete and I'm glad dad accepted him but nothing is as baneful as doing something with a heavy heart.

I heard that causes bad luck or rather that person is the bad luck. Mother doesn't have to accept it but she'll get used to it. What she has to accept is his brother's death. Its been over twenty years now and she's still bearing a grudge.

If he hasn't possessed her yet then I don't know because she's disturbing his peace. He was a bad man, yes but he deserves the rest, everyone does. I believe we all want to rest in peace once we die, even if we died the most unpleasant death there is.

I would never forgive someone who'd kill someone in such a cruel way but for my sanity, I think I would. What I know is that

I'll never forget it and I most probably wouldn't want to see him but holding a grudge? I don't think I'm that type of person.

I haven't been in my room for what feels like the longest time. I now find it weird that I'll be sleeping all alone without Nka by my side.

I head over to my closet and take out my nightdress and robe then look for my slippers. I then change from my current outfit to my sleep wear.

I then lay on top of the bed and keep myself busy on my social media account. So far so good. There's obviously some negative comments especially on Instagram.

I'm labelled as a gold digger for dating Nka and to my surprise Nka himself is defending me

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us, as well as his sister and his cousin Mpendulo.

I've never met any of them but I'm happy to know they like me or just protecting their family name? Eitherway, I hope they like me because I don't care about their money.

After a few minutes of checking on my social media accounts, I get a video call from Nka. He's in his boxer briefs and only them. His hair looks wet meaning he took a shower.

Nka knows so much about hair more than I do, mind that he's a man. He airdries his hair because apparently blow drying ruins your hair. You won't even find a single blow dryer in his penthouse.

"Wami I'm coming to fetch you tomorrow." He says busy with whatever it is that he's doing.

"Why?" I ask and he gasps, I laugh at his reaction. "I miss you, baby. When do you plan on coming back?" He asks then stuffs what looks like a pancake and bacon in his mouth.

"I don't know but I'll tell you." I tell him. The door suddenly opens and mom walks in holding a bowl and a glass of cranberry juice. "Uhm Nka, I'll call you in a second." I say. "No." He says.

"No?" What does that mean?

"Yeah no. Why do you want to call me in a second? What if I die in a second?" He asks and I giggle at his stupidity. "Nka, mom just walked in." I tell him and he raises his brow.

"Nka please..." I beseech. He pouts. "If I don't answer your call then I'm dead." He says. I giggle once again. "Okay, I love you."

"I love you too." He says then ends the call. Mom hands me the bowl and places the juice on my night stand then perches on the edge of my bed next to me.

"Hey baby..." She greets with a weak smile plastered on her face. "Hi mom." I greet back, unsure of my words. Am I

supposed to greet back? I mean I'm unfamiliar with situations like this.

I'm used to having a good relationship with both my parents and this is way beyond me. "How have you been?" She says placing her hand on my cheek. I place my hand on top of hers.

"Great, I've been well." I say. Silence engulfs as my eyes wander off. I can feel her staring at me. Its as if she wants to say something but she has no exact words or she doesn't know how to say it.

"Mama, how would you feel if I were to be punished for your sins?" I ask, now looking at her. I watch as she struggles to talk.

"What is this really about? Uncle Menzi's death or something else? Its definitely not about my incident, I've made peace with that." I say.

She looks down then sheds a tear. I don't even know whether that tear is genuine or its emotional blackmail nje. "If you're not going to be honest with me then don't talk, just listen to me.

Uncle Menzi is dead. He died way before I was born. He was murdered in the worst way possible and regardless of how much of a horrible and evil person he was, he didn't deserve that.

Zinzile also didn't deserve the trauma and agony she was put through. Jason didn't deserve the pain and the stress he went through trying to find his Zinzi.

I didn't deserve the pain I went through and you and dad didn't deserve the stress and suffering you went through. Nka doesn't deserve the hatred and so does the rest of the Mnyanda family.

I bet you can't see this but no one deserves all of this. Its no one's fault.

I'm not asking you to forget but just try to forgive, if not for dad and I then for yourself and your sanity. This grudge is slowly turning you into a baneful woman.

I miss my mom. I miss the happy times we shared, just the three of us.

Dad is sick, I don't stay here and uncle Menzi is gone. Nothing is as depressing and agonizing as being all alone in this cruel world.

Don't make hasty decisions out of anger, they might just not be the best decisions to make. Don't forget that every choice you make is going to affect all of us.

I love you mom and I won't stop loving you. And I know that dad won't stop loving you, he just doesn't know you anymore. He misses his wife and I miss my mother. We don't know you anymore.

Let Uncle Menzi rest in peace. Let go and free yourself. Let go of the past and focus on the present. Don't forget, just let go. Life goes on, we're moving forward not the opposite direction." I tell her.

NKANYEZI

I watch as her eyes flutter opens. She bats her long eyelashes a couple of times and curls her cherry lips like how she always does when she awakens, its a quite fascinating sight.

"Morning beautiful." I greet her. She chuckles then covers her face with a pillow. She's so shy, its sometimes shocking.

"Wami..."

"Mmhm?"

"I want a kiss." I say wrapping my arms around her waist and resting my head on her bosom.

I hear her giggle before she tried to snuggle out of my hold. "I need to pee." She says softly and I just shake my head. This is just comfortable and balmy, I don't want to let go.

"And you're late for work." She adds on. I'm not alarmed at all. First of all that is my company and second of all that is my company. Should I go on?

"I'll be working from home today." I tell her. "Nka, I really need to go pee or I'll mess up the sheets." She says sounding alarmed. She can mess the sheets up cause I'm not letting go.

"You don't want to kiss me so I don't want to let you go." I mumble, loud enough for her to hear.

She sighs heavily, "Fine!" She says. Fine what? Fine for whom? Why is it fine?

I freaken missed her and all she has to say is FINE? "Am I getting my kiss?" I ask looking at her. She looks away then nods shyly.

I jolt up to cup her cheeks and acclaim her lips with mine. I suck on her lips for dear life and as hungry at this kiss seems, I am hungry - for her.

She's my addiction, my strange addiction. How do you love someone so much? If I could, I would carry her wherever I go so I could turn to see her rosy face with that gorgeous smile every time.

As soon as I break the kiss she dashes to the bathroom. I chuckle then shake my head and rest on my back.

I fetched her last night from her house, I couldn't spend the night alone. I swear I would've lost my sanity if I spent a single more second agitating whether to fetch her or not.

Her mother rather gave me a hard time. She didn't pretend to like me but I could tell they were working things out as a family.

Wami told me everything that went on. Not that I was paying attention, I was busy looking at her gorgeous face.

Like I said, she's my strange addiction. I'm addicted to her, all of her. I knew for the very first time I saw her that she was special and when I couldn't stop thinking about her, I knew she was meant to be in my life.

But when I first spoke to her

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I knew I had to make her mine. When we first kissed, I knew very well that I was right all along. Every single thought I had about her was accurate.

I wouldn't give this up for the world. I wouldn't leave her to save the world. I'd rather die a villain altogether with her than a hero without her. Then everything would be in vain.

She'd be left all alone, seeking love from every freaken boy she comes across who'd just fuck her up.

My thoughts are interrupted by her resting her body on top of mine followed by her head on my chest. How does someone so small hold so much power in her?

We rest in comfortable silence with me caressing her gorgeous skin. Sometimes I wonder how she manages to deal with me. I failed girls older and much bigger than her then she comes along and masters it all.

She's so young and literally small yet powerful and fearless. She's ready to take on the world but the only thing holding her back is her phobia and I want to help her overcome it.

I want us to go to Thailand. I want to take her to Zanzibar. I want her to have dinner with me at the Eiffel Tower in Paris and see the pyramid of Giza in Egypt. I want us to tour the Miracle Garden in Dubai and walk down the San Francisco roads with the sun kissing her flawless skin.

I want us to get married and have kids, a soccer team at that. I actually don't know about the kids. At times I hate it when I

have to watch her drink those pills but at some point I want her to.

I don't want to have to share her anymore. I already share her with her parents now imagine having share her with a mini her or a mini me or both. Who do you think she'll love the most? All her attention will be on the baby.

"Let's go out." I announce. She sits up straight, straddling my laps then looks at me with confusion. "What do you mean?" She asks.

"Let's go out. Let's go to a restaurant and have breakfast there." I tell her. Her eyes instantly glisten and she shakes her head repeatedly. "I don't want to go out." She sulks.

"Baby, the psychologist said you have to get out of your comfort zone. You have to try." I tell her and she shakes her head. "I don't want to go out." She says then wraps herself up around me.

"Baby..." I call out but she doesn't budge. "Wami you have to try. Please do this for me if not for yourself." I beseech.

"I can't. He's going to hurt me." She sobs. "He's going to hurt me, tease me then laugh at me. He's going to humiliate me."

"He won't hurt you wami, I'll protect you." I tell her and she shakes her head. "What if he harms you too? Who will I be left with? Who's going to hold me and kiss me and touch me like you do? Who's going to care for me, protect me and love you like you do?" She asks.

This is going to be hard. I don't want to remind her of her past and I don't want to make her cry but I also want to help her. In order to help her, I have to remind her of her past but that will only make her cry.

"No one is going to hurt you, wami. I promised your dad to protect you and I will. Why do you think I gym almost everyday?" I ask her and she doesn't respond but breaks into tears.

"He's going to hurt me." She says. Her breathing starts to increase and she sits up straight. She struggles to speak with her breathing so heavily. "He's going to hurt me." She says in between her pants.

I don't know what to do, I just can't stand to see her like this. I pull her in for a hug and tighten my hold around her. "I'm sorry..." I apologize. "I'm sorry, okay? We don't have to leave, we'll just stay in." I add on.

She nods vigorously and wraps her arms around me.

Just like she told her mother to let go, I wish she could also let go but hey, its not that easy. I was hoping fixing things with her family would help her want to try getting out of her comfort zone but its really not that easy and I understand.

BUHLEBAMI

"Where is she?" I hear mother asking followed by the sound of clicking heels. "Mama, wait!" Nkanyezi calls out. The door barges open and reveals her. Her entire facial expression changes and she just looks saddened.

She gets on top of the bed and pulls me in for a hug. "Its okay baby, its okay. Everything will be just fine." She says rubbing my arm and I can't help but to nod.

After so much crying, Nka finally managed to put me to sleep but I didn't sleep long enough. I was woken up by a terrible dream, more of a memory. A bad memory, one I would like to remain at the back of my head.

I can't help but to burst into tears now that I'm thinking of it. "I'm scared..." I cry. "He used to beat me so bad every single day, rubbing salt on my wounds.

I'd always return home with new wounds on top of the old wounds and scratches. He said if I reported him, he'll kill my family and I.

I believed him and I was just scared so I kept it to myself but I hated every single moment of it. Knowing my situation, they sent me back to that hellhole. EVERY. SINGLE. DAMN. DAY!"

Mother's hold around me tightens as I burst into more tears. "Let it all out baby, let it all out. If crying helps then cry and if talking helps then talk. Nka and I are here for you, okay?" I nod vigorously then wrap my arms around her waist.

"He broke my wheelchair and I couldn't get anywhere. It was after school and the school was clearing. I held onto the walls and tried to walk but I'd fall flat on my stomach.

I tried crawling but I also couldn't, so I had to drag myself from the field to the office which was a couple of kilometers away. I didn't make it because I was tired and dehydrated so I passed out.

When I finally came to, I was at the hospital with my register teacher, the school principal and my parents surrounding my bed. Because of dehydration, I was on an IV and my entire body was aching.

I was badly bruised and my mother was crying uncontrollably. My father was so mad, he wanted to hurt anyone and everyone so I was forced to talk so I did.

He was not only expelled from the school, the matter was taken to Juvenile Court and he was charged with attempted murder and... Corruption and sexual harassment." I break into more tears as I say out the last part.

I was a child but I'm still scared. Not only of him but of everyone else too. That's where my phobia originates, humiliation and agony.

I catch Nka standing by the door with bulging red eyes. He looks both sad and angry, like he's about to dissociate. He slowly makes his way to my side and settles next to me.

He places his cellphone on the night stand and cups my cheeks. He wipes my tears with his thumbs and I just close my eyes and leave him be. He won't dissociate, I know it.

He's trying to hold it in and he'll succeed, I believe in him. "What did he do to you?" He asks almost in a whisper. "Wami, what did he do to you, how did he harass you?" He asks and I swallow hard.

I don't recognize this voice. "Buhlebami, WHAT DID HE DO?" He yells

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startling me. I jump and wrap myself around mom. "Its okay baby, he won't hurt you. He'd never hurt you. You mean the world to him." Mother says.

"Wami, what did he do?" He asks, much calmer this time. "H... He... He used to... To touch my feminine parts and m... Make me feel un... Comfortable. That's all." I say without looking at him.

I shut my eyes and grit my teeth as more memories replay in my head. He takes my hand into his hold and pulls me into his embrace as I start to feel panicky. "Sshh, its okay baby. Everything is going to be just fine." He says.

"I won't let anything happen to you and nothing will happen to me, okay? You'll never have to see him again, okay baby?" I nod vigorously. He pecks my forehead then lightly caress my arm.

I close my eyes as I feel slumber ready to take me in.

•

He's sitting on the edge of the tub and staring at me intensely. He's creeping me out. He does stare at me intensely but its never this creepy.

He looks like he's been crying. His gray eyes have darkened and they're still red and bulgy all at the same time.

He rarely blinks and his stare is just fixed on me. I found him sitting next to me when I woke up and he was staring at me like this. He literally offers to do everything for me and doesn't take no for an answer.

He undressed me, carried me to the tub and literally bathed me. He also massaged me as I soaked myself and the water is quite relaxing so I asked to stay in longer.

He's now watching me splash water on myself.

I hold on to get bathtub to get up but he beats me to it. He grabs a towel then wraps it around me then carries me out the tub to the bedroom where he carefully places me on top of the bed.

I untie the blanket and wipe my skin whilst he heads to fetch my skin products and body lotion.

"Nka..." I call out as he places everything on top of the bed. He takes the towel from my hold and throws it on top of the bed.

"Nkanyezi..." He stop and looks at me. "I can't do it, I can't." I say shaking my head. He sighs out loud and takes my hands into his hold.

"Yes you can and you will. I'll fetch you after school, we'll have lunch in a restaurant and we'll spend the rest of the afternoon shopping." He says.

"But..."

"I did some more research whilst you were asleep and I found new information on your phobia. I've been too soft and lenient with you.

You can't stay couped up in here all your life, Wami so just get ready because we're doing this for you, for us. If you don't do it now then you'll most probably never do it again." He says.

I guess his mind is already made up.

I'm scared, why can't he get it? "It'll be much easier if you just give me his name." He says with a smirk plastered on his face.

I don't want to say his name, that's how bad I detest him. These memories are enough and saying his name is like bringing him back into my life. I don't want that.

He sighs out loud then let's go of my hands. I pick up the lotion from the bed and he lightly slaps my hand. "Don't touch anything." He says and I just roll my eyes.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" He asks and I nod. He wraps his arms around my waist then pulls me closer to him.

"Baby, I love you a lot. You mean the world to me, you're my world. I literally can't live without you and I'm sure you know that.

At first, I didn't understand why you were always on my mind but after sharing a cordial conversation with you altogether

with the cake and coffee, I kinda got a glimpse of why I couldn't stop thinking about you.

And after our first kiss, I had this gratifying feeling, one that I wanted to linger for as long as I'll live." He says and I swallow hard. Where is this going?

"Are you dying?" I ask and he chuckles then shakes his head.

"I want to marry you, start our own family and kill this marriage thing. I want us to have this huge wedding because you deserve it baby and I want us to travel the world together.

But that won't happen if you don't want it to happen. Now, I'm asking you nicely because I can't do this strict hardcore fiance thingy so baby please, let's just give it a try.

Just one shot and I swear you won't regret it. I'll be there to protect you and I won't allow anyone to touch you, okay? I'll make sure we're both safe and we have a good time so what do you say?" He asks.

NKANYEZI

"Uhm... Okay I guess I'll give it a try." She says. "You mean it?" I ask and she nods. "Great, great then. So we'll start with lunch then go shopping and we should probably book ourselves into a hotel." I list and her eyes pop open.

"That's too much, Nka." She says and I shake my head. "Its not too much, its just perfect." I tell her and she frowns.

"Its not up for discussion, my love." I say picking up the lotion from the bed. Well, I have a ridiculous grin on my face and that's because as much as she's not happy, I'm excited.

I just can't wait.



"Please do make sure miss Nogxina doesn't miss anymore of her sessions." She says and I nod just so I can get the hell out of here.

I know I can't assure her because she has to go to school on some days and I want to make sure she's comfortable around people before her exams begin. I want to make sure she writes her exams peacefully with out worrying about people wanting to hurt her and mostly, HE.

The mysterious he.

She never wants to talk about him and she doesn't want to tell me his name. He could be anywhere right now and he might want to hurt her for sending her to prison.

He might be out of prison. He might be out on parole, maybe his sentence is served. He might be trying to piece his life together, he might not be. He might be out for revenge and I'm not having any of that.

"That will be all, I'll see the both of you next week." She says and I nod before getting up and making my way out. I can't wait to fetch her. I can't wait to see her. This has been one of those days where the day feels longer than usually.

I haven't even been focused during the session because I've been thinking of her. I'm used to having her next to me during the sessions with her resting her head on my chest and our fingers intertwined.

I hope she's well. Nonetheless, I missed her quite a lot. Feels like I haven't seen her in weeks but then I should really start practicing trying to live without her.

Not that I want to live without her but its starting to feel like I depend on her, my sanity depends on her.

The drive to her school feels longer than usual but with her newly discovered favorite artist, Doja Cat and her banging music playing, I miss her even more.

By the time I pull up by the gate I'm too excited. I made plans us to eat out at McDonalds.

What? I know, I know its not everyday a well known business man finds himself eating out in a regular franchise with poor service at times but McDonalds is not that bad and I actually kinda like it.

Since I bought and own a penthouse at Embassy Towers in Sandhurst, I thought we could spend the weekend over there but I think its too soon for that. She'll just feel ambushed.

I want this experience to be unforgettable and comfortable. I don't want her worrying about what people will say and get confused by the menu but I want her to stuff her face in fats and oil and forget about her problems and actually enjoy being around people.

I don't think five star hotels and over the top restaurants are a great idea until she's actually comfortable being in public then we'll be sure to spend the weekend there.

I step out of the car and lean against the car whilst I keep myself busy with on my cellphone. I can feel a few stares piercing into me. I know, they're dying of curiosity.

What is Nkanyezi Mnyanda doing here? That's a story for another day, fellows.

Finally my deity shows up and almost runs into my arms. Its as if she was running away from something or someone rather but that matters not.

"Hey baby." I greet her then peck her forehead. She has her arms wrapped around me and her head resting on my chest. Rough day?

"I missed you." She says before looking up. Did I mention how cute she looks in a ponytail? Well, I was that excited this morning that I ended up styling her hair.

I fastened her hair into a ponytail then also added a few 3D letter Bobby Pins to hold her hair in place, especially the hair in front because it would spring up and ruin the entire hairstyle.

I also picked her outfit. A simple high waisted pair of denim jeans, a turtle neck satin body suit

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a pair of white Versace kicks and a kiss on her lips accompanied by a good luck.

"I missed you more, wami." She breaks into a heart warming smile and I just want to devour her lips all day long. I think I'll cancel this lunch date so I can have her for the rest of the day.

"Are you ready to go?" I ask and her smile slowly disappears before she nods hesitantly. "Its not like I have a choice now do I?" She asks. I cup her cheeks then place a wet one on them before opening the door for her and she slides in.

Wami is so innocent. She's so sensitive and naive, you'd swear she was way younger than her actual age but then again, that's

what also attracted me to her. I could see it all in her eyes when I first had a cordial conversation with her.

I like to think of it as our first date but it's really not. I can actually feel how nervous she is, it's shocking me. She's too quiet for my liking and her breathing is all over the place.

By the time I pull up at the parking lot, she looks like she's on the verge of crying. I can't stand her tears. I pull her in for a hug. "Baby, I need you to relax and stop thinking about him or anyone for that matter.

You're safe. I'll protect you. No one will hurt you and no one will get to you. I want us to get out of this car and have a great time." I tell her and she nods.

"Promise me that you're going to try to have a good time." She looks up at me with her huge chocolate brown eyes. "I promise." She says, her voice softer than usual.

She sounds like a two year old. She looks like one too, I can't help but to steal a quick one.

So first stop, McDonalds then we shop until we drop, is that what they say?

She's wrapped herself around my arm until we make it to McDonalds. Unemployment rate is going to rise with all these machines and artificial intelligence taking over.

Come to think of it, I support the 4th industrial revolution thingy but it makes no total sense. How are people supposed to make a living whilst robots do all the work?

"What are you going to have?" I ask. She's looking around as if she's checking coast and clearing the way. "He's not here, baby." I tell her. She jumps before looking at me.

"He's not here." I say. I'm not sure because I don't know him but I'll make sure he doesn't hurt her. "What are you having?" I ask. "I'm not hungry." She says softly.

I know she's lying, she's just scared.

"Baby, you can eat as much as you want." I say after chuckling. She stands on her toes then whispers.

"I don't think I can eat." She says. "And why not?" I ask. She looks down shyly. "I feel like my stomach is tangling up." She says and I can't help but to break into laughter.

She's so nervous, its cute.

"Do it for me then." She sighs out loud before extending her hand to the machine.

Chicken Fold over Spicy,

Big Tasty and McFeast Deluxe,

McFries,

Oreo McFlurry,

Chicken Nuggets with Jalapeño dipping,

Chicken McBites,

McFizz Passion Fruit.

"Aren't you ordering anything for me?" I ask. She looks at me then shrugs before doubling everything she just ordered.

Geez woman, are you trying to bankrupt me?

BUHLEBAMI

"I'm so proud of you..." He says and I can't help but to grin. I couldn't have done this without him, any of this.

I love McDonalds and I appreciate Nka bringing me here instead of taking me to expensive restaurants full of judgmental wealthy brats who'll label me as a gold digger.

I feel way better here at McDonalds even though there are people walking in and out. People will always talk, yes but being around mundane people makes me feel way better because I'm also mundane.

I'm not rich and I've made peace with that. I won't allow myself to change, especially with someone else's money be it Nka or whomever.

I take a sip from my McFizz then look at Nka. He's just staring at me with a wide grin on his face. He looks smitten, like he's just

fallen in love with me all over again and I can actually feel it, I can see it in his eyes.

The dark eyes filled with lust and love. "I'm proud of you, you know that?" He asks taking my hand into his. I blush then look away.

"You got out of the house, ordered way too much meal and managed to finish it with all these people staring at you and your beauty." He says.

"I love you, okay? You being here with me right now gives me so much hope. We'll conquer all of this and we'll be able to travel the world and perhaps get married." He says. I smile then look at him.

"I love you too." He smiles before wrapping his arm around me and pulling me closer to him.

"Do you still want to go shopping?" He asks and I shake my head. "Can we do it another day?" I ask and he nods.

"Okay, let me..." I cut him. "I'll do it. Wait for me here." I say getting up. "Are you sure?" He asks and I nod. "You can watch my every move but I'll be fine." I say and he nods.

I pack everything nicely onto the two trays then head over to the bins to dispose of them. I struggle with opening the bins. "Let me help you." A man who's standing behind me says.

My heart starts beating fast there for a moment and I close my eyes and try to keep my cool. "Are you okay?" He asks and I nod before moving out of the way. I watch as he disposes of his boxes and places his tray on top of other trays then turns to me.

"Can I help you with that?" He asks. I swallow hard then my eyes trail over to Nka. He looks back at me before getting up. I turn to the guy and hand him my one tray. "Sure, thanks." He smiles then takes the tray.

Once he throws everything in, he places it on the side then takes the other tray. I flinch when I feel hands around my waist.

I turn to see Nka. "Is everything okay here?" He asks before pecking my cheek.

"Yes, I'm fine." I tell him. He looks over at the guy who helped me. "I was just helping her, nothing else." He says. Nka frees me from his hold. "Thank you." He says then flashes a smile. He looks at me. "Let's get out of here." He says and I nod. He pulls me in for a kiss and his eyes trail off to the guy as soon as he breaks it.

What just happened?

He takes my hand into his hold and we make our way out. He wraps his arm around my waist once again and I steal a glance at him. He's not himself, is he?

He unlocks the car then opens the door for me and closes it once I'm in. I watch as he makes his way to that man who helped me back inside and talks to him. I don't know what it is they're talking about but I don't like it.

He finally turns around and makes his way back and inside the car. He smiles at me before starting the engine. Why hasn't he said anything yet? "Wh... What were you talking about?" I ask. He turns to me. "I was just thanking him." He says fastening my seatbelt.

He drives out and away in silence. Why is he so calm? What were they talking about? What is on his mind? "Nkanyezi..." I call out. "Yes baby?" He responds. "Are you... Okay?" I ask and he shrugs. "I don't know baby, I feel great. Is that a good thing?" He asks and I nod. "I guess so." I tell him.

He then extends his hand to the screen and increases the volume then starts to jam along to the song. I didn't even know he listens to Tory Lanez.

"Woah yeah, you're so wet, I'm slippin'

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I'm slidin'

Woah, babe, I cannot wait to get to your body

I don't want interruptions

Doors locked don't interrupt us
You can scream my name up in there
You can scream my name up in there

'Cause I like your style, have a grown man wishin'
I can take my keys, put it in the ignition
And you still on me, got your engine tickin'
But you gon' know my name by the way I whip it, yeah

Woah, this ain't the time for second guessin'
What's goin' on in my body, woah woah
If you say you're mine then baby
You can't change your mind" He sings.

"Nka, you don't sing." I say and earn a smirk from him. "Well now I do." He says then continues. Regardless of how erotic the lyrics are, I think I'm also enjoying this song.

I think I like this Nka. The not so uptight Nka. The free spirited Nka who knows how to control himself. The problem is, what if he's not my Nka? What if my Nka is somewhere else with his multiple personalities suppressing him and taking over his body and his life?

I place my hand on top of his. He quickly looks at me before looking back at the road. "Are you okay?" He asks and I nod.

Telling him that I'm worried about him won't help. I know he'll brush it off and say I'm exaggerating or whatever and that I should chin up. "What were you two talking about?" I ask again. "I was thanking him. He helped you so I invited him over for lunch." He says. My eyes widen at his sudden kindness.

"But why would you bring a stranger over at our home?" I ask. "Its a good way to befriend him. We need more good men like him in the country." He says.

Okay, there's something wrong with him. "Look, he's completely harmless and the penthouse's security is tight." He says.

I don't like this, I don't like any of this. If me leaving the house made him like this then I'll never leave the house ever again. Or is he intimidated? Maybe he couldn't hurt him in public so he wants to hurt him in private.

Maybe he doesn't like me talking to other guys? "Nka, I'm sorry." I apologize. He turns to look at me. "What are you sorry for baby?" He asks. "I'm sorry for talking to him. I won't talk to any one else if that makes you feel better." I say and earn a chuckle from him.

"If you think I'm going to do something to him then you're wrong." He says. "I didn't say anything about that." I agitate. "But that's what you were thinking, isn't it?" He asks.

"Trust me baby, just trust me." He says. How did he dissociate so suddenly? I grab my cellphone and send Ntando a text... I don't know what's wrong with him, I just hope he doesn't dissociate.

'If you feel like he's going to harm you then sedate him then call me.' She replies to my text.

BUHLEBAMI

Sleeping was way harder than I thought. I couldn't sleep because my mind was running amok. I thought he was going to strangle and kill me in my sleep but he did none of that.

He slept peacefully while I just feared for my life. Mother did say this was going to be hard and as a person who knew Nka in and out, I should've listened to her.

But then again, I want to help him get through all of this. I want him to be better. I love him way too much to leave him in this state. Its not his fault he's like this and if I leave him then everyone else will leave him.

Put yourself in his shoes or switch bodies with him just for the day. Imagine suffering from Dissociative Identity Disorder with no one by your side and everyone fearing you.

I'm scared of him, yes but I want to be there for him. I finally sit up straight and rest my head back with my eyes closed. I'm not feeling well. I feel like puking and I'm drained. I'm tired.

I just want to be alone in bed all day to regain my energy. I can feel his presence in the room. My eyes shoot open and land on him. He has on a towel wrapped around his waist and the rest of his anatomy is wet.

Am I wrong for drooling over him?

He does look hot however, I wasn't hoping to see him today. Not at least until later on in the day. I don't understand how he suddenly changed from my Nka to one of his other personalities just like that.

He makes his way to me then perches up on the edge of the bed. He extends his hand to my cheek and caresses it. "Morning baby..." He greets. I swallow the lump stuck on my throat before trying to speak but I'm failing.

I'm failing to say something as simple as good morning. Well, I wouldn't say its a good one because I didn't sleep at all. Feeling his arms around me creeped me out.

"You look tired." He says. "I... I am. I couldn't sleep." I say and regret it soon after. He's going to ask me why and admitting to being scared of him won't help me one bit.

"You're scared of me, aren't you?" He asks and I shake my head. "I... I'm not scared of you Nka." I say. He smirks. His hand moves from my cheek to the nape of my neck. He leans closer to me and gently presses his forehead on mine.

"I'd never hurt you baby, not one bit." He murmurs against my lips before slowly kissing me. My heart is pounding hard against my chest and I know he can feel it.

This is not my Nka. Nka usually calls me Wami and this guy didn't call me that not even once. Nka doesn't sing and he most certainly does not place his hand on the nape of my neck.

"Its okay baby, everything is going to be fine. We're going to be fine." He murmurs against my lips before kissing me again. What is he talking about? Who is this? Where is my Nka.

He finally breaks the kiss. It felt different than usual. "Uhm... Aren't you going to work?" I ask and earn a chuckle from him. "I am going to work but first..." He breaks our eye contact and his eyes trail off to my breast whereas his hand spreads my thighs.

"I need some of that morning glory." He says. No no no no no. "You're going to be late." I say trying to brush him off. "I'll be quick

I promise." He says getting up. He's Adamant, isn't he?

I gasp as he suddenly pulls my legs to the corner of the bed then hovers over me. He presses both my hands above my head then starts kissing my neck and trails off to my naked shoulder.

"Nka, I'm really tired..." I say trying to push him away but I can't. He stops. "Too tired for me?" He asks looking at me. He

sighs then gets off of me and off the bed then makes his way to the closet.

I run my fingers through my hair then breath out loud. What the hell just happened? I sit up straight then hug my knees to my chest. I can't do this. I want my Nka.

I reach for my cellphone from the nightstand then search for mother's number and call her. She answers after a few rings. "Morning dear..." She greets. I hadn't even noticed that I had already started crying until I sniff.

"What's wrong?" She asks. "Ma, I think Nkanyezi dissociated." I tell her. "Did he hurt you?" She asks. "No he didn't instead he's kind and loving but he's just not my Nka. I thought he was going to hurt me hence I couldn't sleep and now I couldn't bring myself to..." I stop myself.

"I think he's mad at me for denying him sex." I say. I hear her sigh from the other end of the line. "Is he going to work?" She asks. "Yes."

"Can you try to stall him? Jace and I are coming over and we'll be there as soon as possible." She says. "I'll also contact Ntando. Be safe, okay?" She says and I nod before hanging up.

How did we get here so fast? Everything was going great then all of a sudden things change. How am I going to stall him? I don't know what to do.

I wipe my tears then get off the bed and make my way to the closet. He turns to me as soon as I enter. "Do you still want a quickie?" I ask forcing a smile. He turns away then continues with whatever it is that he's doing.

"Nkanyezi..." I call out. He turns to me. "I'm not going to force you into having sex with me." He says then turns back to the mirror. "You're not forcing me, I want to." I say to him. He chuckles. "That's funny, I thought you were tired." He says.

I swallow hard. He turns to me. "Why are you scared of me, huh? You think I'm going to hurt you?" He asks and I shake my head. He slowly makes his way to me whereas I back up from him.

"I'm not going to hurt you." He says and I nod. "I know." He shakes his head. "Then why are you stepping back?" He asks. My back finally comes in contact with the wall.

"I'm not scared of you, Nka." I say trying to toughen up. He halts in front of me. "Good. That's very good." He says. He gently presses me against the wall then pecks my neck.

"I love you, okay?" He says and I nod vigorously.

BUHLEBAMI

He has his arms wrapped around me with his head on my back. Why do I feel so bad? I feel like I cheated on Nka. Maybe I should've found another way to stall him instead of having sex with him.

Trust me, it was great and I enjoyed it but now that I'm thinking of it, I feel so terrible. I feel cheap and dirty. Why am I even putting up with this?

Oh right, its because I love him. I love Nkanyezi, my Nkanyezi. I turn to the time and it's moving too slow. He tightens his grip around me then pecks my back. "I love you, baby." He says. I just close my eyes and pretend to be asleep.

I can't bring myself to... "I know you're not sleeping baby." He says. Well, there goes my plan. "Can I go to the bathroom?" I say. "Hurry up then..." He says before unwrapping his arms from my waist.

I jolt up from the bed then rush to the shower. I turn the taps on then step under them and allow the water to do its job. I grab the sponge and squirt the gel on it then wash myself.

I find myself seated on one corner of the shower with my head resting back and my eyes closed. The time is not moving. I thought mother would've arrived by now but then again, the Mnyanda mansion is an hour and a few more minutes drive.

"BUHLEBAMI!" I hear a familiar feminine voice calling out my name. Its mother. I get up and turn the taps off then head out. I grab a towel, wrap it around my bosom then rush out of the room.

I bump into her on the staircase and she pulls me in for a hug, a tight hug at that. She doesn't even mind me being wet with a towel wrapped around me. She breaks the hug and cups my cheek. "Are you okay?" She asks and I nod.

"Are you sure? He didn't hurt you?" She asks and I nod. "Where is he?" I ask referring to Nka since he's not in the bedroom.

"He's with his father outside." She responds. "And where's Ntando?" I ask. "She's on her way." I nod. She takes my hands into hers and checks me. "You do know that you don't have to put up with this, right?" She asks and I nod.

"I understand that you love Nkanyezi but I won't allow you to put yourself in danger." She says. "Mama, I can't leave him like this, he needs me." I say.

She shakes her head. "I love you like my very own daughter and I know that you're good for my baby but I can't risk him hurting you." She says.

"He won't hurt me. You even said it yourself that I mean the world to him." I say. She shakes her head. "No no no, Buhle you don't understand.

Not all his personalities love and want you. He can sometimes dissociate and hurt himself then change and hurt everyone around him. He's not safe!" She snaps. I shake my head.

"I can't leave him mama, I'm sorry." I say. She shakes her head. "Then you leave me no choice." She says. "What do you mean I leave you no choice? There's always a choice." I agitate.

"I'm doing what's best for my son." She says. What is she talking about? "Go get dressed, Ntando might arrive any minute now." She says.

I hesitantly rush back to the main bedroom to finish up and get dressed. Not even getting enough time to dry my hair. I just put on socks, Nka's sweatpants and his comfortable tshirt before heading back downstairs.

I find everyone including Ntando seated on the couches and I just settle next to Nka. He looks quite angry whereas his mother terrified and his father, saddened. He takes my hand into his then caresses it.

"Miss Nogxina, is everything okay?" Ntando asks. "I don't understand the question." I tell her. She can't just ask me that

I need to know what she's really talking about.

"I mean between you and Mr Mnyanda. Mrs Mnyanda here tells me you think he dissociated." She says. Nka's hold on my hand tightens and I hear his breathing increasing.

"Does he hurt you or make you feel uncomfortable in any way?" She asks and I shake my head. What if he hurts me in front of everybody? I can't go through that all over again.

"Listen to me baby, just tell her everything. Nkanyezi will not hurt you." Mother says and I nod. "He... He doesn't hurt me but he makes me feel uncomfortable." I say and she nods.

"What do you think made him dissociate?" She asks and I shrug. "He took me out for lunch at McDonald's and everything was going well. I was enjoying myself that I ended up offering to dispose of the boxes.

I met someone by the bins who offered to help me with the boxes. I think he was jealous because he ended up coming to me and he wrapped himself all over me.

He was then acting cool, he even invited him over for lunch." I say and she nods.

"I was just being thoughtful." Nka mumbles loud enough for us to hear. "Or you couldn't handle seeing miss Nogxina with another man?" Ntando asks. "I said I was being helpful!" He yells.

"Nka..." He cuts mother.

"No!" He snaps getting up from his seat. He turns to me then sits down. He tips my head then suddenly breaks into a grin. "We love each other and no one is going to come between us." He says searching for my eyes.

I'm avoiding contact.

"No one is denying that, Mr Mnyanda. If anything, we're trying to help the two of you so could you please cooperate?" Ntando asks. Nka doesn't seem to be listening as he's stuck looking into my eyes.

"Why did you invite him over for dinner?" She asks. He chuckles. "I wanted to show him how much I appreciate him helping my baby." He says. "Are you going to invite everyone who helps miss Nogxina for dinner?" She asks.

"Nope..." Nka says. "I can invite them over for breakfast, brunch, lunch, anything that works." He adds still smiling. "So you're not angry that you saw your beautiful, sexy, exotic deity with another man?" Ntando asks and Nka's facial expression suddenly changes.

"Are you a psychologist or judge Ntando?" Mother asks.

"Ntando, I think that's enough now." Mr Mnyanda says. "With all due respect sir, I don't think miss Nogxina is safe." Ntando says.

"And why wouldn't she be?" Nka asks. "I would never hurt her." He adds on. "So why did you invite the man who helped her to come over? Are you jealous?" She asks. Nka turns and bangs on the table which breaks.

"I'm not jealous!" He yells then turns to me. His hand is already bleeding from breaking the table. "Baby, tell them that you'll never leave me and that you love me, tell them." He says.

At this point, I don't know whether to talk or not. I'm scared to the moon and back. My heart is racing and pumping hard whilst I don't know what to do. I swear my brain is going to implode.

"Tell them baby. Tell them!" He yells. He places his hands on my shoulders and starts shaking me. "Tell them!" He yells. "Nkanyezi, stop it!" Mother yells. He stops and let's go of me.

He glares at me then shrinks. What just happened? "I'm sorry..." He says softly. "I'm so sorry..." He apologizes. There's my Nka. That's my Nkanyezi.

His gray eyes filled with thousands of emotions only he and I could understand. That's my Nkanyezi. "I'm so sorry, Wami." He apologizes.

I know he doesn't remember what he did but he must've come to whilst he was shaking me.

He tries to touch me and I slightly flinch. I still haven't recovered from this trauma be it by him or another personality. Ntando gets up from her seat. "Mr and Mrs Mnyanda, I think its best I take him in. Do I have your permission?" She asks.

Mother looks at Mr Mnyanda, at me then at Nka. "How long will you take him?" I ask and she shrugs. "It depends on his behavior and cooperation." She says. "Which might take a couple of weeks or months even." She adds on.

"Just do your job Doc..." Nka says and I shake my head.

BUHLEBAMI

"Mama, stop them. They can't take him away!" I shout. She just pulls me in for a hug and caresses my back. "Everything is going to be fine, I promise you." She says. I can't help but to cry.

Nkanyezi gives me one last look, a long look where I can see into his soul and I can tell he's not okay. He doesn't want to go and I don't want him to but he's forced. He thinks he's not good enough for me and that he's going to hurt me.

I break free from mother's hug and rush to Nka. I pull him in for a hug and feel his arms around me. He lifts me up and spins me around before placing me back down.

"Please don't go, we'll work everything out." I whimper. He hushes me and pecks my forehead. "We'll be fine Wami. I'll call you everyday and I'll be out and better before you even know it." He says.

"No, don't go. Tell her you don't want to go." I beseech. "Ami, we'll be fine. Just let me do this and try to be better. I promise I won't leave you after this. We might even elope." He says and chuckles at the last part.

"Mr Mnyanda, we have to go." Says Ntando. Nka then breaks the hug. I watch as he gets inside and the car disappears into the vanishing point.

I'm brought to when I feel mother's hand on my shoulder begging me to go inside with her. I don't even bother to fight back cause I feel defeated and at loss. I feel helpless and restless.

I lie on the bed then grab on the sheets. They smell like him, everything smells like him even I smell like him. Mother settles on the edge of the bed then caresses my back.

"Nka will be fine. My son is a fighter and there's nothing more he wants than to be with you." She says.

"I know he's not dying but it sure does feel like it. I feel like he'll never come back. I need him mama, I won't be able to do this on my own." I tell her.

"He'll be back baby, then you can continue where you guys left off. He's doing this for you. He loves you just like you love him.

He has never loved someone so much. You are special Buhlebami, you're very special. Now I need you to hold on and keep in mind that he'll be back." She says and I nod.

"Come here..." She says softly. I sit up straight and fall into a hug. She's closest to Nka so this hug means a lot to me than you could ever imagine.

"I think it's best you go back home just until Nka is back." She says and I shake my head. "I... I want to stay here and wait for Nka." I say. "Okay then, I'll inform your parents." She says and I nod.

"I'll get someone to come and check on you everyday. Don't worry and stress too much, okay?" She asks and I nod. She pecks my forehead then breaks the hug. "We love you, okay?" I nod.

I watch as she gets up from the bed and makes her way out. I curl up on the bed until I fall asleep.

I wake up after what feels like hours of sleep. I think I overslept. Looking at the time, its late. A few minutes to twelve. I can't believe I slept the entire day. I jump off the bed then head to the kitchen to make something to eat.

Its very quiet without Nka in the penthouse. Maybe going back home is not that bad but I don't want umama rubbing this on my face telling me she warned me about the Mnyandas.

If anything my mother changed quite a lot. From who I know and who she is now

two different people. I don't know who she is anymore.

Father is the rather supportive one. He's the best dad one could ever ask for. I take my sandwich and coffee then head to the dining room.

My sandwich is still half full in an hour's time of trying to eat. Its pretty clear that I'm not going to eat because I've been staring at the blank TV screen.

I'm not coping.

I place the plate and the coffee mug on the table then lie on the couch.

I'm woken up by the sound of dishes coming from the kitchen. Startled, I jump off the couch and rush to the kitchen. He's washing the dishes...

As if sensing my presence, he turns to me with a grin on his face. He looks a little bit like Nkanyezi. "Oh hi, you're up?" He asks.

Catching sight of the knife on his hand, I start panicking and hyperventilating. He makes his way to me and I step back. "Are you okay?" He asks. What? Is he kidding me right now?

"Who... Who are you?" I ask. "I'm Mpendulo, surely Nkanyezi told you about me?" He asks and I nod. My eyes trail off to his knife. "Are you going to hurt me?" I ask. He halts then looks at the knife in his hand.

He slowly bends and places the knife on the floor then slowly gets up and raises his hand. "I'm not going to hurt you." He says. "I'm not going to hurt you, I was just cleaning up." He says.

"Really?" I ask and he nods vigorously. "Really." He says. "Wh... What are you doing here?" I ask. "My aunt sent me to come check on you." He says. "Nkanyezi too..." He adds on.

"Really?" I ask and he nods. "Yes, really. In fact, Nkanyezi said to call him when you awaken." He says and I smile at the mention of Nkanyezi.

"You saw him?" I ask and he nods. "Yes, yes I saw him. He's fine, he just wanted to talk to you." He says.

"Can I talk to him?" I ask softly. He nods. He takes the cleaning gloves off then takes out his cellphone from his pocket. He fiddles with it then hands it to me. It's a video call...

"Wami..." He says immediately after answering. I smile before I can say anything. He's lying on what looks like a bed and he's wearing a white tee. He looks fine.

"There's that beautiful smile." He says causing me to giggle. "Are you okay NaMnyanda?" He asks and I nod. "I... I'm okay, I'm fine." I say.

He grins. "I miss you already." He says. "I miss you too, more actually." He chuckles. "I'm glad you miss me. I'll be out of here in no time, okay?" He says and I nod.

"Keep this phone. If you want to talk then call me." He says. "Isn't it Mpendulo's cellphone?" I ask. He chuckles then shakes

his head. "No, its yours. Mpendulo and mom will come to check up on you everyday." He says and I nod.

"So I won't be able to visit you?" I ask, slightly disappointed.
"You can but mom will tell you when to." He says.

"I have to go, I'll call you later. I love you." He says. "I love you too." I whimper. The call ends.

BUHLEBAMI

There's a soft knock on the door before it slides open. "I brought coffee." He says making his way in. "Strong and black?" I ask and he nods. I sit up straight then take it from him. "Thanks." I say. He settles next to me and reaches for the book I was reading.

"Erotica?" He asks. I giggle then shyly nod. He rests back then fiddles with the pages. "You're reading about people having sex?" He asks. "No, they're making love and they're actually enjoying it." I tell him.

"Do you enjoy it?" He asks. "Reading is reading, I enjoy reading but it also depends on what I'm reading." I say. He chuckles then shakes his head. "I'm not talking about that, I mean do you enjoy having sex?" He asks.

My cheeks slowly heat up when I suddenly start thinking of Nka hitting all the right spots. Its the way he does everything. How

he kisses me throughout the intercourse, how he moans and groans in my ear, turning me on.

I like how he grabs on my breasts and sucks the living daylights out of them and how he listens to me when I tell him what to do. I sometimes grab his buttcheeks when I want him to go deeper and I found out he secretly likes it.

And how he moves and thrusts inside me. Its everything he does, he knows how to handle my body. Its clear that he likes taking the lead and I secretly like it. Even when I'm on top, he handles everything. I'm going to ride for a minute before he starts thrusting from beneath.

"Your cheeks say it all." He says dragging me out of my thoughts. "I didn't believe it when Nkanyezi told me your cheeks literally turn rosy when you blush." He says.

"Nonetheless, I can tell you truly love Nkanyezi." He adds on. "I really love him and I miss him too. Do you know when he'll come back?" I ask and he shakes his head. "But he'll be back, stronger and better than ever,

And I know its going to be a sleepless night because he hits all the right spots." He says and I can't help but to giggle.

"So, tell me about the book." He says. I throw my head back.

"Well, its nothing interesting but since you asked, its about a stressed lawyer who's about to get married but doesn't really want to get married to her fiance anymore.

With that being said, her uncle recently died so she had to fly out of town to claim her inheritance since she was sort of the only child in the family.

Once there, she meets her childhood best friend and learns that she got married to two men. While thinking its illegal, she learns that in that town, only women are allowed to be in polygamous marriages and almost every woman is married to two men." I summarize.

"What?" He asks, quite appalled.

"I know right... But that's not the best part. She meets her high school crush in a pub and learns that he's now interested in her and not only that but he offers her crazy monkey sex to help her calm her down. For some reason, she agrees and they hit it off in the pub corridors.

So since she took a flight to that country, she met this hot and sexy cowboy in the flight only to find out its her high school crush's cousin.

So this guy walks in on them busy in the corridors and joins in. Its quite explicit but to cut the story off, she chose to remain in the country and marry the two cousins." I add on.

Mind blowing novel, I know but I like it

its fascinating and I keep reading it over and over again.

"So, if you were given the opportunity to marry two guys, or rather two hot cousins who by any chance offered you crazy monkey sex to help you out, would you agree?" He asks. I burst into laughter then shake my head.

"As dirty and fun as it sounds, no. I mean getting sexed by the god of sex everyday, I'm in but I can't do with two guys, besides Nkanyezi pretty much does it all." I say.

He nods. "And if you were to be stuck between the man that you love and the man that gives it better than your man, would you marry them both?" He asks and I shake my head. I turn to look at the time and find its so late.

"You should probably go." I say. His facial expression instantly changes and he utters an "oh." He looks disappointed. "Yeah you're right, its getting late." He says.

What's wrong with him?

I watch him get up from the bed then places my book on the nightstand. As much as I was enjoying this conversation and his company and how he filled Nka's void of absence, he's not him but then. Sigh... There goes nothing. "Or you can join me for dinner?" I ask. He slowly smiles as if he's in disbelief.

"Uhm sure, I'd love to." He says. I smile then jump off the bed. "Uhm, let's go then." I say making my way out to the kitchen. I wrap up something quick whilst he tells me about his trips with Nkanyezi.

From only hearing these stories, I can tell they're pretty close. How I wish I was this close with my cousins but because of my phobia, I was scared of everyone and everything.

"Are you okay?" He asks, bursting my bubble of thoughts. I nod then force a smile. "Yeah, I'm fine." I say. He nods then continues eating. I think I've lost my appetite even.

"Your cooking reminds me of my aunt. I can never get enough of good food." He says. I smile at his compliment and thank him then try eating. I look up to catch him staring at me.

"Nkanyezi has dated so many girls before but never like you. You are beautiful, smart, a great cook, supportive and loving. You're friendly and kind hearted and you actually love him." He

says. "You mean he has quite the terrible dating history?" I ask and he nods.

"Yhoo, his last girlfriend was Ahlume. That girl was a pain in the ass. She was beautiful but I don't know, she gave off a weird vibe. I could tell she was extorting money from my cousin bit by bit and because he was blinded by love, he couldn't see it." He says and I instantly feel weird.

I feel like my stomach is tumbling whereas my legs are trembling lightly. Maybe talking about Nkanyezi's ex girlfriends is messing with my head.

"Can we talk about something else if you don't mind?" I ask and his eyes widen. "I hope I didn't upset you?" He asks and I shake my head. On second thought, I don't feel like talking anymore.

"Or rather, let me go fix a room for you to sleep in." I say already getting off the highchair.

NKANYEZI

"I miss you too, Wami." I tell her. She turns rosy then looks away. I love this innocent girl of mine. "Uhm... If you don't mind, Mpendulo is sleeping over." She says. My heart instantly skips a beat after hearing those words.

"Why?" I ask, trying to keep a straight face. "Because it was already late by the time we finished eating dinner." She says. She seems unsure of her words. "He's not supposed to be having dinner with you." I say and her eyes widen.

I simply asked Mpendulo to check on wami. Having dinner and sleeping over is not part of the deal. "I'm sorry, its my fault." She apologizes. I groan.

I swear if he looks at my package and touches her even, he's toast. "If you fuck him, I'll kill him." I tell her. She purses her lips then looks down. "I won't fuck anyone Nka." She says.

I then smile at her. I know she knows that I meant it. I will kill anyone who touches her. Mpendulo has already failed a simple task. If he pulls such a stunt again, I'll blow his balls.

"I know, I trust you." I say. She raises her head and flashes a weak smile. "What's wrong?" She sniffs. "I miss you so bad, I cant even eat. When are you coming back?" She asks. My heart melts when her tears stream down her cheeks.

"Wami, you know I hate it when you cry." I tell her. She wipes her tears. Well I bet she'll be happy to hear this... "Well, I managed to bride a few people with connections so come by tomorrow, I'll ask Umi to fetch you." I announce.

She smiles and her eyes instantly sparkle. I've been longing to see that smile but then it fades within a few seconds. "You mean your sister?" She asks and I nod. "Oh boy... Why not Mpendulo?" She asks.

I understand she's scared to meet any more of my family members but I don't want Mpendulo anywhere near her

anymore. "Because he has quite a busy life. Mother and Umi will be the ones checking on you now." I tell her.

She nods. "Uhm... Okay." She says, her voice softer than usually. I swear I'm going to marry her as soon as I get out of here. Well, I know she won't agree but she doesn't really have to know, right?

I'll just talk to her father about amalobolo and we'll take it from there. It'll be a surprise. "Wear that sexy red dress of yours." I say then smirk at her reaction. She turns rosy again.

I can't wait to touch her tomorrow. I'm going to fuck the living hell out of her, she won't know what hit her. "Nka..." I chuckle. "Please..." I pout. She giggles then nods. "Okay, I'll wear it." She says.

"What's that?" She asks referring to the loud babbling coming from the other side of the wall. I fucken hate this place. "Wami, I'll call you tomorrow. Get some rest, okay?" I say and she nods.

"I love you." I say. "I love you too." She says then hangs up. I stuff the cellphone in my pocket then unlock the door and head out. I'm met by a huge crowd of lunatics, complaining and shouting at me.

I shake my head then walk away. Someone grips my arm and I instantly come to a halt. I turn to see who it is and it's some random loon. He looks angry but he's not angrier than I am.

I'm about to dissociate because all this noise is driving me crazy. Well, I might as well. "If you want to live then you'll let go of my arm." I tell him. He chuckles then frees my arm and pushes me.

I stumble on my feet but once I get my balance

Advertisement

I turn to face him and his group of friends. "You think you call the shots around here?" He asks and I smirk. "Technically yes. So if you know what's good for you then you'll apologize." I threaten him.

I watch as he gets on his knees and presses his palms together. "Pl... Please forgive me." He apologizes then laughs out loud along with his friends. "I... I'm scared." He says then laughs again.

Irritated, I kick him on his face then hover over him and start punching the living daylights out of him until I'm held back by the guards. I start kicking and wrestling myself out of their hold and once I'm freed, I start fighting them.

Looking around, everyone is fighting and all the blood spilling, I like it. I suddenly feel a middle piercing through my neck before I start feeling dizzy and fall to the floor.

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I splash water on my face then wipe it. I then wash the blood off my hands then wipe them dry. My head feels heavy and my body feels stiff. Just like I suspected, I was drugged.

I then head out the room following one guard with two guards behind me. I'll take that as a compliment, I can't help it that I'm dangerous.

He halts in front of my psychiatrist's office door and knocks. He then opens the door and steps aside for me to enter. I settle on the one sitter comfortable looking couch with my legs draping over the armrest.

I don't like this dude.

"So, why am I here?" I ask. He looks at the guard who then makes his way out and shuts the door. "You're not making progress." He says. "And exactly how is that my problem?" I ask.

"If you want to leave this place and live your life then you're going to have to be on your best behavior. You need to cooperate and do as instructed otherwise, your stay here will be extended." He says.

"You know what? You should tell that to everybody else. If anyone messes with me, I don't hesitate. I break jaws, doc." I say. He nods. "And I know that because you broke someone's jaw." He says.

"Do you understand how much damage you've caused?" He asks and I shake my head. "Well, I'll pay for his fees and he'll be fine..." I say. He chuckles then folds his arms.

"Are you taking your medication?" He asks and I nod. "Of course, its not like I have a choice." I tell him. He writes down on his notepad before looking up at me.

"I'm prescribing you stronger medication. You do understand that Dissociative Identity Disorder is chronic, you cannot be healed but you can be treated. You have to learn to control yourself because medicine won't do all the work for you." He says.

I know but what if I didn't have a problem with dissociating this time around? "You dissociated around your girlfriend and the

poor child was terrified of you. If you don't want to do this for yourself then do it for her, for your family.

Help me help you get out of this and out of this place. Nobody belongs here and its not their faults but things happen and if you can't prevent them then fight them, don't give in.

If you don't help yourself then no one will." He says.

My heart drops to the mention of Wami. She was indeed terrified of me and she was broken to see me leave. Its as if we've been separated all over again and its not right but...

As much as I don't like this dude, he's right. I want to be better for Wami so we could start our own family. I'm doing all of this for her and only her.

"I'll see you for our session tomorrow." He says. I get up from the couch then make my way out.

Breaking jaws now, who am I?

As soon as I get back to my room, I call Zee. "Nkanyezi..." She answers.

"Hi mom, can you fetch Wami tomorrow. And please check on her, I don't want Mpendulo near her." I say.

"Why not?" She asks. "You know how Mkhize men are around women, need I remind you?" I ask. For someone who was raped by her own father, she's too trusting.

BUHLEBAMI

I'm nervous...

I settle down on the comfortable looking couches then tap my finger on the table. I've never been to an asylum before and I must admit, that's part reason why I'm nervous.

The other reason I'm nervous is because I'm hoping to see change in him, his behavior. I want my Nka back, I need him.

I feel someone's presence in the room followed by throat clearing. I look at him and smile. He makes his way to me and helps me up then pulls me in for a tight hug.

Once he breaks the hug, he pulls me in for one good long kiss. He then gently presses his forehead against mine. "Hey..." He whispers.

"Hi..." I whisper back. "Are you okay?" He asks and I nod. "Are you?" He nods. "Now that I've seen my gorgeous and sexy girl, I'm okay." He says and I blush at that.

He scans me before helping me sit down and he settles next to me. He asked me to wear this one dress he bought me from House Of CB. I've only worn it once and it was after it was shipped. I was only fitting it and he happened to loooove it on me.

As revealing as it is, its comfortable and I know he misses me here so wearing this dress was the least I could do.

He takes both my hands in his, I can't believe he still looks this hot. "When are you getting out of here?" I ask. "Don't worry wami, I'll be out of here in no time. I just have to be on my best behavior." He says. "We'll get through this, I promise." He adds on.

"Have you been on your best behavior?" I ask. He bites his lower lip. Thats not a good sign. "I kinda dissociated. I was told I

fought with some of the patients and broke someone's jaw." He says. My eyes widen.

"Did you?" I ask and he shrugs. "I don't really remember anything but most of them are scared of me. I even have guards following me around." He says.

"How come there aren't any now?" I ask. He smirks. "There are." He says pointing at the entrances then at the cameras. "Oh right..." I didn't see any when I arrived, neither did mom.

"So, where's everybody else?" I ask. "They are around, just not in this section." He says. I wonder how much he paid just for me to visit him.

"We should get going..." He says and I nod. He helps me up then holds my hand and leads me to his room.

Its a beautiful place, clearly expensive. I could see how huge it is from the parking lot and it looks peaceful. The beautiful plants, green grass

statues and water fountains.

The cute benches outside, the field, different sporting activities and hobbies and to top it all off, the white really makes this place look phenomenal and peaceful.

I'm shocked to see his room. It's white and huge, yes but it looks beautiful. Where did he even get this huge bed? And there's painting equipment on one corner of the room.

I turn to find him scanning me. I know he loves this dress but not this much. He pulls me in then closes the door and gently presses me against it.

He snakes his hands around my waist then pulls me in for a kiss. I wrap my arms around his neck and deepen the kiss. I missed this. I don't know if my mind is playing games with me but it gets better with time.

Leaves me wanting more. Its always different, the good different. The difference that you want to linger, the one that leaves you confused yet amused.

The unbelievable different.

I don't know what I'm saying but I want him, now! I want him deep inside me, going in and out, exploring and sucking on every inch of my body.

He breaks the kiss and his head disappears to my neck. He starts packing it before sucking on my soft spot, turning me on. His hands moves to the back of my dress and he lowers the zipper all the way to the top of my buttocks.

He then grabs a hold of the straps of my dress and slowly lowers them. He breaks the kiss then gently presses his forehead against mine. "I love you." He whispers.

"I love you..." I say. He smirks before pulling me in for a kiss while he takes my dress off completely. It falls to the floor and I step out of it and kick my heels off so that I'm completely nude.

I'm not wearing any undergarments. I don't wear any when I wear something tight.

I sneak my hands under his tee then help him take it off. I bite my lower lip before inserting my hand inside his sweats and grab a hold of his or rather what belongs to me.

I pull it out then give him a hand job. He seems to be enjoying it because he shuts his eyes and rests his head back with his hands on my buttocks. He's squeezing the juiciness out of them.

"Fuck..." He cusses. I know then that a hand job is not enough. I pull the sweats off of him then push him. He falls on the bed and I hover over him.

He looks huge now that he's resting on the bed. I smirk before capturing his lips with mine.

I grab a hold of his shaft then slowly insert it inside me. I close my eyes and moan at how huge he actually feels in this position.

I open my eyes and find him staring at me with his ridiculous smile on his face and his hands beneath his head. I balance my hands on his chest then start moving.

If you don't know how to ride (like me) then I found out spelling COCONUT on the d actually helps.

He feels so good, I can't help but to moan out loud. I then start twerking on it and earn a groan from him. His hands land on my waist and he controls my movement.

I rest my head back and start squeezing my breast. Once tired, he wraps his arms around my waist and starts thrusting from underneath until we both reach climax.

I collapse on top of him then close my eyes and gather my breathing. Mind you, he's still inside me yet he's panting so hard. "Are you okay?" He asks and I nod.

He flips us over then attacks me with a kiss before starting to pump hard inside me. I break the kiss then wrap my arms and legs around his sweaty torso.

I'm not even moaning anymore, I'm screaming.

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NKANYEZI

She looks so peaceful in her sleep. So beautiful and happy. Its quite the fascinating sight, seeing her looking like the angel that she is after a long time.

Before you judge me, I was sure to arrange for a comfortable king sized bed just for her. Making love to her on top of a bed where thousands of other patients slept in is not so romantic.

Nonetheless, I missed her quite a lot and seeing her now makes me want to do better, just for her. I will be better, for her, for us.

Her lips are slightly parted and she has her one hand under her pillow while the other one is on top.

The covers are covering her breasts whilst her hair is covering her face.

I've put her in a compromising situation and I want to make it up to her. As soon as I get out of here, we're getting married. Nothing can and will stop me otherwise, we're going to elope.

We'll then start our own family after she has graduated and when she's ready. We'll then leave the country and reside elsewhere.

I need to have a chat with Mr Nogxina.

I look up to see her looking at me with her gorgeous eyes. She bats her eyelashes before turning rosy and looks away. I smirk then get up and perch up next to her.

I place a peck on her back then chuckle. "Hey beautiful..." I greet her. She is one shy hell of a beaut. I'm glad she fell asleep after our steamy session otherwise I swear I would've lost it.

"Wami..." I call out. She then turns to me and avoids eye contact, I chuckle at her level of shyness. One minute she was screaming her lungs out and wrapped all over me. She was

clinging on to me regardless of the sweat and telling me to go deeper and now she cant even look at me.

She's quite the character, its amusing.

"How did you sleep?" I ask. "I slept great, I'm well rested." She responds. I can tell she is. I help her sit up straight then she rests her head on my chest. I caress her arm while she runs circles on my tee.

Something felt different during and after our love making session. It was as if it was the first time we made love to each other. I know she felt it too, that's why she's so shy.

Maybe its because she was taking charge, that was sexy of her. For a first timer, I've got to give her credit for riding because she knows damn well how to do it.

"What were you doing?" She asks. "Painting." I say then tap on her nose, she giggles then looks away. "W... What were you painting?" She asks.

I gently caress the side of her visage with my thumbs. "Want to see for yourself?" I ask. Her cheeks heat up before she nods. I peck her forehead before getting up and fetching the painting.

I sit next to her then hold the painting so she could see. I watch as she analyses the painting before running her fingers over it. "Is... Is that me?" She asks and I nod.

She breaks into the cutest smile I've ever seen. "I look even better in the painting." She says and I chuckle. I appreciate the complement of being a great painter but... "No you don't." I say. She giggles then shakes her head. "You know what I mean." She says.

"You're really talented. This is beautiful Nka." She says. "I was thinking of keeping it here since I won't be able to see you everyday like I want to. I'll hang it on the wall." I say. She smiles.

"Next time, you paint me." I tease her. I know very well that she can't paint. "Don't worry, I'll teach you. Actually, let's do it now." I say. Her eyes widen.

"Baby, come on." She covers her face with her hands. "I don't even know how to hold a paint brush." She says and I chuckle. "I'll teach you everything, come on." I say pulling her up.

I steal a kiss before handing her my T-shirt. She puts it on then ties her hair into a ponytail using other strands of her hair, how thoughtful.

I grab a clear canvas, new paint brushes, a clean palette and acrylic paints from the cardboard and a glass of clean water then set everything on the floor.

We both sit on top of the rug. She helps me squirt the paint on the palette. I then grab a flat brush, slightly wet it then dip it in purple paint and hand it to her.

"What am I painting?" She asks. "Lines." I say. "I'm painting lines?" She asks and I nod. I watch as she extends her hand to the canvas and paints a straight purple line.

She smiles then turns to me. "I've never painted before." She says. I chuckle before getting up. I settle next to her then peck her back and take her hand into my hold.

I help her dip the brush into the paint again and paint over the line until it darkens. "See, painting is not just a hobby to some people. Its a way to express their feelings and their thoughts. Its just like writing, singing, dancing, etc." I tell her.

"So

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how come I've never seen you paint?" She asks and I chuckle. "I never have the time." I tell her. She nods. "So does this line have a meaning?" She asks and I nod.

"What does it mean?" She asks, looking excited.

"Purple represents meanings of wealth, extravagance, creativity, wisdom, dignity and peace... I'm at peace when I'm with you, wami." I tell her. "Purple is associated spirituality, the sacred, higher self, passion, third eye, fulfillment, and vitality. Purple helps align oneself with the whole of the universe." I add on.

"You fulfill me, my love. You help me in so many ways. You make me want to do things I wouldn't do." I tell her. She breaks into that cute smile before turning to the canvas.

"Why did you choose a line though?" She asks. "Because its a good way to start. Its easy plus it'll help you know how to combine colours." I tell her. You can never go wrong with lines.

If its not straight, its still a line. There is no mistake in art.

She cleans the brush then dips it into a different colour. I watch as she paints away on the canvas whilst we catch up on what's been happening in our lives.

After a few minutes, she's done and we're just laying on the rug and looking up while waiting for the painting to dry up.

"Mother started painting at the age of six. She used to paint with her father. She says it wasn't any things serious but as time passed by, she realized her love for art, for painting.

She painted one of the most selling paintings at the age of twenty six after she was released from prison. Its called 'The Wild Orchid'.

With the story behind it, everyone wanted to own it. Even the richest of people. It went worldwide and then boom, thats how she earned her title." I tell her.

"So, all her paintings have a story behind it?" She asks and I nod. "Yes, all of them. Its all based on her memories, her wishes, her dreams, everything." I tell her.

I love Zinzile. She's my inspiration. Until before I met Buhle, she's what kept me going. "And your sister?" She asks. "I don't

know about Uminathi but she also loves painting. She almost paints about anything and everything." I say.

Her cellphone rings. I reach for it and check it before handing it to her. "Mother..." She says after answering. I'm not ready for her to go, I don't want her to go.

"Okay, I'm on my way." She says. She curls her lip before looking at me. "Mother is waiting for me." She says. Her tone of voice is breaking my heart. I know she also doesn't want to go.

I watch as she gets up from the floor and takes my T-shirt off. She grabs her dress and puts it on then her heels. Devastated, I get up from the floor then pull her in for a hug.

"I had a great day." She says. "Me too. Take care okay? I love you." I tell her. "I love you too." She says.

I pull her in for a long kiss before walking her out. Mother is already here. I pull her in for a hug and thank her for bringing and fetching wami.

I watch as the car disappears into thin air. I miss her already. I'm definitely going to marry her...

BUHLEBAMI

I throw myself on top of the couch and chuckle in disbelief. I can't believe I did that. I can't believe I did all of that.

I can't believe I was bold enough to do what I did, in an asylum might I add. Nonetheless, I enjoyed every single second I spent there with Nka.

He opened up to me, he taught me how to paint and made sweet love to me. I won't forget this day, I'll never forget it.

My cellphone rings, its dad. I don't know when last I spoke to him, I bet he's mad at me. I pick up my phone. "Hi daddy..." I greet him then shut my eyes and grit my teeth.

"Buhlebami tell these men at the gate to open for us." He says. My eyes open and widen at the shocking news. "Tata which gate are you talking about?" I ask.

"The gate of the penthouse you live in." He says. I open my mouth to say something when the intercom goes on. "Ma'am, there are people claiming to be your parents at the gate. Should we let them in?" The guard asks.

I hang up then rush to the intercom. "Yes, let them in." I say before turning it off. I look at myself before running off to the bedroom. Mom will shame me for wearing such a dress.

I throw the heels across the room then strip the dress off and rush to the dressing room and grab a pair of Nka's sweatpants and baggy t-shirts. I put on his socks and sleepers then head to the bathroom.

I grab a wipe and wipe the make up off then splash my face with water and wipe it with a towel. I apply Nka's lotion then Vaseline on my lips before heading back to the lounge.

Mom and dad are already inside with one of the guards standing by the door. "Mama, tata..." I say making my way to them.

I pull the both of them in for a hug then look at the guard, he then makes his way out. "What are you guys doing here?" I ask, they don't look happy.

"Are we not allowed to see our daughter?" Daddy asks and I shake my head. "You know what I mean, sit down." I say.

We all settle down on the couches. "Zinzile called us and told us that he's crazy son and your boyfriend was sent away to an asylum." Mother says.

My heart drops at her calling him crazy. "Mama he's not crazy and don't call him that." I say. She chuckles then looks away. "He could've hurt you." She mumbles loud enough for us to hear.

"He would never hurt me mama." I say. "And how would you know that?" She asks. I sigh out loud. "I spent the day with him today at the asylum. He was better than when they took him and not once did he try to hurt me." I say.

She gasps. "Mama just leave it. I know you don't like him but I love him and I'm not leaving him." I say. "I'm not asking you to leave him, just help me out here. What will I do when he hurts you?" She asks.

I know he'll never hurt me and I don't have to explain that to anyone. "Once a man beats you up, he'll never stop." She adds on. I turn to dad. "Tata how are you doing?" I ask and he smiles.

"I'm fine but how are you doing? You seem happy." He says and I can't help but to blush at the day I had. "That's because am happy." I tell him.

"Does it have to do with Nkanyezi?" He asks and I nod vigorously. Mother claps her hands once before getting up. "Mama, where are you going?" I ask her.

"I want to see how my daughter is living in this... House." She says then makes her way to the kitchen.

"Don't mind her

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come sit with me." Daddy says then scoots to the side. I settle next to him and curl up. He wraps his arm around me.

"So, tell me about your day." He says. "It was amazing tata. I didn't even know Nka could paint but he made this painting of me whilst I was sleeping, it looked so realistic." I beam up.

"You slept there?" He asks and I nod. "I haven't been getting much sleep since Nka left so I guess I fell asleep in his arms." I lie and I know he knows that I lied.

"Well the reason we came here was to fetch you." He announces and I raise my head. "Tata its so late and if I wanted to come back home I would've returned." I say.

Mother walks out of the kitchen and walks up the staircase.

"Well we thought you were afraid to come back because we would judge you." He says and I shake my head.

"I'm waiting for Nkanyezi to come back. I want him to find me here when he returns." I say then look at my ring. I'll never take this off, never.

Daddy takes my hand into his. "His father came to deliver a letter asking for your hand in marriage, that's partly the reason we came here." He announces and I raise my eyebrow.

"What?" I ask in disbelief. "He wants to marry me?" He nods with a smile. "Then what's wrong?" I ask once his smile vanishes. "I'm worried about you. Are you ready for marriage? Are you ready to start a family? Are you ready for a new life?" He asks and I gulp down my saliva.

"I'm not ready to give you away and can't you just finish school first? I know you guys have been dating for months now but isn't it a little too soon?" He asks.

Too soon? "I didn't know marriage had a timeline." I say. He sighs out loud. "Well there's nothing I can do to stop you but just take care of yourself, okay? Your mother and I love you." He says then pecks my forehead.

Mother makes her way down the staircase carrying the dress and heels I was wearing to see Nka. "Buhlebami, what is this?" She asks raising them.

"Clothes?" I respond, unsure of my words. "This skimpy dress? People can see your features in this thing." She agitates. "And since when do you wear such shoes?" She asks.

Didn't she see me wearing them the other day? "You wore that to see him?" Daddy asks and I nod hesitantly.

"Yhoo thixo, my daughter has turned herself into a prostitute. First she dates the son of our enemy who happens to turn her against us then she moves in with him and sleeps with him.

If you fall pregnant, I swear to the good lord I'm going to..." I jump off the couch, run up the staircase to the bathroom.

I search the cabinets for my contraceptives, I can't believe I almost forgot to take them.

After taking them I make my way downstairs. "Go pack your bags so we can leave." Mother says and I hesitantly shake my head.

"Buhlebami I won't say this again, go pack your bags so we can go home." She says and I shake my head. "Mama, I want to stay here." I say.

She gets up from the couch then makes her way to me. "Money is driving you crazy doesn't it? Or its that boy's penis that's driving you crazy, we'll never know. Go pack your bags my dear or I'll pack them for you." She says.

I caress my arm then shake my head. "Lusanda, leave her be. She doesn't want to go so let's not force her. She'll come back home if she wants to." Daddy says.

Mother glares at me before turning her back on me and picking up her bag from the couch. "Be glad your father is here or I would've given you your first beating today." She says then clucks.

I sigh out loud as soon as the door shuts. I pick up the clothes from the floor then head to the bedroom then head back down to make myself something to eat.

I'm shook when my cellphone notifies me of an exam. SHIT!

BUHLEBAMI

"L-l-let him in." I say before the intercom goes off. I turn to Mpendulo. "Please leave." I say. He folds his arms then shakes his head. "No." He says.

I head to the door and open it only to come to sight with the guy from McDonalds holding a paperbag and a bouquet of roses. He has on a nervous smile.

I scan him, he looks good. "Ahem..." Mpendulo clears his throat. "Uhm hi." I greet him. "Hi..." He greets back. I scan him one more time, he looks familiar.

I shake my head then open the door wider. "You may come in." I say and he nods before entering. I shut the door and he hands me the bouquet of red roses. "I thought I'd bring the beautiful lady something as beautiful." He says with a captivating smile and I can't help but to smile back at him.

I'm not sure if my smile is as beautiful, I feel like I've seen him somewhere. "Where's Nkanyezi?" He asks. "Buhlebami, who is this loser here?" Mpendulo asks.

I heave out a sigh then turn to Sakhile. "Uhm... This is Mpendulo, Nkanyezi's irritating cousin and this is Sakhile, a... Friend of ours." I say.

In attempt to make his way to Mpendulo, I grab his hand. "Don't even bother, he was about to leave." I say. I free his hand then fold my arms.

"And please use the gate and the door like everyone does." I say. He clucks then grabs his cellphone and wallet before heading out. "If he tries to hurt you, don't hesitate to call me sweetheart." He says.

After he shuts the door, I lock eyes with Sakhile. I feel tears swell up in my eyes followed by a dizzy spell. Before I even know it, I'm on the ground. My vision is blurred out and Sakhile's words are echoing in my head.

How could I be so careless? What if he hurts me or kills me even? How could I let him in so freely?

I can see him kneeling next to me. I can't exactly hear what he's saying but he's talking. My face is suddenly splashed by water over and over again then he helps me drink them before helping me sit up straight.

He slightly slaps my cheeks and my vision gets back. Once my eyes land on him, I start panicking. My breathing is uncontrollable, I can't even talk. "Hey hey hey listen to me, I'm not going to hurt you, okay?" He asks and I shake my head.

I cross my fingers then shut my eyes. If he's going to hit me then I don't want to see it coming. "Buhlebami, listen to me. Look at me..." He says cupping my cheeks.

"I'm still the guy you met at McDonalds, okay? I'm not going to harm you. If you want, I can call in security or I'll leave." He says wiping my uninvited tears.

I get another dizzy spell and the urge to throw up. I hold on to the wall as I force my way up. He holds my hands and helps me up. "How do you feel?" He asks. "Nauseous." I say softly.

"I'm so dizzy

I think I'm going to pass out." I add on. "Dizzy spells?" He asks and I nod. "What else do you feel?" He asks. "My head hurts and I feel like I'm going to throw..." I quickly cover my mouth as I feel my stomach churning.

In a swift, he scoops me into his arms and carries me up the staircase. "Where's the bathroom?" He asks. "Its... In the main bedroom. Go straight." I say and he dashes there.

He helps me kneel in front of the toilet and holds my hair while I let it all out. Once done, I flush everything then shut the toilet seat. I force myself to get up then rinse my mouth.

He's just watching my every move, looking at me with concern. "Thanks..." I thank him. "Its okay. Are you better?" He asks and I nod then make my way out with him following behind.

"Have you eaten anything?" He asks and I shake my head. "And I'm sorry I haven't cooked, I didn't know you were coming tonight but I'll quickly whip up something." I say then grab my phone and disappear to the kitchen.

Mpendulo left and now there's a Sakhile Ngcobo here. Why didn't you remind me? I send the text.

I start taking out ingredients and place them on the counter. I'm making chicken lasagne and cookie cheese cake for dessert, just so the guy can eat, get stuffed and then disappear.

"If you don't mind me asking, where's Nkanyezi?" He asks. "He's not feeling well so he's at a private asylum." I say and his eyes widen. "Define he's not feeling well." He says and I sigh.

"He has Dissociative Identity Disorder and it was worsening and dangerous to everyone." I say and he nods.

My vision blurs out slightly and I stop chopping and hold on to the counter.

"Can I help you then?" He asks and I nod. He makes his way next to me and I instruct him on what to do then sit down. I swear if he tries anything, I won't hesitate but to stab him to death.

After two hours, were both finally eating. I've been stealing glances at him and I think I've seen him somewhere before meeting him at McDonalds. I don't know how or where but I think I know him.

"I didn't take Nkanyezi serious when he said you're a great cook." He says breaking the ice. "Well, I try." I say and he nods.

I can tell he wants to say something but he's restraining himself. "Thanks for the roses and the whiskey, I'm sure Nka will enjoy it." He nods.

"Uhm... Will you go to the doctor and get checked up?" He asks and I raise my brow. "I mean earlier on you nearly passed out and you threw up." He says.

"I've been stressed out lately. Between Nka and my family, there's exams and Mpendulo." I say.

"What's the deal with the guy? He seems overprotective of you." He says and I shrug. "Rather obsessed. He's hung up on this book about a girl getting married to two cousins." I say.

"Ride me dirty?" He asks and I nod. "That book is absurd." He says then chuckles. "Tell me about it. Either way, he's just a pain in the neck." I say.

He places his fork on the empty plate. "You should stop stressing, you might be pregnant." He says, making me choke on my saliva.

"I'm sorry about that." He adds on. "I'm on contraceptives." I tell him. "So, you've never skipped?" He asks and I shake my head. I've never skipped, I always took them.

"Right. Dinner was great, I should probably get going. You should go for a check up." He says getting up and I also get up.

I walk him out then head to the kitchen to wash the dishes then finish off studying. I've never skipped, right?

BUHLEBAMI

I pack in the last item before disappearing to the dressing room once again. I head to Nka's side and grab random sweats and tees. I grab hoodies and socks before walking back to the bedroom.

I stuff some in a suitcase then put on grey sweatpants, a sports bra and Nka's grey hoodie. I put on his white socks then his slippers.

If I could, I would've taken all of his clothes with but I just took comfortable clothes. They already make me seem obsessed with him whereas I just miss him.

I'm used to wearing his clothes and I like smelling like him. They have his scent all over them and they're baggy. I run my fingers through my hair, detangling it then grabbed my bag pack and cellphone.

I drag the suitcases off the bed then head out of the room. Down the staircase is a female guard that Nka got for me. She's beautiful with a massive crazy body.

She's not too buffy but she's lean. She looks like a fitness coach. She has her 4c hair tied in an updo and she's clad in gym gear.

She makes her way up and takes the suitcases from me then then heads down with it. I take one last look around to make sure everything is okay before heading out.

I lock the door then make my way to the black SUV parked outside the gate. Another woman is driving it.

I feel like Nka is so insecure and jealous that he doesn't trust any man around me. Last night, he scolded me for having dinner with Sakhile alone because he feared he might've done something to me.

I obviously didn't tell him about the nausea because I didn't want to worry him nonetheless, I still feel like barf.

I swear I would've enjoyed writing my paper if I didn't feel so sick. I had another dizzy spell when I awakened but its nothing a glass of water wouldn't fix.

She opens the car for me and I enter then she closes it. I rest my head back with my eyes shut then heave out a sigh. The door opens and Zinzile makes her way in.

She instantly pulls me in for a hug. "Mama, what are you doing here?" I ask. "I had to see you before you go back home. I know your mother won't allow me to see you." She says and I giggle. She obviously hates her, its clear.

"But I promise to steal you from school so we could go for lunch and so on." She says and I nod.

She hands me a paperbag. "Open it when you get home. I'll see you soon, okay?" She says and I nod. She pecks my forehead before getting out of the car. The driver gets in then drives away.

Honestly, I miss home but I miss Nka more. I just want to work on my relationship with mom and make sure dad is okay. I also have to focus on school so that I can finally finish up, graduate and start working.

I can't wait to make my own money.

The drive home feels longer than usual that I ended up depending on my sleep to make it shorter plus I barely got any sleep. I've been thinking of Nka.

To think that I won't be seeing him nor talking to him throughout his treatment pains me. Knowing I won't be able to see his million dollar smile or feel tingles when he touches me.

Knowing I won't be able to see his grey eyes look into my eyes and tell me everything is going to be okay. How he takes my hands into his hold then pecks them or how he likes raking my hair.

Or how he'd randomly spank my ass and walk around the house shirtless with his wet hair.

I wrap my arms around my dad as soon as I arrive then burst into tears. "He's not getting better." I cry. He caresses my back and hushes me.

"We were supposed to get married and now all of this is happening." He tightens his arms around me. "It's okay my baby, he'll be fine. You just have to stay strong for him, okay?" He says and I nod.

The thought that we were supposed to be getting married breaks me the most. That just determines how serious he was about me. "When are you going to see him?" He asks.

"Tomorrow." I whisper.

He helps me sit down on the couch and I curl up next to him.

"How long is the treatment going to be?" He asks. "Two months and it might be extended if there's no progress." I say softly.

He might miss Christmas and New Year. I was hoping to spend at least new year's eve with him since he was going to be a part of my life, an important part of my life.

I don't want him to spend all those days alone as if he's a prisoner. "You should get some rest, okay? Your mother will be back soon." He says then pecks my forehead.

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I make my way in then settle down on the hard looking chair. I get hit by a pang of nostalgia as I look around the room. The last time I was here I had the best time of my life but now... I don't know.

I watch as he makes his way in through the door and sits down on the chair opposite mine. He grabs the telephone on the wall and places it on his ear. I also grab the telephone on the wall.

"Hey baby..." He greets with a smile. I just shake my head and shut my eyes. "Don't..." I say. "Don't what?" He asks. "Don't

smile like everything is okay and you're not going to leave me."
I say.

He throws his head back and heaves a sigh. "I'm not leaving you, Wami. I'll never leave you." He says. I swallow hard. "I'm going in there and I'll be better for the both of us

okay? After that I'm paying your bride price and when you're ready, we'll have a top billing wedding and start our own family, okay?" He says.

"Unless you can't wait for me, I'll understand." He says and I shake my head. Why is he talking like that? "I'm not leaving you Nka, I'll wait for you. We'll get through this, through all of this." I say and he nods then smiles all over again.

"You look stressed. You need to take a break and relax, I know this is taking a toll on you." He says. "I will. I'm not writing today and tomorrow so I'll use that time to relax." I say.

He looks into my eyes, his grey eyes lighten up. I place the telephone down then wipe my tears before picking the phone

up again. "I need you to be strong and to believe in me, I can't do any of this alone." He says and I nod.

"I will."

"And you're going to have to do this life thing without me for a while. Try getting over your fears, ready yourself for the worst, resume therapy, take your medication.

I want you to push yourself and take baby steps. Try going out and if you feel like its too much for you and you're going to have a panic attack I need you to grab a glass of water in sit down then think of me.

Think of us. I won't be there to protect you all the time." He says then places his hand over the glass partition. "I love you so much baby."

I place my hand on the glass too. "I love you too."

This is too much to handle on my own but I'll try. Its hard already and its hard not to stress about it.

Have you ever felt helpless like you're going through a phase and its affection you emotionally, physically and spiritually? Have you ever had people asking you tons of questions but you just can't bring yourself to respond because its hard.

You don't know what to say and at the same time, you're scared of being judged?

Have you ever feared other people's opinions and just wanted to lock yourself up and cry until you feel better?

Have you ever told someone how you truly feel only to be brushed off and be told "that's silly" or "just sleep it off" or "don't stress, you're still young and you have a long way to go".

Pain is pain. Its not negotiable no matter the cause. Sometimes you just want to program your mind and tell it to stop being weak or to stop being affected by this and that.

"We're going to be okay, right?"

"We're going to be just fine, my love."

BUHLEBAMI

I've never felt so empty and so alone. I grab my teddy bear and cuddle up with it. I've been tossing and turning since I got in this bed and I haven't slept with my bear since I moved in with Nka.

He was my bear and he'd just hold me and kiss me goodnight but then that's long gone. I'm hoping and praying that he gets better because I don't want to do this life thing without him.

I want him to be there when I do this life thing. I want him to take my hand and tell me everything is going to be alright.

The following morning I'm awoken by a banging headache along with a dizzy spell. I reach for the water jug on my nightstand and pour myself a glass of water then drink them.

I then get off the bed and grab Nka's sweat suit and grab my toiletry bag then head to the bathroom. I notice that my underwear has spottings of blood.

This is strange, my periods never start off with spottings, instead I have a heavy flow accompanied by excruciating period pains.

I sigh then step under the shower taps. Once I'm done with everything, I start unpacking my belongings and make my bed. I also put on a sanitary pad because I'm not so sure about what's going on with me.

My eyes land on the paperbag Zinzile gave me yesterday, she said to open it when I get home, I wonder what's in there. The door bursts open, forcefully grabbing my attention.

Its mother. She has on a ridiculous smile on her face. She engulfs me in a tight hug then caresses my back. "I'm so glad you're finally back. Are you okay?" She asks and I nod.

She breaks the hug. "You're joining us for breakfast, right?" She asks and I nod still. She cups her cheeks and her smile fades away. "Did you get some rest?" She asks and I shrug.

"You know what, get on that bed and I'll bring your breakfast to you." She says. My eyes trail off to the paperbag then back to her. She takes my hand into hers then pulls me to my bed.

"Lie down, I'll go fetch your food. What would you like to have?" She asks and I shrug. "Anything with avocado in it." I say. Her face ashens as she furrows her brows.

"Avocado?" She asks and I nod. "Maybe pancakes with avocado or bread and avocado, I don't know." I say. She holds her waist then tilts her head. "Who in this world have you ever seen eating pancakes with avocado?" She asks and I shrug.

"I don't know, I just want avocado." I say then lie on my back. I reach for my cellphone and my eyes get glued to my wallpaper.

We were so happy, very happy. "Buhlebami!" Mother shouts, dragging me out of my thoughts. "Mama?" She shakes her head.

"Are you even listening to me?" She asks. "Are we still talking about avo?" She palms her face. The door opens and daddy walks in. "Is everything okay in here?" He asks.

Mom shakes her head then turns to him. "Your daughter needs serious help." She says sternly. "What seems to be the problem?" Daddy asks. "I-I just want some avocado." I say softly before tears prickle my eyes.

He looks at mom. "She wants pancakes with avocado, who on earth eats that?" She asks.

"Look, she's not in her right state of mind. If she wants avo then she'll get it. Don't stress her out she's writing tomorrow." Daddy says and mother chuckles bitterly.

"I warned her about the Mnyandas now look at where she is, depressed over that boy." Mother says.

"What is it with your feud with the Mnyandas? Do you have a crush on Jason perhaps?" Father asks and mother gasps. "So me trying to protect my daughter means I have a crush on Jason?" She asks.

"What are you protecting her from?" Father asks. I grab my cellphone, slide on my slippers then head out of the room to the kitchen.

I check the refrigerator and take out two avocados. I take out a plate and place four pancakes on it.

I peel off the avo peels then scoop the avocado out and smear it on the pancakes before settling on the island and digging in, tastes so good.

I take my cellphone and check out my Instagram, its going good. Now that Nka is not here, I'll be handling the accounts

myself of which I hope is a positive space cause I won't waste any time to deactivate them, I don't care what Ntando says.

Followers and engagements are looking good as well as the comments. I have a few DMs here and there and also a few emails from different brands. Maybe its not that bad, I just really need to grow a thick skin.

I keep on eating until there's only a bit left. I stare at it for what feels like hours. Why am I eating this? Who the hell eats this?

Suddenly feeling nauseous, I jump off the island and rush to the toilet to let everything out. Once I'm done, I flush everything away then rinse my mouth and catch mom by the door.

"Buhlebami..." She calls out and I don't dare look at her.

"Mama." I say walking past her. I know she's going to follow me.

When I get to the kitchen I pour myself a glass of water. "Buhle I'm talking to you." She says and I look down in guilt. I know what she's going to say and I don't want to hear it.

"You do know that you can tell me everything, just like the old times. If you want to tell me something please do tell, don't keep it bottled up." She says and I nod. There's nothing to tell.

"You should rest then study, I'll clean up." She says walking out and sounding drained. I need to spend more time with my parents, they're drifting away from one another and I can't help but think its because of me.

She still hadn't told me why she detests Zinzile so much. I don't know why but I refuse to believe she hates her because she was the reason uncle Menzi was killed but maybe that's why.

My cellphone rings, its a private number. I hesitantly answer the call, put it on speaker then remain quiet. Its also quiet, nobody is saying anything. "H-hello?"

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BUHLEBAMI

I throw my head back in frustration at the realization of dropping my books, can this day get any worse?

Don't get me wrong, my paper was fair but I've been stressed out and I can't even enjoy writing my favourite subjects.

"Miss Nogxina, are you okay?" The professor asks and I just nod then crouch to pick my books up. "Hey pops!" I hear a familiar male voice greet and I decide to look up.

Its Sakhile...

"Hey son, how are you?" The professor asks.

His eyes meet mine and his grin fades. "Buhlebami..." He calls out softly. "Sakhile..." I call out his name then resume with the task before me. My back hurts and my feet feel heavy, if

anything I want to stuff my face with ice cream and I miss my comfortable bed.

Once done, I get up and rush for the door but Sakhile blocks me. "May I pass?" I ask and he shakes his head. "On one condition." He says and I sigh. I'm not in the mood for conditions.

"An ice cream date." He says and I swallow hard at the thought... Ice cream. "I can't, I'm tired and my psychologist advised me to get all the rest I can." I say.

"Then I'll get you ice cream and drive you home." He says. "I hate ice cream." I lie and earn a chuckle from him. "You're lying, you love ice cream whole heartedly, vanilla and caramel flavoured ice cream." He says.

My eyes widen at that. I look at the professor who has a ridiculous smile on his face then back at Sakhile. "H-how did you...?" He chimes in. "I won't hit on you or anything, its just ice cream." He says.

"Plus nobody messes with the Mnyandas. So, what do you say?" He asks. I grit my teeth, I want ice cream. "Fine." I say in defeat. He punches the air then turns to the professor.

"I'll catch you later, pops." He says and he nods. He takes my hand into his then leads me to the parking lot. "The professor is your dad?" I ask and he nods. "Not my biological dad though. He adopted me a few years ago." He says and I nod. I don't want to get into much details.

Maybe its a sensitive topic to him.

We halt in front of a blue Mercedes Benz AMG GT with a black leather interior. Don't ask me how I know the name of the car, I'm obsessed with Mercedes Benz.

He opens the door for me and I slip inside. I take my cellphone and send Zinzile a text. *If I don't text you back in two hours, I'm dead. Please keep my cellphone traced.*

I know if I text mom and dad they'll freak out and I don't want to put them through that. Zinzile on the other hand knows how to pull it together and she knows people who know people.

As soon as we drive out, I start panicking. What was I thinking? I'm inside a stranger's car all because of a stupid ice cream? "Please stop." I say softly and in between my pants.

He looks at me then back at the road. "Is there something wrong?" He asks and my breathing increases. "Please just... I need to get out of here." I say already trying to open the door.

I swear I feel tears cascading down my cheeks when I realize the doors are locked. I rest my head back and shut my eyes. "Please... Please stop. Please don't hurt me just let me go." I beseech with my eyes still closed.

"Buhlebami..." He calls out softly. "Sakhile please... Please let me go, please don't hurt me. I don't have anything, you can take my cellphone and my stationery but please don't hurt me." I say with my eyes still shut.

I feel the car coming to a halt and again

I fight to open the door which is still locked. My breathing ascends. I rake my hair furiously then burst into tears as I curl up on the car seat.

I feel his hand on my shoulder and I instantly flinch. "Are you okay?" He asks and I shake my head vigorously. "I'm agoraphobic." I say almost in a whisper.

"Buhlebami, I'm not going to hurt you. Its just harmless fun. We're just going to have ice cream then I'll get you home safely." He says and I shake my head.

"His name was also Sakhile, Sakhile Biyela. He used to bully me at school." I blurt then start rocking on the couch. "He'd slap me, punch me, kick me, pull me by my hair then make fun of me in front of everyone." I tell him in between my pants.

"He'd steal my wheelchair and leave me bleeding. I don't know why he detested me but he did and now I'm scared of everyone and everything. I can't be around strangers or a crowd because I'm scared they'll... They'll hurt me." I cry.

He wraps his arm around me then pulls me in for a hug and caresses my back. "I'm so sorry you had to go through that but I won't hurt you, okay?" He says and I nod vigorously.

"If you want, we can cancel this and I'll take you straight home." He says. "I'm nothing like him and I wouldn't ever hurt a woman like that." He says and I just nod.

His heart is beating so fast and I can feel his tears dropping on my skin. I break the hug. "I'm sorry, I just panicked there for a second." I say wiping my tears. "Its okay really, I don't mind." He says and I nod.

"Should I take you home?" He asks and I shrug. "I think I'll have that ice cream date after all." He smiles then nods. He takes out his cellphone and hands it to me then unlocks the doors.

"What is this for?" I ask. "I don't know, if it'll make you feel safe knowing I have nothing on me then you should hold it on to you." He says.

I smile then look out the window as the car starts to move. "Sakhile can you be my friend?" I ask still looking out the window. "I don't have any friends and- and I trust you." I add on.

"Uhm sure, we can be friends." He says and I smile. I turn his cellphone on and slide up to unlock then save my number in it. He smiles to me as I hand his cellphone back to him.

We finally park at an old looking ice cream truck, its stationed in the middle of a park. There are so many people around here, I'm terrified.

I grasp onto his arm then shut my eyes. "Buhlebami, no one is going to hurt you." He says but I grasp on tighter. He chuckles then leads me to the truck. "Good day, how may I help you?"

"We would like two caramel vanilla flavoured ice creams in cones and some cinnamon sticks." He orders then looks at me. "Anything else?" He asks and I shake my head.

"Come on, I'll pay." He says and I still shake my head. I'm practicing to be a good friend here.

We wait for our ice creams then we head back to the car. The only difference is that we sit on top of it and watch as the sun starts setting as while we snack on our ice creams.

"He really damaged you, huh?" He asks and I just heave out a sigh. "He did and he had no right to do that. I hate him with all my might and I'll never forgive nor forget him." I say.

He gives me a nod. "How come you know so much about me?" I ask. I mean, if he knows my favourite ice cream then that means he knows more about me.

He chuckles then scratches the back of his head. "I-I uhm..." My cellphone rings, its Zinzile. Oh boy...

SAKHILE

I find pops seated in the lounge. "Sho pops." I greet him then throw myself on another couch. "You're from your date?" He asks and I nod. I must say, I enjoyed it even though it was melodramatic.

"Buhlebami? You once told me about a girl called Buhlebami." He says and I scratch the back of my head. "She's the same girl?" He asks and I nod. He shakes his head in disapproval.

"Have you apologized to her?" He asks and I shake my head. The problem is that she can't recognize me. She has this tendency of staring at me as if she's trying to figure me out but she doesn't really get to the point she wants to.

"I just want to apologize in the most meaningful way and prove myself to her. I don't want to scare her, not especially after she willingly let me in on her life." I say and he heaves out a sigh.

She's opening up to me and I want to befriend her and show her that I'm not a monster. I want her to see for herself that I've changed and I'm no longer the same boy she went to school with.

I felt really bad when I took her out for ice cream. She looked so scared to be around people that she ended up clinging onto me and I had to assure her that I'd protect her.

I felt worse when she let me in on her world, confided in me and told me about her phobia. I was the cause of her phobia, I destroyed her.

She's lonely and the only person who kept her going was Nkanyezi. I didn't befriend her because I felt bad for her, maybe I really want to be her friend, maybe I want to be more than her friend but it really matters not, at least not now.

"So how was the date?" He asks and I can't help but to smile.

"She opened up to me and told me about her past. She cried on my shoulder and I managed to make her smile. She has one of

the most beautiful and contagious smiles I've ever seen." I say then chuckle and shake my head.

"Sakhile!" He scolds. "I asked about your date, not her." He adds on. "It was great. I got us take outs." I say jumping off the couch and head to the kitchen. Knowing pops, he'll want to know more and I rather not go that route.

I warm up the food, plate it then head to the lounge with a wet dishcloth. I hand him his plate then sit down and eat. We watch the news then some local series.

I'll be sleeping over at home tonight and not my house. It gets kinda lonely and with my sister away, I know pops also gets lonely.

Once I'm in bed, I decide to give Buhle a ring. She doesn't answer the first call but the second one. "Hello?" Her soft voice fills my ears. I clear my throat. "Hey Buhle, its Sakhile." I say and she chuckles.

"Oh hey, thanks for taking me out. I needed that and I'm sorry for..." I chime in. "Its okay

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no need to apologize." I say and she goes silent. What now? "I just wanted to check if you're okay, that's all." I say and she chuckles once again. "I'm okay, just studying." She says.

I palm my face, of course she's studying. "Oh I'm so sorry, let me not disturb you then. Goodnight." I say. "Goodnight." She says. I hung up then lie down on my back.

That went well...

I shut my eyes and all I see is her, her voice fills my head. Events of today replay in my head. Starting with her locking eyes with me and calling out my name. And when I couldn't answer her question - how do I know so much about her?

I used to pay attention to her at school. I would see her purchasing vanilla and caramel flavoured ice cream with a

cinnamon stick and I'd take that ice cream from her and eat it in front of her if not drop it.

I didn't do that only, I'd always make sure to hurt her. I honestly don't fathom why I targeted her and only her but I did and I made sure to make her suffer each and every time I laid my eyes on her.

I was pretty nervous when she told me the boy who used to bully her was named Sakhile too, Sakhile Biyela to be specific. I thought she was saying that because she recognized me but she was just confiding in me.

I had my surname changed to Ngcobo when pops adopted me. My parents gave me up for adoption because they grew tired of me. They disowned me and supported the Nogxinas in sending me to Juvenile prison for a couple of months.

Not that I blame them, they probably had had enough problems to be dealing with me like fighting every night and smashing each other with bottles or drinking themselves to death and embarrassing me.

My biological father went as far as denying me for whatever reason I do not care about. If anything, I learnt what I did to Buhlebami from him but honestly, its my own fault.

I should've done better, been better. I should've prevented all that from happening.

She's going to hate me so much. She already said she will never forgive nor forget the person who bullied her now how in the world do I fix all of this?

I won't be able to live with this any longer and honestly, I don't want to lose her even if its only as a friend. She's the only realest friend I've ever had.

I grab my cellphone and text her *Let's do movies after your exams, I won't hit on you.* I cross my fingers and say a short prayer until my cellphone pings.

Sure friendo Her text reads. *Good luck with the rest of your exams then, sweet dreams* I chuckle then place my cellphone on my nightstand then doze off.

BUHLEBAMI

Things have been going well on my side. I'm finally done with my exams and I've been praying for Nka to get better and come back to me.

I'm taking his advice, to take it one step at a time. I had all my attention fully on my school work and I've been trying to avoid negativity.

Sakhile and I were growing closer with each day and I like having him as my friend, my first friend in forever other than Nka. Nkanyezi is my everything and I love him regardless of what's been going on, no one will take his place in my heart and I mean no one.

I pull out a white turtle neck body suit and a pair of caramel cargo pants accompanied by a pair of white and gold Versace snickers.

I'm going to the movies with Sakhile. I only kept on postponing because of my exams but now that I'm done, I'm giving this life thing a shot. Even though I wish Nkanyezi was with me, I'm taking his advice.

I've realized that I won't have him forever and that he won't always be around. I need to stop depending on him because if I lose him, it'll break me so hard that I won't be able to recover.

Once I'm done, I spray my curly hair, apply a fragrance then grab my bag and cellphone then rush out.

Downstairs, mom and dad are watching their local series in each other's arms, how I miss Nkanyezi Mnyanda and his ring always reminds me of him. Of course I never take it off.

I peck both their cheeks then check my cellphone. "You look good..." Mom compliments. "Thanks..." A text comes through and he tells me he's outside. "Let me get going, I'll see you later." I say rushing for the door.

"Be safe okay? Put that pepper spray to good use." Dad says and I just roll my eyes then rush to Sakhile.

He pulls me in for a hug and I take in his cologne. I feel so safe in his arms, if anything he's like a brother to me. "You're so short." He teases and I elbow him then we both laugh.

I noticed that he likes teasing me. "You look good." He compliments and I smile. "You have such a great body, why were you hiding it with those baggy lounge clothes?" He asks.

"Hey, I was depressed and I didn't mind my looks but thank you for the compliment. Shall we get going?" I ask and he nods.

Its the first time I'm in my clothes since I've moved back home and I feel good. Even though some of my clothes won't fit, even Nka's lounge wear is starting to fit me and that only means I'm gaining a lot of weight.

"I was thinking, animation." He says and I gasp. "Hey!" He chuckles. "You look like the animation type though." He says and I curl my lip. "See what I mean?" He asks still laughing.

"Okay okay... How about horror?" He asks. "No way, that only means I'll be clinging onto you throughout the movie." I say and he shrugs. "Well... Maybe I want you clinging onto me." He says and I poke his arm.

"You said you won't hit on me." I say and he laughs. "Its hard not to, you're so charismatic." He says and I can't help but to blush. I then look out the window, trying to hide my face.

"Okay I'm sorry, how about action? Romance will only sadden you and remind you of Nka so I'm thinking Birds of Prey? Or X-Men Dark Phoenix? Wonder Woman: 1984, Aladdin or even Avengers..." I chime in.

"John Wick: Chapter 3." I say. "How about Charlie's Angels: 2019 or even Men In Black: International?" He asks and I giggle. "I love John Wick so if that's fine with you, can we watch it?" I

ask and he nods. He looks nervous and that just makes me laugh.

"I'm the one who's supposed to be panicking." I say and watch as he forces a smile. "Sakhile its fine really, can we just focus on tonight and having fun?" I ask. He exhales then nods.

Why is he panicking? I'm the one who's supposed to be panicking because cinemas are full of people and they're dark, anything might happen to me there.

He finds the perfect parking spot and we head inside. I'm already clinging onto his arm and we're not even inside. "Hey calm down now would you?" I shake my head. How the hell does one do that?

I can't wait to get back to my sessions with Ntando because I'm starting to fuck up now. We finally enter Ster Kinekor and we choose a movie. He chooses John Wick in 4dx then pays for the tickets and we move on to the snacks.

We decide on ordering one box of popcorns, large drinks then lots of chocolates and candy. Hey, don't judge. I need all the sweetness I can get plus I was dying to have chocolate.

The movie will be presented in 3D so we get glasses before heading inside. We were told 4dx is not recommended for anyone with high blood pressure or a heart condition

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back or neck injuries.

We head inside just when the lights go out and everyone starts settling down and piling in.

4DX is fun alright, slightly silly but it was incredible. Between 4DX and IMAX, I can't choose really. "I really enjoyed tonight, thank you." I say looking down. "I enjoyed it too, let's go grab something to eat." He says wrapping his arm around me.

He leads me back to the car and we head to the nearest drive thru which is McDonald's, my all time favourite.

He gets up Big Foldevers, Chicken nuggets with jalapeño sauces, coke and Oreo McFlurries. "You're a big spender, aren't you?" I ask and he laughs.

"You're like a sister to me, I'll spend more if you want." He says and I coo at how sweet that sounded. "You did well tonight, I didn't see you panic whatsoever." He says. Come to think of it, he's right.

I'm glad I didn't have an episode tonight and that only means we're getting somewhere. "Thanks Sakhi, you're such a good soul." I say.

"By the way, I don't know how but I forgot to ask you this - did you go for a check up after the dinner we had?" He asks and I look at my nuggets before grabbing one and popping it inside my mouth.

"Buhlebami..."

"I didn't go. I forgot a lot of things because I was stressing. I even forgot to..." I trail off. I forgot to open the damn paperbag. Its been days and I hope Zinzi doesn't call to ask me about it.

"Sorry..." I apologize. He halts by the side of the road. "How are you doing?" He asks after turning to me. "I'm fine." I respond.

He shakes his head. "How are you doing like really, how do you feel emotionally, spiritually, physically, psychologically, how are you?" He asks and I caress my arm.

"I don't know but I'm most certainly not fine. My left fell apart the minute they took Nka away and nothing is really going well.

I'm getting strange private calls, I'm eating weird food, I get dizzy spells and I get so fatigued I just end up wishing I died on my accident.

It all gets to overwhelming and I just feel like a failure. I'm trying so hard to keep it together but I-I can't. All I want is my

Nka, he's the only thing that makes sense in my life right now."
I tell him then instantly wipe my tears.

"And his cousin, is he still bothering you?" He asks and I shake my head. I haven't spoken to him since I moved back home.

"Give me your phone." He orders and I hand it to him.

He opens his and taps the screen away before handing it back to me. "Next time the private number calls, you'll be able to see the number. If you want to know the person, send me the number." He says and I nod.

I won't even ask how he did that, he has naughtiness written all over him.

"How do you feel now?" He asks and I heave out a long sigh. Honestly, I feel better. I feel like the world has been taken off my shoulders and its all because of talking to someone.

SAKHILE

My cellphone rings as soon as I slide inside the car. I pick up and answer it, its Buhlebami. "Hey you..." I greet with a smile only to earn sobs from her.

"S-Sakh-ile..." She says from the other end of the line, sounds like she's crying. "Hey hey, are you crying?" I ask and she breaks into more tears.

She has one of the most heart breaking cries. I used to get satisfaction from hearing those cries and now she's breaking me, her cries are breaking my heart. Its no match to how I ruined her life but I can't bear to hear them. "Buhlebami, talk to me."

"I-I n-need you here." She manages to say in between her sobs. "Okay, I'm on my way alright? Stay wherever you are. Don't try anything, I'll be there in a couple of minutes." I say then hang up.

I start the engine then drive off and call dad. "Baba I'll come later on, something came up." I say. "Its okay son, your sister just got here. Finish up with whatever it is that is keeping you then come." He says. "Thanks." I hang up.

Dad has got to be one of the most placid people I've ever met. He always knows how to remain calm no matter the situation whereas I'm just freaking out.

She said she needs me!

She needs me to comfort her or to protect her or what? Why would she need me? -because you're her friend- of course, how can I forget? My head is literally running amok here.

As soon as I pull up in the drive way, I rush inside. I don't even knock on the door, I just open. "Buhlebami!" I call out. There's no one here, I rush up the staircase, calling out her name.

I kick every door open in search for her and I finally find her. She's curled up on one corner of the bedroom with her head in between her legs.

I kneel next to her then pull her in for a hug. She wraps her tiny arms around me then breaks into more tears. I don't know what else to do than to just caress her back hoping she'll get better.

She stops crying after a while and my T-shirt is drenched in her tears. I see God is slowly but surely punishing me. I scoop her up and place her on top of the bed. She hadn't uttered a word since I got here.

I head to the kitchen to make her lukewarm sugary water, it helps quite a lot in terms of making you feel better, especially after crying and sometimes you'll even fall asleep.

When I get to her room

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she's staring into space with her hands on her belly. "I-I can't do this on my own." She says almost in a whisper. "I thought I was careful but I'm not raising this baby on my own." She says.

So she really is pregnant...

I place the water on the nightstand then place my hands on her shoulders. "Look at me, look into my eyes." I order and she does. "Breathe in... Then out." I order and she does.

Once I see she has calmed down, I force her to drink the sugary water and she drinks them slowly. "Nkanyezi will get better and he'll be back for you and his child, alright?" I say and she nods.

"You just have to keep believing in him, okay? Just have faith in him, pray for him, alright? All will be well soon." I say and she shakes her head.

"Its been eleven weeks and I couldn't tell I was pregnant. I can't even protect myself, how am I going to protect my baby?" She asks.

"Calm down, okay?" She shakes her head. "I'm a child on my own, how am I going to mother this baby? My parents are going to be so disappointed in me." She mumbles the last part.

She wraps her arms around her belly. "What if that bully comes back and- and ruins my life all over again?" She asks and I instantly clear my throat.

If only she knew that the bully is already back and he's now in too deep. "Where are your parents?" I ask. "They're at work." She says and I nod.

In a few minutes, she's asleep. Her cellphone rings and it's Nkanyezi's mother.

I pick up the pregnancy tests on my floor then answer her cellphone, eleven weeks pregnant. "Hi ma." I greet her. "Hey Sakhile, is Buhlebami okay?" She asks.

"She took the tests and she freaked out when she found out she was pregnant but she's asleep." I tell her.

"How far is she?" She asks. "Eleven weeks." I tell her.

She orders me to stay with and look after her, she'll come for a visit later on in the day.

I know Nkanyezi's mother because he introduced me to her. I went to visit him the day after our supposed dinner and his mother was there.

Now the plan was definitely not to befriend Buhlebami but it might work in my favour so why not?

When I went to visit Nkanyezi regarding the dinner, I told him about Buhle passing out, vomiting and the dizzy spells and Zinzile figured she might've been pregnant so she got her a pregnancy test kit.

I also told them about Mpendulo and Zinzile was hurt. Mpendulo is her brother's son, he's typically Nkanyezi's older brother. She said she'd take care of it and I hope she does because the guy isn't backing off.

And now Buhlebami thinks 'Sakhile' might come back to hurt her and her unborn baby whereas I just want to apologize to her and possibly be her friend.

I hate myself for hurting her and I've been trying to be different from my father. I swore to never hurt anyone again without a valid reason. I swore to never lay my hands on a female no matter what.

I swore to protect them instead and seeing Buhlebami in this state is setting me ten steps back. I don't know how I'm going to do this but I am going to do it.

BUHLEBAMI

Zinzile got here as fast as she could along with Jason and their daughter Uminathi. Sakhile left as soon as they arrived. I'm currently in my room with Uminathi while Zinzi and Jace are talking with my parents.

She's really nice. She looks a lot like her mother but she has gray eyes and rich hair. She's kind and I like her. If I didn't know better, I'd say she's Zinzile's younger sister. She resembles her quite a lot.

"They're going to be so mad, they might even kick me out." I say softly before wiping my tears. "They might get frustrated or disappointed and if they do kick you out, just know it would be a rational decision." She says and I heave out a sigh.

"If Nka was here, he'd know what to do." I say fiddling with my ring. I miss him so much especially now that I'm pregnant. I was really hoping to finish school before falling pregnant but then again life happened.

"You really love him, don't you?" She asks and I nod vigorously. "Well he loves you quite a lot, more than mom and us. He'd always tell us about you and now I see why." She says and I quickly look away because I know my face will go tomato.

Not that I'm going to feel better. I hear the sound of breaking glass followed by a raised voice. I can tell its mother, I just can't comprehend what she's saying.

"Oh my goodness, she's upset." I say burying my face on the pillows. "Buhlebami..." She rests her hand on my back then starts caressing it. I can't help but to burst into tears.

The door barges open and I quickly sit up straight. Zinzile walks in with tears in her eyes. She perches up on the bed then takes my hands into hers. "Sweetie, I'm going to need you to pack your bags and everything else that you'll need, okay? Uminathi help her." She says then gets up.

"What's going on?" I ask. She shakes her head before letting her tears out. She frees my hands then quickly wipes them.

"Your mother is just upset, okay? You are coming with us until she calms down and allows you to come back." She says and I feel prickles in my eyes.

"She kicked me out?" I ask and she nods. "Let's just give her time to cool off, okay?" I instantly hug my knees to my chest then bury my head in between my thighs.

I knew she'd kick me out. I disappointed her and on top of that, she hates Nkanyezi with all her might.

"Its going to be alright sweetie, its going to be alright." She says before getting up from the bed. Just when I thought my relationship with my mother was starting to get better this happens.

I sit back and watch as they pack my clothes, toiletries, school items and everything else I'll need.

First it was Nka and now this. I quickly wipe my tears then reach for my ringing cellphone, its my grandmother. I haven't spoken

to her in such a long time, I guess mother called her and told her everything.

"Hello?" I say after answering. "Hey sugarplum, are you okay?" She asks. I shut my eyes then cover my mouth before nodding. She shakes her head.

"I spoke to your mother and she told me everything." She says. She's going to bash me too for falling pregnant and for dating Nkanyezi who happens to be the son of the man who murdered her son in the most brutal way.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. I don't know how it happened, I thought I had it under control." She shakes her head. "I'll catch a flight once I'm done with everything here, okay?" I nod vigorously.

"You just stay calm and take care of yourself. I'll be there in a few days time, okay my sugarplum?" I nod. "Granny loves you, okay?" I nod. "I love you too." She hangs up and I throw the phone to the side.

"Let's get going." Zinzi says and Uminathi helps me get up from the bed. I slide my slippers on then we walk out with them dragging two suitcases. Once down the staircase, Jason and dad take my bags and head out.

Zinzile goes back up to fetch the rest. Mother is just sitting on the couch and staring at the television with her arms folded against her chest and her feet on the table. "Let's go." Umi says and I just walk further.

Zinzile gets back with the rest of my things and Jason packs them inside the car. Dad pulls me in for a hug and I can't help but to break into more tears. "I'm sorry tata, I didn't mean to disappoint you." I say in between my sobs and he just hushes me.

"Just promise me you'll take care of yourself and I'll be fine. I'll try talking to your mother and..." I chime in. "I'm sorry." I apologize. I know once mom makes up her mind, she's done.

He breaks the hug. "Promise you'll call me everyday and I'll come visit you whenever I can." He says and I nod vigorously. "I promise." I say softly.

He pulls me in for one last hug and pecks my forehead. I open the door and step inside the car. Everyone else is already inside.

The car starts to move and I can't help but to shed more tears. Umi pulls me in for a hug and caresses my arm as my tears drench her clothes.

Zinzi rests her head on Jace's arm and I hear her sniff. I get that she had a rough past and her mother didn't support her through it all instead she blamed her.

This must be taking a toll on her too, it must be heavy on her. My situation might remind her of hers.

I feel like I'm reliving her life in a different way though, both Nka and I.

BUHLEBAMI

I wipe the last plate before stacking it on top of the rest. I drain all the water out then wipe my hands and start packing the dishes.

I couldn't sleep so I waited for everyone to go to bed and did the dishes to clear my head then hopefully, I'll be able to sleep.

"Buhlebami?" I turn to look behind me and come to sight with Zinzi, Jace and Umi. "What are you doing?" Zinzile asks and I gulp down my saliva and look away.

"I-I couldn't sleep so I thought I should do the dishes." I say. She chuckles then shakes her head and turns to Jace. "Go back to bed." She says to him.

Uminathi is the first to walk out. She pecks his lips before he walks off and I caress my arm. I miss Nkanyezi so bad that I feel jealous when I see his parents together.

She takes two cups, pours milk in them then warms them up. She awaits the milk to warm up then pours honey, stirs, hands me one cup then we head to the lounge.

"Warm milk is good for pregnant women, Jace used to make it for me because I had insomnia and he'd get tired from staying up until I fell asleep." She says, that was so sweet of him.

"Your mother is just upset sweetie, she'll come around." She says and I just sigh. "I know she's upset but did you see the look on dad's face? He's so defeated and tired. He's drained and fed up, its all my fault." She shakes her head.

"You know you're lucky to have a dad like him, who supports and loves you. Seeing you two hug it out made me feel somewhat. On the other hand, my father abused and molested me and I killed him.

Jace had to be my friend, my brother, my father and my lover and it was taking a toll on him.

Just like your mother, my mother wasn't supportive at all. Had I not lost my memory, I don't know what would've happened to me but she came around and we made peace." She says and I wipe my tears.

"Just give her time and she'll come around. This is taking a toll on your father but just give them time

everything will be fine. Nkanyezi will be back soon and I'm hoping we can sort out our differences because we'll become a family." She says.

I can't help but to smile then sip from my cup. "I can't wait to see him." I say and she chuckles. "Its only a few more days then he'll be out. He'll be home for Christmas and the new year. He'll be thrilled to know he's going to be a father." She says and I giggle.

I hope so too. He did confess to not liking the idea of me taking pills nor did he want to use protection. This guy was trying to impregnate me all the while and I couldn't even see it.

"Uhm... Please don't tell him that I'm pregnant? I want to tell him myself." I say. She smiles then nods. "Of course."

I scan her and watch as she runs her finger over the mug. I bite the insides of my cheeks. "Ma..." She looks up and smiles. "Yes dear?"

"Please tell me about you and Jace. How you two met and how you made it through life together?" She grins. Nka has told me already but I want to hear it from her, from Jace too if possible.

She places her mug on the table then opens her arms for me. I rest my head on her bosom and she wraps her arms around me.

"I was fresh from prison. I was arrested for stabbing my father to death while trying to protect myself from him." She says and I notice the change of tone in her voice and I look up. She's staring at the wall with watery eyes.

"There was so much blood, a lot of blood. My bed was covered with both our blood, my clothes, his clothes and even the floor." She says before tears roll out of her eyes.

"Both your blood?" I ask and she nods vigorously. "I didn't know it but I was pregnant with his baby and I miscarried. There was so much blood and I was in so much pain." She says and I swallow hard. I'm starting to feel emotional as well.

How does a man do that to his own daughter? His blood?

"How did it get to that, I mean him having interest in you?" I ask. "I actually don't know. All of this started on my eighteenth birthday. He got so drunk that night he even snuck into my room. He had the audacity to molest his own daughter under the same roof as his wife and his son." She says.

"Do you think he found you attractive?" I ask and she shrugs. "It could be that, maybe he was just waiting for me to be legal so he could have his way with me." She says.

"I thought it would stop but it didn't. He kept on coming back and for the entire year, no one helped me. Mother started hating me and my brother did nothing about it. I would confide in him but he made no effort to help me out and save me from such misery." She says.

"Do you hate him?" I ask and she nods then wipes her tears.
"With every fiber of my being. I will never forgive him for what he did to me." She says.

"How do you do it? How do you put on such a brave face and face the world with such history?" I ask. She places her hand on my cheek.

"I may look fine but I'm not entirely at peace. I've been trying to forgive him for the past twenty eight years but I'm failing. Jason and my children are my sanity. They kept me going and I kept them going.

When I found out I was pregnant with Uminathi, I wanted to make sure that she'd grow up in a warm home full of tender loving care. I didn't want to be a bad mother and Jason a bad

father. We wanted to reflect our love on our children so they'd grow up knowing we love and support them." She says.

"We'd do anything for our family. And by that I mean ANYTHING." She adds on. I gulp down at the thought of uncle Menzi.

After being molested by her father, she was molested by a Landokuhle guy followed by my uncle.

She means it when she says they'd do anything for their family. Jace burnt my uncle to ashes for molesting, kidnapping Zinzi and for wanting to turn her into a prostitute.

He went on and killed his sister's abusive husband for abusing Alexa and their daughter, also for harming Nkanyezi.

I mean this guy burns people a lot.

I place my hands on my belly. I would die if my child was to go through such, I myself wouldn't survive it. "Thank you for taking

me in and I'm sorry for opening up old wounds." I say and she just smiles.

"Should I continue? I'll tell you how we met." She says and I grin then nod. I lie back down on her bosom as she narrates the story of her life and I'm in tears throughout.

This milk stuff really works. "Let's get you to your room." She says helping me up.

Once inside my room, she tucks me in before leaving the room. She's too kind and compassionate for a woman who has a rough past like hers. I wouldn't survive the life she lived, luckily love rescued her.

Jace helped her through it all. I actually want to hear more about them, they're quite fascinating their story that is, is very interesting.

I shut my eyes and await sleep to wash over me.

BUHLEBAMI

Grandma pulls me in for a tight hug then pecks my forehead. "How's my sugarplum doing?" She asks and I just tighten my hold around her. "Its going to be okay, I'm going to fix this." She says and I just nod.

"Where's mom?" I ask. "She'll be down any minute now." She says then leads us to the lounge.

We're having a family meeting to talk about everything that went down a few days back and in the past.

Daddy kept his promise and he'd come check on me when he could. I haven't spoken to Sakhile in a while. I sent him the number of that private caller and he never got back to me ever since. I hope he's alright.

I haven't seen him since he found out I'm pregnant. I hope he's not mad at me, I mean he's just a friend to me and nothing else. Although he sometimes just freaks me out.

I sit in between Zee and Jace and she wraps her arm around me and I rest my head on her bosom. I think it's safe to say that I've grown very close to Nka's parents and his sister too.

His aunt also likes me as well as his cousin Amanda. I haven't seen Mpendulo since I've moved here and I don't know if he's the one calling me but I hope not, I'm not looking for trouble, I just want my Nka.

Mother comes walking down the staircase with dad following behind and my breathing hitches. I stiffen then break into shivers as fear washes over me.

That look she has on is creeping me out. She's looking at me with hatred and disgust if not disappointment. She looks like she hasn't gotten any sleep and her eyes are swollen and teary.

Her nose is scarlet as well as her ears. She sits next to dad and the room goes dead quiet. Grandma clears her throat before talking. "Thank you all for joining us today. I must say, I never thought I would have to face the Mnyanda family again." She says and her voice breaks.

Though she had entirely given up on uncle Menzi and his selfish ways, he was still his one and only son. She loved him and him dying like that killed me. "Seems like the two families are bound to be joined together." She adds on.

"We do understand that we never come to this house with good news but they're always agonizing news, that was never our intentions whatsoever." Jace says and dad nods.

Mother is staring into space with fresh tears rolling down her cheeks. "May we please not punish our children for our mistakes." Zinzile says.

"You got my brother killed, your son almost killed my daughter, he made the rest of her life miserable then he comes back and

claims to love her now look at the results, she's pregnant."
Mother says calmly. I must say, I expected her to shout.

"They love each other." Zinzile says. "They love each other? You call whatever it is that they're doing love?" Mother asks. "Okay, let's all calm down. This is going to be a fair and placid meeting.

I'm going to give everyone a chance to speak their mind then we'll all come up with a solution. Sugarplum you'll go last."
Grandma says.

"I'm not a fan of the Mnyanda family after what went on with my late son and my one and only grand daughter. However, I do not believe children should suffer for their parents' sins.

Buhlebami fell pregnant before she even graduated. I for one am disappointed in her because I only wished she could settle down first before having a child.

I was hoping she'd get over her fears and find a job first before thinking of starting a family but it doesn't help to cry over spilt milk.

We shouldn't be blaming her for this, I believe both parties were careless and absent minded." Grandma says.

"Agreed. We have no problem with the Nogxina family whatsoever. Till this day, I do not regret murdering Menzi but I do however understand your pain. I know how it feels like to lose your own blood.

Nonetheless, we take full responsibility for my son who unfortunately couldn't make it. My son has wronged your family and so we'll pay damages for her and possibly dowry because my son wants to marry her." Jace says and I can't help but to smile.

"Over my dead body." Mom mumbles. "Oh would you please shut up

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Amara!" Grandma yells referring to mom. She folds her arms across her chest then looks away.

"I can attest to my son wanting to marry Buhlebami. They love each other and there's nothing any of us but them can do about that.

I believe and I've said this already but trying to separate them will only make them stronger. They'll end up defying their elders for the sake of being together.

Unfortunately, I do not support Lusanda's decision to kick her own daughter out. That was a stupid ass move to make on your daughter but please, if you're going to mistreat her and punish her for carrying Nkanyezi's child then we'll gladly pay dowry then take her in as our bride." Zinzile says and I turn into a blushing mess all over again.

Mrs Nkanyezi Mnyanda, has a nice ring to it.

"Agreed. I also do not support my wife's decision to kick our daughter out, especially without talking to me first. It was not only disrespectful to me as your husband but it was also selfish to your one and only daughter.

She was wrong. She defied and disappointed us but we all know that its more than that to you. You have this sudden anger that you keep venting on the Mnyandas and you're not only pushing them, you're punishing your daughter and I.

This family is slowly breaking apart and its all your doing. You obviously won't see it and that's because you don't want to see it. You never want to be at fault, Lusanda and I'm starting to get sick of it.

Please fix yourself or I'm walking out of this marriage. We cannot live like this any longer. Talk to us, make us understand and let's fix this as a family. Buhlebami is coming back home and you will treat her like you used to. That will be all." Father says and I quickly wipe my tears.

"Do you have anything to say?" Grandma asks and mom remains quiet, still staring into space. Tears roll down her cheeks and she quickly wipes them.

"Can I say something then?" I ask and grandma nods. I clear my throat then sit up straight.

"I'm sorry for disappointing all of you and I won't even try to justify my actions because there was no excuse." I say then swallow hard.

"I'm going to continue with school and Nka will help me get over my fears when he comes back. I'm going to graduate and sort my life out but with this baby in my life.

I know that was not part of the plan but sometimes things go awry and you're forced to take another route. Mama I love Nkanyezi, a lot even. I know what he did to me but I forgave him.

I don't know about you but I think it's unfair that you hate the Mnyandas so much. I'll never be able to understand your pain but I hope you manage to forgive them or at least allow Nka and I to try this life thing together and see where we end up.

I don't have to come back to the house as yet, I don't know if I'm allowed back here but can you at least accept the damages with a open heart, as well as my dowry.

I know you love me, I love you too. You're my mother and that will never change, no matter what but please, I'm begging you. Give him a chance, give them a chance.

I'm not saying they were not wrong but just do it for me. If you no longer want me in your life then please do this for me and I'll take it from there." I beseech.

"And what will happen if he doesn't want to marry you any longer? Does he even know that you're pregnant?" She snaps and I swallow hard.

"Mama please..." She shakes her head. "I wonder what they did to you... Is it because they have all the money in the world? Well tough my dear because we don't have that kind of money. I won't be able to fund this newly discovered lifestyle of yours and I will not be part of any of this." She says then gets up.

"Out of my house. From now on, these are your parents. Zinzile is your mother and Jason your father." She says. I feel fresh tears streaming down my cheeks followed by abdominal pains. I wrap my arms around my belly before screaming in pain.

NKANYEZI

"Why are you so calm?" Mom asks and I ignore her. I turn back to wami and rake her curly hair. I was hoping to spend more time with her when I returned and by that I mean with her conscious. And seeing her lying on this bed with both her hands on her belly, I don't know.

"How far is she?" I ask. "She's twelve weeks, three months." She responds. Its too early for her to be stressing like this. I'm trying to keep my cool but this is all too much.

Ahlume being back in town is going to kill her even more. As for Sakhile, I don't know how she'll feel about that. She can't lose our baby and I can't lose them both. "Nkanyezi are you even listening to me?" Mother asks and I just heave out a sigh.

I get up from my seat. "I'm going to meet Sakhile, call me if anything happens." I say then head to the door. Just then, Lusanda, Melusi and whom I assume is wami's grandma walk in.

I block their way and glare at Lusanda. "What are you doing here?" I ask. She opens her mouth to say something but words fail her. "I asked you a question." I say as soft as I can.

She covers her mouth as more tears stream down her cheeks. "Okay, you're not getting in." I say and she shakes her head. I make way for the grandma and wami's father.

"She's my daughter and I'm going in there." She agitates. I fold my arms then raise my brow. "Need I remind you that you disowned her? Need I tell you that this is all your fault?" I ask and watch as she gulps down her saliva.

"Mrs Nogxina, I see you're tired of raising your own child so what I'll do is that I'll marry her and you'll never see her again. This is your last chance to make peace with her and if you decide not to, you can go jump in a lake." I bump into her as I walk away.

Once inside my car, I grip on the steering wheel and rest my head back. I clench my jaws as a lone tear escapes my eye.

She's fine and the baby is fine. She'll wake up soon, just have faith. I quickly wipe my tear before driving off to Sakhile's house.

I need to fix this shit before wami awakens. I don't want her to stress any further although she'll have to know that Ahlume is back and Sakhile Ngcobo is actually Sakhile Biyela but I'll tell her once everything is under control.

I pull up then head inside. He's seated on the couch with his head buried in his hands. He looks up and gets up. We share a manly hug. "Thanks man." I thank him and he nods.

"It's the least I could do." He says. I look around. "Where is she?" I ask. He walks off and I follow him to the bedroom. He opens the door and she quickly looks up.

She jumps off the bed then runs to me. She wraps her arms around me and breaks into tears. I look at Sakhile and he shrugs. I hesitantly hug her back and caress her back. "I'm sorry..." She apologizes.

"I didn't mean to... I shouldn't have done that to you." She adds on. "Please leave us for a few minutes." I say to Sakhile. He nods then walks out. I shut the door then carry her back to the bed.

She's badly beaten up and she's... Pregnant? Maybe she gained weight. I lie next to her and she wraps her arms around me. I remain quiet until she stops crying, my shirt is now drenched in her tears.

"Tell me everything, right from the beginning." I say. She looks at me and places her hand on my cheek. I grab her wrist and remove her hand from my cheek and she looks at me in shock.

"You really moved on? You didn't even wait to hear my side of the story?" She asks. What was she expecting? She ghosted me. She blocked me and she didn't get back to me until a few months later.

"I fell in love so why not?" I ask and she shakes her head. "She'll never be me, Nkanyezi." She says. "I don't want her to be you

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she's perfect just the way she is." I say.

"Does she fuck you like I used to? Does she cook for like I did?" She asks. "She's even better." I say. She jolts up and kneels in front of me.

"Don't say that." She sobs and I heave out a sigh. "I love you, Nkanyezi." She says cupping my cheeks and I stiffen. "Ahlume, I don't want to hurt you." I say removing her hands on my cheeks.

"I want you to hurt me. Vent your anger out on me for hurting you then forgive me and give us another chance. Please baby, please." She beseeches.

"Ahlume, stop it." I say sternly. "Nkanyezi I..." I chime in. "I said stop it!" I yell. "I don't love you and I don't want you back." I add on and she shakes her head.

She takes her robe off. "Nkanyezi please..." She beseeches. I grab a hold of her waist, pin her down on the bed then hover over her. Her breathing hitches. "I don't want you, Ahlume." I whisper in her ear before getting off the bed and making my way to the door.

I halt in my tracks. "Why did you cheat on me?" I ask then turn to face her. "With my cousin might I add?" She looks down. "I loved you, Ahlume." I say. "I'm sorry, Nkanyezi." She apologizes.

I look at her belly. "Is it mine?" I ask and she shakes her head. "Its... Its Mpendulo's baby." She says then covers herself up with her robe. I nod.

"And why did he beat you up?" I ask. "I don't know. He started having this interest in your girlfriend and that's when he started beating me up." She says. "It all started three months ago." She adds on.

"That's when I went to the asylum." I say and she nods. "He has pictures of her everywhere, as if he's stalking her and whenever I'd ask about her he'd beat me up." She says.

"Why didn't you leave him?" I ask. "I couldn't. He was going to kill me, he told me so himself. He even went as far as threatening my family. I'm sorry but your cousin is a psychopath." She says.

That he is. First he takes Ahlume now he wants Buhlebami? I open the door. "I'll have him arrested for attempted murder, assault, stalking and woman abuse. I'll then see to it that you get the help you need but I don't want to see you ever again, am I clear?" I ask then make my way out.

I look at Sakhile. "Are you going to tell her or should I?" I ask. "I don't know. I want to tell her but she's going to start panicking and stresses over the whole issue. I don't want her to miscarry." He says and I nod.

"I'll tell her, let's hope she forgives you." I say. "What about Mpendulo?" He asks. "I'll deal with him myself. I'll send Ahlume back to Cape Town once Buhlebami gets better." I say.

"Are you going to tell her?" He asks and I nod. "We promised to keep no secrets from each other." I say. My cellphone rings and its mom. "Zee." I say after answering.

"She's awake and she wants to see you." She says. "I'm on my way." I say then hang up and rush out.

BUHLEBAMI

I wrap my arms tightly around him and shut my eyes as I burst into tears. He wraps his arms around me and I grit my teeth. He breaks the hug and cups my cheeks. "Hey wami..." He greets with a weak smile.

"H-hi." I greet back and place my hand on top of his. "How are you?" He asks caressing my cheeks with his thumbs. His eyes are a lighter shade of grey and are glistening with tears.

He looks good, better than ever. He cut the sides of his hair and neatly combed it and he has a beard, a neatly trimmed beard that makes him look more intimidating than he used to look. It also highlights his toned jawline and allows the colour of his lips to pop.

I smile at him. "I'm... I'm fine." I say placing my hand on my belly. "I missed you." He says and I instantly feel my cheeks heating up and I look away. I earn a chuckle from him before he wipes my tears away.

"Look at me..." He says softly and I hesitantly do. He has that big grin on his face, one that will make you feel as though nothing will ever go awry in your life.

You know that grin that makes you fall in love all over again? One that sends shivers down your spine and leave you no choice but to succumb to its beauty.

I shift my eyes from his and stare at his lips. They're as luscious as they'll ever be and I just want them all mine. His presence was all I needed for I have forgotten all of my problems.

I just want him close to me. I want to feel him all over me and I want him to peck my forehead and tell me everything is going to be alright.

As if he read my mind, our lips collide and I feel my insides tumbling. He's kissing me slowly and passionately. I wrap my arms around his neck whilst he wraps his around my waist.

He breaks the kiss and rests his head on the crook of my neck, his warm breath causing me to break into chills. "I love you so much Wami." He whispers in my ear. "I love you too." I whimper as I break into more tears.

He tightens his hold around my waist and I feel my gown getting wet. I force him to raise his head and he's crying. Why is he crying because I'm the one who's supposed to be crying.

"Nka..." He pecks my forehead then presses his gently against mine. "I'm going to fix this, okay? I'm going to fix all of this and... We'll be fine." He whispers. "What are you talking about?" I ask and he pecks my lips.

"We'll be fine, you, me and our blip. I wasn't hoping to arrive with you in hospital and everything else out of order but I know its all my fault and I'll fix it." He says and I shake my head.

"None of this is your fault. Stop blaming yourself, its tampering with your treatment." I say.

"I'm going to marry you..." He says trying to change the subject.
"Nkanyezi..." He heaves out a sigh.

"Anything could've happened to you and/or our baby because your mother disowned you. That was my fault." He says. "None of this is your fault, we're suffering for our parents' sins here, can't you see?"

As hurt as I am with everything going on, I'll have to adhere to the circumstances and leave things be. Mother hates Nkanyezi so bad but I love him and there's nothing I can do about that. I can't leave him, we need each other and the heart wants what it wants. We'll always go back to each other.

"I need to tell you something." He says and I break into shivers then unwrap my arms around his neck and sit back down on the bed. This doesn't look like good news.

"I know this is not the right time to say this but if I don't tell you now then there'll never be a right time. Also, I don't want us to come back here unless its necessary." He says. Yeah, these are bad news.

"If anything, just know that I love you more than you can imagine and I'll protect you no matter what. You are my life, as well as our little blip, okay? Nothing will change that." He says.

"Please promise me you'll remain calm as I break these news down to you so you don't hurt yourself or the baby." He says and I look at him. His eyes are darker than usually. This is not good. "I-I promise." I stutter.

He's leaving me
isn't he?

He perches up on the bed and I rest my head on his chest, after all this might be the last time I get to do this. He wraps his arm around me then pecks my forehead.

"Ahlume is back in town for she's in distraught." He says and I instantly raise my head from his chest. "You want to go back to her?" I ask.

"No wami, I'm not going back to her." He says and I just nod and look away. "Come here..." He says and I rest my head back on his chest. "See, she's pregnant and..." I raise my head again and give him a glare.

I can feel my heart tearing asunder as tears flood out of my eyes and I start to wheeze. "Wami..." I shake my head. "She can't be pregnant unless... Unless you lied to me. You cheated on me, Nka. I trusted you with my heart, my life." I say weakly.

"Wami, listen to me..." I chime in. "You want to lie to me again? I don't want to see you ever again. Please leave, along with your family. I should've listened to mom." I say.

"Buhlebami!" He snaps and I jump in fear. He grabs a hold of my hands and presses them together. "I didn't cheat on you and I would never do that to you. I must admit, our relationship started off on a wrong patch and I didn't tell you about Ahlume but I'm telling you now.

She's pregnant yes but its not mine. Its Mpendulo's baby." He says and I feel my face heating up. I just accused him of

cheating on me with his ex, he's going to think I don't trust him and I just endangered my baby's life like that.

Wait, what? "Your ex and your cousin?" I ask and he nods. Mpendulo is more like Nkanyezi's big brother, what's wrong with him? Does he always go after Nka's girlfriends because I remember he tried to sleep with me.

And the night he came to check up on me he was busy telling me about Ahlume and how beautiful she is, oh my goodness!

"Ahlume left for Cape Town but she left with Mpendulo. They've been dating if I may call it for quite some time and I think its safe to say I was sharing her with my cousin." He says. How do girls do that? Where's self respect in all of that? But I'm not one to judge.

"Sakhile has been tracing and tracking the private number that has been calling you and it led him to Cape Town so he left for Cape Town and this is what he found..." He says handing me his cellphone.

I smile at the wallpaper before unlocking it with my fingerprint and I'm met by a picture of Nka and I except there's a cross over Nka.

You don't do that on a picture of someone who's still alive, what?

I swipe to see the next pictures and I'm shook. "Why? Who did this?" I ask. "Mpendulo. He's taken after his grandfather to be a pervert." He says. "You mean Zinzile's dad?" I ask and he nods.

"Let me get to the point. Sakhile found Ahlume badly injured and unable to move locked up in Mpendulo's penthouse in Cape Town and he took her with him.

She's in a very bad state and we're going to help her recover. I'll make sure Mpendulo is sent to prison before any harm comes to you nor our baby." He says and I nod.

Of course he'll help her, she's his ex. They've once shared something special and she'll always be in his heart. I don't mean

he shouldn't help her but... I'm a little jealous here, what if they do something and...

"Don't worry, we'll do this thing together. We'll do everything together, okay? I don't want to stress you any further and I promise you, I don't love her anymore. I swear I stopped loving her the day I laid my eyes on you." He says and I feel my cheeks heat up. That's a lie yet it still made me blush.

"Let me get you a doctor so we can get out of here." He says then pecks my lips and gets out of bed.

"Nka..." I call out and he halts in his tracks. "Lock the door." I tell him. He furrows his brows. "I don't..." I chuckle. "Lock the door and come back here." I say.

I take the hospital gown off then wink at him. He chuckles then throws his head back. "You know I strongly advice against that, especially when you're supposed to be resting." He says and I chuckle as I watch him lock the door.

"Then why are you locking the door?" I ask. "Because its hard to resist." He says then walks back to me. I cup his cheeks then kiss him. "You're going to hurt yourself..." He murmurs against my lips and I giggle.

"You'll be gentle." I say before locking our lips once again.

BUHLEBAMI

I'm looking at my belly with the scan still in my hand. I can't believe it. I can't believe it'll grow and I'll have to push it out. I can't believe any of this.

I've always wanted a family but maybe this is all too soon, I most certainly wasn't ready and it just happened to happen.

I skipped. The time Nka dissociated and I had to stall him then he was taken away. I was too saddened and distracted to take the contraceptives and I was ovulating. What a coincidence.

I locked myself in my bedroom since we got here. I don't think I'll be able to see mom, I mean Lusanda since she went on and disowned me.

A knock on the door disturbs my thoughts. It slides open and dad makes his way in. He closes the door and I quickly cover my belly with my shirt.

He looks weak, like he's ready to be taken away by god.

He perches up on the bed. "Aren't you joining us for dinner?"

He asks and I shake my head. "We're not hungry." I say. Food is the last thing on my mind.

"You have to eat and take care of yourself." He says. "Are you taking care of yourself?" I ask him and he looks away. "This is not about me." He says.

"But its affecting you. Its affecting our family and your marriage. Its affecting your relationship with your daughter. Can't you be selfish for once and take care of yourself? I don't want to lose you." I say then fight back my tears.

"Please come and eat with me then." He beseeches. I sigh then nod and slide my slippers on and follow him to the living room.

Its quiet.

I head to the kitchen and warm up my food. I'm surprised she even dished up for me or counted me in on the food. After warming it up I sit on the high chair and start eating.

I won't be able to sit with them in there as if everything is alright. I'm even starting to doubt this food, she must've poisoned it, why would she dish up for me?

I swear if anything happens to my baby, I'm going to kill myself. I rub my small bump then rest on the counter. "Buhlebami..." I'm startled by mom who's now next to me.

"Don't be scared, its me." She says trying to touch me but I cringe. She refrains. "Your grandmother wants to see you." She says. I nod then follow her out of the kitchen and sit next to grandma.

I curl up then rest my head on her thighs while she rakes my hair. I really miss Nkanyezi even though I don't understand why he brought me here. "How are you feeling?" She asks.

"I'll be fine." I say. She smiles. "Good. I had a talk with your mother at the hospital and she couldn't talk to you while you were still unconscious." She says and I raise my head.

"You two need to talk and sort your differences out. None of this is good for any of us." She says and I nod in agreement. "Are you willing to talk things out?" She asks. I glare at mom then nod hesitantly.

"Okay, let's leave you to it then." Grandma says. She pecks my forehead then gets up along with dad and they evacuate the room.

I'm left with mom and I can feel her eyes on me while I'm just having a staring contest with the now blank television screen. "Buhlebami..." She calls out and I look down.

I'm biting the insides of my cheeks while fiddling with my fingers. I can't bring myself to look at her. "I'm sorry for disappointing you and for bringing shame to this family. I don't blame you for disowning me." I blurt out softly.

The room goes quiet.

I quickly wipe my tears. "Come and sit here with me." She says. I hesitantly get up from my seat and perch up next to her. "Come here." She says opening her arm.

I curl up then rest my head on her thighs and she plays with my hair. "You know why we resemble each other and why I look so young? Its because I had you when I was just a teenager." She says and I nod. I know that.

"I know you're not a teenager but a young adult. In actual fact, you have disappointed us because we wanted you to finish school and find yourself a job. Buy a car and a house before thinking of starting a family but we never saved room for disappointment." She says.

"Just like marriage, a child is a blessing, not an achievement. If God decides to bless you with one then who are we to defy him and his wishes?" She asks.

"So why are you doing this to me?" I ask, my voice shaky. She caresses my back. "The Mnyanda family. I have this unexplainable anger towards them than even I don't understand." She says causing me to sit up straight.

"I don't know how mom did it but I'm failing to forgive them. Whenever I see them, the anger and the hatred deteriorates." She says looking into space.

"I never thought Menzi could be so cruel and so I didn't believe everything they said about him. Even if he did all of that he didn't deserve to die in that manner." She says then sniffs.

"Is that all that's bothering you?" I ask and she shakes her head. "I was shattered when I found out you were pregnant and I just lost it. You once chose Nkanyezi over me, I thought this was the last straw. I thought you were going to choose them over us and so I acted before you and just disowned you." She says.

This woman is absurd.

"Mama, I was just mad at you for trying to separate Nkanyezi and I. I love Nkanyezi but I wouldn't really choose between my family and his. You've all played important roles in my life and in terms of choosing, I wouldn't be able to do it.

Whoever wants to be in my life will have to stay and accept the situation or else leave and I'll set them free." I say. She chuckles.

"I don't want to lose you and I want to be on your life, together with my grandchild. Not that I now like Nkanyezi and his family but for your sake, I'll just accept the situation." She says and I smile. I don't want to get my hopes high.

"I didn't expect you to react like that when I disowned you and when I saw you on that hospital bed, I realized that I don't want to lose you. Life is too short and I don't want to die holding grudges." She says.

"He loves you, I saw it in his eyes. He's willing to do anything for you, he's willing to protect you. I know how much you also love him and you're good for each other. I'll leave you guys be and

accept your dowry with open arms but can you tell him to wait for a couple of weeks, I want to spend time with my daughter." She says and I chuckle in disbelief.

"I'm sorry, what?" I ask.

"You're my daughter and no matter what I say, you'll always remain my daughter and I love you." She says then pulls me in for a hug and I can't help but to cry.

Not all mothers can have the courage to apologize to their children. Some would rather mop the ocean than to apologize nor let their children live their lives the way they want to.

"I love you too." I say and she tightens the hug. She then pecks my forehead and earns a giggle from me.

"Now, can I see my grandchild." She says. I take out the scan from my pocket then hand it to her.

I love how honest she was with her feelings, she didn't hide the fact that she still doesn't like Nkanyezi and I don't want to push it so I'll leave it as is. "I'm too young to be a grandmother." She says. We both laugh then wipe our tears.

I'm so grateful right now but...

Am I wrong to fear that she might tear it in pieces and say 'psych'?

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NKANYEZI

She's asleep and she looks so peaceful. God knows how much I love this young lady right next to me.

I heave out a sigh then peck her forehead and caress her arm. "I love you so much and I'll protect you and our baby with my life." I whisper. I hear her chuckle. "I love you too." She says then opens her eyes.

We lock contact but she instantly looks away, her cheeks turning rosy. She turns her back at me and looks the other way. I can't believe she's still so shy even after all this time.

I wrap my arms around her waist then peck her naked back. "Go back to sleep." I whisper and she moans. "I'm hungry." I chuckle then shake my head, she's eating for two which means she always wants to eat.

"Go back to sleep, I'll get you something to eat." I tell her. "I'm craving a chicken and peanut butter sandwich." She says and I furrow my brows. What the hell?

"Baby..." She turns to me. "Please love." She says softly. She rakes my hair using her fingers then pecks my lips and instantly looks away, her cheeks turning rosy. "Okay fine, what do you want to drink?" I ask.

"Coke." She says. "No caffeine Wami." I tell her and she curls her lip. "Passion fruit lemonade." She mumbles. I peck her lips then jolt off the bed. "Sleep then, I'll bring you whatever it is that you want." I say.

She nods then lies down while I put my joggers on and head downstairs to fix her her sandwich. Its always good having her here.

I warm up the left over chicken breast then shred it and mix it up with peanut butter for her while I put two slices of bread in the toaster.

I quickly fix her the lemonade and do the finishing touches. This doesn't look edible at all but fine, let's do this.

I place everything on a tray and add in a rose to be a little romantic then head up to our room. She's asleep, she must be really tired. I place the tray on her nightstand then tickle her feet.

"Nka, stop it." She mumbles then covers her head with the duvet. "Wami come on." I beseech. "Leave me alone, I want to sleep." She cries.

What?

"Wami, I thought you were hungry." I say and she removes the covers. "I am but I'm also tired and its your fault." She agitates as she sits up straight. She takes the tray and places it on her laps then starts eating.

What is going on?

"Wami, why are the crying?" I ask. She glares at me then continues eating like she hasn't eaten in days. "Want some?" She asks and I shake my head. "Are you going to tell me why you're crying?" I ask.

"I couldn't sleep last night. I thought mom was going to kill me in my sleep." She says and I can't help but to laugh at her, why would she do that? "But I thought you guys fixed things." I say and she nods.

"I did but now that grandma is gone, I don't trust her." She says. I shake my head. "You're her one and only daughter and its me she hates, not you so she wouldn't hurt you in anyway." I tell her.

"And your baby is restless." She adds on. I shake my head and watch as she finishes up the last of her food and gulps the lemonade down in one go.

"Let's sleep then." I tell her. She does look tired, like she hadn't had proper sleep in days. I wrap my arms around her then peck her forehead. "Is Mpendulo arrested yet?" She asks and I nod.

Ahlume opened a case against him as soon as possible and he was arrested early this morning. Hopefully, his father will let him set this one out before he hurts anymore people.

Uncle Gift can be very overprotective of his son but this is a very strong case and Judges don't take women abuse lightly. "Don't worry, you're safe from him." I tell her.

"Ahlume, what about her?" She asks. "What about her?" I ask back. She opens her eyes. "Where is she going to go?" She asks. "I don't know. For now, he'll crash in with Sakhile then hopefully go back to Cape Town." I say.

She nods then looks down. That's not a good sign. "Do you still love her?" She asks and I furrow my brows. "I... I don't. I love you." I say and she looks at me. "But she'll always have a spot in your heart, I get it." She says.

"Buhlebami..." She bites her lower lip. "Where's Sakhile? Haven't heard from him in a long time." She says trying to

change the topic. I can see her eyes are getting watery which means she's upset about the whole Ahlume ordeal.

"Wami... I choose you, not her. I want you

Advertisement

not her. Yes, I'll never forget about her and I have a soft spot for her but..." She chimes in. "If she was pregnant with your child then would you have gotten back to her?" She asks yet again.

"No wait, if she was not messing with your cousin and maybe was in ICU throughout, would you have gotten back with her?" She asks. Why is she saying all of this?

"If she wasn't carrying Mpendulo's baby, would you..." I chime in. "Wami, stop it!" I yell and she jumps in fear. I throw my head back then heave out a sigh. "I'm sorry..." She says in a shaky voice.

She has her eyes shut and she's actually trembling with fresh tears rolling out of her eyes. "Wami..." She's trying to muffle her cries by covering her mouth with her hand.

"I won't hurt you, okay? And I love you and only you. I loved you the very moment I laid my eyes on you and I'm going to love you until I take my last breath. No, I'll even love you beyond my grave, okay?" She doesn't nod. She usually nods but she doesn't this time.

I just hold her until she falls asleep. I peck her lips then get off the bed. Sakhile said he'd be here to drop off his letter by this time. He doesn't want to face Wami so he wrote a letter.

Coward move but I honestly would've done the same. Wami has one of the most heartbreaking cries and you wouldn't miss the look on her face, a mixture of worry, sadness and fear.

I pour myself a glass of whiskey then down it, just in time for his arrival. "Are you sure about this?" I ask and he nods. "When are you leaving?" I ask. "Tomorrow. I hope she actually forgives me because I scarred her bad." He says.

"Well she forgave me..." I say and he shakes his head. "Its not the same, she loves you." He says. "And you're her first ever friend." I say. He chuckles. "You ran her over with a car, no one saw that coming but I had a choice to not bully her but I did it anyway so its really not the same." He says.

He pours himself a glass of whiskey then downs it. "And Ahlume?" I ask. "She'll be well taken care of and she'll be going back home before the end of week. Please take care of Buhle for me." He says then looks at her portrait on the wall.

Weird look I tell you. "If I didn't know any better I'd say you're in love with her." I say. He's looking at the portrait the way he looked at her back at McDonald's and its the very same look that made me dissociate. I don't like it at all.

"Don't worry, she wouldn't go for me, not especially after what I did to her. Plus, you're her whole world so don't hurt her." He says.

I give him one last look before brushing it off.

"I'll see you tomorrow." I say walking him out. I close the door and lock it then head back to the bedroom with the letter at hand.

I also don't want to be the one delivering the news so I place the letter on her nightstand then get under the covers with her. I wrap my arms around her and peck her naked back.

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I wake up and look at Wami. She's sitting up straight with the letter in her hands and fresh tears streaming out of her eyes. That's a lot of tears for one day. "You knew?" She asks and I instantly sit up straight.

"Wami..." She crushes the paper then gets off the bed. "Please take me home." She says then disappears to the bathroom. I get off the bed then follow her to the shower.

"It makes so much sense as to how he knew so much about me. I trusted him, told him everything and befriended him but it was all just an act to him. He pretended to be my friend, he's a coward." She cries.

"He said he was adopted. His surname is Biyela but it changed to Ngcobo after he was adopted, oh god, how could I be so careless?" She asks raking her now wet hair.

"And you, how could you? What if he hurt me? What if he tried to harm our baby? Why didn't you tell me?" She asks.

I engulf her in a hug and she grasps onto me. "I wouldn't let any harm come to you or our baby, okay?" I say. "I wouldn't..."

BUHLEBAMI

"So now that you know your bully and you know he was near you all the time, how do you feel?" She asks.

I grab a tissue then wipe my tears. "Unsafe. I've never felt so unsafe and broken. I was careless, I let him in my life just like that and I didn't do any background check on him." I say.

"But I did baby..." I give him a death stare. "And you endangered our lives. How could you trust him so much? What if he was just pretending to have changed so he could finish me off?" I ask. He heaves out a sigh.

"Would you try to forgive him?" She asks and images of him torturing me flash in my mind. I will never recover from that, never. "No." I say then squeeze on my stress ball. I'm trying to not tamper with my blood pressure and I don't want to get overwhelmed.

"I hate him, I loathe him, I detest him, I despise him. He can go to hell for all I care and he's a coward. He went on and took his anger out on a paralyzed girl sitting on a wheelchair because she was different. He had no right to do that whatsoever and he's no different from his father!" I yell.

"Hey, calm down okay?" Nka says softly and I just nod, shut my eyes and do my breathing exercises.

I'm calm.

"Why do you think he's a coward?" She asks and that just makes me mad all over again. "He wrote me a letter. He apologized over a letter. He couldn't even face me yet he claims he has changed. He'll never change." I say as softly as I can.

"And if he were here, would you tell him all that?" She asks and I nod. "There's more from where that came from." I say. Nka squeezes my thigh and I look at him.

"Whatever you do, don't freak out okay? Your health is at stake here and please try to calm down. No one will hurt you for as long as I'm here, okay?" He asks and I just nod.

What does that even mean?

"Please send Mr Ngcobo in." Ntando says on the telephone before she puts it down. I turn to Nka then back to her.

"What's... What's going on?" I ask.

She clears her throat. "Miss Nogxina, I don't usually do this but Mr Ngcobo is my patient too. We obviously don't discuss your confidentiality as well as progress but he asked me to do this with all of you." She says.

The door opens up and he walks in. I thought he left the country. I see, he has a guilty conscious.

We lock eyes and he looks down and makes his way to sit down. "You were in on this?" I ask Nka and he shrugs. Of course he was, he's become best friends with Sakhile.

"Buhlebami..." Sakhile calls out. I give him a death stare. I squeeze harder on my stress ball before throwing it at him. I grab my glass and throw it at him. I grab the books and throw them at him. I get up and grab the vase and throw it at him.

I feel hands around my waist holding me back. "Wami, calm down." Nka whispers and I just break into tears. He engulfs me in a bear hug and pecks my forehead.

"I hate him..." I cry. He caresses my back while hushing me. "Its okay baby, its okay." He whispers in my ear. I'm so grateful to have Nka in my life right now.

I look at Sakhile and he has his head hung low. This means I'm no different from him, right? None of this is going to give me peace. "Buhlebami I'm sorry, for everything I've done to you." He says and I walk up to him and pick up a piece of the broken vase.

"Kill me, Sakhile. Just finish me off." I say handing the glass to him. "Wami..." I ignore Nka and take Sakhile's hand and give

him the glass. "Take it, stab me. Kill me!" I shout. He shakes his head.

"Its fine

you know why? Cause I died years ago. You killed me the very first day you humiliated me. From making fun of me to torturing me. I thought it would get better but it got worse, to the point where I had to drag myself to the office from the field with the sun burning me and tears blurring my sight.

I was dehydrated, in pain and I was emaciated. I died a long time ago, Sakhile. You killed my spirit. Why?" I ask. He places the glass aside. "Why Sakhile? Why did you do that to me?" I ask but he doesn't respond.

I slap him. "Miss Nogxina..." I slap him again. I start hitting him all over again until he grabs a hold of my hands and wraps his arms around me, hugging me for his dear life.

"I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry. Yes, I'm a coward and I'm just like my father and I killed you but not a day goes by without me thinking about you. I couldn't face you because I was scared.

I was too guilty and I didn't want to hear anymore of your heartbreaking cries. I wanted to leave because I wanted you to feel safe." He says.

"I wanted to tell you but I couldn't. I didn't want to see you cry or hurt ever again, especially because of me but I'm sorry, Buhlebami. You don't have to forgive me but I'm sorry." He apologizes.

I grasp onto him and his hold around me tightens. "I'm sorry..." He whispers. "I hate you so much." I say in between my sobs. "I understand and I'm going to stay out of your life if that will make you feel better." He says.

"I'm going to Asia, I'll be working from there as well. I hope that will make you feel safe and you'll actually come out of your shell." He says then breaks the hug.

"Not everyone is like me, Buhle. Some people are just nice and are actually looking for a good relationship. Not everyone

wants to hurt you and in actual fact, do this for yourself. Do this for Nkanyezi and do this for your baby." He says.

"Once again, I'm sorry. This is me being a coward again..." He says then looks at his watch. "I have a plane to catch." He says. I shut my eyes and push him off of me. "I will never forgive you." I say placidly.

He nods. "I understand but..." I take my heels off and throw them at him then sink to the floor. Nka engulfs me in a hug then pecks my forehead. "I hate him..." I cry.

"Its okay Wami, let it all out." I shut my eyes then rest my head on his chest. "He had no right to do that to me, I was a damn child!" I shout.

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I knock on the door and it opens. "It smells like sex in here." I say barging in their room and dad chuckles.

"We're still your parents, Akeelah." Mom says sternly and I frown at the name. I don't like it, hence grandma doesn't use it at all, she calls me her sugarplum.

"Well Amala, I'm your daughter and I'm sleeping with you tonight." I say walking to the windows and I open them. "I'm going to get ice cream, put on some clothes." I say then walk out and make my way to the kitchen.

My cellphone vibrates and its a text from Nkanyezi. I thought we already said our goodbyes. "These are Sakhile's numbers in case you want to talk to him." It reads.

I roll my eyes then place my cellphone on the counter and take the ice cream out of the freezer. I take out three spoons then grab my cellphone and head to the main bedroom.

I see they're all freshened up. I get in the middle of them and hand them their spoons. They're watching a movie. "So, you're no longer divorcing?" I ask and daddy nods.

"We figured we should work things out instead of running away from our problems." Mom says.

"That's good, right?" I ask and they both nod. "Tell us about your day." Dad says. I heave out a sigh. "It was... Memorable. The day I've been waiting for since I was a child." I say.

They both turn to me. "I needed it. It'll help me with my phobia knowing that the person who caused me pain will no longer be a problem and maybe that's what's been holding me back." I say.

"What are you talking about?" Mom asks. "I mean I can finally move on with my life and stop worrying about people hurting me. This changes everything..."

NKANYEZI (FINALE)

FIVE MONTHS LATER

I extend my hand to her and she smiles shyly. She drops her towel on the paving then slowly makes her way inside the spa. She takes my hand and I pull her closer to me.

"Pregnancy suits you, naMnyanda." I say and her cheeks heat up and turn rosy. "How's my little moon in there?" I ask and she giggles softly. "He's fine. He just missed his daddy." She says.

Yes, its a boy. Since she's eight months, we decided its time we named him. We played around with a few named until we decided to name him Lune. Its a French name for moon and we both love it.

She likes to say I'm her stars, Lune is her moon and we're her universe. How creative of her but what can I say, I like it.

I smile then caress her belly and earn a kick. "Oh, he did miss me." I say and she smiles then looks at me. Now she does that a lot. I don't know why but she developed this habit of staring at me and I'm the one who's used to doing that.

"What is it?" I ask. "Well..." She traces her long pink nails on my jawline. "You're handsome, Mr Mnyanda and I can't help but to stare." She says then pecks my lips.

I hold her and kiss her like there's no tomorrow. She let's out a moan and breaks the kiss. "Why did you stop?" I ask. She looks down.

"Uhm this is probably not the right time but... Do you communicate with Sakhile?" She asks and I shake my head. I don't know why she's asking me about him after five months and I don't want her to have countless thoughts so lying right now is the best way.

She has Sakhile's numbers. If she wants to talk to him, she'll call him.

"Why do you ask?" I ask. She forces a smile then shakes her head. "I just had a silly thought but it doesn't matter. I'm glad he's out of our lives, for good I hope." She says.

I can tell that she's lying to me.

I search for her eyes but she resists and looks away then bites the insides of her cheeks.

She's worried about him. Seems like they have this strange connection that I'll never be able to understand but I know I won't be able to stand losing her. She's my all, my everything.

"Why don't you call him if you're worried about him so much?" I ask. "I'm not worried about him." She says then looks down and starts playing with her ring.

"He's changed, right?" She asks and I nod. "You know you can talk to me, right?" I ask and she nods then heaves out a sigh. "I just prayed and wished that he wasn't the same Sakhile who ruined my life.

They're two different people. Sakhile Biyela is ruthless, merciless and cruel. He's a bully, he's dark and twisted but Sakhile Ngcobo is or at least was my friend. He was kind and caring and he knew what to say at the right time.

I would be surprised at how he knew so much about me but I just brushed it all off, little did I know that he's the Sakhile who tortured me." She says, her smile fading.

No tears...

That's a first. "Then why don't you forgive him?" I ask. She looks directly in my eyes. "Because I hate him. I hate his guts and I don't want to see him ever again. I don't want to talk about him anymore and I wish that whenever he tries to come back to South Africa, his plane crashes and he dies." She says placidly yet with so much fury and hatred in her eyes.

I chuckle then shake my head. "Wami, don't do that to yourself." I say to her and she looks away. "Cry if you have to

scream if you want to and if you feel like it, call him. Don't do this to yourself." I say to her.

She rakes my hair with her fingers. "Well, Mother accompanied me to meet Nicolás Diaz after his lunch break and guess what?" She says with a smile. "What?" I ask.

"I got an internship." She says then squeals. I wrap my arms around her then pull her in for a kiss. She's so excited. I've never met anyone who gets so excited about something.

Technology fascinates her to a level I don't understand. Nicolás Diaz is a founder and CEO of Megacorp, a technical company for robotics and whatnot.

Its a huge company and her being an intern there means she's one step closer to achieving her dream. "So, when do you start? I don't want you and my baby getting crushed by robots." She giggles.

I watch as she starts babbling about whatever and I space out, still looking at her beautiful self. Whatever I did to get her to be my wife, I would do it over and over again, just to keep her as my wife.

I remember how much struggle we went through for her dowry. Her mother hates me, I get that but she didn't have to make her daughter suffer for it. Her father was also a hard nut to crack. Its as if they were teaming up against us but I understand where they're coming from.

We were both so nervous and we would call each other every now and then just to check up on each other and I had to make sure she remained calm at all times.

I swear if it weren't for her, I would've went there myself to handle everything myself but she convinced me otherwise.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She asks. "Umuhle." She blushes then looks away.

"We should go back inside." She says then turns her back on me. I wrap my arms around her then peck her naked and wet back. "I love you so much, do you know that?" I ask and she nods then turns to me.

"I love you too. A lot more if possible. Thank you for being in my life." She says. Why does she have to be this formal? I cup her cheeks then peck her forehead. "I love you a whole lot more than you love me."

"Let's go back inside, Nka." She says. "Yes ma'am." She shakes her head then chuckles. She turns her back at me and I watch as she walks out of the pool.

She's so sexy, her phoenix tattoo adding fire to her foxiness.

Yes, she got a tattoo of a phoenix on her back and I'm in love with it, it suits her. She was hesitant at the idea at first but Uminathi got her a female tattoo and she agreed.

"Are you coming or you're still drooling over me?" She asks after splashing water at me. She picks up her towel and wraps it around her bosom. "I'm still drooling over you." She shakes her head then walks off.

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She rests her head on my chest and takes my hand and places it on her belly. "Please talk to your son and tell him to stop bothering me." She mumbles and I chuckle.

"What is it?" I ask. "He's so restless and I can't sleep." She says with her eyes closed. I caress her belly then peck her forehead.

"I love you both so much." I whisper. "We love you too." She whispers back then drifts back to sleep.

I caress her lips before pecking them. She looks so peaceful in her sleep. Does she know how beautiful she is? Does she know how much she means to me?

I'm not prepared to lose her, I swear I would fall apart.

From the day I bumped into her to the day we shared our first kiss, to the day we first attended therapy together, to the day I found out I was driving the car that ran her over as a child to the day we first made love and the day I found out she was pregnant till this day.

She's the best thing that's ever happened to me and I'll make sure to keep her happy. I'll help her get over her phobia and I'll keep the promise I made to her father.

He'll live to see his daughter graduate and make them proud.

He'll live to see the day his daughter getting married to me.

He'll walk her down the isle and he'll hand her over to me.

I'll take care of her, love her and cherish her. I'll even love her beyond my grave and our souls will be forever tied.

To Be Continued...

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